

MISTER AIMEE IN VAUDEVILLE NOW

First Gag Falls Flat, But He Goes On

Long Beach, Cal., July 21.—(UP)—David L. Hutton, Jr., 250-pound husband of Aimee Semple McPherson, was embarked on a new vaudeville career today.

While there were some rough edges in his act, he was certain he could negotiate easily the change from the footlights of Angelus temple to those of the stage.

The husband of Aimee Semple McPherson-Hutton admitted as much in the one gag he attempted during his first performance.

"People of Long Beach," said the bulky baritone, "you may think I'm new to the vaudeville stage but I am not. I have been playing a continuous show in Los Angeles for one year and 10 months."

Hutton and his evangelist wife have been married a year and 10 months and Hutton, anticipating the birth to follow his sally, beamed with a toothy smile. But he beamed alone. The silence in the packed theater was deafening.

Hutton hastily wiped the perspiration from one of his chins and went onto his next song number.

He left his hotel in a 16-cylinder automobile that he said was a present of his wife. The sapphire pin in his tie, the platinum watch on his wrist and the diamond ring also were gifts from the evangelist wife.

As he stepped from his automobile at the theater the Long Beach municipal band struck up "The Star Spangled Banner."

Hutton vowed at the time he filed his divorce action he never would capitalize on his wife's name but now he walked beneath a banner that billed: "Dave Hutton famous baritone of Angelus temple."

He sang a ditty for the newsworld men and concluded with a rolling of the eyes and "Why don't you come up to the theater sometime," in his most engaging Mae West manner.

He posed for "stills" in his dressing room as he dabbed his chunky face with grease paint. He shivered all Hutton precedent by refusing to pose with a group of chorus girls. It was the first time on record, so far as could be learned, that he shrank before the camera.

Resplendent in blue suit, white flannels and white shoes and wearing a white carnation in his lapel, he teetered nervously in the wings awaiting his call. The sun-kist girls, clad in scanties and bells, jingled through their dance and pirouetted off stage. Their departure was the signal for the master of ceremonies to announce in sonorous tones, "The famous baritone of Angelus temple."

Beaming like a harvest moon, Hutton entered to a smattering of applause. As a native of Long Beach, he considered himself among friends. His conviction perhaps shaken by the police silence that greeted his opening—and final—attempts at wisecracks, he nevertheless warmed to his vocal number and soon was evoking applause. He "took" three curtain calls before returning to his dressing room, an exuberant although perspiring vaudeville crooner.

Highlights of Code

(Continued from page one)

cept where amply justified by increased costs or taxes. "A rapid rise in prices and mass production is going on," said Johnson's bulletin.

11. The president will arbitrarily order hearings under the industrial recovery act after September 1, for industries which have not submitted codes of fair practice by that time.

12. Codes for particular industries shall supersede the voluntary or "blanket" agreement as soon as they are approved.

13. The voluntary agreements to be rapidly distributed through the post office department to every employer, will have return envelopes in which the employer may return his signed agreement.

14. The 24 field offices of the commerce department will file and forward these agreements. Agreements by employers will be displayed publicly.

15. Recovery board and councils are created for states and districts so that the recovery drive may reach down into the smallest community.

16. The appeal is based on a call to patriotism and will be backed up by radio speeches by the president, Johnson and others, and by an intensive campaign of education through liberty loan methods.

NEW YORK GREET'S FLIERS
New York, July 21.—(UP)—A cheering throng jammed along the sidewalks and leaning from skyscraper windows gave a tumultuous reception to General Italo Balbo and his flying companions as they rode up Broadway through a storm of ticker tape and torn paper to receive the formal greeting the city reserves for its heroes.

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BARGAIN BRIDE

KATHARINE HAVILAND-TAYLOR

BEGIN HERE TODAY
Elinor Stafford, 20, falls in love with 35-year-old Barrett Colvin, who has returned to New York after years abroad. Barrett has made a name for himself as an archeologist.

He is about to ask Elinor to marry him when her jealous, scheming mother, Lida Stafford, interferes and succeeds in breaking up the romance.

When Elinor's aunt, wealthy Miss Ella Sexton, dies she leaves her entire fortune to Barrett. Then drunk Vance Carter shoots Bentwell Stafford, Elinor's father. Barrett, who does not want the Sexton fortune, tells Elinor that if she will marry him and live in his house as a guest for a year he will give the entire sum to her to divide among the relatives. Elinor agrees, knowing the money may save her father's life.

The marriage takes place next day. Barrett finds himself more in love with Elinor than ever. Then one day he sees her with Bob Telfare and his suspicious that she is a heartless flirt are renewed.

The doctor orders a change of climate for Elinor's father and she goes to Aiken with him. Years before Barrett shielded his half-sister, Marcia, when a youthful romance ended disastrously. Marcia had a son whom Barrett adopted. Barrett has promised Marcia never to tell anyone the truth about the boy.

Lida Stafford asks Barrett for \$30,000. When he refuses she sets detectives on his trail and earns about his ward, Gerald Moore. Lida concludes the boy is Barrett's son.

Barrett goes to Aiken without telling Elinor he is coming. He finds Bob Telfare there.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
CHAPTER XXXV
Bob rose. "Time for me to be getting on," he said. "I'm a fifth wheel—always have been and I've always known it."

Would that tell Colvin anything, Bob wondered. He didn't want him making Elinor unhappy.

"Why, you're one of the best friends I've ever had!" Elinor protested warmly.

For a moment Barrett wondered. Her voice seemed sincere. Then he chilled, remembering Lida's art. The child was as clever an actress as her mother. That was all.

He rose, bowing stiffly, as Bob Telfare said his farewells.

"See you again, perhaps," said Bob. "If you're going to be down here for a time?"

"Perhaps," said Barrett. Driving his low, open car toward the inn where he was putting up, Bob decided that he'd better be off and give Elinor her full chance. Surely a man who was with her each day should know her! He couldn't believe Barrett Colvin was such a fool!

It was rather awkward, too, to try to show another man his wife's good qualities. Bob didn't see how he could do that. Lord, wouldn't Colvin freeze him if he should try such a thing? He could almost feel the congealing air. Nevertheless Bob decided he would tell Colvin all he knew of Elinor if Colvin were hurting her by misunderstanding their friendship. He'd knock Colvin down, sit on his chest and tell him, if he had to. He'd give them a month, then nose around a bit and find out how things stood. Maybe Bessie Thrope could help him out if help were needed. Bessie was a peach and she did the most drastic tinkering with human maladjustments while cleverer souls who would have botched the job spoke of her with affectionate amusement as "dear, good, bungling Bessie."

After dinner and some telephoning to arrange north-bound reservations Bob did the worst thing he could have done. He left for New York. His own honesty made him see this as the best thing for all concerned. He did not for a moment imagine that Barrett Colvin would convert his departure into a confession of guilt.

Bob paid his hotel bill, left instructions for shipping his car and was driven to the station to board a hot, airless sleeping car. He lay awake most of the night, arguing out the situation with himself.

He could not forget the menace of Colvin's attitude because it menaced Elinor. She was a peach and she had a rotten hard break. She had always been surrounded by the sort of life she loathed. Darn it, if he had to he would have it out with Colvin. He'd say, "Look here, you give Elinor a square deal or—" He planned on it in the naive, blunt manner of a young man who knows more of blue ribbon mares, long distance swimming and golf trophies than of diplomacy.

Miss Hemmingway the nurse, came to the terrace after Bobby had gone.

Miss Hemmingway was a compound of stiffly starched, rustling linen, smooth hair, pert, small cap and ready smile that told nothing with scientific reserve. Her smile the last few days had been as artificial as the stiffness of her raiment. She had been nursing for 12 years, but she still felt the oppression that comes from losing a patient. She always felt it more when she had had the patient for a long while and she'd been on this case several months.

She had pitied Bentwell Stafford, at first, knowing him through Lida. Now, pity being akin to love, she really cared for him as a poor, broken human being who had led a horrible life with "that woman", and who had not enough reserve strength to make the fight to get well. Elinor she worshipped. And Elinor, she knew, was going to take what lay ahead with the keenest suffering.

On the terrace she shook hands with Mr. Colvin after expressing mild surprise at seeing him. He was a wonderful looking man, she thought. It was seldom one saw two such fine looking people together.

Miss Hemmingway stood with cool, gentle fingers on Bentwell's thin wrist eyes on her watch. Then she said, "Well, I think we'll put you to bed for your dinner. You've had a full day with all these visitors."

Bentwell nodded. He knew he wasn't equal to much more effort. Elinor murmured her disappointment and Barrett seconded it, half-ashamed. He could not be sorry that he was to dine alone with Elinor.

At eight they sat down at a cozy little table in a small, attractive dining room. Tall candles with flames dancing gently in the moving air and a low bowl of flowers made a frame for Elinor's face. She wore a primrose frock of soft chiffon and her hair was dressed low as he liked it. She was so happy! Tremulously, unbelievably happy!

"It was so good of you to come!" she said.

"It's good to be here," he answered honestly. As always he was weakening under her spell. Nothing mattered now to him but the knowledge that she was near.

He gave her the message Higgins had sent—and the servants had missed her—and spoke of his interviews with Lida. That silenced her for several seconds.

Elinor asked about his work and he told her what he had been doing. He was surprised to find that she knew a good deal about it.

"I didn't know you were interested in that sort of thing," he said slowly.

"But it's your work—" she said, and laughed. "Since coming down here I've read everything you've written that I could lay my hands on. I think you write beautifully!"

"Why—my dear child—I can't write at all!"

"But you can!" she disputed firmly.

"I think you'd like expedition work." He had never before considered taking her on a trip with him. If he could do that what a trip it would be!

"I've often dreamed about something of that sort," she said. "I only know one kind of life—and it's such a narrow kind. When I was little my happiest day dream was imagining I had been shipwrecked on a desert island where there were no bills and no debts—just honesty and congenial savages!"

"There ain't no such animals!" he said, laughing.

"I'd be glad to trade poisoned ar-

Refresh yourself at lunch



Kellogg's Corn Flakes

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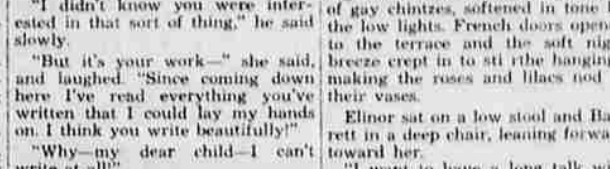
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Like having your OWN GARDEN



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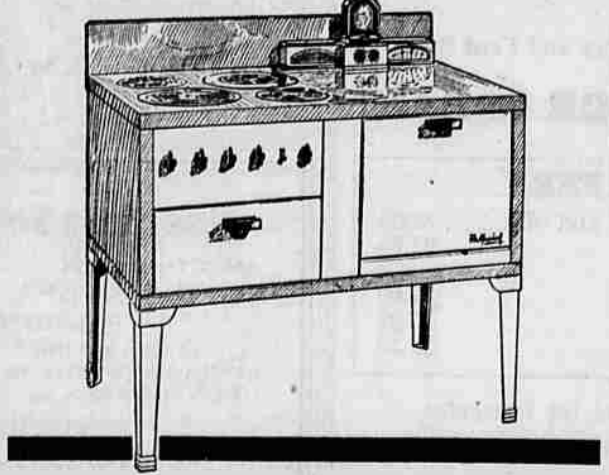
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