

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. Cadieux Seized the Boy and Made Her Escape in an Auto.

New York.—Are the courts of the country turning into schools for kidnaping? There is this newest case, for example, of Mrs. Maude C. Clark, 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 more 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 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.

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 is 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."

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 R. 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 Hannover, and there detective 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 Cadieux used an automobile to kidnap her son. There had been the usual family jars and eventually the nine-year-old boy, son of George Cadieux, 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. Cadieux, and she had learned in advance the routine of the house. 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. Cadieux 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. Nobody shall have him but me."

And Mrs. Cadieux 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 Rolis, 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!"

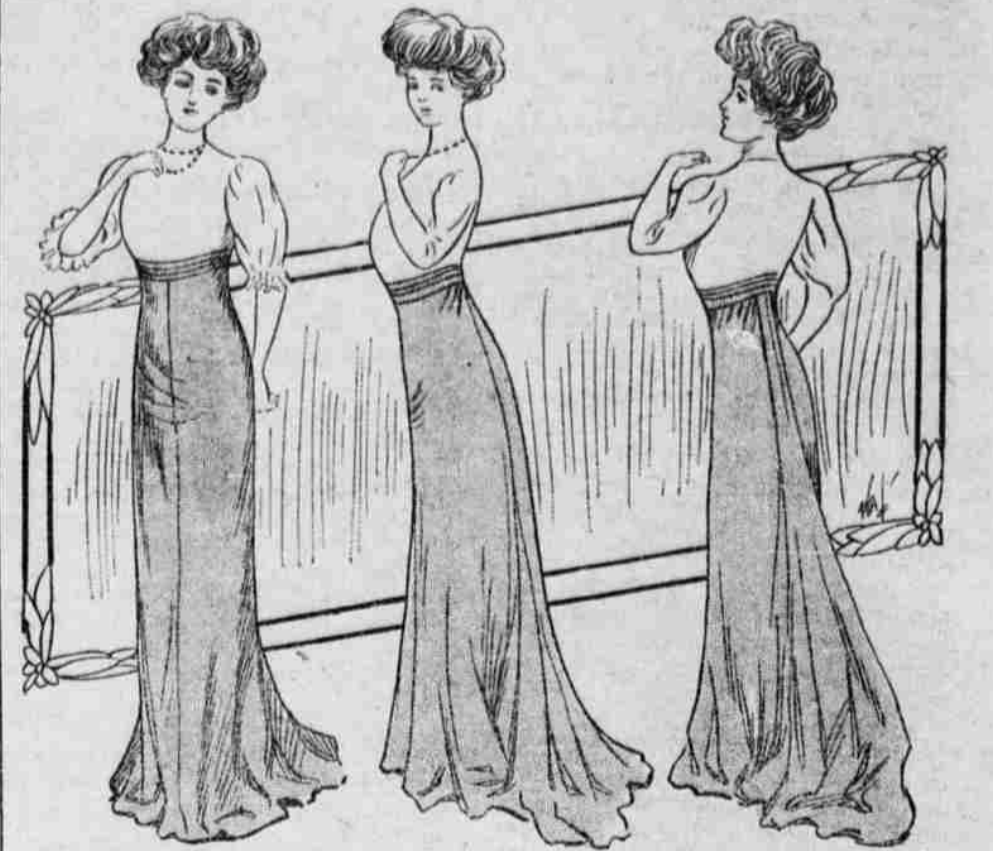
"There came an awful roaring and one of her shoes was found a mile away yesterday—how—how—"

And then we dragged him off to the

Mrs. Osborn's Letter

Grace and Beauty in the New Skirt—Creator of Fashions for Women of Fashion Indorses the Paquin Model.

(Copyright, 1907, by the Designer, N. Y.)



The Graceful Figure is Defined by the Clinging, Sheath-Like Skirt.

Do I like it? Has it come to stay? Will it have a tremendous vogue? Will it revolutionize the world of dress? Does it really possess possibilities? It is like a game of "Twenty Questions," is it not? And it is a game I have been playing ever since I returned from the other side bringing with me a number of models of the new Paquin skirt which have aroused a storm of comment, curiosity and questions.

It is a beautiful skirt. I think, though for a time I stood quite alone in that belief. A skirt that clings so closely to the figure that a strained dragged effect is only prevented by the soft folds over front and back introduced by the master hand of Paquin. It is these folds, suggestive of the lines of a habit skirt, that differentiate the Paquin model from the familiar sheath skirt of several years ago.

I have been so besieged with questions regarding it that it occurred to me that this letter gave me an excellent opportunity to gather my thoughts coherently together, and to give a formulated expression of them to all who are interested.

And that is a large number. For when a change of this kind comes to us—a change so startling, so radical, so diametrically opposed to everything that has gone before it, the natural psychological process is a gradation from amused interest, through reluctant admiration to final enthusiastic adoption.

I will tell you a little incident that occurred at the time of its debut in Paris. It was one night at Durand's. Half the English-speaking world of Paris goes to Durand's, and I was of that half that night. A woman swept across the floor to a table near the far end of the salon. There was no need to ask who she was, and only the innate good breeding of the woman loitering over their suppers kept a score of lognettes from being raised in her direction. Madame Paquin at any time with her grace and beauty is an object of interest to Parisiennes, but Madame Paquin in a new Paquin creation holds an insatiable interest for the world at large. There was no question that night nor the next day—when all Paris was talking of the new Paquin skirt—of its vogue or its beauty. The only question every French woman was asking herself was, "Can I wear it?—Will it be possible to adapt it to me?"

When I returned from Paris full of enthusiasm for the new skirt—an enthusiasm inspired, I frankly confess, not so much by Paquin's belief in his own creation as by the concrete example of its effectiveness on the beautiful Mme. Paquin—my ardor was considerably dampened by the attitude of unenlightened and unappreciative America.

American women are too self-conscious. Now I have said something that has been on my mind for a long time. A Frenchwoman will spend hours on her toilette, and when she has finished, her dress is complete, perfect, a part of herself. She dismisses it from her mind, and is no more conscious of it than she is of the gestures of her beautiful white hands, or the inherited vivacity of the Gallic race that plays over her piquant face. But with us! "Are other people wearing it?" is the question that indicates a subservient attitude which would rather clothe itself in inconspicuous mediocrity than take the risk of being original.

And so when I presented the Paquin skirt there were no expressions of delight over the possibilities unlimited which it presented as a medium of individuality for every woman.

"Oh, how very odd!" was the universal comment, accompanied by a

half-concealed smile. "It really makes her look like a top!" and the smile would broaden into a ripple of sheer amused laughter, while my poor model strode from the room indignant at the ridicule.

And then the laughter would stop, and the scoffer be surprised into a half-unwilling admiration of the graceful, swaying figure, its beautiful contour outlined, defined, emphasized by the clinging, sheath-like skirt.

The very woman who will raise an objection to the Paquin skirt will go to a glorious struggle with the surf, accompanied by several men of her acquaintance; and emerge looking like nothing quite so much in the world as a beautiful, unconscious sea-nymph.

Is she inmodest? Certainly not one American woman in a thousand—no, nor one in a hundred thousand, would call her so. Yet this same woman will sit down and think for a long time before she will commit herself to a gown that so much as suggests the gracious curved lines of her body. And her French sister, who will deplore with significant gestures of upraised hands and shoulders the immodesty of mixed bathing, and will be decorously rolled to the edge of the water in her bath wagon, will adopt the new skirt with no comprehension of the qualms of the American.

Perhaps it is because I have lived so much abroad that I can see more easily and clearly from the French point of view than from the American. And then to me the possibilities of beauty in something new appeal most powerfully.

Yet in reality the Paquin skirt is not new, nor can we claim it as an exclusive invention of the twentieth century. More than 100 years ago the French recognized its possibilities and developed them into what have come down to us as the Directoire styles. Not of the skirt alone is this true, but of the coats that accompany it. Short-waisted affairs they are, with full cutaway skirts, overelaborate, fanciful if you will, but graceful and charming nevertheless.

It may take a little time before the American woman will give the Paquin skirt her generous, unqualified approval. But I am optimistic, and I firmly believe that year by year we grow in appreciation of the beautiful, in a broader conception of the true significance of lovely lines and colors, and that, given time, we eventually accept the best that is offered to us.

In reverting to this older type of dress I can frankly say I am glad of the change, not that I like change merely because it means novelty, but because I welcome it when it stands for esthetic development. And so I say very emphatically that I do like the Paquin skirt; that I hope, though I cannot prophesy, that it will have a long-lived vogue. Paquin has adopted it, and Paquin leads Paris as Paris leads the world. You and I follow, but not, I hope, like poor stupid sheep. Examine it for yourself, and if anything I can say helps you to view it more intelligently and more appreciatively, well and good. But if your taste and judgment reject it, my dear reader, remember that you have quite as good a right to your opinion as I have to mine. Indeed, I have an honest contempt for the woman who will adopt a fashion merely because it is fashionable and decries it as hideous, unsightly, impossible.

Joseph Wilson Osborn

Velvet Medallions.

The making of the velvet medallion is a thing which a woman should understand if she is going to do her own dressmaking. The medallion is shaped like an oval or a circle, and is worked in colored silks, and is used as a skirt trimming. Half a dozen are placed around the skirt at regular intervals and connected with bands of velvet. No dressier trimming can be found for the suit of broadcloth.