

**KNIFE SAVES LIFE OF 'SIAMESE TWIN'**

'Parasite' Removed From Base of Baby's Spine.

TORONTO, Ontario, Dec. 9.—Snagged down in a bed in St. Michael's hospital lies a little maiden who has set the medical world talking. "Aileen," as the nurses call her, though it's not her real name, is blissfully unconscious of the stir she is creating, for this is her ninth day on earth.

Three days ago she underwent a unique operation successfully, for Aileen should have been a twin. The other, however, didn't grow, but formed a sack of bone cartilage and muscle at the base of the living child's spine. Immediate operation would have been fatal, so for sixteen days "Aileen and the parasite," as physicians term it, grew together, for both seemed alive.

Ceaselessly the mother urged operation and eventually fate cast the die, for signs of multiplication set in, and on Saturday Dr. Gordon Silverman operated.

Parasite and bone growth were removed, and the child's skin was drawn up and sewed almost like a pair of rompers, and ten minutes after she came out from the anesthetic she was feeding peacefully. Today medical men say she is doing wonderfully.

**Information Man at Union Station Has Much Patience**

Answers Five Questions Per Minute for Inquisitive Public From Iron Cage.

Although Job has had himself up before children for several centuries as a model of soulful patience, he had nothing on Henry R. Richter, information man at Union Station, who answers on an average five questions a minute. According to Mr. Richter's opinion, natural instincts aren't in the composition of an information man.

The architect who arranged the artistic decoration of iron bars in front of the Union Station, and the station itself, are a happy inspiration for the protection of the public at such times as the "fount of information" becomes exasperated to desperation by men who wish to know where a good hotel is situated and women who seek advice upon checking the twins with a reliable physician.

A man in a tweed coat was carefully drawn over the counter in front of the window. Mr. Richter was dividing his attention between the telephone and the window; that is to say, answering questions with the loquacity of an after-dinner conversationalist, discussing the latest phase of Bolshewism.

"I wish to go to Lyndale," announced the individual in the tweed coat in a confidential tone.

"Next train leaves at 11:45," said Mr. Richter, without hesitation.

"But I don't wish to go this morning," declared the tweed coat belligerently.

**WISHED TO GO FOLLOWING DAY.**

"Afternoon trains are at 2:30 and 4:30," said Mr. Richter still in a good humor, with the result that he was informed that the tweed coat did not wish to go until tomorrow. A dialogue ensued in which the facts came out that the owner of the tweed coat was a man named Lyndale, so that he could meet his third cousin there, who had promised to meet him at a certain hour. He was indignant when he found that he could not get a train to carry him to his destination at the desired hour.

The crowd behind the tweed coat grew

## ENGLISH'S OPERA HOUSE

### Sunday Night, Dec. 12

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**ACQUIT WOMAN OF MURDER CHARGE**

Jury Decides Lafayette Case in 40 Minutes.

Special to The Times.  
LAFAYETTE, Ind., Dec. 9.—The jury in the case of Pearl McLaughlin, 28, charged with the murder of her divorced husband, Guy McLaughlin, brought in a verdict of acquittal after forty minutes' deliberation.

Those at the nearest point of vantage leaned against the wall. The trailers stood on one foot and then on the other. Others leaned against suitcases.

"What is the fare?" the man asked and was told by Mr. Richter, whose face assumed a thankful expression that his customer was about through.

The inquiry began with an answer that perhaps he would rather not say to which Mr. Richter's facial expression became once more "Lord, give me patience with this sinner." Not receiving encouragement, the tweed coat departed.

For some time after, business moved smoothly. In addition to his fund of knowledge stored away in his cranium, Mr. Richter has a large volume which might be termed the railroad "Bible," to which he can refer when his memory fails him regarding the "coming and going" time of trains in a town of a population of fifty persons.

There are other information men at the Union Station, but Mr. Richter is the dean of them all, a post graduate in his department. He has been answering questions on train times for fifteen years and has an awful bunch of them in his pocketbook. He is so considerate that there are some two hundred cards containing and going on the tracks of the depot every day, a slight conception of the job of the information man may be obtained. His difficulties are added to by the fact that train times are continually being changed. He has to change his time to the daylight saving time kept in some cities, and he has to remember that some trains do not stop at the same towns every day of the week.

Whether it's the renowned sixth sense or the power of reading people's minds, the information man has to know what people intend to say when they don't say it.

"I wish to know what time the 9 o'clock train over the Pennsylvania gets in," calls the woman over the telephone. The information man knows that she means the 9:15 a.m. train from Chicago arrives on that particular night. So he looks up the stated time of arrival and tells her.

During the holiday season Mr. Richter is swamped with inquiries by persons who are going visiting. Sometimes they know where they wish to go and sometimes they don't.

**ADMITS GETTING "MIXED" A BIT.**

A man at the other end of the telephone was asking about the train time for Plainview and when told that Plainview had no railroad connections he became quite indignant. Finally he confessed that "maybe he did get mixed" and it was "Plainfield instead of Plainview."

Occasionally some one calls up who wishes to know if her pocketbook has been found or if a message will be taken to somebody in the waiting room whom she agreed to meet, but didn't have time to do so.

Mr. Richter has a patent formula in the way of salivation for the individual who calls up over the telephone. He blithely says, "Hello!" and then asks where you want to go, how you want to go, when you want to leave, when you want to arrive, and then tells you all about it.

The information man at the Union Station is right in front of the station doors in the waiting room, where it can't be missed. There probably isn't a busier place in town than that window on a pleasant afternoon when people feel like asking questions about every trip they ever had to take, not to forget the question, "What's the time?" So the general public, meaning everybody from the latest millionaire to the most ancient traveler, including the society lady, all get information served without distinction.

**Paul Deschanel Regains Health**

PARIS, Dec. 9.—Paul Deschanel, who was forced to resign the presidency of France because of ill health, has so far recovered that some of the electors in his old district are thinking of nominating him to the Senate. Deschanel remains in the same private hospital where Stephen Pichon, former foreign minister, has spent several months.



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**Doll Furniture**

Is there any joy so complete as that of a little girl when she sees that Santa has brought just the piece of doll furniture that she has been wanting for so long? Dressers, china closets, chifforobs, price \$2.65 to \$4.75

Cedar Chests and Trunks for dolls. Out of the ordinary. Made just like the big ones \$5.95 to \$6.45

Efficiency has been introduced into the doll kitchen. You just ought to see these kitchen cabinets. Priced from \$8.00 to \$3.25

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Stuffed monkeys. A