

Mental Tests to Be Given "Poison Pen" Note Author

Decision Following Examination to Determine Whether or Not Nebraskan to Be Held.

Chicago, May 27.—On a decision following a psychopathic examination today will depend whether Eugene Bryant, author of several "poison pen" letters to Mrs. A. H. Shottwell, wife of a wealthy confectioner, will return to his father, Judge Wilbur F. Bryant of Hartington, Neb., or be held for grand jury investigation in Chicago.

"Don't worry, Dad, my conscience is clear," said young Bryant when his father arrived here last night from Nebraska.

The father said he believed his son's actions were the result of shock from his war experiences.

Judge Bryant, former district attorney and member of the Nebraska supreme court commission, was notified of his son's arrest Thursday and started immediately for Chicago, although he is 71 years old and was hardly able to stand the journey. He had not eaten since Thursday noon, but he refused to move from his seat in the police station for fear that he might lose a chance of "doing something for his boy."

"If he did do these things I would attribute it to postwar psychosis," he said. "He was wounded in the war and his jaw fractured, during the battle of the Argonne."

Germans Accept Terms of Reparations, Report

Paris, May 27.—(By A. P.)—Reports from Berlin that the German government had accepted the allied reparations propositions were qualified by fears in reparations circles that the propositions had been accepted only as a basis for discussion, while the determination of the commission is that they constituted the last word.

The position of the commission is that if the propositions are not accepted entirely, the discussion will be closed and the entire reparations question turned over to the allied governments.

The crucial point in the negotiations is the question of paper money. The finance minister, Herms, agreed with the commission that no more paper be issued for internal requirements, and that for exterior payments, including reparations, only a part might be raised in this way, in case of necessity, and only for the ensuing year in the proportion of two-fifths paper and three-fifths loans or increased taxes. After the end of the year, Germany would issue no more new paper at all, it was agreed.

Rail Board Criticised for Not Cutting Wages

Washington, May 26.—Failure of the railroad labor board to reduce wages of railway employees is responsible for labor difficulties in other lines of industry, Lawrence D. Tyson of Knoxville, Tenn., president of the American Cotton Manufacturers' association, declared today in an address at its annual convention. The association is made up of southern manufacturers of cotton goods.

"Railroad labor is still about the highest paid labor in the country," said Mr. Tyson. "In view of the fact that the government sanctions the wages allowed by the labor board, it is not to be expected that workers in other industries will accept less. Therefore, until the wages of railway employees are made commensurate with those paid in other industries, strikes may be expected."

Central American Business Conditions Improving

Washington, May 27.—Brighter economic skies in Central America were seen last night by the commercial department in a special survey of the trade situation in that region. Conditions there during the first quarter of this year, the department said, have been showing an improvement over those of the latter part of last year, and it is believed that the trend is upward.

Milwaukee Rail Station at Canton, S. D., Robbed

Canton, S. D., May 27.—Two masked men entered the Milwaukee railroad station here last night forced two telegraph operators to lie on the floor, and fled with three bags of first-class mail and \$77 in cash.

Road Conditions

(Compiled by the Omaha Auto Club.) Lincoln highway, east: Roads fair to good. Rough in stretches in Marshalltown. No report on Cedar Rapids or east this morning. Lincoln highway, west: Roads fair to good to Grand Island. O. L. D. highway: Roads fair to good. Highland: Roads fair to good. Cornhusker highway: Roads fair to good. O Street road: Fair to good; muddy in stretches. Omaha-Pulaski highway: Roads muddy. Omaha-Nebraska highway: Roads muddy. George Washington highway: Roads fair to good. Black Hills trail: Roads rough, a little muddy in stretches. River to River: Roads muddy in stretches to Des Moines. King of Trails, north: Roads muddy to about 15 miles north of Missouri Valley, then good. King of Trails, south: Roads muddy. Custer Battlefield highway: Roads muddy to about miles from Falls and then good, through to Sioux Falls and South Dakota. No rain reported in South Dakota. Chicago-Omaha: Roads muddy almost everywhere. Cars traveling with caution. Meridian highway and central Nebraska: Roads northern Nebraska good. I. O. A. Shortline: Roads muddy. Iowa Grass road: Muddy. Weather reported cloudy everywhere, with predictions for unsettled with showers. Cars coming through from every direction, but using the over most highways.

Up the Nile on Which Cleopatra Rode, but Not the Same Style

Miss Rees Follows Route of Egypt's Famous Queen and Becomes Adept at Donkey Riding.

(In her former letter Miss Rees told of going to the opera and watching a political riot in Cairo. This time she gives some intimate details of her journey up the Nile.)

By HENRIETTA M. REES. The main reason I succumbed to this interesting journey to various parts of the globe was because of the Nile trip. For three weeks we were to float upon this mystic river, becoming acquainted with Egypt, "which is the Nile." The whole trip sounded so restful, so peaceful and so alluring that I simply couldn't resist it.

Cleopatra of old floated upon this world-famous river in her sumptuous barge, "the Isis," and was attended by a devoted Mark Antony. I, too, would float upon the Nile, unattended, perhaps, and minus a Mark Antony, but in a "palatial vessel," to quote the advertising booklet, "and we do not hesitate to say that no other river in the world can a voyage be taken with greater or more studied luxury than on the Nile under our arrangements." That was a strong statement, and defied even ancient traditions.

The booklet goes on to speak of the great charm of the trip as the "absence of all worries and anxieties," "a minimum of wear and tear." It speaks of the "powerful spell of the land of the Pharaohs," its "matchless climate," and the "restorative effects of its peaceful air."

It tells of all the temples that lie between easy reach of the banks of the Nile, and of the life on the great pleasure boats, where the passengers are like guests on a floating hotel. The advertisements were all right, and delightfully truthful—the matchless climate, peaceful air and the powerful spell were all there; also the palatial vessel and the studied luxury—for the boat was all one anticipated, with brass beds in every room instead of berths, beautiful salons, and everything else accordingly. But the statements were general statements, like a snapshot in which much of the detail color and contrast is lacking.

Here Comes Reality. From all this advance material I developed the idea that I would loll in a comfortable deck chair, like the pictures in advertisements, and calmly view beautiful scenery as I glided by it. Or, I would dilly-dally in the native bazars of the small towns, or, after a "pleasant" donkey ride, walk leisurely through an ancient temple, or, feeling like a character in "Aida," and assimilating archeology in homeopathic doses.

But, alas, for my fond fancies of laziness and ease there wasn't much time to indulge in them. A few shabby, spotted, soft clothing persons hid from our dragoon a few times and sneaked out of visiting a temple or a tomb. But I only sighed for shattered ideals and went into donkey riding and tomb inspection as a principle occupation, and developing taste that made me want to take the whole trip over again. But I rather lost my fellow-feeling with the former queen.

Maybe Cleopatra dashed out of her dahabeah at the ringing of a gong, not forgetting her "monuments ticket" and into a wildly excited mob of donkey boys and darkeys every time the boat stopped. Maybe she hastily mounted one of the many beasts pushed up to her, before she was trampled by them. Maybe she rode 20 minutes or an hour or more each way, through villages (where every one even babies in arms called "backsheesh"); over desert roads or up rocky cliffs in the bright sunshine until she came to the temples or tombs. She may have because it was an act of pity on her part, and she belonged to that creed—because it is recorded that she had much to do with the decoration of one temple where she herself engraved, in her sphinx-like days. She may have—because "that was the way the ladies rode" if the ladies ever got a chance to ride, then as well as now—(unless they ride in a springless cart)—but I would be willing to bet that she didn't. It was a more strenuous life than I anticipated, or than I ever connected with the luxurious Cleopatra.

Among Those Present. But I must tell you something of our crowd. There were a number of middle-aged couples, nice, comfortable people whose children were in school or married, and who were free to see the world, and game enough to do it. There were four wide-awake older women whom I mentally named Tish, Aggie and company. There were some few of our friends on the Adriatic including some young people. There were two Egyptian princes, nephews of the sultan, about 18 and 20 years of age, and as fair looking, well educated and well mannered young men as one could hope to meet. Their skill in talking many

different languages quite astounded me—there was the young girl who had studied hieroglyphics for a few months and who carefully corrected your blighty comments; the complacent, clever, contented Englishman who said it was dreadful the way the Americans spoil their women; and that the tour was topping; two couples of newly-weds one was always running into behind a pillar in a temple or glimpsing in a dark corner of a tomb, the caustic Scotchman, the nervy English couple, and others.

And last but not least, there was Mahmoud Ahmed, our genial, good-humored dragoon, or guide, who attended to it that we should see everything. He was glorious in silk and broadcloth. He had been to the World's Fair in Chicago, and his "Ladies and gentlemen, this wa-a-a-y, if you please" led us to all the interesting sights of upper and lower Egypt. Before each adventure he made a speech at meal time, telling us what we would see and closing with the same three remarks, the first about "backsheesh" to the donkey boys; the second, "Monuments tickets very much wanted"; the third, "Galloping donkeys not allowed."

I foolishly fancied this was to save the donkeys, but soon learned it was to protect the company in case of accident.

"Speeding" in Egypt.

The business of donkey riding started out the first afternoon. Most of the donkeys were so little one felt ashamed to ought to carry them instead of vice versa. The first donkey was named "Yankee Doodle"—him very fine donkey. He had an odd little run, which I thought was because of his short steps, and his walk was a crawl. I started at the head of our cavalcade, but soon found myself the very last one. I looked back at one time when he was running and discovered his cause of speed was not from within, but from without—that here I was riding over the roads of Egypt with my donkey boy running behind with both hands pushing the donkey. All went well at the beginning of this first ride (with the largest men on the smallest donkeys, many of them with good luck strings of gay beads and sleigh bells around their necks, i. e. the donkeys). Then a certain charming lady, when her mount stumbled and fell, calmly took a header over him into the dirt. The donkey boy caught her head and kept it from the road, but just then the donkey rose beneath her, and she maintained a most undignified posture, displaying an assortment of lingerie. She was not hurt, but her husband was considerably shocked.

Most donkey drivers talk some English and the trend of their remarks is usually about some "backsheesh to buy clover for Oshkosh (or whatever the donkey's name), or a little extra backsheesh 'fir and hand to mine" for good luck. The good luck was all for the boy and not you, and it is sad to state that although backsheesh was often given for clover for Oshkosh—Oshkosh seldom got the clover. Many people took falls from their donkeys. One of our immaculate Egyptian princes had a great spill in a luckless part of the road, the donkey rolled over him. He arose, immaculate no longer, calmly picked up his taborche and continued the trip. A tall, lanky man went over the head of his donkey and stood in the road in front, for all the world like the clown in a circus.

Now a Donkey Expert.

I rode donkeys until I was lame, and rode them until I was over the lameness. I rode in high, carpeted saddles that tilted backward and that were loose, and when the stirrups were tied on with cord, and in one heavenly place I rode in an English saddle. I rode fuzzy donkeys and shorn ones and those which were shaved in beautiful patterns on legs and back. Most of them were so unclean, but one animal I rode was a fiery beast. "Merry Widow"—him very fine donkey. He galloped through the crooked winding streets of a native village—he nearly brushed me off the corner of a mud house—he ran into a boy with a basket of bread on his head upsetting both—he caught my foot in the stirrup of another mount, and nearly pulled me in two before I could get him stopped or the man could get his doney speeded up enough to extricate me.

He got so far ahead that in one place we took a wrong road and for about half an hour I rode on the desert, the only European in sight. There were several gamouses or Egyptian cattle, a train of hay-laden camels and one Egyptian mounted on a camel, who rode disinterestedly by. I never rode one donkey over which I had the slightest control, most of them merely walked, going to sleep as soon as one got on. After the first ride about half the people on the boat complained of the hives, and regarded their diet until they dis-

Investment Firm Escapes Payment of Profits Tax

The Imperial Investment Company won a decision from Federal Judge Woodrough yesterday against Internal Revenue Collector A. B. Allen.

Allen assessed a profits tax of \$265 against the company. W. J. Council, who is the main stockholder in the company, a real estate holding concern, held that it is in process of winding up its affairs and not in business for profits. Judge Woodrough agreed with him.

Wonderful Temples and Tombs.

But the temples and tombs, and the exquisite scenery of the Nile were worth giving up many a comfortable deck chair to see. Of course, one can see scenery anywhere, but only in Egypt are there such magnificent relics of a marvelous civilization, so long ago that one can hardly comprehend it. I didn't realize that all of these were not only carved, but decorated in color, and it is remarkable that traces of these colors are found everywhere, and in many places in almost perfect condition. In the tombs of the kings in the western suburb of old Thebes, now lighted by electric light, the carving and painting might have been done last week. In the midst of all this color and grandeur, deep, deep down in the depths of a solid cliff, one king still sleeps in his gorgeous carved sarcophagus, just as it was found (except, perhaps, for the glass top). He is still waiting for his resurrection and the physical call to a future life. But to the left in a niche, with no coffins, their mute bodies expressing their helpless fate, there lie three people who were killed in order to attend the king on his unknown journey.

Bryans at Lincoln

Lincoln, May 27.—W. J. Bryan arrived here today to remain until tomorrow night, on his way east from Los Angeles. He and Mrs. Bryan made the 1,500-mile trip from San Antonio, Tex., to the southern California city by automobile. Mr. Bryan said Mrs. Bryan enjoyed the trip and was benefited by it.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS & VARNISHES Wholesale and Retail Barker Bros. Paint Co. Doug. 4750 1600 1/2 Farnam St.

Lowa Youth Guards Pal Until Death

Frozen Bodies of Heroic Ex-Yank and "Buddy" Found on Ridge. Rock River, Wyo., May 27.—The frozen bodies of Jack Westcott of Urbana, Ia., and Marion D. Young of Pasadena, Cal., ex-service men lost in the blizzard of May 10, were found yesterday on a wind swept ridge, a few hundred yards from the camp they had been trying to reach. Westcott's raincoat, laid carefully over Young's body, told of his efforts to save his comrade's life. The men apparently had wandered in a circle in the blizzard. Westcott and Young were employed as sheep herders by the Two-Bar outfit. The storm came on while they were away from camp. Searchers who found the bodies believe that Young was the first to sink exhausted into the snow and that Westcott refused to desert his "buddy," giving his own coat and later falling himself, overcome by the cold.

Preacher Scores U. S. Films

London, May 27.—"America prohibits the sale of drink; I would to God they would put a prohibition on some of the films they send over here," declares the Rev. C. Ensor Walters of the London Mission.

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The only pure whole yeast in easy-to-take tablet form. They contain no drugs or other ingredients. They do not form gas nor cause belching. They are the only pure whole yeast suitable for children; they do not cause fermentation. Each lot is tested to insure high and uniform vitamin potency.

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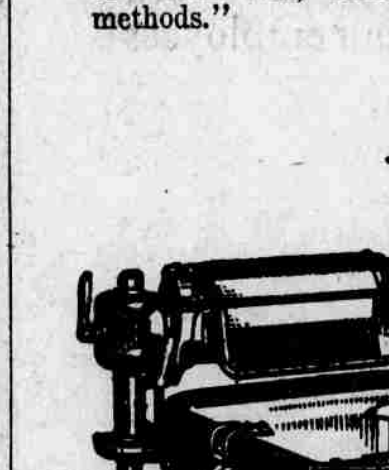


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An Invitation

You and your friends are cordially invited to visit Forest Lawn Cemetery at this season of the year. The profuse floral decorations, the brilliant hues of blooming shrubs and plants, the magnificent forest trees with countless song birds, the broad expanse of undulating landscape, all conspire to enhance the charm of the natural attractions of Forest Lawn. The mosaic chapel will be open for inspection this afternoon and on Memorial Day. See the beautiful display of plants for use in the cemetery now on sale in the new greenhouses. TAKE NORTHBOUND ELECTRIC CARS

Forest Lawn Cemetery Association

Offices at the Cemetery and 720 Brandeis Theater Building

Take a Ride in the New HUDSON

My new MAYTAG washer enables me to finish the washing hours earlier!

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