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SYNOPSIS

**"Chips" as Chipping, the Latin master at Brookfield School, was called by his pupils since his marriage to a young and beautiful girl after 20 years of bachelorhood under his wife's understanding tutelage, conquered his pupils' antipathy and become friends with them. He and his wife gave Sunday teas for them; he cracked jokes in class, and could take one on himself. On April Fool's Day, his class prepared a joke that was really meaningless knowing he would appreciate it, but in the midst of their shouts of "April Fool!" a late comer arrived and whispered that Chips' wife and her new-born baby were both dead.**

CHAPTER X

**Chips Refuses To Retire**

Twenty years passed. Queen Victoria had died and a King sat on the throne of England, Bleriot had spanned the Channel in a contraption that flew. Chips, his hair now gray, his face lined with wrinkles, did not appear to be an old man, perhaps because of the humorously redoubtable look in his eyes. He had become a bit of an eccentric, a personality, almost a legend of Brookfield School.

It was autumn call-over in the Quadrangle at Brookfield. The boys as they walked past Chips called their names. The last, a husky lad of 13, omitted to identify himself.

"You, boy!" said Chips sharply. "Haven't you got a name?"

"Yes, sir," replied the youth.

"What is it?" Is it a secret?"

"Morgan, sir—Derek Morgan."

"A Morgan, eh? I might have known. Trousers too tight. Morgans always grow out of their trousers." While the boy stared in embarrassed surprise Chips tucked up his gown briskly and turned away abruptly, all but colliding with a tall prefect who told him that the headmaster wished to see him.

**A Pair Of Fighters**

As he walked briskly toward the Headmaster's house, he heard the crash of a bicycle falling in the street, execrations in boyish voices. Around the corner he came upon a Brookfield boy and a "Townee", a greengrocer's delivery boy, for various vegetables were scattered about the fallen bicycle. The youth's nose was bleeding. He doubled up his fist and socked the school boy in the eye.

"Oh, you beast! I'll kill you for that!" cried the infuriated Brookfieldian, and lunged at the delivery boy's jaw.

Chips grabbed them both by their coat collars and wrenched them apart. "A disgraceful exhibition!" He addressed the youngster in Brookfield garb. "Did no one ever tell you to keep your hands up? I wonder both your eyes aren't closed! New, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir," panted the boy, still exchanging glaring looks with his recent antagonist.

"You're a Colley, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's a familiar name at Brookfield."

"Yes, sir. My grandfather's Sir John Colley, chairman of the School Governors."

"He was a scrapper, too! Caned him more than once for it. Do the same for you any time you need it." He looked at the delivery boy. "What's your name?"

"Perkins, sir."

"I gather, Perkins, you are in the retail vegetable trade. Do your duties include brawling in the street?"

"'E called me a Town Cheese," said Perkins hotly.

"Well, he said I was a stuck-up snob," said Colley.

"A Town Cheese! That was ill-mannered of you, Colley. The fact that you wear a school hat and what passes for a clean collar doesn't entitle you to sneer at hard-working fellows like Perkins. And you, Perkins, just because Master Colley may happen to have a nodding acquaintance with some of the simpler Latin verbs, does not necessarily imply he's short on —er—intestinal fortitude. Come now, shake hands. No more of this nonsense! Come, shake!" The boys did so, rather sheepishly. "If you've managed to knock any sense into each other, then the afternoon hasn't been wasted."

**Like To Retire?**

Ralston, the Headmaster, played nervously with a paper knife as Chipping took the chair he indicated. Then he plunged into the matter in hand.

"Mr. Chipping, have you ever thought you would like to retire?"

Chips looked at him, astonished. "No, I've never thought about it."

"Well, the suggestion's there for you to consider. I'm sure the governors will be prepared to grant you an adequate pension."

"But, I don't want to retire. I don't—er—need to consider it."

"In that case things are going to be a little difficult."

"Difficult? Why difficult?"

"Do you want me to be quite blunt about it? . . . Your teaching methods are old-fashioned, your personal habits are slovenly, and you ignore my instructions in a way that in a younger man I should regard as rank insubordination."

"Slovenly, you say?" asked Chips, bewildered by the outburst.

"Yes. Look at that gown you are wearing. I happen to know that it's a subject of amusement to the whole school. A year ago I told you I wanted the new style of Latin pronunciation taught—and you totally ignored it."

"Oh, that! Nonsense in my opinion! What's the good of teaching the boys to say 'Kikero' when for the rest of their lives they'll say 'Cicero'? Instead of 'vicissum' you'd make them say 'we kiss 'em!" Chips emitted a deep chuckle.

"There you are! You hold one opinion and I another. But I happen to be Headmaster here. I'm trying to make Brookfield an up-to-date school and you insist on clinging to the past. The world is changing. Parents today expect something more for their school fees than a few scraps of a dead language."

"I know the world's changing, Mr. Ralston. I've seen the old traditions dying, one by one—grace and dignity and feeling for the past. All that matters here today is a fat banking account. You're trying to run the school like a factory — for turning out money-made, machine-made s n o b s. You've raised the fees and in the end the boys who really belong to Brookfield will be frozen out. Modern methods! Intensive training! Poppycock! Give a boy a sense of humor and he'll stand up to anything. I'm not going to resign and you can do what you like about it!"

Chips whisked his tattered gown about him and strode from Ralston's study with a determined flourish.

A boy outside Headmasters office had overheard enough of the talk between Ralston and Chips to understand what was in the wind. He ran breathlessly to fellow pupils.

"The Head told Chips he's got to resign — and Chips said he wouldn't."

"I should think not! Chips has been here hundreds of years. He used to cane my father."

"If Chips went the whole school 'ud fall down," was the opinion of a third boy."

"Get rid of Chips!" cried another. "He'd just better try! If he says another word to Chips, I'll—I'll kill him!"

In the ante-room of Sir John Colley's office several important looking people waited impatiently to be admitted, but an attendant said something important had arisen to demand Sir John's attention.

In his private office, Sir John his face purple, strode angrily about, while a man seated by his desk, watched him in agitation.

"Impossible! Ralston must be mad! Raving mad!" Sir John stopped to ring furiously for his secretary. "Get Mr. Martin at once! ..... I'll resgin, Henderson, before I stand for this!"

"Exactly what I said!" observed Henderson. "The man's out of his mind!"

"Can you imagine Brookfield without Chips? Why, hang it, Jim, he's threshed us both for stealing cherries!" He stopped for a brief colloquy on the telephone. "Martin's boy heard the whole row, Jim. Martin's wired to morgan at Aldershot! We'll call a meeting of the Board of Governors. I'll wire Grantley and Howson. By Gad, I'll call on the Foreign Secretary! Forrester's a Brookfield boy!"

**"Stay Till You're A Hundred"**

The Governors held a council and went to Brookfield. Gathered about the long table in the Master's common room, they all faced Chips, seated at one end. Sir John Colley expressed the sentiment of all of the Board:

"The Governors don't want you to resign, C h i p s. Brookfield wouldn't be the same without you —and they know it! You can stay here until you're a hundred if you feel like it—and we hope you will!"

"Hear! Hear!" cried several voices.

"Certainly!" said Colonel Morgan. "We're all agreed."

Chips got to his feet, his face barely under control, his voice faltering.

"Sir John — gentlemen....." But his voice failed and he scowled to hide his emotion. "It's good of you, John — good of all of you — to take this trouble for an old man." Sir John placed a hand on Chips's arm, and that gesture of affection steadied the old Master. "But before I avail myself of your confidence I should like to be able to persuade the Head that in these times Brookfield has need of both of us."

"That's very generous of you, Chips," said the Foreign Secretary.

"But will it work?" asked Colonel Morgan.

"I shall see to it that it does. I'm even going to teach my Latin class to say "Kikero'! A few years of that and I'll have to retire!"

(To Be Continued)

## Canada's Royal Family Of Hotels

**Notice Of All Interest Payments**

Interest on all outstanding FIRST Mortgages having been provided for, on presentation and surrender of coupons due December 1st, 1939:

THE ROYAL CONNAUGHT HOTEL COMPANY LIMITED will pay interest due on its Second Mortgage Fifteen Year Sinking Fund Bonds.

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Hamilton, Ont., November 18th, 1939

## Current Songs Most Favored By the Soldiers

**Canadian Troops Just Now Prefer "Beer Barrel Polka" and "South of the Border" —Old-Timers Make Hit Too**

A slow, sentimental ballad and a rollicking bit of swing from Manhattan's tin-pan alley are catching on with Canadian troops as the favorite songs of the new war.

The tunes of the first Great War —the British Tommy's "Tipperary" and the French Poilu's "Madelon," are not forgotten but the young men of the new Canadian army concentrated at Ottawa say the songs they like best are the currently popular "South of the Border" and the boisterous "Beer Barrel Polka."

**Songs of New War**

And they showed it at the Canadian Legion show in the Capital last week, when the Dumbells returned to entertain the boys in khaki once again.

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police band struck up a standard band selection and then the cry went up "we want the beer barrel" and when the band beat it out the young lads who are heading for France really rolled out the barrel and got the blues on the run.

## Removing Hairs From Woollens

At some time or other many people have been annoyed by dogs' or cat's hairs weaving themselves into one's clothes. A clothes-brush is unsatisfactory for removing them, but the rough rubber side of a table-tennis racquet takes them off beautifully.

## Non-Listeners

Only 1 per cent. of Singapore's half-million inhabitants have wireless receiving sets.

## TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

**ICING THE CAKE**

Holiday suggestions:—

Now that the Christmas season is coming apace and every day and in every way we are busier, it is time we were decorating the cake or at least laying all plans for just what it is to be like and when it is to be done. As this icing of the cake is quite an important function we give more care and thought to it than to an ordinary cake. There are quite a few recipes I might pass on to you but I think you will find this a general favorite.

**CHRISTMAS FROSTING**

2 tablespoons butter
¼ cup sweetened condensed milk
1½ cups confectioners sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ teaspoon almond flavoring (if using almond paste omit this flavoring)

Cream the butter and the condensed milk very thoroughly. Add very gradual the confectioner's sugar and beat until the frosting is very smooth. Add the flavoring. Other flavoring may be used and coloring (food) it can be made very effective always keeping red and green in mind as the holiday colors.

Another interesting addition is to drain and chop ¼ cup of maraschino cherries in red and green or a combination. The cherries must be finely chopped.

For those of you who like the almond paste and would like to try an economical substitute use the following:

1 cup hot sweet potato which has been mashed and put through the colander to be sure no lumps remain. Add 1 cup icing sugar and 1 teaspoon almond flavoring.

**HOLIDAY TARTS**

Make a custard of 1 pint of thin cream, 4 beaten eggs and 6 tablespoons sugar. Stir constantly making in the double boiler; remove from heat when thick; give a few turns with the egg beater to insure smoothness. Add a teaspoon of vanilla. When cool, add to tart shells. This recipe will make six. Whip 1 cup of cream, add a little cochineal for coloring. Cover the tarts; add to top green mints.

**SALTED ALMONDS**

Shell the almonds, then blanch them by covering the kernels with boiling water for ten minutes. Drain off boiling water and add cold water to cool the nuts. Rub off the brown skins, dry the almonds on a clean towel. When perfectly dry, place in a flat baking dish (for every ½ lb. of nuts use three tablespoons of salt and 1 tablespoon of cooking oil). Pour the oil over the nuts, sprinkle with the salt and put in a moderate oven. Shake the dish occasionally; bake until a light brown. Drain on paper towelling.

**CARROT PUDDING**

1½ cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon baking powder
1 cup of brown sugar, chopped suet and seedless raisins
1 oz. citron peel shaved fine
1 cup of grated carrot and 1 cup grated potato (raw)
½ cup milk

Mix dry ingredients, then add in order given. Steam 2½ hours in well greased mould. Serves 8, serve with hard sauce.

**HARD SAUCE**

¼ lb. butter
¼ cup powdered sugar

Mix butter and sugar until mixture becomes very white; add a few drops of lemon extract. Roll in waxed paper, chill until hard. Cut in slices.

**READERS, WRITE IN!**

**Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column, and is even ready to listen to your "pet peeves." Requests for recipes or special menus are in order. Address your letters to "Miss Sadie B. Chambers, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto."**

## GIRDLE-WAISTED MISSES' DRESSES

By ANNE ADAMS

Stop right here ..... if you're looking for a frock that's practical, yet "on its toes" in fashion. For Pattern 4290, by Anne Adams, has both features. The broad waistband makes you willowy through the middle. Another style highlight is that bewitchingly shaped collar. As for the practical side of this pattern: with collar, sleeve tabs and girdle bow in crisp, light contrast, you have a gay housefrock. Then the same pattern makes a smart street dress with long sleeves and all-one fabric, or with wool plaid for the skirt, collar and sleeve tabs and a bodice, say, of velveteen.

Pattern 4290 is available in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 takes 3½ yds. 35 inch fabric and ⅝ yard contrast.

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 St., Toronto.

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ISSUE NO. 49 —'39



## Fashion Favors Costume Jewelry

**The Bigger the Better Is The Rule for Necklaces, Bracelets and Brooches**

Costume jewelry — the big, showy kind — becomes more important by the minute in the season's fashion picture.

Massive necklaces and bracelets, set with glittering stones, encircle the smartest throats and wrists. With women who have sumptuous wardrobes as well as with girls who try to make a basic dress do the work of five, collars of semi-precious stones, sparkling earrings and huge, unusual clips are finding widespread favor.

Yellow gold jewelry outshines all other types. There are platinum and silver finishes available, but gold is highlighted.

**Rings, Earrings Catch On**

Earrings — forever reported as "coming in", never seeming quite to make the grade — really have caught on this season. Chic women actually are having their ears now pierced again. For those who would not dream of having their ears pierced, screw-on and the newer clip earrings come in all types of finishes and in a variety of interesting stones as well as amusing settings. Little flower-like enamel clips with a compartment for perfume in the centre of each flower are lovely.

Rings of huge, semi-precious stones are worn again. The amethyst in a simple gold ring is as large as an acorn and the stone in the matching bracelet is almost twice that size.

## Be Your Age With The Baby

Act your age in talking to a baby, advises Dr. Max Steer, director of Purdue University's speech clinic at Lafayette, Ind.

"If you must talk baby talk," he told a parents' institute there, "go some place where he won't hear you."

Dr. Steer said young children always should be given a chance to hear good speech.

**Sequel of War**

National health is to-day, more than ever, a matter of paramount importance, and it is well to bear in mind that tuberculosis kills more young people between the ages of 15 and 45 than wars or pestilence. Local tuberculosis programs must be intensified under present conditions in order to counteract the rise in this death rate which has been the inevitable sequel to previous wars. Christmas Seals provide the sinews of this war against disease. Our local campaign must be supported generously if we are to do our community's share in fighting this battle.

## Women Can Make Or Break Nation

**Executive Says "Powderpuff Financiers" of U. S. Own 70 Per Cent of Country's Wealth**

A man's world?

Well, hardly — in the opinion of Henry W. Stanley, executive secretary of the Hot Springs (Ark.) Chamber of Commerce.

According to Stanley, the women of the United States, or "Powderpuff Financiers," as he calls them, own 70 per cent. of the country's private wealth, buy 85 per cent. of all the merchandise sold through retail outlets, have $10,000,000,000, or 66 per cent. of all savings bank deposits, possess titles to 48 per cent of all the homes and comprise 49 per cent. of the 15,000,000 stockholders.

"The American woman," he claimed, "has it in her hands to make or break this nation.

"I wouldn't say the gentlemen are hiding behind the women's skirts, but there may be something to it."

American women, he said, even buy 65 per cent. of the men's underwear.

"And," he added, with a touch of bitterness, "the men wear it."

## London Women Don Trousers

**Slacks Are Ousted As Everyday Wear In English Cities**

Fashions are changing fast in England, and the "slacks" of the beaches are giving way to trousers for everyday wear for women in the cities now. "Lots of women are wearing them in London, and they are calling them trousers, too, not slacks," Miss C. S. Lowry, recently told a Montreal Star reporter.

Miss Lowry said that she was impressed with the new styles that have been evolved since the outbreak of hostilities. "They are based on war motifs," she said, "and are very economical. The air raid suits, designed for warmth, comfort and utility and which are slipped on as soon as the air raid warning is given, are particularly smart."

Bargain Event!

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