

Vessels Reach Stricken Ship

Steamer San Gil Sends Fran-tic Radio Call for Help.

By International News Service. Boston, Oct. 22.—According to advices received by the local office of the United Fruit company, the steamer San Gil is on a reef off Providence Island, near Colon.

By Associated Press. New York, Oct. 22.—The passenger steamer San Gil, out of Boston for Havana, Colon and Port Limon, reported by radio at 5:30 this morning that she was sinking in heavy seas southwest of Jamaica.

The message, received by the Independent Wireless Telegraph company station at East Hampton, N. Y., said: "Weather heavy, pounding to pieces, passengers taking to boats. Hurry help." It then gave the position. The radio station immediately sent out the call "Q. R. T." signalling all other stations to stop sending.

Fifteen minutes later another call, received from the San Gil said: "Help, quick!"

The message was broken off after the two words, and no more was received. The radio station at East Hampton immediately started broadcast-casting the help call to ships at sea.

Answers were received from the steamship Fortola and from the steamship Pastore.

The latter vessel answered that she was on her way to the rescue under forced steam, but would not be able to reach the position given before the middle of the afternoon.

The San Gil is of 1,975 tons register. Local officials of the United Fruit company said the San Gil had grounded on a reef off Providence Island in the Caribbean sea, 150 miles from the Nicaraguan coast.

It carried a crew of 51.

Boston, Mass., Oct. 22.—The United Fruit company steamer San Gil, reported sinking southwest of Jamaica, is believed to have had nine passengers, including two women and an infant.

Pastor Attacks Auto Speeders

Growing Disregard for Law and God Blamed for World's Ills.

"A railroad engineer must study and practice and pass examinations before he is permitted to run a locomotive, but an inexperienced, feeble-minded or drunken person may take an automobile out on our streets and run down and kill your family. It's an outrage," declared Rev. W. I. Guss in a sermon Sunday in St. Mark Lutheran church.

"And if he's caught, he gets a few days in jail, perhaps. Statistics show that only a very small percentage of persons charged with murder in this country are ever punished.

"Why is all this? It is a growing, alarming disregard for law, fostered by a growing and alarming disregard for God and the eternal verities.

"In a home, no child should be a playmate. A playmate is a child who is not a child, and a playmate is a child who is not a child, and a playmate is a child who is not a child.

"One reason for falling away from the gospel teachings is that, most preachers nowadays don't preach the gospel. They lecture or do some other 'popular' thing in their efforts to fill their pews."

"Yes I know! I wish I could help!" said Douglas.

"I do too," said Leslie. "When father comes, we'll ask him. We're young and strong, and we should stand by him. We must tell that land. He said so. He said last night, he'd be forced to sell if he only got half its value, and that would be enough."

"How to help Mr. Swain," said Leslie. "He's going to use his fortune," queried Douglas.

"I don't know that Daddy has holdings large enough to 'deserve' the word 'fortune,'" he said. "He's going to use what he has. I urged him to; it's all he can do."

"Did you take into consideration that it was in his future?" asked Douglas.

"I did," said Leslie. "and I forgot to tell him, but I will as soon as he comes back. He can have all mother left me, too, if he needs it."

"Leslie, you're a darling, but have you ever had even a small taste of poverty, and I'm not afraid of work; it's dishonor that would kill me. Daddy accepted obligations; if they involve him, which includes me also, then to the last cent we possess, we pay back."

EDDIE'S FRIENDS



MICHAEL O'HALLORAN

By Gene Stratton-Porter

Mickey O'Halloran is a new boy who finds and adopts a little name, Lily Peaches. His life at once becomes a struggle to find the comforts of life to the little girl.

Mickey, while on a trip in the country, finds a little girl, Lily Peaches, who is a poor girl from the city for two weeks and Mickey makes arrangements to take Lily Peaches to the farm.

There is a suspicion of the city offices and is working hard to check up on it. Lily Peaches is in the cabin with her father and Bruce they move out of the city for the summer.

Mickey, busy when Bruce entered, and with him was Leslie Winton. They brought the breath of spring mellowing into summer, freighted with emanations of real love, touched and incited with joy so habitual it had become spontaneous on the part of Leslie Winton, and this morning, conscious with Douglas, Mickey stood silent, watching them closely and listened.

"Heaven, how I hope Daddy makes that sale!" cried Leslie. "I've been so worried about him this summer."

"I wondered at you not going with him," said Douglas.

"He didn't seem to want me," said Leslie. "He said it was a flying trip and he was forced to be back before some reports from his office were filed; so he thought I wouldn't enjoy it, and the first time in my life he told me distinctly that he didn't have time for me. Fancy Daddy! I can't understand it."

"I've noticed that he has been brooding and pre-occupied of late, not at all like himself," said Douglas. "Have you any idea what troubles him?"

"Of course! He told me!" said Leslie. "It's Mr. Swain. When Daddy was a boy, Mr. Swain was his father's best friend, and when grandfather died, he asked him to guide Daddy, and he not only did that, but he opened his purse and started him in business. Now Mr. Swain is growing old, and some of his investments have gone wrong; just when political changes made business close as could be, he lost heavily; and the thing came that there was no way but for Daddy to stay here and fight to save what he could for him. He told me early that fall, and this spring most of all—I've told you."

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"Mickey drew the duster he handled between vacuum days across a table and steadily watched Mrs. Douglas, then Leslie, both of whom had forgotten him.

"That should be good enough for Daddy," he said. "He's going to use what he has. I urged him to; it's all he can do."

The Afternoon Bridge

Burgess Bedtime Stories

What the Young Bob White Had Gained.

Old Mother Nature watches over her children with the greatest care. She does her best to heal their hurts as rapidly as possible. She did this for the wounded Bob White.

But after he reached the dear Old Briar Patch where there was nothing to worry about, he regained his strength rapidly. Old Mother Nature healed his back as fast as she could, and in a surprisingly short time he was as good as ever.

Now, though, it didn't know it himself, and his brothers and sisters didn't know it, that young Bob White had returned to them with something he hadn't had before. It was something he had gained from his terrible experience. It was something which, but for that terrible experience, he might have been a very long time in gaining, or might never have gained.

There are some who seem never to gain wisdom no matter how many lessons they have or how bitter those lessons may be. But it was not so with the young Bob White. He proved this two days after he rejoined his brothers and sisters. They happened to be near the wheat field, where they had been shot at by the hunter with the terrible gun, and where the young Bob White had been wounded.

"It seems a shame that we cannot go over there and get some of that good wheat," said one of the young Bob Whites. "Personally, I don't think there is the least bit of danger. I haven't seen a sign of that hunter with the terrible gun since the day he surprised us over there. I, for one, am not afraid to go over there again."

"Neither am I," said another. A third said the same thing. And several others nodded their pretty heads in agreement. One flew over to a fence post from which he could look all over the wheat field. Then he flew back. "It is perfectly safe over there," he declared. "There isn't a hunter in sight anywhere. I've just got to have some of that wheat. It wouldn't take us long to get all we want and get back here again."

"Yes, I was telling me this morning. That's what I got for staying at the first page. If I'd looked inside, bet I'd have known that long ago."

"He was telling you?" queried Douglas.

"Yes, I guess I must kind of shied at him 'til he noticed it; I didn't know I did, but he caught me and told me his troubles by force. We shook hands to quit on. Say, he's just fine when you know him, and there doesn't seem to be a thing on earth he wouldn't do for you, Miss Leslie. Why you getting things so mixed up again, and his home because what it should, it would be because you were sorry for him, and fixed things."

"Mickey, did he really?" rejoined the girl. "Douglas, when may Mickey show me what he wants me to do?"

"Right now," he answered. "I got a load of books while he was away yesterday and I haven't started them yet. Now is the best time."

When Mickey made a leap from the trolley platform that night, Mickey, who had named Cold Cream Junction, he was almost buried under boxes. He stepped high and prided, for he had collected the money from the paper routes and immediately spent some of it under Leslie Winton's supervision.

Pillow bolstered on the front porch, on his comfort lay the tiny girl he loved. Mickey stopped and made a detailed inspection. Peaches leaned forward and reached toward him; her greeting was indescribably sweet. Mickey said to her, "I've been thinking of you ever since I got into her arms; even in his joy he noted a new strength in their grip on him, an unusual clinging. He drew back half alarmed."

"You've been a good girl," he queried suspiciously.

"Just as good!" asserted Peaches. "You didn't go and say any—"

"Not ever Mickey-loves! Not one!" she cried. "I ain't ever liked one! That will help, Peter says so."

"You have been washed and fed and everything all right?" he proceeded.

"Just as right!" she insisted. "You like the nice lady?" he went on.

"Just love the nice lady, an' Mary, an' Bobbie, an' Peter, an' Junior, just love all of them!" she affirmed.

"Well I hope I don't bust!" he said. "I never was so glad as I am that everything is good for you. You're doing it all right, and I'm glad to see you. You're doing it all right, and I'm glad to see you. You're doing it all right, and I'm glad to see you."

"I forgot to set my lesson, an' I ain't had my poetry piece for two days. I'm sorry," he complained.

"No, 'tain't honey," conceded Mickey regretfully. "No 'tain't! That's just all right. I thought you were going to start kicking, and I wasn't going to stand for it. Course, I'll set your lesson; course I'll make up your piece, but you must give me a little time. I was talking with Mr. Chief, and he's starting to get in a hurry about his piece, too."

"I want mine first!" demanded Peaches.

"Surely! You'll get it first! Always! But I'm going to do something for you before I make it, 'cause I won't know how it goes 'til afterward. See?"

Endres Declines Clark Challenge

Not to Be "Drawn Into Row" With Predecessor Over Jail Food.

Sheriff Endres Monday morning refused to take the wager of his predecessor, Mike L. Clark, that the present sheriff makes more money out of feeding prisoners than he did. Clark offered to give \$500 to charity if in-spection of the books did not show that such was the case.

"That's all the bunk," Endres characterized the wager. "I have no controversy with Mike Clark and I don't intend to be drawn into one. No, I shall not open the books to inspection. It takes all my time to mind my own business, and I think if other people did the same they would be as busy as I."

Clark Monday repeated his wager. "I am not afraid to show my books, I know exactly what I made from feeding the prisoners and I can pretty well guess what Endres is making. For three and one-half years I fed the prisoners on an allowance of 32 cents per man per day. That was during the war and food was high. During those years I made practically nothing. Later when the allowance was advanced to 50 cents per man per day I began to make money."

Thornton W. Burgess is a regular feature of The Evening Bee.

White who had been wounded. "A whole skin is worth more than a full stomach," said he. "I know. We all thought we were safe enough the last time we went over there. We laughed to ourselves at the warnings of father and mother. Here we know we are safe. A stomach full of good food is a splendid thing to have, but life and a whole skin are better. No hunter with a terrible gun will have a chance to shoot at me through foolishness on my part. The wise avoid even the chance of danger. Who puts temptation behind him proves he has gained wisdom."

With this the young Bob White whirled away on his stout wings over toward Farmer Brown's cornfield. The others hesitated a moment or two, and then followed Bob White, who was that this young Bob White proved that he had gained wisdom, and became a leader among his brothers and sisters.

Now, though, it didn't know it himself, and his brothers and sisters didn't know it, that young Bob White had returned to them with something he hadn't had before. It was something he had gained from his terrible experience. It was something which, but for that terrible experience, he might have been a very long time in gaining, or might never have gained.

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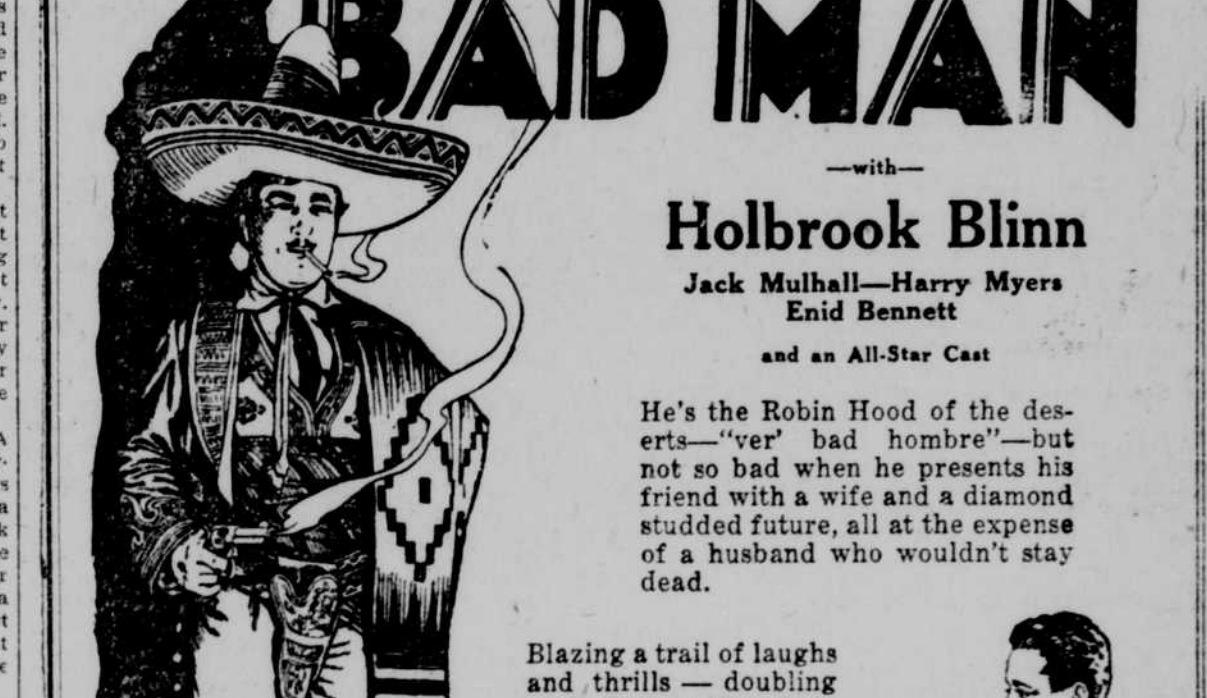
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Stop Coughing

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY

New York Day by Day

By O. O. McINTYRE

New York, Oct. 22.—A page from the diary of a modern Samuel Pepys: Early up and along the Rialto where I articulated to write a skit for a music revue and then to play croquet with my she cousin and was trounced roundly three times.

So back to my labor with a keen sense of being ready for skull cap, slippers and chimney corner. Came Clara Briggs, the dinner, and Harry Stratton and cast dice for luncheon and Clara losing took us to the automa-tic, giving us three nickels each, the zany.

This day to my solicitor to draw up my will and I pray to get an estate to compensate the best wife a man ever had and the most patient. Thence to a home in Sutton Place to drink tea and Fritz Scheff there.

In the evening to see "Red Light Annie," a melodrama, and saw there Everett Shinn, Herb Roth, Charles Merz and several others and then to talk with Julian Johnson awhile and so to bed.

Dawn was pinking the sky. At the Lamba a rather disheveled white-haired man in evening clothes sat on the outer steps in a state of complete despair.

An acquaintance stepped out of a taxicab and asked the trouble. "Old age and new whisky are killing me," moaned the straggler.

The biggest attraction from a box office standpoint in New York is still another pornographic exhibit disguised as a musical revue. It is the nearest to absolute nudity the town has ever seen. Producers have been going in for nude figures strapped to curtains for some time. But this was a mere flash as the curtains were lowered and raised hurriedly. In the production now running they have let go both barrels. It is getting by on the plea of aestheticism.

Just when the theater is apparently on the upgrade along comes one of the anatomical displays that are a throw-back to the come-on shows of the circus lot and the penny arcades. I saw the line at the box office and most of the prospective patrons were young girls and men in their early 20's.