

Linda Lee Inc.

by LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

(Continued From Our Last Issue.)

WEEKS slipped stealthily away, a spring ensued like an eastern summer, while delays on delays accumulated and still the day when "shooting" should begin lingered remotely down tomorrow's dim horizon.

Lontaine had leased studio space in the Zinn plant, which Summerlad recommended as the most modern and completely equipped on the coast. For this the company was paying a weekly rental of fifteen hundred dollars. An expensive executive and technical staff, lacking only a director, was kicking heels of enforced idleness on full pay. A story had been selected, an old novel by a moderately popular author to which Zinn had in 1914 purchased all motion-picture rights outright for five hundred dollars and which he was now willing to part with for ten thousand as a special courtesy because he had taken such a mad fancy to Lontaine.

A scenario writer, warranted by Zinn "the best in the business," had received five thousand for casting the story into continuity form, the labor of one whole week, and retired rejoicing to his hundred-and-fifty a week job in the Zinn scenario department.

A reading of his brain-child had persuaded Lucinda that continuity writing must be the mystery its adepts alleged; in fact, she couldn't understand the greater part of it, and what she did understand somewhat preyed upon her mind.

But Lontaine seemed satisfied. Summerlad solved her misgivings with the assurance that Potter Monahan simply couldn't write a poor continuity, and both agreed that Barry Nolan would know what to do to make it right when he got down to work on it.

Incidentally, he did: Nolan read it half through, thoughtfully shed the manuscript out of a window, and dictated a continuity all his own, of which nobody but himself could make head or tail, and which at times in the course of its production seemed to puzzle even its perpetrator.

In the meantime Lucinda had moved to the Hollywood Hotel, the Lontaine to a furnished bungalow nearby, where they vainly pressed her to join them. She thought it wiser to decline.

"I'm far too fond of both of you to risk living with you," she explained. "Besides, it's high time I was learning to breathe in a proper motion-picture atmosphere."

This the Hollywood provided to admiration. Summerlad assured Lucinda, and on her own observation she could well believe, that at one stage or another of their careers almost every motion-picture player of consequence in the country must have registered at this hotel.

With most of these Lucinda became acquainted by sight, with many she grew accustomed to exchange smiles and the time of day.

They made up to her saucily or ehly, according to the style they believed became them best. But on one point they were all agreed: they wanted work.

Lucinda was silent for want of a conscience that would sanction an indignant rejoinder.

"But this is, after all, Hollywood." "No excuse for doing as the Hollywooders do."

"Then, I take it, you think it might be more discreet of me to stop going about with you alone."

"Oh, Lord!" Summerlad groaned. "I might've known better than to start an argument with a woman. I don't like to think of any outside influences working on you just now."

"Just now?" "Distressing your attention from really important matters."

Lucinda was glad of the darkness of that section of the hotel veranda where they had been sitting for a quarter of an hour after returning from dinner a deux.

This had been bound to come before long. One knew the signs in a man who held his peace about as

long as he could. . . . Five weeks since that night when, in the Beverly Hills bungalow, she had concluded that Summerlad's interest in her was neither impersonal nor of a transitory nature.

The worst of it was, she was glad. "Well, Linda?"

She put away her pensiveness, smiling to see Summerlad bending forward in his chair, anxiously searching her face for a clue to her mind but with the anxiety of impatience more than the anxiety of doubt.

"Well, my friend!" she said in amused indulgence—"so it seems you love me."

"How long have you known it?" "Quite as long as you have loved me."

"And you—" "I don't know yet."

He ventured too confidently: "I don't want to hurry you—"

"You couldn't, Lynn. And—you won't be using if you count on me."

"I'm going to count on you—unless you want me to think you're merely amusing yourself."

"But you don't think that. So be patient."

"I'm not at all sure patience and love are even related."

"Then I'm afraid the only kind of love you know is not the kind that lasts."

"If so, I'm glad I've known none that lasted; that leaves me free to be truly in love with you."

"That's rather clever of you, Lynn, almost too clever."

"I've got to be clever, I guess, to make you love me."

"Lynn, I'm afraid you're awful. Yes—and much too experienced! You'd better go now before you talk me into something that isn't real and . . . If you do love me, you aren't wanting anything else."

"I don't, but . . . You'd really like to get rid of me?"

"For tonight, yes. I need to be alone to think—about you."

Lucinda stood up, a manoeuvre that lifted Summerlad unwillingly out of his chair.

"Don't go before you've answered my question about these unlucky women."

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HAS WESTERN ONTARIO ANY GENTLEMEN?

AT ONE TIME in the long ago a gentleman was a member of the nobility, one born to the purple, an aristocrat. But that was centuries ago, when class distinction was sharply drawn. Today in Canada, where there is no distinction of birth, what does the term mean?

A REAL GENTLEMAN.
A real gentleman is a man that can mind his own affairs.
S. M. McGOUGH,
Mandaamin.

ONE WHO FEARS GOD.
I think a perfect gentleman is one who has the fear of God and the love of his neighbor in his heart, and in all things acts accordingly.
LOUISE,
Clifford, Ont.

LIVES GOOD LIFE.
A gentleman is a man who can live a good life. He must be honorable in all his dealings, be courteous in the presence of ladies as well as gentlemen. He must not be afraid to tell the truth to an audience of ladies and gentlemen, although he may offend some of the most charming people. He must be charitably disposed, graceful in his actions and kind to all, especially the old people and young children.
LAVINA SMITH,
Harrow, Ont.

MAKES ONE HAPPY.
An honorable man, always polite, who would do no mean thing to anyone. Gentle in manner towards everybody he meets and thinks more of making others happy than of his own comforts. I think such a man would be a perfect gentleman.
S. E. G.

P.S.—One who loves God.
THE GOLDEN RULE.
A man of no education or wealth may be a perfect gentleman. It is the innate refinement of one who is chivalrous to old and young, and who is courteous to his inferiors as well as to his superiors. And he who follows the golden rule will never be far astray from being a perfect gentleman.
T. M. H.

HAS COAT OF ARMS.
A gentleman is one who is entitled to bear a coat of arms; or a well-bred and honorable man; or a person of independent income.
MRS. D. D. G.
Wallacetown.

AN INDUSTRIOUS MAN.
My idea of a gentleman is an industrious, kind-hearted man, no matter what station of life. I think if the heart is really kind he does not needlessly or intentionally hurt or inconvenience anyone.
I think all have our cross days, and they make them none the less a gentleman, for the kind heart helps to keep the temper.
MRS. LLOYD WILLIAMS,
Frogmore, Ontario.

AT ALL TIMES.
A faithful follower of Jesus Christ is a gentleman at all times.
T. G. L. Simcoe.

HONORS HIS FAMILY.
A perfect gentleman is a man who at all times treats his wife, family and fellow-citizens with kindness, consideration and courtesy. He is honest and straightforward in business and at all times just, doing always conscientiously what he considers the right thing.
ISOBEL,
St. Marys.

MUST LOVE DECENCY.
To be a gentleman does not depend upon the tailor or the toilet, but a perfect gentleman must possess certain qualities of heart and mind. He must have beautiful manners that come from culture of the heart.
We do not believe a man could be a perfect gentleman and be a crook. Neither do we call a man a perfect gentleman because "he stood with his

feet on a soapbox."

As Emerson says, "Nature puts a premium on reality," what is done for effect is seen to be done for effect. To be a perfect gentleman, a man must have beautiful manners that come from culture of the heart.

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