

## POLLY AND PAUL—AND PARIS

## CHAPTER I.—A GIRL ON MAIN STREET

By Zoe Beckley

POLLY lived in a nice town in Alberta, where there were large department stores, three movies, a "select section" and the proper complement of banks, factories and office buildings.

The Newlands, Polly's folks, had a cream colored clapboard house on the fringe of the select section. There wasn't much money, Mamma Newland had a little income from the life insurance but Polly and her sister Bert had gone—and gladly—straight from high school into a bustling world of workaday.

Bert had always been called "the pretty one." Polly, they usually hastened to add, "had the brains" and a "certain charm of her own" that drew you to her more slowly than the shining beauty of Bert, but held you more surely in the end.

Bert had married, of course—a good-looking chap who worked in the same bank and was as surely going to be paying tiler, cashier and ultimately president, as was the starting white-marble bank building itself to become mellowed into grey and form the center of the town's big business.

What Aunt Sue had not been what Aunt Sue had had with the Newlands) called brilliant. There

had been the slim, shy high school principal who lent her books and took her to the few good concerts that came to Edmonton.

But when he looked up one sweet summer afternoon from the book he was reading to her in the canoe, and applied in his own behalf the love words of the poet, Polly failed to thrill.

She had known he would some time summon courage to propose. And there were days when she persuaded herself that Alan Conger would be a good husband.

But they were mostly days when she was tired of the office, tired of her employer's thick, cigar-muffled dictation, tired of the eternal grind of walking home at night through the same old streets, greeting the same old people, doing the same old things evening after evening that Edmonton offered as amusements.

Always Aunt Sue's eternal remark that it was "just as easy to make a

brilliant marriage as a stupid one," came echoing. Always she would hear Aunt Sue's snuff whenever the thought came of marrying Alan. For Aunt Sue had a special snuff for Alan.

"He's so spoony," was her somewhat original term for him. He'll still be a schoolmaster all his life. He isn't the kind that'll ever be premier of the Dominion. And he'll always have colds

work and fits of idleness which she indulged in later, were alike unremunerative.

His voice broke and Sergeant Barry waited a moment before asking: "Why did Mrs. Vane return to America last autumn?"

Gordon Ladd shrugged. "A whim of hers, we all thought; we would not have been surprised had she announced her departure for China. There was nothing—nothing definite between us two, you know, I was simply one of many who were permitted to adore her at a distance. The rest forgot, but I didn't; I followed her to New York, and when I found that success had crowned her bizarre talents and yet she was living in this—this hotel, I was amazed beyond words! In the artistic colony in Paris false conventions are unknown, and when I discovered that this studio here was vacant I took it just so that I might be near her, even though she still laughed at my wooing. Then—then I began to notice this man Griswold."

His voice had hardened perceptibly on the last words and Barry remarked:

"If the report we got on him tallies with his own account of himself, he is a highly respectable member of society."

"Oh, I know all about him! All

the shot was fired which must have ended her life!"

SERGEANT BARRY felt that the moment was too tense and the possible issue too important to give up. Without a glance at Craig he demanded of the almost distraught young artist before him:

"That being the case, Mr. Ladd, tell us the truth of what happened last night! Why did you go half-way up the flight of stairs leading to Mrs. Vane's apartment if you saw her in the hall talking to a neighbor whom you apparently dislike?"

"Mrs. Vane seemed bantering her departing guest in her usual gay manner, and he was glowering at her in a resentful fashion. The moment he had disappeared up the stairs and before Mrs. Vane had had an opportunity to turn and re-enter her own apartment, I called to her, and—went up to her." His tone had been more and more uncertain and now he hurried on: "I begged for five minutes of her time, but she snubbed me, laughing, and I returned here."

There was silence for a moment, while Sergeant Craig made no effort to enter the examination, and Barry eyed the young man before them very gravely. At length the more experienced official spoke:

"Mr. Ladd, you have not told us all the truth! What happened between those two on the stairs which made you rush up to Mrs. Vane, only to be repulsed. Were you repulsed? Were you not with her, in her studio, when the deadly shot was fired?"

At the unexpected accusation the young man started back, then sprang from his chair.

"This is what you in your police slang call a 'frame-up,' isn't it? You've got to hang the—murder on someone, I suppose, and so I am to be the goat?"

"By no means," Barry also had risen. "You must realize the strong circumstantial case against you, but I do not think you are guilty."

Barry continued quietly: "Do you know why? Because ever since this interrogation was started, in spite of the damaging admissions you made against yourself, you have deliberately equivocated and evaded and I think I know the reason."

Barry's tone softened and deepened. "I believe you did care for Mrs. Vane, honorably and sincerely, and it is for that very fact that I ask you to tell us the truth now."

For an instant the young man hesitated, and then sinking more into his chair he buried his face in his hands.

At last Gordon Ladd raised his head, and upon his white, set face

there was written implacable resolve.

"You win, Sergeant Barry! I would die myself before I would willingly rake up anything against the memory of the woman I loved, even though she had played mercilessly with me, only to turn me down irretrievably in the end, but there's some mystery about this whole thing that I don't understand, and it may in a way have some bearing upon the manner of her death. No breath of scandal has ever touched her. Nevertheless, she must have had some source of income, for her studio was luxurious—almost palatial compared to this—and her war

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BY OLGA COOK. INHALE at an open window for ten minutes every morning before a single light garment is put on. Inhaling should be done slowly, shoulders thrown slightly back, chin up, abdomen down. But don't get tense! Mustn't ever inhale with your body and throat rigid.

Shouldn't ever be rigid anyhow. If you would be beautiful relax when you're eating, relax when you're sitting at the theatre, relax when you're walking, stay relaxed all the time. This if you would be gracefully beautiful.

Massage faithfully and lightly—but not more than once a week. Too much treatment with cold cream and lotion makes a skin flabby and produces an effect of age.

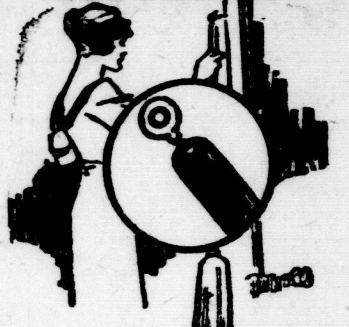
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Can't afford to have a spotty skin—so mustn't eat sauces and fluffy foods, pastries or sweets. They not only spoil the skin, but they dull the eyes, and who ever heard of a beautiful woman who didn't have brilliant eyes?

Eyes are of such tremendous importance! They can be made up a little, and so helped without being harmful. But nerves! Those are the wreckers of pretty faces and beautiful figures!

Mustn't let your nerves get the upper hand. When you see that they're beginning to trouble you do something which demands a lot of control.

## Spare Time Jobs for Father—



WHEN the household broom is left standing straw part down in the corner, the weight on the straw ends hastens the wearing out of the broom.

When the broom is hung, straw part up, between two nails, dust has an opportunity to settle back into the broom.

The best way, then, is to put a ring screw in the end of the broom handle and hang it up by this.

anybody knows, I mean. I've looked him up." Ladd cried defiantly.

"What I want to know is this: why is he living hidden away in a cheap, makeshift studio building like this, a man with all his money? Why content even for a day in such surroundings after the luxury which had always been hers? Why did he—reputedly a confirmed woman-hater—call upon her, and why did she even permit or tolerate his acquaintance, she who was accustomed abroad to the society of notable men?"

"I did, but she always put me off; told me he was an American type that she had almost forgotten and that he amused her. A week ago I couldn't stand it any longer; I proposed to her for the last time, and when she laughed at me as usual I must have lost my head and gone a bit too far, for she told me seriously at last that she would never be my wife."

Gordon Ladd paused, his clenched hands tightening until the knuckles showed white.

"I kept away from her after that until tonight, when I came in as I told you and saw her bidding him 'good-night' on the landing above. There's no love lost between them; I could swear to that! She was jeering at him, and if ever hatred looked out of a man's eyes, it looked out of his, and yet somehow the sight drove me wild!"

(Continued in Our Next Issue.) (Copyright, 1922.)

## Real Secrets of Beautiful Women



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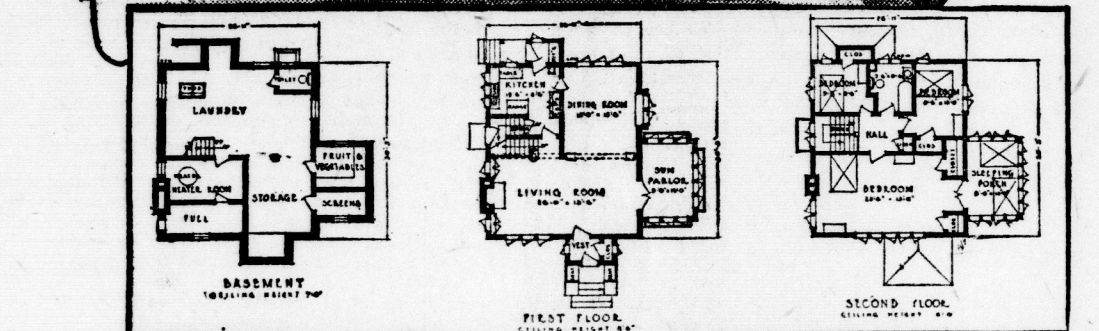
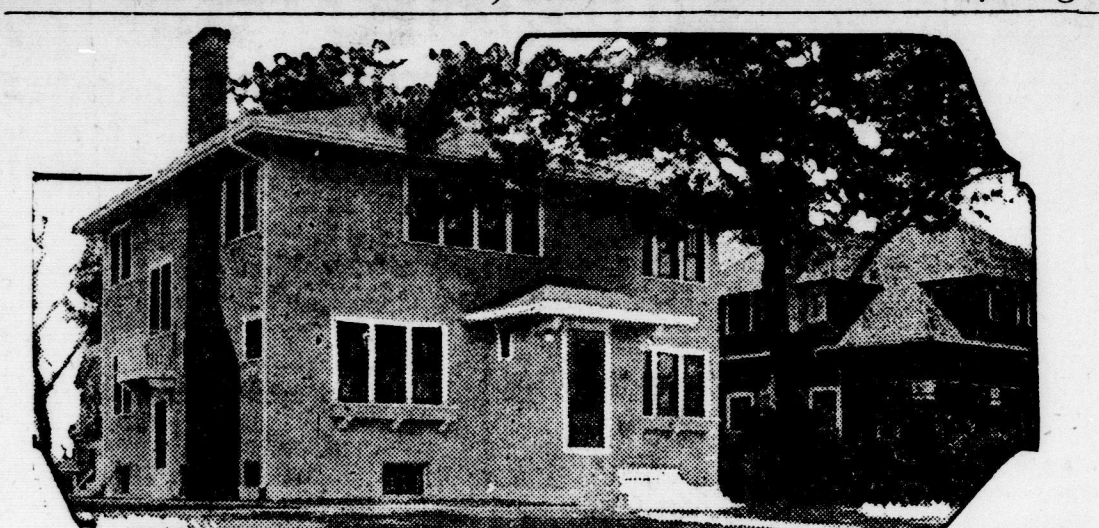
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## Will You Build That Cosy Home in London This Spring?



ARE you going to build that home of yours in London this spring?

Remember you will be able to build an artistic small home of three to six rooms more cheaply and with more refinement and good taste this year than at any time since the world war!

Original plans, specifications and estimates for a small home cannot command the price that those for a larger and more pretentious one does. Yet the cosy little home often requires more time and study by the architect than a residence whose cost runs into six figures.

That's why The London Advertiser for the next ten days will submit for the information of readers plans of individuality and character, which you can

submit to your architect so that he can prepare estimates and make any alterations necessary to meet your individual need without being put to the necessity of taking the unprofitable job of preparing an original design for a small home.

The plan above is the first of the series of ten, and you can build this home for \$7,500 or less, as labor and material costs are daily on the down grade.

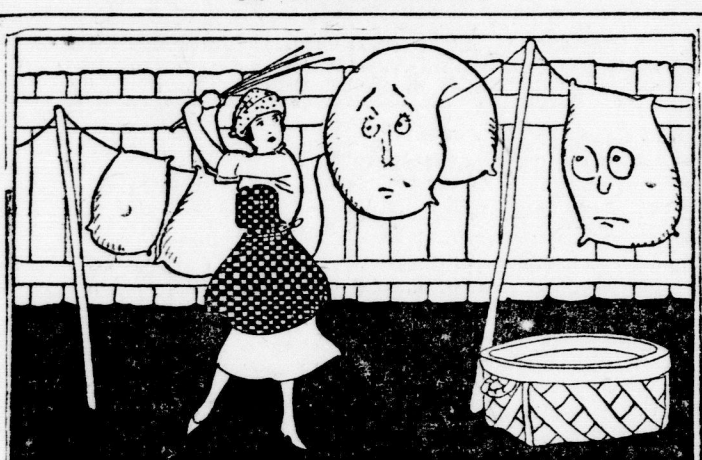
Below are shown the plans for basement, first and second floors. Above is an actual photograph of the completed house.

The house contains six rooms, bath, sunporch and sleeping-porch. The exterior is of grey stucco. Dimensions are: 26-11 by 30-3.

Another set of plans will appear in The London Advertiser Monday.

## "THE FAT OLD PILLOW"

[By Olive Roberts Barton.]



PILLOWS of all sizes and shapes were pinned to a clothesline between the maple trees in the yard. It was housecleaning time and the whole family of them was getting a sunning. The grand-daddy of all the pillows, a big fat bolster, was doubled over the line right on his stomach, as though he had a tremendous pain from overstuffing, like kiddies get on holidays.

It seemed to add to his misery when the maid came out, and started to beat him with a stout cane. He swelled up still more, with indignation, probably, until he was in a fair way to burst. In fact, he was bursting. A tiny rip appeared in one of his sides which grew to quite a size and in a twinkling several fluffy feathers had crowded out and fluttered away over the tree-tops up into the sky.

"Oh, look," cried Nancy. "They're sailing straight into the sun!"

But as soon as she had said it, she remembered—and Nick remembered, too—that Baskins had said on their return from their last adventure. Baskins had mentioned a country in the sky which he called "The Land of Runaway Feathers!"

"Let's go over to the orchard," said Nick.

"Come on," said Nancy.

Away they ran to the apple-tree which had the funny little old wooden house tucked away in its boughs. The Twins looked around in the grass with their sharp eyes to see if the Magical Mushroom had left the Green Shoes for them. But nary a thing did they find, but a few broomy-white petals blown down by the wind from the blossom-laden branches.

"We'll have to climb," said Nancy. "No wishing shoes today!"

"Shucks," said Nick. "The house won't move. I just know, when we've got ordinary shoes on. But let's try, anyway."

Up they scrambled.

To Be Continued. (Copyright, 1922.)

CELERY. Roll the celery in brown paper, then wrap a towel around it and put it in a dark place. Put it in a basin of cold water for an hour before using. Celery thus treated can be used after it is a week old.

CLEANING FURNITURE. If the white furniture is not enameled it should be washed a little at a time with sandpaper and if it is enameled a neutral soap should be used. Each spot, as it is washed, should be thoroughly dried.

Wheat Pudding. Use any left-over wheat cereal, although the more slightly parched brands make a more delicate pudding.

Three-quarter cup left-over boiled cereal, 1 1/2 cups milk, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon melted butter, 2-3 cup sugar, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, 1/4 teaspoon lemon juice.

Beat milk and cereal until perfectly smooth. Add yolk of egg well beaten, sugar, butter and cinnamon. Pour into a buttered baking dish and bake 45 minutes in a slow oven. Cover with meringue made with the white of egg beaten till stiff, and dry with 1 tablespoon cold water. Then beat in 2 tablespoons sugar, vanilla and lemon juice. Brown in a hot oven. Let the meringue brown in ten minutes. Serve this pudding warm or cold.

Hominy Pudding. One cup cooked hominy, 1 table-

## CEREAL DISHES

EFT-over cereal may always be used up in a made dish. If a large amount is left it may be molded and sliced and fried for luncheon or a smaller amount can be used in a pudding.

A cereal pudding has much food value and should follow a light meal. Learn to let the dessert count as so many necessary calories of food rather than just so much more that would not be eaten if it were not sweet and specially attractive.

Cereal Luncheon Loaf. One and one-half cups hominy grits, 3/4 cup finely chopped peanuts, 1/2 cup coarse salt bread crumbs, 1 tablespoon catsup, 1 tablespoon minced onion, 2 tablespoons minced celery, 1 egg, 1/2 teaspoon salt.

Beat egg, add bread crumbs, nuts, catsup and onion and salt. Reheat cereal and when very hot stir in the first mixture. Pour into a buttered baking dish, and bake half an hour in a hot oven. Serve with tomato sauce.

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spoon butter, 2 cups milk, 2 eggs, 1 lemon, 1/2 cup maple syrup, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 cup of chopped dates.

Heat milk and hominy and beat smooth. Beat yolks of eggs till thick and lemon colored, and beat in sugar and syrup. Add salt and grated lemon rind and butter. Add to first mixture and mix well. Add dates. Fold in whites of eggs beaten till stiff and dry. Turn into a buttered mold and bake 40 minutes in a moderate oven. Serve with or without hot sauce.

Cornmeal Cakes. Two cups cornmeal mush, 1 egg, 2 dessertspoons butter, 1/4 cup grated cheese, paprika and more grated cheese for sprinkling to bake.

Reheat mush and add egg well beaten, butter and the one-quarter cup of cheese. Pour into a shallow pan. The mush should not be more than half an inch thick. When cold cut in narrow strips or cut with a cookie cutter. Remove from pan and put on a slightly buttered baking sheet, sprinkle with grated cheese and paprika, and put in a hot oven to melt the cheese and heat the little cakes through. Serve at once very hot.

(Copyright, 1922.)

COLORED STITCHING. Bright colors are making their appearance with the wearing of spring. White gloves are being stitched in rose and purple and have gay little cuffs lined with brightly colored silks.

Use spritz of ammonia to neutralize any acid stain on clothing, then wash with water, and if necessary apply chloroform to restore the color.

REMOVING ACID. Use spritz of ammonia to neutralize any acid stain on clothing, then wash with water, and if necessary apply chloroform to restore the color.

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Free Trial of a Method That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time.

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We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, ephedrine preparations, fumes, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our expense that our method is designed to end all difficult breathing, all wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms.

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A new oil lamp that gives an amazingly brilliant, soft, white light, even better than gas or electricity, has been tested by the U. S. Government and 35 leading universities and found to be superior to 10 ordinary oil lamps. It burns without odor, smoke or noise—no pumping up, is simple, clean safe. Burns 94 per cent air and 6 per cent common kerosene (coal oil).

The inventor, S. E. Johnson, 246 Craig St., W. Montreal, is offering to send a lamp on 10 days' FREE trial, or even to give one FREE to the first user in each locality who will help him introduce it. Write him today for full particulars. Also ask him to explain how you can get the agency, and without experience or money make \$250 to \$500 per month—Advt.

## The STEP on the STAIRS



BEGIN HERE TODAY.

The report of a revolver, followed by hurrying footsteps on the stairs, caused Detective Barry and his friend, Professor Semenov, to rush from the latter's room on the fifth floor of a New York apartment house. They discovered that beautiful African Vane, society portrait painter, has been murdered in her studio apartment on the third floor. Ladd, a young artist on the second floor, told us the truth of what happened last night! Why did you go half-way up the flight of stairs leading to Mrs. Vane's apartment if you saw her in the hall talking to a neighbor whom you apparently dislike?

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