

April 2, 1920

HOUSE BURGLARIZING SEEMS TO BE GOING GOOD AT PRESENT

Last Friday night Mrs. Paul Morkisch and children went home from town and when nearing the house Mrs. Morkisch asked her daughter why she left the lamp burning. The daughter replied she did not leave it burning as she remembered well of blowing it out when leaving the house. Arriving at the house they found a burglar in the house. One of the children ran back to town and told Mr. Morkisch who immediately summoned an officer and went to the scene. The burglar was gone. An investigation showed he had ransacked pretty much the whole house, helping himself to a dish of dough-nuts Mrs. Morkisch had recently cooked. He went through the dresser pulling things from each drawer as if he might have been looking for something special, and it is thought that was money. This was the night the show was in town and it is supposed the burglar thought they were all at the show, which ordinarily they do go to such, but somehow that night they did not go and she and the children had been down town to the Cafe and returned home before the show was out.

Sunday morning about 11 o'clock Dock Holman went home and when he entered the front room he was confronted by a big husky darkey, who began to go from one room to the other slamming the doors in Mr. Holman's face. He was followed through the house out in the back yard where Mr. Holman kindly had him cornered. The darkey pulled a knife, gun or something and told Mr. Holman to stand back, he did. The darkey jumped over the fence going one way and Mr. Holman went around another way and they met in the alley. Of course the burglar got a wide berth and down towards the gin he went. Mrs. Holman, it is said, ran out with the pistol but the darkey was gone. Officers were at once notified and were upon the scene in a very few minutes. They took chase the way the burglar went and notwithstanding the traffic was pretty heavy about that time, no one notice which way he went. He was last seen to be going around the corner at the Witte Gin. It is thought that when the officers passed over the over-head bridge he must have been under it. They found no trace of him, but later it was learned he was seen passing Ernst Keng's home. Getting his bearing, Sheriff Carlisle and Constable Robinson decided to go out east of town and see if they could find any trace of him. Reaching Dick Mithurn's inquiring if any one had been seen they noticed a party going across the field and at once came to a stop and sat down. Not knowing that was the man they were looking after they didn't figure on a race and started down the road until they reached the corner going toward the fellow and he at once got up and began to beat it. Sheriff Carlisle then realized that must have been the man and halloed for him to stop. Instead of stopping he began to move faster. He came to a fence and went over it like a deer and soon reached the woods and that was the last seen of him. It was impossible to chase him in the car or try on foot. Further inquiry it was found he had stopped at Shepard Lewis' residence and asked the way to the Central railroad. He was told, they not knowing who he was nor that he was wanted. He was a stranger to them and they report him being very poorly clad. Some seem to think after he reached woods he stopped his chase and hid until night before continuing his journey. Others seem to think that the start he had when last seen on the Sheriff was firing at him gave him such a start that he would be unable to stop before going four or five miles. Of course no one knows, but if it could be found out it would be a safe bet to go odds that when daylight arrived next morning he was a long, long ways from here.