Charles Dickens' DAVID COPPERFIELD

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

Chapter Three
VILLIANY UNMASKED
(Conclusion)

SYNOPSIS: *After a period of bitter unhappiness as a child, David Copperfield, an orphan, had been rescued and adopted by his Aunt Betsy Trotwood. Living at the Wickfield home during schooldays he and Agnes Wickfield became fast friends. Then, grownup, he had departed for London for a career as an author. Not without misgivings however, for he was fearful that Uriah Heep, Wickfield's clerk, was a scheming scoundrel. But in London, seeing the city with his friend Steerforth, he met Dora Spenlow. There was a whirlwind courtship. One day, David, on the beach with Steerforth near Dora's house, raised his eyes to a strange and unexpected sight.*

Again David looked. Then his eyes misted over, for at sight of the Peggotty's little boat home, memories of his childhood visit here flooded over him.

Briefly, he told Steerforth of them and they made their way rapidly over the sands.

It was Ham himself who opened the door to them. There were the others, all shaking hands and talking excitedly. Uncle Dan was especially pleased. This visit made his day complete, for just a few hours before Ham and Em'ly had become engaged, to the delight and amazement of everyone.

Then Peggotty opened the door. Laughing and crying at once, scarcely knowing what she was doing, she embraced David fervently.

Mrs. Gummidge now slipped out and returned with a tray bearing some mugs of ale.

Later, in the glare of the firelight, Steerforth enchanted them, as hour after hour, he sang them romantic Spanish and Italian songs. Every now and then his eyes would meet those of Em'lys and he seemed to be singing only to her.

A few days later David was at the open wndow of the Peggotty house. He lowered his telescope disappointedly.

'Oh Mr. Steerforth's safe enough,' Dan assured him. 'I'm sure on't. A real salor he's become, Mas's Davy, and what a fine friendly young gentleman he is.

He had no more than finished when Ham called David to the door.

'What's amiss?' Dan stood silhouetted in the doorway!

They entered the house again, and in the midst of a deathly silence with Dan staring agonizedly, David read Em'ly's letter to Ham aloud. 'You that I have wronged, love someone else — that will be true to you and worthy of you. Tell Uncle that I never loved him half so dear as now.'

'There's a man suspected. Who is it ' Dan demanded harshly.

'Mas'r Davy,' Ham said, 'It ain't no faultof your'n and I'm far from laying of it to you but the man is Steerforth.'

Dan sank to a chair, his head in his hands and sobbed, while David watched him with a feeling of complete desolation and futility.

Autumn passed into winter and Aunt Betsy and Agnes were looking at David's first published story, while they waited for the coach that was bringing him there on a visit.

'I think I know why he's coming, Agnes. Oh, I've dreamed that you and he—'

The doorbell rang and David rushed in. There were affectionate embraces all around and excited happy exclamations of greeting. Then, no longer able to wait, David told them of Dora. Aunt Betsy congratulated him stonily, While Agnes hid her heartbreak behind a smile.

Then when Aunt Betsy had left, Dora told him of Uriah's new partnership with her father. David was aghast.

'Father says it's hs own choice,' she said, 'but I know that it was forced upon him. He never confides in me anymore. He's changed. I can't explain Uriah's power over him either.'

David decided to speak to Micawber, now Uriah's assistant. But their talk was a complete failure, for Micawber, on realizing that he was being asked for confidential information, flatly refused to say anything further.

Uriah had moved into the house and that night after dinner, he cleared his throat as if about to make a speech. 'Come, fellow partner,' he began pouring some more wine, 'I'll give you one to the divinest of her sex—Agnes Wickfield.'

Wickfield leaped to his feet with a terrible cry. 'Look at him,' he shouted. 'He dares. I see him now who what he is—a—'

Uriah scowled menacngly. 'Better stop his mouth Copperfeld, or he'll say somethng he'll be sorry for afterwards.'

Wickfield stared, then slowly subsided like a pricked balloon.

And David left the house none the wiser but with sorrow in his heart for Agnes and her father.

Soon his wedding day rolled around and he and Dora made their residence at Highgate, in a charming little cottage. In spite of Dora's child-like helplessness about everything, they were blissfully happy until the evening Aunt Betsy and Mr. Dick came to dinner.

Then everything went wrong. The roast was burn[illegible]ne side, the oysters were unopened and the cook was in a drunken stupor.

Finally, David, exasperated and humiliated, spoke sharply to Dora.

The tears welled in her eyes and she flew out the door.

Aunt Betsy patted his shoulder. 'You must have patience David,' she chided him gently. 'Remember, she's delcate and her health needs guarding.'

David nodded sorrowfully. 'Oh, yes, my poor pet—I'm often anxious about her.'

Soon after that, Peggotty entered the household and everything seemed to straighten itself out magically. But one day she burst in on him, highly agitated. Em'ly had been found.

David lost no time in hurrying to Dan Peggotty.

' 'Twas in Naples by the sea. There he wearied of her and left her.' Dan's face was hard with wrath. He paused a second. 'One thing Mas's Davy, is heavy on my mind. 'Tis Ham. He was cut deep and lost care for his life. Sir, would you go to Yarmouth as soon as may be and bear word to him to cheer him up?'

David nodded, quickly realizing the danger.

On his way to Yarmouth that night there was a strong wind and threatening storm clouds. At the beach a schooner in distress could be seen out in the storm-tossed sea as it was driven toward the half submerged rocks.

Only the one survivor remained in sight, clinging to the wreckage for his life.

'Whoever he is, I'll try,' Ham cried pounding wreck sank and Ham was hauled in dead, while Steerforth, the last survivor of the ship, was lying lifeless on the sands.

It was some time before David could forget that dreadful night but soon he was caught up in troubles of his own.

The fragile Dora's health had been steadily failing for some time and soon the little cottage was empty and bleak for she was in her narrow grave.

David went abroad to ease the pain n his heart, and four seasons had come and gone when Agnes read his letter telling her he was returning at once. Worry over the Wickfields and love of home were drawing him back.

When on his arrival, he made his way to Micawber with Aunt Betsy, he realized there had indeed been grounds for his fears.

The next morning Uriah opened the door of his office to Aunt Betsy, David, Mr. Dick and Micawber. He swept them all with a surprised and suspicious glance as Wickfield and Agnes now entered and joined the others.

Then, with a flourish Micawber drew a legal document from his pocket and started reading it, brandishing a large ruler for emphasis.

He stated his charges against Heep clearly and concisely. Heep was a forger and cheat and had enmeshed even himself in his machinations. Heep had caused Mr. Wickfield to siga documents of importance thereby empow- desperately. He rushed in at the waters edge and was carried beyond the line of breakers.



Agnes' reply was barely a whisper. "I've loved you all my life, David."

Micawber exploded, "Villiany is the matter! Baseness is the matter! Deceit, fraud, conspiracy are the matter!"

The next few moments contained a lifetime of horror for David. The ering himself to draw out trust monies. He had given this proceeding the appearance of having originated in Mr. Wickfield's dishonesty and had used this power over him ever since to control and torture him.

Uriah now rushed to the safe and frantically flung open its doors. 'Where are the books? Some thief has stolen the books,' he screamed.

But in a moment more he realized how complete was his defeat. Micawber had opened the safe earlier that morning and turned the books over to David. Then, threatened with prison. Uriah turned over all the papers of partnership, the bonds and keys. Slinking off like a whipped dog, he departed from that house forever, a sorry figure as he shambled through the door.

Some weeks later, a much happier group now, they were all assembled at the pier to see the Micawbers off to Australia for which trip David had given Micawber a sum of money.

Micawber now stepped forward to the rail of the boat with a bold buccaneering air. 'Enough of disappointment,' he orated, 'Enough of limited means!' He pointed to the open sea. 'I go to conquer a new country. In short, I am profoundly confident that in the not far distant future, something very splendid will turn up. Farewell my friends! Yeo—heave ho!'

And walking along the Dover cliffs that afternoon, David and Agnes could be seen close together. They stopped a moment beneath the sunset.

'I must speak plainly Agnes,' David said earnestly, I must tell you. I went away loving you, I stayed away loving you, I returned home loving you.'

Agnes' reply was barely a whisper. 'I've loved you all my ife, David.'

THE END

Women's Page

It is a sad fact that the names of those who are best remembered are those who have gone through some great tragedy. Among these is Francesca Rimine a beautiful girl who lived in the town of Rimini in the 13th century.

Like all maidens in those early times she was compelled to do the will of her father and it was generally the thing she did not wish to do.

There came a suitor for Francesca, rich and powerful; but ugly and deformed. Poor Francesca, she begged and pleaded with her father not to make her marry him, but the father would not listen and so the marriage took place.

Then her husband took her to his palatial home.

There she met his brother, Carlo, and then the tragedy began.

They were constantly together and the jealous husband began to watch them. One day Carlo brought the story of King Arthur and Guinevere to read to her. As they read they could no longer conceal their love and soon Carlo had her in his arms.

But Francesca's husband was concealed under the couch where they sat and, mad wth anger he sprang out and stabbed them both with his dagger.

Dante has told about them in his 'Inferno' where they are wafted up and down by a ceaseless wind, but they are together still.

In the last war, there was such a feeling against Germany, that many said 'I do not want to hear any music which is German, nor read anything by German authors nor poets.' It is true that Germany at this period is anything but an admirable country with Hitler thundering anathemas against all who do not agree with him; but if German music, German poetry and German Literature were cut out we would lose half that is beautiful. Suppose we had no organ music by Bach, no symphonies by Mazart, Beethoven, Wagner; that Goethe Heine and Schiller were cut out of our reading list we should feel it a great loss indeed.

Germany has built around the River Rhine and the many castles that line its shores so many legends that it seems when one sails on it that every island and every cliff is peopled with beings of the past.

One of the islands in the River had a tower on it which they call 'the Mouse Tower.'

The story goes that on the adjoining shore lived Bishop Hatto. He did not care for the people for he was full of avarice; all he thought of was heaping up riches and he robbed the poor peasants around by paying them poor wages and giving them wretched homes to live in.

And then there was a great drouth and the crops dried up. So Bishop Hatto went around buying all the corn and storing it in his great barn thinking he could sell it at a great advance. The hungry people came and begged him to sell but he would not. In vain they pleaded until one day the peasant surrounded the barn and threatened to break it open.

The servants of Bishop Hatto came to him and told him that the barn was surrounded.

'Rather than let them have it I will set the barn on fire,' he cried.

And saying this he took a torch and placed it under the barn.

The hungry people entreated him to let them put the fire out, but soon the flames leaped up, burning the building and the corn stacked within.

But there were others that were eating the corn. The rats had taken up their abode in the barn.

And when the fire drove them out they came in vast hordes to the bishops house. In vain he tried to get rid of them, they ate everything in sight and finally they attacked the bishop hmself.

Terrified, he ran to the shore followed by the rats. He got into the boat and rowed for his mouse tower, but the rats swam after him and when he reached the tower they were there and, in spite of his efforts they devoured him.

But the Mouse Tower is still told of on the green island in the Rhine.

Our own Longfellow has referred to ths in his poem, 'The Children's Hour'
'They almost devour me with kisses:
Their arms about me entwine;
Till I feel like the bishop of Bingen,
In his mouse tower on the Rhine.'

LISZT

Liszt was one of Germany's great musicians. He had a great shock of white hair, a very large nose and plenty of large warts.

One of our American boys who was being educated in Germany writes:

'My first three school years were spent in Weimar. Our school building, a small two-story structure, stood at the entrance to the extensive park that Goethe, Schiler, and Duke Karl August had planned and created at the end of the eighteenth century. On the opposite side of the street was the exact duplicate of our school building, both houses belonging to the Grand Duke. Here lived Liszt for a number of years until his death in 1886.

During my third school year I occuped the end seat of a bench in our schoolroom, a strategic position, commanding a full view of the window of Liszt's living room. Every morning at nine o'clock, Liszt was shaved by his valet, and I generally managed to watch the procedure out of the corner of my eye. Shaving in this case was a rather difficult task, each of his numerous warts presenting a separate problem, which had to be approached from various angles. It kept the valet on the jump, Liszt's prominent nose frequently forming a welcome support to steady his hand.

I nvoluntarly got into the spirit of the operation, and was so fascinated that I often squirmed in my seat, sometimes attracting the attention of my teacher.

Then one morning I found the window shade drawn. The old maestro had passed away while on a visit at Bayreuth. I experenced that feeling of awe and pity which overcomes a child when it is confronted with the mystery of death.'

MILLINGTON

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Higman recently entertained for dinner Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Taylor, Mrs. Mary J. Young and Dr. G. L. Copeland.

Mr. J. Lewis Starkey on Monday last visited his wife who is in Emergency Hosptal, Easton, for an operation

Miss Betty Jones spent the day Friday with Miss Helen Vansant.

Mr. Charles Anthony is quite sick at his home on Cypress street.

Miss Helen Seaman has returned home from Easton hospital where she was operated upon for appendicitis and is recovering rapidly.

Mr. Charles Robinson returned home on Monday after having an eye removed at Easton hospital on account of a gun shot wound.

Mr. Cooperl Dixon is recuperating after an appendix removal at Easton hospital at the home of Mrs. Elsie Leverage in Easton, Md.

Mr. John B. Hurolck suffered a slight paralitc stroke at his home on Sassafras street on Tuesday and men off the street were called in to place him in bed, Dr. G. L. Copeland was called. He is resting comfortably at this writing.

I. Holins has rented the Hurtt storehouse and intends to put in a complete line of new and up to date furnature soon.

Mr. R. M. Logan was caught on the road in the recent snow storm and did not get home for several days. Now he is confined to the house with a bad case of Lumbago.

Mrs. Mary R. Adams, Mrs. Annie Jolls and Miss Mary Jolls, of Rehoboth Beach, Del., Mr. and Mrs. James H. Wheatley, of Dover, Del., Miss Sue R. Jones and J. B. Anderson, of town were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Higman.

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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 from January 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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