

# PARENTAL LOVE THAT LAUGHS AT COURT'S DECREE

**D**ECREE granted! It is all over! They are parted by the law. No more unhappiness through living together, mated! The whole affair is settled. Settled? No, for there are the children. The custody of the children! That must be decided and the court arranges it as he sees fit. But even then the matter is far from being settled. No court can banish mother-love or father-love! The little ones may be allotted to either parent, in accordance with the evidence, but that comes far from settling the question forever.

The woman may hear the decree of the court giving her one or two of her former husband, and may leave the court room with a defiant smile. But in a little while the old love for her own comes over her, and then—

Then she must see them, must have them in her arms, must cuddle and caress them. The mother-love must be gratified at any cost. And in gratifying this love, many a mother does the most astounding things—goes through the most terrible ordeals. "Kidnaping" her own is often her only means of obtaining them, and she will resort to any method to accomplish this, according to a writer in the New York World.

There was Grace Matthews of Brooklyn, who had sued for separate maintenance and alimony. Pending trial of the case Mr. Matthews took the three little children to Heart Lake, Pa., believing he could keep them without their mother finding out where he had gone. But Mrs. Matthews was alert, and when the mother-love in her became so overpowering that she could resist it no longer, she sought to reclaim her babies. Mr. Matthews, however, though the court



The Case of Mrs. Matthews.

finally awarded them to Mrs. Matthews, would not surrender the children, and put them in school at Montrose, Pa. One day, in March, Mrs. Matthews went to Montrose, disguised in poor clothes. She engaged a room in the little hotel facing the school, and one morning saw her husband bring the children to the school and then drive away. At noon Mrs. Matthews went to the school, took her children out, and, carrying two of them who were too little to walk, she hurried across the fields to the nearest railroad station beyond the town.

**Baffled Her Pursuers.**  
She caught a train and had to change at a station a few miles away. There she saw a man who had been despatched by her husband to head her off, but she eluded him and got on board the cars. Now she was aware that her husband was on her trail, and divined that he must have telegraphed ahead to have her stopped, so she left the train after a few stations and drove fifteen miles across country in a buggy. Reaching another railroad she took a train and doubled on her trail. Then she caught still another train and, at Sayre, Pa., took the trolley to Waverly, N. Y. Then she rode on the Erie to Binghamton, and remained there two days. By this time Mrs. Matthews had made a complete circle about Montrose, but, still fearing pursuit, she changed cars again when she arrived at Albany, to keep out of Pennsylvania, and came to New York on the New York Central. She had covered hundreds of miles, but the fact that she had recovered her three little children was sufficient compensation.

One day last fall there was almost a panic in an uptown vaudeville theater in New York city through a mother's efforts to kidnap her own little girl. The young mother, was Mrs. Seldner, and her child, Eleanor, was in the possession of her mother-in-law, Mrs. Tallman, pending trial of a suit for separation. Mrs. Seldner used often to go to see Eleanor, and this afternoon she went with Mrs. Tallman and the little girl to the vaudeville performance. Somehow the mother-craving seized hold of her. She must have the child to herself. During a "dark scene" she said to Mrs. Tallman:

"Eleanor is afraid of the dark. I will take her outside until the lights go up." Mrs. Tallman suspected

nothing, and the mother and child went up the aisle. In a few minutes, however, Mrs. Tallman grew worried and went to look for her charge. The little girl and her mother were gone! Mrs. Tallman rushed out to the street, exclaiming loudly, and the audience hearing her, thought that something had happened. People rose and started for the doors, crying. The lights were turned up and the stage manager quieted the audience. Mrs. Tallman reached the sidewalk just in time to see Mrs. Seldner leap into a taxicab with the little girl. The mother-in-law called to a policeman to stop Mrs. Seldner, and a merry chase began. Down Broadway nearly to Fifty-fifth street the mounted policeman pursued the fleeing taxi, finally overtaking it.

The mother was arrested, but after the magistrate heard her story he decided to let her go on the promise that she would not try to kidnap her baby again.

**Determined to Have Child.**  
A mother's love impelled Mrs. Frederick Story Forest, who had divorced her first husband, H. B. Nichols of New York, to carry out a most thrilling kidnaping. To Mr. Nichols had been awarded the custody of their daughter, Catherine, for nine of the twelve months in the year. The three months that Catherine was hers had satisfied the mother up to that time, but finally she felt that she must have her for all the time, and set about to get her.

The father, perhaps fearing this act on the mother's part, had quietly removed the little girl from his New York home to Greenwich, Conn., and Mrs. Forest could not find out where the hiding place was. But one day Mr. Nichols went to Greenwich to bring the little girl to New York for medical treatment, and his former wife followed him.

Hand in hand, the father and daughter came to the railroad station at Greenwich, when Mrs. Forest, who had been lying in wait, sprang forward and tore the child from her father's arms. She carried the girl out of the station, pursued by the father, and rushed up to a boy who sat in a buggy. Mrs. Forest ordered him out of his own carriage, climbed in with the shrieking girl and dashed away. A mile away she entered a livery stable and hired a team to take her over the state line. As she started off she turned to see herself pursued by an automobile in which sat Sheriff Retch. But the motorcar broke down, and Mrs. Forest got over the line into New York state without being apprehended. The telephone, however, was faster than her horse, and in Port Chester she was arrested and taken before a justice, charged with kidnaping. The judge, however, released her, and she left town on a trolley car, with the girl still in her possession, just as Mr. Nichols and his friends arrived in a motor car. New York was reached, and Mrs. Forest went to a hotel, where she was found, despite her efforts to preserve an incognito, by her husband. Fearing this, she disappeared, and for a while all trace was lost. Then she was found at a summer resort, and matters were afterward patched up legally.

**Maternal Love Dared All.**  
The strength of parental love was never more clearly shown than in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Forest Clark and their son Carlton, which has been in the papers so many times in the past two or three years. In 1905 Forest Clark was divorced in New York, and the custody of the little boy, then three years old, was awarded to him. The father had the boy adopted by a Dr. and Mrs. Creamer, and thought



A Mother Tears Her Child From its Father's Arms.

this would end it. But his former wife almost immediately began to seek possession of the baby. She came to New York from Boston and stole the boy while he was playing in the park. She was caught and brought back. At this time the lawyers declared that Mrs. Creamer, the boy's foster-mother, was in league with Mrs. Clark to kidnap Carlton, but the case was dropped and the boy sent back to his foster-parents. Then, one time after another, by the shrewdest of methods, Mrs. Clark obtained possession of the little fellow. Playing in the street, sitting on the doorstep, it made no difference where he was, or

how carefully he was watched, and how she would get him, and then would ensue a chase to bring him back to New York. Private detectives were employed by the Creamers on at least one occasion to get the boy back, and the matter of his final possession has never been satisfactorily settled yet.

**The Phipps Kidnaping.**  
The famous kidnaping of the children of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Phipps by their father from the Holland house, in New York, interested the public a short time ago. Lawrence Phipps, as is well known, is the son of Carnegie's first partner, and a multimillionaire. Marital difficulties had separated the husband and wife, and Mrs. Phipps had the custody of the children, two little boys. Knowing that the father wanted them, she tried to keep her whereabouts secret. She was living at the Holland house, and strict injunctions had been placed on the employes not to let her identity get out. But Mr. Phipps learned his



Trying to Carry Off His Two Children.

wife was there and one morning, before daylight, an automobile drew up in front of the hotel and a man alighted. He gave a whistle, and it was heard by one of the nurses employed by Mrs. Phipps, who must have been in league with the father. The nurse awakened the boys, told them they were to go away, and carefully took them downstairs without arousing the sleeping mother, who was in an adjoining room. The boys were put into the automobile and whisked away. Mrs. Phipps awoke soon afterward to find them gone, and, divining what had happened, rushed to the telephone and informed her lawyers of their disappearance. Joining them, she hurried to Jersey City and there encountered her husband with the little boys, on a train for Pittsburgh, but though she called on the police to return the children to her, it was Mr. Phipps' game at that point, and he went away with his sons in his possession.

**Sensation in City Streets.**  
Another father who stole his own children was Frank E. Albinger, who furnished a great chase up Seventh avenue, New York, one day. He and his wife were separated, and, one afternoon, meeting his oldest son out walking with the two smaller children, the father took them. He was soon followed, and the public had the spectacle of mounted police, bicycle police, policemen on foot and the frantic mother and her friends pursuing the father and the three children.

Agnes Doherty, the dancer wife of "Billy" Inman, an actor, figured in a hot pursuit of her husband down Broadway, New York, to the entrance of the Brooklyn bridge one afternoon. Mr. Inman had tried to kidnap their small son and nearly succeeded.

Then there was Mrs. William McGreevy, who also had separated from her husband. Mr. McGreevy kidnaped their small boy, and took him from New York to Stamford, Conn. Nothing daunted, Mrs. McGreevy went to Stamford and stole the boy back. Again the father got the lad, and once more the mother regained possession of him. It was finally settled by the court dividing the custody of the boy between his parents.

**Other Famous Cases.**  
The children of John E. Madden, the famous horseman, were the objects of parental kidnaping on more than one occasion before the courts finally stepped in and made a decision that arranged definitely for their custody.

James Cook was kidnaped by his mother at Jamaica, L. I., and the police hunted her down. Mrs. Ida May Wood was arrested after a sensational abduction of her own daughter in Brooklyn; Mrs. Ethel Terrell of Chicago kidnaped her two little girls from the hiding place their father had selected for them in Kenosha, Wis.; Mrs. Charles Koster of New Brunswick, N. J., stole of her three-year-old son from his father's house; E. C. Holden of Hackensack figured in the papers when he took his daughter from her mother—the list is almost endless.

It all goes to show that there is a love which rises superior to law and the decrees of courts. A woman may, without a pang, leave the man she has sworn to honor through life. A man may see her whom he promised to cherish go from his side, and never shed a tear. But when there are children concerned it is different. Nothing can ever replace them. Nothing can ever kill the love of father or mother for the little ones. So, while there are children, and while men and women break their marital ties, we shall probably always read of such cases as these, where the only crime is in stealing what belongs to you, anyway!

## NEBRASKA IN BRIEF.

News Notes of Interest From Various Parts of State.

Citizens of Wymore are asking the B & M to put in a new depot. Land in the vicinity of Scotia recently sold for \$108 per acre.

Robbers entered R. G. Hall's hardware store at Fairmont and carried off quite a collection of goods.

Catherine Murphy, five years old, of Johnson county, fell upon a stick and lost one of her eyes.

Bernard Swanson, 19 years old, of Polk county, lost his life by being caught in a gasoline engine.

F. W. Watson of Alliance died in Kansas City. In the past three years Mr. Watson had three deaths in his family, all of them by violence.

In the Fremont police court, Wm. Morton, having admitted that he bought booze for another party, was fined \$100 and costs.

The June term of district court convening at Beaver City has 58 cases on the docket, eleven of them being divorce.

Gov. and Mrs. Shallenberger celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage, on which occasion members of his staff gave to the couple a chest of silver of 172 pieces.

While riding one of the cap stones to place on the First National bank building at Columbus, J. H. Brock received injuries that may prove fatal. The chain broke and he fell twenty-five feet.

The supreme court has reversed the case against Samuel C. Nelson, who was under a five years' sentence to the penitentiary for embezzlement from the York Milling company. The case will probably not be retried at the present term of court.

John Brun of Elk Creek found a tarantula in a case of eggs in his grocery store. It is presumed the spider was shipped in a bunch of bananas.

An alleged horse thief, giving the name of Frank Ward, was captured eight miles east of Broken Bow. Ward had only recently gone to work for L. D. Evans, a liveryman at Seneca, and while the proprietor was at dinner took a fine horse and equipment from the stable and disappeared.

The school board of Allegheny, Pa., is contemplating the sending of some of its teachers to the summer school in the University of Nebraska during the coming summer.

The state championship for 1909-1910, of the sixty-school Nebraska high school debating league was won in a hard fought, high grade contest by Marie Douglas of Plattsmouth. Second honors were awarded to Van Webster of Hastings, and third honors fell to Jessie Eitel of Geneva.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Blackburn, living near Holdrege, celebrated their golden wedding last week, over one hundred friends and neighbors being present.

Thomas Duncan, who resided on a farm near Dunbar for the past twenty-five years, but who recently moved to Oklahoma and purchased some land, writes that he has struck an oil well on his land, which shoots a stream of oil thirty feet higher than the derrick.

C. E. Dwyer, horticulturist and manager of the holdings of the Mon-ton brothers, in the way of farms and orchards and Arbor Lodge in Otoe county, has been making an inspection of the apple crop at Arbor Lodge and says that this big orchard will not yield seventy-five bushels of apples this season, where last year the crop from this estate alone was 10,500 bushels.

A traveling man giving his name as Curt Weber and traveling out of Chicago and having his headquarters at Omaha, explained to the sheriff of Otoe county that two card sharks with whom he got into a game on the Missouri Pacific train going south, had robbed him of \$40. They dealt him a hand containing five aces and when he displayed all of his money, one of them grabbed it and jumped from the moving train.

Word was received at the governor's office from the state department at Washington that the British consul at Calgary had granted the extradition papers for the return of Frank Shireman to Ogallala, this state. Shireman is wanted on a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses.

A short hearing was held before Governor Shallenberger regarding the pardon of Anton Krupicka, sentenced to the penitentiary for life for killing his stepfather. It is said that there were extenuating circumstances connected with the killing and that Krupicka's guilt was not proven beyond doubt. The convict is a young fellow. It is believed that the governor will issue a conditional pardon.

News has been received in Nebraska City of the death of H. B. Martin and Miss Eva S. Wheeler at Thermopolis, Wyo. They were smothered by the fumes of sulphur down in a sulphur mine where they had gone to take flashlight pictures. Mr. Martin was born and reared in the vicinity of Nebraska City, being the son of the late John Henry Martin.

Mrs. and Mrs. Postle of Albion celebrated their golden wedding. They have lived in Boone county twenty-five years.

Prof. Herbert Brownell, who was recently tendered a position in the state university, has decided to accept and will accordingly leave Peru at the close of the summer school about August 1.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Bonney of Fairbury, was quarantined on account of one of their children being afflicted with scarlet fever. This is the first case of scarlet fever to be reported in Fairbury this season.

# Ending Her Freedom

By RICHARD BARKER SHELTON

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The jingle of the telephone in the library interrupted Holroyd's peaceful breakfast. Almost impatiently he arose from the little table in one corner of the screened porch—for, fair weather or foul, hot or cold, Holroyd invariably breakfasted out of doors while he was at The Birchess—and stumbled through the open French window into the library. He caught up the telephone from the table and shouted a rather impatient "Hello!" into it.

"Hello!" came an anxious voice from the other end of the wire. "Is that you, Jimmy?"

"Yes. Who is this? Oh, you, Anne," said he as he recognized the voice of his cousin, Mrs. Delmar. "What on earth are you calling me up at this time of the morning for? What? Trouble over there? What sort of trouble? Has Billy sneezed this morning? Is that it?"

"Listen, Jimmy, and don't attempt any of your silly humor just now," the agitated voice admonished. "What do you suppose that crazy child has done now?"

"What crazy child?"

"Nora, of course."

"Oh," said Holroyd, not without a sardonic chuckle as he realized Anne referred to Tom Delmar's niece, Nora Ormond, who was spending two weeks at the Delmar's place, and who was incidentally keeping Mrs. Delmar on the verge of a nervous breakdown in the meantime.

"What has she done, Anne? Set the stable afire or accidentally shot one of the dogs?"

"Will you be serious, Jimmy?" his cousin's voice demanded. "It's no time for levity. She has gone for a gallop"—there was an impressive pause—"on Blackfire," came the finish in tremulous tones.

"What?" Holroyd shouted in unbelief.

"Don't you understand? I tell you she has gone for a gallop on Blackfire. She was up early this morning, and she went out to the stable and bribed Tim into saddling that brute for her. The cook saw her starting out and so Nora bribed the cook, too, not to tell me; but when she was gone over an hour, Jenny grew alarmed and has just come to me and told me the whole thing; and Tom's away in town and I can't find Tim anywhere around the place, and goodness only knows what may happen to her on that horse! Even Tom himself is a bit afraid of him. For heaven's sake, Jimmy, see if you can't find her. That brute has probably thrown her somewhere, and—"

Holroyd waited for no more. For all his lazy exterior, he was a man of marked decision. His unfinished breakfast on the porch, the engrossing article he had been reading in a magazine as he sipped his coffee, even his omnipresent cigarette case was forgotten, as he ran out of the library and crossed the trim yard to the little garage.

In a trice he had jumped, hatless, into the low black road car, and was whirling down the drive towards the roads at a furious pace.

Nora Ormond had gone out on Blackfire—Blackfire, a brute that had a reputation extending over three counties for his vicious temper and his proneness to attempt murder on whoever was bold enough to perch on his sleek back.

Just why the girl should have crowned her many wild feasts since she had been at the Delmar's with this wildest one of them all, Holroyd did not attempt to argue with himself; but it was eminently like her, he told himself grimly.

She had gone for a gallop on Blackfire; that was enough to make him set his teeth and groan inwardly. And more than probably, somewhere beneath that placid autumn morning sky Nora Ormond was—was—Holroyd was afraid to think of the possibilities.

Where had she gone? That was the most important question of the moment. Up the mountain road, most probably; and with that point decided to his satisfaction, he swung the speeding car into the road that led up the slope.

He gave the car full speed and went up the winding, narrow road at a pace that set the car rocking crazily. Then as he swung a sharp curve, he saw her sitting on a rock by the roadside. Her hat was gone; her hair was rumpled; her brown riding skirt was covered with dust and badly torn. There was a cut just above her right temple.

The black car came to an abrupt halt, Holroyd sprang out and stood before her, amazed, relieved and rather angry.

"This is just about the limit!" he snapped.

She favored him with one of her bewilderment smiles. "It was glorious!" she said, with enthusiasm. "He wouldn't have thrown me at all, if I hadn't been careless. I was rather overconfident. I thought I had the ginger all out of him, for I put him to this slope at a tremendous pace. And because I was overconfident, he did the trick."

"You've scared Anne half out of her wits," said he, severely.

"Anne hasn't much spirit," she returned.

"Quite true. But you have rather too much," he snapped.

She raised her eyebrows in mild re-

proof. "Perhaps I shouldn't have done it, but the temptation was too great, and I should have been all right, if I hadn't been careless. I have ridden much worse horses than Blackfire."

"How long have you been here?"

"A half hour, perhaps."

"You had better get into the car. I'll take you back. There is no need of worrying Anne any longer than we can reasonably help."

She turned away her head and her face flushed.

"I think you'll have to put me in the car," she said, haltingly. "You see, when he threw me, my ankle twisted. I can't step on it."

"Good lord!" said Holroyd under his breath. Then silently he lifted her in his arms and put her in the road car.

Down the mountain road they whirled. Holroyd's lips were set tightly together, but now and then he turned to look at her with a certain curious light in his eyes.

"You might have been killed!" he said, at length. "Even Tom, as good a horseman as there is in the state, is none too fond of Blackfire, save for show purposes."

"The girl made no reply."

"You need someone to look after you," he went on. "Irresponsible persons like you should have a guardian. What's more you're going to have one. You have no right to go risking your neck in this fashion," he ended, hotly.

They had reached the main road. Holroyd stopped the car before a vine-covered cottage.

"First off," said he in a tone that brooked no argument on the point, "we'll have that ankle looked after by Doctor Gray, and while he is fixing it, I'll telephone Anne that you are still in the land of the living."

Again he lifted her, unresisting, in his arms, and bore her up the path. A half hour later he and the doctor placed her back in the car. Off they whirled, down the road to the village. Holroyd stopped the car at a tiny brick house, nestling beside a little church.

"What—what?" she began, and stopped, blushing furiously.

"I promised Anne over the telephone," said he, "that I would see to it that you did no more of these crazy stunts. I intend to fulfil that promise by having myself vested by the proper authority, by the gentleman within, to quash any such proceedings on your part in the future. Shall I take you in, or shall I call the doctor out here to the car?"

For all his magnificent assurance there was a note of almost pleading uncertainty in his tones. The girl was quick to catch it. She laughed lightly; and even in the midst of her laughter her eyes suddenly softened.

"There is no need of giving undue publicity to this ending of freedom," she said, in a low voice. "You—you had better take me in, Jimmy."

**The Chub.**  
He had lemon-colored curls and a nose like a pink button, and his age was close to four.

He came into the drug store accompanied by his mamma, and was lifted onto a stool at the soda water counter.

His mamma ordered two chocolate dips, and immediately thereafter the youngster's face wrinkled amazingly and he uttered an indignant "Waw-aw-aw!" His mamma bent over him.

"Make Algie a chocolate soda," she said.

The orders were filled. "Waw-aw-aw!" shrieked the infant. Again the mother bent down.

"Algie wants a plated holder for his glass."

The holder was provided. "Waw-aw-aw!" howled the little customer.

"Algie wants a straw," said mamma. Algie got the straw.

There was a moment's silence, during which the little angel intently scowled at the clerk.

"What is it, dear?"

Once more the mother bent down. "Waw-aw-aw!"

"Algie doesn't like your face," she said to the clerk. "Will you please go away a little while?"

The clerk cheerfully went away.

**Getting Around It.**  
A Utica gentleman who was in New York recently invited a certain bright and charming young lady to go to the theater with him. Her home is on the upper West side, in a neighborhood reached by either the Boulevard or the Amsterdam avenue cars. As they were leaving the young lady's home she remarked to her escort in the hearing of her father: "We will take the Amtergosh avenue cars. Father won't let me say dam."—Lippincott's.

**Value of Argentina's Crops.**  
Argentina's crops this year are worth \$340,868,880, at present prices, which are slightly below those of 1908-09. Corn leads with \$134,598,200, followed by wheat with \$127,800,000.

**Sounds Foolish.**  
"An esthete says when the house feels bare it is apt to be crowded."

"By the same token, I presume, when a man feels hungry it is the result of over-eating."

Roller skating has become popular in the Alpine cities of Switzerland, the streets being used. The same is true of Manheim, Germany. American skates are popular.