James Hilton's GOOD BYE, MR. CHIPS

ADAPTED FROM THE METRO-Goldwyn-MAYER PICTURE

by LEBBEUS MITCHELL

CHAPTER ELEVEN

"REMEMBER ME SOMETIMES"

After five more years, Chips himself was ready to retire as a master at Brookfield School. Ralston, the Headmaster, and Chips's fellow instructors gave him a farewell supper in the school dining hall. Sir John Colley presided at the high table at which sat the other Governors and the faculty. Below them the whole school was assembled.

Ralston was concluding his address on the occasion:

"Five years ago this summer, when I was new to Brookfield, I ventured to suggest to Mr. Chipping that it was time for him to retire. I was as new as that!" He waited, smiling, for the laughter to subside. "Well, we know each other better now. Mr. Chipping's loyalty has been equal to my every demand. I even persuadod him to replace the venerable garment that had become another Brookfield tradition." Renewed laughter interrupted him. "Today no one regrets more sincerely than I do that he finally feels himself compelled to —er—take my hint. I invite you all to join me in a toast: To Chips of Brookfield!"

The toast was drunk in silence, followed by three rousing cheers in which those at the high table were as vociferous as the pupils themselves. When seats had been resumed, Wainwright, 19, captain of the school, got nervously to his feet.

A Toast To Chips

"We all know," he began hesitantly, "that Mr. Chipping's retirement is a great loss to Brookfield, but we hope that he will have many long and happy years. I'm not going to tell Mr. Chipping what we paid for the present because that's rude. But I believe he'd like to know that every boy in the school subscribed to it—and every subscription was collected without force of any kind." Applause and laughter broke out. "Mr. Chipping, we want you to accept this little token of esteem from the boys of Brookfield. It's meant to keep biscuits in."

Wainwright handed to Chips the oak biscuit box, handsomely trimmed with silver mountings. Amid loud cheers and shouts, the Captain sat down, and Chips, greatly touched, arose and bowed to him.

"Mr. Wainwright, boys of Brookfield, I am afraid Wainwright has been guilty of exaggerating in speaking of my services to the school, but then he comes of an exaggerating family. I've seen a good many changes at Brookfield. I remember so much that I sometimes think I ought to write a book. What should I call it? 'Memories of Rod and Lines'?" Laughter and cheers, cries of "Yes!" and "Hear! Hear!" interrupted the speech.

Rumblings Of War

"I may write it one day," Chips continued. "I may forget some things, but I'll never forget your faces. I'll remember you as you are now! In my mind you remain boys, just as you are this evening ..... Well, I mustn't go on all night. Although I am resigning, I shall still be near the school. I shall live at Mrs. Wickett's house, just opposite the Main Arch. Remember me sometimes .....I shall always remember you ..... Hale olim meminise juvabit — I need not translate."

When it was all over the Headmaster strolled with Chips out to the iron gate. "Glad you won't be too far away," he observed.

"If you need me any time ...."

"I shan't hesitate ....And —er — Chips, when you write that book of yours remember that, in addition to all these boys you taught, you managed to teach something to at least one Headmaster. Goodbye."

They shook hands warmly and separated. As he approached Mrs. Wickett's. Chips heard newsboys crying: "Extra! Extra! Austrian Archduke assassinated!"

Then came the war which, contrary to Chips's prediction that it would last but a few weeks, continued year after year until many of the boys just out of Brookfield, and then others who had not finished the course, enlisted and went to France to face mutilation and death. The roll of Honor at Brookfield grew longer and longer as the second year rolled into the third and the third into the fourth. The younger masters enlisted, and then some of the older ones: Brookfield was short of masters.

"Off To France"

One day Peter Colley slipped into the pew in the Chapel where Chips remained seated after a service in memory of those Brookfield boys who had sacrified their lives on the field of battle.

"Colley!" whispered Chips, extending a welcoming hand.

"I wanted to see you. I'm off for France on Friday. You know I got married last year."

"I know, Colley. I'm very glad."

"Helen's a Canadian girl—hasn't had time to make many friends over here. She could have lived with my father while I'm away—but, of course, you heard about that."

"Yes," nodded Chips, thinking of Sir John.

"When the firm went smash," continued Peter, "other people were ruined, too. It was the thought of that that—killed him. So, you see, Helen's going to be rather lonely while I'm out there. ....I say, this in an awful thing to ask you."

"Please, go on," urged Chips.

"She's going to live at Charborough — the kid will soon be a year old ..... I'm just wondering, Chips, whether you'd run over once in a while to see her — it's not far. I'd feel terribly happy if there were someone she could see now and then."

When Chips returned to his ro oms at Mrs. Wickett's he found Henderson and Colonel Morgan, two of the Board of Governors, waiting to see him.

"You're a fine one, Chips," Henderson greeted him, shaking hands. "You retire because you're too old, and spend the whole day running about the school!" Chips shook hands with Colonel Morgan, and Henderson continued: "Morgan's to be chairman of the Governors, in place of poor old John Colley."

"Yes, poor old Sir John. I just saw his boy, Peter. Won't you sit down?"

"Will You Be Head?"

A short silence fell, and then Colonel Morgan said: "We're going to give you a shock, Chips, so you'd better hang on to your chair. We're going to be in a bad hole next term. You know that half of the masters here have joined up and the substitutes are a pretty dreadful lot."

"I know. It's difficult—"

"And now the Head wants to go himself. Ralston's only 39, you know, and it's unfair to hold him. We had a meeting of the Governors last night and came to a decision. If you feel equal to it, Chips, will you come back?"

"Me?" exclaimed Chips incredulously.

"Yes. There's no man living who knows the school like you do. We'd like you to take over the Headship and hold the fort until the war's over."

"The — the Headship?" Chips was so astonished that he stammered.

"Will you, Chips?"

"Yes," said Chips, after a breathless pause. "I'll come."

So at last, Chips's dream— and Kathie's dream for him—was fulfilled: he was Headmaster of Brookfield.

One of the first of the unpleasant duties that confronted him as Head was to cane a boy who had placed tacks in the chair of a new and young master.

"Sit down," said Chips. "I want to know why you do this sort of thing."

"I do it because the whole crowd of masters here are a lot of weak-kneed old women! They're not in the army because they're not fit to be, or too old or too frightened. And they get back on us by being tuppenny tyrants."

"It didn't amuse me to cane you, Burton. Very soon now you'll be an officer in France. You'll need discipline from your men and to get that you must know what discipline means. You despise the masters here because they're not young enough or strong enough to fight. Every one of them has done his best to join the army. We take no man unless he has done that. Can you imagine their humiliation when a boy despises them for not doing things beyond their power? Remember that I am one of them. I'm Headmaster because every man fit to be Headmaster is fighting in France. I'm a temporary officer risen from the ranks."

"I didn't know that about the masters, I'm sorry, sir. I'll remember now, sir."

(To Be Concluded)

When Is A Budget Not A Budget?

. . . when it loses you a Husband

COMING SOON!

Her "Dress" Went Into A Matchbox

Magistrate Elias Myers of Philadelphia last week asked a detective to prove why he insisted the costume of an entertainer at a girl show was too flimsy.

Painstakingly the detecive folded the "costume" and squeezed it into a match box.

The magistrate fined the show manager $12.50.

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By ANNE ADAMS

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TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Plan, Purchase, Prepare For Holiday

Once Again the Busy Housewives and Homemakers Are Planning for That Great Climax of all Cooking, The Christmas Dinner

Synonymous with this dinner is Turkey, Cranberry Sauce and Plum Pudding. However, it is the cocktails, garnishes, sauces and relishes, which make it different.

These preparations might be divided into three classes: firstly, the purchasing, secondly, the preparation and cooking, and thirdly, the garnishing.

In choosing your fowl, no matter what your choice may be, do not leave this important item until the last minute. Nor will one who wishes to have a perfect dinner order her fowl over the telephone, but rather will make the choice of it personally.

If it is to be a turkey, you should know there is much difference in turkeys. First, it should be young according to feathers (we are told young turkeys with black feathers have black feet and legs and young ones with white feathers have white feet; in the second year of both kinds the legs and feet turn pink. After the third year the feet take on that grayish dull hue, and if you can detect this color you may be sure the birds have done some travelling).

In drawing the bird, do not make the slit in the breast, remove the crop through the neck. When trimming the neck leave an inch of the skin at top to fold over on the back after the breast has been filled with stuffing. The giblets also should be saved after washing and cleaning, and stewed with water and salt and saved for the gravy.

After removing the pin feathers rub the skin with salt and soda to cleanse and whiten it. In cleaning the inside, it is a good plan to allow the water to run through being sure to remove all bits of lung tissue, etc. Some prefer to clean the inside with a cloth, but in any case never set the fowl directly in water. Season the inside with salt.

The size of the bird will be according to the number of your family and guests but a small or medium size is preferable. 8 to 10 lbs. is considered ideal.

The average time for cooking is 20 to 25 minutes per pound.

For garnishing the favorites are cinnamon apples or halves of orange shells filled with spiced applesauce or with jelly.

For the stuffing, recipes are legion, but I am giving you two, one will be for the Christmas and New Year's dinners, which will follow this article.

OYSTER STUFFING

3 cups stale bread crumbs
½ cup melted butter
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon of grated onion
1 pint oysters.

Mix ingredients in order given, add oysters cleaned and drained from their liquor.

RICE AND APRICOT STUFFING

If the bird weighs 5 lbs. use:
3 cups flaky cooked rice
¼ lb. dried apricots
3 tablespoons butter.
1 cup chopped celery and tops
1 small onion
1 sprig of parsley chopped
½ teaspoon poultry seasoning.

The rice will expand more while cooking, so leave plenty of room. Wash the apricots and dry them, snip into strips with the scissors, then mix with rice and seasonings.

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."

ROYAL CONNAUGHT HAMILTON ONT.
GENERAL BROCK NIAGARA FALLS ONT.
PRINCE EDWARD

His Majesty King George In Field Marshal's Uniform

This photo of King George in his field marshal's service uniform has just been released by the British ministry of information.

Pockets, Yokes Feature Mode

They're Everywhere In The Newest, Smartest Fashions

Pockets, pockets, everywhere, and in the new clothes, they do so much more than required.

In coats, the pockets that are cut in one with set-in-belts are fine features in construction. You'll find them in feminized trench coats.

In Coats and Dresses

"Look to your pockets." This is a slogan for the resort season, for pockets have become the designer's delight, and not only are they utilitarian, but they are also decorative and have a clever knack of providing shaping for a dress or jacket. Vertical pockets gvie a slimming line, while horizontal pockets at the bustline give an impression of width. Pockets of draped skirts are numerous and suggest width that calls attention to the smallness of waistlines, and to the pegtop silhouette which has been continued by some houses ever since Piguet introduced it.

Take Inches Off Waist

A favorite trick in jackets is to scoop out the pocket between hip-bone and waist, carving a few inches off the waist and enhancing the hip curve. Large pockets posed on coats give swagger bulk to the front or side face position, they invite a hand-in-pocket silhouette as indicated by the mannequins who show them.

Yokes in coats get all kinds of close attention. A favorite yoke is shallow, subtle in a scalloped dip at the hipline or adding a bracelet at the shoulder.

Get Vitamins From Garden

Doctor Explains Why Herbs Brought Health to Primitive People

The best source for vitamins is the garden and market—not the drug store — Dr. Elmer V. McCollum of Johns Hopkins University told Boston University students.

All Except Vitamin "D"

All essential nutrients except Vitamin D may be found in the garden, he said, and that vitamin is plentiful in fish oils, milk and yeast. There are abundant resources for the maintenance of a high standard of nutrition without recourse to the drug store or laboratory for synthetic vitamins.

"The use of herbs by primitive people . . . worked," he said, "because the herbs, roots or bark brought health to a sick individual merely by supplying that which the body lacked."

Use Moderate Heat When Cooking Fowl

Cooking poultry in the modern way, food specialists stress, is cooking with moderate heat. This holds true for young tender birds as well as older birds that are not so tender. Poultry, they point out, is a protein just like cheese, eggs, and other meats. Rapid cooking with intense heat hardens and toughens the tissues. Moderate heat, however, cooks poultry slowly and evenly so that there is little shrinkage. As a result the meat is juicy and full of flavor, and for every pound raised or purchased there is more left to serve on the table.

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