Death Reveals Benefactress of "Mystery Girl"

Mrs. Minnie Dunn Hollis, Buried Yesterday, Placed Flowers on Grave of Woman Mysteriously Slain.

Death revealed yesterday the identity of the "mystery woman" who had placed flowers each Decoration day on the grave of the "mystery girl," who was slain in a ravine west of Omaha in November, 1920.

She was Mrs. Minnie Dunn Hollis, 520 South Sixteenth street. Mrs. Hollis died of heart disease Thursday afternoon.

She had lived in Omaha 25 years.

Orrin Hollis, her husband, who is head ticket man with Ringling Brothers circus, denies that she had any knowledge of the "mystery girl's" identity.

Police have never found any solution or clue to the crime which has gone down in police annals as one of the unsolved mysteries of the city.

"When you enter the driveway of the West Lawn cemetery today, bearing the casket of Mrs. Hollis to its grave, and observe along that driveway a little headstone on which is inscribed just two words 'Mystery Girl,' It was placed there by your loved one," said Rev. H. R. Witcomb at funeral services for Mrs. Hollis yesterday.

"Mrs. Hollis felt that she must have an opportunity of showing her mother love toward that unfortunate girl, whose mother probably knows nothing about the circumstances. She did not forget this poor girl when she placed a marker over her grave—no, on numerous occasions she brought flowers to decorate that lonely grave," said Rev. Mr. Whitcomb.

Rev. Mr. Whitcomb spoke of the innumerable acts of charity, and good deeds left behind in memory of Mrs. Hollis, whom he referred to as being a courageous, unselfish, lovable, and motherly character.

The following members of the Ladies of the Maccabees acted as pallbearers: Mesdames Effie B. Crosser, B. M. Homan, Mary E. Blair, Addie Palmer, A. H. Burr and W. Roth.

Dr. Smith Wants Radio Station at His Church

Suggesting that he would be able to preach to from 10,000 to 50,000 instead of 1,200 at each service, Rev. Frank G. Smith, pastor of First Central Congregational church, advocated Sunday erection of a radio broadcasting plant at the church, Thirty-sixth and Harney streets.

A tower is to be added to the $500,000 church over the pastor's study on the west side. This would serve as one of the aerial towers. Rev. Dr. Smith suggested also that, in the tower a carillon or chime be placed and sacred hymns be broadcast all over the country on Sunday morning.

Dr. Smith preached two weeks ago at the Woodmen of the World broadcasting station. He was astonished to get over 100 letters from persons who had heard him.

Detective Almost "Identified" as One of "Blue Car" Bandits

Detective Goralski was almost identified as one of the "blue car" bandits yesterday when Edward Updike, whose home the bandits "visited," was confronted with the suspects.

Detective Goralski had, according to custom, been lined up with Arthur Stout and Pete Nelson, brought back few days ago from St. Joseph, Mo. Goralski had a good alibi in his badge.

Stout has been identified as a member of the gang. Nelson while not postively identified, is said by police to have information of a shrewd automobile theft ring and will probably talk if "things go right."

Policemen to Co-Operate in City Cleanup Activities

Nine policemen have been assigned by Police Commissioner Butler to cooperate with the health department in promoting "clean up week," to be observed from April 30 to May 5. These officers have started to notifying householders whose premises need attention.

Ashes and cinders are practically the only kind of rubbish which the city trucks will not haul away.

J. H. Beveridge, at a meeting next Wednesday of public school principals, will ask that teachers and pupils co-operate in the work.

Fines of Five "Mashers" Total $40.50; One Is $10.50

Five alleged "mashers" swelled the municipal till by $40.50 yesterday. They were arrested by motorcycle officers and charged with accosting women and girls with whom they had no acquaintance.

A. C. Ritzo, 1115 South Twelfth street was fined $10.50. Others were Johnny Johnson, 1414 South Thirteenth street; George Dimmick, 2504 Manderson street; Ray Harwood, 1109 South Tenth street, and H. C. Othmer, 4460 Farnam street. They were fined $7.50 each.

26 Fined for Intoxication

While three women, presumably members of the W. C. T. U., sat at the press table in municipal court yesterday, 26 persons faced Judge Wappich on charges of drunkenness and were fined. The women declined to give any names, nor were they identified by any in the court room.

A sanctuary for wild birds is to be established at Buckingham palace in London.

ONE OF OURS

By WILLA CATHER.
Famous Nebraska Author.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

SYNOPSIS.

Claude Wheeler, living on a Nebraska ranch with his parents, is forced to quit school, a small college in Lincoln, in his third year, in order to care for the ranch while his younger brother, Ralph, and father, Nat, spend most of their time on the Colorado ranch. Bayliss, an older brother, operates an implement store in Frankfort, the scene of the story to date. While in Lincoln Claude made staunch friends of Erlich family, a motherly widow and five sons. Ernest Havel and Leonard Dawson are young farmer friends of Claude. Claude and his mother are deeply interested in German advance into Belgium during early stages of world war. Claude weds Enid Royce, religious daughter of Jason Royce, Frankfort miller. They live in their new home on Wheeler property near the Dawson's. Enid if indifferent to Claude. Leonard and his wife discuss Enid's attitude toward Claude. After a visit to the latter's home, where he finds him alone at cold dinner, while Enid fights for prohibition in a town meeting, Leonard declares Claude has been "stung." Claude, alone, ponders on the absence of live on part of his wife for him. Hears her returning home and flees to his bed, feigning sleep. News of illness of Enid's younger sister, Caroline, comes from China, where she is a mission teacher. Enid decides she must go to her. Claude is to live with his mother, she also has just told him.

She began to gather up the dishes. Claude stepped quickly out into the light and confronted her. "It's not only your going. You know what's the matter with me. It's because you want to go. You are glad of a chance to get away among all those preachers, with their smooth talk and make-believe."

Enid took up the tray. "If I am glad, it's because you are not willing to govern our lives by Christian ideals. There is something in you that rebels all the time. So many important questions have come up since our marriage, and you have been indifferent or sarcastic about every one of them. You want to lead a purely selfish life."

She walked resolutely out of the room and shut the door behind her. Later, when she came back, Claude was not there. His hat and coat were gone from the hatrack; he must have let himself out quietly by the front door. Enid sat up until 11 and then went to bed.

In the morning, on coming out from her bedroom, she found Claude asleep on the lounge, dressed, with his overcoat on. She had a moment of terror and bent over him, but she could not detect any smell of spirits. She began preparations for breakfast, moving quietly.

Having once made up her mind to go out to her sister, Enid lost no time. She engaged passage and cabled the mission school. She left Frankfort the week before Christmas. Claude and Ralph took her as far as Denver and put her on a transcontinental express. When Claude came home, he moved over to his mother's, and sold his cow and chickens to Leonard Dawson. Except when he went to see Mr. Royce, he seldom left the farm now, and he avoided the neighbors. He felt that they were discussing his domestic affairs—as, of course, they were. The Royces and the Wheelers, they said, couldn't behave like anybody else, and it was no use their trying. If Claude built the best house in the neighborhood, he just naturally wouldn't live in it. And if he had a wife at all, it was like him to have a wife in China!

One snowy day, when nobody was about, Claude took the big car and went over to his own place to close the house for the winter and bring away the canned fruit and vegetables left in the cellar. Enid had packed her best linen in her cedar chest and had put the kitchen and china closets in scrupulous order before she went away. He began covering the upholstered chairs and the mattresses with sheets, rolled up the rugs, and fastened the windows securely. As he worked, his hands grew more and more numb and listless, and his heart was like a lump of ice. All these things that he had selected with care and in which he had taken such pride, were no more to him now than the lumber piled in the shop of any second-hand dealer.

How inherently mournful and ugly such objects were, when the feeling that had made them precious no longer existed! The debris of human life was more worthless and ugly than the dead and decaying things in nature. Rubbish . . . junk. . . his mind could not picture anything that so exposed and condemned all the dreary, weary, ever-repeated actions by which life is continued from day to day. Actions without meaning . . . As he looked out and saw the gray landscape through the gently falling snow, he could not help thinking how much better it would be if people could go to sleep like the fields; could be blanketed down under the snow, to wake with their hurts healed and their defeats forgotten. He wondered how he was to go on through the years ahead of him, unless he could get rid of this sick feeling in his soul.

At last he locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and went over to the timber claim to smoke a cigar and say goodby to the place. There he soberly walked about for more than an hour, under the crooked trees with empty birds' nests in their forks. Every time he came to a break in the hedge, he could see the little house, giving itself up so meekly to solitude. He did not believe that he would ever live there again. Well, at any rate, the money his father had put into the place would not be lost; he could always get a better tenant for having a comfortable house there. Several of the boys in the neighborhood were planning to be married within the year. The future of the house was safe. And he? He stopped short in his walk; his feet had made an uncertain, purposeless trail all over the white ground. It vexed him to see his own footsteps. What was it—what was the matter with him? Why, at least, could he not stop feeling things, and hoping? What was there to hope for now?

He heard a sound of distress, and looking back, saw the barn cat, that had been left behind to pick up her living. She was standing inside the hedge, her jet black fur ruffled against the wet flakes, one paw lifted, mewing miserably. Claude went over and picked her up.

"What's the matter, Blackie? Mice getting scarce in the barn? Mahailey will say you are bad luck. Maybe you are, but you can't help it, can you?" He slipped her into his overcoat pocket. Later, when he was getting into his car, he tried to dislodge her and put her in a basket, but she clung to her nest in his pocket and dug her claws into the lining. He laughed. "Well, if you are bad luck, I guess you are going to stay right with me."

She looked up at him with startled yellow eyes and did not even mew.

CHAPTER VI.

Mrs. Wheeler was afraid that Claude might not find the old place comfortable, after having had a house of his own. She put her best rocking chair and a reading lamp in his bedroom. He often sat there all evening, shading his eyes with his hand, pretending to read. When he stayed downstairs after supper, his mother and Mahailey were grateful. Besides collecting war pictures, Mahailey now hunted through the old magazines in the attic for pictures of China. She had marked on her big kitchen calendar the day when Enid would arrive in Hang-Kong.

"Mr. Claude," she would say as she stood at the sing washing the supper dishes, "it's broad daylight' over where Miss Enid is, ain't it? Cause the world's round, an' the old sun, he's a-shinin' over there for the yaller people."

From time to time, when they were working together, Mrs. Wheeler told Mahailey what she knew about the customs of the Chinese. The old woman had never had two impersonal interests at the same time before, and she scarcely knew what to do with them. She would murmur on, half to Claude and half to herself: "They sin't fightin' over there where Miss Enid is, is they? An' she won't have to wear their kind of clothes, cause she's a white woman. She won't let 'em kill their girl babies nor do such awful things like they always have, an' she don't let 'em pray to them stone idols, cause they can't help 'em none. I 'spect Miss Enid'll do a heap of good, all the time."

Behind her diplomatic monologues, however, Mahailey had her own ideas, and she was greatly scandalized at Enid's departure. She was afraid people would say that Claude's wife had "run off an 'lef' him," and in the Virginia mountains, where her social standards had been formed, a husband or wife thus deserted was the object of boisterous ridicule. She once stopped Mrs. Wheeler in a dark corner of the cellar to whisper, "Mr. Claude's wife ain't goin' to stay off there, like her sister, is she?"

If one of the Yoeder boys or Susie Dawson happened to be at the Wheeler's for dinner, Mahailey never failed to refer to Enid in a loud voice. "Mr. Claude's wife, she cuts her potatoes up raw in the pan an' fries 'em. She don't boil 'em first like I do. I know she's an awful good cook, I know she is." She felt that easy references to the absent wife made things look better.

Ernest Havel came to see Claude now, but not often. They both felt it would be indelicate to renew their former intimacy. Ernest still felt aggrieved about his beer, as if Enid had snatched the tankard from his lips with her own corrective hand. Like Leonard, he believed that Claude had made a bad bargain in matrimony; but instead of feeling sorry for him, Ernest wanted to see him convinced and punished. When he married Enid, Claude had been false to liberal principles, and it was only right that he should pay for his apostacy. The very first time he came to spend an evening at the Wheels' after Claude came home to live, Ernest undertook to explain his objections to prohibition. Claude shrugged his shoulders.

"Why not drop it? It's a matter that doesn't interest me, one way or the other."

(Continued in The Morning Bee.)

Services for Suicide Are Held at St. Philomena

Funeral services for Louis Marcuzzo, 45, who committed suicide Sunday afternoon in the garage adjoining his home, 721 Hickory street, were held Monday afternoon at St. Philomena church. Rev. James W. Stenson officiated.

Pallbearers were Louie Caniglie, Joe Caniglie, Fred Caniglie Filadelfio Caniglie, Tony Milone and Fred Cuva.

Burial was in Holy Sepulcher cemetery.

Our Children

By ANGELO PATRI.

Badges.

I suppose badges are of some service to people or they would not use them so much, but I mistrust them. Too seldom are they pinned on the right breast. I lost all faith in them long ago when I saw the silver star for meritorious conduct pinned on Michael, Michael in school and Mickie on the playground.

Mickie was the terror of all the small boys until they grew some and became big boys. Then they settled scores with him. He could swear as fluently and much more pictuersquely than many an old hand on the dock. But in class he was different, and the teacher pinned a star on his manly bosom. To be sure it didn't stay there long, but then, it had rested there and that was enough for me.

But there was a worse badge than that of the shining silver star. Worse by far. There was the dunce cap that the teacher placed on the head of chunky little Margaret who couldn't remember the "e" on toe and couldn't forget it on the end of "go."

I felt sorry for poor Margie. She cried so hard. She sobbed and she sobbed with her face to the wall, but the teacher wouldn't notice her. I could not hide my concern for the forlorn child crouching miserably under the shameful hat and the teacher said, "better look out young man. You'll be wearing it next yourself. That is, if Margaret ever leaves off wearing it for a time."

That made Maggie turn around in anger and hurl the thing to the floor and rush out of the room like a whirlwind that filled the corners of the room with its lamentation.

Maggie was absent after that and I never saw her again. I used to wonder where she was and hope that she had found a school where there were no such things as badges, whether stars or caps. Of course, that happened long ago in the old days when teachers and parents were not so enlightened as they are today.

But I hear the echoes of Maggie's weeping now and again. "Tomboy. Want to sit with the boys?" "What wrong again? But then I'd be astonished if you were right." "Clumsy. Can't you look where you are going? Stay out of the room until you can come in without falling over everything." "Ah, A?A?A? Fine child. Wonder when your brother will make a record like that. Well, I'm glad there's one child in the family to keep up its good name."

I mistrust badges whether of words or labels or caps. They so rarely find themselves on the right breast. And in the background, I hear Maggie weeping. Maggie who ran out and never came back.

(Copyright, 1923.)

League of Nations Nothing but Bluff, Says Doris Stevens

"Nothing but a bluff, the poor rickety old thing that has no power to make itself anything real," is the way Doris Stevens, wife of Dudley Field Malone, characterizes the league of nations.

"I am against the league," she said, "because it has no power to prevent war, because there is practically no way to amend the league and because there is no provision for permitting women equal representation."

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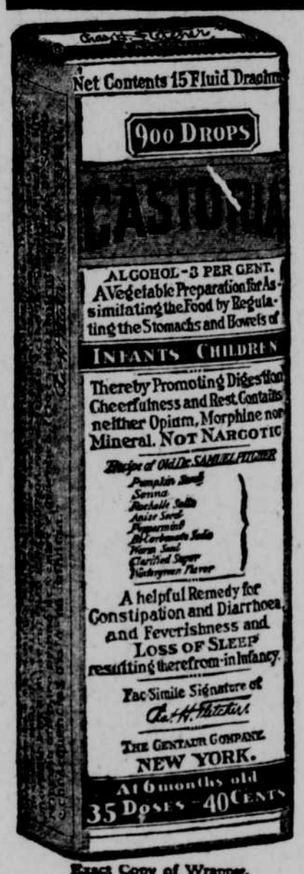

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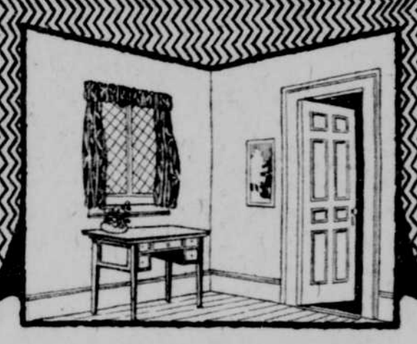

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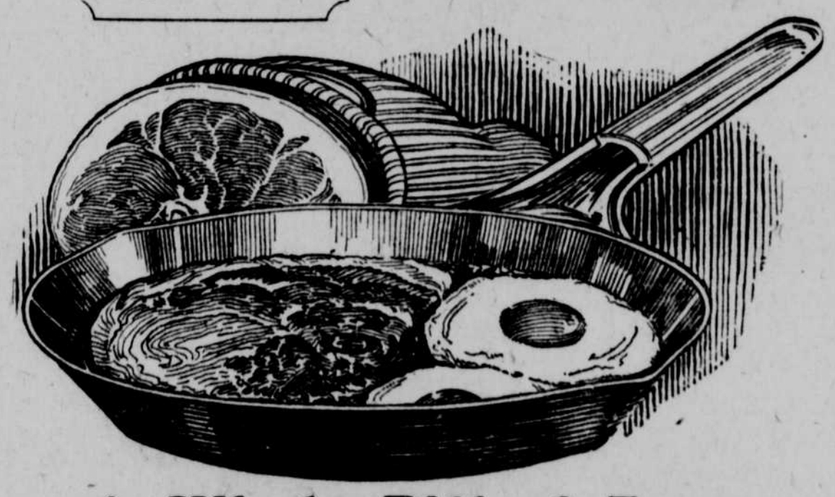

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