

GIRL, ASLEEP 257 DAYS, IS NEARLY AWAKE

Long Coma of Beauty Believed Near End by Relatives.

BY RAY BLACK,
United Press Staff Correspondent
OAK PARK, Ill., Oct. 20.—Pretty Patricia McGuire, 27-year-old private secretary, who has lain in semi-coma more than 6,000 hours, gave signs of trying to awaken today.

The flutter of her eyelids, the smile on her face when her mother or sister neared the sick bed, presented possibility that her long sleep was near an end and that a happy finale could be written for one of the strangest cases in contemporary medical history.

"Pat smiles now even when we do not speak to her," said her mother, Mrs. Sadie Miley, and her sister, Mrs. Charles William Hansen. "She knows we are near. We can't help but feel that she is trying to come back to us."

Stricken Feb. 15.

Miss McGuire, brown-haired and with hazel-gray eyes, was stricken Feb. 15 as she was preparing for church. Since then she has not uttered an intelligible word, has had to be fed liquid food through her nostrils, and cared for like a baby.

Dr. Eugene F. Traut, specialist, diagnosed the malady as a form of encéphalitis which he called "American sleeping sickness."

Strangely, the 257-day semi-coma has been in many ways actual "death sleep." The slight pallor caused by spending so long time indoors has enhanced her beauty. Her muscles are fine and her mother believes she is in excellent physical condition, except for the sleeping sickness.

Mother and sister greeted visitors with cheery smiles today, so confident are they that the tide has turned and Patricia is getting better. They even could laugh over some of the humorous incidents of Patricia's illness.

Written Hundreds of Notes

"People have written us hundreds of letters, urging us to use this treatment or that, to send them money so they could come and cure Patricia, or trying to persuade us to change our religion."

Just then there was a hail from the porch.

"How's Patricia today?" asked the postman bringing the mail. Among the letters was one in schoolboy's round-scrubbed scrawl signed "Marty." It said:

"Our whole school is plugging for you, Miss McGuire. Please don't shop any longer. I know they have taken care of you."

"Bless his heart," said Miss Miley.

"People have tried to be helpful, and they have encouraged us a lot."

Every few hours, Miss McGuire is fed strained soup, a mixture of half milk and half cream, an egg-nog or orange juice. She has an ultra-violet ray bath every day. Her position is changed every two hours.

DISTINGUISHED CUBAN LAWYER TO BE EXILED

Critic of Machado to Be Freed From Jail, Sent From Island.

By United Press

WASHINGTON, Oct. 20.—Dr. Sotolongo, distinguished Cuban lawyer, this week will be released from prison and exiled by President Machado, according to information received here today.

The critic of Dr. Sotolongo was placed before officials of the American Bar Association in convention here last week.

He aroused Machado's ire, it was said, by obtaining from the supreme court of Cuba a decree declaring unconstitutional the laws under which Machado extended his rule.

Author Faces Blindness

NICE, France, Oct. 20.—James Joyce, author of "Ulysses," is threatened again with blindness as a result of abscessed teeth. A noted dental surgeon will perform an operation in a few days.

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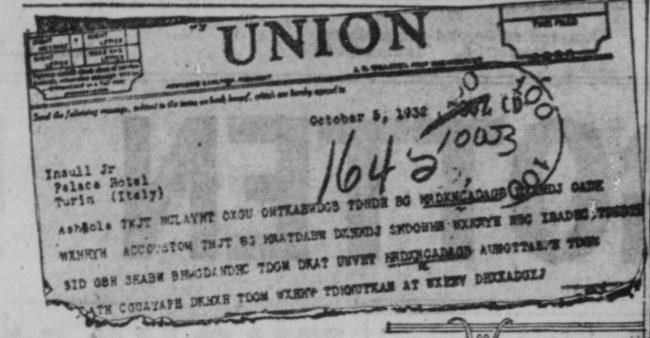
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GREYHOUND

INSULL FLEES SCENE OF RUIN

Bottomless Well of Credit Runs Dry; Crash Follows



Insull photographed just before his trip to Paris.

opened his monstrous financial public. What was essentially caused him to forget all past precepts, transforming him from Insull the Builder to Insull the Wrecker?

One of the lawyers, likewise a friend, who sat in the Insull counsels, has an explanation. He said:

"Insull's trouble was colossally bad judgment. He accepted the promises of statesmen and other big business men at face value. He overestimated his powers.

"But, worst of all, he had no advisers. He had passed beyond the reach of advice. The older men with whom he had grown in Chicago were dead.

He was surrounded by young men who had been advanced by him, friend, James A. Patten and John G. Shedd were gone. Others were failing in health and retired. He alone remained.

"If one of his contemporaries could have offered restraining advice, he might have listened. He wouldn't have listened to his juniors, even if they had ventured to try to check him."

SAM INSULL fled to a modest shelter in Paris; Martin, his brother and associate, departed with his wife for a \$20-a-week boarding house on a lake front at Orillia, Ontario.

Presently Samuel Insull Jr., "young Sam"—barely 30, personally esteemed in Chicago, would

quit his wife and infant son, Samuel Insull III, for what was asserted to be a brief sojourn abroad.

Now the Insulls were all absent from Chicago, leaving judges and district attorneys, federal and state, to ransack the wreckage for assets and evidence of evil doing.

Leaving also, investors and speculators nursing engraved certificates on which their losses ran from \$750,000,000, the bankers' estimates, to \$2,000,000,000, the surmise of State's Attorney John A. Swanson.

Swanson is seeking extradition of the Insulls. Leaving families, elderly couples, widows, unemployed workmen deprived of lifetime savings; banks crippled by the load of Insull securities pledged against uncollectable loans; a darkened opera house, empty Insull apartments in Lake Shore drive and Sheridan road, dismantled country seats north of Chicago.

Besides the bitter taste in the mouths of scores of thousands, what also did Samuel Insull, who ruled Chicago, emotionally, for an incredible decade, leave behind?

No monuments surely, such as the Fieldes, McCormicks, Pattens, Rosenwalds, erected in the way of museums, libraries, parks, universities.

Insull did not bestow gifts on Chicago. The Civic Opera house

(Turn to Page Three)

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(Turn to Page Three)

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not a cough in a carload

F. W. O'MALLEY, HUMORIST, DIES WHILE ABROAD

America's Best Reporter Was Tribute Paid by Leading Journalists.

By United Press

TOURS, France, Oct. 20.—Frank Ward O'Malley, for years one of America's foremost humorists and bon vivants, died here Wednesday at the age of 56.

O'Malley, who brought his family to Europe for the winter, had been traveling through France and was taken seriously ill a week ago with diabetes.

Mrs. O'Malley and their three children, Ward, Kathleen and Edsall, were with the noted writer when he died. He had been a victim of diabetes for the last five years.

O'Malley created a mild sensation several years ago when he sold his estate at Brielle, N. J., and took his family to Europe because he could not stand the "bath-tub gin" and "social ostracism" that were forced on him by the eighteenth amendment.

After a winter in southern France he changed his mind because, as he put it, he felt out of place without any laws to break.

He sailed declaring that he was going back "from the land of the free to the home of the dazed."

"I prefer America with all her faults," he explained. "That includes prohibition. The prohibitionists still are wrong and I'm still right. But we sit around and bicker when the European bands play 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

O'Malley, credited with originating the phrase, "Life is just one damned thing after another," was born at Pittston, Pa., in 1875. He studied in Washington, at Notre Dame and at Philadelphia. He was married in 1917 to Grace Edalynly of New York.

For years he was one of the most widely known of New York's reporters and humorists and, since his return from his "exile," he had complained in satirical vein at the disintegration of Broadway and Park Row under prohibition.

Arthur Brisbane called him "the best newspaper writer" of his reporting era. George Ade said he was the best writer of "josh stuff." Richard Harding Davis acclaimed him as "America's best reporter" and H. L. Mencken said he was "one of the greatest reporters America has ever known."

BILL SAW KILLS TWO

Snaps From Its Shaft and Takes Toll Near Hammond.

By United Press

HAAMOND, Ind., Oct. 20.—The death of Forrest Hatfield in a hospital here brought to two the victims of a buzz saw accident on the farm of Arnold Konietz near Hammond.

Konietz died almost instantly of injuries suffered when the saw, with which they were sawing wood, snapped from its shaft and struck them.

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We imagine that an unruly convict would be barred from playing on the prison team.

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