

# The Husband Hunter

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BY RUTH DEWEY GROVES

## Today in Klamath's Theatres

AT THE PELICAN



ROLAND YOUNG, NORMA LEE, and ELLIOT NUGENT in "WISE GIRLS"

A lovely brunette from "Old Kentucky," Norma Lee, is bringing to the Pelican theatre today a delicious southern accent which is not the least of the charms of this very popular stage beauty.

"Wise Girls," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer talking picture which opens at the Pelican theatre, will be Norma Lee's first talking picture, despite her years of success on Broadway.

Her debut in this production is particularly fortuitous in that her part of "Kate Bence" is one she originally created on Broadway when "Wise Girls" then known as "Kempy," broke all records for domestic comedies by running 53 weeks.

"Kate" was a particularly nice character to play because she is so very human," says Miss Lee, whom Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has placed under contract. "Kate is an imperious, self-willed person who is determined to go on the stage, and who needs a good lesson to teach her that she really loves Duke Merrill, and that all of her aspirations are just apple sauce."

"At first she isn't quite kind to her father, who has spent a young fortune on her clothes and education. She thinks her folks are in the way. She even poses on poor helpless Kempy James and marries him in order to have a legal escort to take her to join a show at Atlantic City! Kempy, however, turns from a lamb into a lion—and Kate is absolutely bewildered by his change of front."

### AT THE PINE TREE

A noted critic has said of H. B. Warner, who will be seen with Lola Wilson at the Pine Tree theatre today in "Wedding Rings," a First National and Vitaphone production:

"He is the most versatile of modern actors. His has the happy faculty of throwing himself completely into a role, body and soul. Always, in some mysterious and quite indefinable manner he becomes also the character portrayed. No other player on the 20th century English-speaking stage has shown so wide a range of capacity."

In "Wedding Rings," which is based upon the well-remembered novel, "The Dark Swan," by Ernest Pascal, Mr. Warner's part is that of a man who is loved by two women. The period of the story is today; the scene is the United States of America, and the people are such people as we all know.

Mr. Warner's enactment of the role has been hailed by reviewers in the leading cities of the country as a new character type for the long gallery of Warner interpretations.

The first role in which H. B. Warner impressed the imagination of America was that of the sentimental crook who was the hero of "Alias Jimmy Valentine." That play, which came out nearly a score of years ago, has never been forgotten. People who saw it speak of it today with a glow of pleasurable reminiscence.

### AT THE LIBERTY

Edith Roberts was called upon to faint when her old western wagon figured in a runaway during the filming of "The Wagon Master," Universal picture starring Ken Maynard, now at the Liberty theatre.

She nearly did faint when the runaway developed into the real thing.

The runaway was staged over a course studded with large rocks, and the outlook was more than exciting for a while, Miss Roberts relates. Then the horse

stumbled over a rock and was quieted down before any harm had resulted.

PORTLAND—Harold Clifford, state game warden, said abandoned game would either be removed or fish ladders constructed on them to insure future salmon runs.

You can ideally modify the harsh "edge" of French dressing if you add

## A dash of Sugar

THERE is no reason for French dressing making you wince when you eat it on your favorite salads. A dash of sugar added to the salt, pepper and vinegar or lemon juice, blends these ingredients with the oil into a dressing that is simply delicious.

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also delicious on fruit salads or combinations of fish and vegetables.

In cooking vegetables, a dash of sugar to a pinch of salt improves their flavor in a most surprising manner. For example, try this seasoning on carrots, string beans, peas, spinach and tomatoes and you will take new pleasure in eating these foods which have vitamins, mineral salts and roughage. The Sugar Institute.

"Most foods are more delicious and nourishing with Sugar"

CHAPTER XLV.

Alan learned how idle it is to build upon the anticipated emotional reactions of a fellow mortal.

For Natalie was not overcome with despair when he told her he was going to marry another woman. He found himself keenly disappointed in her manner of accepting what he had thought would be an overwhelming declaration. She did not shrink, or pale, or tremble.

The calm way she looked at him brought him a second shock. She did not love him! In a flash he realized that through all the weeks she was away, he fed himself upon the belief that she was suffering under her proud self-oxilation. He had no inkling of how shattering it would be to him to have this conviction upset.

But he knew it now, and he blamed Natalie for it. At least his temper rose as she sat there looking at him—waiting. Damn it all, she was motivated all through the whole sorry mess by nothing more than viciousness. And he thought it was pure jealousy. Pure jealousy! That was a good one. Jealousy inspired by love—if such feeling as she had for him could be called love!

He felt like laughing in her face. Love! Why, the woman had been merely fiercely possessive. Her passion had been nothing more than an insane desire to keep what belonged to her. And he gave her credit for being in love. He thought he could hurt her, punish her, through her affections.

He felt he had been cruelly mocked, for he had been in a constant struggle to suppress his desire to forgive her.

He thought now of the soft memories of her that had crept upon him in the night and threatened to make him forget what a rotten thing she did. He was glad he had banished them with firmness. His common sense had told him that he could never respect her again, even though he had to go on loving her to the end.

And now, after all this battling to put aside their love and begin his life anew and on a sensible basis, he learned there wasn't any love on her part.

It wasn't love that had brought her back, trying to re-establish herself. It was self-interest. Probably sick of the simple life she led at Aunt Emma's. Missed her friends in Westchester. Thought it would be easy to come back, now that Bernadine . . .

"Well!" he said challengingly. "Alan!" Natalie spoke patiently—"are you trying to hurt me, or do you merely say that as a way of refusing to give me the little boy?"

"Hurt you!" Alan exploded. "Is it possible?"

Natalie put out an imploring hand. "Please. It isn't necessary to be cruel, is it? You know you can't expect me to believe what you said."

"Believe it!" Alan repeated. Then he said, sobering: "Perhaps you can't, for you still imagine I was in love with Mrs. Lamont, don't you?"

He seemed to thrust the question at her as though he dared her to answer it. And his heart pounded furiously, as he waited for her to speak, because if she said "yes," she believed he had been in love with Bernadine, then all his disappointment of a moment ago had been uncanceled for.

She nodded.

"Then you thought I was bluffing?" he went on steadily.

Alan hesitated. He lost his desire to hurt her. But the truth had to be told. If she suffered ever it—or if it left her cold—what could it matter to him?

He did not look at her, gallantly denying himself a chance to measure her feelings for him. "I was not bluffing, Natalie," he said quietly. "There was a girl, and it was not Bernadine."

Natalie did not cry out, but this time it was not disbelief that silenced her. The unexpectedness of Alan's admission had come upon her with crushing force. "I would not look at her, but he heard her breath flutter through her lips.

"There was a girl—" the words

were branding themselves upon her brain while she sat frozen to lifelessness. "There was a girl—" Her hand flew to her lips when her anguish could no longer be contained in her breaking heart. The paralysis of shock had left her. She felt herself slumping down in her chair.

But what did it matter? What did it matter? Bernadine or another? She ought to be able to bear it better than this. But she never had heard Alan say it before—that there was a girl—he denied loving Bernadine Lamont. She never dreamed that it would be like to hear him say it himself—that he loved someone else.

She prayed he would give her time to recover before he spoke again. Blindly she fumbled in her handbag for a handkerchief. He saw the movement of her hands, but his gaze did not follow them to her face.

God, this was awful. But there was no retreating now. This was the price of jealousy and temper—that they had put impassable barriers between them.

He felt suddenly driven to talk to Natalie as he would to a friend. It might make it easier for both of them. He began quietly, though clearly with suppressed feeling, to tell her about Phillipa West. How she had been an understanding companion in his loneliness.

"And Natalie," he paused to interject, "that is not a joke, that sympathy racket. It led to my asking Phillipa to marry me when you got the divorce. She didn't demand that I must be in love with her. But she's a good kid. And she'll be kind to Bobby. I had to think of him, but I had talked about marriage to Phillipa before that. I don't remember exactly how it happened, but she's given up a lot for me. She could have married well, and she's had trouble with her family over our engagement. You see how it was when you came back with Florence?"

"Oh, why didn't you tell me?" Natalie moaned.

"I didn't dare to," Alan replied, and Natalie winced under the unequal implication of his words. "But I did hope that Phillipa would see how matters stood and put an end to the situation. I think she might have, too, but . . . he stopped stammering.

"But I spoiled it," Natalie ended for him.

"Yes," he said bitterly. "You spoiled it, Natalie."

"And you're going to marry Phillipa West?" Natalie asked. "You've made up your mind to go through with it?"

Alan nodded, gloomily. "I see no reason why I shouldn't," he answered. "It'll be a cad to back out, and Phillipa has done nothing to deserve such treatment."

Natalie's pale face flushed. She was thinking that he believed she merited very harsh treatment indeed. She was reminded that the finger of guilt still pointed at her. What if Alan should find a way to break his engagement to Phillipa, would it bring him back to her? She was obliged to confess that in all probability it would not.

She made a gesture of acceptance, weighted with weariness. She was suddenly very tired. It was all so hopeless, so useless, so futile. She didn't know where her responsibility began, or where it ended. Perhaps, when she had time to think . . .

She got up and held out her hand. "If you should wish to have a talk with me," she said, "come to see me. I'm going back to Philadelphia, to Aunt Emma's."

"Tonight?" Alan asked, reluctantly letting her hand go.

Natalie glanced at her wrist-watch. "I can make a train before dinner," she said. "Goodby."

She turned quickly and hurried away. She had meant to tell him she would go on with the divorce proceedings, but fear of a complete breakdown in his presence had checked her. Well, she could write to him, and wish him luck!

As she made her way to the nearest elevator, she was glad she had taken a room in the hotel, glad she had some place to go where no one would see her.

Alan stood watching her until she was out of sight. The thought was in his mind that he might

### Aid Impossible States Captain

BOSTON, June 13. (AP)—Captain Archibald Brooks of the liner Fairfax testified at the federal investigation here today that the sea disaster which overtook his ship and the Fall River tanker Plinthis Tuesday night, was over so quickly that any SOS calls could not have brought help quickly enough to cut down the loss of life. The crash took the lives of 46 persons.

Captain Brooks insisted, however, he had ordered a general SOS sent out immediately after the collision and that the operator tried to send the distress signal until he found his instrument had been made useless by the flames which swept the Fairfax from the exploding oil tanker.

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There are at least four mistakes in the above picture. They may pertain to grammar, history, etiquette, drawing or whatnot. See if you can find them. Then look at the scrambled word below—and unscramble it, by switching the letters around. Grade yourself 20 for each of the mistakes you find, and 20 for the word if you unscramble it. Turn to the back page and we'll explain the mistakes and tell you the word. Then you can see how near a hundred you bat.

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### Mom'n Pop



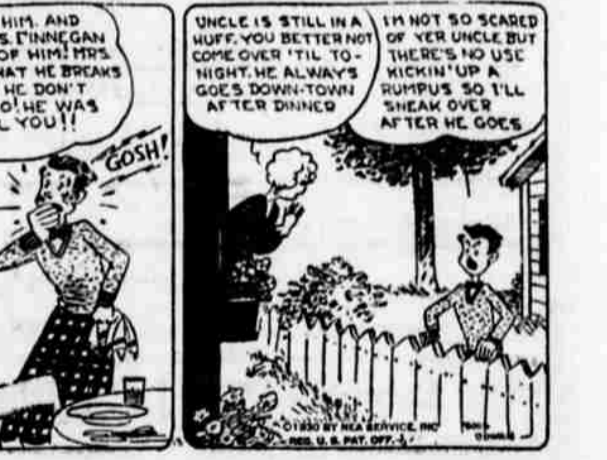
### Chic Is Brave, But—



### By Gowen



### By Blosser



### Freckles and His Friends



### And Now!



### By Blosser



### By Blosser

