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. And then Max Staefel, the Viennese German master, asked him to go along on a walking tour of the Tyrolean mountins. Out alone one day in the mountains, Chipping is caught in a fog and hears a woman's "hello" far above hmi. He starts to scramble upward.

CHAPTER V

The Girl In The Mist

After an bour of climbing in the fog, feeling every step of his way, often loosening stones that bounded and rumbled into some hidden abyss below, Chipping drew himself carefully upon a narrow ledge. Mist floated thickly past. Above his head was one of those mountain monuments begging the traveller to pray for the soul of one who had perished there. Giving it a grim, sidelong glance, Chipping continued on the slightly ascending ledge, often obstructed by outjutting rocks.

At one of the bends he haited to utter a stentorian "Hel-lo-o!"

"Hello!" answered a girl's voice so close by that Chipping gave a startled jump.

"Why, well—er—I don't see you," he said, stepping around the bend.

"Here I am," said the voice quite close to him. He saw nothing but mist at first, but as he advanced slowly, the form of a fair, beautiful girl, wearing suit, scarf and a feathered hat, took shape. She was sitting on a low rock, a sandwich in her hand.

"Hello, there! I thought I heard a voice."

"Are you all right?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes, quite, thanks?" he asked a nuisance, isn't it?"

"You're not in any danger?" There was unconscious indignation in Chipping's voice.

"No." Her eyes twinkled. "Do you mind?"

"No — no, of course not."

"You shouldn't be moving about, you know. It's awfully foolish of you."

The Rescue

"Foolish!" Chipping all but choked. "I—I heard you call. I thought you were in some difficulty."

"Don't tell me you climbed up here to rescue me!"

"As a matter of fact, I did," he responded huffily.

"Now really I should be very angry with you. Suppose you had fallen?"

"I must say I—"

"I never heard of such utter stupidity! Where were you?"

"On the Gamsteig."

"And you climbed up in that mist—to rescue me — when I'm probably a better climber than you are!"

"Then what were you screaming about?" he demanded.

"I wasn't screaming. I just let out a shout at random. So that was why?" She pointed downwards, and shuddered. "When I think that road might have been paved with your good intentions! Really, it was idiotic of you—and rather wonderful!" She gave him a sudden smile.

"Not at all," he began uncomfortably.

"Anyhow, I'm awfully glad you came. It was going to be very lonely. Won't you sit down?"

"Er—thanks. E—my name is Chipping—Charles Edward Chipping."

"Mine's Ellis—Katherine Ellis," She withdrew her hand from the pocket of the jacket. "Won't you have a sandwich? I've got loads."

"Well, thanks. I ate mine early. I am hungry."

"And I'm sorry I wasn't in any danger," she said contritely.

"I'm not usually alone. I have a friend at the inn."

"So have I. We're on a walking tour."

"Really? We're bicycling."

Two Ladies Bicycling

"Bicycling? Through Austria?" He was incredulous. "Good heavens, I didn't know that ladies rode those awful things! With—er—a leg on each side of the saddle?"

"You don't imagine I'd ride side saddle do you?"

"But what happens to . . . your dress?"

"Oh, they breed female bicycles now. Didn't you know?"

"I don't like all this rushing about on wheels. Human beings were never intended to go at such a speed! I suppose you think I'm old-fashioned?"

"I like men to be old-fashioned. Have another sandwich. We'll reserve the rest for emergencies. It's chilly, isn't it?" She turned up her collar.

"Oh, I say — I should have thought of it. Here, take my coat. I'm rather too warm."

"I wouldn't think of it! Put it back on at once!"

"No, really, you must take it. I insist . . . please."

"Look here, why don't we share it? It's big enough for both of us." She started to put it about him.

"Good heavens no! If someone were to see you!"

"On this mountain? And what if they did? I insist. Look—like this. Catch hold of it." She put half of the jacket about Chipping. He accepted, stiff and shy and dazzled.

They continued to sit there in the mist, now talking, now silent, until it grew dark, hoping the fog would lift. But it still drifted about the marconed pair, giving them a spectral air. Chipping was sunk in reverie.

"A penny for your thoughts," said Kathie Ellis at length.

"Er—" he said, startled. "As a matter of fact, I was thinking about you. I see very little of ladies at Brookfield I was rather realizing what I had missed."

"If I may say so, Mr. Chipping, I think the ladies have missed a great deal, too."

"That's very kind of you, but I'm not really a ladies' man."

"Afraid of them?"

"Terrified!" he replied half-humorously.

"Not of me, I hope?"

"Not up here in the clouds—perhaps the altitude has gone to my head. But if I'd met you at the inn—"

"Because I'm a strong-minded female who rides a bicycle and wants the vote?"

"No, on the contrary—because—because you are so very nice looking, I think—and charming."

"And so are you, Mr. Chipping, frankly."

Faith In The Future

"Good heavens!" he cried aghast. "No one has ever called me that!" At her gay laugh, he pondered a moment, tickled at being called charming. "What extraordinary ideas come into one's head up here! Do you experience a sort of exhilaration?"

"Definitely. It's the altitude."

"It's as though we owned the mountains. We're pretty superior persons."

"We're gods."

"Up here there's no time," he said, gravely now, "no growing old—nothing lost."

"We're young," said Kathie softly.

"We believe in ourselves," he said.

"We've faith in the future." It was a sort of antiphonal chant.

"It must be the future," said Chipping with a shy laugh. He dug his stick into the ground, and continued, without looking at her: "Do you suppose a person—in middle age—could start life over again—and make a go of it?"

"I am sure of it—quite sure," she said with sudden warmth and understanding. "It must be tremendously interesting to be a school master."

"I thought so once."

"To watch boys grow up and help them along, see their characters develop, and what they become when they leave school and the world gets hold of them. I don't see how you can ever get old in a world that's always young."

"I never really thought of it in that way. When you talk about it, you make it sound exciting and heroic."

"It is."

"And the schoolmaster—is he exciting and heroic, too?"

"I've met only one—a reckless person who climbed the Glockner in a mist to—" His intense gaze stopped her. "Is my nose shiny?"

"There's a light on your face—a strange light—"

The moonlight had fallen on her face and gave it a striking beauty.

"Look at the lights in the valley. The mist has lifted!"

They stood up. "Yes," he said, and paused. "We can go down now."

"Yes . . . I'm almost sorry. It was an adventure, wasn't it? I wonder if we're not leaving it behind us."

"Will you—er—take my hand? It's rather tricky just here."

She took his hand and they started to descend the mountain.

(To Be Continued

Why You Prefer A Certain Color

Colors Have Meaning Emotionally

Each of us has a preference for some particular color, but not all of us know hy. A slight knowledge of the meaning of color will help us analyze our likes and dislikes.

It is wise to consider the characteristic properties of individual colors before we proceed to change the color combinations in our own homes. Red, for instance, symbolizes vitality, energy, power. It is highly stimulating. Blue signifies tranquility. Psychologically its influence is quieting. Yellow symbolizes light, cheerfulness. Green does soothe, yet exhilarates.

TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

EGG RECIPES AND REMARKS

Eggs form a typical food, containing all the elements proportionately for the support of the body. No doubt the price of eggs will rise along with the prices of other foodstuffs due to war conditions and profiteering, but remember one way in which we may do our part in this war is to see that our families and ourselves have balanced diets. These cannot be properly balanced if we neglect the daily egg. We are told that nine eggs (total weight, one pound) is equivalent in nutritive value to a pound of beef steak. The highly concentrated nutritive value of eggs renders it necessary to use them in combination with other foods rich in starch.

Here are a few general rules about eggs, which are well to remember: Eggs are fresh, if rough and dull in appearance. They should be washed as soon as they are brought in from the store and kept in a cool place. The unbroken yolk of an egg may be kept from hardening by covering it with cold water. If not used in a couple of days, change the water. Keep white of an egg covered in a cool place. For results, never cook eggs at a high temperature, for they will rebel. There is a wide and delightful variety of cooking eggs. Eggs need not always be boiled or scrambled for breakfast.

FOAMY OMELET

4 eggs (allow 1 egg for each adult).
⅛ teaspoon of salt and pepper.
¼ tablespoon of butter
1 tablespoon of water for each egg

Beat the yolks and whites of the eggs separately. Beat the yolks until creamy and add the salt and pepper and water. Beat the whites until dry; cut and fold into the first mixture. Butter sides and bottom of a skillet and turn in the mixture smooth, evenly. Cook slowly until well puffed up. With a thin silver knife, keep loosening the omelet from the pan. When the omelet is a delicate brown underneath, set in oven until it feels firm to the touch. The temperature of the oven should be medium. This can be varied by serving with a white sauce.

If you want something different add some mushrooms fresh, if possible, but canned will do, to the white sauce. Some grated cheese added to the white sauce also is a welcome addition for variety and palatibility.

CREAMED EGGS AND MUSHROOMS

To serve six people. Have ready six hard cooked eggs. Slice the eggs or run them through the food chopper. To the eggs add 2 cups of cooked mushrooms. Make a white sauce of 2 cups of cream or rich milk, 2 tablespoons of cornstarch. If milk is used, add 1 tablespoon of butter. Add the egg and mushroom mixture and serve on slices of toast, the toast to be browned delicately and evenly.

SPANISH OMELET

4 eggs
4 tablespoons milk
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons butter

Beat eggs slightly, just enough to blend yokes and whites; add the milk and seasonings. Put butter in hot omelet pan and when melted and hot turn in the mixture. As it cooks, prick and pick up with a fork, until the whole is of a creamy consistency. When the omelet is an even brown on the bottom, fold and turn on hot platter, pouring tomato sauce (which has been ready and kept hot) around the edges.

TOMATO SAUCE

Cook two tablespoons of butter with one tablespoon of chopped onion until yellow. Add 1¾ cups of tomatoes and cook ten minutes; add a quarter teaspoon salt and a few grains of cayenne. To improve this tomato sauce, add a little chopped green pepper to the onion and butter when cooking. Or for a different flavor add a tablespoon of sliced mushrooms and one tablespoon of capers. But peppers, mushrooms and capers are all optional and tomato sauce may be used plain.

YOUR HOUSEHOLD PROBLEMS

Have you fussy eaters in your family? Do you have trouble providing a varied and interesting menu? Do your cakes fail? 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.

Maternity Dress Or Smock

PATTERN 4271

By ANNE ADAMS

"Ladies In Waiting" — here's just the style you've been waiting for! A maternity frock that's smart and young! Best of all, Anne Adams' Pattern 4271 is so practical, for it makes a separate longer smock too. The wrap-around skirt has adjustable buttons at the waistband. The top is yoked straight across in back and curves becomingly in front, with concealing gathered fullness below. Wouldn't the collar and cuffs be fresh in light contrast with lace edging? Or make the sleeves long and full.

Pattern 4271 is available in misses' and women's sizes 16, 18, 20, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36, dress, takes 5½ yards 39 inch fabric, ⅜ yard contrast and 2½ yards lace edging; smock, 3⅞ yards 35 inch fabric.

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.

BACKACHE, HEADACHE

HAMILTON, Ont. — Mrs. Earl Johnston of 150½ Locke St. N. says: "I suffered from headaches and pains across my back and through my side periodically, and I was so weak and nervous. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription helped to relieve me of those awful pains and headaches and to build me up so that I felt just fine." Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is that of a famous physician unusually experienced in the treatment of women's peculiar ailments. It aids the nutrition so that you gain strength. It calms the nerves and lessens the discomforts of the menstrual period. Get Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription from your druggist today.

Plans New Hunt For Miss Earhart

A new search for Amelia Earhart is announced by Eric Hanner, who left Honolulu last week in the 55-foot schooner Walkyrie.

Hanner said he would spend a year in the South Seas searching for Miss Earhart and Edward Noonan, who were lost July 2, 1937, while on a flight around the world. Hanner said he was convinced that Miss Earhart still is alive, probably marooned on some island.

Issue No. 44 — '38

Consider Before Donning Jewelry

Styles For Sports Girl, "Fluffy Ruffles" And Older Woman

Some people can wear jewels and some cannot, or if they do; spoil the jewels and themselves by choosing the wrong ones to wear at the wrong time.

The simply dressed sports-loving girl should choose a string of quiet beads, a fob watch or a leather fob, or ribboned one; a plain gold or silver bar brooch.

The woman who looks her best in older more exclusive styles of dressing should choose fairly heavy jewelry. Twisted chains and strings of beads, plaque-bracelets, made of small plaques threaded together, or the more handsome real stone necklaces and bracelets to match if she is able.

The "little" woman who can properly carry off the "fluffy ruffles" type of garments may wear several bracelets, pendants, glittering necklaces, hair bands, clasps or jeweled bows. She can, in fact, wear becomingly many things not permitted to her more serious sisters.

Rings should be worn carefully. One pretty ring (leaving out the wedding ring, of course), will look far better on most hands than a dozen better ones whose make-up and coloring make them war with one another.

Dr. Bernardo's Boys Are Enlisting Again

Since 1882, thousands of boys of Dr. Barnardo's Homes have left the Motherland for Canada and other parts of the Empire. These lads, who received their start in life through the homes, have made good in the overseas dominions.

In the dark days of 1914-1918 no less than 6,211 Barnardo boys enlisted in the Canadian Expeditionary Force; 531 of them did not return. "Canada in Flanders" records that one of these Barnardo lads was recommended for the V. C. before he died.

Once again they have heard the call of the Motherland, and many of them are enlisting to aid her in this dark hour, just as they did in 1914.

The management of the Homes, 538 Jarvis Street, Toronto, are particularly anxious to compile a complete honor roll of those who have enlisted for the present war, and shall be glad to have their names and regimental addresses.

Happiness

"Happiness is the natural flower of duty." Phillips Brooks.

"Experience should be the school of virtue, and human happiness should proceed from man's highest nature." Mary Baker Eddy.

"Happiness is reflective, like the light of heaven." Washington Irving.

"There is no man but may make his paradise." Beaumont and Fletcher.

"He who is good is happy." — Habbington.

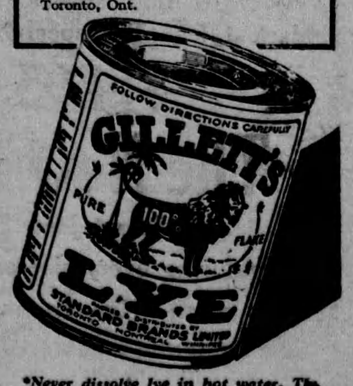
"True wisdom is the price of happiness." — Young.

Outside Closets KEPT CLEAN this EASY way

TO banish offensive outhouse odors . . . just sprinkle half a tin of Gillett's Pure Flake Lye over contents of the closet—once a week. No need to remove the contents . . . Gillett's does it for you.

Gillett's Lye will save your time . . . save your energy in heavy cleaning. It scours dirty pots and pans . . . clears clogged drains . . . cuts through grease. Keep a tin handy.

FREE BOOKLET — The Gillett's Lye Booklet tells how this powerful cleanser clears clogged drains . . . keeps outhouses clean and odorless by destroying the contents of the closet . . . how it performs dozens of tasks Send for a free copy to Standard Brands Ltd., Fraser Ave. and Liberty Street, Toronto, Ont.



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