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GOOD BYE, MR. CHIPS

ADAPTED FROM THE METRO-Goldwyn-MAYER PICTURE

by LEBBEUS MITCHELL

SYNOPSIS

Charles Edward Chipping had been a master at the Brookfield School for boys for twenty years. Of a shy and diffident nature he had got in wrong with the boys at the start of his career as a school teacher, and had never won the friendship of his pupils. He had unforutnately, detained the class on the afternoon of an important cricket game in which one of his pupils was to have been a star player. The game had been lost, and with that bit of disciplinary measure, the first possibility of winning the friendship of the boys.

CHAPTER IV

Invitation to Austria

Chipping continued on to the masters' common room. They, too, would be departing for the sum, mer, and he wanted to tell them goodbye. He found Herr Max Staefel, the German master, a healthy comradely Viennese, cutting up cake which his class had given him, and sharing it with the other masters.

"Mind if I borrow this book to read on the train?" asked Hudson.

"Go ahead," replied Sturgeon.

"H. G. Wells," said Hudson. "Never heard of him."

"It's his first. He'll never come to anything. It's too fantastic. Ah, Chipping, where are you going for your holiday?"

"Harrogaet," replied Hudson for him. "He always does. Aren't you fed up with it, Chipping, after 20 years?"

"It's a nice, quiet hotel and I'm used to it."

The school porter came in and Staefel invited him to have a piece of cake.

"Thanks, but I've got work to be done. The 'Eadmaster's compliments, Mr. Chipping, and he'd like to see you in 'is study right away."

Sudden silence followed as the porter left. Chipping's face lighted up involuntarily.

"I say, I'll bet that's about taking over Woodward's house," said Hudson. "Congratulations, Chipping."

The other masters chimed in. "Yes, indeed." "You certainly deserve it after all this time." "So glad, old man."

"It's quite a surprise, if so," said Chipping somewhat incoherently. "I had rather hoped, you know. Well, I think I'd better go."

"See, Chipping," cried Max Staefel, "I knock on wood for you!"

Charteris, the Headmaster, a andsome, kindly man of about 45, seemed embarrassed as Chipping entered his study. He hummed a little.

"I suppose you have guessed why I wanted to see you Mr. Chipping."

Passed By

"Well—er—I" smiled Chipping.

"Mr. Woodward's retirement leaves a house-mastership to be filled."

"Yes, sir," replied Chipping in an anticipatory voice.

"You are the senior master and normally the vacancy would go to you." Charteris hurried on at the apprehension that dawned in Chipping's face: "That is why I felt in fairness I should explain to you personally why the Governors and I have decided to appoint Mr. Wilkinson. We—er—felt that with your unusual gift for getting work out of the boys, you would prefer to concentrate upon teaching and leave the rather tiresome job of Housemaster to someone with special gifts in that direction."

"I understand, sir," said Chipping, anxious t· end the interview and to get away and conceal his disappointment.

"Though I doubt," continued Charteris, "that Mr. Wilkinson will ever turn out as many minor Latin poets as you have."

"I quite understand, sir."

"I felt sure you would . . . well, I suppose you're off for the holidays?"

"Er—yes—to Harrogate."

"Well, have a pleasant time, and goodbye."

Chipping walked rapidly to his rooms. Twenty years he had been at Brookfield; he was first master and the Housemastership should have gone to him. He knew why it had not—his unpopularity with the boys. It was quite dark when there came a knock at the door. He did not respond, and the door was opened and Max Staefel asked:

"May I come in?"

"Yes, do. It's got dark, hasn't it?" He pulled the chain of the gas light and the flame flared up full. Max closed the door and came up to him.

"Chipping, I hear . . . Is it true that Wilkinson—"

"Yes, it's true," said Chipping curtly.

"I'm sorry."

"Thank you, Steafel. I don't say I'm not disappointed because I am. But there it is. Do you mind if we talk about something else?" He walked over to his desk and sat down.

A silence fell. Staefel broke it, feeling his way. "I have planned a walking tour . . . to my own country . . . through the Tyrol, the Salzkammertgut, to Vienna. I would be happy for you to come with me."

"Me go abroad?" said Chipping, really startled.

"You will like it, I am sure," Max went on eagerly. "You like to climb, you say—the country is beautiful, and—"

"It's very good of you, Staefel, very good, but really it's quite out of the question."

"But why? Tell me that."

"For one thing, I've booked my rooms at Harrogate and—"

"Ach! Harrogate! That is a place for old ladies! Not for gay young fellows like you and me!"

"I dare say I do need a change," said Chipping, and hesitated.

"But you do not care for my company?" suggested Max.

"I should be glad of it. Staefel, very glad. As a matter of fact, I'm often—er—quite lonely, but—"

"Then there is no more to be said," cried Max triumphantly. "It is settled!"

"But, my dear Staefel, I—"

"I arrange everything. We take the London train, tonight. Pack yourself, Chipping. We have not much time."

"Wait, Staefel, please—"

Going On A Trip Abroad

But Max had already left and shut the door. Outside Chipping could hear Max and Mason, another master. Apparently they had run into each other

"Ah, pardon, Mason, and goodbye."

" 'Bye, Schnitzel. Have a good time."

"Thanks, I shall and Chipping is coming with me."

"What!" shouted Mason, incredulous. "Old Chipping going abroad?"

Chipping stiffened at the words. Why shouldn't he go abroad? The look of uncertainty and bewilderment on his face, gave way to something that partook of growing excitement and pleasure.

"To the Tyrol—we shall climb," he heard Max's distant voice call.

"Don't break your necks!" answered Mason.

Max Staefel in formal dress, for he had just returned to the Tyrolean inn from a nearby town, walked uot on the terrace. The valley below was flooded with sunshine. Across the valley and its miniature lake rose the mountains. Somewhere on one of the summits was Chipping, unless he was already down and on the road back to the inn.

Max looked through the telescope, and saw something that made him call the landlord; mist was forming on the mountain side.

After a look through the telescope, the landlord responded: "Mists come up unexpectedly, but so heavy a mist so early in the year is strange."

"I hope my friend Chipping gets back before the mist gets thicker."

Chipping stood on a broad, sloping ledge beating his arms about him to keep warm. The collar of his Norfolk jacket was turned up. Rolling below him was a white wall of mist, shot through with a strange, mocking yet beautiful light.

"This is a nice business," he muttered grimly to himself. "I could be here all night!" he cupped his hands and shouted a long "Hel-lo-o-o!"

There was a lonely ring to his voice in the mist now enveloping him. There was neither echo nor answer to his call. Turning in the opposite direction, he called again and listened in vain for a response. With a gesture of impatience he started to sit down, and loosened the pebbles and some stones under his feet and began to slide downward. He caught at a bush and sat down heavily.

"Confound it!" he exclaimed, then listened intently to the ominous thundering far below of the dislodged stones. When the sounds had died awya, he reached in his pocket for his pipe. He filled it and struck a match. As he held the flames to the tobacco he heard a distant, eery call that seemed to come out of the white clouds above him.

'Hel-lo!" The cry was in a woman's voice. "Hel-lo!"

"Good heavens! A woman!"

The match burned his fingers and he tossed it away. He stood up, shouted: "Hel-lo! Hello! Are you in danger?"

There was no response. "Well, upon my word!" he muttered, picked up his spiked stick and started to scramble cautiously upward.

(To Be Continued)

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PATTERN 4246

By ANNE ADAMS

Even a tiny tot can get dressed "all by herself" in this darling little double-breasted dress designed by Anne Adams. It's tailored and trim as can be—and so easy to stitch up from Pattern 4246, with the Sewing Instructor to guide your needle. There's a saucy flare to the short skirt. Let the ruffled or ric-rac trimmed collar cross over or end short. And use gay buttons in two even rows, or make a side-buttoning from collar to hem.

Pattern 4246 is available in children's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6 takes 2⅜ 35 inch fabric and 1⅝ yards ruffling.

Send Twenty Cents (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this Anne Adams pattern. Write plainly Size, Name, Address and Style Number.

Send your order to Anne Adams, Room 425, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto.

Table Talks

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

HALLOWE'EN AND YOUTH

No day or season seems to offer such a legitimate reason for turning back the clock, as does Hallowe'en. So join the children in the frolic and plan with them for a free and easy party after they have made the usual house to house canvass. Or, maybe this year, you have induced them to have games and frolic at home followed by a buffet supper, which all children love, and most grown ups will be joining in too.

Firstly, a word about decorations. Of course you will have your table set long. The cover will either be white trimmed with some of the many fascinating crepe papers abounding with witches, cats and things or it will be all of paper (either made at home from the combinations of paper or very inexpensively bought). Your centrepiece will likely be a pumpkin Jack O' Lantern and what fun to make it! I would suggest having two baskets or plates at either end of the table filled with apples, pears, bananas and grapes. Scattered here and there "Junior" Jack O' Lanterns made from oranges are very effective. Some lollipops and other candy with nuts will add to the decorations and appeal to the palates of all. Now, having the decorative side completed, we will proceed with the special feature of the evening—the real "eats." I suggest for you the following menu:

Sandwiches—Egg (Egg chopped finely with a little chopped onion added and parsley mixed with salad dressing.

Peanut butter and honey mixed in equal proportions makes admirable spreading and is ever popular.

Cake of the Witches

Iced with yellow icing, egg yolk added to icing sugar with a little cream will do the trick. Decorate wtih small orange and black candies.

Spiced tea cakes Beverage Pumpkin Tarts

Cocoa (topped with marshmallow) Spiced Grape Juice

CAKE OF THE WITCHES

½ cup butter
1 cup sugar
3 egg yolks
1 teaspoon almond flavoring
1 teaspoon vanilla
1¾ cups cake flour
½ cup milk
3 teaspoons Baking powder (level)

Cream butter very thoroughly, add sugar slowly. Add egg yolks beaten until thick. Add flavouring. Sift well together baking powder and flour, add alternately with flour to the first mixture.

Icing made of the egg yolks. Whites may be used for a meringue for Pumpkin Tarts.

SPICE TEA CAKES

1½ cups sifted cake flour
1½ teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cinnamon and nutmeg
¼ teaspoon cloves
1½ teaspoons ginger
¼ cup butter
4 tablespoons brown sugar
1 egg well beaten
½ cup corn syrup
½ cup boiling water

Sift flour and add baking powder, soda, salt and spices, sifting three times. Cream butter well, add sugar gradually, beating well together until very light. Add egg and beat again. Next comes the flour alternately with the syrup, a little at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add boiling water mixing quickly to blend. Turn into small greased cup tins; bake in moderate oven for 20 minutes. Cool. Cover tops and sides with brown sugar frosting.

BROWN SUGAR FROSTING

4 tablespoons butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 4 tablespoons cream, ½ teaspoon vanilla, ½ teaspoon almond flavouring. Cream butter, add sugar and beat well. Thin with cream until light consistency to spread; add the flavouring.

SPICED GRAPE JUICE

Given in this column with the recipes for grapes.

Just one thing more: Please write me and say how you enjoyed my party supper! Au Revoir.

Choose Make-up To Dramatize, Not Dominate

The Truly Chic Woman Should Wear A Coiffure and Clothes That Do Something for Her

The truly chic woman is chic because she chooses makeup, a coiffure and clothes that really do something for her.

When she enters a room people never say, "What a beautiful dress" or "Look at that hair" or "I wonder what shade of lipstick she's wearing." Instead they say, "What a stunning woman."

And therein lies the secret of her success. Her coiffure, makeup and clothes dramatize but never dominate her

Always, the smart woman's reason for wearing rouge and lipstick is to enhance and intensify her natural colouring. Therefore, she puts rouge or her cheeks where natural red spots show after she has been exercising violently—not on her ears or the hollow in her throat or far down on cheeks toward the jaw-bone.

Perhaps unconsciously but very definitely she picks clothes that provide a lovely setting for herself. Just as the wrong setting can spoil the most precious jewel, so can the wrong clothes ruin a woman's appearance, no matter how attractive her face and figure. And right clothes do not necessarily mean expensive ones. Taste, as always, is a wonderful substitute for money.

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Issue No. 43 — '39

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Hallowe'en Bandits

They come and ring our bell on Hallowe'en—
Fierce Indians and savage pirate bands,
Gypsies of sinister and dreadful mien,
And black-faced men with strange Cancasian hands,
Mischievous goblins scamper to our door.
And devils wit' insinuating leers.
Quite obviously we are in for war
Unless we bribe these rogues and buccaneers.

We give them provender to buy us free
From unnamed threats that lurk within their eyes.
And in the morning we can clearly see
The knaves kept faith and did not vandalize.
Still stands our house in excellent repair,
And not a mark of chalk is anywhere!

BUILD UP THE CHILDREN

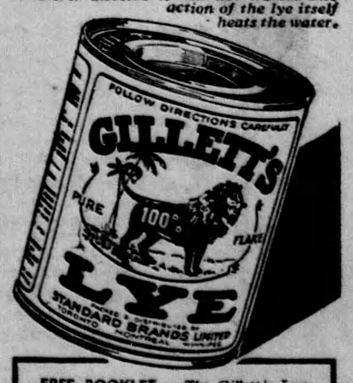
CHATHAM, Ont.—Mrs. Charlotte Lee of 42 Ingraham St. says: "After an illness one of my children was very weak and underweight. I gave him Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and his appetite improved and he regained his normal weight and strength. This splendid tonic never failed to help build the children up when they were weak after bad colds. I certainly recommend it to mothers with growing children." Get this famous doctor's prescription, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, from your druggist today.

KEEPS OUTSIDE CLOSETS Clean And Sanitary!

THERE'S no risk of offensive outhouse odors when you use Gillett's Pure Flake Lye regularly. Just sprinkle half a tin over contents of closet—once a week. There's no need to remove contents—Gillett's does it for you.

Gillett's Lye in the household saves hours of heavy work—clears clogged drains, scours dirty pots and pans, quickly cuts through grease. Keep a tin handy.

*Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.



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