

Linda Lee Inc.

by LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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(Continued From Our Last Issue.)
"I only wanted to help you, if I could," Lucinda explained, getting to her feet. "If you're unhappy—I'm so sorry—"

The movement must have been misinterpreted, for the girl sprang up.

"I don't want your help," she stormed. "I don't want anything to do with you—only to be left alone!" She flung herself at Lucinda as if to thrust her out by force. "Go! go! go!" she screamed. Then the window slammed.

XX
THERE was at this time little room in Lucinda's inner life for other people's troubles, she was much too agreeably engrossed in doting on this radiant Linda Lee, victress in a form of duel of which Summerlad was reputed a master who had never known defeat. Rumors current of his success had found her credulous and lenient; mortal vanity saw to that. It feeds on strange foods.

That morning, as every morning now, she woke with a smile responsive to the smiling promise of the day, called for her car and sallied forth.

Her rooms were so situated that to reach the main entrance she had to pass the corner room, now occupied by Nelly Marquis; and luck would have it that the two should meet.

The Marquis girl had been out and was returning with a small packet gripped in a shabbily gloved hand. A well-made woman with a graceful carriage, her face held elements of beauty of a wild, sweet sort, but dimmed and wasted by despondency and impaired health. Today the dark rings under her eyes were deeper, the eyes themselves more desperate than when their look had first appealed to Lucinda's sympathies. And seeing her so, Lucinda with a solicitous cry—"Why, Miss Marquis!"—paused and extended an impulsive hand.

The girl swayed away from the hand, shrinking to the wall; her countenance ebbing, while her eyes grew hard and hot.

"Well," she said sullenly—"what do you want?"

Confounded by this proof of a hostility as pertinacious as it was perverse, Lucinda faltered: "But—you are ill—"

"Well, and if I am, what's that to you?" The words uttered in a level tone nevertheless seemed to force explosively past the tremulous, waxen lips. "Oh, don't worry your head about me; think about yourself—"

she accomplished a singularly true reproduction of Summerlad's tone—"I'm really not the sort you can afford to get mixed up with!"

"I'm so sorry you heard, Miss Marquis. Of course, neither of us had any idea you were—"

"Eavesdropping? why don't you say it? I'm not ashamed."

"But are you fair to me? I meant no harm, I didn't say—what you resent—you know."

The girl gave a grimace of hate. "No," she snarled—"you didn't say anything unkind, you were too busy posting as Lady Bountiful to pass uncharitable remarks! But he said enough—enough for me. Oh, I'm not saying he didn't tell the truth!"

"Yes," said Lucinda coolly—"clearly"—and went her way.

Her car brought her to the Zinn studios.

Neither Lynn nor Joseph Jacques, his director, was in evidence, but the cameraman said the two of them had retired to the director's office for a conference.

To the office Lucinda and Fanny Lontaine repaired and—there knock being answered by a growl—there discovered Summerlad, in elaborate evening clothes, a scowl on his handsome face, with Jacques, a mild-mannered young cinema sultan, in riding-breeches, and boots, sitting on the desk itself, and moodily drumming its side with his heels.

"We were wondering if you'd care to be an angel to us, Linda," said Summerlad.

"Help us out of the worst sort of a hole, Miss Lee," Jacques added.

"But what is it?"

"Oh, nothing at all!" Summerlad assured her with a laugh that depreciated the very idea—"all we want you to do is forget you're a star, or going to be, and play a little part with me in this picture we're doing now."

"I'd love to."

"Knew she'd do it!" Jacques crowed.

"You are a brick, Linda, and no mistake. You've no idea what a load you've taken off our minds. You see, this part, while nothing to speak of in itself, is awfully important to the picture in one way; it absolutely demands somebody who's got everything you've got."

"This morning she sent round word she had ptomaine poisoning."

"Gloria Glory?" Fanny commented.

"When I want a doctor I'll call him myself. Good night."

"Why, I saw her down at Sunset last night."

"Too much party," Jacques interpreted.

"Then you'll do it, Linda?"

"I'll love doing it. What do you want me to wear?"

"Cross-saddle costume, Miss Lee," Jacques explained.

Lucinda experienced no difficulty in fitting herself acceptably with a ready-made costume of white linen for cross-saddle riding, and light tan boots of soft leather.

The prospect of at last doing real work before a camera, after her long wait since falling in with Lontaine's scheme, inspired a quiet elation. She had already been elaborately tested and re-tested, of course, by the cameraman under contract with Linda Lee Inc.; she had ceased to find the light of the Kleigs.

It wasn't till she found herself in the corridor leading to her suite that Lucinda remembered Nelly Marquis; she hadn't given the girl two thoughts since morning.

As she passed Miss Marquis' room, she noticed that the door was slightly ajar, and where the light from the corridor struck in across the threshold, a white hand at rest upon

SUMMER DRESSES FOR GIRLS



GIVEN a very young woman ardently devoted to the baking of mud pies, and the mortality among her dresses becomes terrific. That is why harassed mothers sigh

the floor, a woman's hand, palm up, the fingers slightly contracted, absolutely still. A startling thing to see.

For a few seconds Lucinda stood entranced with premonitions of horror. Then she moved to the door and rapped on it gently. There was no response, the hand didn't stir. She called guardedly: "Miss Marquis!"

and when nobody answered laid hold of the knob.

Nelly Marquis lay supine, breathing, if at all, so lightly that the movement of her bosom was imperceptible. Her lids half lowered, showed only the whites of rolled up eyes her lips were parted and discolored her pallor more ghastly even than it had been in the morning.

On the evidence of her body's posture in relation to the partly opened door, she had been taken suddenly ill; had rushed to call for assistance, and had fallen in the act of turning the knob.

Lucinda shut the door, knelt, touched the girl's wrist, and found it icy cold. But when she placed her hand upon the bosom she found it warm, and that the heart in it was faintly but unmistakably fluttering.

In relief and pity, she essayed to take the girl up in her arms and carry her to the bed, and found the dead weight too great.

Casting round at random for something in the nature of a restorative, she found in the bathroom a bottle of toilet water.

Bathing the girl's brows and temples with toilet water, she observed for the first time a reddish bruise under the left eye, the mark of a blow, possibly sustained in falling. But there was nothing nearby that the girl could have struck, to inflict such a hurt, except the door-knob, and if she had struck this with such force she must, one would think, have slammed the door.

It was puzzling.

Her ministrations eventually began to take effect. The bleached lips quivered, closed, then opened and closed several times. The woman's lashes trembled and curved toward her eyes.

"Do you think you're strong enough now to get to bed, if I help?"

The girl nodded. "I try," she whispered. Using all her strength, Lucinda succeeded in getting Nelly Marquis on her feet. About this time the clouded faculties began to clear. Clinging to Lucinda's arm, the girl

with relief that summer dresses may be simple. Half a dozen of them can be made in no time at all and are equally easy to launder. Sleeveless aprons of the same general cut may even be used for frocks when the thermometer reaches 80 or above.

The children's shops show small girls' dresses in chambray, black satin, dotted swiss, organdy, dimity and checked gingham. Those of black satin or plain colored chambray are especially jolly because they are trimmed with applied flowers of brightly colored silk or cretonne.

started as if in a spasm of fear, darted swift glances of terror round the room, then turned a look of perplexity to Lucinda.

"Where is he?" the whisper demanded. "Has he—has he gone?"

"There is no one here, nothing to be afraid of. Come; let me help you to bed."

Recognition dawned as she spoke, with a movement of feeble fury the girl threw Lucinda's arm away, but deprived of its support staggered to the foot of the bed, to which she clung, quaking.

"You!" she cried—"what you doing here?"

"The door was open, I saw you lying senseless on the floor. You'd have done as much for me."

"Oh, would? A lot you know!" Her knees seemed about to buckle; well-powered alone kept Nelly Marquis from sinking; yet she persisted: "I suppose I ought to thank you. Well, much obliged, I'm sure. Is that enough?"

"Quite enough. I've no wish to annoy you. Only, let me suggest, you need a doctor. May I ask the office to call one?"

"When I want a doctor, I'll call him myself. Good night."

"I'm sorry," said Lucinda simply. With no choice other than to go, she went. But the vision she carried away, of Nelly Marquis glaring at her with eyes malevolent, her frail body vibrating so that it shook the bed.

XXI
A MONTH of Hollywood, and Lucinda threw herself into the details of every hour with tremendous zest, and liked it all as she seldom had liked anything before.

There was another side to the business, of course. One heard dark hints of the uglier side, one even caught glimpses of it—as in the instance of Nelly Marquis. But awareness of it had no perceptible effect upon the spirits of those with whom Lucinda found herself associated for the time being. Some of the younger members of the acting division seemed to take life a thought too lightly—life meaning as a rule, themselves—but the more experienced went about their work with jests ever on their lips. The common attitude summed up to this, that making pictures was all a huge lark and (strictly between those engaged in it) a good job on the people who paid the bills.

As for the part she was supposed to play in this picture of Summerlad's, Lucinda never managed to secure an intelligible exposition of its relation to the plot. Both Summerlad and Jacques seemed strangely vague in their own minds concerning it, and Alice Drake frankly confessed she hadn't read the script and hadn't the faintest notion what the picture was about.

Lucinda and Summerlad were photographed time and again, in distance shots, medium shots and close-ups, riding side by side, dismounting to rest in a sweet sylvan glade by the side of the stream, and finally in each others arms.

Because such scenes are a commonplace of picture-taking, Lucinda had not been prepared for the fact that she was to be kissed by Summerlad. Now suddenly, she was instructed to permit his embrace, submit to his kiss and kiss him in response.

She made no demur, for that would have seemed silly, but did her best to ape the matter-of-course manner of all hands, and went through with it with all the staidness when the camera wasn't trained on her, that was compatible with the emotions she must show when it was.

Released at length, she looked round, dazed and breathless, to find that, during the business of the kiss, a party of uninvited onlookers had been added to their professional audience.

A motor car had slipped up on the group and stopped, and one of its two passengers had alighted and drawn near to watch.

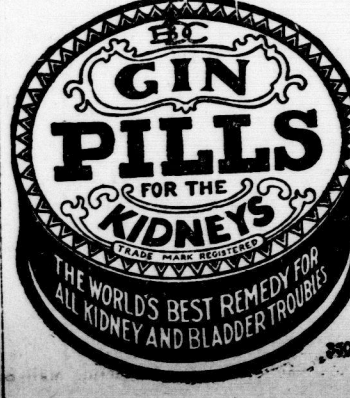
This was Bellamy.

XXII
MOMENTARILY stunned eyes saw the face of Bellamy only as a swimming blue of flesh-colored shaded by a smile of hateful mockery, her wits handicapped by panic.

Keep a shelf of

Victory

Pork and Beans
Lunch Tongue
Compressed Corned Beef
Corned Beef Luncheon
Beefsteak and Onions
Roast Beef
Cambridge Sausage



HAS WESTERN ONTARIO ANY GENTLEMEN?

IN directing their sons, when they are of tender years, along an exemplary course of conduct, how frequently do mothers admonish them, "Now be a perfect little gentleman." But the point of the admonition is undoubtedly lost when neither the mother or the child can explain just what a "perfect gentleman" is.

"Perfect Gentleman" has come a phrase that is easily said, but poorly understood. How many can tell what a perfect gentleman is? Can you?

The London Advertiser is offering a prize of \$5 for the best response to the question: "What is a perfect gentleman?" and five \$1 prizes for the next five best answers.

The contest will close at noon on Wednesday, May 24, so write your answer now. Many of the answers will be printed.

A PERFECT GENTLEMAN.

It used to be thought that a gentleman was a man of leisure who had plenty of money and always wore good clothes.

Now we know that a perfect gentleman is a man of honor, kind, generous, noble, never playing a mean trick on anyone behind their back.

A gentleman will try to treat others as he would wish to be treated himself, giving everyone a "square deal," also studying to improve his mind and manners.

A perfect gentleman will be sure to remember that he can only go through the world once and will want to do all the good he can the first time he goes through.

"Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

HIS VERSION.

Shall I tell you my version of a "perfect gentleman"? It is one who is the same to his pals when they are down and out and when they are floating. He does not have to give up smoking to be a gentleman, as smoking is a manly habit and also a nerve tonic. Also he does not have to go to church, as many that go to church are far from being gentlemen, and do so only for others to see.

Considerate to others and respect to his family, and straight dealings in business, not being all surface, but sound, no camouflage.

E. IRELAND.

A REAL GENTLEMAN.

My opinion as to what makes up the gentleman:

"One who in adversity beams through the shadows and sheds a ray of love to all within his reach."

"One who puts God and family first, in his every day life, all the lesser things of earth and they are floating. He does not have to give up smoking to be a gentleman, as smoking is a manly habit and also a nerve tonic. Also he does not have to go to church, as many that go to church are far from being gentlemen, and do so only for others to see."

"None are perfect. No, not one!"

T. G. M.

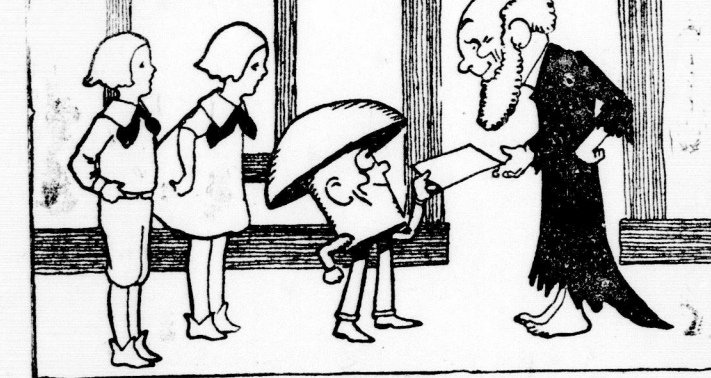
A GENTLEMAN.

Western Ontario has a few gentlemen, but no perfect ones, and neither has any other country any perfect gentlemen. There was only one perfect gentleman on earth, and that one was the Son of God. When men look to the stage of being perfect earth is not the place for them. Some may be considered perfect in earthly eyes, but not so in the eyes of God.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

What a Fix the Moon-Man's In! He Can't Please Everybody, Can He?

(By Olive Roberts Barton.)



"Oh, by the way, here's the list," he remarked.

WHEN Nancy and Nick had had tea at the Moon-Man's house, and scraped up the last bit of crackers and milk out of their bowls, the Magical Mushroom said he'd be going.

"I'll go to the top of the mountain we landed on and take a jump," said he. "My wide parachute hat will keep me from falling, and I'll sail down ever so gently to the earth. Then I'll go to the Fairy Queen's palace and tell her everything's all right."

"If you like, I'll send a moonbeam down till it touches the earth," said Mr. Peerabout, dumping the bowls into a dish pan and pouring hot water over them. "Then you can slide the whole way without any trouble at all."

"Oh, no! Thank you just the same, said the Mushroom. "Oh, by the way, here's the list," he remarked, reaching in his pocket and handing a folded paper to the Moon-Man.

"Why, bless my soul!" cried Mr. Peerabout, wiping his hands. "I'd forgotten all about it. It shows I'm getting old. They'll soon have to get another Moon-Man in the Moon, that's sure. First thing you know some time I'll be going around in the daylight instead of the night and folks will think I'm lost."

Nancy and Nick were curious to know what the paper was about, so, as there didn't seem to be much of a secret about it, they listened.

"Listen, ho!" sighed the Moon-Man, putting on his specks and looking at the paper. "The usual crowd wants the usual things. The people of Whispering Forest want no moon at all so they'll be safe from Fleet Fox and Blunder Bear."

"The Wigglefin People, down under the sea, want a full moon because the tide is high then. Mr. Hunter wants a sickle moon turned upside down so it will rain and that's good for hunting."

"Mr. Farmer wants the moon turned the other way so it will be dry and that's good for planting. Hum, ho! What shall I do?"

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

Radio Radiations

BY THE RADIO EDITOR.

MOST radio fans are so intent on listening in, that they often forget to take proper care of their sets. Here are some pointers that may keep your expenses low and your receptive power high:

Filament Current.

In most tubes the filament current is supplied by a six-volt storage battery. To use this complete voltage would cut down the life of the tube. So a rheostat is used for the regulation of the current.

There is also a switch of some kind. Instead of regulating the current by the rheostat, some amateurs set it and then simply throw the switch.

This is wrong.

Never throw the load on the filament suddenly. Feed it in slowly—by a gradual advance in the rheostat.

One cannot accurately tell just how much voltage should be applied to the filament, for that depends on the condition of the tube. Generally speaking, the current flow should be between four and five volts.

"B" Battery.

The "B" battery is always left connected to the plate of the tube. But it should be variable in steps. Some detector tubes require 22½ volts, while others perform most efficiently on 17 or 18 volts.

When used for amplifying tubes also, the "B" battery should be variable from 40 to 60 volts.

Never use any more voltage on either plate or filament than is absolutely necessary, for the tube may become paralyzed.

With the proper care, the tube should last many months.

Grid Leak—Condenser.

Some amateurs use neither grid leak nor grid condenser. But these parts are so inexpensive and helpful in increasing the efficiency of the set

that every vacuum tube set owner should use them.

They can be made easily, as described in these columns before.

Be sure that the leak and condenser used are of the proper value for your receiver.

Loose Connections. Poor soldering and loose connections cause the greatest inefficiency. Every radio fan should go over all connections regularly—starting from the aerial and working down to the ground.

If you are using a pipe for ground, be sure that it is the cold water pipe. The other pipes may not have an immediate ground connection.

Amplifying Transformers. In constructing or purchasing an amplifying set see that the amplifying transformers are at right angles to the receiver shielded with thin copper, which should be grounded to your regular ground. This does away with all body capacity.

Have you ever noticed that coming signals received at a maximum value are often decreased in power when the receiver takes a hand away from the dial or tuning knob? This is the effect of body capacity on a set which is shielded.

In making this shield be sure it does not touch any of the tuning elements or connecting wires in the receiver.

RADIO PRIMER

AMPLITUDE.—The highest point attained by a radio wave, or oscillation. The crest of a wave.

AMPLITUDE OF A RADIO WAVE.—The amplitude of a radio wave is dependent upon the initial energy it creates it. The greater the energy the greater the amplitude.

SISTER MARY'S KITCHEN

ASPARAGUS

Tasty Ways to Prepare It

If you have grown tired of plain boiled, steamed or creamed asparagus try some of these recipes.

These dishes should be used for luncheon as the main dish. There is a whole lot of nourishment in them, making them too hearty for a dinner vegetable served with meat and potatoes.

Asparagus in Cases. Two bunches asparagus, 2 cups milk, 4 eggs, 3 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, stale bread.

Cut bread in slices two inches thick. Cut in rounds with a biscuit cutter. Cut the centre of each circle, leaving a case one-half inch thick. Dip in melted butter and brown slightly in a hot oven.

Cut asparagus in inch lengths. Put in saucepan with milk and simmer 15 minutes. Add butter and eggs well beaten, salt and pepper. Cook over hot water till sauce coats the spoon. Fill the crustades with mixture.

Dip the small pieces of bread cut from the larger rounds in melted butter and in the top of each crustade. Put on a buttered dripping pan and put in a hot oven for five minutes. The tops should brown slightly. Serve at once.

Luncheon Asparagus.

Two bunches asparagus, 1 cup soft bread crumbs, 4 tablespoons butter, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 canned pimiento. Wash and scrape asparagus. Tie in small bundles and cook in boiling salted water with the heads up for 15 minutes. Put heads under water and cook 10 minutes. Drain and arrange on a hot platter. Remove stems.

CATARRH OF THE STOMACH FOR EIGHT YEARS

The cause of this trouble is the fermentation of food in the stomach which generates a gas that is very frequently belched up. There is also a rumbling of the bowels and a discharge of mucus from the bowels, and the stomach is frequently vomited.

There is a burning pain in the stomach, the appetite is fickle, the tongue coated, the breath bad, constipation is generally present and the sufferer becomes weak, nervous, depressed and exceedingly miserable.

The blame lies with a sluggish liver, as it holds back the bile which is so necessary to promote the movement of the bowels, and when the bile gets into the blood a badly disordered condition of the stomach, liver and bowels will surely follow.

Keep your liver active and you will always enjoy good health.

Mrs. Agnes Gallant, Reserve Mines, N. S. writes: "I had been a great sufferer for eight years, from catarrh of the stomach, and tried several so-called cathartic remedies without relief until a friend advised me to try Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills, which I did, and four weeks completely relieved me. That was six years ago, and I have had no return of my old trouble."

Price, 25c a vial at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Company, Limited, Toronto, Ont.—Advt.

Found Health by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Melaval, Saskatchewan.—"I, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, advertised for women's troubles and when a friend recommended it to me I tried it and it has done me so much good in two years in that I find I am a different woman since then. I read your Vegetable Compound much as I can and you may my letter as a testimonial."

WM. J. THOMAS, Melaval, Saskatchewan.

These letters recommending Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound ought to convince women of great worth of this medicine in treatment of ailments to which are often subject.

Mrs. Thomas writes that she is different woman now. If you suffer from troubles women have, or feel all run down, with any ambition or energy for regular work, take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is natural restorative and should you as it has Mrs. Thomas many, many other women.

This medicine has been helped sick women nearly fifty years surely a long record of service.



DR. THOMAS' ECLECTIC OIL

(Continued In Our Next Issue)

Perfect little white beans

THE small white bean—grown in soil to produce beans perfect in shape and size for thorough cooking.

Rich in bone and muscle-making elements.

Sweet, fat pork to make it a balanced sustaining meal. With Tomato or Chili Sauce.

Only choice meats, Dominion Government inspected, are used in Victory Canned Products.

Made in Canada.

NATIONAL CANNED MEATS LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA