



Mrs. Olga Deuss, the Unfortunate Woman Who Asphyxiated Her Baby Children and Herself, and H. O. Deuss, the Distracted and Half-Crazed Husband Who Mourns Their Loss.

[Sketched by a "Call" artist.]

Wandering about the City, begging his watchful friends to leave him alone but a few moments, H. O. Deuss is yearning for merciful death that might bring him oblivion.

All the dear ones he cherished and loved—his honest and true wife who had been his comfort for eleven years, his three little babes, whose bright and pretty faces gave sunlight to his home, and whose chatter as they climbed over him in the evening when he returned from his tedious labor, and their merry laughter at early morn before he again went forth to battle with the world made him forget all his cares—all were taken away from him in one fell swoop.

It is hardly to be wondered at that the unfortunate husband and father weeps, sobs and at times utters groans terminating in a painful hysterical laugh.

He regards the friends who have hastened to his side to give him consolation which is out of time in such a heartbreaking case as merciless because they will not permit him to do away with himself and join the darlings who have left him here alone in his misery.

This tragedy of the little home at 809 1/2 Guerrero street, where H. O. Deuss suddenly and so unexpectedly came across the dead bodies of his entire family at 3:15 o'clock yesterday morning, is probably the saddest that has ever befallen an individual in this City. At least, the hardened employes of the public morgue do not remember a case so touching. Deputy Smith, who for the past twenty years has gathered in the dead when official investigation has been necessary, does not recollect a case that approaches it, and the tender care he has taken in laying out the mother with her little babies on either side—the four resting on three contiguous slabs covered by one wide, immaculate sheet—attests to the feelings which caused the old veteran to shed a tear.

Smith was not alone among strangers to weep yesterday while viewing these dead. Women, neighbors of the Deuss family, crowded to the Morgue. Men—big, strong men, callous to the shocks and hardships of the world, who have not known for decades what it is to have a moist eye—cried with the weaker sex, and had to turn away.

The details of the tragedy, owing to the crazed condition of the husband and father, who alone is in possession of the facts connected with the immediate finding of the bodies, can be but surmised.

He left his prattling young ones after the evening meal Monday about 7:30 o'clock.

The babies had had a glorious day of it with their toys and little girl neighbors, with whom they had romped from early morning. That bed time was drawing near was evinced by their drooping eyelids, and their fond mother's lullaby needed but to be short before the three darlings were in the restful land of nod.

Mrs. Olga Deuss saw her husband to the door. She, too, was tired, and with her parting kiss asked him to return early. There was nothing in her demeanor to indicate the awful deed she afterward committed. True, she had been ailing for a week past, but she was apparently mending and was looking forward to Thursday, when she expected to give a children's party in honor of her elder daughter Gretchen's eighth birthday.

At what time she locked the doors of the house, tucked her little ones in their cots, turned on all the gas jets in the house and lay down to die no one can ever know. She left a couple of messages written in German and scribbled off in a rather disconnected manner. But these give no details to enlighten one on the case.

One slip of paper has an incomplete sentence which reads:

You are going to—
What else the woman intended to write cannot be surmised, unless she was about to address her husband, who had told her he was going to the monthly meeting of the Mission Turn Verein, and then desisted.

Then came another note, saying:
As I have loved you in life, I shall be with you in death all the time.

On the same slip of paper was written:
All the things in the trunk and the beds are to be sent to George; they belong to him.

These messages were found by the deputies from the Coroner's office when they arrived at the house at 5 o'clock in the morning. They had been completely overlooked by Deuss in the agonizing moments that followed his frightful discovery.

At the close of the Mission Turn Verein meeting, about midnight, Deuss sat around the saumon in the building chatting with some of his fellow-members and drinking beer.

At 2:30 o'clock in the morning the party broke up, and Deuss, accompanied by Anton Messersmith, who is a neighbor of his, slowly walked toward their homes. They conversed, and frequently stopped on their journey to enter in debate. They spent fifteen minutes in this way in front of Deuss' house, where his entire family was being slowly asphyxiated or else was already dead.

With a light heart and the proverbial excuse on his lips for being late, Deuss ran up the front steps of his home and with his latch key opened the door.

The gas jet in the hallway at the head of the flight of stairs leading to his flat, was not lighted, and there was a strong odor of gas. His first thought was that a gust of wind had blown out the light, and he hastened to turn the cock. It was securely closed, however, and Deuss felt for the first time that something was amiss. The stifling odor became stronger as he entered the front room of the dwelling, and he rushed to the door of the apartments where his wife and babies usually slept.

It was closed and locked.
"Olga! Olga!" he cried, thumping the door. "Olga! What's the matter, can't you answer?"

No answer came from the dead on the other side of the door; only the noise of the death-dealing fluid escaping as with a serpent's hiss from four gas jets turned on at full force could be heard.

Frenzied by the uncertainty of the situation, and made doubly powerful by the possibility of his loved ones being in danger of their lives within a few feet of where he stood, Deuss braced himself for a plunge, and launched his entire weight against the door.

It broke in, and though stifled by the volume of gas which burst out against him as if fighting for its victims, he desperately lunged through the broken panel of the door, and at a bound reached the bed where lay his wife and their youngest boy.

"My God, Olga!" he fairly shrieked, shaking her, "wake up! wake up!"

The unfortunate woman was already too far gone to recover, although she was not yet quite dead. Deuss then buried himself against the large and only window leading from the room in the rear of the flat. With one vigorous kick he smashed the casing and a blast of welcome fresh air poured in. In another moment the frenzied father ran and opened the windows in the front of the house, and returning to the bedroom he began lifting his dear ones from their couches and carrying them to where the fresh air could reach them.

It did not take long for him to do this, but the seconds seemed hours to him. While engaged in his task he kept up a continual cry for help, which did not come. His cries, however, were heard, but at that unwonted hour they were unheeded.

Deuss pulled the pillows off the beds, and after placing them under the heads of his babies and wife he staggered back down the stairs and out into the street, running toward the house of his friend, Anton Messersmith, and yelling like a demented man all the way.

Messersmith returned with Deuss, and with Officer Murphy, on the Guerrero-street beat, they entered the house. It was evident then that there was not a spark of life left in the four bodies, but Drs. Moody and Mulligan, living in the immediate neighborhood, were summoned. At their suggestion the officials at the Morgue were notified.

As soon as the anxious father, bending over the physicians during their examination, learned that there was no more hope, he fell back half-fainting into the arms of his friend, Messersmith. Then, rallying, he was on his knees, crawling from one to the other of his four beloved darlings, kissing and begging them to come back.
"Olga! Gretchen! Fredda! Carl! My darlings. Don't leave papa! Don't leave papa! Come back; oh, come back!" he begged, while the tears streamed down his cheeks.

The sight of this terrible sorrow was too much for the physicians and Messersmith, who were unable to withhold their feelings, and they wept too with the bereaved.

Messersmith managed to tear the unhappy man from the corpses into another room, where he cast himself face downward on the bed so recently occupied by his wife and youngest child and sobbed as though his heart were breaking.

Deputies Hallet and McGinnis, from the Coroner's office, arrived shortly afterward in their matter-of-fact way with the greasy wagon to convey the dead. They carried the receiving-boxes up the stairs to the rooms where lay the corpses. They had not expected such a sad scene, and as they glanced on the three little babies in their snow-white gowns clustered about their mother, and saw the heartbroken father standing by, calling on the Almighty to also take him, those two deputies thought of their own wives and children and wept as they performed their sad duties.

As the bodies were about to be removed Deputy Hallet called the attention of Officer Murphy to the actions of Deuss. He was carrying on like an insane man, his bloodshot eyes were popping out of their sockets, and he seemed on the verge of doing something to harm himself.

He suddenly darted for the bureau, where he fumbled in trying to open the top drawer. This gave the policeman time to reach him as he opened it and attempted to take a razor from its sheath.

"I don't want to live! I can't stand this any longer!" Deuss cried.

The keen blade was carefully put away, and Deuss, looking around, picked up one of his own business cards, giving his occupation as a watchmaker and jeweler at 126 Kearny street, in the Thurlow block. On the back of it he wrote:

GEORGE F. KUEGER,
199 S. Clark street,
Chicago.

Turning to Deputy Coroner Hallet, he said:

"If anything happens to me let this man know, and he will know what to do."

Another friend of Deuss, hearing of the tragedy, called at the house.

"Well, Erick," the unfortunate man said, "see what has befallen me. What an unhappy man I am. My poor wife and babies, all gone."

Deuss began to act stranger than ever after that. Taking a gold watch from his pocket he handed it to the nearest person to him.

"Take this," he said, "it belongs to Shirfield."

Then, reaching into his pocket again he pulled out \$12 in one hand and handed it to Deputy Hallet, saying:

"That belongs to Olga."

In another hand he held a little bundle of coin, about \$4 80, wrapped up in a piece of paper.

"This," he said, "belongs to —" He did not finish the sentence, but went off at a rambling and unintelligible wordy gait.

The address of George H. Kueger, Chicago, is that of Mrs. Olga Deuss' brother, to whom she left her belongings in the last note she wrote on earth.

Deuss insisted upon accompanying his wife and babies to the Morgue, where he viewed their bodies on the slabs. He acted in a comparatively rational manner while weeping and kissing his dead.

Shortly after noon time he was induced by his friend Erick to leave the place, and both went out to arrange for the funeral.

Late in the afternoon an attempt was made to have Deuss lie down and get some rest in the Valencia-street Hotel. His friend remained by him until shortly after

5 o'clock in the afternoon, when a report received at the Morgue and police headquarters that he was missing. At the Morgue the inquiry came as to whether Deuss' body had been brought in, showing quite evidently that his friends believe he is but waiting an opportunity to kill himself.

Mrs. Olga Deuss, the poor woman who, in a moment of insanity, has wrecked the life of her husband, taken her own life and the lives of her children, was 40 years of age. The little girl, Gretchen, would have been 8 years old to-morrow. Fredda, the second girl, was only 5 years and 6 months old, and tiny little Carl was but six months past two summers.

TRIPLE MURDER AND SUICIDE.

The Dreadful Tragedy in a Guerrero - Street Home.

INSANE WOMAN'S DEED.

Mrs. Olga Deuss Asphyxiates Herself and Her Three Babies.

A FATHER'S AWFUL DISCOVERY

He Reaches Home From His Lodge to Find All His Dear Ones Asleep in Death.

At 9 o'clock last night Deuss returned to the Valencia-street Hotel, and broken-hearted and tired out, he was taken to a room and induced to retire. Before doing so he frequently expressed the hope that death would come to him, as there was no further life or happiness for him in this world.

At last nature asserted herself and he fell into a slumber, and at midnight he was still sleeping. Two friends remained in the room to watch him to see that he did himself no harm should he awaken again and be taken with the notion that he ought to end his days.

JEALOUSY THE CAUSE.

Friends of Deuss Declared that the Wife Was Unjustly Suspicious of Her Husband.

Statements made by the friends of Deuss show that Mrs. Deuss was jealous of her husband. She believed that he, within a few weeks, had been paying marked attention to a young woman, but friends assert that there was not the slightest foundation for the suspicion. This idea, which for several weeks haunted the woman who sought relief in death and took her children with her to the great beyond, unsettled her mind and it is probable that when her brain was turned by the most uncontrollable of passions she decided upon carrying into effect her fatal project.

Henry F. Fricke, a grocer at Guerrero and Nineteenth streets, who was with Deuss for several hours yesterday morning, said:

"You can understand what the poor man's feelings were when he made the horrible discovery. It was enough to drive a man to the verge of desperation, and it is no wonder that he wanted to put an end to his life. This afternoon he had calmed down somewhat, and in my company we went to the Morgue and then made arrangements for the disposition of the unfortunate woman and the children, after which he went to the Valencia-street Hotel, and when I left him at 5 o'clock he was in a better mood than he was during the forenoon."

"The woman had no cause for the commission of the dreadful crime. She was insanely jealous, and all without cause. His friends can show where he was every evening when away from home. There was not the slightest cause for Mrs. Deuss to be jealous of him. He was a devoted husband, and loved his wife and children as fondly as any man could. As to financial trouble, there was nothing in that. It was only yesterday that he told me that he had put an advertisement in THE CALL, that it had brought him three customers, and that he felt pleased with the beginning of the week."

"Mrs. Deuss used to attend all the meetings of the Mission Turn Verein, of which Deuss is the vice-president, and when he was there she had every opportunity to watch his actions. At the last meeting she was there, and I noticed that there was something in her demeanor that satisfied me that there was something wrong with her mind."

William Gerken, proprietor of the Valencia-street Hotel, said: "I have known Mr. Deuss for several years and know that he was passionately fond of his wife and children and had no thoughts for any other woman or woman. Why, when he went home from his business his children would tumble over one another in their endeavor to be taken up by him. There never was any trouble in the family, as there was not any cause for it. This forenoon I was in a terrible state of mind, and he would no doubt have done himself harm had he not been watched by his friends. This evening he was very much calmer and spent most all the time weeping and moaning. At about 6 o'clock he went out with friends."

"Why did Mrs. Deuss commit the terrible crime? It was simply jealousy, and she was unjustly jealous. Nothing but jealousy drove her to it."
One of Deuss' most intimate friends is Emil Leiss, speaker of the Independent German Congregation and editor-in-chief of the San Francisco Tageblatt. He was in the company of his friend for several hours yesterday afternoon.

"This is indeed sad," said Mr. Leiss last night, "and nothing but unfounded jealousy caused Mrs. Deuss to do what she did. I have known the family for a long time. I know that Deuss was extremely fond of his wife and children, and he was passionately fond of the poor little boy. The loss of those he loved, and in such a manner, was enough to drive him crazy and make him wish to go to those he loved so well."

"Several weeks ago Mrs. Deuss became possessed of the idea that her husband was making love to a young woman, but there was absolutely no cause for such an idea. Still it preyed upon her mind to such an extent that it affected it, and last Thursday when I delivered a lecture at Turn Halle, in the Mission, Mrs. Deuss was there, and I noticed that there was something unusual the matter with her for she did not appear as usual. Despite this feeling which possessed her there was nothing that occurred in the family circle to disturb its tranquility."
"There is no reason to believe that money matters had anything to do with the act, for Mr. Deuss provided well for his family and never troubled his wife with his business affairs."



The Bodies of Mrs. Olga Deuss and Her Little Ones as They Appeared on the Slabs at the Morgue.

[Sketched by a "Call" artist.]

"This morning Deuss made all preparations to end his life. He went to his place of business, took a number of watches that had been left with him and returned them to their respective owners. His friends prevented him from carrying out his purpose, and after I had talked to him for some time he will not end his life. He declared that he had nothing to live for, yet I believe he will keep his promise."

"During the afternoon he expressed a desire that the bodies of his dead family should be cremated, and in accordance with his wish the bodies will be cremated at 2 o'clock on Thursday afternoon at the Odd Fellows' Cemetery."

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THEY WANT TO MEET.

Invitation From the Merchants' Association to the Mayor and Others of Minneapolis.

The following communication has been addressed by the Merchants' Association to the Mayor and other city officials of Minneapolis now in town:

SAN FRANCISCO, March 30, 1896.
Hon. Robert Pratt, Mayor, and Other Officials of Minneapolis, Minn., Visiting San Francisco—GENTLEMEN: On behalf of the Merchants' Association of San Francisco the board of directors extends you a most cordial invitation to visit the offices of this association, in the Mills building, and become acquainted with its work and purposes.

Under another cover we send you copies of the latest publication of this association, containing its history, programme for progress, constitution and membership. One of the leading principles of this association, as stated in its constitution, is "co-operation with city officials in enforcing the laws and ordinances to advance and protect the health and comfort of our inhabitants, and to take an active interest in the care of our public institutions."

Our efforts in this co-operating with the various departments of the municipal government have been supported and encouraged by our city officials generally, and many practical measures of public benefit have thereby resulted.

During your visit to this city it would afford the board of directors of the Merchants' Association great pleasure to have an informal meeting with you at the offices of the association, when municipal subjects might be considered of interest and importance to both Minneapolis and San Francisco. If agreeable kindly advise us of the time and date most suitable to your convenience, excepting Thursday, April 2, when special meetings of the association and directors will be held in the afternoon and evening.

Awaiting your pleasure, we remain, with best wishes, sincerely yours,
F. W. DOHRMANN, President.
J. RICHARD FREUD, Secretary.

MAY BE CONDEMNED.

The Board of Health Will Take Action on the Hog Ranches To-Day.

At a special meeting of the Board of Health to be held to-day the most important question to be discussed will be the hog ranches which have caused so much complaint among the residents of the Bay View, Excelsior and Spring Valley home-steads. It is not improbable that some of the most odorous and filthy of them will be condemned as public nuisances and ordered closed or removed.

The board partially decided to take this action some time ago, but concluded to ask the Supervisors to extend the hog limits so as to include the tracts mentioned and thus settle the matter.

The Supervisors when the subject came up for action failed to agree on a time when a regulation that was drawn up should go into effect and the matter was dropped, when a tie vote, at last Monday's meeting, lost the friends of the protesting property-owners the opportunity of moving the ranches.

The members of the Board of Health are unanimous in the belief that the ranches are a nuisance and unless those who conduct them can show some very valid reason why action should be deferred the law that gives the board the power to condemn obnoxious habitations or nuisances will be called into play.

COAST DIVISION EXTENSION.

The Road to Be Operated Seven Miles South of Someo.

Commencing on Monday next, April 6, the operation of the Southern Pacific coast division will be extended to a new station 7 1/2 miles south of Someo, which will be known as Viaduct. At this point

close connection will be made with a first-class stage service for Lompoc and Santa Barbara.

Passengers will leave San Francisco at the usual hour, 8:15 A. M., will be due to arrive at the new terminal station at 7:10 P. M., and at Lompoc at 8:45 P. M. Supper will be taken at the Hotel Romona, San Luis Obispo.

Northbound passengers will leave Lompoc at 6 A. M., and arrive at Viaduct at 7:30 A. M. Here close connection will be made with the coast division train for San Francisco, where the passengers will arrive at 9:30 P. M.

Under the new arrangement passengers will reach Lompoc three-quarters of an hour earlier than under the present schedule, and a corresponding saving in time is made on the northward trip.

PHYSICIAN WAS CALLED IN.

Dr. Wadsworth of the State Board of Medical Examiners, and he found that Dr. Parke's name was not on the list of registered practitioners.

In his own behalf Dr. Parke testified that he was a graduate of the Philadelphia Medical College, but unfortunately lost his diploma in Denver some years ago. He denied the allegations made by Mrs. Harkness.

The judge said he would take the case under advisement.

"CYCLE BOARD OF TRADE"

Special Meeting for Its Organization Called by Local Dealers in Wheels.

The following call for a meeting has been issued by the leading bicycle dealers of the City:

DEAR SIR: The undersigned respectfully and earnestly request your presence, or that of your authorized representative, at a meeting of the bicycle dealers of San Francisco, to be held on Thursday evening, April 2, 7:30 o'clock sharp, at the Rambler Bicyclore, Thomas H. B. Varney, corner of Market and Tenth streets, this City.

The object of this meeting is to organize what we may term "San Francisco Cycle Board of Trade," the chief purpose of which is to secure good streets and in addition to adopt such measures from time to time that will lessen the liability of fraudulent or irresponsible purchasers, like advertising, schemers, etc.

An association of the dealers, together with the co-operation and indorsement of all wheelmen will, we believe, prove a powerful and influential combination in agitating and demanding, politically and otherwise, the paving of our principal thoroughfares. Should these results be accomplished they would create an impetus to the retail bicycle trade of incalculable benefit to us as well.

We sincerely trust you will realize the logic of such procedure, and indorse the plan of organization as outlined, by attending this meeting without fail.

Baker & Hamilton, Dunham, Carrigan & Hayden, Compans, Hawley, Bros., Hardware Company, Pope Manufacturing Company, Deere Implement Company, E. C. Stearns & Co., Overman Wheel Company, H. A. Lozier & Co., Indiana Bicycle Company, Hooker & Co., Sterling Cycle Works, Davis Bros., George Webb Alexander, Thomas H. B. Varney.

FIRE IN THE MISSION.

An alarm was sounded through box 284 at 7:30 o'clock last evening for a fire in a two-story frame dwelling-house at 206 California avenue. The lower floor of the building was occupied by R. Dvor and the upper by George Thomas. Before the flames could be extinguished the building had been damaged to the extent of about \$1000. The adjoining building, which is occupied by Mrs. Bridgis, was slightly scorched. A defective flue was the cause of the fire.

SOME GOOD FEES.

Judge Slack made an order yesterday morning allowing the following fees on account of the Fair estate litigation: To each of the special administrators, L. C. Bresse, T. G. Crothers, J. S. Angus and W. S. Goodfellow, \$3000; Pierson & Mitchell, \$5000; Garret McEnerney, \$2500; Pierson & Mitchell are attorneys for Angus, Bresse and Crothers, and McEnerney is attorney for Goodfellow.

THE MONTH'S DEATH RECORD.

The Health Office report for the month ending yesterday shows that the number of deaths was 528, against 609 for the corresponding month of last year, while the number of births recorded was 475; 255 being males and 220 females. The death record shows 318 males and 210 females. The most fruitful causes of death were: Consumption 87, heart disease 62, cancer 30, pneumonia 50, apoplexy 28.

COOKS AND WAITERS ORGANIZE.

The cooks and waiters met at 1159 Mission street last night and organized a permanent organization, with R. Stanley as president. The new organization will be affiliated with the Labor Council.

NEW TO-DAY.

Delft "Shaker" Chair



Todaye we have "Shaker" chairs for ye consideration of ye people.
Ye chairs are called "Shakers" because of ye homestful means of making and ye goodness of ye materiyals used.
Ye style is tayken from ye "Shaker" chair of ye olden tyme.
Ye place for sittynge down is of plaited rush, and each seventh strand is ye colour of ye noonday skye.
Bothe chairs and rockers come in ye "Shaker" variety.
Delft furniture is on displaye in ye centre window.

CALIFORNIA FURNITURE COMPANY (N. P. Cole & Co.) 117-123 Geary Street.

Gretchen Deuss, Aged 8 Years; Carl Deuss, Aged 2 Years and 6 Months, and Frida Deuss, Aged 5 Years and 6 Months, Asphyxiated by Their Mother.

[Sketched by a "Call" staff artist from a photograph taken by flashlight December 24, under their last Christmas tree.]

