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daughter, Helen, to Robert Bucking-Buckingham of this city.

past year and will return this sum- Court of Ak-Sar-Ben. Mr. Buckingmer for a short stay. She is a ham, sr., has for many years been graduate of the Ogontz school in president of the board of governors Philadelphia and met Mr. Bucking- and at one time was king. ham a number of years ago while motoring through Yellowstone park. No definite date has beet set for the wedding.

The Omaha Bee: Wednesday, June 13, 1923-Page 4 L. A. Thompson Receive want my mother."

Suddenly there was a deep, low

flash of light that

Little Bear

start to scramble up it she remen

bered that she couldn't find Mother

Diplomas.

growl, the biggest growl Littlest Lorin A. Thompson, jr., son of Mr. Bear ever had heard. She sprang to and Mrs. L. A. Thompson, will rethe nearest tree, but before she could ceive his degree of bachelor of arts

at the Ohio State university this week. He will teach science and mathematics at the Columbia High school next year.

His brother, William, will receive his masters degree from the University of Nebraska this summer and another brother, Edward, will be graduated this week from Central High school. Edward plans to continue his studies at the University of Omaha in the fall.

Burgess Bedtime Stories

By THORNTON W. BURGESS. Stout the heart which knows not fright hen Nature doth display her might.--

Bear if she was up in a tree. With her heart going pit-a-pat, pit-a-pa The Thunder Storm. Littlest Bear was not only lone. with fright, she waited to see if that ome, but she had begun to feel dreadful rumbly, grumbly growl strangely uneasy. It was a queer would be repeated. It was getting feeling. She didn't know what to very dark, although it was not yet strangely uneasy. It was a queer make of it. She felt as if something time for night. After waiting a mo was going to happen, but what could ment or two, she started on again. happen she hadn't the slightest She had taken but a few jumps idea. This feeling made her even when that dreadful rumbly, grumbly more lonesome. Never in her short growl was repeated louder than be life had she known such stillness. fore. Once more she bolted for the There wasn't a sound in the Green nearest tree and waited. What ter-Forest. Not a leaf moved. Littlest rible creature could it be that Bear began to whimper. She whimp- growled like that? Compared with ered softly, as if afraid of the sound it, Mother Bear's deepest, most rumb "I want my mother. I want my And this growl seemed to come from of her own voice.

mother. I want my mother," whim- nowhere in particular, unless it was pered Littlest Bear, and began to overhead.

This stange stillness fright- Again Littlest Bear started to run. ened her more and more. She and now she was doing more whim ouldn't keep still. It was easier to pering. She was crying, Yes, sir run. She tried to think that she she was crying. It grew even was running back to where she had | darker. Then there came a flash of last seen Mother Bear. But she light that almost blinded Littlest wasn't. You see she hadn't any idea Bear, and right after it a terrible



Three Sons of Mr. and Mrs. at all where she was. She kept on noise. Littlest Bear hadn't supposed her nose buried btwen her paws. So there in the top of that tree that there could be such a noise. She too frightened to even whimper. Then Littlest Bear stayed until the storm on whimpering. "I wan't my mother. I want my mother." fell over her own feet. Then she the rain came pouring down. There scrambled up the nearest tree. Happily were more of those flashes of light because to her a tree was the safes Jack Squirrel never went up a tree and more of that terrible noise. It place for safety, and thought she faster than Littlest Bear went up that was a thunder storm, Littlest Bear's really wasn't any safer, she felt safer.

Right up as high as she could go frightened that it seemed to her her scrambled. There in a crotch heart would stop beating. She didn't she rolled herself into a ball with dare move.

years before the Civil War

(Copyright, 1923.) The next story: "Crafty Old Man

FEW can remember the battleworn country and even less remember the time when the Schmoller & Mueller Piano Company was first established.

This store has virtually grown up with Omaha and has become such a fixture in the minds of the people that when music is mentioned they at once think of the Schmoller & Mueller Piano Company. It is the oldest and largest music house in the middle west and was established in 1859.

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