

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, presaged 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. Eddie Miller, 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 encephalitis which he called "American sleeping sickness."

"Strangely, the 257-day semi-coma has been in many ways actual 'empty sleep.' The girl has gained weight, the slight pallor caused by spending so long a time indoors has enhanced her beauty. Her muscles are firm 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."

Great 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 rounded scrawl signed "Marty." It said:

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

"Bless his heart," said Miss Milley, "People have tried to be helpful, and they have encouraged us a lot."

Every few hours, Miss McGuire is fed strained scum, a mixture of half milk and half cream, an egg-ner 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 Science Service

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

The case of Dr. Sotoyogo 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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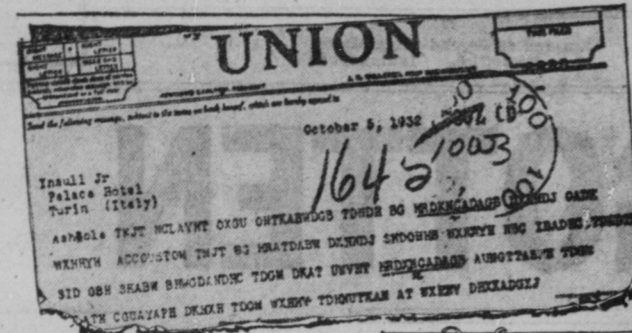
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GREYHOUND

INSULL FLEES SCENE OF RUIN

Bottomless Well of Credit Runs Dry; Crash Follows



Photostat of one of the four coded cablegrams sent from Chicago to Sam Insull.

Forrest Davis here pictures Insull's last days as a Power King, pictures him as a man who in his own words had "gone from the bottom to the top and now I am at the bottom again." It is the last installment in a fabulous story, "The Rise and Fall of the House of Insull."

BY FORREST DAVIS
Times Staff Writer
(Copyright, 1932, by the New York World-Telegram Corporation)

The business saga of Sam Insull, five-shilling-a-week insurance clerk who became power king, ran drearily to an end.

Insull, dizzied by an urgent homesickness for the New Era, bereft of prudence, caution, perspective, fought on as blindly as a punchdrunk pugilist.

The people, drained of money, could not absorb new, hocus-pocus stock issues. The great depression made the new-rich poor.

Insull borrowed, where and as he could until the banks called quits. He hypothesized, a few charged, \$60,000,000 in first grade securities which stood legally behind Insull Utilities Investment common stock.

By late winter, 1931-1932, the high-and-mighty Insull begged, chivied, scrambled for a few millions to tide him over. He still clung to the illusion that good times were just around the corner.

Forty millions, he said, would do the trick. Not forty, nor four, millions were forthcoming. The seemingly bottomless well of credit at last was dry.

His fabulous financial structure had been based on a never-ending supply of credit. In the early spring, Insull literally commuted to New York on the Century, beseeching help from Wall Street.

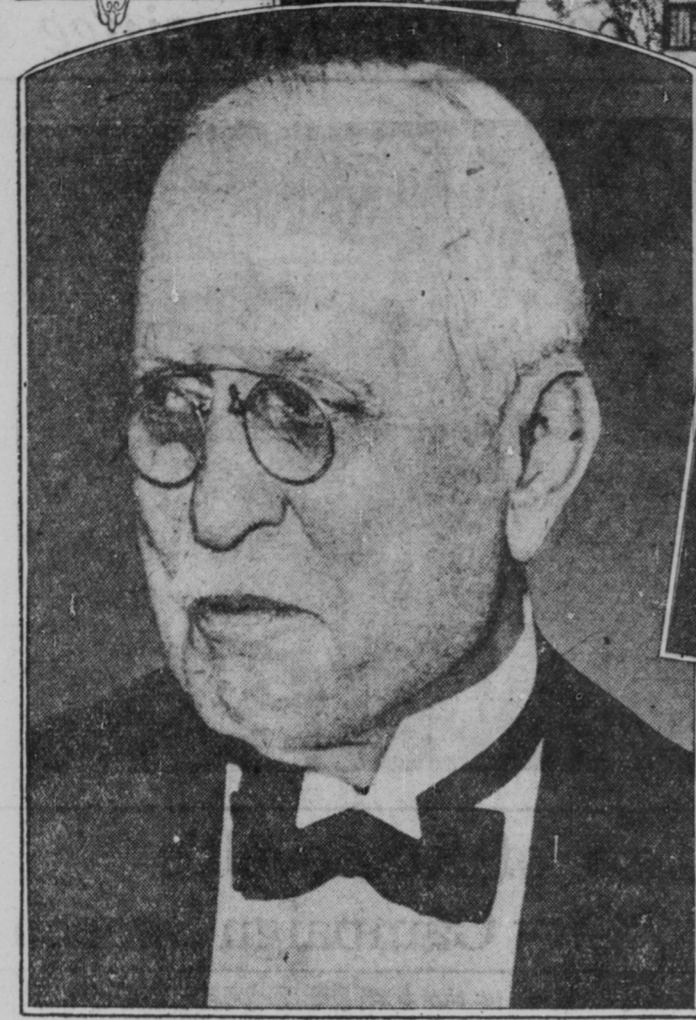
In April, the \$400,000,000 investment trust—peak of the pyramid—and Middle West Utilities, the holding company which aggregated Insull interests in thirty-two states, were in friendly re-relationship; with Insull as a receiver retaining a shadow of his prestige.

In June the crash eventuated—leaving Chicago stunned. Not since Jay Cooke, another optimist who acted in advance, on the late Morgan's injunction "never to sell the United States short," failed on a rainy Sept. 18, 1873, had the country witnessed so widespread a commercial disaster.

On June 6, Insull, slightly apologetic now, stooped, gray showing under his British ruddiness, unwillingly abdicated his throne. On that day, a visitor now in the wide-fung offices atop the Commonwealth-Edison building, he passed three hours, tremulously signing resignations as they were placed before him by still obsequious secretaries.

He quit that day in all, eighty-five corporations. He had been chairman of sixty-five, president of eleven.

We have traced the steps by which the Power King, defending his control from invaders, devel-



Insull photographed just before his trip to Paris.

oped his monstrous financial bubble. What, 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 councils, has an explanation. He said: "Insull's trouble was colossal 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 himself, James A. Patten and John G. Shedd were gone. Others were falling in health and retired. "He alone remained."

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 Orilla, 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 else did Sam 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



Sam Insull Jr. Above, the Insull estate in Theale, Berkshire, a fifteenth century house.

he promoted merely. Others paid and will continue to pay for that honorable pile.

INSULL, tyrannical as any senior clerk in a London insurance office of the 1870s; but likewise the modern business man incarnate, left no philanthropic or cultural impress on the astounding metropolis he invaded and occupied.

He did bequeath Chicago public services of high order. The Commonwealth-Edison, People's Gas and Public Service Corporations escaped disaster. Their financial structures are solid.

The vast physical plant of Middle West Utilities also is sound, functioning. High tension transmission lines cobwebbed over the middle west carry power and light to towns and farms today as they did in 1929, when Insull stood at his height. The utilities carry on.

It is only the financial structure at the last verging on the metaphysical in its remoteness from reality, which lies in ruins.

Chicago has no warming recollections of a youthful utilities magnate driving tandem in the parks, behind chestnuts, a billowy blond of notorious virtue at his side, mustaches flowing in the breeze and a diamond blazing in his shirt front.

No, Insull belonged in his age; the age of "service" and holding companies.

"Courtesy to the public and the best possible service constitute the fundamental corner stone of our policy." And, again: "Take the public into your confidence, not as a favor, but as their right."

And so Insull left Chicago after nearly forty years, flowering before the fall in unexampled prestige and a sort of clerical granite.

BUZZ SAW KILLS TWO

Snaps From Its Shaft and Takes Toll Near Hammond.

By United Press

HAMMOND, 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.

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 "bathub gym" 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 all sit around and blubber 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 Edsall Dalrymple of New York.

O'Malley 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.

For years he was one of "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."

ART SAYS:

Regardless of party partisanship, Indianapolis should feel honored to be included in the speaking tour of a Presidential candidate.

The Republicans say you can always tell a Democrat but you can't tell him much.

What has become of the old-fashioned teacher who had lots of principle but no class?

Bill Smith says the three happiest years of his life were spent in the Fifth Grade and then the school burnt down.

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

ART ROSE

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Wilbur Learns

Wilbur Briggs, 124 North New Jersey street, never will trust a stranger again.

Wilbur told police a man he met Wednesday afternoon offered to buy Wilbur's watch for \$5, so the pair went to some street on the east side where Wilbur's "customer" was to get the \$5. The "customer" took the watch and went in the house. Wilbur waited a half an hour.

Finally, Wilbur went in, too, but was told the man had gone out the back door. All Wilbur got was the experience and the house number with no street.

CHECK CHARGE FACED

More Than \$10,000 Worth of Fraudulent Tender Issued, Say Police.

Charged with issuing "certified" checks on a bank that does not exist, caused Joe Gordon, alias Joe Moran, to be taken to Brookville and held for trial.

Gordon was captured by state police at the traction terminal Wednesday afternoon.

It is alleged that during the last year he has issued nearly \$10,000 worth of fraudulent checks on the "Stone Center bank of Bedford." There is no such bank.

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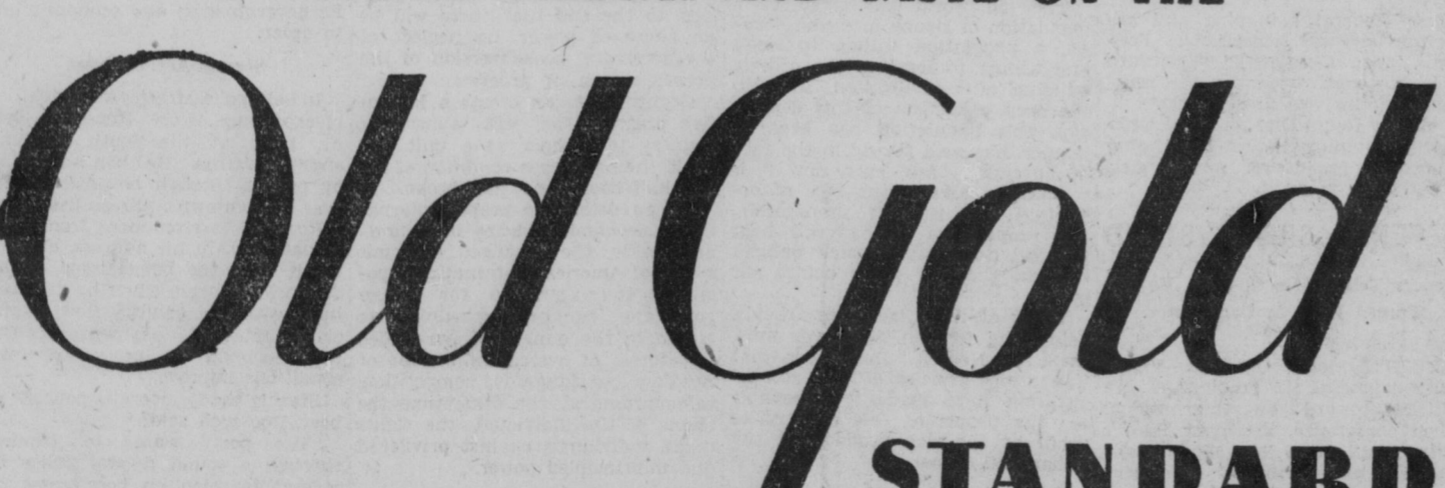
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dealer

IS THE MAN OF THE WEEK!

It's ARMOUR'S 16th Anniversary Week in Indianapolis. And your Armour dealer is celebrating with us and with you, by featuring Armour's Highest Quality Foods. Look for your Armour dealer and look over his display of delicious Armour Foods—the Diamond Anniversary emblem identifies him. This 16th Anniversary of Armour and Company's Indianapolis plant gives you opportunity to buy delicious, quality-proved Armour Foods.

Visit your Armour dealer—tomorrow—every day. He's the man of The Week for all food-buyers!

What the Armour Plant means to Indianapolis

The Armour plant employs 380 men and women, with annual payroll of about \$750,000.

We purchase about \$500,000 worth of supplies, largely from Indianapolis business-houses, every year.

We paid nearly \$2,200,000 in 1931 to Indiana farmers and livestock-raisers for cattle, sheep, and hogs.

The Armour plant causes a constant flow of Eastern money to Indiana pockets, for most of the plant's products are sold in the East.

The Armour plant assures its employees steady work. We operate every week in the year.

Today's Feature

ARMOUR'S STAR PURE LARD

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- (2) Greater tenderness to pie-crust.
- (3) Better taste to fried foods—with Armour's Star Pure Lard.

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