James Hilton's GOOD BYE, MR. CHIPS

ADAPTED FROM THE METRO-Goldwyn-MAYER PICTURE

by LEBBEUS MITCHELL

SYNOPSIS

Mr. Chipping, known affectionately as "Chips" to the boys and Masters of Brookfield School, has been ordered by the doctor to stay at home because of a cold—the first time he has missed the first Evening Assembly of a new school in 58 years. Chips disobeys, but finds himself locked out with a new boy, son of the Duke of Dorset. When Assembly is out the older boys gather affectionately about him. A new master, Jackson, escorts Chips back to his lodging where, seated before the hearth, Chips, now 83, sees himself as a new master coming to Brookfield 58 years earlier.

CHAPTER II

New Master At Brookfield

The Brookfield Special waited at the Victoria Station, London, for its load of boys returning, or going for the first time, to that old institution of learning. Newsboys were shouting headlines from the late papers: "Special edition—French defeated at Sedan! Special—Emperor surrenders! Empress in flight! Special!!"

Amid bustling porters, boys saying goodbye to relatives, stumbling over their bags, a harassed young schoolmaster, Bingham of Brookfield, was sorting the pupils into their seats in the train when a young, diffident man approached him.

"Are you Mr. Bingham?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I'm Chipping, the new master. Can I be of any assistance?"

"Not now—just finishing. Martin! Where's Martin!"

Chipping yelled for Martin and that was all that he did to help Bingham. He was ill at ease, uncertain of himself—going to his first school as a master—a famous school where he hoped to make a name for himself.

Among the new boys was one young fellow who, finding himself alone among a lot of strange boys, leaving home for the first time, sat looking out of the window trying hard to keep from crying. Chipping knew just how he felt—for he was feeling much the same himself. He lowered his newspaper and smiled. "Cheer up," he said with a faint smile.

That diffident encouragement was too much for the boy, and after a final struggle he burst into a flood of tears. Chips, appalled at the result of his attempt to cheer the youngster, continued: "I'm new, too. It's not easy to begin with."

Means Everything To Him

The boy flung himself into the corner of the seat and gave vent to a new burst of tearful grief. Chipping made an uncertain gesture towards the boy, and because conscious of a sudden silence among the other boys, looked furtively about.

"What di dhe do, Colley? Slap him?" asked a youthful voice.

"Kicked him, most likely," was the reply.

The new master withdrew behind his newspaper.

Arrived at Brookfield, Bingham accompanied Chipping to his quarters.

"I used to have this room. You will find the draft from that window will give you a stiff neck. What are you looking for? Is something going on?"

Chipping, standing looking out at the window, said in a burst of eager enthusiasm: "Just as I imagined it! It means everything to me to come to Brookfield. I suppose you felt the same way. I'll get on. I know I will . . . Headmaster of Brookfield —that's something worth working for."

"Done any teaching before?" asked Bingham, grinning at his back.

Before he could reply, a school porter knocked and told him that Dr. Weatherby, the Headmaster, would see him.

After their talk, Weatherby brought Chipping into the matesrs' common room and introduced him to the staff.

"I want you to show Mr. Chipping the ropes—any little pointers you know. Mr. Chipping is taking Lower School tonight. Any time you need to see me . . ."

The pointers given by his fellow instructors did not serve to banish young Mr. Chipping's nervousness at first facing a class.

"You must not let them rag you," said Masterson.

"Take a quiet look around for drawing pins in your chair," cautioned Dunbar.

"Or rat traps in your desk," added Cooper.

The Boys Are Restless

"Are you athletically inclined?" asked Leslie, filling his pipe. "Not that they ever become violent—"

"You mustn't take any notice of these fellows," said Masterson. "The boys are a bit restless on first night—new masters are exciting blood sport with them, but ——"

The bell for class rang, and Chipping made his way to Lower Form. The door was shut and inside dead silence reigned. Chipping opened the door and entered. The room was large and bare, with tall windows. It was lighted by two chandeliers of iron rings with a circle of candles.

As he stepped across the threshold, Chipping's mortar-board was whirled from his head by a thread across the doorway and flung to the floor. Amid stifled giggles came cries of: "Your hat, sir!" "You've dropped your hat!" "Oh, let me, sir!" "No, no, I'll pick it up—please, sir."

The hat, instead of being picked up and restored, was kicked out of the reach of each boy stooping to get it, raising the dust on the wooden floor.

"That will do, thank you," protested Chipping. "Kindly sit down. Will you get back to your places, please!" He made grabs for the mortar-board, but always it was snatched from his outstretched hand, while, in the name of kindly helpfulness, the youthful ruffians shouted: "Not at all sir." "We're glad to help." "Morgan, give it to me!" "Here it is!" "Do not tread on it, you silly fool!"

"Do you hear what I say?" demanded Chipping, his voice getting shriller. "Go back to your seats! Sit down! Give it to me!"

"I have it, sir!" shouted young Colley, holding it up. "It's a bit battered, sir!" He banged it violently across his knee, while the boys, speaking together, interrupting each other, cried:—

"You must be more careful, sir!" "Do you lose your hat very often, sir?" "That's a silly question!" "Isn't it a silly question, sir?"

"Awfully dusty," said Colley, still banging the mortar-board "I'll fix it, sir. Won't take a second, sir!"

Colley ran to the blackboard, snatched up the chalk-permeated duster and rubbed the mortar-board vigorously, covering it with white streaks.

The new master snatched the hat. "What's your name?"

"Colley, sir."

"Go back to your place, Colley. Go back, all of you!"

"Yes, sir," virtuously chorused the boys and took their seats quietly.

"You will employ this time until six o'clock," said Chipping, "in writing an essay on the book you were given to read during the holidays. I understand this was Kingsley's 'Westward Ho!' If you are in any difficulty, I shall be pleased to answer questions."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" chorused the hypocrites.

Chipping surreptitiously felt the seat of his chair for pins before sinking into it. A hand was raised.

"Well, what is it?"

"Is a pencil all right, sir?"

"Of course not, you idiot!" said a neighbor.

"Who's an idiot?" demanded the first boy fiercely.

"You are, you idiot!"

"Silence! Silence! I'll have no more of it!" cried Chipping.

"No more silence, sir?" asked Colley amid general laughter.

In a moment another hand was raised. "Who was Queen Elizabeth's husband, sir?"

"She didn't have a husband. Surely, you know what she was called?"

"No, sir. What, sir?"

"The Vir—er—well, she was called — er — never mind."

"Oh, sir, please sir, please tell us, sir!" they begged.

"Go on with your work," ordered the new master.

Another hand went up. "Sir, who was Cadiz?"

"Who was Cadiz?" repeated Chipping. "Who was Cadiz? Cadiz is a town in Spain."

There was another outburst of comments from the boys. "Of course, you ass!" "Isn't he an ass, sir?" "Silly, fat ass!" "Don't listen to him, sir!" "Ha! Ha! May I kick him, sir?"

"Quiet, please, quiet I think we'll get on with our work."

"Yes, sir." "Let's, sir."

In Walks Head Master

The climax came when a boy asked how to spell Armada. A dozen different boys answered, each spelling it a different way, shouting down the others, drowning out Chipping's voice ordering silence. Then other boys began repeating his order for silence, making more noise than the others. Then Colley and another youngster pretended to get into a fight, and soon missiles were hurtling back and forth.

"Boys, do you hear me? Sit down! Be quiet!" cried Chipping, as a piece of India rubber hit him on the cheek.

Colley stood up in his seat. "Who did that? I'll kill him for you, sir! Trust us, sir!"

Into the continuing pandemonium strode, Dr. Weatherby, a look of horror on his face.

"What is this? What is happening? Mr. Chipping!"

(To Be Continued)

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By ANNE ADAMS

Bustle cheerfully about your housework without worrying about spotting your good clothes in these two gay "cover-ups." They can be quickly stitched up from the same easy Anne Adams Pattern, 4266. For the heavier morning tasks, the ric-rac trimmed style in sturdy percale, gingham or chambray, is just the thing. Then, when you want to save your "best" while arranging the tea things, whisk into the daintier ruffle-edged apron. Do notice how the shoulder straps are held in place by a horizontal connecting piece in back.

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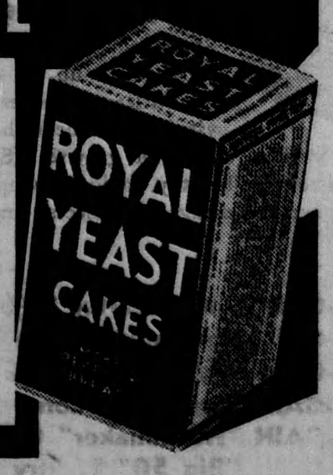

TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

VARIETY WITH MEATS

I am sure all cooks have uttered the same expression some time during the year's cooking or preparing those thousand meals or more, that it is more difficult to provide variety in the meat course than in any other part of routine meals.

Meats with their high protein contents and muscle-building properties should form a place of honor on most menus. It is true in disease, meatless meals are often prescribed, but in health, in a general mixed diet meat does hold an important place. Families tire o fthe same old kind even if they like it. Therefore, when mother presents an attractive meat dish as one of her repertoire she is readily voted a good cook.

We have tried to give you the meats that are just a little different, but every one of them will deal kindly with the budget.

—o—

Liver Patties

1 pound beef liver
2 or 3 slices bacon
1 cup breadcrumbs
2 beaten eggs
2 teaspoons grated or chopped onion
¼ teaspoon mace
Pepper and salt to taste
A few grains dry mustard
Flour for coating

Wash and cut up the liver, then drop into boiling water for a few minutes. Take it out and put it through the meat chopper along with the bacon. Mix these with the bread crumbs thoroughly and the seasonings, and moisten with the well beaten eggs. Shape. Dredge very lightly with flour.

Have the frying pan hot and plenty of bacon dripping in it. Saute the cakes and serve them very hot. A garnish of watercress adds greatly to appearance and taste. Another delightful accompaniment is a tomato sauce.

—o—

Veal Loaf

1½ cups chopped raw veal
1 teaspoon onion juice
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ cup milk
1 teaspoon parsley
1 teaspoon chopped onion
¼ teaspoon celery salt
⅛ teaspoon mace
½ cup chopped pork
1½ teaspoons salt
1 cup breadcrumbs
1 beaten egg
1 can bouillon (or two bouillon cubes) or two teaspoons meat extract dissolved in 2 cups water.

Soak breadcrumbs in milk. Mix the meat with the onion juice, salt, pepper, parsley and milk. Add to the first mixture, mould into a loaf and place in a baking pan. Pour the bouillon around, place pieces of suet on top of loaf. Cover and bake in a moderate oven from 1 to 1¼ hours, basting often.

—o—

Casserole of Veal

1 pound veal
½ pound salt pork
6 medium sized potatoes (sliced)
2 onions sliced.

Chop veal and salt pork. Mix and sear. Arrange in layers with the potato and onion in a casserole dish. Cover with water and bake in a moderate oven. Time in oven 3 hours. Temperature moderate. Servings six.

—o—

Stuffed Beef Heart

½ teaspoon poultry dressing
1 teaspoon salt
1 small sized onion chopped
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Wash the heart thoroughly and remove the muscle portions. Make the dressing by pouring boiling water through breadcrumbs and draining well. Add seasonings and when cool fill the heart or hearts. Cover with water and cook in moderate oven or in fireless cooker until tender. Drain off liquid and thicken for gravy. Sprinkle heart with buttered crumbs with salt and pepper. Put in hot oven for a few minutes to brown. Time in oven from 3 to 4 hours according to type of oven. Temperature moderate. Servings six.

YOUR HOUSEHOLD PROBLEMS

Have you fussy eaters in your family? Do you have trouble providing a varied and interesting menu? Do your cakes fall? Then write, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Miss Sadie B. Chambers, care of this paper, and she will endeavour to solve your problems.

Women Are Glad They're Not Men

Survey Shows They Believe Men Have An Easier Time, But They're Not Envious

Women, it seems, are glad they are women and not men.

A survey taken among San Francisco women in all walks of life from housewife to fashion expert, revealed that women believe they lead a fuller life, but that in general men have an easier time of it.

Lead Fuller Life

In answering a questionnaire women gave varied reasons for their views. Some balanced off the terrors of war against those of bearing children. Others estimated the responsibility of earning a living for a family against the spreading of earnings over a multitude of family needs.

In the main, however, the women agreed that men do have an easier time of it. A few said they would gladly change their sex. Others said they were content and wouldn't be men if they could change their sex.

Setter Champion Will Compete In Ontario Field Trials

"Nickel —Dru's Glad Ghost—winner of the Ontario Championship in 1937—will be a contender in the Members' Shooting Stake at the Ontario field trials at Niagara-on-the-Lake, October 14th and 15th. This picture of this fine setter—owned by G. G. Vincent, Port Nelson, Ont., shows him with a few of his field trophies.

Style Leadership May Go To States

With Collapse of Great French Dressmaking Houses Due to War

Scores of American designers will profit by the collapse of the great French dressmaking houses, it is predicted.

The World War with its temporary break-down of the Paris couture set American designers to work. This present war in Europe will place them permanently on their feet as world leaders of fashion for the future.

American-Trained Designers

Signs reading "Closed for the duration of the war" were posted by all but one or two of the leading dressmakers in Paris last month. But in every important Manhattan shop today are American-trained designers engaged in plotting not only fashions but vivid windows in which to display them.

POOR DIGESTION

IF YOUR digestion is bad, your food will not nourish your body. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery stimulates the digestive juices and helps the stomach digest food properly so that the entire body is nourished. Mrs. Mary McKaig of 253 Chippewa St., Sarnia, Ont., says: "I would get acid indigestion and would belch gas. I ate little, was underweight, didn't sleep well, and felt so weak. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery helped to build me up just wonderfully. It improved my digestion, relieved me of the stomach upsets and helped me to regain my normal weight and strength." Get Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery from your druggist today.

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Best Bird Dogs Go Into Action

In Annual Fall Field Trials At Niagara-on-the-Lake, Oct. 14th and 15th — Some of Continent's Best Setters And Pointers Will Compete

Dog lovers and hunters are promised two days' good sport on October 14th and 15th, when the Ontario Bird Dog Association holds its annual Fall field trials for setters and pointers at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

As usual, a large entry is expected from neighbouring States and spectators will have an opportunity to see some of the best bird dogs on the continent in action.

Spectators Will See Plenty

Evidence of the growing popularity of the Ontario trials is the necessity of limiting the stake for members' shooting dogs to 20 dogs. In all, five trials will be run: Members' Shooting Dog Stake; Puppy Stake; Derby; Open all Age and the Ontario Championship. The latter is limited to dogs owned in the Province of Ontario.

Pheasants are plentiful in the country surrounding Niagara-on-the-Lake, this year, and the dogs should show at good advantage. Headquarters for the trials will be the Prince of Wales Hotel and all roads will be marked to enable spectators to locate the various events with ease.

Fred Jeffries, London, and Don Crawford, Kingsville, will judge the events.

A rhinoceros can smell a white man at a greater distance than it can a black.

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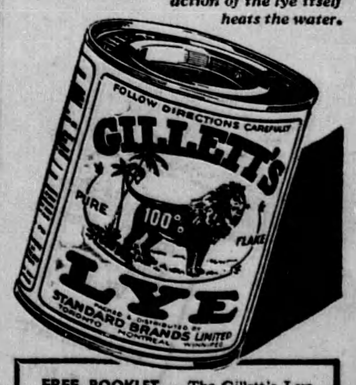

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