-The Omaha Bee: Monday, June 25, 1923

keeping at what you were doing un- chairs, and thought to herself that there it wasn't any worse to see them sibly expect to hear.

Rough-Hewn

Do you wonder how 1 manage about the language? It is much is much about the language? It is much ed over 40, 30, 60 times, tin Marise everybe easier to get along than I expected. felt as though there wasn't anything Of course my thorough reading and writing knowledge of the language is a great help. And I have been making wonderful progress in speak. making wonderful progress in speak-ing it. Being right in the midst of language all the time it just soaks into you. No one here speaks any English; not from provincial ignorance, the sort we have in Amer-ica, but from choice, because of their concentration on their own perfect language. They are all deeply cultured people to be able in casual after-noon calls to discuss De Maupassant one lady and Cothic architecture with another.

For we have here in Bayonne-you notice that I already say "We". a simply splendid Gothic cathedral the first one of my life. It is right up the street from where we live, and it is wonderful. Chere amies, think what it means for a town to have in its midst such a marvelous thing! Think what people must be like who live right close to it, go in and out of it every day, and feel its "beauty and puissant power" (as Matthew Arnold says). The South Portal is especially fine, starred by Baedeker, which means a great deal, as you know. which make a pilgrimage there every day to just gaze at that South Portal. have a life-time of arrears to make up, not having lived with it from childhood, as these fortunate peo we. It is no wonder that you meet there people absolutely wonderful in their polish, like a lady who called on me the other day, the Marquise de Charmieres. Her husband's fam-ily dates back to the days of Louis XII. I am ashamed to say I had to go and look up who Louis XII was, after she had gone. She had with her a nun, who lives with her, by special permission, the dearest old thing with her sweeping black robes and the aint, quilled, picturesque head-dress. I suppose they used, in the old days, the Charmieres did, to live in the wonderful old castle, just across the street from us, which is another of my great admirations. Think of living across the street from a real castle! It was constructed in 1100, on the remains of the old Roman wall if you please, for Bayonne is very, very old. And it is right there, just the way it always was, with battle ments and a real drawbridge and verything, just as it was in feuda Many famous people have red there, Richard Coeur de Lion Louis Quatorze, and others. It was there that Catherine de Medicis plan ned the St. Bartholomew massacre and in a house on this very stree that Napoleon took the Sprnist crown away from the king, and gave It to his brother. Isn't it marvelous to think of? There is a fine museum here too

with perfectly splendid works of art in it, pictures by Van Dyck, Rem-brandt, Raphael, Rubens, Ribera, lo, Poussin, Deiacroix, Ingres, m. Meisennier, Corot, Isabey,

oned.

Builder of Better Homes

AUTOMOBILE BODY BUILDING,

Continued From Yesterday.) Neals Crititenden, 10 years old, is no with his parents in Union Hill, a village mean New York City. He is very found of the begins fun of the community, while the sound of the sound of the there's voice as he said that, so that many times, as she sat there doing her lessons and not thinking of the brish fun of the community, while the featureless mass of things which happen only once and then are in the featureless mass of things which happen over again every timbled together impressions, are the things which happen over again every timbled together impressions, are the things which happen over again every timbled together impressions, are the things which happen over again every timbled together impressions, are the things which happen over again every timbled together impressions, are the things which happen over again every timbled together impressions, are the things which happen over again every the moment when she had first realities words of them. The ast for the Allens and their 11-year-old data the moment when she had first realities words on the is the formet when she had first realities words and months. Mile Hasparren tog weak the ada music. She had been "taking lessons" of Mile Hasparren tor weaks the Marise thought all the teachers in the moment when she had first realities words end mont here all the teachers in the moment when she had been "taking lessons" of Mile Hasparren tor weaks the Marise thought all the teachers in the moment when she had been "taking lessons" of Mile Hasparren tor weaks the Marise thought all the teachers in the moment when she had been "taking lessons" of Mile Hasparren tor weaks the Marise thought all the teachers in the moment when she had been "taking lessons" of Mile Hasparren tor weaks way; sceles sould be a great and hold be a great and hold be a way; sceles sould be a great and hold be a great and hold be a the moment weak the hardest possible the teachers in the moment when she had been "ta

til you got it just right. Marise's bed-room seemed to have taken up the

ly, something she had always known she wanted. What she had written in thumping, monotonus exercises, play-ed over 40, 50, 60 times, till Marise she wanted. What she had written in everybody's book was. "I wish I could be happy" She thought of this now, and in the empty, cold, echoing room cried it aloud, "I wish I could be hand falling on a key of the piano

The little girl sat on the piano stool, it beyond a combination of sounds as dangling her long legs and looking interesting to hear as a problem in straight ahead into the empty room. arithmetic is to look at. She rather liked Mile. Hasparren, which looked back at her, she thought, as if it had a low opinion of She rather liked Mile, Hasparren, although Maman thought she didn't have a bit of style; but she certainly did hate the three-time-a-week music lesson. She never could have kept thing was hard work, and if you weren't working at your music ing at something else. And then, too, there was what father had said about within Marise's heart! She looked hard at the empty is the same to get up the the same to get up there entry to for the same to get up the strength to do this, sitting fallen to there was what father had said about within the same to get up the the same to get up the strength to do this, sitting fallen to there was what father had said about within the same to get up the strength to do the same to get up the strength to do this, sitting fallen to there was what father had said about within the same to get up the same to get up the strength to do this, sitting fallen to there was what father had said about within the same to get up the the same to get up the strength to do this, sitting fallen to there was what father had said about the to the same to get up the thought it was a voice. Why, it was the ternational reputation. She looked hard at the empty is the same to get up the three to the same to get up the same to get up the same to get up the strength to do this, sitting fallen to the same the same to get up the same to get up

empty, than to see the people that usually sat on them-not one who sually sat on them-not one who nant air of the room, and into her ould help a little girl to be more loneliness, it sang out bravely, happy. There wasn't a single person she knew, whom she'd wish sitting ing to her. She struck a chord, astonthere now, unless it might be Cousin ished at what she heard in it-all Hetty! Marise felt a knot come in her those separate voices, each one rich throat, and the corners of her mouth began to tremble. She would like to from the others, and all shouting to get up in Cousin Hetty's lap again. The silent, motionless room stood the way things ought to be," thought oof and meaningless about the silent, Marise, "that's the way people ought motionless child. Marise pressed her to be." face closer against her arm. She was She struck more chords, her fingers

rembling now, all over her body. The silence was intense.

And then it seemed to her that the of dreary practice. silence had been broken by a voice, a She listened to beautiful, quivering voice, deep and true, which went straight to her heart, flooded the barren emptiness of the flooded the barren emptiness of the room with glory, how they filled her as though some one had spoken a strong, loving word. At the sound heart full, full of happiness if she were happy, why was she cry she stopped trembling and sat moing, the tears running as fast as they tionless could down her cheeks?

had struck a note, which was even then echoing in her ears.

But the first impression was in effaceable. That, too, rang in her ears. It seemed as though it was the Burgess Bedtime Stories

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Alas, how many make the error' Of finding fun in giving terror. —Peter Rabbit.

The Bears Scare Peter Rabbit The three little Bears felt quite ut out over having been so badly

ooled by Mrs. Grouse, and they wanted to keep on hunting for the finding the keys with the second-nababy Grouse. It wasn't so much that ture sureness, learned in her months they wanted to catch those babies eat as it was that they wanted She listened to the sounds, shaken to get even with Mrs. Grouse, Mother

Bear had said that it would be use less to hunt for them, but probably the three little Bears would have .only hunted had not one of them caught sight of Peter Rabbit. That put all thought of the baby Grouse out o

This was one of the remembered their heads. moments which brought nothing but a pang of joy to Marise. When it Peter had been sitting all the tim lose to a hole under a big old stump came, the world about her brightened. and had seen the whole performance (Continued in The Morning Bee.) It had tickled him greatly to see how

cleverly Mr. Grouse had fooled **Degree Conferred Upon** those three little Bears. How Peter **Balfour by University** did admire Mrs. Grouse for her

did. It was Littlest Bear who spied just one little Bear, Peter wouldn't

Peter, and with a squeal she started have been much worried. He knew for him. Of course, the other two that little Bears, or big ones too for little Bears were at her heels. The that matter, seldom stick to instant he saw that he was dis thing very long at a time. They covered, Peter dived down into that soon grow tired and lose interest, hole. He felt quite safe there. He But three made a different matter knew that that hole was too small of it altogether. When one got for even Littlest Bear to crawl in tired, another began digging. Peter after him. He really wasn't scared began to worry. Yes, sir, he began a bit when he dived into that hole. to worry. He grew more and more

But in a moment or two he heard scared. After a while he heard two sounds that first made him nervous or three loud sniffs, and then the sound of big claws at work. Mother and then scared him. Those three little Bears were starting to dig him Bear had arrived and begun digging

spie

Peter shook all over. He crawled just as far down in that hole as he could get, and there he shivered and shook

All the time that Peter was so adly scared, the three little Bears were having a wonderful time. They were very much excited. To them it was all great fun. They didn't once think of how Peter must be feeling, though it wouldn't have made any difference to them if they had thought of it. To them it was all a kind of a game. When Mother Bear began to dig, the three little Bears danced about, and got in the way, and were as excited as three small people could be. They didn't doubt for a minute that now they would catch Peter Rabbit.

The next story: , "Peter Hears a Welcome Sound.

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were doing. And they were having Are you reading the Brisbane column daily appearing in this paper?



Monday will mark the opening of

was Littlest Bear who

Peter, and with a squeal she

started for him.

out. Yes, sir, that is just what they





enjoy it! Your devouee friends FLORA ALLEN. P. S.-Mr. Allen says the part seems to be all right. CHAPTER X.