

"LES MISERABLES."

The Dycks Could Find No Means to Live and So They Sought Death Together.

What Excuse for Such Tragic Incidents as This in This City of Wealth and Luxury? And Yet Day After Day These Tragedies Redden the Record of the Metropolis of Western Christendom.

They were friendless, poor, discouraged, in a strange land, whose tongue neither of them could understand. Adolph Dyck and his wife Louise. They had spent the last penny they had in the world between them, and now were they to face the stern necessities of the morrow?

They sat together in their stuffy room in the cheap little lodging-house at No. 90 Fourth avenue during the whole of Tuesday evening, trying to solve the problem—that awful problem to the poor—How meet the rent which would come due in another

month, how feed and clothe themselves the while? The solution of the problem was too difficult a one for these unfortunate to cope with. So, as they sat there side by side, they decided to die together.

Ah! There is always one easy solution of that awful problem!

Late that evening Adolph Dyck and his wife Louise were found in the little dingy room at No. 90 Fourth avenue bleeding to death. True to the agreement they had made, as they sat there despairingly, spiritless and hopeless both, they had attempted

to end their lives. A razor warm with their blood, which lay upon the floor, told its mute story. As for Adolph Dyck and his wife they were too weak to speak. And their blood, weakening them more and more with every pulsation of their hearts fast growing feeble, was flowing from them each in dark-red pools onto the carpet, threadbare and worn like their own lives.

It would have been a surer method if they had cut their throats with that keen, sharp blade of Adolph Dyck's. But if he had done that, perhaps, his frail little wife would have been overwhelmed by the horrible sight before her and would have quailed at the last moment. And if she lacked the courage to press the same bloody steel against her tiny throat—the steel that was moist and warm with her own husband's blood—she would have been left not only poor and friendless in a strange country, but alone, all alone.

Better this way, to simply draw the blade across the wrist. The steel was so sharp that it would do its suicidal work perfectly. There would be blood, plenty of it, but the sight would not be revolting. It would not steal away the courage from her.

And to show her how simple the solution of the awful problem really was, Adolph Dyck, would use it first. He did so. He drew the razor across his right wrist. Ah, Gott im Himmel! it was horrible to be brought to that! And the blood, with a little burst from the shock, welled up about the blade, then began to stain the despairing German's sleeve and jacket and then to fall in silent little drops upon the floor.

He drew the razor across the other wrist, deeper this time. He watched the blood spurt out for a second. He began to real-

ize the awful import of what he had done. He glanced at his wife. She was white as chalk and trembling like an aspen. He handed the blade to her.

THEY FOUND THEM BLEEDING TO DEATH.

What happened after that is not known. Some one in the dingy lodging-house heard a woman moaning. The door to the room of Adolph Dyck and his wife was tried. It was locked. It was burst open, and then it was that the sight of the two bleeding to death confronted the eyes of the people who had been attracted by the woman's moaning.

The fat, heavy German frau, who keeps the lodging-house in Fourth avenue, was very reticent about the affair. She had a vague, Teutonic sort of idea that if the sad story of the attempted suicide got into the newspapers it would ruin her business. All she could be induced to say was this: Adolph Dyck and his wife had taken lodgings with her three months ago. They had always paid their rent. They owed her nothing. They used to get their meals outside the house and held themselves aloof from the other people under the roof.

Tuesday night they had gone up to the little room, which they hired for \$15 a month, and evidently had locked themselves in. As to the tragedy, she knew nothing. She had simply seen Dyck and his wife, after the door of their room had been opened. Some one had called in a policeman, and he had called an ambulance. Then the two lodgers had been driven away to the hospital.

CLOSE BY WAS THE VIRGIN AND HER CHILD.

The house at No. 90 Fourth avenue lies close up against the office of Grace Church. Any deserving person who knocks at its portal is given help and consolation. Above

its door, away up under its eaves, there is a statue of the Virgin and her Child. But these two creatures at bay with the world down in the little brick house below knew naught of the helping hand that would have been stretched out to them from the other side of the wall. And all the time that they sat together, hoped or despaired together and finally attempted to die together because they had no bread to eat, the Virgin with the Child beside her, held her hands outspread, as if giving blessing to all those below. And the church house, while this cruel tragedy was being enacted at its very door, was wrapped in darkness.

But Adolph and Louise Dyck will not die. Yesterday afternoon when a World reporter called at Bellevue Hospital he found the husband in the prison ward asleep, and the wife, very weak and sick, guarded by a policeman. Dr. Brooks, who has charge of the woman, said that he had every hope that she would recover, and the nurse in charge of the man expressed the same favorable hopes for him. But both were very much weakened by the loss of blood.

THEY WOULD DIE AS THEY LIVED—TOGETHER.

He was 41; she was 37. They had been married 17 years, but had no children. They are natives of Berlin, and neither can speak a word of English. It was this last deficiency that brought them so low, for both were willing, were eager for work by which they could live—and live together.

For it was the fear of separation that has brought these two poor unfortunates to America. They came last May. Dyck had lost all his money in Berlin; he was in the grocery business there, and he was menaced with the fear that in his poverty his wife would be taken away from him, for there is

an echo from the other side the water of the country. She was thrown out of employment again.

Next there was a period of waiting for some other employment to turn up, during which she spent a good deal of the little money she had managed to save while taking care of the Louise house. Finally she got a position as nurse with an invalid who lived in East Sixty-fourth street. But Louise Dyck is herself as delicate as a leaf, and the old lady who had hired her was so heavy that the poor German woman found she was straining herself in lifting her charge about. She got ill and had to give up that position. Since then she has tried her hands at any odd job that presented itself, but the revenue from that sporadic work was very little, and finally she gave way utterly to the despair, which she had been fighting with so long.

Tuesday night she and Adolph spent the last penny she had earned. He, like her and sometimes with her, had tramped the streets all day, vainly searching for some thing, anything to do that would put bread into their mouths and shoes upon their feet. He was a big, strong fellow, yet nowhere could he find employment. She was a frail little thing, but resolute as she gas she had been for the past three months as unlucky in her quest as was Adolph. The slender store of money which they had brought out from the Fatherland was all gone. In a word, on Tuesday evening, when they sat alone in that dingy chamber which was no longer theirs, they actually had not a single cent.

What did they say to one another as they sat there, frightened, weary, sick in body, in heart and in soul? Perhaps it is just as well not to know. It would be but gloomy

reading at best. Did she counsel him to wait, wait till her mother, bowed with her seventy-two years, should die, when she would have a modest income of her own? But then that didn't answer the stern question of immediate expediency, and in forty-eight hours they would be starving. Did he advise her, when once he was out of the way, to go back to her family and try and forget that he had ever lived?

If so, she must have answered, "No, I will die with you." And so they prepared themselves to die.

"ACH, GOTT! BUT WE HAVE SUFFERED."

A World reporter yesterday talked for a few minutes with Louise Dyck. She was too ill to say very much. "Yes, yes," she exclaimed, with tears in her eyes, "it is true, true that we didn't have any money left, not one cent. Adolph is brave, but he got discouraged; so did I. We were willing to die. Does that seem so strange to you? Ach, Gott! but we have suffered. We tried so hard, Adolph and I, to get work, but we couldn't find any. We would have done anything, anything."

"Oh! tell me who is that policeman watching me?" (The officer was guarding her, for she was a prisoner.) "Will he put me in prison if I get well? We wouldn't have tried to kill ourselves, but we were so unhappy, so unhappy, Adolph and I."

The law says distinctly—and in some cases as in this there seems to be cruelty in the statute—that every person who attempts his life and lives shall suffer the due penalty. Adolph and Louise Dyck will have to face that law. But this is only one more sad feature of their pathetic history. Even the grave seems to have denied its palace to these two weary hearts.

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