CLEMENCEAU IS BACK FROM TRIP THROUGH EGYPT

"Tiger of France" Refuses to Be Interviewed or Pose for Photograph—Says War Is Over.

Paris, April 21.—Former Premier Georges Clemenceau, who has been visiting Egypt for the past two months, arrived here this morning. He was alert and smiling, but avoided interviewers and would not be photographed.

He was met at the station, by members of his family. Many prominent men were present.

When he landed at Marseilles yesterday efforts were made to get the aged statesman to talk, but all were futile.

"The war is over, isn't it?" he exclaimed to the correspondent of the Journal. "Yes? Well, all I want is to be left alone."

"What am I going to do? Why, just live until I die."

The "Tiger" growled out brief impressions of his visit to Egypt while the elephant tusk and mummy he brought back from the land of the Pharoahs were being placed on the dock.

Montana Sheriff Killed By an Alleged Horse Thief

Butte, Mont., April 21.—Sheriff C. K. Wyman of Beaverhead county was shot and killed on the main street of Monida by an alleged horse thief for whom the authorities at Idaho Falls, Idaho, had requested the Montana sheriff to search.

No Comments Made On $200,000 Bonus Story By Howe and Skinner

Robert C. Howe and Lloyd M. Skinner refused to comment yesterday on the legal controversy between them relative to a report that Mr. Howe had been given a cash bonus of $200,000 by the Skinners when he joined the Skinner Packing company.

Three stockholders in the company intervened two days ago in an effort to have the cash bonus, alleged to have been given to Mr. Howe, returned to the company.

Mr. Howe obtained a court order two weeks ago restraining Lloyd M. Skinner from ousting him from his position as vice president and general manager of the Skinner Packing company.

Mother of Former Omaha Newspaper Man Is Dead

Mrs. R. Serkowich, mtoher of Ben and Julius Serkowich, former Omaha newspaper men, died at her home in Peoria, yesterday. Mrs. Serkowich had been ill for several months, and her recovery was despaired of a number of times. During the past few months, however, she had appeared better.

She is survived by her husband and several sons and daughters. All were at home when she died. Ben and Julius Serkowich severed their connections with Omaha papers to enter the navy, shortly after war was declared. Ben is now on the editorial staff of the Peoria Journal and Julius is connected with the Standard Oil Co., in that city.

What Do You Know?

By J. H. BEVERIDGE.

(Here's a chance to make your wits worth money. Each day The Bee will publish a series of questions, prepared by Superintendent J. H. Beveridge of the public schools. They cover things which you should know. The first complete list of correct answers received from an Omaha reader of The Bee will be rewarded by $1; the first from outside of Omaha will win the same. The answers and the names of the winners will be published on the day indicated below. Be sure to give your views and address in full. Address "Question Editor," Omaha Bee.)

By J. H. BEVERIDGE.

1. What is the highest point of land in Nebraska? How high is it?
2. How many counties has Nebraska?
3. Where is the Nebraska Institute for Feeble Minded Youth?
4. Why does Arbor day come on April 22?
5. Who was the first governor of the state of Nebraska?

(Answers Published Monday.)

MONDAY'S ANSWERS.

1. Nine.
2. 1823.
3. Seven.
4. $7,200,000.
5. Lafayette.

Winner: Lola Titus, 905 East avenue, Holdregde, Neb.

I'M THE GUY!

By R. H. ALLIE.

I'M THE GUY who ventures forth to battle winter with fur-trimmed arctics, ear muffs, a chest protector and a pink wool scarf.

Why shouldn't I?

I think it excessively frigid. I must protect my health.

It's impossible fo me to be comfortable otherwise. I'm not robust. I weigh but 190 pounds. Mother insists that I shall dress that way.

I hardly see where you are interested. I don't understand why you regard me as a polychrome with my multicolored winter garments, or why you think I'm a "sissy" because of my mode of dress.

Additionally, I'm the person so bedecked. I might fortify myself against rigorous weather by physical exercise, but such is too arduous for my delicate constitution.

If you are concerned about it, I am exceedingly sorry. Please do not fret yourself over the matter. If you do, try not to look at me as I go forth thus warmly clad, or refrain from going abroad when I do.

That's my attitude on the matter.

WHY?—

Is a Horseshoe Supposed to Be Lucky?

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From time immemorial, the new moon has been considered to bear good fortune, and, from the moon itself, this belief gradually spread until it included articles which were crescent-shaped.

Iron, which was probably the first metal known to man, has likewise been surrounded with a halo of luck—the ancients evidently believing that it was so essential to commerce and manufacture that it possessed a distinct influence for good.

These two beliefs date back to the early history of the Egyptians, the Phoenicians and the other nations in the vicinity of the Mediterranean. Gradually they spread until they reached the British Isles, where, even in the early tales of mythology, the horse was regarded as a beast of good omen—probably for the same reason that iron was favored, because of its service to mankind.

In the horseshoe we find three ancient beliefs combined in one object—a piece of iron, a crescent and something pertaining to a horse—which accounts for the esteem in which the horseshoe is held, even by those who will not admit that they are superstitious.

Tomorrow's question — Why does a magnet lift things?

Grandmother Mends the Dutch Twins' Clothes.

Grandmother took Kit and Kat into the kitchen and shut the door. She put on her glasses and got down on the floor so she could see better.

Then she turned Kit and Kat all around and looked at the holes. "O! my soul!" she said. She took off the aprons and the torn clothes and put the Twins to bed while she mended.

She got out a pair of grandfather's velveteen oldest breeches that had been patched a great deal, and found a good piece to patch with. Then she patched the holes in Kit's breeches so neatly that one had to look very carefully indeed to see that there had ever been any holes there at all.

Then she patched Kat's dress; and when it was all done she shook it out and said to herself:

"Seems to me those Twins have been quiet for a long time."

She went over to the cupboard bed; and there were Kit and Kat fast asleep, with their cheeks all stained with tears and dirt. Grandmother Winkle kissed them. Kit and Kat woke up, and grandmother dressed them in their Sunday clothes again, and washed their faces and made them feel as good as new.

By and by Grandfather Winkle came home from going about with the milk. Grandmother Winkle scrubbed the cart and made it all clean again, and by noon you would never have known, unless you had looked very, very closely—much more closely than would be polite—that anything had happened to the Twins or the milk cart, or their clothes or anything.

After they had eaten their dinner, and the dogs were rested and grandfather had smoked his pipe he said.

"Kit, if you think you can mind, I will take you and Kat both home in the dog cart." Kit and Kat both nodded their heads very hard. "Only I'll do the driving myself," said Grandfather Winkle. And he did.

He put Kit and Kat both on the seat, and he walked slowly beside the cart. They went out on the road beside the canal toward home. They got there just as the sun was getting low in the west, and Vrouw Vedder was going out to feed her chickens.

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Tomorrow — Dutch Twins Want Skates.

Benton R. Wilson Dies After a Brief Illness

Benton R. Wilson, father of Charles B. Wilson of the Gate City Hat company and Rev. J. M. Wilson, pastor of the North Presbyterian church of Omaha, died yesterday at the home of C. B. Wilson after an illness of two weeks with pneumonia.

Funeral services will be held at the residence at 3:30 o'clock this afternoon and the body will be taken to the old family home in New Wilmington, Penn., for burial.

Mr. Wilson was 85 years old. He had just returned to Omaha from a visit to Wooster, Ohio, when taken ill.

Besides the sons here, he is survived by three daughters, Mrs. E. T. Law of Wooster, Ohio, Mrs. J. R. Vance of Macomb, Ill., and Miss Rachel Wilson of Seattle, Washington.