

# SENSE OF DIGNITY

Something Finer Than One's Normal Self, and More Elevating Than Passion.

By H. M. EGGERT.

"A marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between Miss Estelle Lambert, only daughter of Rear Admiral Charles Lambert (retired) and Mr. John Hewlett, the well-known senior partner of Hewlett & Mason, 89 Wall street. The news of the engagement has occasioned considerable speculation among the friends of the bride, who—"

John Hewlett, seated at his desk in his capacious office, smiled very grimly as he read the insinuating paragraph in the society paper which had been sent to him, marked, by some one who preferred to remain anonymous. It was well that he had done so, for John Hewlett was not a very pleasant enemy, and he had been known to repay insults with good measure on more than one occasion.

But he only thrust the sheet contemptuously into his wastepaper basket, and then, having sorted the correspondence upon his desk, he closed it with a slam. He had arranged his affairs; he had settled his obligations to the last penny; now he was to settle a moral obligation which weighed on him more than the loss of his entire fortune, wiped out in a day by the sensational slump in Hardware Preferred.

John Hewlett was forty-three. From the age of eighteen to thirty he had worked in a foundry, stripped to the waist, the bully and overlord of a motley crew of hard fighters and hard workers. Then an education, painfully and laboriously acquired by the aid of a few books studied when he should have been sleeping, enabled him to break free from his enslavement. In five years more he was a man of average education and moderately rich; at forty he had entered Wall street, where, during three years, he had become known as the most audacious free-lance in the financial district. He had made millions, had been flattered and courted; then, at forty-three he had fallen in love, for the first time in his life. He had met Estelle's father at his country club, and the old admiral, captivated



Admiral Lambert Came Forward and Clapped the Other by the Hand.

by the bluff sincerity of the man, had invited him to visit him at his home on Fifty-fifth street. There he had met Estelle, just back from school in France, to take her dear mother's place in the household; and by sheer force of personality he had swept her off her feet with his impassioned pleading.

And now he was ruined and his duty lay clear before him. John Hewlett had never flinched from duty when he was boss of the foundry gang. Hard-hitting, inflexible, he had gone straight to the point and always carried it. Now his course was clearly defined. He could not give her anything to compensate for what he was taking from her. He must release her from the engagement.

Three-quarters of an hour later he was being ushered into the drawing room of the Lamberts' house. It was a soft summer evening, agreeably cool; the lights were not yet turned on, and the house was almost dark. Miss Estelle was out, the man said, but would return at any moment. Would he wait for her?

John Hewlett paced the room quietly, thinking out the speech that he had prepared. He passed into the hall. Adjacent to the drawing room was a smaller one, the entrance hidden by a Japanese screen. Behind this he heard the murmur of voices. One of them was Estelle's. The other was the softly modulated one of Theodore Fanning. Hewlett was about to break in on them when something aroused his attention, and though he would have scorned to play the spy, he stood as though rooted there, awaiting the opportunity to slip away without arousing detection.

"Yes, Estelle, he's a beggar," he heard Fanning say, with a self-satisfied laugh. "Every penny wiped out in the Hardware slump. It's all over the street. Poor beggar!"

"Why 'poor' beggar?" asked Estelle.

"Because he's losing you, Estelle," Fanning answered, "and that makes him doubly poor. I tell you, when I heard the news my heart got into my throat and stayed there. He's so devilishly pertinacious, that Hewlett fellow. I was half of a mind that he would hurry round and pour some lying story into the old man's ears and somehow contrive to keep his stranglehold on you. But I guess he didn't have the nerve. Take it from me, you won't see him again, Estelle. He's probably miles away by now, with all the money that his dupes trusted him with."

In the old days in the foundry Hewlett had been famous for striking bold speech. "It's a word and a blow with John Hewlett," was said of him. Now, hearing this, he felt his temples suffused with blood; involuntarily he put out his hands and the Japanese screen toppled over. Next moment he was standing in front of Estelle and his traducer. All the decorum acquired through years of painful self-mastery had vanished, and he was elemental in his fury. His fists were clenched, his face was purple, and he rocked slightly, like an infuriated beast.

"I heard you," he bellowed. "I heard you. I—I won't hurt you in Miss Lambert's presence. But I'm going to speak to her alone. Get out!"

"Mr. Hewlett!" cried Estelle, springing to her feet, pale with anger, "please remember that you are both my guests."

Hewlett's hands fell to his sides. He felt himself trembling. At that moment Admiral Lambert entered the room quietly, stepped up, and took his place between the men.

"Come, Hewlett, my dear fellow," he began. "What's the matter between you and Mr. Fanning?"

"May I be allowed to speak?" inquired Fanning ironically. He stood up, cool enough, although his hands were shaking. "It amounts to this: That man is a pauper. His house has failed. And I think," he continued, with a little bow, "that he has come here to tell you so."

"Yes, you're right," cried Hewlett, and all his rage came back. Never before had he been balked by circumstances; now he saw everything red, he wanted to use his mighty fists, and not being able to, felt humiliated and impatient. "Yes, I've lost all my money," he shouted. "And I came to tell Miss Lambert so—not you, admiral, but Miss Lambert, because it's her right to know."

"And I think Mr. Hewlett is angry that Mr. Fanning should have told me first," put in Estelle indignantly. Hewlett looked round at the calm, collected witnesses of his helplessness. He was very like a bear being baited by hounds. But in that moment a sense of dignity came to him, something finer than his normal self, which lifted him above his passion and left him cooler than all.

"Let's come to the point," he said. "I have asked Mr. Fanning to withdraw. Now I can proceed. I have lost every penny I have, but I've paid my debts and I'm going to start life over again—and win. I've always won. But I've lost one thing. I came to say that. I wish to release Miss Lambert from our engagement. It wouldn't be fair."

He stopped and looked from one to another. There was something almost pitiful in his gaze. Fanning shifted uneasily.

"With your permission, I will be going, sir," he said to the admiral, and, bowing to Estelle, he went out the room. Outside he paused and grinned. Success was his now; he had heard enough; Hewlett had hopelessly lost—why, the coarseness of the man had shown through the polish like raw wood under a coat of varnish. He chuckled all the way home.

Inside there was a dead silence. Then the admiral spoke.

"Why wouldn't it be fair?" he asked.

"Why?" stammered Hewlett. "Why—why—"

Admiral Lambert came forward and clasped the other by the hand.

"I can't speak for Estelle, John," he said, "but I think you are doing us both a wrong. I hope you are, I believe, John, that this misfortune has swept away a barrier—a barrier which was once almost invisible, but has been growing higher and stronger—the barrier that you yourself have opposed to your own happiness. I mean your pride, John, and your self-deception. But I can't answer for Estelle. Perhaps she can answer."

He passed out of the room, and Hewlett, not understanding, stood staring after him beside the door. He stood as if in a dream till the rattle of a soft garment at his side caused him to start violently. Estelle stood by him.

"John," she said—and there were tears in her eyes—"John, won't you ever understand? Well, then, I'll have to tell you. I loved you for yourself, my dear, not for your money, not in spite of your roughness, but because of the heart of a man beneath it. There! I've told you and I never dared to hope the time would come. And the tears that fell on his face washed away all bitter memories of the past.

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# Under the Midnight Sun



NATIVE GREENLANDERS

WHEN the news was sent broadcast that Captain Mikelsen, the Danish Arctic adventurer, with the engineer Severson as companion, both of whom started to cross Greenland in the summer of 1910, had arrived at Aalesund, the world in general hailed the adventurers with wonder, rather than amazement, for, as matter of fact, even the most intelligent of average readers know precious little about Greenland. Difficult of access, particularly from America, the traveler sees but little promise in the voyage, and even where he does fit out for the no-man's land, as one might dub it, he is not at all certain of reaching his goal.

Mikelsen and Severson, it will be remembered, formed part of an expedition organized in 1909 to discover the depot left by Mylius Erichsen, who, with two companions, perished in Greenland in the previous year. On the completion of their original object the two started to cross Greenland. They reached Denmark Firth on May 20, 1910, where they found records left by Erichsen. Nine days later they began their return journey, and on this they encountered terrible hardships. Several of the dogs died and the explorers were compelled to shoot those that remained for food. The party reached Shannon Island, opposite King William Land, on November 29, and remained there throughout the winter and the following summer, hoping to be picked up by a whaler. No vessels came and they proceeded to Shamrock Island, where they spent the following winter. In the spring of 1912 they endeavored to make a sledge journey to Cape Dalton, but had to give it up owing to weakness. They had abandoned all hope of rescue, when they were picked up by a Norwegian fishing vessel, on July 17 last, and brought to Aalesund. Thence they leave for Copenhagen.

Danish Expedition Found Naught. The Danish relief expedition of 1911 returned last summer and all the West Greenland ships came back without information of Captain Mikelsen. Hope for his safety had, therefore, been practically abandoned.

In that connection it is interesting to note the experience of an intrepid hunter explorer of Cincinnati, Max Fleischman, the multi-millionaire yeast manufacturer, in an attempt to reach Greenland a very few years ago. Fleischman had chartered a ship of his own, and everything that money could provide was at hand for the attempt. But, even so, the coast of Greenland repelled, and though they came within sight they were forced, eventually, to turn back without landing.

As Fleischman tells this part the story of his cruise is as follows: "We had reached far enough into the ice-pack by July 20 to note the absence of the mud-colored bergs abounding on its outskirts. Floes increased in area and the former flat surfaces of these gave place to tumbled masses and rather thin, irregular snow blocks. The latter, heaped one on another, rose to heights of from 20 to 50 feet.

"The temperature was below freezing and the ice stood thick on the rigging, crystal fringes of icicles hanging from the edges of the floes, adding other touches to the scene.

"Bear hunting was the great pastime at this stage of the voyage. At 7 in the morning, it is remembered, the mate sighted a big bear walking over some heavy ice to starboard, and shambling easily along to the edge of the floe, where he plunged into the water for a morning dip.

"The first shot hit him," Fleischman says, "as he was leaving the water, about 50 yards from the ship. This as well as the next struck him in the shoulder. He whirled about and then ran rapidly over the ice, followed by several shots, all of which hit him and knocked him down, but he recovered each time and ran on. Mr. Lohrmonth, at a range of about 300 yards, finally laid him low, but still did not kill. The boat put off at once and we had a rough

tramp over the floes, climbing hummocks and jumping across the waterways, to come within close range. The bear was on his haunches, unable to rise, but moving his head about viciously until I sent a finishing shot into his neck. The bear dog was let loose as soon as the boat touched the ice; he took up the trail promptly, and ran around the bear, barking excitedly, as if to make sure of guarding him until the hunters came up. The bear was a big male, measuring 8 feet 3 inches and standing 3 feet 8 inches at the shoulder. He weighed approximately 1,100 pounds. He was fensed where he lay, for the carcass was too heavy to be brought over the ice to the boat.

Seal Hunting. "Another phase of life here is seal hunting. One seal was shot in the water and floated until reached by the boat. Experts claim that if a seal be shot, just as he is inhaling, the inflation of the lungs will cause him to float. The opposite holds true where the shot comes at the time of exhalation. Others would have it that whether a carcass sink or float depends on the amount of its fat supply. Opinions are very divided as to the point.

"The 21st gave the Laura Little headway, a dense ice pack sending the boat to southwest, and forcing her to beat about all day, looking for openings, while the wind jammed the ice.

"July 22, by way of contrast, was an exceptional day for these latitudes. With a clear view from the crow's nest above, we followed promising leads in the heavy ice toward open waters, whose presence was shown from afar by the water sky above. When light falls on a field of pack-ice, it is explained, it is reflected in the stratum of air above it, and this span of light, called the ice-blink, just above the horizon, warns the navigator of the impossibility of penetrating farther. Water spaces, on the other hand, show their presence by dark spots on the horizon, produced by the formation of clouds from ascending mists. These make the so-called water-sky, and faithfully indicate the leads beneath them.

"Such leads were sailed south-south-east all day, in discouraging attempts. Not even a couple of small seals sufficed to raise our spirits, though shooting seals from aboard ship is filled with spice. The hunter conceals himself in the bow, his gun pointed ahead and just enough of his head showing to allow his taking sight. The ship is pointed for the floe where the seals are lying and drifts toward the ice where they may be.

"On the 24th, the sun coming out of the fog sufficiently to permit observations, we found ourselves 150 miles south of our route. Then, its doleful message given, the fog closed in once more. The barrier of ice in the sea, the fog, the leads that led but to a wall of ice, would not permit, and the expedition, whose cost is known to its inception alone, turned back, with only a glimpse 'cross the ice at the lone, forbidden land of the north."

Poetic Tribute to the Fonzalez. The following tribute to the Fonzalez Quartet was written by August Spanuth, editor of the Berlin Signal: "What further praise can one give the Fonzalezes? Who is not already familiar with the aristocratic beauty of their interpretations? Who has not been charmed by the magic of their tone? Who has not marveled at the 'oneness' of these four individuals? Their playing might be compared to a resplendent crystal, in which all rays of musical light are revealed. One might easily turn poet over them."

Duck With Four Legs. Ithaca, N. Y.—A dead duck with two bodies, four legs and only one head will be sent as a curiosity to Prof. H. N. Wilder of Smith college, who is making a study of deformities at birth, by a resident of this city on recommendation of Prof. Hugh S. Reed of the department of neurology at Cornell. The duck is twenty-two inches long.

First Eugenic Baby. Providence, R. I.—Mrs. George W. Herick, mother of New England's first eugenic baby, says children should not be kissed, bounced up and down, nor treated with talcum powder, sponge baths or furbelows.

A Lively Cripple. New York.—Solomon Lowry, who has one leg and walks on crutches, severely beat ten policemen. A reserve force of eight bluecoats was sent to the scene and arrested him.

Cheerfulness. The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness. — Montaigne

# ROBBER LAUGHS AT "DEAD" POLICE GUN

Escaped Convict Robs Saloon in Presence of a Detective.

## PISTOL MISSES FIRE

Fugitive Shoots Repeatedly at Policeman to Cover His Flight, While Later Snaps Trigger of His Own Weapon in Vain.

Chicago.—"Tribby" Thompson, escaped convict from Joliet, for whom the police have been searching for two months, held up a West Side saloon the other day and got away with \$90 in cash.

He owes his liberty to the fact that Detective George of Captain Halpin's office was armed with a revolver which would not fire. The revolver was one of the type attacked by Mayor Bauer, drillmaster and inspector of revolvers for the police department. In a recent report to Chief McWeeny.

While Thompson shot repeatedly at Garry, to cover his flight, the detective snapped the trigger of his own weapon in vain. The cartridges would not explode and he could not close with the shooting bandit.

It was in the saloon of Harry Martini, at the intersection of Ogden, Robey and Flournoy streets, that the hold-up occurred. Garry was standing at the cigar counter, in front of the screen, talking to Martini, when Thompson entered.

"Why don't you guys throw your hands? What's the matter with you?" Thompson shouted as he pushed open the swinging doors in the screen and entered the barroom where half a dozen customers were being served by John Gill, the bartender.

"Who's that, some village cut-up springing a joke?" was Garry's query to Martini. The detective had had his back to the door when Thompson entered.

"No, George, this is a hold-up," replied the saloon man. "That fellow has a gun in his hand and I think he's 'Tribby' Thompson."

Thompson is the only one of the latest trio to escape from the Joliet penitentiary who is still at liberty. "Sunny" Dunne and Tony Landers escaped with him by scaling a wall at the prison.

Apprised on the seriousness of the situation, Detective Garry drew his revolver and cautiously entered the barroom, just as Thompson was searching the last of the customers. The detective made a rush for the escaped convict, and as he came to close quarters, pulled the trigger of his



Began Shooting at Garry and the Customers.

his revolver. The hammer fell with a harmless snap. Again Garry tried to fire, and again the cartridge failed to explode.

"Why don't you get a good 'gun,' like this one?" shouted Thompson, as he backed toward a side door. He began shooting at Garry and the customers he had just robbed.

Thompson fired until his revolver was empty and then ran out the door. By the time Garry had reached Flournoy street the fleeing robber had disappeared.

Quincy.—Joseph N. Carter, former judge of the Illinois supreme court, died here. He was sixty-nine years old. He was born in Hardin county, Kentucky, and graduated from Illinois college in 1864 and the University of Michigan in 1866. He was a member of the state legislature in 1878 and nominated for the state senate a few years later. He was elected to the supreme bench in 1894 and served four years. He was chief justice the last year on the bench, succeeding Judge Simeon P. Shope.

Springfield.—Governor Dunne received one of the shocks of his political life when he read a letter asking the withdrawal of the writer's application for an appointment under the new administration. The request came from Eba F. Hutson of Benton. "After giving my application serious thought, I am afraid I acted not only selfishly, but hastily, and, therefore, request you to remove my name from your list of office-seekers," Hutson wrote.

Rockford.—Local Elks dedicated their new clubhouse. T. B. Mills of Superior, Wis., grand exalted ruler, was in charge.

Springfield.—A proclamation of a reward of \$200 was posted by Governor Dunne for the apprehension and subsequent conviction, of Harry Cassell, who is charged with attempting to rob the Putnam County bank at Hennessee, January 30. In the course of the robbery attempt Cassell, it is said, shot the cashier of the bank in the arm.

Cairo.—Samuel Chittick, a Pulaski county farmer, committed suicide by shooting himself.

Salem.—The trial of S. Martin, charged with the murder of Curt Phelps last August, near their homes, southeast of this city, was continued here in circuit court till the April term of court, by reason of a defect in the indictment, the given name of Martin being incorrect.

Murphysboro.—Dr. I. W. Ellis, present mayor of Murphysboro, and who has been mayor ten years, is a candidate for re-election. His opponent is J. H. Davis, president of the Murphysboro Commercial association. Special features of the coming election are the vote on the adoption of the commission form of government and that on making Murphysboro anti-saloon territory.

# ILLINOIS BREVITIES

Chicago.—The work of the Illinois Humane society for the last year is told in the society's annual report made public. It was shown that the society investigated 1,303 complaints of cruelty to children and 3,937 complaints of cruelty to animals, practically all being remedied and the guilty persons punished. Following are the officers of the association. President, John L. Shortall; first vice-president, Frank M. Staples; second vice-president, Solomon Sturges; treasurer, Charles E. Morrison; secretary, George A. H. Scott. The society plans even greater activity for the coming year.

Murphysboro.—The Murphysboro Commercial association met and appointed committees to act in conjunction with similar committees appointed by the Egyptian Hustlers in planning for the three days' meeting and carnival in June. The Hustlers is an organization of traveling salesmen whose territory is that part of Illinois south of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, and the carnival is an annual affair. The Commercial association appointed its president, Bert Davis, as chairman of the general committee; C. O. Pellett, secretary, and Dave Baer, treasurer.

Peoria.—Damage estimated by President Bartholomew at \$225,000 was done when fire destroyed the wheel house, grindinghouse, steelroom and blacksmith shop of the Avery Manufacturing company. The fire originated when the mechanism of an oil furnace failed to work, and in a few seconds the room in which 100 men were working was enveloped in flames. Fifty of the men crawled out on their hands and knees. Only one man, John Nelson, who tried to stop the flow of oil, was injured.

Aurora.—Mrs. Emil Olsen of Plano, who but a week ago obtained an injunction restraining her husband from entering the home because he had a penchant for throwing a loaded revolver at her, was shot and killed by him. He fired a shot at their little six-year-old child, which he thought fatal, then one at his wife as she stumbled and fell, turned the gun on himself and ended his own life. The couple had three children, the oldest fourteen years of age.

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Cairo.—The four cases of meningitis at Gale were reported worse. Two nurses who had been sent home were called back and placed in charge. Mrs. Harry Tolson was a victim of meningitis at Holloway Landing, Ky. Her home was in the lowlands, surrounded by water. The body was taken out in a boat.

Decatur.—Miss Sylvia Butler, thirty-five, a professional nurse, committed suicide here in a fashionable apartment house. She was a graduate of Mayfield college, St. Louis.