

FIRST POSTOFFICE GIFT TO LIBRARY

Oil Painting of Historic Early-Day
Omaha Character Added to
Museum Collection.

FIREMEN MAKE DONATIONS

Two notable additions of historic value have been made to the Omaha collection in the museum of the public library.

A painting in oil of "Omaha's First Post Office" has been presented to the collection by Paul B. Bureleigh. The painting is from the brush of the late A. D. Jones, who as first postmaster and one of the pioneers of Omaha, was a widely known character in the life of the city in the old days. Mr. Jones died about ten years ago.

The painting depicts a view of what was Omaha in 1855—a log house, a few tents and a little clearing blazed in a group of bleak-looking trees.

"The postoffice," which is none other than Mr. Jones himself standing in the foreground with his hat, filled with letters, in his hand, is surrounded by a group of Omaha's early day "first citizens."

Old-timers remember when Mr. Jones in his capacity as postmaster was a familiar sight on Omaha streets. He was postmaster, postoffice, carriers and collectors all rolled into one; citizens who met him on the street would inquire if there was any letters—and Mr. Jones would reach up, take off his hat and thumb over the day's mail.

The painting was a gift to Mr. Bureleigh from the genial and versatile "first postmaster-postoffice."

The other historic donation for the Omaha collection is the paraphernalia, photographs and personal effects of the Omaha firemen who lost their lives in the middle 70's, when the Grand Central hotel burned. The Grand Central hotel was on the site of the present Paxton hotel.

Helmets, couplings, photographs of the firemen, the fire and incidents at the time of the historic blaze, are included in the collection. There is also a memorial of the five men who lost their lives fighting the flames at the Grand Central fire.

All of these things were stored for some time in the No. 3 fire station.

Lads Who Borrowed Auto Given Chance

William Davis, 1312 North Twenty-eighth street, arraigned in police court for stealing the auto of Rev. A. J. Morris, 2303 Bristol street, Saturday night, was discharged. John Evans, 1506 North Twentieth street, the other lad arrested, shouldered all the blame for the borrowing of the car and was released on bond, while the case was continued thirty days. If during that period any damage done the machine is repaired and Evans conducts himself in a satisfactory manner, the charge will not be pressed.

The Strange Case of Mary Page

By Frederick Lewis, Author of "What Happened to Mary" :: Pictures by Essanay

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SYNOPSIS.
Mary Page, actress, is accused of the murder of David Pollock and is defended by her lover, Philip Langdon. Pollock was indicted for the murder of a man who she had the revolver. Her maid testifies that Mary threatened Pollock with it previously, and Mary's leading man implicates Langdon. How Mary disappeared from the scene of the crime is a mystery. Brandon tells of a strange hand print he saw on Mary's shoulder. Further evidence shows that horror of drink produced temporary insanity in her. The defense is "repressed psychosis." Witnesses described Mary's flight from her intoxicated father and her father's suicide. Nurse Walton describes the kidnapping of Mary by Pollock, and Amy Barton tells of Mary's struggles to become an actress. Of Pollock's pursuit of her and of another occasion when the smell of liquor drove Mary insane. There is evidence that Daniels, Mary's manager, threatened Pollock. Mary faints on the stand and again goes insane when a policeman offers her whisky.

CHAPTER X.

(Continued from Yesterday.)
It seemed incredible to those who had watched the frenzied, screaming woman carried out the day before that she could ever regain her sanity. When she came in, very pale, very wan, but serenely calm and smiling, nothing but the fear of being shut out from the final scenes of this great drama kept the crowds from wild applause.

The prosecutor alone did not look at her. He felt at that moment almost as if he hated her with personal vindictiveness. For he, too, had had an all-night vigil, seeking some ruse or legal technicality that would keep the event of the day before out of the records of the case. He knew only too well that any jury, having seen Mary's seizure, would be readily convinced that she might have suffered in the same fashion on the night when David Pollock was killed, and that if they were convinced of that, proving Mary's guilt was going to be the hardest struggle he had ever known. He was savage with weariness and doubly angry because, try as he would, he could not himself shake off the tenacious memory of that white, shivering shoulder with its dread scars marring the flesh.

In consequence the opening hours of court were marked by a series of bitter wrangles during which even his honor lost his temper, and the restlessness of the spectators became open disorder. But for all his acidity of wit and skill at argument it was a losing fight that the district attorney waged. He was conscious of that himself. Therefore it came as no surprise when it was at last brought summarily to an end by the judge, who ordered the testimony of the policeman as to Mary's madness entered as evidence.

With a long breath of relief Langdon turned back toward his seat, suddenly becoming conscious that he was holding a crumpled scrap of paper which the bailiff had thrust into his hand some moments before. He remembered now that the court officer had said something when he gave it to him, but he hadn't caught the words, and it was with entire indifference that he opened the note and read the hastily scrawled words. But at sight of them indifference gave place to excitement. Crumpling the paper up in his hand, he turned sharply to the bailiff.

"Call George Brennan," he said, and there was triumph in his tones. Brennan was the same clean-cut young detective who had told of the disappear-

ance of Daniels, and the first question asked him revealed what had been in the note.

"Mr. Brennan, I have just received a message which says that you have found Mr. Daniels. Will you tell the court, please, the circumstances of the finding of the missing man?"

"Well, it wasn't exactly a case of 'finding' him," said the detective with a smile. "You see—he just came home! I was hanging around the apartment house in case anyone brought a message to Mrs. Daniels when I saw him come into the vestibule. He had a three days' growth of beard on his face, and his clothes were all mused up as if he'd been sleeping in them. He looked like a bum after a three days' jail, but I had no trouble recognizing him."

"Did he seem excited—or anxious to get into the building without being seen?"

"No. He moved slowly, as if he was dazed. He hesitated quite a while before he rang the bell of his apartment, but as soon as he'd pushed it he got impatient, and kept calling, 'Hello!' up the speaking tube, and when someone answered he said, 'Open the door quick! It's me—your father.' When the latch clicked he went in, but he made no effort to close the door after him, so I followed. Both Mrs. Daniels and the daughter were in the doorway of the apartment to meet him, and while they were kissing and hugging him I walked in."

"Did Daniels seem startled at the sight of you?"

"No. He seemed sort of stupid as if he was sleepy, but when Mrs. Daniels told him I was a detective and that he was wanted as a witness in the Page trial he woke up fast enough and got very excited. He said he had nothing

to tell and wouldn't accept service of any subpoena. 'I don't know anything,' he kept saying, and when I asked him where he had been he said he'd been on a little spree to forget his business troubles."

"Did you tell him he would have to appear in court?"

"Yes. But it wasn't what I told him about the law, but what his wife said that seemed to convince him. She told him she had every faith in him, and that what he had to tell wouldn't do any harm, and for him to go. So he said he would if I've give him time to wash up."

"Is Mr. Daniels in court now?"

"Yes, sir. He is in the witness room."

A stir of excitement swept through the room, but deepened to an ominous whisper of suspicion when Brennan dismissed the bailiff summoned the former manager of Mary Page. For Daniels stunk into the room with an athen face and trembling hands. Great beads of sweat stood out visibly on his forehead, and his voice when he took the oath was husky and uncertain. If ever guilt was written large upon any man, it was apparently written upon the erstwhile jaunty theatrical manager. The judge, studying him with eyes psychologically keen, wished he had the full papers of this case before him to learn more of this new witness and inwardly vowed a recess to study them should the evidence take any unexpected turn. Daniels, however, recovered some measure of self-control under the preliminary questioning and gave his occupation as "manager of the Covington theater" with a hint of pomposity, but Langdon's next question brought the startled look back into his eyes.

"Mr. Daniels, you say you knew the defendant well and that you starred her in 'The Seekers.' Will you tell us frankly, please, just what made you select Miss Page for the leading role of the new play and what share David Pollock had in your decision?"

For an instant Daniels hesitated and cast a furtive look at Mary. Then, clear-

ing his throat, he said with a hint of brusqueness:

"Well, I guess it's no secret now. I starred Miss Page because Dave Pollock said he would put up the money to back the show if I would give her the chance."

Mary gave an involuntary gasp of dismay, and again Daniels shot a furtive glance in her direction as Langdon asked: "Did Miss Page know of this?"

"Of course not. I told her that I had seen her work in stock and thought she was a good actress. It was true enough so far as that goes, but her contract was all made out before she and her mother came down to see me."

"What agreement did you have with Mr. Pollock regarding his attention to Miss Page?"

"None. That wasn't my business. That was up to him. All I asked was fair play, and that he should stick to me even if Miss Page turned him down. I knew she didn't like him, and I thought she might, even if he was backing her. I wanted a written agreement, but he wouldn't give it to me. He just said he'd do his share, whatever happened."

"Isn't it true that you had a quarrel with Mr. Pollock as early in your partnership as the day Miss Page signed her contract?"

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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