Quality Is Superb

"SALADA" TEA

22

James Hilton's GOOD BYE, MR. CHIPS

ADAPTED FROM THE METRO-Goldwyn-MAYER PICTURE

by LEBBEUS MITCHELL

SYNOPSIS

Charles Edward Chipping, a master at Brookfield School for 20 years, has never been able to make friends with the boys due to having fallen out with them early in his first term. The German master persuades him to accompany him on a walking tour of the Tyrol one summer. He is caught in a mist on the mountain and in the fog climbs up to "rescue" an English girl, Kathie Ellis. They are both greatly attracted to each other and meet again in Vienna where Kathie persuades him to dance with her.

CHAPTER VII

"You Kissed Me!"

Dancing with Kathie did strange things to Chipping: his heart beat faster than it had for ages; a feeling of contentment, of happiness, flowed through his veins; even his muscles, unaccustomed to the movements of the dance, limbered; almost it was as if he were floating about in the mists of a mountain top—alone with Kathie.

"Like it?" he asked, with a tentative smile of tenderness.

"Love it!"

"As much as you hoped?"

"And more. You're doing splendidly."

Many eyes followed them about the ballroom, for Katherine Ellis was a strikingly beautiful girl, and Chipping cut a fine figure in his rented evening clothes, for he had never put on excess weight and he was half a head taller than Kathie. Max and Flora turned amazed eyes upon them every time they whirled past.

"Evening dress is very becoming to you, Mr. Chipping," Kathie said.

He preened a little at the compliment. "You approve?"

"Heartily."

"Then I suppose I shall have to buy it."

As time went on the dancers thinned, but Chipping was on the floor with Kathie for every number. The last waltz, Strauss's dreamy, half melancholy "Wienerblut," was drawing towards its end. Their faces had become graver, and they were silent.

"A Penny For Your Thoughts"

Chipping looked down at the face so close to him, at the long, curved eyelashes. Of what was she thinking that gave such a serious, almost sad, look to her face?

"Miss Kathie . . ." He hesitated until she glanced up at him. "I . . . Will you . . . A penny for those solemn thoughts."

"I was thinking of tomorrows—and railway stations . . . and good-byes." . . .

Chipping and Max were at the station to see Kathie and Flora off for their return to London. In the bustle and confusion of the platform, Chipping and Kathie had paired off, and approached her compartment, tense and self-conscious, hiding their feelings in the stiff commonplaces of an English farewell.

"I—er—do hope you have a comfortable journey," said Chipping.

"I hope so, too."

"What time do you get to London? . . . Oh, I asked you that before, didn't I?"

"Yes .. . Isn't saying goodbye awful?"

"E—yes, it's awful."

"You know what I mean, it's so . . ."

"It is, very. Rather a crowded train, isn't it?"

Kathie laughed. "You said that before, too!"

"Did I? It's saying goodbye, you know."

"I know. It's awful."

"Miss Kathie . . ."

"Yes?"

"I wanted to say something . . ."

The toot of a horn, and the conductor calling: "Bitte, Platze nehman!" brought him to a stop. "Oh, dear, it's time for you to get aboard!"

The Most Wonderful Holiday

Max and Flora overtook them. "Come along, Kathie," called Flora. "Goodbye, Mr. Chipping." They shook hands all around. Kathie stood still, looking up at Chipping.

"Can't you remember?"

"I wanted to say that you've made this the most wonderful holiday of my life, and—"

Again the horn tooted, and the voices of Max and Flora called from the compartment: "Kathie!" "Miss Kathie!"

"You must go," said Chipping forlornly. "Goodbye, Miss Kathie."

Kathie took his hand. "Goodbye Mr. Chips!"

She had invented a nickname for him. A sudden warmth of tenderness, and ache of loneliness to come, swept over Chips.

And then, suddenly, Kathie arose on her tiptoes and kissed him lightly on the lips, turned and jumped hastily into the train.

Chips stood in an utter daze of amazement and delight, unable to believe his senses. A woman, an adorable, beautiful young woman, had kissed him—Chips, the old bachelor schoolmaster!

Then a whistle shrieked and the train began to move and Max jumped down to the platform. Chips awoke from his daze.

"Miss Kathie! Kathie" he cried and ran after the moving train.

Kathie's face appeared at the window of her compartment. He ran, laid his hand on the sill, and, breathless with emotion, stammered:

"You . . . you kissed me!"

"I know. It was dreadful of me!"

"No, no!" cried Chips, increasing his pace as the train gathered headway. "But do you—are we—oh, this is awful! Look here," he cried, his sense of humor coming to his aid: "You'll have to marry me now, you know!"

And then suddenly Kathie smiled with tears in her eyes. "Do you want to?"

The Wedding Arranged

"Rather!" He all but stumbled in keeping up with the train. "Do you?"

"Dreadfully! Goodbye, my dear!"

"Kathie! . . . Oh, my dear, you can't go now!" But the train was going so fast that his hand slipped from the sill of her window, and Kathie's face was disappearing. "Kathie! Goodbye!"

He came to a standstill, staring after Kathie's window, stark tragedy on his face. And then Max Staefel laid a hand on his arm. Chips turned to him.

"She's gone! I don't know where she's gone! I may never see her again!"

"I should not worry, Chipping," said Max comfortingly. "Miss Flora has selected the church already—and I am to be best man." At Chip's bewildered look, Max laughed with amused, affectionate sympathy. "My good fellow, do you imagine that we were both blind and deaf? Come along. We are going to open a bottle of champagne at the first cafe that we come to!"

In the masters' common room at Brookfield, the instructors had gathered about Raven at his sudden shout. He looked up from the newspaper he had been reading.

"Just listen to this item, will you? 'Chipping-Ellis—On Sept. 22, at St. James's Church, Bloomsbury, Katherine Mary, only daughter of the late Henry Forbes Ellis, to Charles Edward Chipping of Brookfield School!"

There was a buzz of amazed comment. "What, old Chipping!" "It can't be!" "Must be some mistake!" "It's fantastic!"

"Here's Staefel now," said Raven. "He ought to know. Staefel, you sly dog, did you know about this?" He waved the newspaper.

"Of course I know. They met in a fog."

"What? In London?" asked McCulloch.

"No, no! In Austria—a mountain mist!"

"Some mist!" laughed Hildersley, smiling at his fellow masters.

"I've got it!" cried Raven. "He proposed to the lady before the fog had cleared! Bright old Chipping! . . . I suppose she's elderly, Staefel?"

"Well," Max appeared to consider, "I would hardly call her that."

The Bride Enters

"Is she in the scholastic line?"

Max, after hesitating, replied: "Yes."

"I thought so! Plain as a post, I suppose?"

"My dear fellow, please!" begged Max. "She is Chipping's choice."

"Is it as bad as that?" asked Hildersley in dismay.

"No, no!" exclaimed Max eagerly. "Do I give a wrong impression? She is a good creature. Her nose is perhaps a little red—"

"Good Gad!" cried McCulloch. "Does she drink?"

"No, no—it's only indigestion. She—"

Raven jumped to his feet. "I'm off!"

"No, please," said Staefel. "I told Chipping to bring her in to meet you this afternoon. They will be here any minute. You must be kind to her for Chipping's sake!"

"He's bringing her here!" Masters, who had remained silent during the clamour, got up, his eyes staring at Max as though they might pop out.

"He might at least have had the good sense to keep the woman to himself!" said Hildersley.

"Women aren't allowed in this room in any case!" said McCulloch.

"Hush!" warned Max. "I hear them coming!"

"This is a nice start for the new term!" said Raven gloomily.

The door opened, and Chips appeared shyly in it and stood hesitating.

(To Be Continued)

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Issue No. 46 — '39

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TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

CHRISTMAS CAKES

With the late Autumn days and their delightful crisp air, there is wafted to us in the breezes the suggestion that Christmas is just around the corner. One of the first things to be decided in this early preparation is the making of the Christmas cake. To those interested in the culinary art falls the decision of the recipe for this traditional cake. To help solve your problems I am offering to you three recipes. The first is quite a rich cake originating in England. It has been many times tested and is quite the favorite. The second one is for the light fruit cake and to those who have found trouble with this type of cake becoming dry, I recommend trying the addition of the syrup. I am sure you will be very enthusiastic about the discovery. The last recipe is also very old, but very reliable and does fill the requirement for those who wish a cheaper and simpler cake and one which must be made within a week or so before the holiday season.

ENGLISH CHRISTMAS CAKE

1 lb. flour (browned in oven. This is best done in shallow pan).
1 lb. sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon of cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg.
1 lb. currants (washed and dried)
1 lb. raisins (washed and dried)
½ lb. mixed peel (stew for ten minutes)
¾ lb. butter
¼ lb. chopped dates
½ lb. mixed glaced fruit
¼ lb. blanched almonds
¼ lb. chopped pecans
8 eggs
½ cup corn syrup
½ teaspoon soda

Mix and sift the browned flour, sugar, spices and salt. Add the prepared fruits and nuts, then add the syrup (preferably the light) dissolving the soda in the syrup. Next add the melted butter and the well beaten eggs. Add the wet ingredients to the flour very gradually, mixing very thoroughly. Turn into pans for the purpose, having them well greased (it is best to use three layers of greased paper). Steam for 4 hours and dry in slow oven for two hours or bake in slow oven 4 to 5 hours.

WHITE FRUIT CAKE

1 cup white sugar (fruit sugar)
¼ cup corn syrup (white)
1 cup butter
3 eggs
1 lb. raisins (sultanas)
¼ lb. mixed peel
¼ cup fine coconut
1 small bottle of cherries
2 teaspoons vanilla
1 teaspoon nutmeg and almond flavouring
2 slices colored pineapple, chopped fine
2½ teaspoons baking powder
3 cups sifted flour

Cream butter well, add sugar and corn syrup, then well beaten eggs. Next comes the flour, which has been sifted with the spices. Add the fruit last, mixing all very thoroughly. If steamed, cook for two hours, drying in a slow oven for ½ hour. If baking cook for 1½ hours in very slow oven.

FRUIT CAKE

2 eggs
1½ cups light brown sugar
1 teaspoon soda
¼ teaspoon soda
2 cups raisins
½ cup glazed cherries cut fine
1 cup walnuts
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon nutmeg
2 cups flour
1 cup butter

Cream butter, add the sugar and eggs well beaten; then flour which has been sifted with the spices. Add in fruit and nuts last, being sure all is thoroughly mixed. Cook 300° to 350°, 1¾ hours.

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.

Button-Front Matron Dress

PATTERN 4089

By Anne Adams

This fresh-faced matron's frock seems to sing out "Home, sweet home!" A style built for ease and comfort, with a speedy in-and-out buttoning down the front . . . a generous width to its panelled skirt . . . and back and front yokes that hold action-freedom fullness below. Go gay and scallop the edges of the soft collar, the sleeves and the optional pockets. Choose a colorful printed fabric for Anne Adams' becoming Pattern 4089. And use the Sewing Instructor to speed you up!

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Should Brush Hard For Sound Teeth

The soft, highly-refined food we eat is one of the main reasons for the necessity of regular tooth-cleaning. Sweet, sticky, starchy foods cling round the teeth; hard, fibrous ones do not. Brushing removes stray particles and gives the gums the regular massage they require, but the bristles of the toothbrush should be only comfortably stiff, in other words, it is better to brush hard with a soft-ish brush than to skimp your brushing because a hard brush hurts you.

Pack Soldiers' Gifts Carefully

Mrs. Vincent Massey Reminds Of Penetrating Perfume of Soap in Parcels

Mrs. Vincent Massey, wife of the Canadian high commissioner, to London, tells a story of a parcel of candies sent to a Canadian soldier during the last war. A cake of soap was carefully packed in the same box and penetrated the candies so much that even boiling them didn't remove the taste of soap

Bottled Fruit Always Welcome

Mrs. Massey added that might be taken as a word of warning to those intending to send similar packages to friends over here, not to include soap in the same parcel.

She also suggested it would be a good idea for Canadian women when bottling fruit this fall to do an extra half-dozen or so. These could be sent to friends or troops in England to relieve the monotony of their diet should rationing become very strict.

Manners Just Common Sense

Mrs. Fredericks, newly-crowned queen of etiquette in the United States declared last week that good manners were merely the application of common sense.

"You wouldn't cut meat with a butter knife; it would be awkward," she said. "Combine kindness and courtesy with common sense and you never need to consider whether your manners are good."

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