

# ATMOSPHERE OF PORT SAID IS CHANGED BY WORLD WAR

## Wicked Egyptian City Is Found Much Cleaner, But Less Picturesque by Tourists.

By PERCIVAL PHILLIPS,  
Staff Correspondent of the International Service and the London Daily Express.

Port Said, March 13.—Old travelers come ashore and smile sadly. New travelers plunge into the stronghold of curio merchants with surprise and disappointment. Port Said, like the rest of the world, has been changed by the war. Port said, to be quite frank, has been cleaned up.

Time was when a brief saunter through the ramshackle bazaar meant a terrific battle with touts. Shady gentlemen of all nationalities, most of them known to the police of two continents, plied their disreputable trades with impunity. An incredible amount of rubbish was carted away by tourists in memory of a few hours' stay. Murder was a pastime after dark, and many sinister stories were told in the smoking rooms of departing liners, of Port Said's wicked inhabitants.

Now this gateway to the east is as safe and nearly respectable. The hand of the A. P. M. has been laid in no uncertain manner on the underworld which was the real Port Said. Deportations eased the town of its international rogues and vagabonds. A passport control second to none in effectiveness keeps a tight grip on the polyglot population. Murder, even routine robbery, which was a staple industry on steamer days, is discouraged by the representatives of British rule.

### No Piracy and Pillage.

Gone, too, is the atmosphere of piracy and pillage maintained by brazen guides and other varieties of profiteers. They were wont to seize on amiable and inquisitive tourists with the persistence of a leech. They would extract money by entreaties, argument, threats, even violence.

Now the touts and trinket sellers and ragged, bootblack approach their prey with marked diffidence. A single sharp refusal usually suffices to turn them off. They drop the trail immediately they see that no business is to be done. They never know, said a cynical English resident, who are likely to run against an Australian in mufti.

The Australians, it appears, discouraged their attentions in a simple, direct fashion characteristic of the breed. A blow squarely on the point of the law "em up, all right," and "puff off." Broken heads were plentiful in Port Said until the native parasite and his Levantine brother learned wisdom.

The lesson sticks in their minds. Armed with a stick for protection for his harbor boats, Mohammed trades beside you with a plaintive appeal to be allowed to "show you all the city," the little Achmeds and Mohammeds still race through the dust—meanwhile adroitly scattering it on your boots—with shrill offers to "shine 'em up, all right," but they keep a wary eye on walking sticks, and soon drop away.

### More Dingy Than Ever.

Port Said is even dingier, more down-at-heel than when I last saw it before the war. The dingy, unpainted wooden buildings sprawling against each other, their verandas littered with every variety of rubbish, give the principal street the appearance of a third-rate Earl's Court at the end of hard winter. Shops crammed with tawdry wares, calculated to catch the inexperienced eye, still fill it from end to end. Fat Levantines peep furtively through half-open doors, ready to pounce on the first traveler who hesitates before the window.

The hotels on the water front house an ever-changing, ever-gloomy horde of travelers. They come from Cairo and beyond, hunting for a berth in over-crowded ships. They wait the pleasure of a dirty little coastwise cargo boat, in which they are to be carried up to Syria. They learn the value of patience and the unwisdom of trusting any prophecy as to the date of their departure. Life in Port Said is just one post-mortem after another.

# Disabled Nebraskans Battle Gloom and Physical Ailments With Heroic Cheer and Optimism in Fort Sheridan Hospital

## Ghastly Relics of Service Overseas Hold No Spell for Veterans of World War

### Nurses and Soldiers, Wounded and Sick From Front Lines in France, Welded by Home Ties Into State Association—Welfare Secretary Antles Returns From Visit to Stricken Nebraska Heroes and Heroines, With Stories Full of Heart Thrills.

Lincoln, March 13.—(Special)—Battles, even more trying than those fought on French battlefields are being fought by American boys at Fort Sheridan in the great hospital there which is endeavoring to return to as near as possible their former usefulness the boys who participated in the great world-wide conflict overseas.

This is the story brought back to Lincoln by Secretary H. H. Antles of the public welfare department of the state, who, under instruction of Governor McKelvie went to Fort Sheridan, about 25 miles from Chicago, last month, and was successful in finding Nebraska boys lying in the hospital or convalescing from sickness and wounds. Three of these boys were wounded by shrapnel on the first day of November, just a few days before the armistice was signed. Some of them fought on a very terrible battlefield, only to meet the terrible fate of being wounded right into death almost when the war was ended.

Secretary Antles spent a week at the hospital, going from ward to ward, and bed to bed, seeking out the Nebraska boys. No attempt was made to keep the patients, according to states, and one has to hunt studiously in order to find those from the different states.

### Stories Cause Heart Thrills.

Some idea can be gathered of the task when it is known that the hospital covers over 20 acres, has a bed capacity of 2,800, with 78 wards, each filled with beds containing soldier boys who have suffered for their country and are patiently waiting for the last roll call or longing for the time to come when they can leave the hospital and go home. The present population of the hospital is about 2,000. There are 208 nurses, 183 aides, 90 doctors and 121 assistants.

Secretary Antles was able to discover 15 Nebraska boys not listed in the number sent to Governor McKelvie and some of them are in a very serious condition because of shell shock or other trouble caused by their contact with the enemy.

On November 1 he was struck in the back by shrapnel and has never recovered. He lies in his bed at the hospital cheerful and waiting the time when he hopes he can get away. The father, who was accused of being strongly pro-German, died a short time ago, but before dying transferred all his property to his two other sons and left the soldier boy who had sacrificed his life perhaps, for his country, a helpless invalid without a cent.

Another boy, Alfred Jacobsen of Seward, went across with his mother, days after arriving in France, he was stricken with spinal meningitis. Notwithstanding his awful condition, being paralyzed from his waist down, he has learned wireless telegraphy, typewriting, shorthand and some other things. He is quite proficient as a wireless operator and says: "If that man at Great Lakes don't get too funny and send 'em too fast I can take 20 or 21 words a minute."

### Omaha Sends Out 40,000 Tiny Hungry Chicks Every Year

#### "Combination Chickens" Are Shipped in Wee Paper Boxes When They Are Less Than an Hour Old—Percentage of Loss From Rough Handling Very Small.

Every year more than 40,000 infant chicks, just born to scratch and lay and crow, and less than an hour old when they are placed in the boxes, are shipped out of Omaha by parcel post to all parts of the United States.

The chicks are shipped in small paper boxes in lots of 25 to 200. And they go out of Omaha on an empty stomach, too, for those that enjoy a great deal about poultry say that no husky, regular chick needs anything to eat for 48 to 72 hours after being hatched.

The business is a part of the poultry extension department of the M. C. Peters Mill company, Twenty-ninth and B streets.

### Finest Stock Possible.

The chickens shipped out of Omaha are of the finest stock possible to produce and are hatched in incubators at the rate of 1,400 to the "batch," or something over 40,000 annually. They are shipped immediately after being hatched.

Though these little chicks are shipped in paper boxes, the percentage of loss is very small. The company last year lost but 1,600 from rough handling.



Standing, left to right: William F. Phillips, Grand Island, Neb.; Elmer G. Young, Beatrice, Neb.; Nellie O'Brien, Omaha, Neb.; Fulton T. Seely, Fullerton, Neb.; George E. Wilson, McCook, Neb.; Walter Meusborn, Cedar Rapids, Neb.; Eileen Sward, Omaha, Neb.; W. A. Polenz, Ravenna, Neb.; Lulu McDaniell, LaPlatte, Neb.; Miner T. Hewitt, Lexington, Neb.

Middle row, left to right: Mrs. Cora Gosney Stahl, 2602 North Twentieth street, Omaha, Neb.; Miss Neta Gibson, 423 East High street, Hastings, Neb.; Ivan Marsh, Fourteenth and St. Joseph avenue, Hastings, Neb.; Leona V. Scott, A. N. C., Battle Creek, Neb.; Andrew M. Peterson, 4524 Mary street, Omaha, Neb.; James R. Miller, Kearney, Neb.; Marguerite Chase, Wayne, Neb.; H. H. Antles, secretary Public Welfare, Lincoln, Neb.

Front row, left to right: Hardy B. Smith, Prosser, Neb.; Adolph E. Malm, Gothenburg, Neb.; Bernard H. Olsen, Omaha, Neb.



Alfred Jacobsen of Seward, who was stricken with spinal meningitis three days after his arrival in France, now paralyzed from his waist down, has learned wireless telegraphy, typewriting and shorthand. He has become quite proficient as a wireless operator, and says he can take from 20 to 21 words a minute from the Great Lakes station.

### Four Nurses From Omaha.

There are five boys from Omaha in the hospital and four nurses from the Nebraska metropolis, according to Mr. Antles.

"I want to impress upon the people of Nebraska, from those especially who live in the towns where these young men live, that they should do something to make their existence there more pleasant. A nice, cheerful letter from someone they know will help to make the long hours more pleasant. They should not come in droves, but there should be a systematic way of sending them, so that the boys would get one or two at least each week. Papers from home would also lend enjoyment to them."

# Nebraska Sisters Wage War in Court Over Custody of New York Orphan Girl Both Have Learned to Love

## Too Many Feminine "Daddy Longlegs" Embarrass New York Waif.

Auburn, Neb., March 13.—(Special).—A problem as perplexing as that which evoked the judgment of Solomon will be presented to the county judge of Lancaster county Tuesday in a contest between two sisters, Mrs. J. S. McCarty, wife of a prominent lawyer and democratic politician, of Lincoln, and Mrs. William Ball, wife of a well known Nebraska county farmer, for the possession of pretty little Corinne Copeland, a New York orphan.

Mrs. McCarty is childless, her sister, Mrs. Ball, is the mother of two grown children and the hearts of each hunger for the little waif to the extent that they have gone into the courts to battle for her possession.

Corinne Copeland, a very bright little girl, was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1915. On Christmas eve, 1915, she and her three little sisters were inexplicably saddened at a time when all of the other children in the land were rejoicing over the impending visit of Santa Claus, by the death of their mother.

Placed in Asylum.

A year afterward their father, who was in the ice and coal business in that city, followed the mother, leaving the four children orphaned. They were placed in an asylum.

In 1918 the New York Children's Home Finding association brought a carload of orphans from that city to Auburn. The opera house was hired and the consent of children placed on view before a packed house and volunteers were called on to provide the waifs with homes.

The scene that ensued beggared description. The house was filled with child-hungry men and women and there was great competition for the possession of all of the little orphans. This competition made it possible for the state agent of the association, Miss Alice Bogardus of Lincoln, to exercise a wise range of choice in selecting guardians and homes for her charges.



Corinne Copeland



Mrs. William Ball



Mrs. Jeanette McCarty

# FOURTEEN NEW ROUTES FROM OMAHA USED FOR TRUCKING

## Ship-By-Truck Symbol Is Daily Making Its Appearance in Increasing Numbers in Omaha.

The ship-by-truck symbol is making its appearance on the streets of Omaha more and more every day. It can be seen on trucks of all sorts and sizes.

Trucks loaded with furniture, tires, grain, coal and live stock have on their windshield or body of the truck this symbol, which means good trucking service.

This activity of the ship-by-truck bureau has resulted within the last five weeks in establishing 14 new routes on which daily service is maintained from Omaha.

The manager of the Atco Truck line, Tom Major, and K. S. Gault, manager of the Firestone ship-by-truck bureau, Omaha, went to Fremont last Tuesday and signed up the three largest meat dealers there to have meats from the Omaha packers delivered by truck. This means about 6,000 pounds of meat daily to Fremont.

### Meat to Fremont.

Saturday morning the first trip was made. The roads are in pretty good shape except in a few places where the ruts are bad. However, the pneumatic tires took them over the rough spots in fine shape.

In Lincoln truck activity is also booming. R. E. Bouleau, who has inaugurated a rural motor express and made his first trip over the route Thursday, reports the roads are in fair condition, but as yet they are a little spongy.

### Needs More Trucks.

On his first trip he carried a capacity load and says that indications are that more trucks will be necessary in a very short time, so as to be able to handle the business. He says the merchants along this route are greatly enthused over the plan of daily service, as it enables them to get their goods when they want them.

### Routes Out of Columbus.

In Columbus, O. S. Jensen has routes in all directions from that city. Mr. Jensen says that since his routes have been established he has been carrying capacity loads on every trip. On Friday and Saturday of each week he keeps his fleet of trucks in Columbus to handle the business in that city. His fleet also is equipped with Firestone giant pneumatics. On all of these routes and the ship-by-truck symbol and slogan is the prominent advertising feature.

and had a continuance taken until Tuesday of the coming week.

### Child May Go East.

In the meantime the little girl is in the possession of the McCarty's at their home in Lincoln.

Both Mrs. Ball and Mrs. McCarty are anxious to adopt the child and provide her with a home. In the meantime the New York society alleges it has the prior right of guardianship over the child and its state agent, Miss Alice Bogardus, threatens that if there is a contention over her the child will be taken back to the orphan asylum in New York.

This complication of the case is bringing sadness to the hearts of the three older sisters, living in homes in this community and they dread a separation such as this would involve. They have a great love for baby sister and dread seeing her made a shuttlecock of by fate.

### Family Are Pioneers.

Mrs. McCarty and Mrs. Ball are members of the Harmon family, one of the real pioneer families of the state. It is a large family. Their parents came here from Missouri in the 50's and located on a farm one mile east of Auburn, which is a noted landmark in that section.

Rev. Andrew Harmon of Cotner University, Rev. Nate Harmon, deputy warden of the penitentiary, and Rev. Harvey Harmon, pastor of the First Christian church of Lincoln, are brothers.

In either home the child would find an ideal environment, would receive superior training, and a wealth of love. Returned to New York she would have to again live in an orphan asylum and eventually be sent out to find a home, probably far separated from her sisters.

### Boy Saves His Father From Suicide's Death

Augusta, Kan., March 13.—Six-year-old William Frantz saved the life of his father, Carl Frantz, 37, when the latter tried to commit suicide by asphyxiation here the other day.