The Bridge

By RAYMOND OTIS

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"IS THERE a high bridge on this line—a very high bridge—that we cross at night?"

She was a pretty woman, about thirty. It was surprising that she should speak to me; she didn't look like the aggressive kind. But she had spoken and I liked her looks, so I stood up in the aisle of the pullman.

"A bridge?" I said. "There must be many of them between here and the coast, especially where we cross the mountains."

"Well, this must be an unusual bridge—not over a river—a great span over an abyss. And deep—deeper than anything."

"I don't know of any."

"Are you going through this time, all the way?"

"Yes, I am.—What about the bridge? Why does it bother you?"

"I'll tell you," she said. "Listen. Last night I had a dream. I dreamt that this train came to a great bridge. And the bridge was broken. The train ran into the gap, and. . . ." She paused to shudder . . . "plunged a thousand feet to the rocks below."

"Well," I said, "that was a dream. Anybody killed?"

"Everybody. My dream was prophetic!"

I shifted uneasily.

"What do you mean by prophetic, exactly?"

"Well—I don't know. I saw the things so clearly—every detail as if a great searchlight were playing on the scene. If there is such a bridge I wouldn't go over it for a fortune."

"If you'll excuse me, I'll go back for a smoke," I said. She simply nodded and I went to the smoking room. To save my life I couldn't get the picture of a train running off a bridge out of my mind. Then I spotted a time-table on the window-sill. I turned a page and there was a span exactly as she had described. I read the legend under the picture. "One of the highest railroad bridges in the world," it said, "on the main line to California. Canyon Fiero."

I looked up on the map, which was also in the folder, the town nearest the bridge and then searched the time-table for the hour at which we were due at that town. Eight the next evening. So we did go over the bridge at night. Of course, all the time I was telling myself not to be a fool. I slipped the folder into my pocket and went back into the car.

"Pardon me," I said to the dreamer, "but I've looked up your bridge . . ." and at that I handed her the folder, opened to the picture. And I watched her face minutely.

"My God," she said in a throaty voice, "it's the bridge—It's the very bridge! When do we cross it?"

"Tomorrow night, between eight and nine."

"I'm going to get off this train," she said, starting to rise.

"Not now," I objected. "We don't get there until tomorrow night."

She settled back in the seat. Her hands twitched nervously. She declared that unless the conductor would consent to stop the train at the bridgehead, she would get off at the first station before it.

By morning, a strange thing had happened. The whole train was talking about the Canyon Fiero bridge.

Nobody, I thought, had yet consulted the conductor about stopping the train at the bridgehead, so I accosted him myself when he came through the car. Had he heard about the dream?

"Yes, I've heard about it. We don't make a custom of stopping these trains because of dreams. But I wired ahead and got a notification to proceed. There's nothing wrong with the bridge."

Nothing could be more convincing than that. But the Russian, who had overheard the talk, suddenly flew out of her seat and came up to us.

"Don't you see what it is?" she said. "Of course they're not going to break the bridge until it's too late for telegrams. It may be a plot. Sabotage."

"Very well, madam. I'll stop the train."

"Thank you," she said, and turned away.

At eight o'clock we came to the last town before Canyon Fiero.

"No reports on the bridge," said the conductor and we started on.

The Russian woman nibbled the corner of her handkerchief. All through the train there was a remarkable atmosphere of tension. The train slowed down, came to an effortless stop—silence. I got out and walked up toward the engine. I thought I saw the Russian ahead of me. There was a cluster of people around the engine.

When I reached the coal tender I noticed that everybody had suddenly lined up along the wheels and I heard a voice barking crisp commands. It was on the moonlit side of the train and the visibility was good. I felt a jab in the ribs.

"Get a move on," somebody said in my ear. "Line up with the rest." It was the Russian woman, with a revolver.

They ransacked the baggage cars and relieved the passengers of their money. Their last act before departing in automobiles waiting with their motors running was to rob those of us who had got out and stood with the crew. Then they herded us back on the train. I saw in the moonlight as the door slammed an oval face framed in black hair. She blew me a kiss as the train pulled away.

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SCHOOL DAYS — By DWIG



SCHOOL NOTES

CHESTERTOWN HIGH

By Janet MacVean

Here it is 1933. Almost everyone is back from Christmas vacation and C. H. S. has another student. Norris Crew from Galena has cast his lot with us.

The wish of your news-chaser is that you will have a happy new year. The second year Latin classes are having subjectives which are not merry subjects. But the Senior French classes have received new text books which contain a French play. That should mean a happy year to them. The class rings have been received with joy.

Sara Dodd played a piano solo "Country Gardens" in the 9A Music Class.

At a recent meeting of the Girls' Athletic Association basketball managers and the Freshman member of the council were elected. Phoebe Pyle was chosen school and senior manager; Margaret Anthony, junior manager; Elizabeth Baldwin, sophomore manager; and Marcia Earle, freshman manager. Miriam Newcomb was selected Freshman member of the council. Basketball practice under these managers is showing progress.

The Science Club white rats are still on their diet of crackers and milk and crackers and water. When they are larger their skeletons will be mounted to show the influence of calcium on bone structure.

The Science Club meeting was held in sections the Wednesday before school stopped. The program of the Biology section was short but interesting. Allan Joiner gave a talk on snakes and Bayard Sutton told about the development visible in a

After this Mr. Willis gave a talk to both sections on his trip to the West, especially commenting on the Indians and their mode of living.

The Literary meeting was held the last thing before vacation. Everyone was delighted with the decorations. Who would have expected a fire place and two trees? The president Alice M. Sterling called the meeting to order and the secretary M. Haday read the minutes of the preceeding meeting. The whole school then sang "Joy to the World." as if they meant it. Baynard Harper's talk on the "Spirit of Christmas" was unexpectedly serious, but received much applause. The 9th graders under the direction of Mrs. Brice sang "Adestate Fidelis." The whole school with their minds on the snow outside sang "Jingle Bells," enthusiastically. Alice Marion Sterling played Percy Granger's "Country Gardens" in a manner which made us wonder why she didn't play oftener. "Birthday of a King," was a solo sung by Mr. Stenger. But no amount of applause could induce him to sing an encore. The school orchestra played "Christmas Joy." In a debate on the existance of Santa Claus the affirmative was upheld by Chas. Wheatley and Elizabeth Fontaine, while Charlotte Cornelius and Chas. Dole tried to prove that there is no Santa Claus. Santa's appearance ended the debate. He handed presents to the teachers which had been made by Mr. Greenwood in the shop and Mr. Greenwood also received a present, much to his surprise. After a few remarks and a clutch at his stomach Santa left. Mr. Blades presented Mr. Duyer with the offerings of the scholars among a storm of applause. The school sang "Upon the Housetop" and wishing each other a Merry Christmas set out for home.

The History Clubs also met before the holidays. The programs were as follows:

9A, President, Janet MacVean; Committee, Laura Jane Magee, Myrtle Hadaway, Charles Hague, Vera Newnam, Baynard Harper; Business meeting; Poem, "Christmas Everywhere," Betty Capel; Play, "Christmas in Holland", Characters, Robt. Hoopes, Saint Nicholas; Margaret Fellows, Dutch Mother; Francis Gibson, Dutch Father; Edward Hepbron, Dutch Grandfather; Dutch Children, Charles Hoelle, Betty Crow, Ellen Coleman, Margaret Brown, Grace Brown, Baynard Harper; Francis Vickers, Carlyn Metcalfe, Curtains; Readings, "Christmas in England," Mildred Willis; Duet, "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear," Henrietta Duyer, Beatrice Berger; "Christmas in Germany," Audrey Long; "Christmas in Italy," Mildred Willis; Play, "Christmas in Norway," Characters, Sveire, Charles Hague; Ingrid, Beatrice Berger; Colonel, Edna Marie Dierker; Mother, Audrey Long; Ulf, Edward Hepbron; Seller, Maryland Mench; "Christmas in France," Vera Newnam; "Christmas in Sweden," Alvin Coleman; "Christmas in Spain, Portugal, and Austria," Dorothy Cosden; "Christmas in Denmark and Switzerland," Myrtle Hadaway; "Christmas in Russia and Belgium," Barbara Cosden; "Christmas in Jagoslavia," Henrietta Duyer; Group singing of Carols led by Beatrice Berger and Henrietta Duyer; Discussion of Christmas customs by class; 9B, President, Marian Reinhart; Committee, Charles Wheatley.

Save your time and your money for the end of the month. "The Importance of Being Earnest". You'll hear more about this later.

Best wishes from C. H. S. to the Shore Champions for a happy and victorious New Year.

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WOULD POPULIZE BAY OYSTERS

JAP OYSTERS TABBOED

A movement to popularize and publicize the Chesapeake Bay oyster is about to be launched according to good authority. This movement has been brought about it is said, because of the threatened peril to our local product of the Japanese oyster.

Terming the importation to our waters of the Japanese product, a "new Yellow Peril," advocates of the American product are determined to kep out the Oriental bivalve. This Jap oyster is said to be a fast-growing, large growing oyster, which hybridizes easily, and it is claimed if turned loose in Chesapeake waters, wuld soon eliminate the local product.

On the face of things, it would seem that a larger oyster would be desirable—but wait. The Jap oyster really isn't an oyster as we Marylanders know oysters. According to authorities, it is a flat-fishy-tasting and unpalatable things bearing not the slightest resemblance, except in shape, to our native oysters.

Dr. R. V. Truitt, of the Chesapeake Biological Laboratory, is authority for the statement that, should the Japanese product be introduced in our waters, the Maryland product would become extinct in 10 years. Dr. Truitt says: "If 10 barels of Japanese oysters were planted in the bay, our native oyster would be wiped out in ten years."

Prof. Edward M. Noble, superintendent of schools of Caroline county for the last 27 years, is critically ill at his home in Denton, following a stroke of paralysis.

CRAB MEAT TARIFF UNTOUCHED

PLEA FOR AN INCREASE IS TURNED DOWN BY COMMISSION—HOOVER APPROVES REPORT

Increased American production of crab meat and not foreign competition was found by the United States Tariff Commission to be the cause for the decrease in the price of the domestic production in a report made by the Commission and signed by Presiednt Hoover recently.

The Commission refused to increase the present 15 per cent advalorem duty on the product which was urged by the Maryland and Virginia interests.

An investigation into the situation was ordered in a resolution sponosered by Senator Goldsborough (R. Md.), at the request of Chesapeake bay crab fishermen and packers, who protested that Japanese imports had ruined the market.

During the hearing representatives of the Japanese packers contended that the domestic product and their own differed widely.

In its report, the Commission said that the Chesapeake Bay, the American production center, produced 2,000,000 pounds in 1925 and 5,200,000 in 1931.

The report also pointed out that wholesale prices of the domestic meat had "fallen materially during the past three years, whereas prices of the imported product have remained almost stationary."

Meat packed in Chesapeake bay and in Japan, the report said, come from "two widely different species of crabs, each yielding meat distinguishable in taste, color and texture."

Both varieties are packed in a number of grades, but 75 per cent of the imported product was found the report said, to be high grade fancy while only 29 per cent of the domestic product is high grade fancy.

"All imports," the report said, "are non-perishable, packed in sealed tins and capable of national distribution. Only two per cent of the domestic product is thus packed; the remaining 98 per cent is the highly perishable cooked meat packed in unsealed tins.

Within an hour after Judge Lewin Wickes of the Circuit Court had handed down a decision that the Jitnour combine were intitled to possession of the property now occupied by Rev. Edward Minor, Elkton's Marrying parson and lone wolf, Frank Brown, William Cann and Garrett Steele moved the marrying parson's goods out in the rain and took possession of the property.

In the shuffle prior to the removal of the household goods, Frank Brown and Rev. Minor came to blows. Minor had Brown arrested for assault and battery. At a hearing before Magistrate Drennen, Brown was fined $10 and cost.

The fight and dispossession grew out of the purchase of the corner by the Jitnours in an effort to depose Minor who was receiving the cream of the trade by reason of location and outdoor advertising. Minor refused to be dispossessed and filed suit against the combine while decision was handed down by Judge Wickes for the Jitnours. Minor failed to sign a renewed lease, it is claimed and the Court held that after due notice the purchasers were entitled to possession of the property.

Work on a new Dover Bridge will start shortly after the first of the year. This was announced Wednesday by the State Roads Commission engineers. The bridge will be of the three steel trus with an open swing in one span permitting an eighty foot channel clearance for shipping.

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This most interesting story of "a man who came back" will encourage those who are suffering from kiduey trouble and its attendant ills, such as Rheumatism, Neuritis, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, etc. Mr. J. T. Brown, of Amboy, California writes:

"Six months ago I was very badly troubled with kidney ills; my back at times hurt me so severely that I could not stand or walk straight. When I got up in the morning I was more tired, if anything, than when I went to bed the night before; was also troubled considerably with rheumatism, and what was troubling me most was that I was fast growing a "bay window." That made my body very unshapely. Then I began drinking Yerbavida. Within three or four months I had lost all that corpulency; my kidneys are now as perfect as they ever have been and I feel like a young boy all the time, although I am past sixty. I can safely say that I never felt better in my life—not even in my younger days. I climb mountains and hills all day long without becoming tired."

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REWARD FOR CHICKEN THIEVES

A reward of Two hundred and fifty ($250.00) dollars will be paid by the Kent County Commissioners for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the gang of chicken thieves who have been operating in Kent County during the past two months.

By Kent County Commissioners,
au13 MARION CALDWELL, Clerk.

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