

# LITTLE BEES IN THEIR OWN PAGE

MONDAY will be St. Valentine's day and several of the Busy Bees have sent in excellent stories appropriate for this holiday. The editor hopes that all of the Busy Bees will both give and receive valentines, and if any of your little school friends are too poor to buy post cards or valentines it would be nice if some of the Busy Bees would send these little children something to please them.

Some of the new Busy Bees who have recently won prizes have expected to get a prize the day after it was awarded. The prizes are not sent until a week or ten days afterward in order to give the editor and the Busy Bees time to see if the stories are original. Sometimes the new writers do not understand that they are to write the stories themselves and they copy a story either from a book or from another paper or magazine. A few weeks ago two little Busy Bees sent in exactly the same story about the little birds building a nest in the scare crow's pocket. These children did not understand that they were not allowed to copy. Sometimes copied stories get into the papers, but if we wait a few days it is usually discovered.

Prizes were awarded this week to Eunice Wright, on the Red side, and to Phyllis Corbett, also on the Red side. Honorable mention was given to Blanche Ball, also on the Red side.

Any of the Busy Bees may send cards to anyone whose name is on the Postcard Exchange, which now includes:

- Jean De Long, Anaworth, Neb.
- Ada Morris, 543 Franklin street, Omaha.
- William Merwin, 1215 S. 10th street, Omaha.
- Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb.
- Anna Fottsch, Bennington, Neb.
- Minnie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
- Agnes Dampke, Benson, Neb.
- Mrs. Gailinger, Benson, Neb. (Box 12).
- Ida May, Central City, Neb.
- Vera Cheney, Crofton, Neb.
- Louisa Hahn, Dunbar, Neb.
- Rhea Fredell, Drexler, Neb.
- Edna Bennett, Eighth, Neb.
- Evelyn Rode, Fifth street, Omaha.
- Arlid Reed, Fremont, Neb.
- Hilda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.
- Morton Capps, 225 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
- Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
- Lydia Roth, 606 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Ella Voss, 407 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Irma Conello, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Jessie Crawford, 406 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Pauline Schulte, 412 West Fourth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Martha Murphy, 423 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Hugh Rutt, Lehigh, Neb.
- Hester E. Rutt, Lehigh, Neb.
- Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Anna Neilson, Lexington, Neb.
- Editha Kretz, Lexington, Neb.
- Marguerite Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Allice Grammeser, 146 C St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Marian Hamilton, 303 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Elna Hamilton, 303 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Irene Disher, 300 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Hugh Disher, 300 L St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Charlotte Hoegge, 372 South Twentieth street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Helen Johnson, 324 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Althea Myers, 224 North Sixteenth street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Louise Hiles, Lyons, Neb.
- Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
- Myrtle Seizer, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Lucy Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Helen Hays, Norfolk, Neb.
- Helen Heyrold, Norfolk, Neb.
- Letha Larkin, No. Sixth St., Norfolk, Neb.
- Margaret Johnson, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
- Genevieve M. Jones, North Loop, Neb.
- William Davis, West Third street, North Platte, Neb.
- Louise Raabe, 390 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha.
- Frances Johnson, 333 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.
- Marguerite Johnson, 533 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.
- Emile Brown, 322 Boulevard, Omaha.
- John Goodrich, 322 Boulevard, Omaha.
- Myrtle Brown, 322 Boulevard, Omaha.
- Eva Hendon, 422 Bond street, Omaha.
- Clara Witt, 418 Bond street, Omaha.
- Bassett Ruf, 124 Binney street, Omaha.
- Jack Coad, 213 Farnam street, Grand Junction, Neb.
- Jack Innes, 278 7th street, Omaha.
- Meyer Cohn, 846 Georgia avenue, Omaha.
- Ada Morris, 543 Franklin street, Omaha.
- William Merwin, 1215 S. 10th street, Omaha.
- Orrin Fisher, 1215 S. 10th street, Omaha.
- Edred Erickson, 278 Howard St., Omaha.
- Oscar Erickson, 278 Howard St., Omaha.
- Gail Howard, 422 Capitol avenue, Omaha.
- Helen Houck, 125 Lochrow street, Omaha.
- Emerson Goodrich, 419 Nicholas, Omaha.
- Maurice Johnson, 107 Locust St., Omaha.
- John Carson, 124 North Fortieth, Omaha.
- Paulina Coad, 373 Farnam street, Omaha.
- Wilma Howard, 422 Capitol avenue, Omaha.
- Felix Fisher, 125 South Eleventh, Omaha.
- Mildred Jensen, 207 Leavenworth, Omaha.
- Edna Heden, 289 Chicago street, Omaha.
- Mabel Sheffer, 414 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
- Walter Johnson, 2406 North Twentieth street, Omaha.
- Gretchen Eastman, 128 South Thirty-eighth street, Omaha.
- Leonora Denison, The Albion, Tenth and Pacific streets, Omaha.
- Max Hammond, O'Neill, Neb.
- Madge L. Daniels, Ord, Neb.
- John Carson, 124 North Fortieth, Omaha.
- Agnes Richmond, Orleans, Neb.
- Marie Fleming, Council, Neb.
- Pauline Parke, York, Neb.
- Earl Perkins, Redding, Neb.
- Edna Ems, Stanton, Neb.
- Lena Peterson, 211 Locust St., E. Omaha.
- Ina Carney, Sutton, Clay county, Nebraska.
- Clara Miller, Utica, Neb.
- Mildred F. Jones, North Loop, Neb.
- Leo Beckford, Waco, Neb.
- Max Pranks, 125 Point, Neb.
- Edna Staley, Wilber, Neb.
- Frederick Wars, Winfield, Neb.
- Pauline Parke, York, Neb.
- Edna Babbling, York, Neb.
- Mary Frederick, York, Neb.
- Carrie E. Bartlett, Fontanelle, Ia.
- Irene Reynolds, Little Sioux, Ia.
- Ethel Moller, Box 17, Malvern, Ia.
- Katherine Mellor, Malvern, Ia.
- Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
- Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
- Margaret B. Withers, Thurman, Ia.
- Bertha McEvoy, R. F. D. 2, Box 25, Mis-souri Valley, Ia.
- Henry L. Worshaker, care Sterling Remedy company, Attila, Ind.
- Adena Sory, Monarch, Wyo. Box 52.
- Carl Sory, Monarch, Wyo.
- Pearl Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
- John Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
- Edith Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
- Pauline Squire, Grand, Okla.
- John Shalley, 290 Troop street, Kansas City, Mo.
- Mary McIntosh, Sidney, Neb.
- Nellie Dickrich, Sidney, Neb.
- John Carson, 124 North Fortieth, Logan street, Fremont, Neb.
- Lewis Poff, 315 Franklin street, Omaha.
- Anna Voss, 407 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.



## RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and under the lines.
  2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
  3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 200 words.
  4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
  5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.
- First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week. Address all communications to: OMAHA DEPARTMENT, Omaha, Neb.

## Eunice's Valentine

By Eunice Wright, Age 12 Years, 532 North Logan Street, Fremont, Neb. Red Side.

Tomorrow was to be St. Valentine's day and Helen was very happy. She had made and bought all of the valentines that she intended to give to her little friends.

That night she was suddenly awakened by a light touch on her forehead. She sat up in bed and rubbed her eyes. A bright light streamed into the window and she saw the beautiful form of a fairy in the midst of it all.

"What would you like best of all in the world?" said the fairy to Helen.

"A little sister," answered Helen.

"Granted," said the fairy, as she smiled down upon the astonished Helen, waved her wand and disappeared.

Helen laid down again and covered up, she was thinking about the fairy and a little sister. She wondered if the fairy really and truly would bring her a little sister. Then she fell asleep and dreamed of a darling little sister about the same age and size of herself that a fairy had brought her. In the morning she told her mamma about the experiences of the previous night.

"You must have dreamed it Helen," said Mrs. Dodge, "for there are no such things as fairies."

Helen sighed and said, "Now, maybe I did dream it mamma, but when I shut my eyes I can see that fairy as plain as if it had been just a minute ago."

Her mother laughed and went away saying to herself, "poor child, she really ought to have a sister to keep her company."

Helen went and sat in her father's big leather armchair. She wondered and puzzled about her dream. Then she said she thought she did dream it and went to deliver her valentines.

First was to Marie Harris' house to give her a valentine with two cupid on in a heart of red painted by her own little fingers. Next was Dorothy's house and then Doris, Doris, Katharine, Margaret, Isabelle, Pearl, Thelma and Belle. She had sent all of her post card valentines away the day before. When she got home she found a good many post card valentines and other valentines awaiting her.

At supper time she was about to run down to the postoffice when what should she see lying on the doorstep but a little girl. Her soft golden curls hung about her head so prettily that Helen could not move for astonishment. Helen stooped down and kissed her, she started, no one had ever done such a kind thing to her before. She had run away from home to escape ticks and blows.

Helen ran to tell her mother. She brought the child in by the warm fire. They asked questions about her life and home.

"Where do you live?" asked Helen kindly.

"In a miserable tenement house on Park street," was the timid answer.

"What is your name?"

"Mildred."

Then Mildred told her story and Helen's sister.

"Mamma," said Helen, "now I know I didn't dream it. It's true." And she danced up and down and hugged her new sister. Her mother smiled at the delighted child.

"It's the best valentine of them all, mamma," said Helen about the fairy of the night before.

## Nellie's Reason

By Ruth Turner, Age 12 Years, corner Thirteenth and Main Streets, Fremont, Neb. Red Side.

Nellie Parale was a very kind-hearted girl. Her father was well to do and they lived in a large stone house. Nellie's nurse, Mable, was sick and was not able to be out of bed. That made Nellie feel very cross, because she was used to having Mable read to her. So she stole down stairs into the library where her Aunt Ellen was sewing, and laid her head in her aunt's lap and began to cry and said that she had nothing to do. I will tell you what we will do; we will make some valentines for Aunt Ellen liked such things. So Aunt Ellen and Nellie went into the drawing room, where they were for about an hour. After they had made four bright red ones Nellie thought it would be nice to write on the back who they were for. I am going to give this one to papa with the Dutch boy on; and this one to nurse, and this one to Nancy Belle; that girl who lives by grandpa's house, and what's your reason for giving her that one, said Aunt Ellen. I would give that one to you, but you see she is so poor and will not get many, I know, and that was Nellie's reason.

## The Poor Widow

By Margaret Elder, (niece of Mr. Taylor), Age 11 Years, Abbot, Hall County, Nebraska.

There was once a poor widow and her little girl, who lived in a small house. They were very poor; the mother had to go out and work all day, and the little girl had to tidy up the house. The mother thought it would be so nice if she could save enough money to take her little girl to the seaside. The poor widow's husband belonged to a wealthy family, who never forgave him for marrying a poor dressmaker. Always when the little girl went to bed she prayed for the Lord to soften grandpa's heart. They were sitting by the fire on cold winter night, and scarcely any fire burning to keep them warm, when a loud knock at the door startled them.

Looking around, there stood a tall gentleman, clad in furs, asking them to forgive him for his hardness and made the poor mother and little girl get ready at once and go with him to his large house. So they were treated kindly and had plenty ever after. The poor woman and her little girl never forgot to thank the Lord for softening grandpa's heart.

## Hannah's Valentine

By Blanche Ball, Age 11 Years, West Twenty-second Street and Tenth Avenue, Kearney, Neb. Red Side.

"Oh, mamma," said Hannah, the 12-year-old daughter of Mrs. Jones, "I have no friends and we are going to have a valentine box at school and I will get no valentines."

"Oh, well," said Mrs. Jones, "if no one cares about you we will have a good time by ourselves. We will make some valentines for ourselves and give each other some."

The girls at school had planned on giving their teacher a valentine, but when they saw the sad look on Hannah's face one of the girls said: "Let us give the valentine to Hannah, instead of teacher. She is so poor and has such a hard time making a living." The rest of the girls agreed.

Valentine day came and all the girls wore a smile but Hannah. At noon all the girls brought their valentines and put them in the box.

Hannah didn't expect to get any, so she did not say anything. When the teacher put her hand in the box and drew out a large pastebard box and read, "To Hannah, from her schoolmates." Hannah opened her eyes in surprise, for it was the nicest valentine anyone in the room got. She could hardly wait till she got out of school to thank the girls.

She went home that evening and told her mother about it and said it was the happiest Valentine day she ever had. I think, so, too, don't you?

## Camping in the Woods

By Helen E. Morris, Age 9 Years, McCook Junction, Neb. Blue Side.

Let us have a camp, said the boys, and they went to the woods for school would be closed for a week. Their parents consented, for Mrs. Rowe was going along to chaperone the crowd.

A merry company started out one Monday morning in a hayrack for the woods.

They had planned to go camping up the mountain about a mile and a half from town.

Each boy carried a gun, while the girls and Mrs. Rowe each carried a large basket chock full to the top with goodies.

When they got to the place selected for camping, they pitched the tent. It was a large tent, so they divided it into two parts by putting a large canvas in the middle. One was the girls' room and the other was the boys' room. Then they pitched a smaller tent for the kitchen.

They next unloaded the wagon and set the baskets in the kitchen tent.

It was drawing toward noon, so they took out a table cloth and spread it out under one of the largest trees. Then they took out the lunch. There were cakes, sandwiches, fruits, candies, pickles, deserts, and it would take so long to tell the rest.

"I don't believe I'll do it," said Helen.

After dinner the boys went into the woods with their guns and left Mrs. Rowe and the girls to clear the table and wash the dishes. Then they read, told stories, talked or took a nap.

Late in the afternoon the boys came back with about a dozen squirrels which they had killed. They got to work to clean some for supper.

In the meantime the girls made a fire.

## The Ant Picnic

By Phyllis Corbett, Age 13 Years, Sidney, Neb. Red Side.

One bright morning, a colony of ants were sitting a short distance from their tiny home. They were all watching with respects to the host and hostess and bowed condescendingly to young Honor Deep Learning, for whom he felt a secret hatred engendered by envy and jealousy. Then he moved on through the drawing room to where Miss Beauty Smallnose was the center of a large and merry group of young bears. Ignoring those about her, he rudely pushed his way to her side, and in a loud and boastful way said: "Ah, good evening, Miss Beauty. I called to escort you here, but you had already gone. I should have notified you of my intention to call for you and then you would have waited."

For a moment Beauty Smallnose was dumfounded by the boldness and audacity of Cub Vanity, but her will was hard and her tongue ready, and with a ladylike air she said: "You are very kind, Mr. Cub Vanity, but had even you expressed a desire to escort me here tonight I should have been obliged to refuse your company. I always go attended by my parents."

But this did not in the least disconcert Cub Vanity. As one of the jolly bears afterwards said in relating the incident, "It took a bribe in the chest to make him tumble." And, figuratively speaking, it did. Still pressing his attentions upon Miss Beauty Smallnose, he loudly offered himself as her valentine for the evening, saying: "Of course it's only for this evening, but my parents and I never change my mind, as is the usual custom. I am such a changeable fellow."

"So unlike me," smiled Miss Beauty calmly, but in a loud voice so that all might overhear her reply to the impudent, egotistical fellow. "I have never thought of you as a possible companion—not even for a bit of paper and attached to the head of a pin. Thanks for your offer, but you will have to dispose of your charms elsewhere. I am already engaged for the evening."

Then it was that Cub Vanity felt his feathers falling, and with a blush of wounded vanity he turned and left the house and from that day to this he has never been invited into polite circles.

Then Mrs. Rowe got some skillets ready to fry the squirrels.

As the boys got the squirrels cleaned, Mrs. Rowe put them out to fry. The supper tasted pretty good to a hungry crowd like they were. That night they slept fine and not a thing happened. And so they spent a pleasant week in the woods.

## A Rejected Valentine



George, dressed up spick and fins, Presented himself as a valentine To little Polly, who tossed her head. Turned up her nose, and perity said: "My goodness-me! Why, don't you know You're not a card, with a ribbon bow, And cupids and roses, painted fine! You're just a boy—not a valentine!" Then George blushed and meekly said: "To you by Cupid I was led; And my love for you, so very true, Is tied about by ribbon blue." But Polly laughed in a teasing way, And said: "I'll bid you a good day, Some other girl may not decline To take you as her valentine."

—Annie James.

away and Frank came out of the hollow tree to see if he could find his home, and after he had walked a little while he saw his father coming and on the way home he told his father what he had heard. And after that he always came when his mother called him.

## A Temptation

By Gladys Wilson, Age 10 Years, Geneva, Neb. Red Side.

One day a lady, whose name was Miss Beaufort, was going to take a ride with her father, but he was called away unexpectedly to his brother's bedside, where the brother lay unconscious. Miss Beaufort wanted to take a ride so badly that she thought she would try to tempt the horse to be caught. So she took some oats and the halter and went out to the pasture where the horse was. When the horse saw her coming with the oats he came up to where she was standing and began eating. After while Miss Beaufort's dog came up to her and, being jealous of Miss Beaufort, began barking at the horse. The horse became frightened and galloped away. So Miss Beaufort lost her ride by the dog's barking at the horse.

## Elizabeth's Reward

By Pauline Eiler, Age 12 Years, Blair, Neb. Blue Side.

Elizabeth was home from school with a bad cold. She sat down and was writing on a few lines. After she had practiced for the few days in school she told her father and mother, who were very much surprised. So the next day she asked her father to bring her some work from his office, as he was a lawyer. After that she was able to help her father quite a bit. But one day, several years afterward, her father slipped and fell on a piece of ice and broke his arm. So Elizabeth was left to support her father and mother, as her mother was an invalid. Picking up The Omaha Bee she saw an ad for a stenographer. The next morning she went down into the heart of the big city and secured the position. This gave her an opportunity to keep the family out of debt. But her reward was when she came home from the office, tired and dusty with her day's work, she was always greeted with a smile and a cheerful word, which she called her reward.

## A True Sheep Story

By Wanda Woods, Age 8 Years, Pawnee City, Neb. Red Side.

One summer morning, out in a pen, stood a poor little black-faced lamb crying, but pretty soon a little girl heard him and came running to see what was the matter.

The poor little thing's mother was dead. She picked it up in her arms and said, "You poor little thing; I'll take care of you." So she took it to the house and gave it some milk in a bottle. He did not like to drink out of a bottle at first, but after a few days all she had to do was to go to the door and call "Cooon, Cooon," and up he would jump and go running to her and empty the bottle. She called him Cooon because he had such a black face.

After a short time he quit crying and got fat and happy. One day when she was petting him she found two little horns. After a few weeks he used these horns to punt this little girl over with. Then he would get up and lay his head against her like he was sorry. He soon got so large that they had to turn him out with the bunch of sheep.

## Honesty Rewarded

By Frank Breinmaier, Age 13 Years, 214 Cuming Street, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

John Howard, a boy of 15, was busy in the store, when Mr. Andrews, who was both his employer and godfather, called him and said, "I want you to take these pieces of cloth to the hotel to Mr. Smith the banker from Paris. The prices and samples are on these tickets, and be careful not to make a mistake. John took the cloth and went to the hotel, where he was taken to Mr. Smith's room. The banker looked at the pieces of cloth, and putting one aside, said, "I like this best. How much is it?" "Fifty cents a yard," answered John. "Alright, give me thirty yards of it." While John measured the cloth the banker took a lot of gold from his pocket and handed John 15. When he returned to the store Mr. Andrews said of John, "I hope you have not made a mistake." "I don't think I have, sir," answered John. John then counted the money before the merchant and noticed he had charged 50 cents instead of 25 cents. The merchant, noticing this, said: "Ah, good boy; that's the way to make mistakes. I am proud of you." "Godfather," cried he, "you surely would not do that? It would not be honest. I shall go back to Mr. Smith and return the money he has overpaid," and away he went before the man could say another word. When John reached the hotel he went to Mr. Smith's room. The banker who was busy, looked surprised. "What do you want?" he asked. "I cannot be disturbed now; come some other time." "Pardon me," said the boy, "but I must speak to you. By mistake I overcharged you on the cloth you bought, and I came to return you the money. But why didn't you keep the money yourself?" said Mr. Smith. "I could not think of such a thing; it would not be honest," answered John.

## The Squirrel

By Doris Harter, Age 10 Years, Valley, Neb. Red Side.

I live on a farm. There are lots of squirrels here. Last week my papa got a big sack of nuts and was going to give them to the squirrels. He had some old, so he took them out and laid the white ones on the ground. The squirrels thought they were very good. They ate some of them and put the rest away for the winter.

## Mr. Cub Vanity and His Valentine

By William Wallace, Jr.

MR. CUB VANITY was one of those foolish, vain bears that you see in nearly every bear village. And it is a happy fact that they are never very popular, for bears, like people, love intelligence and good sense. And they admire pride in their own kind, but will not tolerate vanity. And right here and now, little readers, you must never confuse pride with vanity, for they could never be friends. The one is a very commendable trait—indeed, everyone should possess the quality—while the other denotes a very "light head," and a foolish one, not to say egotism.

Well, Mr. Cub Vanity was one of those silly, self-conceited fellows who think they are the envy and admiration of the entire community in which they live. And he was the age to cast his glances toward the pretty young girl bears in the town. There was one he was especially attracted to, the daughter of the most prominent bear family of the town, Miss Beauty Smallnose. She was a most lovely cub and a great favorite with the young bears, male and female.

Several times young Mr. Cub Vanity had made his heart beat after he had come of age, he would marry Miss Beauty Smallnose and thereby become the richest young bear in the whole woods, for old Prof. Smallnose was reputed to be very wealthy. And not only was he a wealthy bear, but he was also a most honorable one, and looked up to by his fellows. He possessed business integrity and industry, and his family—consisting of wife and daughter—were unassuming bears who lived simply and made no pretense to being great in this simplicity and good common sense they were great witnesses for him, and which is the way of the truly great.

Once Miss Beauty Smallnose was told by a friend of the boast made by young Cub Vanity, and she smiled in an amused way, remarking that "It took too much to make a bargain." And then the silly fellow was entirely forgetting by her—save when she chanced to see him swaggering about the streets, playing the dandy and showing off his good clothes.

It was St. Valentine's eve that brought about the downfall of the egotistical Cub Vanity, and it happened in this manner: There was to be a party—a St. Valentine's party—at the home of Dr. Deep Learning. The festivity was given in honor of his young son, a bright fellow, who was learning his estimable father's profession, and who seldom was seen in society, his time being so occupied with study. But on this occasion young Honor Deep Learning was to be the host of the evening, and all the village was in eager anticipation.

Among those invited was the silly snob, Cub Vanity. Not that he and Honor Deep Learning were friends; but because Dr. and Madam Deep Learning were too kind to slight any of the young folks in the town, and because they hoped they could learn the lion of the evening, and all the village was in eager anticipation.

When he received the invitation to attend the St. Valentine's party at the home of the Deep Learnings Cub Vanity smiled in a self-satisfying way. "They will make me the lion of the evening," he mused. Then he did some more talking to himself. "I'll escort Miss Beauty Smallnose to the



## A Jolly St. Valentine Game

JOLLY little game that can be participated in by as many as want to play it is described in a bit of paper and attached to the head of a pin. This little paper tag should not be over two inches long and half an inch wide, just sufficiently long and wide to accommodate the same of the guest using the pin to which it is attached.

Then one at a time the guests are requested to put the pin in the black dot in the white circle, "piercing the depths of the heart," it is called. The guest is carefully blindfolded and then turned round several times to confuse him. He advances toward the pin—if he has not been too much confused by the spins he has been put through—and endeavors to place the pin on the black dot. Then the fun begins, for sometimes the pins are put at the very outer edge of the canvas, and occasionally on the edges of the canvas, some distance from the heart. But, of course, a few will be lucky enough to hit the white circle, which is pretty good, and fewer still will put the pin through the black dot.

After all have had their "turns" the hostess examines the little paper tags on the pin heads and the girl or boy who hit the center of the black dot—or came the nearest to it—is awarded the prize, which should be a fine valentine. And those entering the white circle should have second prizes of smaller valentines. To the guest who strays the farthest from the desired black dot should be awarded a "consolation" or "body" prize. This may be as ludicrous as the young host pleases to make it.

Much fun may be enjoyed at this affair—all casters in "piercing the depths of the heart."