

# LOVE PROVES SUPERIOR TO LAW'S DECREES

### "This One Shall Have the Child," Says the Court, and the Other One Proceeds to Capture the Offspring of the Broken Partnership and Run Away With It.



"Let Us Take a Sleigh Ride," He Suggested to the Boys.



Tore the Child from the Arms of the Astonished Woman.



Mrs. Cadix Seized the Boy and Made Her Escape in an Auto.

New York.—Are the courts of the country turning into schools for kidnapers? There is this newest case, for example, of Mrs. Maude C. Clare, of No. 20 West Eighty-fourth street. Mother hunger proved too much for her—she kidnaped her little boy, though he was in the custody of another, by order of the court.

When the learned judge hands down his decision in the case of Smith vs. Smith, does it mean that at once the divorced father or the divorced mother of the little children must turn kidnaper? Nobody consults the children, of course.

The wise verdict has been rendered. Mrs. Smith is free to resume her maiden name of Miss Jones and gets the custody of the two little Smiths, boy and girl. There is alimony, a decree permitting Miss Jones to marry again, and formal permission for the father to see his children once in so often. And the very first time he does see them he steals them away—he is a kidnaper in the eye of the law.

Or it may be the other way. The decree is Mr. Smith's. The court says some unkind things about Mrs. Smith, and the children go to the father for education and support.

**Mother-Love Triumphant.**  
But mere legal verbiage can't destroy or root out mother-love. Despite her failings, Mrs. Smith loves the little ones she brought into the world. She is hungry for them; she wants to take them to her heart again and hear them whisper "Mother."

But the court has made its decree. She must not see them. Under the law she is not regarded as a fit person to bring them up. But she finds them somehow, and off she runs with them—she has learned from the court to be a kidnaper.

She knows her lesson well. Judges may sit and expound the law to its last letter, but fathers and mothers have a different code. They are learning to kidnap now. Railway train, automobile, horses, yachts—all have been used to kidnap children. It is anything to get the little ones out of the state where the divorce is granted, for then it means delay—more law and more court decisions. Meanwhile the kidnaper has the children.

And there has never been a conviction for this kind of kidnaping. Wrong as they be, no father or mother who has stolen back a child—and hundreds have done so—has ever gone to prison. More children are kidnaped in the United States every year by father or mother than by all those criminals who steal children for ransoms or revenge. And the lesson is learned in the divorce court.

**After a Runaway Marriage.**  
Mrs. Clarke is the divorced wife of Capt. Forrest C. Clarke, a civil engineer employed by the Metropolitan Steamship company. Capt. Clarke's father is a Boston millionaire, and his wife was Miss Maude Buchanan, of Dorchester, a suburb of Boston. They ran away and were married seven years ago.

A little boy, George, was born, and the mother's heart rejoiced. Then there came rumors of this thing and that, and it ended in a divorce. Capt. Clarke had known and liked Dr. Carleton C. Kremer while both were students at Harvard, and husband and wife would be just the people to take care of little George. So Dr. and Mrs. Kremer adopted little George, then a boy of four, and Surrogate Fitzgerald signed the formal order.

Dr. Kremer allowed the mother to see her little boy once a week, and for a time Mrs. Clarke obeyed strictly the orders of the court.

Meanwhile Dr. and Mrs. Kremer had become greatly attached to the boy. One day when Mrs. Clarke was with him they caught her stealing out of the house with the child.

"I can't live without him," she wept; "so please don't blame me."  
Dr. Kremer explained as gently as he could that she must be more circumspect, even if she did love him, for the court had formally given the little fellow into his possession. In fact, he had been rechristened and was then—and is now—Carleton Clarke Kremer.

**Regained Her Boy.**  
Mrs. Clarke went away, greatly agitated. The following Sunday she called again to see the boy and found that he was with the physician's sister at the home of Dr. Kremer's mother, No. 134 West One Hundred and Twelfth street. She went there in a carriage and waited outside. Then Dr. Kremer's sister came out with the boy and took a Lexington avenue car down to Sixty-fifth street, where Dr. Kremer lives. Mrs. Clarke had a carriage up the block.

As the boy got off the car with his adopted aunt Mrs. Clarke rushed forward and literally tore the child from the astonished woman. In a jiffy she had him in the carriage and away she whisked. There was a woman friend with her, who promptly seized Miss Kremer and gave Mrs. Clarke plenty of time to escape with her boy.

A few hours later and Mrs. Clarke was safe on her way to Boston aboard the steamer Harvard, oddly enough a vessel belonging to the company in which her divorced husband is employed.

Mother-love had won the victory—Mrs. Clarke had her boy despite all the forms of law. Mrs. Clarke had learned her kidnaping lesson from the divorce court.

**Mrs. Hanna's Victory.**  
Then there was the famous case of the Hannas. Mrs. Dan K. Hanna, wife of the son of the late Senator Mark Hanna, was forbidden by the courts of Ohio to take the children out of their jurisdiction. For an answer she promptly took the three boys straight to New York, hid herself in the Holland house, escaped from a little host of deputy sheriffs and process servers, and calmly sailed for Europe, despite all the decrees of the court.

She had learned her lesson. Mother-love rose above the mandates of the law. And she has won, too. She has

the three boys back in this country now and she can take them where she pleases, says a writer in the Sunday World. Mother-love proved too much for the courts and for Mr. Hanna, whom she had divorced and who has married twice since.

Both father-love and mother-love figured in the disappearance of little Freddie Krieger, of Chicago. He was kidnaped twice, once by his father and once by his mother, after two courts had made formal orders in the case.

The boy was the son of Flora and Bert Krieger. His father got the first divorce, and though his mother was supposed to see her son at stated intervals the father took him away to Germany, where he placed the lad, who was then 12, with friends in Hamburg to be educated.

Mrs. Krieger married again and became Mrs. McDonald. Then, with plenty of money at her command, she resolved to hunt for the boy to the end of the earth, despite all the orders of the American courts giving him into her former husband's custody. The trail led to Hanover, and there detectives in her employ kidnaped the boy for a second time.

**Learned Lesson Well.**  
She hurried the lad to Hamburg, and there she disappeared—though she was divorced, she had obtained the custody of her son, no matter what the court ordered. She had learned her lesson in the divorce court, and she did business another way.

Theodore Wood, policeman, and his wife long ago agreed to disagree. They lived at No. 1717 Gates avenue, Brooklyn, and their child, Florence, who was not consulted in the matter at all, stayed on there with her father.

One day when Policeman Wood was on post Mrs. Wood stole into the house and took little Florence away. Fearful of being followed, she hurried the girl to Middletown, N. Y. Wood heard where she had gone and had a warrant issued. A detective arrested Mrs. Wood there and brought her back to Brooklyn.

The case was taken to court. Mrs. Wood was weeping, after a sleepless night in her cell. She couldn't see why a mother should be locked up for taking her own child.

"She stole her!" declared the husband.  
But, as always happens, Mrs. Wood went free. There isn't a law yet that will send a parent kidnaper to prison.

**Madden Defied Court.**

John E. Madden, the turfman, long separated from his wife, boldly kidnaped his two boys, ten and four years old, rather than let the mother take them to Europe. They were at school in Madison, N. J. Madden learned that the mother intended taking the boys to Europe, and he made up his mind that she shouldn't.

So he went out to Madison and visited the boys. It was a snowy day and the ground was white.

"Let us take a sleigh ride," he said to the boys.

They were only too glad. A sleigh was ordered, the boys climbed in and off they hurried into the snow. But Madden drove direct to the railway station, bought tickets for New York and took the boys with him. They left that night for Lexington, Ky., where Madden has a stock farm, and before Mrs. Madden knew the truth the children were out of the jurisdiction of the courts of New York. But nobody arrested the boys' father, even though he did defy the court.

Mrs. Katherine Cadix used an automobile to kidnap her son. There had been the usual family jars and eventually the nine-year-old boy, son of George Cadix, was committed to the German Odd Fellows' home in Unionport, the Bronx.

One fine afternoon an automobile stopped outside the grounds of the institution and from it stepped a tall, handsomely dressed woman of 40 with



Mrs. Cook Kidnaped Her Boy from in Front of His Father's Hotel in Jamaica.

prematurely gray hair. It was Mrs. Cadix, and she had learned in advance the routine of the home. She knew that the children would be playing outside at that hour.

**Off in the Automobile.**

At the ring of the bell the little fellows fell in line to march to the refectory for supper. When the moment came Mrs. Cadix jumped from the car while the chauffeur kept his hand on the wheel. She seized the child and before his astonished playmates could raise an alarm she had him in her auto and was off in a cloud of dust.

She was followed to New York and arrested at her home, No. 128 West Thirty-ninth street. But the boy was not to be found.  
"I'm going to keep him," she de-

clared, as she was taken to a cell, "no matter what you do with me. He's safe now—far away in the south. No-body shall have him but me."

And Mrs. Cadix went free and she kept her boy, too, thanks to the automobile.

The three Ward children have been kidnaped twice by their father and two of them rekidnaped by their mother—quite a family record!

John E. Ward and his wife have been separated for nine years. The three little girls, Marion, Vera and Cecilia, lived with their mother at No. 673 East One Hundred and Seventy-fourth street. One night Mr. Ward went there, demanded to see his children, and Mrs. Ward let him. There was a heated argument, and the upshot of it was that the father took the three little daughters away from their mother and placed them at once in the convent of the Holy Cross.

**Stole Children from Convent.**

After three days' search Mrs. Ward found the girls. Several times she tried to get at them but failed. For days she haunted the neighborhood of the convent until the long vigil made her desperate.

She saw two of her little ones, Vera and Cecilia, playing in the yard. In she ran and the next moment the two were in her arms. Marion wasn't there and the distracted mother was afraid to wait. So off she ran with the two, hatless and coatless.

At once the sisters notified Mr. Ward, but he couldn't find them—they were not at their mother's home. The husband got a warrant, but he couldn't find the children—and the mother has them still.

The records tell of countless other cases—of how Mrs. James Cook kidnaped her boy in a carriage from right in front of his father's hotel in Jamaica; how Anton Head Richards, grandson of Eugene L. Richards, professor of mathematics at Yale, was kidnaped in Chicago by three men whom Mrs. Richards declared were emissaries of his father; how Mrs. Montague Rolls, of Detroit, paid \$10,000 to get her boy back after his father had kidnaped him—there are many more cases.

Love causes more kidnaping than money. And the lesson is learned in the divorce court first.

## ONE OF THE VICTIMS.

**Old Maid's Interest in the Tale Did Not Last Long.**

By and by the train came along to where a cyclone had passed two days before, uprooting trees and leveling fences and sweeping houses off the face of the earth, and a young man who had passed through the tragedy got aboard. Of course, we were all anxious to hear all about it, but a woman 40 years old, who was evidently an old maid, was more anxious than any of the rest. She got the young man down beside her and began:

"Now, you must tell me just how it occurred, and what you thought and did. Where were you when the cyclone came?"

"In a farmhouse, ma'am."

"Asleep?"

"No, ma'am. I was sitting up, courting a girl."

"Hum! Sitting up at midnight, eh?"

"Yes'm. Sally was sitting on my lap, and I had my arm around her waist when we heard a great roaring and—"

"I don't care to hear any more, sir!" announced the old maid as she stiffly drew herself up and hitched along.

"Don't you want to hear how the house went?"

"No, sir!"

"And how Sally was blown right off my knees, leaving me there with nobody to hold?"

"No, sir!"

"There came an awful roaring and one of her shoes was found a mile away yesterday—how—how—"

And then we dragged him off to the

## United Service Toast

Let us drink to the union of men and states,  
To the flag of the red, white and blue,  
To the khaki and gray and gold and black,  
And the three strong "arms of the service," too:  
Here's how!

Let us drink to our brothers that guard the seas,  
The man on the bridge, the man at the guns,  
And the gallant marines—to all of these,  
Columbia's sailing and fighting sons,  
Here's how!

Let us drink to the land that we love to serve,  
With our best endeavor, our work, our lives;  
And drink to the women we serve for love,  
To our mothers, sisters, sweethearts and wives:  
Here's how!

Let us drink to the honored and gallant dead,  
And each foot on earth they have stamped "U. S."  
Let us drain this glass in the soldier's toast  
To every army and navy mess:  
Here's how!

—New York Times.

## For the Fairy's Sake

By F. H. Lancaster

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Clovis Calhoun was a big bony man who made his living by buying land at one price and selling it at a better one. He had a neat office at the top of a tall building; and kept at work there a neat office assistant who had been trained by long service to attend strictly and alertly to business.

So well had Miss Olive Merry been trained that it was no longer necessary for Calhoun to say "I wish to dictate." He would merely clear his throat and lean back in his office chair and Miss Merry would seize upon pencil and pad.

No wonder, then, that on that pleasant fall afternoon when he leaned back in his chair and began to speak, Miss Merry took him down in rapid dots and dashes before she realized that he had not cleared his throat.

When she began to extend her notes, she realized it though, and by the time the notes were typewritten she was in a state of wonder. What she had taken down was:

"Cradled in blisses,  
Yes, born of your kisses,  
Oh, ye lovers that met by the moon,  
She would not have cried  
In the darkness and died  
If we had not forgotten so soon."

Well might Miss Merry stare in wide-open wonder at the lines! She was not familiar with Alfred Noyes' had never read his "The Flower of Old Japan;" knew nothing about the fairy's funeral. The lines seemed to her mysterious. But what was more mysterious to her than the lines themselves was that they should have come to her from the lips of Clovis Calhoun. That he ever should have read six lines of poetry seemed unbelievable. Miss Merry looked at him in covert perplexity.

Calhoun had sat forward again at his desk. There was the familiar notch over his nose where his brows nipped together in concentration; there was the stubborn set of the shaved chin; there was the steady drive of the pen. And there on her desk were the six lines of sentiment and perfect beauty—detached, mysterious. Who was it that had cried in the darkness and died?

Miss Merry could make nothing of it. Could only go on with the routine order of the day. But she could not get over it. Where had he read those lines and why had he remembered them?

"She would not have cried  
In the darkness and died—"

He had seemed so unconscious that he was speaking aloud. Did he go around thinking that sort of stuff behind his dry speech and his land sales? Miss Merry could not believe it.

When, later in the day, Calhoun turned to give his assistant some instructions, she looked at his eyes—grave and gray they seemed to be forever considering assessed values; and at his hand—big, clean, bony. Imagine that hand caressing a woman's hair! And yet, there were the lines. And before another week had passed over Miss Merry's perplexed head, other lines were added unto them.

Calhoun came in from lunch, sat down at his desk, drew an abstract toward him and said:

"Cruel mortals they say,  
Live forever and say,  
And they pray in the dark on their knees;  
But the flowers that are fled  
And the loves that are dead,  
What heaven takes pity on these?"

Miss Merry's pencil slipped on the last words and went rattling to the floor. Calhoun turned in sharp arouse: "I did not mean for you to take that down," he said. It was his usual tone, his usual manner. But the voice he had used unconsciously for the lines had vibrated to their pathos. Miss Merry stammered.

"They are very beautiful," she said. Calhoun made no reply. His bony face bent over the abstract and his bony fingers steadily made notes in the large, accurate hand he always wrote. Miss Merry watching him, recalled what Victor Hugo had said—that devil fish fell in love. She could not recall that anybody had ever said that stone statues fell in love.

"And the loves that are dead—"

Conceive of any woman being able to call that big, cold fellow "Clovis."

This was a proposition for which Olive Merry's legal education had not prepared her. Let some other woman see to that! Her business was to draw his deeds and take down his dictation—and she was glad to be well out of it.

Calhoun reached from his desk and laid on her table the notes he had been writing:

Bear her along—singing your song—tender and sweet and low!  
Fairies must die! Ask ye not why—ye

that have hurt her so.  
Passing away—  
Flower from the spray!  
Color and light from the leaf!  
Soon, soon will the year  
Shed its bloom on her bier  
And the dust of its dreams on our grief."

Miss Merry read the thing in astonishment, perplexity and suddenly, with sympathy. Impervious as he seemed to everything but land deals, some woman had found a way to hurt him—"and it's a shame."

"Mr. Calhoun," she asked, "did you wish me to typewrite these lines?"  
"No; I wished you to remember them—and to remember this:

"But at each cruel word  
Upon earth that is heard,  
Each deed of unkindness or hate,  
Some fairy must pass  
From the games in the grass  
And steal through the terrible gate."

"I am going out on the three-forty train to look at that swamp land. I shall not be back before All-Hallow-Eve. When I do get in, I shall want to see you. What is your home address?"

Miss Merry remembered the lines; worried over them; took them to a book store. The dealer in books offered her for her further enlightenment "A Fairy Funeral Song." But when she had read the poem, pretty and pitiful as it was, she could not understand Clovis Calhoun.

"Unless there are two of him," she submitted. And baffled, she waited for All-Hallow-Eve.

Calhoun came with the hour and the evening, and his big, bony presence seemed to fill up her small parlor as he stood before the fire and asked her dry land questions with his dry land manner. And with the same tone and the same manner he continued his catechising with:

"You remembered the lines I left for you to remember?"

"Yes," Miss Merry told him with brevity.

"And you remember that this is All-Hallow-Eve; the night of all the year when fairies get in the most good work? You are, therefore, prepared to admit that it would be a cruel wrong to kill a fairy on this great night of her life?"

Miss Merry looked at him. He looked perfectly sane and perfectly sober. He spoke again, dryly, to her perplexity:

"You believe that when we are good and kind, we make the fairies happy; but that when we are cross and cruel, some little fairy has to die?"

And still Olive Merry could only stare at him.

"I want you to answer me," he told her.

"I could," she cried helplessly, "if you were only somebody else."

Calhoun flinched and straightened, and Miss Merry jumped up:

"Oh, I didn't mean that. I'm a business woman. I'm not such an idiot as to care for anybody—"

Calhoun put his bony hand on her shoulder:

"But I want you to be such an idiot, as to care for me. We have worked together for a long time, and I love you better than I love land—be careful what you say, little girl, or you may kill a fairy!"

Olive looked into his eyes, caught her breath, and did the impossible thing:

"Clovis," she stammered.

The big fellow bent his head:

"Ah, she was born blithe as the morn  
Under an April sky—  
Born of the greeting of two lovers meet-  
ing—"

His voice died away. But the fairy, the fairy did not die.

## For the Unmarried.

The recent annual marriage fair at Ecaussines, Belgium, resulted in 27 matrimonial engagements, and it is probable that about a dozen more bachelors will shortly make up their minds to enter the state of wedlock. Every year this fair is held, so that instead of emigrating the young men may settle down at home. Maidens and bachelors lunch together, and opportunities are thus afforded for forming acquaintances. The young women wear their best dresses, and the bachelors are encouraged by mottoes posted in the market place, such as "A bachelor is only half a man."

## Chinese Mine Is Rich.

The Muho and Kuanying Shan gold mines in Heilungkiang, China, which have been restored to China by Russia on the repayment of the expenses incurred by the latter during the last several years, are said to be still very rich, and may be again made prosperous if sufficient funds are put into the working of them.