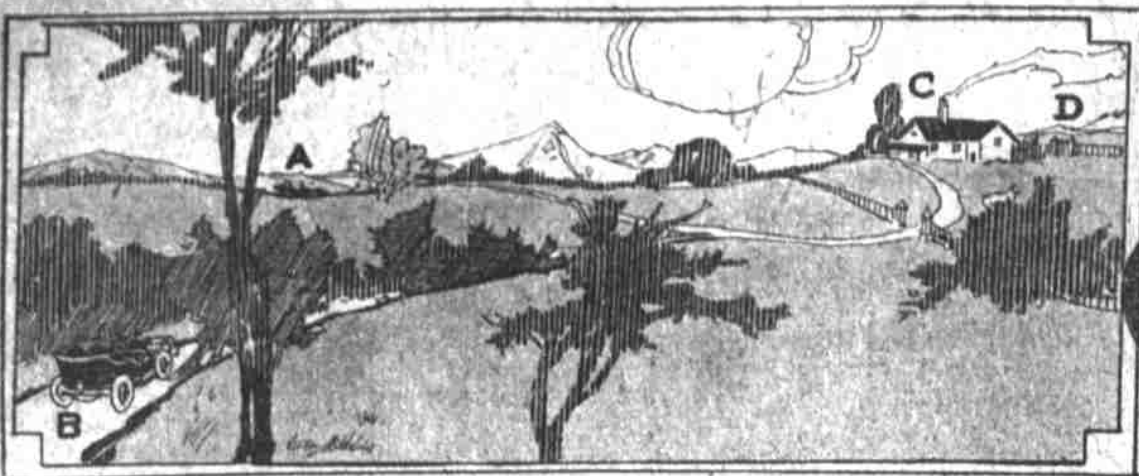


C—House Near Vienna Where Stolen Child Was Taken. A and B—The Two Automobiles with Six Men Which Were Hidden on the Road by the Countess. D—Rear Gate Through Which the Child Was Hurried Away.



# HOW MUCH WILL YOU PAY FOR YOUR BABY GIRL?

## The Pitiabie Plight of the American Wife of the Russian Count Gizycki, Who Knocked Her Down, Kidnapped Their Little Girl, and Is Now Holding the Baby, Just Like a Brigand, Until He Can Extort a Huge Ransom from the Mother.

"I STOOD all kinds of insults and neglect for a long time in silence, but when he struck me in the face—no American girl can stand that—I picked up my child and fled."

This is the reason—so her friends declare—the Countess Gizeycki gave up quitting her noble husband, and, she added in despair: "Yet, though I will never live with him again, what a terrible whip he holds over me—the child!"

For, pitiable as it is, in most ruptures of this kind between husband and wife it is the child that is made to really suffer most, and so it is in this case.

This poor little sport of fate, this little Countess Gizeycki, is a pathetic figure in the bitter quarrel between her Polish papa on the one hand and her American mamma on the other. Her sordid father—a veritable Rainsell, actually holds the girl in ransom and unless her mother's parents consent to give up something like \$1,000,000 he will keep the little maiden as securely hidden as any bandit in Sicilian romance does in a cave.

The situation in this newest international story of disillusionment just at present is particularly distressing. Robert M. Patterson, the millionaire newspaper proprietor, of Chicago, who from the first did everything in his power to prevent the marriage of his daughter Eleanor to the Count, avows that he will not pay one cent of tribute to the rapacious rascal, and the mother of the Countess, who was an heiress to the Medill fortune of Chicago, and who furnished her daughter's dot for the union when her father refused to do it, is either indisposed or unable to buy off the little girl. In the meantime her luckless mother is frantically rushing from one European capital to another in a vain effort to secure her baby. But the crafty Count is still holding that terrible whip over her head. And to her last desperate overture through her lawyers to barter the child for a cash consideration if she could secure the money, this grandfrequent answer comes from his lordship, the Count:

"I would not sell my own flesh and blood for less than a million dollars."

### The Dilemma of the Frantic Mother.

The dilemma of the woman who as Eleanor Patterson a half dozen years ago was the toast of St. Petersburg and a belle of Washington is in many phases one of the most painful among the many in which American girls who have disastrously married European coronets have found themselves. In the first place, the Count is a Catholic—not a very edifying one, it may be added in parentheses—and therefore there can be no divorce on his part. If she divorces him in her own country, such a divorce would not be valid in Russia, and even if an American divorce were secured, it would not in any way affect the validity of the authority of the father over the child. In Austria, where the Count and the Countess had their residence between the time of their marriage and their separation, the same condition of affairs exists. So, too, in Paris, which the Countess is making her ostensible home now. The marriage can not be annulled in the Catholic Church, for there are absolutely no grounds whatever for nullification. So, no matter which way the unfortunate mother turns, she runs face into a stone wall.

For, since in Vienna even the Austrian police and the Austrian law seem alike powerless to help her in her extremity, and in Russia they seem little inclined to intervene in her behalf, what is there left for her but to yearn. It's a disheartening prospect before her at best.

And the innocent little cause of all this heart-burning, they say, asks "why doesn't mamma come and take me for a ride in a great big automobile, like papa did."

It was this ride, which the child alludes to in her lisping, which has so saddened the life of Eleanor Patterson.

When she fled in disgust and indignation from the presence of the Count, taking the child away with her, she little dreamed of the long series of misfortunes that were to follow her hasty act. She was not, as a woman under the same circumstances would be in her native land, unfettered and free to leave her husband's roof-tree if she pleased, but was part and parcel of her husband's goods and chattels, and was under his whip-hand, as she was soon to realize most cruelly.

As the Countess has dimly admitted, she had stood all kinds of hurts and indignities—silently, till one evening—it was at Paris—in the month of February, 1908. The Count, like most of his kind, is a reckless gamester, and while she was reproaching him for his card playing and his dissolute habits, the brutal Count so far forgot himself that he rose up from his chair and struck her with his clenched fist, knocking her down. Picking up her trunks that night and catching up the baby girl, she fled to London, and sanctuary.

But the long arm of the Count reached out. The Countess, thinking herself safe in her refuge, began yearning for a new life and planning for the future of the child, in which the Count was to play no part.

One day a week or so later, while



"So we are invited to the spectacle of a beautiful American girl down on her knees before her bandit of a husband, imploring for her child while he mocks at her abasement and brutally demands ransom."

The little girl was out for an airing with her nurse, a big touring automobile which was seemingly speeding along came to a sudden halt. The Countess, while making her headquarters at the Savoy in town, had quartered the child in a cottage at Hampton Hill, one of the suburbs of London, in charge of the nurse, whom she trusted implicitly. Three men jumped out of the auto, and one of them engaged the maid with some questions about the routes in the neighborhood. The two other men—one of them wrapped up in a big motoring coat and cap, whose face was half concealed by a motoring mask—interested themselves with her little charge, and set the "choo choo" going to amuse her. While the nurse was good naturedly trying to explain to the very agreeable stranger the little she knew about Hampton Hill, and while the baby was gleefully chuckling over the noise the motor made—something strange happened. The agreeable man, without so much as an apology, made a sudden jump and leaped into the automobile, and before the poor, dumfounded nurse girl could rub her eyes the big machine was speeding over the hills and far away with him, the other two men—and the baby.

Detectives under the immediate guidance of the Count had tracked the Countess at every step she had made since her flight, and the man in the big furs and the motor mask who had kidnapped the baby was the Count himself. Since that day the mother has never laid eyes on her child, nor does she know, except from hearsay, just where the child is or just who is attending to its wants.

The vain and wearisome hunt to

locate the baby, and the poor young mother's distracted efforts to have her little one restored to her, is a long story. Cables to America brought her only brother, Joseph Medill Patterson, quickly to her side, to be followed immediately by her father. Lawyers were secured, all influence possible to secure was brought to bear on the case, and all Russia, Poland and Austria were ransacked by searchers to find the baby's hiding place. The Countess, who is passionately fond of her baby, at last was at her wit's end. Every resource that had been suggested had been tried—but hopelessly.

Then came a bitter pill to swallow. In her intense love and longing once more to hug the child to her bosom, the miserable mother finally consented to the humiliation of promising that she would go back to her husband if only he would share the baby with her.

During these negotiations in which the Count pretended to be agreeable to a reconciliation, arrangements were made by the lawyers on both sides for the mother to see the child, first, in a house near Vienna. The Countess, her heart beating high with expectancy, arrived in an automobile at the place at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the hour appointed.

But the child was not there. The Countess, torn between conflicting anger and chagrin, saw in this cruel episode another wound from the Count to torture her, and hastily she rode away again to hide her anguish.

The Count, however, declared, when the fiasco of the arranged meeting between mother and child had caused a decided unpleasantness between the opposing lawyers, that he had acted in good faith but distrusted the motive of the Countess. Representatives of the Count, his lawyers explained, had been warned to take every precaution against a plot, for his wife would resort to any trick to kidnap the baby herself, just as he had done.

All the roads leading to the rendezvous were inspected with the utmost care, and it was found that back in the avenues there were two waiting automobiles containing six men.

Later, when the child reached the house, the greatest possible care was also taken to guard against surprise, since the suspicions of the spies had been keenly



Robert W. Patterson.

aroused. The child they swore had been kept in the villa three hours in the belief that the Countess, in her anxiety to see her baby, would return. But when after a wait of three hours she failed to appear again the little girl was finally smuggled through a back gate-way and again hidden somewhere in the country.

Reprimandings and charges of breaking faith were handled between the Count's party and his wife's. The Countess swore that never again, after this display of deceit to just torture and insult her, would she think of a reconciliation or ever see his face again. The Count retorted that he was the father of the child and his natural guardian, since his mother had seen fit to leave his protection, and that he would keep it till he saw fit, for sufficient reason, to change his mind; while the American father, who despises the Count, called his noble son-in-law "a conceited, over-bearing scoundrel, utterly devoid of any ideals of manhood."

But the plight of the Countess after all this torment of heart and soul—what last hope was there left to her in her complete wretchedness? Only the sordid intimation that the Count, hungry for money, would consider barter and sale if the ransom were handsome enough.

And so we are invited to the spectacle of a really beautiful and gently nurtured American girl down on her knees before her bandit of a husband, imploring for her child, while he mocks at her abasement and brutally demands ransom, "for delivering the goods."

"Your people have the money," he insinuates. "I have the child. How much will you pay for your baby girl? Let's get down to business."

This ill-assorted marriage, with its sorry wreckage, is only one more to be added to the dreary catalogue of the disastrous unions of American money with European titles. When Miss Patterson was just out she made a visit to her uncle, Mr. McCormick, who was the American Ambassador to Russia. In St. Petersburg she made a distinct success at court, no less an exalted personage than His Imperial Highness, the Grand Duke Michael, singing her out for the marked distinction of dancing with her twice during one evening.

She was of the type which Russians admire greatly—tall and slim—with fine eyes and a glory of reddish-golden hair. Alas for her, she attracted the attention of another titled personage, the Count Joseph Gizeycki, a Russian subject, but a native of Poland, where he owned many estates and much horseflesh; but, as it turned out, with no more income than he could easily spend on his own entertainment.

The Count followed her to Washington, where she made her American debut in

her father's splendid house in Dupont Circle, and where she repeated the social success of the Russian capital.

When the parents of Miss Patterson discovered that the pursuit by the Count was encouraged by their daughter, and that she was serious in her acceptance of his apparent admiration, every effort—on her father's part, at any rate—was made to put an end to the affair. The Count finally made a bold proposal for the hand of the girl, which was refused for her by her wise father. But the pretty heiress was determined to have her own way, and one day, after his rejection, the Count appeared again suddenly in Washington. Society in the Capital experienced a surprising sensation when the determined young lady made a round of visits to her various friends and announced her engagement to the Count herself. Her parents, keenly distressed about the whole thing, could do nothing but follow Miss Eleanor's lead by a formal announcement of the betrothal.

The wedding took place very soon afterward. During his whole visit to Washington the Count was not invited to the Patterson home, but lodged at the New Willard, where he occupied one room, way up high in one of the least desirable sections of the hotel. He was attended by a man who came to the hotel when needed.

Following the wedding, the Count left the Patterson home directly and returned to the Willard to get his small luggage, and he did not go back to the Patterson house even for his bride. The family had suffered his presence only for the necessary ceremony. Instead, he telephoned to his wife that he would meet her at the station. Society in Washington never much fancied the Count, although Miss Patterson herself was one of its greatest pets, and they were not much surprised at the outcome of the union. But those who distrusted and disliked him most were unprepared to learn of the bitter ordeal to which he has subjected this beautiful young woman.

Besides his unwelcome appearance in Washington, Count Gizeycki made one other visit to America, when he accompanied Count Cantacuzene here to marry the daughter of General Grant. He attended a dinner and dance at Mrs. Deschamps' in Newport one Saturday night, and afterward he happened to be standing in a balcony, while below him was stationed a group of dark and hungry Magyar musicians.

Suddenly they began to play an Austrian gavotte. The Count was enchanted. Removing from various pockets beautiful clusters of greenbacks, Bank of England notes and French currency, he tossed them over the rail, and smiled happily as they waited downward. The gavotte, as was only natural, came to a sudden conclusion, as it is manifestly impossible for stooping men to play on reed and brass with harmonious effect.

The Count, discovering that his available funds were running short, and wishing to distribute his wealth pro rata, tore a few tens, twenties and fifties in halves and softly blew them from the palms of his hands into space, whence they ultimately reached their desired destination.

The Count then retired, entirely satisfied with the belief that he had brought long gleams of sunshine into many a dazed eye.

This elevating little incident is a significant sidelight on the get-up-of the man who married Eleanor Patterson, and who is torturing the heart of a mother with all the cunning arts of a real brigand, to vitally extort a huge ransom for her kidnapped child.

The Young Countess Joseph Gizeycki, Who Was Miss Eleanor Patterson, of Washington and Chicago.