

'MA' KENNEDY HAS HIGH PRAISE FOR HER NEW HUSBAND

Lack of 'Vine-Covered Cottage Line Won Me,' Says Mrs. Kennedy-Hudson, Honeymooning Here

"The Rev. Mr. Hudson. Whatta man!" So says his bride.

They were quietly sipping lunch today in a secluded corner of a downtown coffee shop when a reporter who, after one look at them, interrupted their tete-a-tete with:

"Good afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Hudson. And how are the newlyweds?"

It was a surprise both to the reporter and to the honeymooners, the Rev. J. E. Hudson and his bride, Mrs. Minnie Kennedy, mother of the evangelist, Almee Simple McPherson.

"That's how the newlyweds were found in Seattle. Until then they had been in seclusion. They meant to stay in seclusion even then."

"Let's Keep It Secret"

Mrs. Hudson smiled: "Let's keep it secret and you just go along and pretend you haven't discovered us."

Her husband, a smallish man with smooth black hair and a pleasant smile, blushed, rose from the table and started walking out.

"I wonder if you would give me just a little time?" Mr. Hudson asked. "You see, I have a bad cold and can't talk much. I must have got it staying indoors so much. This is the first day I've ventured out in daylight since our marriage last Saturday night. There have been so many of you fellows trying to find us."

"After all Mrs. Hudson and I are both free, white and 21—that is, we were free," he smiled.

Meanwhile "Ma" sat at the table

HONEYMOONERS DISCOVERED



finishing her dessert between chuckles.

Mr. Hudson stepped onto the street. "One more question," he was asked. "How long have you known Mrs. Hudson?"

He wrinkled his forehead, then replied: "For many years. But that's enough for now. I have a cold, you know. I'll call you later and tell you all about it."

And he walked down the street, leaving his bride in the restaurant.

"Ma" Kennedy-Hudson, who doesn't know whether she will add the new name or make Hudson change his to "Pa" Kennedy, smiled at the remains of a gouged cantaloupe.

Had Good Line

"Boy," she said benevolently, "Pa's got a cold. But I can talk. I can tell things that would make you goggle-eyed—but I won't."

"How did I happen to marry Mr. Hudson? Because he is the first man who ever came to me without that 'a little cottage with flowers all around—you know the rest of that line. I told him I wanted to carry the gospel. He urged me to do so. 'Work,' he said. Then I became interested in him."

"It's an old dress," she confided, "but it's cool."

"I put all my life's good years in Los Angeles. I gave Almee my heart, my energy and my brains until she became the angel of Angelus Temple."

"Everywhere I traveled I was just 'Ma.' I was the 'crowd' when three got together. I decided I needed a man, and—well, did you ever meet Mr. Hudson?"

"Ma" refused to discuss returning to work with Almee. "I'd rather not talk about it."

"Tell the folks in Seattle," she said. "I'm in a daze. This honeymoon is the happiest moment of my life. I could travel on and on like this forever. I'm soaring in the clouds. The Rev. Mr. Hudson. Whatta man!"

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Case of Woman Treasurer Goes To Jury Today

By United Press.

RAKED, Ore., Thursday, July 2.—Fate of Mrs. Emma Fowler, 52-year-old ex-city treasurer of La Grande, will be in the hands of a jury by nightfall, indications were as her trial resumed this morning.

She is accused of misappropriating \$108,000 of city funds to her own use. In her first trial the jury disagreed.

The defense had practically completed its case at adjournment last night. Today the state planned to present rebuttal witness in an attempt to shake testimony of Mrs. Fowler and other defense witnesses.

If she ever paid personal bills with city funds, Mrs. Fowler testified, the city was reimbursed.

Clothes Found on Beach

Believed to have been discarded by a thief, five suits of men's silk underwear, two sweaters and a man's blue serge coat and vest were found on the Lake Washington beach at the foot of 43rd Avenue North yesterday by Glen Armstrong, 2416 43rd Ave. N.

Voter Told He Was Dead

DULUTH, Minn., Thursday, July 2.—"You can't vote, you're dead," a Duluth citizen was told when he arrived at his polling place during election. Investigation revealed that there had been two men of the same name in the district and one had died.

British Builders Have Delivered to the Japanese Navy a Flying Boat Designed to Carry 200 Persons, Asserted to Be the Largest in the World.

There were 34,000,000 more telephone calls in Great Britain last year than in the previous year, the total reaching 1,350,000,000.

Ribless umbrellas, made of oiled paper, that can be folded and carried in a hand bag, have been in-

Indians Gather in Okanogan Hills for Annual Potlatch

By Associated Press.

NESEPELEM, Thursday, July 2.—The thump of tom-toms is heard throughout the Okanogan Hill country today as thousands of Indians trek here for their annual potlatch.

Smoka curls out of newly set-up wigwams as Coeur d'Alenes, Nez Perces, Yakimas, Spokanes, Columbias, Umatillas, Nespelems and British Columbia tribes are gathering near the tomb of Chief Joseph, great Nez Perce exile. Some come painted and feathered in the garb of their fathers, others in white man's store clothes, riding in automobiles.

The potlatch starts tomorrow, lasting through July 9. War dances, horse races, the white man's rodeo, carnival midway booths, some surreptitious gambling, horse trading and feasting are high lights on the program.

The first potlatch was held here in 1900, with Chief Joseph, exiled years before because of his historic stand against white invasion, attending. It has been held annually since then. Some of Joseph's warriors, now feeble, will watch the celebration.

Originally only Indians participated. They came from all parts of the Inland Empire, bringing blankets, horses, guns and other articles for trading. Then the whites started coming, and this year almost as many as Indians will be here.

CAPT. PEASLEY AND HIS BOYS ON WAY NORTH

Famous Skipper Takes Youthful Crew Aboard Sloop Linda for Voyage

Adventures such as most boys find only in books began yesterday afternoon for ten eager boys aboard the auxiliary sloop Linda for a month's cruise in Alaskan waters.

Their skipper is Capt. Ralph (Matt) Peasley, immortalized in fiction by Peter B. Kyne and one of the most romantic seafarers in the whole world of ships. Under his leadership the expedition will cruise up the inside passage to far-away haunts of the "killer" whale near Glacier Bay and Mount Fairweather.

But not a harpoon gun have they aboard. Two "movie" cameras will

do the "shooting" for the expedition and when the Linda returns next month it will be with a "cargo" of films in whose making "there she blows!" will have taken the place of "camera!" Besides the "movies" there will be plenty of "still" pictures, for every man aboard has his own camera ready for any situation.

Two Denver Boys

At Ballard locks Harby left the Linda to drive to Friday Harbor, where two Denver boys will increase the youthful crew to an even dozen. Under a commission from the State Museum to collect flora and fauna of Alaska, the expedition will try to bring back as spectacular a find as was obtained last year when the Linda returned with a 100-year-old mummy of an Indian child.

People of Spain are turning from European to American automobiles.

Clarence T. Arai Becomes Captain In Army Reserve

Two Seattle men, reserve officers in the 9th Corps Area, recently received promotions, according to information received from headquarters at the Presidio, San Francisco. They are Clarence T. Arai, first lieutenant, Infantry Reserve, who was promoted to captain, and Ray Robert Boudreaux, second lieutenant, Air Reserve, who was promoted to first lieutenant. Captain Arai, an attorney, resides at 1102 E. Spruce St., and Lieutenant Boudreaux is with the Pacific Air Transport.

Dr. Mayo Heads Surgical Association

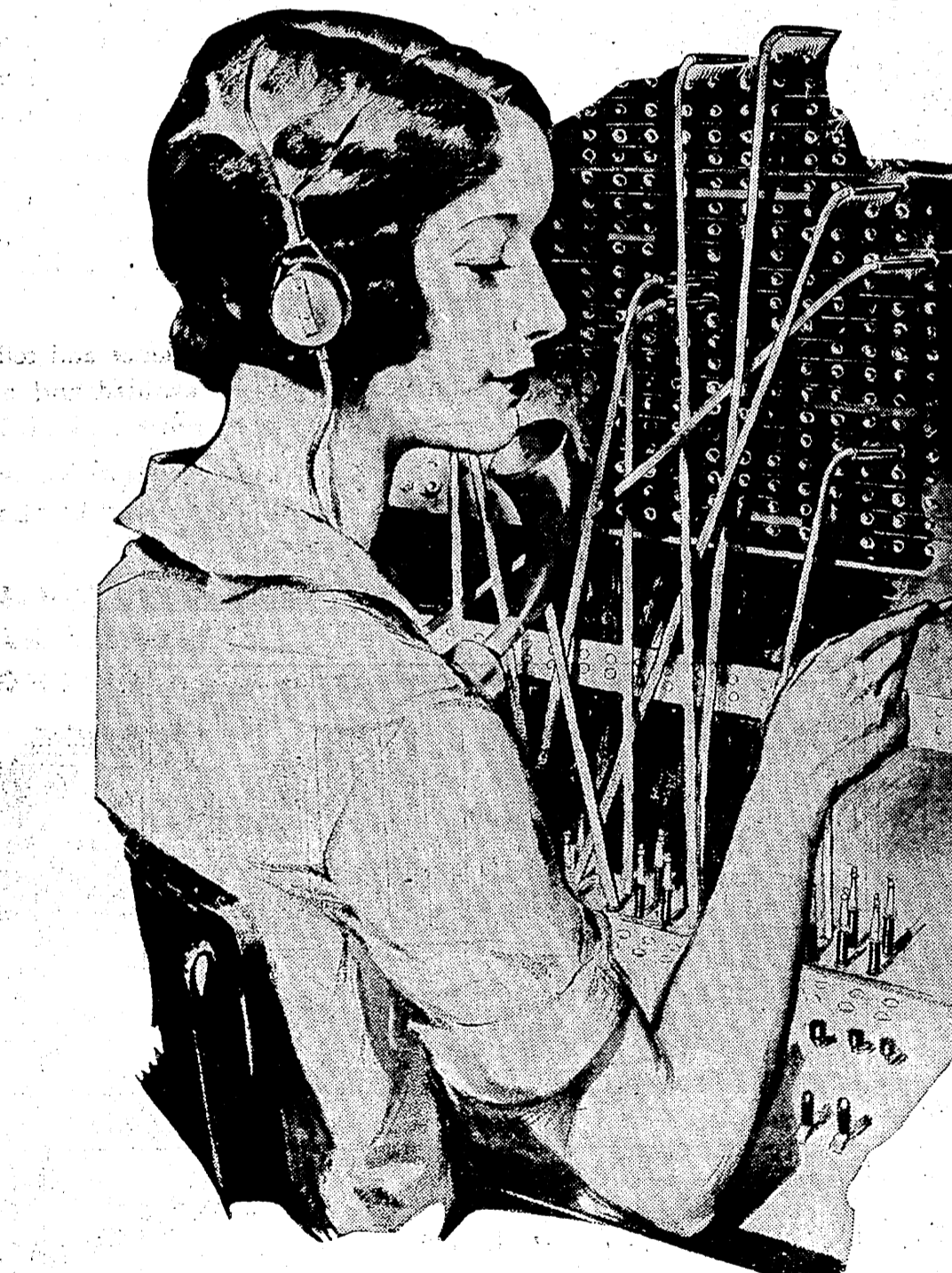
SAN FRANCISCO, Thursday, July 2.—(AP)—Dr. Charles Mayo of the Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minn., will preside over next year's convention of the American Surgical Association at New Haven, Conn. Dr. Mayo was elected president of the association yesterday at the close of the three-day convention here, and the 1932 convention city was chosen.

Papers read by fellows of the association included one by Dr. J. Tate Mason, Seattle.

What is described as the world's longest motor route for tourists has been established between the head of navigation for Nile River steamers and Capetown, South Africa.

Marseilles, France, will hold an international fair next fall.

Good—they've got to be good!



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