

THE TIMES INVESTIGATION into the condition of the Factory Girls and Women will develop from day to day until the public is thoroughly informed. It will not stop in the middle of it.

MORNING, AUGUST 1, 1888.

PRICE 2 CENTS.

CHOKED HER TO DEATH.

Heesch Strangled His Wife and Then Hanged Himself.

The murder of his wife by Henry Heesch and his own suicide immediately after at 150 South Sangamon on Saturday night was one of the most horrid affairs in the criminal history of Chicago. A kind and indulgent husband, he suddenly killed his affectionate wife, leaving no trace of the murderer.

He came to Chicago from Germany about three years ago, and he was employed as a printer by one of the German papers. Through his habits he saved quite a sum of money and sixteen years ago went to Germany for his wife. Returning he married a pretty German named Ambrost. Their life was one of contentment. Thiers was considered a model husband.

His united efforts brought financial prosperity to Heesch's health began to break. He sold his home and with his wife again went to Germany all last winter. They returned here two weeks ago. Again Heesch had recovered his health.

Saturday they went to Oak Park to visit his wife's mother, a brother of Mrs. Heesch, and his home in the happiest frame of mind. At home at 150 South Sangamon street they had the family of J. C. Smith, who lives on the second floor, very pleasantly and went to a grocery and made some purchases for the family's dinner. Again he greeted Smith's family pleasantly and went up stairs. Heesch nor his wife were not again seen alive.

Nothing was heard of the couple and Mr. Smith said they had gone away early Sunday morning. No movement was heard above and the door of the foot of the stairs leading to the flat was locked.

On Friday afternoon foul odors were noticed. As the night wore on the foul smell became unbearable. Policemen Hartford and Daly got to the porch back of Heesch's apartments. A man was helped through a transom. He went up a window just as he was about to fall, and he fell by the stench. The wire screen was cut and the man pulled out.

On entering the officers found a small rope around a doorknob and extending through the transom, and the body of Heesch was against the door, his head hanging in the other loop. Behind him was a chair from which he had stepped and a carving-knife. In the above room used as a bedroom was the body of his wife, one foot only from under the bed. Both were black and swollen from decomposition. The floor was covered with blood. It was said that Heesch had stabbed his wife and hanged himself. Neither had on any clothing than light undershirts. They were found in sheets and taken to the morgue. An examination at the hospital last night by a physician showed that Mrs. Heesch was not cut, but had deliberately choked his wife to death with her hands and that she fell dead from the neck and her tongue protruded. He had taken the butcher-knife, cut a piece of rope from the clothes-line, and hanged himself. Her apartments were in the best order. Heesch's wife was not on the bed when she was killed, for the clothing was in order. The clothing consisted of two gold watches and chains, \$500 in money, and jewelry was on the bureau.

Heads of Heesch can give no motive for the crime. Not one of them will admit that he killed his wife. They all say that Heesch was discovered by a neighbor, and that she fell dead from the neck, probably bursting a blood vessel as she which caused the blood to flow from her nose and mouth.

THE JUDGE WAS WRONG.

Attorney Longenecker Talks Back to Judge Hawes in Good Style.

George Hawes and State's Attorney Longenecker are at odds about a supreme court decision, became a "case" each on the other yesterday. The attorney got the best of the quarrel for he did what he was right about the law and the judge was wrong.

Longenecker had just come into court to attend the bonds in Anarchist Rudolph's Sevier's case when a jury that had been trying Emmett in returned this verdict: "We, the jury, find defendant guilty, and find the value of the property to be \$1,215, and fix his term of imprisonment to be let out to read 'guilty of larceny.'" A great State's Attorney, "There's a great deal of money in this case."

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING

Three Little Children and a Woman of the South Side Quite Badly Burned and Shocked.

They Were Mrs. Rupp, Her Son and Daughter, and Mary Harry, Another Little Girl on a Visit.

Although Greatly Stupefied by the Effects of the Shock the Doctor Apprehends No Fatal Results.

Three little children were quite severely shocked by lightning yesterday afternoon. They were Johnny and Mary Rupp, aged 7 and 4 years, respectively, living at 2803 Cottage Grove avenue, and 7-year-old Mary Harry of 2628 Iglehart place, who was visiting at the Rupp house. The three children received the shock while they were seated in an open window facing the south. Mrs. Rupp, who was in the back yard taking down some clothes from the line, also received a stroke which scorched one of her arms and dazed her.

It was a few minutes before 4 o'clock when the whole city was startled by the repeated crashes and terrific explosions of thunderbolts that seemed loud enough to still the noise from a thousand cannons and violent enough to make far greater havoc. The flash of lightning which preceded each thundering echo was almost blinding.

Mrs. Rupp heard the cries of the children in which there were mingled pain and terror. She hurried to the second flat and found the three children lying upon the floor screaming, but seeming as though unable to move. She threw cold water in their faces and prevailed upon them to be in a measure quiet. They complained of pains, and then Mrs. Rupp noticed for the first time that the face of her boy was scorched, while her little girl was found to be quite severely burned about the abdomen and legs. The little girl, who was visiting was burned about the breast and arms. Their clothing was but slightly scratched at the place where the lightning seemed to have entered.

A doctor who was called in apprehended no fatal results, although the children were stupefied from the effects of the stroke. It was a curious case of lightning. It spread about the whole house and caught Mrs. Rupp who was on the opposite side from the children. The house is a frame building, and was not insured, and no traces of lightning were discovered about the fences or trees.

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MAD DOG! MAD DOG!

An Infamous Animal Bites Four Boys in the Town of Lake.

A mad dog ran amuck through the town of Lake yesterday and bit four little boys besides frightening a number of other people half to death. He was first seen near School and Fifty-first streets, but he was not till he bolted down La Salle street that he attracted much notice. Then he appeared savage. He snapped and barked and his sides were flecked with foam from his jaws.

Near Fifty-first street he jumped at Letter-carrier L. J. Donahue. Donahue had his bag with him and as the dog leaped hit him a crack on the head that knocked him back into the street. The letter-carrier found a refuge and the dog went down the street. Louis Twombly of 121 Dearborn street was his first victim. The brute bit Twombly in the leg before he could get out of the way. Then the dog went into the next block and tore Ray Kohne's back. Ray lives at 512 State street.

The excitement caused by the mad dog's career was immense. People got in off the street and barred their doors. Officer Begley went after the dog, firing a dozen shots, but failing to hit the mark. The dog kept on running and biting. He tore Willie Cloud and James Burke before he could be driven under a building at La Salle and Fifty-third streets and killed. The boys' wounds were cauterized.

SHUT UP BY THE SHERIFF.

The Revere House Suddenly Closed and in Possession of a Custodian.

Deputy Sheriff Spears, escorted by Mr. John Mackin and a custodian from the sheriff's office, entered the Revere house at noon yesterday and took possession.

"I will place a custodian in charge who will see that nothing belonging to the hotel is removed," said Mr. Spears.

"All right," replied the clerk, mournfully, and Mr. Spears departed, leaving a custodian sitting like death at the feast, where he could see the desk, the cafe, and the bar-room.

"We can get our trunks out, can't we?" was the general inquiry.

"Are we under arrest?" was another question Mr. Fanning had to answer over and over again. One man tried to escape by means of the fire-ladder when he heard that a deputy sheriff was down stairs. About 1 o'clock the guests began to fly from the hotel with their grip-sacks in hand and the evacuation continued till sundown when only about twenty-five remained under the roof. Boarders who came in late were met with the unvarying salutation: "Our business connection ceases now, Mr. So-and-so," and the standing-line explanation followed.

The Revere has been the stopping place of nearly all the theatrical companies that have come to town in the last eight years. While the wealthy stars were putting up at expensive and stylish downtown hotels the utility men, the understudies, the chorus, the ballet, and all the less fortunate horde of players slept and ate within the walls of the Revere house. The place was always full of "old ladies" and first walking gentlemen and "serio-comics" with and without jobs. Another source of revenue—and a more important one—came from a rival hotel across the street, conducted by Mr. Matson. When the anarchists wanted something better than Mr. Pötz's thin pea soup, they sent over to the Revere house. A fortunate cook, an expert bank robber, an audacious foot-pad dined off the delicious morsels prepared by Mr. Fanning's chef, while others, less successful, less expert, or less fortunate, in the adjoining cells were choking over hard bread and consanguineous coffee. Mulkowski's last breakfast of ham and eggs, Zeph Davis' last salad came from the Revere house. The "broaders" had three meals a day brought over from the hotel. The cook who prepared the meals eaten by the anarchist jury did a similar service for the men the jury had condemned. Parsons' last cigar, Spies' last glass of wine came across Michigan street. Many of the jail and criminal court officials stayed with Landford Fanning, and all the juries were lodged at his house. The building has been standing since 1874. Until the fire a little frame house marked "The Belfast House" adorned the corner of Clark and Michigan streets. Thomas Mackin owns the corner, and from the proprietorship of a ten-room boarding-house he has risen to the height that a man occupies who has two millions in money and property. He put up the Revere house in 1874. Part of the material of the old court-house went into the building which E. S. Finney leased at once. The hotel was under Mr. Finney's management till four years ago, when he sold out to Mr. Fanning. Mr. Fanning has been in the hotel business for twenty-three years and is widely known in that line. He began in 1865 as coal-boy at the Tremont house, and since has been connected with the Commercial, the Palmer, and the Briggs. He sold his half-interest in the last-named house to Frank Upham before taking the Revere house.

"The trouble is all due to Mr. Thomas Mackin," he said last evening. "When I took the house he promised to make certain repairs in the drainage system and he has never kept the promise. The result is that over one hundred guests have left the house on account of sewer-gas and two suits are now pending against Mr. Mackin and myself jointly for injury from the same cause. A year ago I told him that he must make improvements, but he still refused. I have sued him for \$25,000 damages and I will begin another suit tomorrow. I had three chances to sell out and each one was destroyed by his neglect. One man offered me \$40,000 and Mr. Mackin immediately doubled the price on him. Another offered me \$20,000 and Mr. Mackin refused to give him a lease for less than \$17,000—\$23,000 a year more than I pay. When the third came I contributed \$2,000 to repair the hotel, and Mr. Mackin refused to come forward with the rest. While I was talking to his lawyer to pay John Mackin left the office, saying he was going to telegraph the Iowa parties who had made the last offer. He went direct to the sheriff's office." Mr. Fanning's liabilities are about \$20,000, and half the amount he owes to Mr. Mackin. Thomas Mackin is in Europe and his son has charge of his business affairs. Said the latter:

CITY SLAVE GIRLS.

Startling Experiences of "The Times" Lady Reporter in the Factory of Julius Stein & Co.

Left in a Foul and Filthy Corner of the Workroom Until Outraged Nature Succumbs.

After Hours of Drudgery the Bosses Refuse to Advance Car-Fare to a Needy Serf.

Vile Atr, Brutality, and the Privileges of Earning Barely Enough to Keep Soul and Body Together.

Eating Poor Crackers and Working for Two Months in Order to Get a Pair of Shoes.

One of the chance acquaintances I made at the never-rip jersey factory worked three days for Julius Stein & Co., 132 Market street, received 65 cents for her labors about ten days after leaving. One-third of 65 cents is 21 2/3 cents.

That is the way Stein & Co. solve the problem; but the question is one that capital, Christianity, and civilization are invited to analyze.

"Don't never go to Stein's," the little girl said, "it's an awful place."

On Saturday I tumbled out of bed at 6 a. m. and donned my factory clothes. On the way down-town the street-car met with an eight-minute obstruction in the shape of a load of bricks, and when I reached the manufacturing establishment of Julius Stein & Co. it was 32 o'clock. The elevator took me up one story and I was told to "get out." I told the boy at the rope that I wished to go up to the work room.

"You're too late," he said, "Have to take the freight elevator down at the back of the store."

Down I walked as directed past long tables that towered with long cloaks, dolmans, ulsters, jackets, and short wraps; past two or three busy, unobserving clerks; past a pair of forbidding-looking men who glared at me from under their black hats and blacker brows; past an earthen-gray stringy crash towel that waved at half-mast above a dirty wash-basin; past a tier of closets that emitted a stifling odor, and on down to the packing-room. I waited for a big, lusty packer to finish pummeling the mischievous little Swede who ran the elevator and was carried up to the top floor with a box of cloth.

When the car landed I found myself at the extreme end of a room 50x180 feet, in an inclosure of wire-fence, packing-boxes, and cutting-boards beyond and between which I could see perhaps two hundred persons, mostly women, bent over machines, and working as only slaves ever work. The thundering of the machinery, the clatter of the belts, even that made by the workers as they ran their heavy shears through the cloth and mangle trimmings. Sixteen persons passed me—men in undershirts, trousers, and slippers, with work in their hands; men in business suits, with work in their brains; girls of 13 in rags and death-like pallor, with work in their arms; older and paler girls and still older and paler women, some with white