

LAWYER HER CHOICE.

FLORENCE PULLMAN SOON TO BE MRS. FRANK LOWDEN.

An Austrian Prince Once Sought Her Hand—An American Prince Has Now Won It—The Approaching Nuptials at Chicago.

Chicago Letter.

HERE HAS BEEN a sudden change in the programme for the Lowden-Pullman wedding, owing to the non-arrival of Mrs. Geo. M. Pullman (who has been south on a health trip and whose return to Chicago is being made by easy stages. It was the intention of the contracting parties, at the time formal announcement of the engagement was made in January last, to have the marriage ceremony celebrated in April, and all arrangements were made to that effect, but these have now been canceled and no new date will be named until Mrs. Pullman reaches home.

Miss Florence Pullman, the bride-to-be, is about twenty-eight years old and is the favorite child of George M. Pullman, of sleeping car fame. There are three other children, one of them being Mrs. Frank Carolan, whose beautiful home at Burlingame, near San Francisco, is one of the attractions of the Pacific coast. The others are the twin boys, Sanger and George M. Pullman, Jr. Sanger Pullman is learning the dry goods business with Marshall Field & Co., and is said to be engaged. If the gossip may be believed, to Miss McMurray, daughter of Ex-Sheriff McMurray, of New York. George M. Pullman, Jr., is at Cornell, and expects to graduate next year, shortly after which Miss Felicity Oglesby will become his wife. Mr. Pullman has been liberal with all his children, but it is upon Miss Florence, the eldest daughter, he lavishes the bulk of his affection. He is worth, at a conservative estimate, from \$25,000,000 to \$30,000,000 on a dividend paying basis, all of which is pretty sure to be some day divided among the four children. Besides this snug little prospective fortune of \$7,000,000 each, Mr. Pullman has already given his sons and daughters a healthy start in life, each child on attaining its twenty-first year being presented with \$200,000 in good, solid bank stock, from the income of which they are expected to defray all their personal expenses. In addition to the earnings of her \$200,000 it is reported without denial that Miss Florence Pullman draws a regular salary of \$10,000 a year from the Pullman Palace Car Company for naming the many cars turned out at the big works.

All of her friends, rich and poor, and she has hundreds in all the walks of life, agree that Miss Pullman is a young woman of unusual good disposition and deeds. She is well favored in face and form and while hardly what could be called a beauty, is of a decidedly pleasing personality. She is of neither the blonde nor the brunette order, but has brown hair and blue eyes, and a charmingly easy manner which stamps her at once as being of the jolly-good-fellow sort of a girl. She is in every detail, by education and instinct, a family girl. Thoroughly well informed in household affairs and competent to manage either a cottage or a palace, Miss Pullman has all the graces and accomplishments of a society leader, although she has never cared to pose as such and takes but little part in social functions. After a careful training under the best home teachers Miss Pullman and her sister were sent abroad some years ago under the chaperonage of Mrs. John A. Logan to complete their studies, and remained away until she was a fair musician and had mastered the French, German, Spanish and Italian languages, in all of which she converses fluently. Her education finished, Miss Pullman took up her life work, the betterment of the condition of the shop girls of Chicago. Her first move in this was to call to her aid a number of rich young women with whom she organized a society which erected a handsome and perfectly appointed country hotel near the lake at Pullman, which is called Wildwood. Then Miss Pullman and her friends began a personal tour of the



FLORENCE M. PULLMAN.

big stores to search out the worn and weary working girls who were in need of rest and recreation and fresh air, but were unable to stand the expense of taking a vacation. There are thousands of such girls in Chicago, and every year from early in the spring until late in the fall the handsome Wildwood hotel is full of them. Each girl is given a free ticket out and back and kept at the hotel for two weeks free of charge. They have nice rooms, the best meals competent cooks can prepare, unrestricted use of boats and garrvalls, and free range of woods, lake and plains. Of all this work Miss Pull-

man takes personal supervision, and in this way the shop girls and their relatives have come to know and love her. She is their confidante and friend as well as benefactor, advising them in their troubles and helping them in many practical ways. It is from these people many of the warmest notes of congratulation on her approaching marriage have come, and the only adverse sentiment is born of the fear that wedlock may bring duties which will force a severance of the happy relations.

Miss Pullman has had numerous suitors for her hand and fortune. One of these, if Dame Rumor is correctly informed, was Arthur Brisbane, the New York Journalist. Mr. Brisbane and Miss Pullman, it is said, were good friends six years ago, and there were some people supposed to be well informed who predicted an engagement. Nothing came of it, however, and in 1892 the world's fair brought to this country the Prince von Iseberg Bierstein, nephew to the emperor of Austria, and first cousin to the Crown Prince Rudolph. American heiresses fairly threw themselves at his feet, but the prince gave no signs of matrimonial intentions until he met Miss Pullman. He came to Chicago early in 1893, and was entertained by George M. Pullman. This brought him in contact with the family, and with foreign-like enger-



FRANK O. LOWDEN.

ness he laid fervent siege to the young lady's heart, and it was soon announced he had won her. Mr. Pullman, however, said "No" in an emphatic manner and the engagement was declared off. This was not because Mr. Pullman had any particular dislike for the prince as an individual, for he was in many respects a desirable party, and had education, wealth, social position and refinement, but the palace car millionaire had declared all along he would have none but American men for sons-in-law, and Emperor Joseph's nephew went home without a bride. Since then other suitors have come and gone, but none found encouragement from either Miss Pullman or her father until sturdy Frank O. Lowden, attorney-at-law from Iowa, appeared upon the scene.

Frank O. Lowden is about 35 years of age, and has thus far made his own way in the world. His father is a prosperous farmer in the Hawkeye state, and still works the acres of the homestead on which Frank was born. The boy had a common school education in the local academies, and followed this with a course at the Iowa state university, after which he read law. Ten years ago he came to Chicago and entered the office of Wirt Dexter, then one of the most famous lawyers in the west. Mr. Dexter was quick to discern young Lowden's merit and pushed him to the front in his large corporation practice, to much of which he succeeded at Dexter's death. In this way Mr. Lowden got an extensive and valuable practice among business men and secured a profitable law business. He is a man of great natural force, and his character is stamped in sturdy, leonine features. While holding memberships in a number of the best Chicago clubs, Mr. Lowden has never been active in that circle, and is wholly unknown in society, one of the best known leaders in the well set making the remark last week that she could not recall ever having seen him at a social function of any note. Just how he met Miss Pullman is not known, but he made his first call at her home a year ago, and at once established himself in the favor of the heiress and of her parents. Their welcome of the young attorney was a hearty one, and he has been a constant and well-received suitor ever since, much to the disgust of several howling young swells with atrophied bank accounts.

When formal announcement was made by Mr. George M. Pullman of the marital engagement of his daughter, congratulations came in from all quarters. Mr. Pullman himself not being overlooked even by strangers who took the liberty of writing to congratulate him for having "turned down" distinguished foreign fortune hunters in favor of an Iowa farmer's boy, practically without money and unknown outside of club and court circles.

It was at first intended to announce the news of the engagement at a grand ball which was set for the evening of January 21 last, at the Pullman home on Prairie avenue, near 19th street. Shortly after the plans were made Mr. Sanger, a brother of Mrs. Pullman, died, and the ball was postponed indefinitely. Relatives and near friends were then called up by telephone and notified by Miss Pullman of her engagement, and to those who could not be reached in this way, simply worded little notes were sent.

The wedding will probably be solemnized by the Rev. Dr. Simon McPherson, pastor of the Second Presbyterian church, corner of Michigan avenue and 20th street, where the Pullman family have been regular attendants since the death of Prof. David Swing, to the financial support of whose well-known Central church the various members contributed largely.

HARRISON IN BRONZE.

THE HERO OF TIPPECANOE FITTINGLY REMEMBERED.

Picture of the Bronze Statue That is to Adorn the Soldiers and Sailors Monument at Indiana's Capital Being Done at Chicago.

A HEROIC-SIZED statue of the hero of Tippecanoe, general Harrison, is emerging from the furnaces of a Chicago bronze company. The figure is majestic in flowing robe and cockade hat—as if stepping forth to glorify the honeymoon of his distinguished grandson.

Excellent and impressive to an exceeding degree is this piece of Chicago handiwork.

"It is zee satisfaction of me life, all!" exclaimed the fat, rosy-cheeked little Frenchman, Supt. Julius Berchem, under whose Paris-trained hand the surpassingly artistic work comes into existence. Supt. Berchem, who is one of the most famous bronze statue workers in the world, has standing to his credit the Grant statues in St. Louis, Kansas City and Galena; the Hans Christian Andersen, the Haymarket Policeman, and others in Chicago; the silver statue



WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

of Ada Rehan, and a host of other famed pieces.

This statue of William Henry Harrison will occupy one of the four "fame-points" about the Indiana State Soldiers and Sailors' monument just erected in Indianapolis at a cost of \$300,000. The model is by Nahoney of Indianapolis. Bronze to the amount of 1,800 pounds has gone into the Harrison statue, which is nine feet in height. The work, owing to cockade hat and flowing robe, proved somewhat more difficult to execute than that connected with the ordinary statue. The figure is to be in three parts, which are, however, united with such consummate skill as to defy detection. The resolute, vigorous character, the dignity of the man, his bravery and generalship, are shown with marvelous distinctness, making the statue one to afford every satisfaction to homage-paying state and nation, however critical.

Were the entire facilities of the foundries focused upon the work that such a statue as this one stands for it could be accomplished in two weeks. Such haste is, though, never necessary. Three months is about the time usually taken. When completed, there is produced a representation more eternal in point of duration than flintless rock—there being no substance possible of surpassing bronze in lasting qualities. Attesting of this fact has occurred with every evacuation of ancient bronze work, notably that of Egypt. The metal produced and bulled with in Chicago today is identically the same as that come upon in buried cities. Its strength is something simply wonderful.

"Steel is nozzink to it!" exclaimed M. Berchem, swinging a twenty-pound sledge hammer, around his head and bringing it down terrifically on the point of old Gen. Harrison's Venetian nose. The blow, that might have made the entire world of art shudder, had no visible effect, or as the Frenchman added, "It make zee Gen'ral no need ze doctah!"

Jersey City covers twelve and one-half square miles of territory.

CONCAS AS A JOKER.

Some Unconsciously Funny Things the Captain Said.

A copy of "La Epoca," a newspaper of Madrid, has been received in New York which contains the address recently delivered before the geographical society of that city by Capt. Concas, of the Spanish navy, in which he commented on the people of this country in a manner for which he was compelled to apologize by Prime Minister Canovas del Castillo, to whom United States Minister Bayard complained. These are some of the remarks objected to by Minister Taylor:

"The climate of the United States has such effect upon its people that the third generation, without mingling with the Indians, have the same shaped skulls as the Indians."

"The development of the United States is due only to the unity of the race and 'high salaries.' They care only for the mighty dollar, and do not care to represent anything in the world's history."

"The politics and administration are the most immoral in the world, and at banquets no one cares to sit next to a politician or a member of the administration."

The belligerent captain commanded one of the caravels which came to this country during the Columbian celebration, and of the things he saw at a normal college and at West Point he said:

"In the normal college I saw 4,000 strong girls working as carpenters. At West Point the cadets were locked in cells, studying mathematics and spend-

STRANGLED TO DEATH.

TERRIBLE FATE OF A CONFIDING YOUNG WIFE.

Used a Handkerchief to Kill the Woman Who Made a Will in Her Favor—Buried the Body and Then Felled a Tree Over the Grave.

THE AUTOFSY UPON the body of Mrs. Martha Rech, found murdered near May's Landing, N. J., the other day, the remains being dug up in the woods, showed that death was caused by strangulation. An examination revealed the fact that two handkerchiefs were used in accomplishing the deed. The first was so tightly drawn around the throat and knotted as to compress the throat into one-half its normal size. Another handkerchief was then tightly fastened over the first one. No other marks of violence were discovered.

Prosecutor Perry is making every effort to arrest the husband, John Rech, who is accused of the murder, and the police of all nearby cities have been notified. The prosecutor believes that the motive for the deed is fully established and fastened onto the husband by the fact of Mrs. Rech having made a will in which she left all of her possessions to their child, making her husband trustee and also giving to the latter a full power of attorney to enable him to control the estate.

Mrs. Rech was the daughter of Prof.

Weaver, a wealthy physician, of Philadelphia. When Bertha was in her teens her mother died, and when her father remarried the girl left home. Soon after this Bertha met Rech and became infatuated with him. Prof. Weaver objected to the girl's associations with Rech and used every means to stop the courtship. She married Rech, however. The father died leaving an estate of a half million dollars and cut off Bertha in his will. The daughter employed counsel and proceedings were started to contest the will, but a compromise was effected and a sum, in trust, was settled upon the girl. This was done, it is said, to prevent her husband from getting control of the money. It is reported that \$60,000 of Mrs. Rech's portion of her father's estate would in a few months revert to her unconditionally. The murder has aroused the entire community.

The last seen of Mrs. Rech was when she purchased groceries in May's Landing. The next day some neighbors inquired of Rech where his wife was and he replied that she had gone out for a walk. Her disappearance was not generally known until a week later when Rech loaded a crate of poultry onto his wagon, and with his child came to the city, since which time he has not been seen.

When Rech drove away without his wife, who usually accompanied him, and who had not been seen for a week, Samuel Jones, a neighbor of Rech's in Estellville, became suspicious and seized upon the opportunity to investigate. Jones then recalled the fact that a short time ago Mrs. Rech was shot by her husband, the husband claiming that it was accidental. He was gunning for possum in the chicken coop, he had said, and when he fired the shots struck the woman. Foul play was suspected, but nothing was ever done.

While on his way back to the Rech house Jones stumbled across a mound of fresh earth, near a pine tree, which had been recently cut down in the field. Hastening to Sheriff Jonsson, Jones told him his suspicions, and the sheriff, County Clerk Lew and others quickly went to the spot and began to open the mound.

Two feet below the surface the body of Mrs. Rech was found. It was taken to the house to await the arrival of the coroner and the prosecutor. When the coroner arrived he examined the body. A coarse sack was over the head and reached to the waist, being tied to prevent its slipping down and revealing the features. Another sack was drawn over the feet and met the other garment at the feet.

The woman was murdered without a struggle. Her hair was neatly done up, and when her body was found the hair was undisturbed, showing there was no struggle. The handkerchief with which she was strangled was one similar to those seen to be in the possession of her husband.

An examination of the chips from the felled tree showed the tree was cut down with an ax that had a dent in the blade. The ax with the dent was found in the house. The dent in the ax fitted the marks in the chips. The tree was felled after the grave was filled in. It was evidently intended that the branches should hide the grave. The man who cut down the tree miscalculated, and

Warren Crisswell, a white man, of Macon, Ga., has voluntarily and publicly confessed to having removed the rail on the Southern railway that caused the wrecking of two trains, killing three people and injuring fifteen, on the night of Feb. 29. Crisswell claims to have played his part in the tragedy under the persuasion of a shotgun in the hands of Odum Shaw, also white, whose wife was on the train, and whom Shaw wanted to get rid of, and at the same time get damaged from the railroad for killing her. The confession was made at a preliminary hearing for train-wrecking. Shaw was present as a witness, but was arrested after Crisswell's confession. Shaw's father was also arrested, charged with being an accomplice.

Crisswell says he and Shaw were two miles from the railroad when they heard the train crash through the trees, and Shaw exclaimed: "Damn her, she has gone to hell and she deserves it for trying to swear my life away."

Shaw had reference to his wife, who had sworn against him some time ago, when he was on trial for whitecapping. As Crisswell's wife was also on the train that part of the confession which says Shaw forced him at the point of a gun to remove the rail is not believed, and the prosecution claims to have evidence that will show that both men entered into a plot to kill their wives and get pay for them.

Both men were arrested two weeks ago, but as sufficient evidence could not be procured against them they were discharged. A few days ago Shaw compromised with the railroad for injuries to his wife for \$500. The wives of both men were seriously injured in the wreck, and since their release at the first trial both have been anxious to effect a speedy compromise with the railroad.

For Desecrating a Church. Two young women were arrested at Dayton, Ohio, for spending the night in a Baptist church with two young men. The latter are badly wanted, but can't be found. Jacket waists are popular this season.

the top of the tree only barely reached the grave, and as the tree fell on one side, instead of directly on top of the grave, it was easily found.

Hundreds of persons visited the Rech home and inspected the grave. At last accounts the murderer had not been captured.

TWO FIENDISH HUSBANDS.

Wrecked the Train to Get Rid of the Wives and Get Damages.

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HOBART'S BRIDE.

A San Francisco Belle Who Is to Wed a Spoiled Darling.

Miss Hannah Nell Williams is the young lady who is soon to wed young Walter Hobart, the spoiled darling of San Francisco's swell set. Mr. Hobart is a splendid fellow, indeed popular with all sorts of people in the metropolis of the coast. He is a great coach, a fine sportsman and a notable figure in San Francisco. The match is said to be a case of love at first sight. Mr. Hobart was presented to Miss Williams by an army officer. Since then he has pressed his suit with a determination that not only drove all his rivals away, but won that young lady herself. Mr. Hobart is worth several millions.

Miss Williams is the younger of two sisters who made their debut in the winter of last year. She is quite tall, queenly and graceful, with good style and a faultless carriage. She has light brown hair, blue eyes and a complexion that is without a blemish. Early in her career Miss Williams showed a marked individuality in the matter of dress. She has a decided preference for marked gowns, and almost invariably wears them. Her shining hair is parted in the middle and brushed back smoothly. She wears a ribbon in it, usually white, like the broods of Scottish maidens. She likes the American beauty rose. She and her sister Juliet live with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Neil, in San Rafael, a pretty suburb of San Francisco, across the bay. Brigadier General Forsythe is their uncle. The family is an old colonial one. Miss Williams' father is a pay-



HANNAH NEIL WILLIAMS. Master in the navy stationed at New London.

Left Church to Rob a Hen Roost.

For weeks Rev. S. J. Winegar, of Immanuel Baptist church of Iowa City, Iowa, has been losing fancy chickens, of which he is quite an extensive raiser. George Trask and his son Fred were under suspicion, but when Mr. Winegar saw the former in his congregation at prayer meeting the other night his doubts were somewhat dispelled. They returned with redoubled force when, in the middle of the service, Trask crept prayerfully out of the church. The clergyman knew what this meant, and at the close of the meeting hastened after, only to find the greater part of his choicest fowls already missing. The Trasks were arrested and bound over to await the action of the grand jury on a charge of larceny.

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