

Linda Lee Inc.

by LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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"Deal with that when it comes up. Frankly, don't believe it ever will. Don't mean to give Linda any reason I can avoid."

"What you mean is, you really love—"

"I mean," he cut in sharply, "what-ever my shortcomings, I respect Linda, I won't hurt her if I can help it."

"How charming of you!"

For all acknowledgment she received a silent inclination of his head, and she began to laugh dangerously, the heat in her cheeks shaming their rouge.

"Well, I'm glad I've come to understand you before we went any farther."

"Amen to that."

"And so all your love-making has been simply—"

"The same as yours, Amy."

"Then why did you ever make love to me at all, please?"

"Because you let me see you wanted me to."

The brutal truth of that lifted the woman to her feet. "I don't think I care for any more luncheon," she said in a shaking voice. "If you don't mind—"

Bellamy rose, bowing from his place. "Not at all."

He offered to help her up, but she wouldn't have that, threw the garment over her arm and flung round the table, then checked and looked back. "You understand—this ends it—for all time?"

"I couldn't do you the injustice of thinking anything else."

She made a tempestuous exit through the curtains.

Bellamy consulted his watch. Just on two: Linda's luncheon party would be in full swing. He had nothing better to do, might as well look in at the Ritz. Linda would like it—

V.

To the luncheon-hour mob that milled in the foyer of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, Lucinda Druce presented the poise of a pretty woman who has never known care more galling than uncertainty as to her most becoming adornment.

"But I never dreamed you three knew one another!" she was exclaiming in the surprise of finding Fanny Lontaine with those whom she had bidden to meet her. "Fanny, why didn't you tell me—?"

"But I didn't know—your Nelly Guest was Ellen Field married."

"That's so. I'd completely forgotten you both come from Chicago."

"Hush!" Nelly Guest gave a stage hiss. "Someone might hear. And all these years I've tried so hard to live it down! It's not fair."

Six years married, Fanny retained, and would till the end, whatever life might hold in store for her, a look of wondering and eager youthfulness. Romance trembled veritably upon her lashes. She had a way of holding her lips slightly apart and looking steadily at one when spoken to, as if nothing more interesting had

ever been heard by the ears ambushed in her bobbed, ashen hair. Her eyes of a deep violet shade held an innocence of expression little less than disconcerting. Her body seemed never to have outgrown its adolescence, yet its slightness was quite without any angularity or awkwardness, it achieved roundness without plumpness, a stroke of physical genius.

"It's heavenly," she now declared, coolly staring at their neighbors—"simply divine to be home."

Fanny launched into a startling detailed account of London's latest fad in "treatments," and Lucinda's thoughts turned back to her other self.

How to go on, how to play out this farce of a life with Bel when faith in him was dead?

Strange that faith should have been shattered finally by such a minor accident as her overhearing that morning's treachery.

Her cheeks kindled with indignation—and blazed still more warmly when she discovered that she had been staring squarely at Richard Daubney, who was lurching with friends at a nearby table.

But Dobbin bowed and smiled in such a way that Lucinda's confusion and her sense of grievance were drowned under a wave of gratitude. She nodded brightly.

"Good old Dobbin!" She had never appreciated how much she was missing him till he had turned up again last night and offered to take his old place in her life.

What a pity!

But was it? Would she have been happier married to Dobbin? Was it reasonable to assume that Dobbin would not have developed in the forcing atmosphere of matrimony traits quite as difficult to deal with as Bel's?

Fanny caught Lucinda eyeing her and smiled.

"What under the sun are you thinking about so solemnly, Cindy?"

"You dear. I want you and your husband to dine with us—say next Thursday."

"I don't know. That's one of the exciting things about being married to Harry Lontaine, one never knows what tomorrow will bring forth. We've got to go to Chicago soon, because father relented enough to leave me a little legacy, nothing to brag about, but nothing people in our position can afford to despise, either."

"I do want to meet your husband."

"You will, soon enough. He's lunching some men down in the grill, a business luncheon, cinema people."

"He's interested in the motion-picture business, then?"

"In a way. He has secured options on the rights to some Swedish productions."

Lucinda turned round to the waiter. "You may bring coffee to us in the palm room."

FANNY's husband came in shortly after Lucinda and her guests had settled down to coffee in the palm room.

Tall and well made, Lontaine had the good color of men who care enough for their bodies to keep them clean of the rust that comes of indoor stodging. The plump and closely-rasored face seems perhaps a shade oversize for features delicately formed. He affected a niggardly

Why, hello, Linda. What's the hurry?

He talked well, with assurance, some humor, and a fair amount of information. He had potted a bit with the cinema at home and he might jog out to Los Angeles and see what was to be seen in that capital of the world's motion-picture industry. England, he didn't mind admitting, had a goodish bit to learn in the cinema line. If you asked Lontaine, it was his considered belief that the really top-hole productions of the future would come of combining brilliance of photography and investiture with European thoroughness in acting and direction.

This forecast was uttered with an authority that impressed even Lucinda, elaborately uninterested as she was. She had maintained a half-smile of amiable attention which would have deceived a sharper man, and let her thoughts drift on dreary tides of discontent.

Hour by hour the conviction was striking its roots more deeply into her comprehension that life with Bel on the present terms was unthinkable.

Tears started to her eyes, she jumped up hastily lest her friends should see, mumbled an excuse, and made her way out to the foyer, turning toward the women's cloakroom.

The foyer was still fairly thronged; she was almost in Bel's arms before she saw him, so near to him that she caught, as she started back, a heavy whiff of breath whiskey-flavored.

She heard him say: "Why, hello, Linda! what's the hurry?" and cut in instantly with a gasp of indignation: "What are you doing here?"

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

Colored Lace Frocks For Evening



BUY yourself a new lace frock. It's the season's uniform for evening. Are you against the idea? Wear the dress anyway. Choose it in a style that Mrs. Smith can't possibly wear, in a color that makes Mrs. Jones look at least ten years older. Chantilly, Bohemian, Spanish, circle and eyellet are some of the laces you may choose. Most of them are sheer and silk—some are wool, which proves one never can tell.

If you prefer black it will be given to you, but you'll hardly be feminine if you don't succumb to the golden and lemon yellows, the sapphires, the jade, watermelon and periwinkle shades.

SISTER MARY'S KITCHEN

COOKIES



DO YOU like cookies? They are easy to make, and you'll find them always convenient to have in the house.

Stale, dry cookies can be crumbled, moistened with fruit juice, and served with whipped cream.

Drop cookies are quicker and easier to make than rolled cookies.

Drop Nut Cookies.

Two tablespoons butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, 1 cup finely-chopped nuts, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs and beat with a Dover beater. Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt. Add to first mixture. Mix well, taking care to scrape the mixing spoon and having every bit of the dough thoroughly mixed. Add milk and vanilla and mix again carefully. Stir in nuts.

Drop from a teaspoon onto an oiled and floured baking sheet and bake 15 or 20 minutes in a moderately slow oven.

Drop Molasses Cookies.

One-half cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, 1 cup molasses, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ginger, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cloves, 2 teaspoons soda, 1 cup boiling water, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped raisins.

Cream butter and sugar. Add molasses and mix well. Mix and sift flour and spices. Add to first mixture. Dissolve soda in boiling water and add to dough. Stir till perfectly smooth and blended.

Beat eggs till light and add to batter. Add raisins and drop a spoonful of the batter into buttered and floured gem pans. Bake 15 minutes in a hot oven.

Roasted Oats Drop Cakes. One cup sugar, 1 cup butter and lard mixed, 2 eggs, 4 tablespoons sweet milk, 2 cups rolled oats, 2 cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup chopped raisins.

Cream butter and lard and sugar. Add one-half cup flour. Add eggs well beaten. Mix and sift flour, soda, baking powder, salt and cinnamon. Add currants to this mixture. Add half to first mixture. Add milk. Mix thoroughly and add remaining dry ingredients. Drop from teaspoon onto buttered and floured pans and bake in a hot oven.

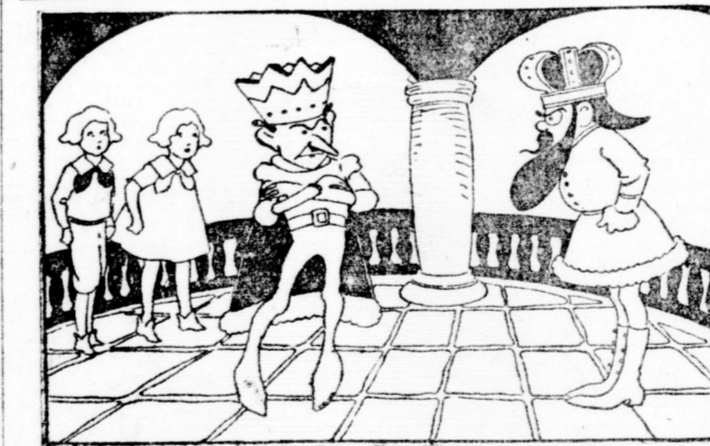
Drop Brown Sugar Cookies. Two cups brown sugar, 1 cup butter, 2 eggs, 6 tablespoons sweet milk, 2 teaspoons baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda, 4 cups flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup currants, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt.

Cream butter and sugar. Add eggs well beaten. Mix and sift flour, soda, baking powder, salt and cinnamon. Add currants to this mixture. Add half to first mixture. Add milk. Mix thoroughly and add remaining dry ingredients. Drop from teaspoon onto buttered and floured pans and bake in a hot oven.

(Copyright, 1922.)

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

[By Olive Roberts Barton.]



When King Indig saw King Verdo, he scowled.

BACK over the seven valleys flew Nancy and Nick and the dove, the magic Green Shoes making better time than the fastest express. And then came King Verdo, who had made a sail of his long beard.

Princess Therna, who had been watching from the tower of her Castle of Mirrors, saw them coming, and made a signal to the furious falcon who guarded the gate of King Indig's palace.

For the first time in a thousand years, the furious falcon forsook his post and flew to a tree near her window.

"The falcon's gone—the falcon's gone!" cried the people, and instantly there was a chase to catch the ancient bird. The falcon, with his steel feathers all sharply barbed, had been King Indig's only army.

"Quick! Catch him!" called King Indig, forgetting all about playing hopscotch and joining in the chase himself.

Everybody ran and by and by they came to the park where they found the falcon resting outside Princess Therna's window.

But before anyone had time to climb the tree there was a noise in the air and Nancy, Nick and the dove arrived, followed in a moment by King Verdo, who looked like a flying machine.

When King Indig saw King Verdo he scowled, and when King Verdo saw King Indig he frowned. My, how those two hated each other!

Suddenly the falcon cried out, "Silence everybody!" It is now to be decided which of these two gentlemen is the finer looking. Longhead the Wiseman has decided, and his words are on a record which the Twins brought here where all can hear.

(To Be Continued.) (Copyright, 1922.)

TURN HAIR DARK WITH SAGE TEA

If Mixed With Sulphur It Darkens So Naturally Nobody Can Tell.

The old-time mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur for darkening gray, streaked and faded hair is grandmother's recipe, and folks are again using it to keep their hair a good, even color, which is quite sensible, as we are living in an age when a youthful appearance is of the greatest advantage.

N nowadays, though, we don't have the troublesome task of gathering the sage and the mussy mixing at home. All drug stores sell the ready-to-use product improved by the addition of other ingredients, called "Wheat's Sage and Sulphur Compound."

It is very popular because nobody can discover it has been applied. Simply moisten your comb or a soft brush with it and draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, but what delights the ladies with Wheat's Sage and Sulphur Compound, is that, besides beautifully darkening the hair after a few applications, it also produces that soft lustre and appearance of abundance which is so attractive. Advt.

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.

NICKEL-IRON batteries constitute the second general type of storage battery used in radio reception. They consist of nickel-plated steel grids. The positive plates have round tubes which contain nickel oxide as the active material. The negative plates have thin rectangular pockets, hydraulically pressed, perforated and corrugated, containing iron in a very finely divided state. The electrolyte for these batteries is a 21 per cent solution of potassium hydrate mixed with a small amount of lithium hydrate. The cells are contained in a steel can, which is electrically welded together. They are connected to form a battery by means of copper connectors.

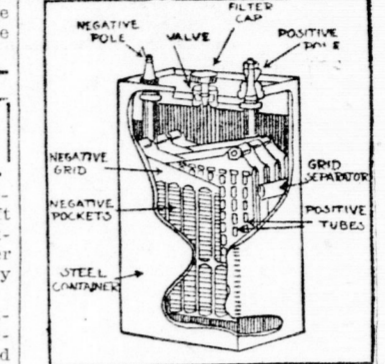
How It Works.

During the charge of the battery the oxygen is transferred from the iron to the nickel electrodes. During the discharge the oxygen is returned. In the case of the lead cell one uses a hydrometer to measure the specific gravity of the fluid. But the specific gravity of the electrolyte in the nickel-iron cell never changes. Therefore the only way to measure its state of charge is by using an amper-hour meter.

This type of battery is very durable and will stand a considerable strain. The full charge of such a battery is usually 12 volts per cell. It should be recharged when the voltage drops below 9 per cell.

The charge voltage of a lead cell is 2.05 volts. It should never be discharged below 1.8 volts.

Never permit a battery to be over-charged nor drop below its normal discharge.



CONSTRUCTION OF A NICKEL-IRON BATTERY.

Care of Battery.

A well-kept battery will last for years if given proper care. The best way to treat it is to keep it working. Discharge and recharge it often, for if it is kept idle its strength and durability will become weakened.

But never charge or discharge it too rapidly. About the worst thing

that one can do to a battery is to have a wire on each terminal and then touch, or almost touch, the ends together to see the spark. Some dealers do this to show the purchaser that the battery is O. K. But it is a poor practice.

Always keep the level of the electrolyte $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch above the plates. Keep flames of all kinds, at all times, away from the battery. Keep all terminals and connections tight and free from corrosion. Keep the battery clean and dry and do not allow any impurities to get into it.

nearest sending station from Mo Brydges?—G. W. H., Mount Brydges, Ont.

Answer: There is no broadcast station nearer than that of the Toronto Star, Toronto, Ont., and Detroit News, Detroit, Mich.

Yes, we will give a personal reply providing a stamped envelope is closed with question.

The Radio Editor: 1. Will a coil make the set stronger?

2. Would an aerial 140 feet high be suitable for crystal set?

3. When making a condenser, the wires soldered to separate plates of tin foil?

4. Are there any high-power sets in Ontario?

5. How far will a crystal set containing tuning coil, condenser, detector bring in music or the human voice?—W. S. H., Granton.

Answer: Not stronger, but will

crease the wave length.

2. Yes.

3. Yes.

4. Yes. See answer to previous correspondent.

5. About 25 miles.

"Horse" Sense Applied to Human

Farmers know that if they feed their horses entirely on oats, the horse would founder, go lame and soon useless. This is because oats must be concentrated a food,—do not contain enough waste to keep the gans active and healthy. They must also feed roughage, such as hay and hay.

Concentrated, refined cereals, coarse, waste-containing cereals, in a similar way on human beings. That is why refined cereals fail to provide all the necessary elements for good health.

Roman Meal, the cereal combining three whole grains, is a perfect balanced human food. It provides the nutrition, as well as the age so vital in aiding digestion and preventing constipation. It makes delicious porridge. Try it.

The Radio Editor: What is the best material to use in the construction of a coil in making a crystal set?—W. E. H., Parkhill.

Answer: Cardboard is preferable. Wood or a non-metallic substance can be used.

The Radio Editor: Could a horn be used on a radiophonograph in place of the telephone receivers?—J. F. S., Byron.

Answer: You would have to procure a loud-speaking horn. It is possible to attach the ear piece to a phonograph horn with fair results.

The Radio Editor: Would a variometer add to the efficiency of a set with a loose coupler and galena detector?—H. D. F., St. Thomas.

Answer: Yes.

The Radio Editor: What is the

BIRD'S COMBINATION WALL BOARD



Make a Room Like This Yourself

IF you have a room that needs decorating, a ceiling to be repaired, or a new room to be made out of unused space, you can make stunning effects by using Bird's Combination Wall Board, the only board of its kind. It is oak grained on one side, cream white on the reverse side.

Takes paint wonderfully well in case you wish to paint it; but it needs no painting or other decoration because of its beautiful finish.

Think how many places there are in your home where Bird's Wall Board can be used to advantage. Then come in and let us tell you how little it costs.

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For sale in London by
COWAN HARDWARE CO.
DYMENT-BAKER LUMBER COMPANY
L. E. MARTYN & CO.

If you don't know the name of the
BIRD dealer in your locality, write
BIRD & SON, LIMITED,
Hamilton, Ont.

IMPERIAL OIL, LIMITED

IMPERIAL OIL BUILDING
TORONTO, ONT.
January 13th, 1922.

The Canadian Daily Newspapers Association, Excelsior Life Building, Toronto.

Gentlemen:—

We have been regular users of advertising space in most of the important newspapers in Canada for several years, because we recognize the fact that such advertising is a most effective and economical way to reach the millions of users of Imperial Oil products throughout Canada from Halifax to Vancouver.

We manufacture and market in Canada, a wide and diversified line of petroleum products. Imperial Polarine Motor Oils and Imperial Premier Gasoline are extensively sold to motorists, but we have, besides, lubricants for factory and farm purposes, household specialties and many other lines. There is scarcely a farm, a factory or a home in Canada in which or on which many Imperial products are not used throughout the year. Our market is as broad as Canada, and while we use other good mediums regularly, it is probably very logical for us to rely on Canadian newspapers to form the backbone of our advertising campaigns for many of our lines.

It is, of course, difficult for any firm with an organization like our own, embracing sales and distribution branches in all of the larger centres and with thousands of dealers, to trace results directly to any particular advertisement or any particular advertising campaign, but, while we believe that Imperial Oil products are used mainly because of their quality and because of the satisfactory service which goes with them, we do not hesitate to say that advertising in Canadian newspapers has played an important part in increasing and maintaining the demand for Imperial Oil products.

Yours very truly,
IMPERIAL OIL, LIMITED.
E. J. Smith
Vice President.

Why speak to the few when you can reach the millions and pay less for the privilege? Imperial Oil's market is as broad as Canada and the company has reached it successfully through the only logical channels—the daily newspapers, which carry a sales message to every boundary, every day, reaching farm, factory and home.

Issued by The Canadian Daily Newspapers Association, Head Office, Toronto.