

On a cold day the hobble skirt has its advantages.

London should not strain its back breaking mosquitoes on a wheel.

Even nursing bottles in New York give short measure. This is really the limit.

The whirling dervishes of Scrutari are out on a strike. This carries the strike business to the limit.

Aviation appears to be a good deal like playing the game at Monte Carlo. Few people know when to quit.

Several prominent flying men have agreed to quit sensational performances. That is getting down to earth.

Eggs have advanced in price, but let us hope that the hens will not become too proud to keep on laying.

And now mere man will be able to arise in the still, small hours and go through the pockets of his wife's trousers skirt.

Whoever began the custom of spelling "shiver" with only one "v" had no adequate conception of the horrors of a cold street car.

If the surviving aviators should hold reunions at the close of the years would they be able to get special rates from the railroads?

Two persons in Baltimore were married just for fun. This is another evidence that the accepted standards of humor need revision upward.

Uncle Sam has just paid \$88.50 for clothes worn in the Civil war. This is setting a good example to the men who never pay their tailor bills.

A bride of seventy-eight in Brooklyn is accused of eccentricity. The fact that she is romantic enough to be a bride ought in itself to prove the charge.

English scientists are now discussing a beer without alcohol. They should bear in mind the discomfort which overtook the discoverers of odorless limburger.

The Evansville (Ind.) man who is suing for a divorce because his wife bathes her pet dog in the dishpan is unreasonable. She might have compelled him to do it.

One thousand copies of the book written by the king of Italy were gobbled up as soon as they were placed on the market. For successful authorship try being a king.

It took 12,299 hunters to kill 5,551 deer in Maine during the recent open season. If the hunters had used clubs instead of guns they might have brought down a few more.

A woman in a Pennsylvania town found a gold nugget in a chicken's craw. Poultry will now get dearer than ever with the prospect of every hen's being its own gold mine.

Science, says an expert, will make men in the future centenarians. But it is impossible to please everybody. This news will raise a calamity howl from the pessimists and undertakers.

A New York woman who has been arrested for bigamy says she married her first husband for spite and the second on a bet. We think the joke was on the man who enabled her to win the bet.

They have accused the family fly, the night-singing family mosquito, of infecting with tuberculosis, and now they say the family cat must go for the same reason. But when the last is abolished there will come the threat of the rat with the bubonic plague germ. No matter which way we turn we are confronted with a new peril.

A physician in Washington, who evidently is obsessed with the idea of being the benefactor of his race, declares that silence is the best cure for nervous disorders in women. But with all his science he does not know the nervous sex, if he thinks a dictum like this, after centuries of offensive and defensive volubility, is going to make them stop talking.

It is said that whistling is now a fad in Washington society among the women. The pessimists, who have been unable to shock the country with their walls over the terrible deterioration of the race caused by cigarette-smoking among women, will now have a fresh outlet for their vociferous calamity outbursts. And as a result the women will, as long as it pleases them, keep on whistling.

A man in a Philadelphia theater tore to pieces a big hat which hid his view of the stage. Of course, they had to arrest him, but no one will doubt that he was a martyr to the sacred cause of our common humanity.

A man in Pittsburgh pleaded that he beat his wife only when she needed it. But, as he found when she had him sent to jail, there is nothing about which people are so ungrateful as the solicitude of others for their moral welfare.

## AIDS AMERICAN BRIDE AND BABE TO FLEE RUSSIA

Mrs. Lillian de Malinowski Tells of Alleged Persecution by Her Husband's Rich Parents.

RESCUED BY NEW YORKER SHE MET ON STEAMSHIP.

Thrilling Adventures to Recover Her Baby Son, Heir to Large Estate, Recounted on Her Safe Arrival in the United States—Still Fears That the Boy May Be Kidnaped by Emissaries of His Father's Family.



NEW YORK.—Separated from her wealthy Russian husband by the scheming of his family; kept by force from the side of her baby boy; risking her life to regain him, and finally escaping across the Austrian border of Poland by the aid of an American friend who had hurried to her from Norway, Mrs. Lillian Richter de Malinowski is back in New York after three years of distressful married life.

With his girlish mother is Leonard George de Malinowski, eighteen months old and heir to a vast estate not far from Gtimir, Russian Poland. In Ithaca is Edward G. Wyckoff, a member of the typewriter family and rich in his own right, who thinks modestly but with real satisfaction of the part he had to play in the drama of Mrs. de Malinowski's life.

Four years ago Caesar de Malinowski came to America from Russia. He was the son of Casimir de Malinowski, a rich Polish land owner, whose home, "Mlynyszcze," was one of the oldest and largest estates in all that part of the empire, Caesar, then twenty-four, had come to the United States because his father insisted upon his marriage to the daughter of the owner of the adjoining estate. "If I must marry I want to marry the girl of my choice," de Malinowski said, and bade his family farewell.

Wedded in New York.

A very few months in America brought him both the desire to marry and the girl of his choice. She was Lillian Richter, the seventeen-year-old daughter of Mrs. Caroline Richter of Tea Neck, N. J. Five times he proposed to her and finally, April 28, 1908, they were married in St. Francis Xavier church, New York.

For a long time the young husband's family refused to recognize his marriage, but finally the father came to see his new daughter for himself, and in July, 1908, they sailed together for Europe and "Mlynyszcze." On the steamer with them was Mr. Wyckoff and his family bound for a two years' visit to the continent, and in the course of the journey Mrs. de Malinowski became so intimate with them that when the time for good-bys came she kissed Mr. Wyckoff and called him "Dad."

That fall the Wyckoffs visited "Mlynyszcze," and were cordially welcomed by the entire family. They spent a week on the estate and then started again on their travels. A year and a half later, leaving his family in London, Mr. Wyckoff went to Iceland, intending to come home by way of Spitzbergen and Norway. He had not much more than got on his way before this telegram came to his address in London:

"Please come to rescue. Homeless, childless, penniless. LILLIAN." Alarmed by this word, Mr. Wyckoff replied with a request for more information. This answer came without delay:

"Please wire money. Beg Dad to come." After much search these messages were relayed to Mr. Wyckoff at a village on the coast of Norway, and at once he started for Russia. He had made reservations on the Virginian, sailing from Liverpool on Aug. 19, just a month away, and his passports would expire Aug. 5. That left him but two weeks in which to get to Gtimir and make what arrangements might be necessary for Mrs. de Malinowski. He wasted no time, however, in worrying over the shortness of his notice.

Reaching Gtimir, Mr. Wyckoff only succeeded in finding Mrs. de Malinowski at the home of her physician after a friendly German had come to his aid as an interpreter. He was shadowed everywhere he went, and when he finally found the little mother his passport had but three days to run.

Mrs. de Malinowski was almost a wreck, physically as well as nervous. Her own passport was good over a limited territory only, but Mr. Wyckoff, by the cunning use of soft words and persuasive roubles, got her and the baby safely to Warsaw. The next night the little party was on its way to Kalisz, on the Austrian border.

At every station gendarmes went through the train, plainly in search of Mrs. de Malinowski, but Mr. Wyckoff had run short neither of flattery



nor money, and each new danger was passed until Kalisz was reached. There a delay of three hours came and a company of soldiers. This time there was no disguise of the fact that Mrs. de Malinowski was being sought, but even in this crisis the Ithacan did and said things so suavely that the soldiers peeped into the compartment where the mother and the baby seemed to be asleep, turned to Mr. Wyckoff with a salute and allowed the train to cross the border ten minutes later. The troubles of the Americans were over.

Bride's Story of Persecution.

"My sorrow began immediately after the baby was born," Mrs. de Malinowski told a reporter for The World the other day. "My mother-in-law and my sisters-in-law turned openly against me, and before Leonard was a month old he had been taken from me, and even Caesar had taken apartments in another wing of the manor and refused to see me.

"The most absurd reasons were given for all this. Mme. de Malinowski accused me once of taking some linen while she was away, as though I could make any use for it, supposing I had wanted it, in a house where we all lived together. There was nothing too trivial to be used against me, and finally, after all my jewelry and most of my clothing had been taken away from me, I was taken by servants to Gtimir and ordered never to return.

"I took refuge with a priest I had got to know, and began to plan to get Leonard. I really didn't care for anything else, but I did want my baby. The first time I tried to get him I lay hidden behind a clump of bushes for two hours and a half waiting for a nurse who had promised to bring him to me. She got so near to me I could see her eyes, when some other servants caught up with her and took her back to the house.

"That night orders were given to shoot any one found on the place without permission, but the following midnight I tried again, another servant having promised to bring Leonard to me at a specified point on the banks of the Volynia.

The Volynia is very wide and swift there, but it has shallow places where reeds and grasses grow to the surface. Although the priest tried to dissuade me, I hired two men to row me across the river. Half way across the boat began to leak. I grew frightened and the boat capsized. Fortunately it was one of the shallows, and although I went into water up to my shoulders the priest, who had been following in another boat, dragged me quickly in beside him and took me back to his house.

Disguised as Servant.

"Even then I had not failed to see that lights were moving through the Manor house, and I made up my mind that they were getting ready to take the baby away, as I had heard they meant to. I was so sure that I went to the station at Kodyna, where Mme. de Malinowski would have to take the train wherever she was bound. The station master hid me in the upper part of the building, and from a balcony I soon saw Mme. de Malinowski arrive with five servants and the baby.

"I was dressed as a peasant, and when my mother-in-law got into her compartment I was put into one adjoining. She had the train searched to make sure I wasn't aboard, but my disguise saved me, and we started for Berdeschev. The conductor proved to be my salvation. Sixteen years before, when he was a porter, he told me, Mme. de Malinowski had given him 25 kopeks—five cents in our money—for handling 25 trunks, and he had never forgiven her!

"He telegraphed ahead to Berdeschev, and when the train arrived the police were waiting. I told them that a rich woman was trying to kidnap my baby, and when they had satisfied themselves that I was the baby's mother, and when they discovered Mme. de Malinowski in the next compartment with the baby, they took him from her and gave him to me. It was my first victory.

"I hurried back to Gtimir and paid board for a week, which left me only enough money to send the telegrams to London. But within a very short time Mr. Wyckoff had come to me and it was all over. When we reached Charing Cross and I saw Mrs. Wyckoff waiting there for me I came

nearer to fainting for joy than I ever shall again, I know."

Protected Her Arrival.

Mrs. de Malinowski and her small son sailed for New York on the Adriatic August 10, 1910. Mr. Wyckoff, being compelled to wait for the Virginian, cabled to his brother, Clarence F. Wyckoff, to meet Mrs. de Malinowski, but since the name of the young mother did not appear on the passenger list Mr. Wyckoff had great difficulty in finding her. He sought the aid of Collector William Loeb, Jr., and met no less than ten steamers due on the same day as the Adriatic, or the next. Mr. Loeb, however, had seen to it that no obstacles should stand in Mrs. de Malinowski's way, and although Mr. Wyckoff did not meet her at the pier he did find her just as she was starting for her mother's home.

"I have no doubt," Mrs. de Malinowski said yesterday, "that the attempts to get Leonard away from me will continue. My husband's family does not care about me, but they do want him, and they are as rich as I am poor. The upkeep of Mlynyszcze alone costs them between \$100,000 and \$150,000 a year, and I have no reason to think that they will agree either to let Caesar come back to me or to let Leonard stay with me in peace."

Mr. Wyckoff received a letter not long ago from De Malinowski in which he begged his American friends not to form an opinion of the case until his side had been heard. He did not say, however, what that side was.

## MAN MARRIES FOUR SISTERS

Weds One After Another as Death Successfully Removes Them—Has Son by Each Wife.

White Hill, N. J.—To marry four sisters is the experience of Harry D. Philkell, formerly a resident of this place, who now resides in Baltimore, Md. He is 58 years old, and has married Miss Josephine Conroy, seven years his senior. She is the fourth bride, and a sister to his three other wives, now deceased. Philkell declared after the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. S. C. Cutter, that he felt like a boy of 19.

He was first married 40 years ago, when he eloped with Miss Marie Conroy. He was greatly attached to all four sisters, and it has been often said that they were all in love with him. His first wife was killed in an accident about six years later. He afterward married Miss Anna Conroy, with whom he lived for a dozen years. She died of heart disease while they were enjoying a trip to the Pacific coast.

Mr. Philkell remained single for two years, declaring to his friends that he would never marry. He did not keep this resolution, however, as he again fell in love when he came here to visit the Conroy family, and the graves of his wives, who are all buried in the family plot.

Miss Lillian Conroy was the next bride. He wooed and won her during this visit and she accompanied him to Baltimore as a bride. This proved Philkell's longest venture in matrimony, as the couple lived together for 18 years. At the expiration of that time Mrs. Philkell died of typhoid fever. Mr. Philkell remained single two years, but Cupid possible believed that he made too good a husband to be without a wife, the wedding to Miss Josephine Conroy and the widower being the outcome. Mr. Philkell is the father of three boys, one having been born to each of his three wives.

Child Welfare Exhibit.

The New York child welfare exhibit, which is scheduled to open on January 18, will be most comprehensive and will consist of moving pictures, documents and anything that will help to make the subject clearer to those interested. Among the speakers will be Miss Jane Addams of Hull house, Miss Florence Kelley of the Consumers' league, Miss Lillian Wald, founder of the Henry settlement and initiator of the idea of a children's bureau, and a number of men workers and sympathizers. The exhibit is financed by philanthropists and is headed by the Russell Sage foundation with \$6,000. Twenty men have contributed \$1,000 each.

## EXCELLENT GRAIN FIELDS IN WESTERN CANADA

YIELDS OF WHEAT AS HIGH AS 84 BUSHELS PER ACRE.

Now that we have entered upon the making of a new year, it is natural to look back over the past one, for the purpose of ascertaining what has been done. The business man and the farmer have taken stock, and both, if they are keen in business detail and interest, know exactly their financial position. The farmer of Western Canada is generally a business man, and in his stock-taking he will have found that he has had a successful year. On looking over a number of reports sent from various quarters, the writer finds that in spite of the visitation of drouth in a small portion of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba, many farmers are able to report splendid crops. And these reports come from different sections, covering an area of about 25,000 square miles. As, for instance, at Laird, Saskatchewan, the crop returns showed that J. B. Peters had 12,800 bushels from 320 acres, or nearly 40 bushels to the acre. In the Blaine Lake district the fields ranged from 15 to 50 bushels per acre, Ben Crews having 1,150 bushels from 24 acres; Edmond Trotter 1,200 bushels off 30 acres, while fields of 30 bushels were common. On poorly cultivated fields but 15 bushels were reported.

In Foam Lake (Sask.) district 100 bushels of oats to the acre were secured by Angus Robertson, D. McRae and C. H. Hart, while the average was 85. In wheat 30 bushels to the acre were quite common on the newer land, but off 15 acres of land cultivated for the past three years George E. Wood secured 495 bushels. Mr. James Traynor, near Regina (Sask.) is still on the shady side of thirty. He had 50,000 bushels of grain last year, half of which was wheat. Its market value was \$25,000. He says he is well satisfied.

Arthur Somers of Strathclair threshed 100 acres, averaging 25 bushels to the acre. Thomas Foreman, of Milestone, threshed 11,000 bushels of wheat, and 3,000 bushels of flax off 600 acres of land. W. Weatherstone, of Strathclair, threshed 5,000 bushels of oats from 96 acres. John Gonzilla, of Gillies, about twenty-five miles west of Rosthern, Sask., had 130 bushels from 3 acres of wheat. Mr. Gonzilla's general average of crop was over 40 bushels to the acre. Ben Cruise, a neighbor, averaged 45 bushels to the acre from 23 acres. W. A. Rose, of the Walderheim district, threshed 6,000 bushels of wheat from 240 acres, an average of 25 bushels, 100 acres was on summer fallow and averaged 33 bushels. He had also an average of 69 bushels of oats to the acre on a 50-acre field. Wm. Lehman, who has a farm close to Rosthern, had an average of 27 bushels to the acre on 60 acres of summer fallow. Mr. Midsky, of Rapid City (Man.) threshed 1,000 bushels of oats from 7 acres.

The yield of the different varieties of wheat per acre at the Experimental Farm, Brandon, was: Red Fife, 28 bushels; White Fife, 34 bushels; Preston, 32 bushels; early Red Fife, 27 bushels.

The crops at the C. P. R. demonstration farms at Strathmore (Alberta) proved up to expectations, the Swedish variety oats yielding 110 bushels to the acre. At the farm two rowed barley went 48½ bushels to the acre. Yields of from 50 bushels to 100 bushels of oats to the acre were quite common in the Sturgeon River Settlement near Edmonton (Alberta). But last year was uncommonly good and the hundred mark was passed. Wm. Craig had a yield of oats from a measured plot, which gave 107 bushels and 20 lbs. per acre.

Albert Teskey, of Olds (Alberta) threshed a 100-acre field which yielded 101 bushels of oats per acre, and Joseph McCartney had a large field equally good. At Cupar (Sask.) oats threshed 80 bushels to the acre. On the Traquair farm at Cupar, a five-acre plot of Marquis wheat yielded 64 bushels to the acre, while Laurence Barknel had 37 bushels of Red Fife to the acre. At Wordsworth, Reeder Bros.' wheat averaged 33½ bushels to the acre, and W. McMillan's 32. William Kraft of Alix (Alberta) threshed 1,042 bushels of winter wheat off 19½ acres, or about 53 bushels to the acre. John Laycraft of Dinton, near High River, Alberta, had over 1,100 bushels of spring wheat from 50 acres.

E. F. Knipe, near Lloydminster, Saskatchewan, had 800 bushels of wheat from 20 acres. W. Metcalf had over 31 bushels to the acre, while S. Henderson, who was hailed badly, had an average return of 32 bushels of wheat to the acre.

McWhirter Bros. and John McBain, of Redvers, Saskatchewan, had 25 bushels of wheat to the acre. John Kennedy, east of the Horse Mills district near Edmonton, from 40 acres of spring wheat got 1,767 bushels, or 44 bushels to the acre.

J. E. Vanderburgh, near Dayslow, Alberta, threshed four thousand bushels of wheat from 120 acres. Mr. D'Arcy, near there, threshed ten thousand and fifty-eight bushels (machine measure) of wheat from five hundred acres, and out of this only sixty acres was new land.

At Fleming, Sask., a Winter's wheat averaged 39 bushels to the acre and several others report heavy yields. Mr. Winter's crop was not on summer fallow, but on a piece of land broken in 1882 and said to be the first broken in the Fleming district. The agent of the Canadian govern-

ment will be pleased to give information regarding the various districts in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, where free homesteads of 160 acres are available.

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Walker—And what he does know about it isn't worth knowing, either.

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"The listless one" bristled. "Montana!" he snorted. "Why, I know a mountain goat in Newark!"—New York Times.

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