

Love in the Dark

She Was the Prettiest Picture in the Picture-house—and Drew Him Like a Magnet

By J. Hilary Garrett

Nancy Crowther showed you into your seat if you went to the Regal Picture House, Burlington. She was a girl who performed her work quietly, and if you fell on her in the extraordinary darkness within, she dodged you unobtrusively and set you on your feet again.

Light comes into the matter first of all as supplied by the Burlington Gas Company through the Regal's outside lights. One evening it flooded the careless, bored face of Mr. Kenneth Ainger, who was looking at the posters.

Through the doorway to the right of the pay-box was a glass windowlet which sometimes showed the prettiest picture in the picture-house—Nancy Crowther.

Kenneth Ainger, who preferred the homely name of "Feet" (they were admittedly rather large), caught sight of this beautiful piece of absolutely natural coloring—Nancy's fair hair, blue eyes, and pink cheeks—and decided to go in.

You can tell his age by this. Had he been twenty-seven, he would have waited outside to catch her; had he been over fifty, he would have got hold of her name and written her a letter. As it was, he was twenty-three, and bravely made a dash for it.

The only thing is that when he got to the pay-box he felt in his pockets and found he had only sixpence.

However, he noticed with relief that there were seats for sixpence, and pushed that coin through the pigeon-hole. The next moment he got a shock, for he was addressed by his Christian name, added to a "Good-evening!"

"Good heavens! Why, it's Toodles!" he said.

"Nancy seeing you, Kenneth!"

"Nancy your running a picture-house?"

"Well, governesses are used to being shut up in glass cases!"

For this was none other than Kenneth's governess in the days before he went to school and University.

The young man explained that he had left his car at a local garage for slight repairs—he was now staying at a country hotel some little way off—and had previously lent all his ready money to an impetuous friend.

Whereupon Toodles, who was really Miss Amy Todhunter, owner of the little Regal Picture House, pressed a one-and-tuppenny ticket upon him and said he could pay when he came again.

Kenneth's entry into the picture-house provided another "incident." As he passed through the swinging-doors, loosely holding the flimsy piece of ticket script, a sudden gust of wind caught it and blew it away.

Nancy, who had seen the happening, laughed.

"Never mind," said Kenneth Ainger suddenly. "It was only a sixpenny one."

The fact was, he had looked across to his left and seen that, if he went into the one-and-tuppennies, he would be right in the middle and far from the sight of this pretty girl. Alternately, there was a prospect of quite a long walk with her down to the cheap seats.

"This way sir," said Nancy.

"What a beautiful—what a good long way, I mean!" exclaimed Kenneth.

Since, away from the best seats, it was particularly dark in the Regal, it was rather a miracle that he followed so well in her footsteps. But there was one consolation. Once, to guide him, she took his hand.

He went several times after that, and he always bought a sixpenny ticket as well as his one-and-tuppenny one.

"Suppose it might do for some poor child," he would, with half a smile, explain vaguely to Miss Todhunter, with whom he had now had many refreshing talks over old times, and—what was more important to Miss Todhunter's fortunes—over present ones. For this was a rich young man.

Meanwhile, it was lovely to take that long walk in the darkness with Nancy, stumbling rather in her wake, as was only to be expected of those feet of his. But, as a reward, he often experienced the thrill of her shepherding touch.

finding occasion to come down to the sixpennies again, she leaned over the orchestra rail and said: "Knees all right!"

"Ah, well, he's not feeling the pinch yet!" sighed Mary Newman.

But Nancy could not help feeling perturbed. There was no doubt that she liked the new patron of the sixpennies. He seemed so kind and polite, and he had a voice like a broadcaster's. Style. She could not help thinking, however, that things must be going hard with him that he sat there in the cheapest seats.

And then came the peculiar turn in the Regal Picture House's affairs which set Nancy Crowther to thinking of a way of doing something for the unfortunate young fellow of the sixpenny seats who had interested her.

Miss Todhunter—"Toodles!"—suddenly announced to Mary the surprising fact that she had acquired another—even more luxurious—picture-house in the neighboring town. Therefore she was going to engage a manager for the Regal.

When several applicants for the post had been interviewed and Miss Todhunter seemed inclined to one, Nancy had a brief interview with her employer in the box-office.

"Don't give the post to the last man who came," she said. "I don't like his face, and it is extraordinary how right I am in these matters. Now, I know a gentleman who comes here in the sixpennies who is quite suitable—I'm sure quite suitable."

"How do you know he is suitable, Nancy?" said Miss Todhunter amusedly.

"Well, he has the right face and manner, a gentleman who has had better times, though he is pinched for money now—and he's here now. Do please see him, Miss Todhunter. I am sure he would suit you."

Miss Todhunter did not know any "gentleman" answering this description, who went into the sixpennies habitually. However, she was not altogether satisfied with the rather overbearing man she had interviewed, and she trusted Nancy's instinct.

In a few minutes Nancy, having gained the necessary permission, was standing excitedly by Kenneth Ainger's elbow.

"Look here, do you want a job?" she said excitedly.

"Well," replied the young man slowly, "if it's a certain kind of job." He looked at Nancy glowingly, but the darkness fortunately hid the look. He was being a little too precipitate.

"You can't be too particular these days," snapped the girl. "Have you got your references?"

"Well, the Westminster, the National and Provincial, and the Martin Corporation of America," Ainger answered, surprised out of his wits.

"Ah, I thought it was picture-houses!" said Nancy, in mistaken delight. "I thought you might have had something to do with them! Now, come along."

Ainger slowly complied. This was all very mysterious, but he began to gather that she wanted to do something for him, and he felt curious. Presently he found himself in the little pay-box—facing "Toodles."

"This is the gentleman!" said Nancy breathlessly.

Miss Todhunter looked—and then burst into roars of laughter. Nancy's face turned white. Kenneth glanced from one to the other, obviously perplexed.

"My dear child," said Miss Todhunter, "do you know what you are saying? This gentleman, as a matter of fact, is financing me—partly—in my purchase of a new picture house. He is an old friend of mine."

"But he has been sitting in the sixpennies," faltered Nancy, "and I thought—"

"The sixpennies!" Miss Todhunter's tone was contemptuous. Then she smiled. "I think I understand," she said. "So that's what he did with those odd sixpenny tickets! Oh, he's a sly youth! He's deceived you a little, I fear, Nancy."

Nancy cried out to Ainger: "Oh, you're horrible, horrible! To think that you—"

She would have rushed out of the pay-box, but young Mr. Ainger detained her.

"No, don't go, Nancy," he said. "You are the best little girl in the world. Listen, I'm lonely. I've been looking for a wife for a long time among those gold-diggers in the set of people I meet, who would only be glad to have me for my money. But it's fine, I think, for a man to have a wife who is prepared to stand by him when he's down, or she thinks he's down. I've thought it out and considered everything, and my mind is made up. Nancy, will you—"

But at this moment Miss Todhunter excitedly got off her stool.

"I really must go and stop Mary Newman playing that 'Because I Love You.' It's the tenth time—or the eleventh—that she's played it. She's romantic, that girl!"

He Couldn't Believe It!

On entering the grocer's shop the customer happened to brush his coat against the newly painted door.

"Look here," he said angrily, "I've spoilt my coat on your beastly door."

"I'm sorry!" apologized the grocer.

"But didn't you see the notice 'fresh paint'?"

"Yes," thrust back the customer, "but I didn't take much notice of it. You have another notice there, 'fresh eggs—but they are not fresh!'"

Life is made up of trials, with an occasional conviction.

A "Churning" Winner



"Just churning for you," says Lucille Gates, American farm girl championship winner at Los Angeles county fair, Pomona, recently. And believe us, churning is just one item on the list.



Room Arrangement

To be charming, a room must be arranged with a definite design, the furniture grouped in centers of interest and not placed about haphazardly. The arrangement of furniture means as much as the beauty of the individual pieces. Ungrouped furniture is meaningless. No matter how choice in themselves, individual pieces look lonesome and dull unless assembled into little islands of charm.

The eye cannot grasp a whole room, as an interesting thing, but it spots delightfully from one of these spots of interest to another. Each calls alluringly to one who enters the room, and in each is all the equipment to make one happy for a session.

If there is a fireplace, that naturally is the chief center, its lightest, most important and most popular feature. A davenport, with end tables and lamps and tapestry, large picture or group of pictures back of it, will make an important center. A large chair, elbow table, books and reading lamp make another; piano, lamp and music cabinet; writing desk, chair and lamp; bay window, plants, rocker and birdcage, these may be centres. There may be a sewing corner with low chair, mending basket and light; or a kiddie corner with books, games and playthings for the children.

When you have arranged your groups, weave them into a harmonious composition. All of the walls and all of the groups cannot be of equal importance, but they can balance and complement one another, and make a lovely setting for home life.

School Clothes

Jumpers are coming back to the school girl's wardrobe. They enable her to look fresh with a new under blouse worn with her staple jumper dress. The Elton jacket or bolero may give her extra warmth and be worn over her jumper dress, with the ensemble effect and to cover the thin sleeves of her underblouse when on the street.

The beret or tam-like cap has become a school girl classic. It may be of knitted wool or of dressy velvet. The fall fabrics are soft. Light weight wool jersey, novelty weaves, a soft tweed and covert cloth wear well and are good looking. The belt is at the natural waist line and small capes cover slim girlish shoulders.

The boy will wear a suit of tweed mixtures or navy. The boy under twelve will wear shorts and his older brother wears knickers. Both wear double breasted coats to match the trousers. A leather sports jacket will keep out the weather and answer the rough-and-tumble needs of the growing boy. His shirts and ties are mannish

looking, resembling Dad's. He will wear striped, gold-looking hose. The primary scholar may wear a slip-over apron to school. Hair bows are going to be popular for wee misses, clipped to the hair with fasteners made for the purpose.

Sweet Potatoes

Baking is one of the best methods of preparing sweet potatoes since some of their flavor and food value is lost when they are boiled or steamed. Mashed sweet potatoes is a delicacy we rarely serve. Boil them with the peeling on until tender; then peel; mash; season with butter, salt and cream; and beat until light and smooth.

To fry sweet potatoes, roll sliced cooked potatoes in flour and brown them carefully in a small amount of fat.

For candied sweet potatoes, partially cook half a dozen sweet potatoes, peel and slice them, and put them in layers in a baking dish. Pour over them a syrup made of one cup brown sugar, cup of hot water, tablespoon of lemon juice or vinegar, teaspoon each of cinnamon and of salt. Add butter generously and bake until the potatoes are clear and somewhat gummy. A few minutes before taking from the oven, top with marshmallows and brown them in the oven. If the potatoes seem to dry out too much while baking, keep them covered to hold the steam in, or add more syrup.

Cleaning Silver

Silver manufacturers have long been trying to make a silver which will not tarnish, but they have not yet been successful in putting such a metal on the market. There are many processes of cleaning silver. Most commercial cleaners are made of whiting, which may be bought inexpensively by the pound, and benzine, gasoline or naphtha. The liquid is very volatile and will soon evaporate, leaving the paste dry. If it does this, the housewife may add a little more. For this reason, it is wise to buy only small quantities of silver polish at one time.

One can hastily make her own silver polish by making a paste of whiting and gasoline or denatured alcohol. Rub the silver with this paste. To make a silver polishing cloth, make a thin paste of whiting and gasoline; spread this on a square of felt and let it dry. When well dry, iron it with a very hot iron, on both sides.

An easy way to clean silver is to put into an aluminum pan a tablespoon each of salt and baking soda. Bring this to the boiling point and put the silver in the pan and boil it. Remove the silver and wash it in clear water. Do not use this process for oxidized silver, as it will remove the oxidizing. An unpleasant task, after cleaning silver by this method, is cleaning the aluminum pan.

Overcoming Perspiration

To perspire is a healthy activity and should be encouraged within limits. Each day one should do enough exercise to work up a sweat, and then he should take a bath. But one does not want to ruin a good dress by overactive sweat glands, nor does one wish to be offensive by feet which perspire too freely.

To reduce the perspiration of offending parts, wash them well with warm water and soap and then rinse them with cold water. Follow this with an astringent lotion which will help close the sweat glands. The following lotion will serve: Three ounces of alcohol and two drams of tannic acid. Apply this night and morning. Before you dress rub in lightly a talcum powder in which boracic acid is an ingredient.

INEQUALITY

Our inequality materializes our upper class, vulgarises our middle class, brutalises our lower class.—Matthew Arnold.

Sunday School Lesson

October 26. Lesson IV.—World's Temperance Sunday (Spiritual Weapons in a World War)—Galatians 5: 13-26. Golden Text—Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things.—1 Cor. 9: 25.

ANALYSIS.

I. THE RIGHT USE OF FREEDOM, 13-18.
II. FLESH AND SPIRIT, 19-26.

INTRODUCTION.—The country of Galatia in the north central part of Asia Minor was held, in Paul's time, by invaders from the west, Gauls, who, in the fourth and third centuries B.C., overran Italy, entered Greece, and passed over the straits into Asia. Under Roman rule the name was extended southward to cover a Roman province which included those cities of Asia Minor which Paul visited on his first, second and third missionary journeys, Antioch of Pisidia, Iconium, Lystra, and Derbe. It was to the Christian people of these cities, converts of his first great missionary enterprise, and very dear to him, that Paul wrote this letter.

During his absence, Jewish teachers from Jerusalem professing to Christians had come in and caused much unrest and trouble. Paul had preached a gospel of freedom; demanded obedience to the Jewish law. Paul had promised a full salvation from sin and its bitter consequences through faith in and faithfulness to the Lord Jesus Christ. This meant that the customs and practices of the law were not necessary to entrance into the kingdom of God. The Jew might continue to observe these customs of the old religion; sacrifice, and vows, and purifications, and holy days, and circumcision, as Paul himself did and might find them helpful, but he would not force them upon the Gentile converts to the Christian faith. These Jewish teachers who followed Paul, like those who in Acts 15: 1 insisted on the law in every particular as necessary to salvation, and turned many of the Galatian converts to their way of thinking. Hearing of this Paul was greatly distressed. To him the difference was vital, and affected the very essence of the gospel which he preached. This Epistle to the Galatians is his defence of Christian freedom. It is most weighty and authoritative.

I. THE RIGHT USE OF FREEDOM, 13-18.

The Jewish teachers who opposed themselves to Paul, and who, he says, are troubling the Galatian people and "would pervert the gospel of Christ" (1: 7), were endeavoring to bring the new believers in Christ into "the yoke of bondage" of Jewish law and custom, 5: 1. Paul reminds those to whom he writes that they have received an all-sufficient salvation in and by "the faith of Jesus Christ" (2: 16), and exhorts them to stand fast in that liberty wherewith Christ had made them free, 5: 1. But in this teaching of Christian liberty there lay the possibility of a serious misunderstanding, and some of Paul's converts were found in thinking that liberty meant lawlessness, the throwing off of all restraint, indifference to moral conduct. They confounded liberty with license, as some misguided people do even in our own day.

Paul would have those who "have been called unto liberty"—not for an occasion to self-indulgence, but as an opportunity for loving service. For the freedom of the Christian is freedom to serve. It involves a higher obligation, obedience to the law of love. Those who misuse their liberty, who "bite and devour one another," or, as Moffatt renders, who "snap at each other and prey upon each other," are in danger of a deadlier bondage than that from which they think they have escaped. There is no meaner slave than he who is possessed and governed by his own selfish appetites and passions.

Paul's counsel is "Walk in the Spirit," or in Moffatt's translation "lead the life of the Spirit." It is only where the higher nature of man has control, where flesh is obedient to spirit, that there is perfect freedom. If, on the other hand, flesh, man's lower nature, with its appetites and passions, has control, the whole of life is debased and corrupted. True manhood in that case is lost—the man becomes no better than a slave. The body controlled by man's spiritual nature is good, as God made it. In such controlled life there is no bondage. The opposite is equally true.

II. FLESH AND SPIRIT, 19-26.

"The work of the flesh," not under control of man's spiritual nature, is evil. This would not be true if there were no spiritual nature, if man were simply one of the beasts. But the real man is spirit, not flesh. God made him in his own image, after his own likeness. His virtue, his health of body and mind, his true life, lie in obedience to that godlike spirit instructed by the Spirit of God.

"But the fruit of the Spirit" is in all that is beautiful and good, in all that makes for man's highest well being, in every virtue and grace of life by which his likeness to God is made manifest. Moffatt's rendering of verses 22-23 is as follows: "But the harvest of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, good temper, kindness, generosity, fidelity, gentleness, self-control; there is no law against those who practice such things."

Paul would have Christian people remember that they belong to Christ. The Spirit of Christ must rule in them (see Romans 8: 9). It will be as though "the flesh with its affections and lusts" were dead in them, and they now walk in the way of the Spirit by which they live. Compare 2: 20 and Romans 8: 1-17.

Driver: "My wife says if I don't give up golf she'll leave me." Brascoe: "Jove, that's hard luck!" "Yes; I'm surely going to miss her."

Il Duce Looking 'Em Over



Interesting photograph showing Mussolini (right) watching manoeuvres of the Italian army and of Fascist, near Rome at Monterotondo-Mentana.