

# Linda Lee Inc.

by LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

(Continued From Our Last Issue.)  
Bel would have her hand, there was no refusing him that open sign of friendship. There was nothing she could do now but take his cues as they fell, and treat the encounter as one of the most welcome she had ever experienced.

"But wherever did you bob up from, Bel?"  
"From the east, naturally—last night's train. Never saw a movie in the making before, you know. Most entertaining. Congratulated you and Mr. Summerlad on the way you played your little scene just now. Only for the camera over there, I'd have sworn you both meant it."

"Don't put too much trust in the camera, Mr. Druce," Summerlad interposed blandly. "Rumor to the contrary notwithstanding it has been known to lie."

"Here you, Mr. Summerlad?" Bellamy met his impudence with irrepressible audacity. "So we meet again. Well, pleasant circumstances than last time, what?"

"Conditions are what one makes them, out here in California. I hope you'll find the climate healthier than Chicago's."

"Trust me for that," Bellamy retorted in entire good humor. "But, I say," he glanced in feigned apprehension toward the camera—"not obstructing traffic, am I?"

"No fear of Jacques would've bawled you out long ago."

"Slight," Jacques averred, coming forward to be introduced. "All through for today, folks," he called back to the company. "Let's go!"

"Anxious to see you, Linda, of course, and have a talk some time when you're not professionally engaged," said Bel as they strolled toward the machines.

"You may call on me Friday, Bel."

"At the Hollywood, of course. Many thanks."

Bellamy was meticulously galling about helping Linda, and Fanny into their car, then returned to his own, wagging a farewell to Summerlad as the latter sped away with Jacques.

They had been some time under way when Fanny broke in upon Linda's meditations with an ecstatic murmur. "Priceless!"

Linda came to with a frown. "I'm glad you think so," she said shortly.

"Don't be upstage. You know it's priceless. Why didn't you tell me Bel was such a lamb?"

But Linda was inattentive; she had lapsed swiftly into an abstraction which had less to do with the reappearance of Bellamy than the issue of the Summerlad affair.

She was possessed with a species of rapturous alarm.

IN sequel Linda knew two days stratified. Most of the time, of course, all of it spent with Lynn or in dreaming of him, she was merely but comprehensively a young woman in love and glad of it. Nevertheless, dark hours alternated in apprehension of what she was relieved must be her final talk with Bel.

Linda found it by no means easy to compose an attitude which she could depend upon to dishearten Bel decisively, without going to the length of telling him point-blank that she was in love with another man and meant to marry him as man and meant to marry him as man and meant to marry him as man.

Somehow, one got scant comfort of the retort obvious, that if Lynn did paint his nose he at least did it just to marry a man who paints his nose for a living.

She rehearsed the scene, but Bel failed not only to call it the hour appointed or to send word of explanation.

Linda had sacrificed the evening to sense of duty; a true sacrifice, for Lynn was leaving early next morning to spend a fortnight with his company in an Oregon logging camp.

Losing patience, Linda called the Alexandria on the telephone, and was informed that Mr. Druce had "checked out" early in the morning, saying nothing of an intention to return.

No note came from Bellamy the next morning, and nothing transpired in the course of the next several weeks, except any due to the middle with the upshot that Linda thought about her husband a great deal more than she wanted to or had at any time since leaving Chicago. It was strange, it wasn't like Bel to treat any woman so rudely.

JACQUES kept the Summerlad company away so long that his return found the first Linda Lee production in full swing, with Barry Nolan in command, Linda playing the supple puppet of his whim.

Fanny demurely walking through the feminine part of second importance, and Lorraine functioning at the peak of his capacity as executive genius.

Why it should be so hard on him nobody seemed to know and Lorraine was too busy to explain.

To all his symptoms of haste and bounce, his wife played silent but attentive audience, though often questioning a sympathetic confidant, would find it without fail in Barry Nolan.

Irish both by descent and profession, Nolan had at least that sense conspicuously developed. What others he possessed was a question which came to occupy many of Linda's spare moments. She couldn't account, unless a spiteful disposition, a fetching grin, infectious verve, impudence without end, and a distinctly indicated vein of genius, summed up the essential qualifications of a director who pretended to err a

wage of \$25,000 per production.  
But Linda first mistrusted his ability, because of his appalling ignorance concerning rudimentary principles of social usage.

Since the story they were concerned with had to do with people of fashionable New York, Linda thought it important that their manners should conform to approved convention; but Nolan was so little learned in such matters and his impatience with them was wholehearted. Why worry about little things like that? Life's too short, and we're wasting time!

But that distrust of Barry Nolan's competency which troubled Linda's mind almost from the very outset of their association had yet to crystallize on the Saturday when Summerlad was expected home.

To get rid of Linda's presence, which instinct was already beginning to warn him was silently skeptical of his claims—Nolan artfully suggested that she might like to review the rushes of yesterday's camera work.

Assuming that she would find the projection-room empty, Linda made her way to it without bothering to remove her make-up, but on opening the door saw a fan-like beam of lurid light wavering about its darkness, and would have withdrawn, had not Zinn's genial accents hailed her from the rear of the long, black-walled, tunnel-like chamber.

"Come right on in, Miss Lee. We'll be through in a minute. Just running some of the film come through from Joe Jacques yesterday. 'Ernest' stuff that boy Summerlad's putting over this time."

Then with a fluttering heart Linda identified her husband in Zinn's companion.

"Shake hands with Mr. Druce, Miss Lee; new tenant of mine, going to work here same as you, just signed a lease for space to make his first production."

"What?"  
At that monosyllabic of dismayed protest, Linda saw Zinn's little

eyes of a pig grow wide with surprise.

"But I am fortunate, Mr. Zinn, in already having the honor of Miss Lee's acquaintance," Bellamy took possession of her hand.

"Is that so? You two know each other? Why don't you tell me?"

Linda found her voice all at once, but hardly her self-possession. "It isn't—it can't be true! Bel! It isn't true you're—"

"Afraid it is, Linda," Bel's smile was lightly mocking. "The picture business has got me in its toils at last. Only needed that trip out here to decide me. Now I'm in up to my ears. Something to do, you know."

When Zinn departed, however, Bel's manner changed.

"I'm sorry, Linda—I really don't mean to be a pest."

"Give me half a chance."

"You had that chance weeks ago, and deliberately refused it."

"But surely you got my note explaining I was called east on two hours' notice, but would return as soon as I could?"

"Possibly," Linda suggested with labored scorn, "you misadvised it, forgetting which of your numerous acquaintances you were writing to."

"I addressed it," Bel insisted stoutly, "to Mrs. Bellamy Druce."

"If so, that explains it. They know me at the hotel only as Linda Lee."

When the screen once more shone blank and the ceiling light flashed on, Bel was smiling cheerfully.

"No wonder you fell for the screen so hard, Linda; you're exquisite, and no mistake."

"You said you wanted to explain, Bel; you won't get another chance. He nodded soberly. "I can say all I want to in three minutes. Then you're free to call it quits for good, if you like."

That posed her rudely. Did he mean—could it be possible he meant he had become reconciled to the rift in their relations?

"Can you doubt that's what I'll like, Bel?"

"Bellamy gave his head a stubborn shake and stepped nearer. "Please don't be angry because of anything stupid I may say. I came out here that first time dead set to win you back at any cost, still madly in love with you, absolutely unable to conceive of a life that didn't pivot on you, Linda. I was prepared to give you any pledges you could possibly ask—"

"Did you flatter yourself any pledge you could give would mean anything to me, when you'd broken your word so often?"

"I hoped you could make you understand that a blow your leaving me had been, how it had brought me to my sense at last, jolted me up on the water-wagon, where I've been ever since—I haven't had a suspicion of a drink, Linda, since that night you ran away—and made me see what an unappealing potter I'd been, fooling around as I had. That's another thing I cut out like a shot. I haven't looked sideways at another woman since."

"Not even after discovering I'd fallen in love with another man?"

"Not even after that. Somehow

## Peasant Embroideries



PEASANT embroideries are all characterized by the use of brilliant colors—chiefly red and blue, helped out with touches of orange, purple, green and yellow. Odd looking fruit, tulips, bellflowers and bizarre birds are the favorite patterns.

Sometimes the designs are embroidered, but more often they are applied to a garment in some strongly contrasting color.

## SISTER MARY'S KITCHEN

### ONIONS ADD MUCH TO VEGETABLE DINNER



DON'T overlook onions as a dinner vegetable.

The choice Spanish or Bermuda onions now in market can be served in a variety of ways both nourishing and delicious.

Season with salt and pepper, add parsley, bread crumbs and butter. Mix well and add the egg unbeaten. Mix with a fork. Fill onion shells with mixture. Bake half an hour in a moderate oven, basting every 10 minutes with boiling water and a little butter.

Remove from oven, sprinkle with buttered crumbs and brown quickly.

Scalloped Onions.

Four onions, 2 cups white sauce, 4 tablespoons grated cheese, 4 tablespoons buttered crumbs.

Peel onions and put in a shallow pan. Cover with cold water and bring to the boiling point. Drain. Cut in thin slices and put a layer in a buttered baking dish, sprinkle with cheese and cover with white sauce.

Continue layer for layer until all is used. Cover top with buttered crumbs and bake half an hour in a moderate oven. Increase the heat if necessary for the last 10 minutes of baking to brown the top.

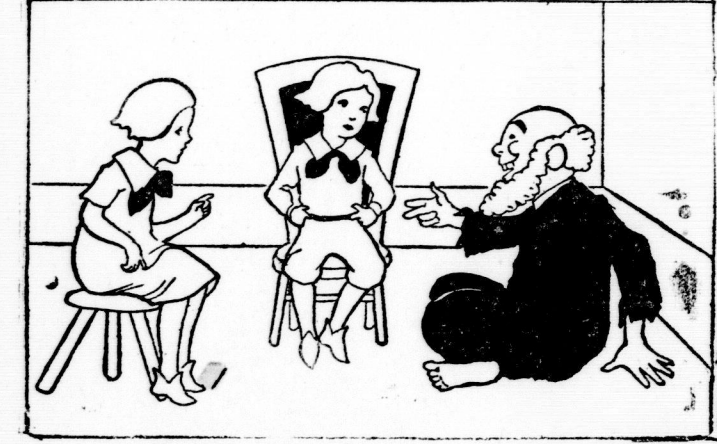
The cheese may be omitted and the onions served as a dinner vegetable. Left-over onions are often reheated this way.

(Copyright, 1922).

## ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

### The Moon-Man's Aids Are Many--- And His Foes, Too

[By Olive Roberts Barton.]



Mr. Peersabout sat on the floor and crossed his legs.

"NOW then," said the Man-in-the-Moon, when the Magical Mushroom had gone, "I'll have to tell you all about my friends, my dears Nancy, you sit on this crooked little stool, and Nick, you sit on this wobbly little chair. There, that's all hunky-dory."

Mr. Peersabout himself sat on the floor and crossed his legs.

"I suppose," said he, "when earth people see the moon shining so peacefully in the sky high over the tree tops, they nod and say to each other, 'My, what a snap the Man-in-the-Moon has. Nothing to do but loaf around in his silver palace and admire the scenery.' They don't know in the first place that up here we have the utmost contempt both for silver palaces and laziness."

"They don't know, either, what a time my fairies and I have of it."

"Where do you keep them? Your fairies?" asked Nick.

"Well, in different places," said Mr. Peersabout. "My dream fairies live here in the moon in Snoozelium

casual women don't mean anything to me any more—I mean, casual flirtations. They're too stupid—silly waste of time. I guess I had to be as squiffy as I used to be most of the time, not to be lured by them then."

"This is all very interesting, I'm sure. But after all, it doesn't explain—now, does it?"

"It explains why I followed you out here the first trip, why I had to see you in another man's arms, kissing him, and then hear all the small-town gossip about you two before I'd believe."

"There's gossip then?"

"What do you think?"

Linda affected a shrug of indifference. Bel mustn't guess she cared what people said.

"And what has that to do—?"

"Just this, I don't like it. As I say, if you want to run around with a movie actor, that's your affair; but so long as you remain my wife, it's my affair, too. Don't forget it's my name you're trailing through this sink-hole of scandal."

She flamed at him—"Bel!"—but he wouldn't heed.

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

## WHAT IS ONE?

### HAS WESTERN ONTARIO ANY GENTLEMEN?

MINDFUL of the fact that replies to the query, "Has Western Ontario Any Gentlemen?" must be in before tomorrow, Wednesday noon, May 24, all those who wish to voice an opinion should write immediately their letters answering this interesting question. Hundreds of letters have been received and hundreds more will pour in before the contest concludes.

This question, to judge from the letters received, has had an arresting influence on all who saw it. They at once began to ponder when they noticed the contest. There is a great deal of food for thought in these four or five words, "What Is a Perfect Gentleman?" To the one who answers this question the best The London Advertiser will pay \$5, and for the next five best answers after the first, \$1 each.

Remember the contest closes Wednesday noon.

## MY NEIGHBOR.

You ask me to define the word "Gentleman," so often heard.

I thought of one whose aged face, E'er beams with friendship, love and grace.

Whose greeting ever seems to be A word of cheer just meant for me, And thus I see him every day, A man, whose form is bent and gray.

And in and out the neighborhood His every act spells "Brotherhood." Whose clothes, perhaps, are not the best.

Whose manners, social code might quest. For when he passes on his way, Whether he raises his hat or not, I cannot say.

I only see his sunny smile, And life is brighter for a while, For, oh, the spirit from within Proclaims this man a gentleman.

MARY ELIZABETH McGRATH, Box 271, Stratford, Ont.

## A GENTLEMAN?

A gentleman is just a gentleman, no more, no less.

A diamond polished that was first a diamond in the rough.

A human being who is modest and gentle, deeming others better than himself. He may be awkward, angular, homely or poor, his face may be bronzed at the forge or bleached in the mill; his hand huge and hard; his patched vest like Joseph's coat of many colors, but he walks uprightly, with a certain righteousness, speaks the truth in his heart, values his character not so much of it only as can be seen by others, but as he sees it himself. And as he respects himself by the same law does he respect others.

He has his love all, but retains his courage, cheerfulness, hope, virtue, and ever trying to follow in the footsteps of our Master, is a true gentleman.

MABEL M. LUMSDEN, R. R. No. 4, Norwich, Ont.

## A TRUE MAN.

A perfect gentleman is first of all a true man, clean within and without. Fearing God with self-reverence, self-knowledge and self-control, and a well-informed mind. Reared in the atmosphere of a refined home, under the influence of his mother, a perfect gentleman, who has trained her son in the small courtesies (so dear to every woman's heart), as well as the more important ones. Through habits of self-control, unselfish service to others, the boy grows up to be the perfect gentleman, showing naturally and easily through home training and confirmed habits, the outward expression of the inward state of a perfect gentleman. Though rare, we do meet them.

ISABELLA GARDINER, Wardsville, Ont.

## A COURTEOUS MAN.

In my opinion what constitutes a gentleman is a man that is courteous and kind to all, both young and old, and practices the same thoughtfulness towards his family as he does towards his friends.

A man that is benevolent in cases of extreme poverty in his immediate locality and willing to aid the sick and do whatever good his hand might find to do, and one that reveres God's holy word. Such a man as this will neither use profane language nor do the things which he ought not to do, morally and physically clean. In every respect he will be counted a perfect gentleman, even though his garments are not of the latest cut. I have several acquaintances who might be called perfect gentlemen and undoubtedly there are quite a number throughout Western Ontario.

MRS. ALBERT ALWARD, R. R. No. 2, Port Burwell.

## GENTLE TO OTHERS.

You have asked the question, "What is a gentleman?" First of all, because a man stands with uncovered head in the presence of ladies, he may or may not be a gentleman. There are bad men who follow all the conventionalities of society. They are not gentlemen.

A gentleman is as the name implies—a gentle man. A man may not even lift his hat to a lady, but if he is a gentle man he is a gentleman.

Gentle and considerate of others' feelings constitutes a gentleman. "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you" constitutes a gentleman whether he wears broadcloth or overalls. JACK RILEY.

## TREATS ALL ALIKE.

A gentleman is a man who is well bred, respectable and honorable. One who treats rich and poor alike and never brags about his victories or mourns over his losses. A man of high principles, courteous and kind to everyone. A gentleman is educated and has fine manners. One who never cheats or gets his money by gambling or any other dishonest means. P. J. E.

360 Central Avenue, London, Ont.

## GUARDS GOOD NAME.

A perfect gentleman is a man who guards a woman's name rather than slanders it, a man that is the same in his inner life as he is in his social life. One that can be trusted and a friend in need, one that is honest, truthful, kind, considerate and courteous to everyone. Also one who has no bad habits or evil intentions. A man that is clean in mind, body and neat in appearance. A man is not a gentleman who flirts with his wife and family at home but appears charming in society.

He is a man who sees fair play and is refined in his language and actions.

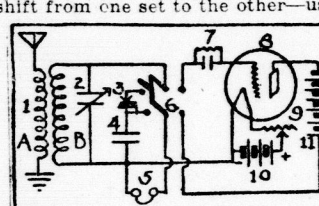
## Radio Radiations

Amateurs are requested to make their queries as brief as possible to facilitate the publication and answering of the questions. Address your communications to the Radio Editor, The London Advertiser.

## BY THE RADIO EDITOR.

If you have passed from the crystal detector stage to that of the vacuum tube, do not throw your old set into the discard. It may be used with the larger set in one circuit.

By the use of a double-pole/double-throw switch, you will be able to shift from one set to the other—using



CRYSTAL AND VACUUM TUBE DETECTOR CIRCUIT.

The old crystal detector for nearby broadcasting and the vacuum tube for more distant reception.

Hook up according to the diagram: No. 1—Loose coupler or variable coupler with "A" representing the primary and "B" the secondary. No. 2—Variable condenser of about

.0005 microfarads shunted across the secondary.  
No. 3—Crystal detector, galena preferably.  
No. 4—Small fixed condenser.  
No. 5—Head phones of high resistance.  
No. 6—Double-pole, double-throw switch for changing from the crystal to the vacuum tube detector or vice-versa.  
No. 7—Grid leak and grid condenser.  
No. 8—Detector tube.  
No. 9—Filament rheostat.  
No. 10—Six-volt "A" battery.  
No. 11—A 22½-volt "B" battery.

## RADIO PRIMER

FILAMENT—A thin wire of tungsten or other adopted substance for illumination by electricity in a vacuum tube. In the radio vacuum tube, the filament is used to emit millions of electrons, when lighted. This makes part of the action of a vacuum tube detector or amplifier.

who are lost by the way and guide and show them to the land of light and not sit around when there's work to do and think he belongs to just a few.

He respects his home and the old folks, too; he will do almost anything that man can do on the street. In the shop, in the factory, too, he never gives up while there's good work to do. He will abhor evil if it's in his way and cleave to what's good till the judgment day. He won't use language that is profane nor chew tobacco; that is not ordained. He will place no obstacle in the way of a brother or sister from day to day, but always be cheerful, kindhearted and true and do for others the best you can do.

A GENTLEMAN.

HONORS ALL WOMEN.

A perfect gentleman is a man who treats every woman whatever her station in life, be it high or low, always with respect and courtesy; ways with respect and courtesy; station in life, as he himself would wish to be treated, and who acts toward all God's harmless creatures with mercy and kindness. M. G. Rodney, Ont.

DENYING SELF.

This is my opinion of a true gentleman: Until a man becomes a Christian he can hardly be called a true gentleman. We read in II Corinthians v. 17: If any man be in Christ he is a new creature, old things are passed away, behold all things are become new.

When a man has taken his stand, he has denied self and sin and can truly be called a gentleman, for the fruits of the spirit are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness and temperance.

If a man has the spirit of Christ dwelling within him he will be courteous, generous and gentle to all whom he comes in contact with, even to dumb animals. It pays to be a true gentleman. FLORENCE WILLIAMS, R. R. No. 3, Wyoming, Ont.

A GENTLEMAN.

A gentleman is a man who is not gay, but just goes along in his own right way and doesn't heed gossip as some today, but strives to help others

STUDIES CHARACTER.

After reading the question, "What is a perfect gentleman?" I began to study the characters of individuals with regard to their qualifications as such, and I finally formed the conclusion that there are none that are perfect, yet they may be gentlemen.

As proof of my statements I would like to refer to Romans III. 10: "As it is written, there is none righteous, no, not one." And if a man cannot be righteous I do not think he can be perfect. He may be a very courteous gentleman, when meeting strangers or in society, and probably held in high esteem by his companions, but does his disposition remain in the same attitude when he reaches the home of his wife or parents, or does it cast a shadow of fear and discontentment over the home. In many instances the so-called perfect gentleman are as wolves in sheep's clothing, deceiving others as well as himself. C. A. M.

Ostrander, Ont.

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## The Only Way—To Test Tea is to Taste it.

### "SALADA"

Natural Leaf Green Tea is proving a revelation to those who have been users of Japans.

TRY IT—YOU WILL LIKE IT

or when warm or nervous. Bathe your forehead and wrists with MAVIS Toilet Water. It will refresh you and give you charm. As refreshing as a garden on a Summer morning, its fragrance lasts longer because of the higher percentage of the essence of MAVIS perfume used.

MAVIS TOILET WATER

What You Should Do After Your Bath

MAVIS

TOILETRIES

When you are constipated, there is not enough lubricant produced by your system to keep the food waste soft. Doctors prescribe Nujol because its action is so close to this natural lubricant.

Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot gripe. Try it today.

Headaches

(Are Usually Due to Constipation)

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