

DR. HENRY BUTT, A NEW YORKER, EXPRESSES HIS OPINION OF AIMEE M'PHERSON, THE EVANGELIST

(New York Sun)

"It may be imagined that concerning so publicized a personality as Aimee, the Evangelist, little that is new and novel can be said. The case is the exact opposite. For more than a year, recently, I lived on Echo Park avenue, within sight of Angelus Temple which, after the first futile efforts, I managed to attend every Sunday night. Aimee was at her apogee, attracting many more thousands than even her enormous temple could accommodate."

The speaker was Dr. Henry Butt, affluent sociologist of New York and a world traveller, his audience, a small company of professional men, including two justices of the Municipal Court, as guests at luncheon at a mid-town hotel.

"I wish New York could breathe the atmosphere of this evangelist's success," Dr. Butt continued. "Here on the Eastern seaboard we know of her chiefly as a figure of seemingly fantastic contradictions, presented under sensational headlines. True, Los Angeles papers play up Aimee, too, under streamers that often stalk

across the front page. But on the Pacific Coast Aimee Semple McPherson Hutton (with reported impending amputation of the Hutton now) is an institution.

"In the latter days of her polychrome career, just before she went abroad, Aimee had come to be in great demand at civic gatherings. At every one of these she stole the show.

"I attended one of these events in Los Angeles. Gov. Rolph of California and visiting heads of other States were among the speakers. When the evangelists' turn came she told of three great honors which had come to her which she greatly cherished. One was when she had been made a chaplain in the American Legion; another was when she was given a gold badge and made an honorary chief in the Los Angeles Fire Department, with the right to ride in the red wagon. And she told, with gusto and pride and humor, of how they took her for a ride.

"Her account of the third honor brought down the house. Every one there understood the allusion, but I should explain to New Yorkers, occupied with your own kidnapping, that in

1926 Aimee, according to her version, escaped from kidnappers and fled over the Mexican desert to safety and Uncle Sam.

Burning Sands

"I refer now to the event," Aimee went on, "when I was made an honorary member of the Mystic Shrine. They wired me from their convention in Iowa. I replied that I didn't think I was entitled to the distinction. 'Oh, yes you are,' came back a gallant telegram, 'Haven't you walked the burning sands?'"

"It is putting it mildly to say that this caused an uproar of applause. People, including the governors, laughed till they almost cried.

"You don't get Aimee unless you follow her humor, her apt repartee and her instinct for dramatic values in oratory and action. In Boston, an insouciant reported in the group asked if she had been kidnapped lately. Joining in the laughter, Aimee told them that the kidnapping episode had trebled the membership of Angelus Temple.

"That Gargantuan structure, built on the domed plan of a Greek stadium, seats in modern theatrical comfort, 5,300. Aimee's membership exceeds 18,000. She never advertises her services, save on the facade of the temple, or in the ornate and busy lobby; but when anything super-special is scheduled, a multitude is turned away.

"I found after my first failures, that the best way to get in is to go around in advance and qualify as a stranger. Then you can get a pass for the night. Otherwise the doors are locked against you fully two hours before the services begin. I know of no other success like hers in America or Europe.

"One Sunday night along Echo Park, on which my temporary home confronted, I beheld more firemen assembling than I had ever before seen in a mass. I was told there were 800, half the fire-fighting force of Los Angeles. I learned that they were about to march to music to Angelus Temple to hold, under Aimee's auspices, their annual memorial service for firemen who had that year passed on.

I followed with my pass and saw the 800 escorted to reserved seats. Then the evangelist asked all members of the church to rise. About 3,000, according to her estimate, responded. The temple by this time was packed, with thousands on the street. The assembly halls in our college (which joins the temple), she explained, hold altogether over 3,000. I ask the members to go there, where, although they cannot see what is going on, can hear everything said or sung."

Gave a Picnic

A year ago she gave a Fourth of July picnic in Echo Park. About 5,000 people came. Movie camera men were

there. At one point, Aimee mounted their ladder and said, 'Let's all sing 'Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow.' It's four lines over,' the preacher said with an all-embracing gesture: 'Come, all of you, break bread with us.'

"Pressed to seat myself at the long tables which the municipality provides, I was served roast chicken, mashed potatoes, peas, spaghetti au gratin, ice cream, cake and coffee free.

"Watch that chicken," said the evangelist as she left the table. "Which one?" replied a youth surrounded by a bevy of sun-kissed favorites, and Aimee joined in the merriment.

"The commissary is an important part of Angelus Temple's eighty departments. It runs day and night with a fleet of trucks carrying food, medical supplies, fuel and services to any one within Los Angeles county, an area which would be an empire abroad.

"There's a municipal law making it necessary for any one to live in Los Angeles a year before official help is accorded. But a person can get mighty hungry in a year," is one of Aimee's sayings. No questions are asked. Feed them first; then ask questions, is her program.

"When school funds failed last term, she fed 2,000 children a day. That is one reason why, when she returned to Los Angeles, the police gave her mounted escort in the march to the temple, and why the Fire Department made her a chief."

TWO BALLOONS MAY HAVE BEEN LOST AT SEA

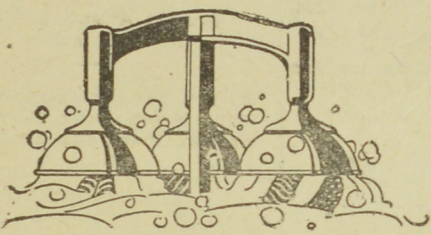
Chicago, Sept. 8.—Grave fears that two balloons in the international drifted out over the Atlantic Ocean. James Bennett balloon races may have and carried four men to their deaths were expressed by officials of the race tonight.

The United States Army, Navy and Coast Guards were asked to aid in searching for the balloons, on one of which Ward T. Van Oran, perhaps the most noted of American balloonists, was pilot. Canadian authorities were asked to co-operate. A message was sent to Warren D. Robbins, United States Minister at Ottawa, asking Canadian assistance. The two balloons took off from Curtiss-Wright airport here at 6 p.m., Saturday, and it would have been impossible for them to remain in the air longer than Wednesday noon, Manager Cliff Henderson said. Four other balloons in the race landed safely.

Van Orman piloted the Goodyear IX, a civilian entry. The other missing balloon was a Polish entry piloted by Captain Franciszek Hynek.

Ho hum! Baseball excitement all over now for Football.

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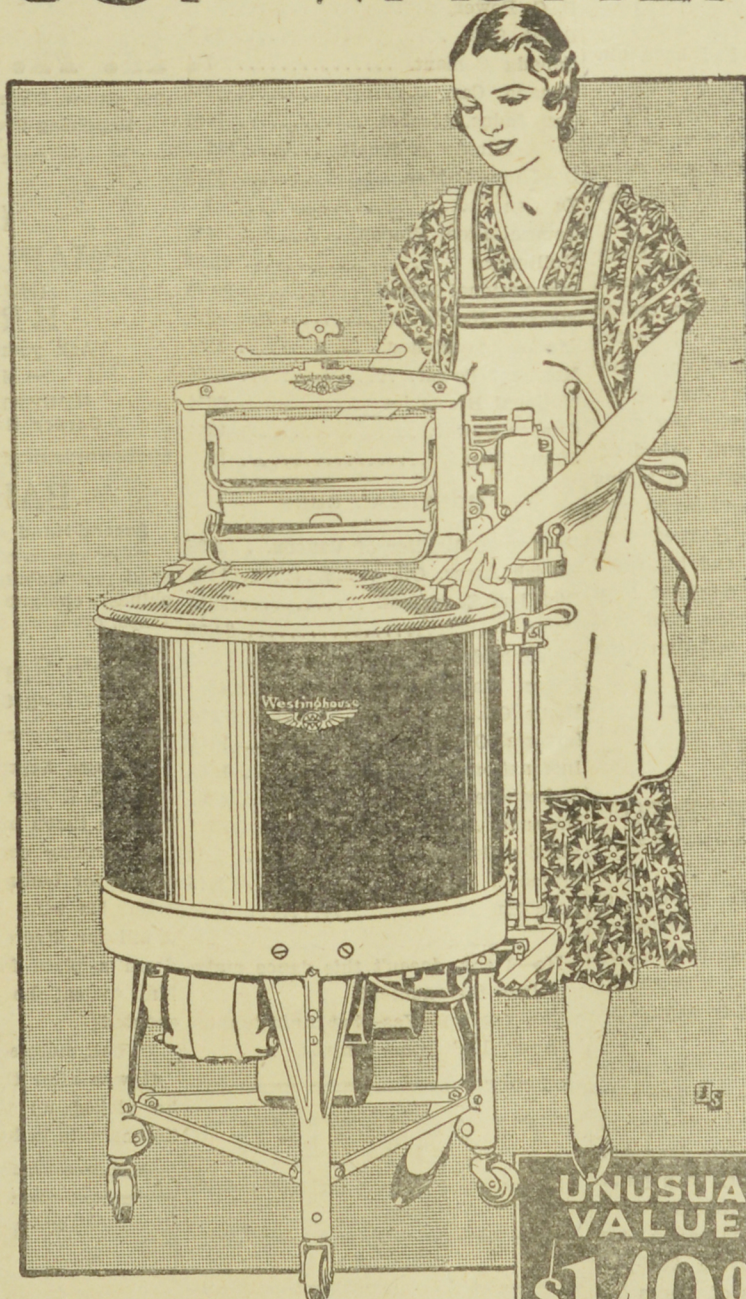
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UNUSUAL
VALUE
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Many good—but not very wise persons seem to think that all advertisements are just the vainglorious braggings of those who publish them—designed to part fools and their money. The truth is that most advertisements are incitements to their readers to do or be or buy or use something for their immediate or prospective advantage. Advertisers, to be successful and to live long, have to offer something of value or of desire—something really wanted or needed by the public. Advertisers, to live long, must not cheat the expectations or confidence of those who buy what they offer or propose.

Here are some questions to be answered by those who say "I never read advertisements"—

- 1.—What alarm clock would you buy if you needed one?
- 2.—What camera would you buy, for your own use, or to give to a son or daughter?
- 3.—What motor car possesses your favor?
- 4.—What face cream or shaving soap or cream, or tooth paste did you use today?
- 5.—What laundry soap (or flakes) is in your kitchen right now?
- 6.—What brand of tobacco would you buy if you were a user?
- 7.—The watch on your wrist—what name does it bear?
- 8.—What theatre is presenting the best program?
- 9.—Your life insurance policy—what company issued it?
- 10.—The ginger ale which you serve to guests—what brand is it?
- 11.—The tea which you buy regularly—what brand is it?
- 12.—The baked beans and the tomato catsup now on your pantry shelves—what brands are they?

YOU SEE! Whether or not you consciously or habitually read advertisements, you buy, by preference, what advertisements have recommended to your confidence and what experience has proven to be satisfactory.

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