Charles Dickens' DAVID COPPERFIELD

ADAPTED BY BEATRICE FABER from THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

Chapter Two
THE DOVER ROAD

SYNOPSIS: *Little David Copperfield, fatherless, had lived with his mother in a pleasant cottage at Blunderstone, England. His mother had married Mr. Murdstone who had so terrorized her, she had died a year later. David has been sent to London to work in a warehouse and to lodge with the gay, irresponsible Micawabers. In the latter's house now, Mr. Micawber, with loud cries, is about to commit suicide.*

At this, Mrs. Micawber, David and the children ran downstairs.

Mr. Micawber was waving a paper dramatically with one hand and pulling at his neck-cloth and flourishing a large razor with the other. 'A summons,' hecried wildly in a voice of agony. 'This is the end! A summons for debt! He's waiting outside to take me to prison.' 'Farewell Emma. Farewell my children.'

Clickett popped her head in the door. 'It isn't an officer. It ain't nobody. bottles leered out at him from every bush.

He's gone.'

With magical suddeness Micowber was calm.

Now quite himself again, he brought up the subject of dinner.

The problem was shortly solved, by David's taking some of the silver-spoons and making off to the pawnshop with them.

In the days and weeks that followed, David's spirits rose. The Micawbers had taken him to their bosoms so that he felt almost like a member of the family.

On a day when the warehouse bully Milk Walker had been particularly abusive, breaking his stack of bottles, so that the foreman had beaten him severly, David looked up at the closing bell to see Clickett in the doorway. Mr. Micawber had been sent to debtors' prison, she told him, and Mrs. Micawber and all the children had gone too.

Every day thereafter found David at the gate of King's prison, until, along in the Spring, Mr. Micawber greeted him in the prison courtyard, with good news. Mrs. Micawber's family had liquidated their debts and they left the next day. But his face dropped on learning that they were all leaving for Plymouth where Mrs. Micawber's family had obtained a position for her husband.

'My dear young friend,' Micawber said with deep sincerity, 'you are like one of our own.' He went on to express the wish that when he had obtained eminence in Plymouth, David would be their honored guest.

David thanked him gravely, then brought up the subject of his 'cantankerous' Aunt Betsy Trotwood. Should he go to her in Dover? Mr. Micawber enthusiasitcally seconded the idea.

After seeing the Micawber's off the next day, David went to the Black friar's road near the Obelisk. Spying a young man beside a donkey cart, he offered to pay him sixpence to take his luggage box to the Dover coach office.

The young man tossed his box in the cart. Then, with one deft movement, he snatched David's coins and was off in the fog, with only a jeering laugh for David's cries.

Dazedly and miserably, David started walking down the Kent Road. After that, the nightmarish journey seemed an invention of a fiendish demon. His shoes wore more thin at every step and once he was nearly drowned in a violent thunderstorm. His fevered fancy conjured up all sorts of dreadful vsions. The Murdstones, the boys at the warehouse and the London, bent on a career as an author. He listened intently to Agnes' words of encouragement.

'But I shall miss you like my right hand,' he said solemnly. 'I shall always want to confide in you, Agnes.'

They stopped outside the office of Uriah Heep, Wickfield's clerk, as they noticed Wickfield signing a legal paper at Uriah's urgent request. Then her father stumbled away and Agnes quickly moved off after him.

David walked casually into the office. 'You seem to be very busy these days,' he said trying to catch a glimpse of the paper in Uriah's hand. Uriah bowed with oily subservience, then handed him a letter that had just come.

The next minute, David was out the door making for the Sun Inn, for the letter was from the Micawbers.

Arrived there, Micawber gave him a cociferous welcome. 'Copperfield! Companion of my youth!' There were enthusiastic greetings on all sides. Micawber now displayed the advertising columns of a newspaper.

'You see Copperfield, your friend Heep has been good enough to make me a tentative offer of employment in a confidential capacity.'

David could not conceal his surprise. 'Then something did turn up?'

A week later, he was met by his schoolboy chum, Steerforth, in London.

But finally, there were the Dover cliffs with Aunt Betsy's cottage set in the midst of a well-kept green. She was, at the moment, engaged in furious combat with three trespassing donkey boys. David watched in terror as she swooped down on them and chased them away.

But looking up at one of the windows he saw a jolly gray-haired gentleman who smiled and winked his eyes grotesquely. This encouraged David a little.

He started talking rapidly. In one breath, he told her the whole unhappy story, from the time his mother had died. Aunt Betsy gasped, 'Bless my soul alive!' then scooped him up, brought him into the house and distractedly ran about, trying to minister to him.

The man at the window entered the room and winked at David again. Aunt Betsy looked at him. 'Now Mr. Dick, don't be a fool, because nobody can be more discreet than you when you choose.' She sketched David's story and asked what to do.

Mr. Dick sucked his thumb and looked at David vacantly. 'Do? Do? I should—' he had a sudden inspiration, '—I should wash him.'

Aunt Betsy exclaimed in triumph and David was soon in the wooden tub, where Mr. Dick entertained him with a magnificent display of soap-bubbles. Later, Aunt Betsy told David that Mr. Dick was a very brilliant man—a distant relative of hers—whose brother had tried to shut him up for life.

'May I stay here with you, Aunt?' David asked shyly.

'Mercy on us!' Aunt Betsy seemed confused. 'To bed with you now.'

A beautiful week passed by for David. Mr. Dick was his constant companion and playmate and together they would go out to fly a new kite every day.

'David, David,' Aunt Betsy called, hurrying towards them one day. She came up quite out of breath, 'David, your stepfather's coming today.'

A few hours later, the maid entered the parlour and announced the callers.

Jane Murdstone stepped forward and declared David to be the worst boy in the world. Murdstone's face darkened as he warned Miss Trotwood he would take David back and deal with him as he saw fit.

Aunt Betsy now asked David what he had to say about it. He made a pathetic little plea to stay.

'And you, Mr. Dick? What do you think I should do with this child?'

'Do?' Mr. Dick suddenly brightened. 'Have him measured for a suit of clothes directly.

Aunt Betsy rose, well-pleased. 'Mr. Dick, give me your hand. Your common-sense is invaluable.'

The Murdstones walked out of the cottage with what dignity they could muster—exiting from David's life forever.

Some days later David was trying on his new suit while Mr. Dick and Aunt Betsy watched. 'Thank you for giving it to me Aunt,' David said shyly. 'But why must I go away? I do wish I could stay with you and Mr. Dick.'

He had to be educated, Aunt Betsy explained and there wasn't a finer school in Canterbury than Dr. Strong's.

At Canterbury, David lived with Mr. Wickfield, Aunt Betsy's business advisor and his daughter Agnes. She and David became close friends and confidants.

The months any years slipped by and David was a tall full-grown young man with a zest and eagerness for what the future would bring. Then one day he was preparing to leave for

One evening at the theater, David's eye was caught by a young woman of dazzling brunette beauty, who, with her two maiden aunts, had entered the box next to his. 'How wonderful if I could meet her,' David said.

Steerforth spoke decisively. 'Trust an old hand. Then stealthily, he tipped one of the Aunt's opera glasses in his box. As he had expected, she was dismayed and he offered his own pair. After some hesitation they were accepted and Steerforth smiled at her winningly. 'I notice that your box is very badly placed and that you can see but half the stage.' He stopped deferentially. 'I—I wonder whether I might not tempt you and the other ladies to share ours.'

'Permit me, ma'am, this is Mr. Copperfield. My name is Steerforth.'

'Our name is Spenlow,' the Aunt replied with dignity. 'This is my sister, Clarissa—and my niece, Dora.'

After much bowing back and forth, Steerforth seated them skilfully manoeuvering Dora so that she was beside David.

'I shall be riding often in the direction of Norwood, Miss Spenlow,' David said, when he had ascertained her place of residence.

'Please Miss Spenlow, may I not call?'

Dora tilted her head to one side. 'Perhaps—if my aunts permit.'

And in the weeks that followed, the aunts did permit. Then David captured the brilliance of Dora's starry eyes and placed it in an engagement ring.

He and Steerforth were on the beach one day near her home watching the glorious sunset, when suddenly David stared off in the distance at something. His eyes were wide and his face struggled with an emotion that Steerforth could not define.

(In this quiet, isolated spot, what has David seen that seems to perturb him so? Is it some memory of the past that has risen up? How will it affect his engagement to Dora? Read tomorrow's exciting and concluding installment.)

David captured the brilliance of Dora's starry eyes; and placed it in an engagement ring



"May I stay with you?" he asked shyly.

Women's Page

JIM

A conversation which took place some time since reminded me of a story read long time ago.

The conversation was concerning the blight that was cast on a man's life after he had been in prison, of the great difficulty he found in getting a job; no matter if he had reformed and was making good the old crime was always cropping up to condemn him.

They spoke of one who having been released from prison went a long way from home, secured a position of trust and was making good, when some one from his home town happened to come in his office. Recognizing 'the jail bird' he immediately informed his employer and of course he lost his position.

Poor fellow, he felt that he was hounded and his appeared to be swallowed in the great city as so many are.

The following tale was in the Sunday Sun years ago when it was offering prizes for the best story, and though I do not remember the author's name, she hailed from Easton, Md.

The story goes:

The warden came out with him and shook his hand wishing him well, and thrust a roll of notes in his hand. Then he went back and the prison door clanked as it shut, and Jim was on the outside. He stood awhile in his ill fitting new suit that was given to the liberated prisoners. He breathed the fresh air in his lungs. He was free!

Just then he heard the sound of jovial voices and he recognized some of his comrades, but he hid behind a tree until they passed by.

He remembered so well the crime for which he was committed. Bad company and when they were found out Jim was the goat though many were far guiltier than he.

Then a little woman appeared in sight and comes forward. 'So you are out Jim,' she said with no joy in her voice, 'I have been taking in washing, and have brought you this' (and she took from her shabby glove some money) and, Jim, I am going to ask you not to come home. I have moved into another place and the children think their father is dead.'

She did not look up to see the hurt wounded look in her husband's face as he said, 'All right Mary I will not come home.'

Mary lived in a little home near a wood, with her two children Nan and little Will. All that fall and winter she was constantly having surprises. One morning there was a rabbit hanging on the door knob, her potatoes were dug for her and put in baskets and the broken garden gate was mended.

So Mary began to feel that Jim was watching over them, though they never saw him.

One snowy night Mary was seated sewing while the children played around. Suddenly little Will's foot caught in the table cover and down he went pulling the cover and the lamp with him. He screamed and Mary rushed to him and found he was burned. What was she to do?

Then she rushed to the door and called, 'Jim, Jim, go for the doctor.'

It was not long before the doctor's steps were heard, and as he entered Jim fell in the door too completely exhausted, and lay on the floor.

The doctor found Will not badly burnt and while he was dressing his wounds, Mary went to Jim and laid his head in her lap.

Mother, mother,' said little Nan, who is that man? And Mary replied as she bent over him, 'O, Nan, he is your father.'

THE BLIZZARD OF 1888

Never be sure that winter and blizzards are over until after the Ides of March, said some one in response to the question if he did not think the worst of the winter was over.

Then he told of the great blizzard of 1888 that began on the 13th of March. For three days the icy wind blew a gale while the snow came with such driving force that one could hardly wrestle against t. It was in the days before the water works were in existence in our town and it was impossible even to reach the frozen pumps. There fore the people had to content themselves with melting the snow when it was necessary to have water. Of course the milkman could not arrive, and as there were no canned substitutes then the fare was very apt to be without vitamins. Every one felt completely shut in, as though he were in Noah's Ark. with oceans of Snow around instead of water. It was also before the time of Autos and many who ventured out to stem the raging winds, were overcome and lost their lives.

Of course business was at a stand still. The farmers found it almost impossble to tend their cattle, and many of the poor animals died of exposure.

On Wednesday last the country was visited with a snow storm, coming after the down fall of streets, but those old heads who still remember that blizzard think this was a very mild snow storm in comparison.

And February which the poets say 'is shortest and just before spring' has yet to come.

So Mr. Weather wse do not think that this has been such a mild winter until the Ides of March has passed.

Subscription to the Transcript $1.50 per annum.

MILLINGTON

Mss Marie Vansant spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. William Vansant at their new home in Queen Anne's where they have just started farming.

Mr. Charles Robinson returned to Easton Hospital on Sunday to have his eye removed having recently suffered an injury from being shot by his nephew Rodney Robinson to whom he had recently given a new 410 shot gun.

Miss Evalyn Cochran returned home on Monday from a visit in Middletown, with the family of Mr. John A. Tobin.

Miss Mary E. Numbers, of Northampton, and Julian C. Numbers, of Springfield, Mass., were week end guests of their father, Fred C. Numbers.

Among those who attended the funeral of Mr. John A. Tobin in Middletown on Sunday were: Mrs. Annie Barnhart and son, John Randolph, Mr. and Mrs. Harry R. Rasin, Messrs. R. J. Taylor, F. S. Bottomley, James D. Moore, C. M. Melvin, Jr., and Harry G. Ranson, of Massey.

Mr. John H. Ahern returned home on Saturday last often a three weeks motor trip to Florida.

Mr. Edgar T. Stevens was a dinner guest on Monday of Mr. and Mrs. Austin Roberts, of Sudlersville.

Mrs. Ben Williams, of Smyrna, visited Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stevens on Sunday last.

Mrs. Eva W. Marvel and Mrs. Esther Jones and son, Bobby, spent the week end with friends in Lynch.

Mrs. Sara T. Donahoe, of Massey, widow of the late Thomas J. Donahoe died suddenly at her home in Massey on Monday morning and was buried from St. Dennis Church, Galena. Interment was made in the Catholic cemetery near Lambson.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry King, of Townsend, was given a shower at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nat T. Baker, on Thursday of last week. The music was from Rock Hall. Many valuable presents wre received. A very pleasant evening was enjoyed by the large party in attendance.

A storm of considerable intensity and of several days duration has visited upper Kent county this week. Beginning on Saturday last with overcast threatening weather, on Sunday it rained all day. On Monday rainmost of the day, but with the appearance of clearing in the evening, changed to rain again after night. On Tuesday it rained all day long in the evening it changed to sleet and hail turning to snow. On Wednesday the snow continued all day and looks as if it never would stop snowing. A portion of the Rural mail was undelivered on account of the heavy snowfall and the bad underconditons of roads, snow now (Wednesday afternoon) about 12 inches on level and drifting badly.

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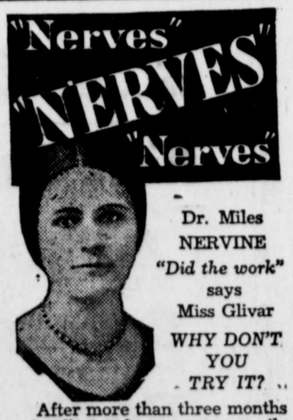
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No. 1

NOTICE OF RESERVATION OF NATURAL OYSTER BARS FOR CONSERVATION PURPOSES

In pursuance of the authority vested in the undersigned by law, notice is hereby given that [illegible]nuary 1, 1935, to March [illegible], 1935, both dates inclusive, all the natural oyster bars included in the area hereinafter mention are reserved for Conservation purposes, as set forth in the Annotated Code of Maryland, Article 72, Section 161:

All that area at the Head of Chesapeake Bay, northerly of a line beginning on the eastern side of the cut-off channel at Nun Buoy No. 10 K which is about seven-eighths of a mile northwest of Seven Foot Knool Lighthouse, and running in an easterly direction through Red Spar Buoy No. 8 on the range of the Craighill Light, and continuing past Fish Stakes Buoy (a white and black spar marked "7 B") to Hodges Bar Buoy Red Spar No. 2, and including Man O'War Shoals, Millers Island, Tea Table, Gales Lumps, Mitchells Bluff, Tolchester Lumps, Coal Lump, Deep Shoal, Phoenix Shoal and Hodges in its entirety or any bar, bars or lumps lying to the northward of said line.

All persons are hereby warned not to catch or disturb oysters on such reserved area between the dates above mentioned under penalty provided for in Section 156 of said Article 72.

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