

LITTLE BEES THE OWN PAGE

MONDAY will be St. Valentine's day and several of the Busy Bees have sent in excellent stories appropriate for this holiday.

Some of the new Busy Bees who have recently won prizes have expected to get a prize the day after it was awarded.

Prizes were awarded this week to Eunice Wright, on the Red side, and to Phyllis Corbett, 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:

- Jeau De Long, Anaworth, Neb.
Ada Morris, 348 Franklin street, Omaha.
Lillian Merwin, 1230 1st street, Omaha.



RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

- 1. Write plainly on one side of the paper.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference.

Helen's Valentine

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

Tomorrow was to be St. Valentine's day and Helen was very happy.

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

Helen laid down again and covered up her eyes, thinking about the fairy and a little sister.

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.

great attention the frolics of the young ants who were enjoying a merry game.

"I am sure they deserve it, for they have been so studious in school lately."

"How would a picnic do," asked another ant.

The children were told about the picnic and could hardly wait for morning to come so that was the day of the picnic.

The day was bright and warm, and the ants rose early and soon set out with huge baskets on their backs, which contained the lunch.

"Oh, mamma!" said Hannah, the 12-year-old daughter of Mrs. Jones.

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

Helen laid down again and covered up her eyes, thinking about the fairy and a little sister.

"You must have dreamed it Helen," said Mrs. Dodge.

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.

Next was Dorothy's house and then Doris, Doris, Katharine, Margaret, Isabelle, Pearl, Thelma and Belle.

When they got to the place selected for camping, they pitched the tent.

It was drawing toward noon, so they took out a table cloth and spread it out under one of the largest trees.

"It's the best valentine of them all, mamma," and then she sat down and told Mildred about the fairy of the night before.

"Mamma," said Helen, "now I know I didn't dream it. It's true."

One bright morning a colony of ants were sitting a short distance from their tiny home.

He moved on through the drawing room to where Miss Beauty Smalnose was the center of a large and merry group of young bears.

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.

But this did not in the least disconcert Cub Vanity.

"So unlike me," smiled Miss Beauty calmly, but in a loud voice so that all might overhear her reply to the impudent, egotistical fellow.

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

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

"That's just the thing," replied Mrs. Ant.

"How would a picnic do," asked another ant.

"I think we ought to have a real holiday for the children," said Mrs. Ant.

"I am sure they deserve it, for they have been so studious in school lately."

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There was one poor widow and her little girl, who lived in a small house.

"Oh, mamma!" said Hannah, the 12-year-old daughter of Mrs. Jones.

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

Helen laid down again and covered up her eyes, thinking about the fairy and a little sister.

"You must have dreamed it Helen," said Mrs. Dodge.

Helen went and sat in her father's big leather armchair. She wondered and puzzled about her dream.

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A Rejected Valentine

George, dressed up spick and fine, Presented himself as a valentine.

Turned up her nose, and peritly 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."

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.

One day a lady, whose name was Miss Beaufort, was going to take a ride with her father, but he was called away un-

expectedly to his brother's bedside, where the brother lay unconscious.

After while Miss Beaufort's dog came up to her and, being jealous of Miss Beaufort, began barking at the horse.

Elizabeth's Reward

By Pauline Eller, Aged 12 Years, Blair, Neb. Blue Side.

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A Jolly St. Valentine Game

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Mr. Cub Vanity and His Valentine

MR. CUB VANITY was one of those foolish, vain bears that you see in nearly every bear village.

Then the vain fellow began making preparations in the matter of dress for the evening.

When at last the evening of the party came, Mr. Vanity was a sight to behold.

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.

Several times young Mr. Cub Vanity had made his boast that after he had come of age, he would marry Miss Beauty Smalnose.

On arriving at the house of the Smalnos, Cub Vanity was disappointed to find the family gone.

Once Miss Beauty Smalnose was told by a friend of the bear that young Cub Vanity, and she smiled in an amused way, remarking that "It took too long to make a bargain."

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.

Among those invited was the silly snob, Cub Vanity.

When he received the invitation to attend the St. Valentine party at the home of the Deep Learning, Cub Vanity smiled in a self-satisfied way.

Then he did some more talking to himself. "I'll escort Miss Beauty Smalnose to the

"THANKS FOR YOUR OFFER, BUT YOU WILL HAVE TO DISPOSE OF YOUR CHARMS ELSEWHERE."

