

Linda Lee, Inc.

by LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

(Continued From Our Last Issue)

XXXIII

TOWARD morning exhaustion claimed Lucinda absolutely, and for some hours her slumbers were unbroken. But she woke up, as it were, against her will, heavy of heart and without sense of having rested. The bedside clock struck nine, and Lucinda started up in a flutter, thought she would be late and so effort fresh reason for dissension with her director. . . . then sank back to her pillow, cringing from memories that came trooping in the wake of the reminder that she was to know no more of Barry Nolan in her life. . . .

No more of Nolan, no more of Nelly, no more of Lynn. . . . no more of love. . . .

Bel came in about ten, by that many sleepless active, anxious hours more faded than when she had seen him last. . . .

"You've found her, Bel? Where?" With a weary nod, Bel dropped into a chair. . . .

"She ran your car off the road at a turn and over a low cliff to a rocky beach. Must have been killed instantaneously. . . .

Neither spoke for a time. Bel got up. "I'll be getting along to the studio first and have a word with Lorraine. And then I need Nolan's address. . . .

"Do you think that wise to see Nolan?" "I won't permit him to spread gossip about your being with Summerlad last night. . . .

"Will he admit your right to dictate?" "I don't imagine it will be news to him that you're my wife. Your friend the actor seems to have been tolerably busy crowding about his conquest of Mrs. Bellamy Druce—always, of course, in strictest confidence. And Nolan was Summerlad's bosom pal. . . .

The thrust told shrewdly, rewarding Bel with a fugitive moment of sardonic satisfaction. Then the courage with which Lucinda took punishment exacted his admiration. . . .

"But I am afraid," she said quietly, "you won't have much success with Nolan." . . .

"On account of your quarrel with him, yesterday. . . .

"I didn't know you knew. Then I presume you know about my new arrangement, with Mr. Zinn?" . . .

"Yes. But that arrangement's not binding till you've signed." . . .

The tensing of her body betrayed the temper in which Lucinda met his suggestion. "What you really mean is: Have I changed my mind about continuing in pictures, because of this dreadful accident to Lynn?" . . .

Bel's eyes and mouth tightened. "It's not an unnatural supposition, that you may have concluded you've had enough." . . .

"Enough, Bel?" "Of both. . . .

"That can't be anything but calculated impudence!" . . .

Bel made a wry face as he stooped to pick up his motor-coat. "This conversation is degenerating into a wrangle. Mind lending me a hand, Linda? Can't quite manage this with one arm." . . .

At once angrily and gently Lucinda draped the motor-coat over his shoulders. . . .

Bel continued: "I'm to understand, then, my wishes mean nothing to you?" . . .

Lucinda gave a little silent laugh, and in silence for a moment gazed on Bellamy, her eyes unreadable. . . .

"You forget, what I don't, Bel," Lucinda said slowly, "that it was you who made the mode of life with which I was content impossible for me. If this life I've taken up here is in some sense a makeshift, it's all I've got to take the place of all I had. And now you'd rob me even of it! And one thing more you forget: If I should give in to your wishes and leave Hollywood today, I would . . .

Twice she heard from Summerlad: on the day following Bellamy's departure, a pencilled scrawl, informing her that he was now permitted to receive callers and protesting his impatience for the visit which he knew her charity would not permit her to deny him; and four days later another letter and a longer, bringing proof of steady improvement in less infirm penmanship and phrases turned more carefully, repeating all the first had said and calling attention to the venerable saw about the ill wind: on the writer's side at least every impediment to their marriage . . .

XXXIV

THE finding of Nelly's body crushed beneath the wreckage of a motor-car on the beach some fifty miles north of Los Angeles, gave the story of the Summerlad shooting an extended lease of twenty-four hours only on front-page space in the newspapers. . . .

Then, since the death of the unhappy woman had defeated all hope of a lurid court proceeding and rendered piquant exploitation of "life inside the movie colony," the case went into quick eclipse. . . .

Lucinda spent the best part of that day in the projection-room with Zinn and Wallace Day, her new director, sitting in judgment on thirty-six reels of film, the accumulated sum of Nolan's fumbling with about two-thirds of a picture. . . .

To the weariness of those days the visit of Hartford Willis came as a welcome interlude. . . .

It did Lucinda good to hear him growl and scold about anything as relatively inconsiderable as the lunacy of throwing money away—"like water!"—and then refusing to set the machinery of the law in motion to apprehend and punish Lorraine. . . .

And Lucinda took leave of him with dewy eyes. . . . her one friend. . . .

Now she had nobody left but Fanny; and she was coming daily to rely less on Fanny's loyalty. . . .

She was feeling very sorry for herself, and very lonely, and when most in need of friendly companionship—Fanny was seldom at her call. Fanny had given up the bungalow and moved to a residential hotel on the outskirts of the Wilshire district, whose accommodations she claimed were cheaper than the Hollywood's. . . .

Deep in Lucinda's subconsciousness an incidental recollection turned in its sleep. Somewhere, sometime, she had heard that Barry Nolan had a bungalow down Wilshire way. Or hadn't he? . . .

A week from the night of their rencontre in Summerlad's bungalow Bellamy called to tell Lucinda he was leaving for New York the next morning. Zinn would take charge of his producing interests during his absence. He couldn't say just how long that might be. If he could he'd of any service to Lucinda in the east, he would be glad. . . .

"Goodby, Bel," she said, with no unkind decision but decision unmistakable for all that. "And good luck. But . . . please never come back." . . .

That night she sobbed herself awake from dreams of dear days dead, and lay for hours hating the cheerful comfort of hotel rooms, missing poignantly the intimacy of her home and the sense of security she had known nowhere else. . . .

And in the morning and morning after morning she rose with a heart as heavy as any she had ever known to address herself to the daily grind. Yet she had no right to whimper. The new director was living up to all Zinn's claims. There was no friction, and under his sympathetic guidance she felt she was doing better work than she had ever hoped to do. . . .

But she counted hourly the tale of the days. . . .

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Turn To Fisher Maid For New Styles



had been abolished. . . .

In the upshot Lucinda acknowledged receipt of neither, but for two mornings her waste-basket, with its deep drifts of note-paper minutely scrapped, bore witness to her endeavors to frame a reply at once final and not too cruel. . . .

Better (she decided) send no word at all than a letter which could only hurt his pride. . . . If Lynn still believed he loved her. . . . If he had ever. . . .

For her part, the thing was dead and done and finished and as something that had never been; the only wonder was, it ever had. . . .

One evening, as she was leaving the studio, she met Wallace Day on the steps of the administration building, and learned from him that, making fair allowance for every imaginable delay, he counted on making an end to camera work in two days more. . . .

Accordingly, instead of going directly home to the Hollywood, Lucinda motored to Los Angeles and booked reservations for Reno. . . .

On the way back to Hollywood she . . .

Bel entered, shut the door, dropped upon the red plush seat a duster and cap caked with alkali, and stood apprehensive of his welcome, his heart in his eyes. . . .

She fell back to the petition, breathing his name, her whole body vibrating like a smitten lute-string. . . .

In a choking voice he cried: "Linda! Listen to me. I've been up all night driving against time to overtake you and beg you to listen to this last appeal. I want you to promise me not to go to Reno. Not yet, at least. Give me a little more time, a little chance to prove to you that you're the only woman in the world for me, that I'm living the life you'd want your husband to live, and have been ever since you left me. Because I want you back, because I lost without you, because I want to make you happy . . . as you were happy when you first loved me, long ago. . . ."

She lifted shaking hands to him, cried his name again, swayed blindly into his arms. . . .

"Take me back, Bel," she whispered. "Make me happy. . . . Be kind to me, Bel, be kind. . . ."

THE END.

IN A CHOKING VOICE HE CRIED, "LINDA! LISTEN TO ME!"

Instructed her chauffeur to make a detour and stop at Fanny's hotel. . . .

Drawing near the hotel, she recognized the conspicuous car of Barry Nolan waiting at the carriage-block, and as she bent forward to tell her chauffeur not to stop, she saw Fanny come out of the entrance, Nolan smiling, with an air of contented habit, at her elbow. . . .

Well! that was that. . . .

Yet it was long before the picture faded of that girlish figure, posed prettily in stardom, brief skirts whipped about it by the evening wind, with its gay look of mirth, half shame-faced, half-impudent, wholly charming. . . . sweet grist for the mills whose grinding knows no rest. . . .

XXXV

WHEN she had bribed her maid to observe discretion concerning her plans, and had herself attended to the business of checking her trunks through to Reno, thus keeping her destination secret even from the woman, Lucinda felt fairly confident of getting away unhindered and unpursued. . . .

She caught the train with little to spare, and not until it was in motion did she discover a box of roses in the luggage rack in her drawing-room. . . .

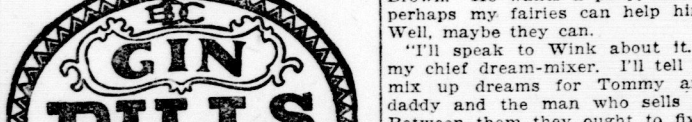
Her favorites, Hadleys, two dozen suavely molded blooms of deepest crimson, exquisitely fresh and fragrant; roses such as Bel had been accustomed to send her daily, once . . .

From Prince Edward's Island—East

Miscouche, P. E. I.—"I had female troubles for two years. I always had a headache and a pain in my side and sometimes I felt so weak that I could not do my work. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I have taken six bottles of it. It has done me a lot of good and I am still taking it. I will tell my friends of your medicine and hope they will try it."—Mrs. CAMILLE DES ROCHE, Miscouche, P. E. I.

From Saskatchewan—West

Wadena, Sask.—"A friend in Rose Valley recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to me and it has been a great help to me. I recommend it and you can use this letter as a testimonial if you wish."—Mrs. PETER NORMAN, Wadena, Saskatchewan.



3507.

FOOD FOR THE BRIDAL TEA

REFRESHMENTS for a bridal shower should be light and as attractive and fanciful as possible. During the afternoon a drink of some sort is always welcomed. This should be served some time before the real tea party. Serve the tea at small card tables. The guests are much more comfortable and the extra work is not worth considering. . . .

A salad, sandwiches, tea, an ice cream cake or cakes or macaroons provide a happy medium of simplicity. . . .

Tomato salad is delicious and refreshing and not too heavy for afternoon. The tomatoes may be stuffed or used in this fashion: . . .

Peel tomatoes and put on ice to chill. Cut in half-inch slices. Put a slice of tomato on a lettuce leaf. Cover with neutchal cheese mixed with chopped green olives and English walnuts. This layer should be about one-quarter inch thick. Cover with another slice of tomato and mask the whole with mayonnaise. . . .

Marshmallow Salad. Three cups marshmallows cut in quarters, 2 cups pineapple cut in dice, 2 cups English walnut meats, whipped cream, mayonnaise, maraschino cherries. . . .

Mix marshmallows, pineapple and nuts. Add one-half cup whipped cream to first mixture. If not moist enough add more mayonnaise. Put salad on a lettuce leaf, top with whipped cream and add a maraschino cherry. . . .

The sandwiches should be very tiny and very thin and dainty. A delightful sandwich for a bridal party is made with . . .

Spread thin slices of white bread with creamed butter. Spread lightly with honey and cover with freshly gathered rose leaves. Cover with another slice of bread spread with butter and honey and cut with a heart-shaped cutter. . . .

Strawberry sandwiches are delicious. Butter white bread with sweet creamed butter. Cover with slices of strawberries, sprinkle lightly with powdered sugar and finish with a slice of bread and butter. . . .

Cream cheese and preserved ginger, makes a delicious filling for brown bread. . . .

English walnuts and shaved maple sugar are another filling rather different. Toast the nuts and, while warm, cover with grated maple sugar. Mix well and use freely between thin slices of bread and butter. . . .

Watercress and mint chopped together and moistened with mayonnaise make a filling delicious with any salad. . . .

Use any good white cake rule and bake in a sheet. Cut in fancy shapes with a sandwich cutter and cover with colored icings. Garnish with candied rose leaves and violets. . . .

Serve lemon or orange slices with the tea. (Copyright, 1922.)

WHAT IS ONE?

HAS WESTERN ONTARIO ANY GENTLEMEN?

At last a perfect gentleman has been defined—his qualities recorded in black and white. Out of hundreds of replies to The London Advertiser query, "What is a Perfect Gentleman?" that submitted by Mrs. J. Davidge, of Woodstock, Ont., was, in the opinion of a board of three impartial judges, considered the best. . . .

To Mrs. Davidge goes the first prize of \$5. . . .

The winners of the other five prizes of \$1 each are: Miss Bessie Lounsbury, R. R. No. 1, Wheatley, Ont.; Margaret Mann, Boyle Memorial School, London; Levlina McBride, 265 West Street, Brantford, and Mrs. Fred W. Hunt, Dorchester, Ont. . . .

The definition which was adjudged best, is as follows: . . .

Moderation, decorum and neatness distinguish the gentleman. He is at all times affable, diffident and studious to please, intelligent and polite. His behavior is pleasant and graceful and when he enters the dwelling of an inferior he endeavors to hide, if possible, the difference between their ranks of life. . . .

Ever willing to assist those around him, he is neither unkind, haughty nor overbearing. . . .

In the mansions of the rich the correctness of his mind induces him to bow to etiquette, but not to stoop to adulation. . . .

Correct principles caution him to avoid the gaming table, or any other foible that would later occasion him self-reproach. . . .

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

HEMORRHOIDS

Do not suffer another day with itching, bleeding, or protruding Piles or Hemorrhoids. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. 60c a box; dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free.

Radio Radiations

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

BY THE RADIO EDITOR.

A THING which puzzles many radio fans is their ability to receive concert programs from a broadcasting station one night and their inability to get anything from the same station the following night. . . .

In some cases the credit for the reception is given to the receiving equipment, while in others the novice assumes that the success is the result of his own skill. . . .

Many receivers have been discarded for no better types because of the failure of a particular set to get these nightly concerts regularly. . . .

As anyone may learn by a little experience in the reception of radio messages (particularly on the shorter wave lengths allotted to amateur and broadcasting stations) signal strengths vary from night to night, hour to hour and even minute to minute. . . .

Signal Variation. There are times during the colder winter months when signals, quite steady and dependable, are heard from stations at extreme distances. . . .

On the other hand, there are periods during the summer months when stations close at hand cannot be heard at all. . . .

It should be expected, then, that during the change from one extreme of season to another, such as in the spring and fall, reception varies a great deal. . . .

As radio broadcasting develops, every possible step will be taken by those interested in its development, to offset the disadvantages of this great variation in signal. . . .

Either stations will be made more powerful or they will become sufficiently numerous to take care of all sections of the country. . . .

Nevertheless there will always remain the lure of "distance." A great many amateurs would prefer to hear a few discordant notes from a station 1,000 miles away than to hear a most wonderfully executed program from a station in their own home town. . . .

Results Differ. Do not judge the merits of a radio receiving set upon the results which you may get from night to night or even from hour to hour. To make a fair comparison of radio equipment of any sort, it must be installed and operated under exactly the same conditions and the notes of operation made in exactly the same instant. . . .

In making comparisons in the laboratory, engineers produce an artificial set of conditions over which they have complete control, in order . . .

that all their measurements may be made with accuracy. . . .

The amateur may be misled very easily if he places too great dependence on appearance. I am encountering daily enthusiasts who have discovered unheard of things. As rule they return later to confess that there must have been some mistake. . . .

WATT—The unit of electric power equal to the work done by a pressure of one ampere under a current of one volt. A horsepower is equal to 746 watts. . . .

To the Radio Editor: Could you give me a little information on metres? . . .

1. What does it mean by 450 or 3 metres wave length? . . .

2. Will a wooden bowl, full of water, sunk in the ground, give a good ground connection? . . .

3. How far should I be able to receive with the following set—1 loop coupler, 1 detector, 1 condenser, 1.0 Ohm earphones, 60 ft. aerial, 75 ft. high from the ground? . . .

Ans.—1. A metre is 39 inches, as is used to measure the radius of sound waves in radio telephony. . . .

2. No. A wooden bowl filled with water would not make a good ground connection. An iron pipe from three to six feet long, driven into the ground, is a good ground connection. . . .

3. Possibly 18 to 25 miles. . . .

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WHETHER you have big boys or little boys, Mother, they'll be delighted with Hatchway No-Button Underwear — and so will you. Made in cool athletic garments, of airy nainsook, soft-knitted balbriggan, and close-fitting elastic knit — of better material, longer-lived, more economical. All first-class Men's Furnishing Stores sell Hatchway—ask for it by name.

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106

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