

Charles Dickens
DAVID COPPERFIELD
ADAPTED BY BEATRICE FABER
THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

WHAT HAS HAPPENED BEFORE

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 grown up, he had departed for London, bent on a writing career. There he met and married Dora Spewlow. Shortly afterwards she died and David had gone away to forget. Now Agnes has received a letter from him after a year's absence announcing his return, for he is filled with anxiety because of Uriah Heep, a scoundrel who is now a partner of Wickfield. Wickfield has just told Agnes his fear of Heep.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

**CHAPTER XII. (Conclusion)
ENGLAND, HOME AND BEAUTY**

Then Agnes cradled her father's head in her arms. "I know you've done nothing wrong my father," she said comfortingly. He rested there, seeming to find some solace in her quiet embrace. But when David, on his arrival, made his way straight to the Micawbers, he realized there had indeed been grounds for his fears. In the Tower Office, they found Micawber at the fireplace, nervously fussing with the teakettle. "May I offer you the cup that cheers but not inebriates?" he asked Aunt Betsy courteously. He noticed his trembling fingers with distaste. "Madame, I was not always the wreck you at the present behold," he added brokenly. "If confiding anything to your friends would relieve you—" David suggested tactfully. "I—" Micawber checked himself. "You behold a man who is

struggling with a complicated burden of perplexity and disquiet. And with this he pulled out his handkerchief and burst into tears.

"Bless you sir!" David cried thoroughly disconcerted. "What's the matter?"

Micawber exploded. "What is the matter? Villainy is the matter! Baseness is the matter! Deceit, fraud, conspiracy are the matter! And the name of the whole atrocious mass is—Heep." Puffing and gasping and sobbing all at once, Micawber continued. "Even though necessity has driven me to become his tool—even thought he holds me in the hollow of his hand, I shall not rest until I have

blown to fragments—the detestable serpent—HEEP!" Tomorrow morning, everybody present. I will crush to undiscoverable atoms, the abandoned rascal HEEP! I will move Mount Vesuvius to eruption on the transcendent and immortal hypocrite HEEP!" And as if to applaud his words, the teakettle suddenly exploded, the lid flying in the air.

The next morning, Uriah opened the door of his office to Aunt Betsy, David, Mr. Dick and Mr. Micawber.

Uriah swept them all with a surprised and suspicious glance as Wickfield and Agnes now entered and joined the others. "Don't wait Micawber," he said shortly. But as Micawber closed the door and advanced, he asked, "What are you waiting for?"

"Because, in short—I choose!" Uriah was breathing more quickly now and staring at him intently. "You are a worthless

fellow," he said, "as all the world knows and I'm afraid you'll oblige me to get rid of you. Go along! I'll talk to you presently!"

"If there is a scoundrel on this earth with whom I have talked too much," Micawber shouted in a terrible outburst, "that scoundrel's name is HEEP!"

Uriah was taken aback. Then he darted a wicked glance at all of them. "Oh, ho! This is a conspiracy! We understand each other, you and me. There's no love between us. You were always a puppy with proud stomach, from your first coming here and you envy me my rise do you? You'll make nothing of this! I'll match you!"

David stepped forward. "Mr. Micawber, there is a change in this fellow which assures me that we are right. Deal with him as he deserves."

"Now come," Uriah warned them all, "I've got some of you under the harrow. Think twice before it goes over you."

"I'm the agent for Mr. Wickfield," David said coldly, "I have a power of attorney from him in my pocket to act for him in all matters."

Micawber now drew a legal document from his pocket with a flourish and began to read from it, brandishing a large ruler for emphasis.

"Dear Miss Trotwood, Mr. Copperfield," he said glancing scornfully at Uriah, "and others whom it may concern. In denouncing the most consummate villain that has ever existed—" Without looking off the letter he pointed the

ance of having originated in Mr. Wickfield's dishonesty and has used this power over him ever since to control him and torture him."

"Second, Heep has systematically forged to various books and documents the signature of Mr. Wickfield. Third and last, I can show by Heep's false books and private memoranda that he has for years deluded and plundered Mr. Wickfield with the object of subjugating both him and his daughter." Micawber folded the paper. "I have now concluded. And although poverty and imprisonment may follow, I trust that the labor of these investigations may be as a sprinkling of sweet water on my funeral pyre. I ask no more."

Uriah, who had been standing rigid, now rushed to the safe, flung open the doors and fumbled frantically in all the compartments. They were empty. He turned in a frightful rage. "Where are the books! Some thief has stolen the books!"

Micawber tapped his chest with the ruler. "I did—when I got the key from you as usual, but a little earlier, and opened the safe this morning."

"Don't be uneasy," David said with a faint smile, "they have come into my possession."

"You receive stolen goods do you?"

"In such circumstances, yes."

"What do you want done?" Uriah snarled, defeat now written all over him.

"I will tell you what must be done," David said decisively. "First, the deed of partnership must be given over to me now—here."

"Suppose I haven't got it," Uriah replied sullenly.

"Then you must return the bonds you've taken—and all the money you have appropriated—to the last farthing. All the partnership books and papers must remain in our possession."

"Must they?" Uriah asked with a last show of defiance. "I don't know that. I must have time to think about this."

"Certainly," David answered coolly. "But in the meantime you may wish to repose in Maidstone Jail. Mr. Dick, will you go round and bring a couple of officers?"

"With the greatest of pleasure," Mr. Dick answered promptly.

It was obvious that Uriah felt the full impact of this, for his manner slowly changed from hate to oily subservience again. Without another word he handed over his keys, then left that house forever, a sorry figure, resembling a whipped dog.

And some weeks later, a much happier group now, they were all assembled at the Embarkation Pier where the ship "Enterprise" was sailing for Australia. A rowboat was waiting with a man at the oars. In it, could be seen Mr. and Mrs. Micawber with their family.

Mr. Micawber stepped forward to the prow of the boat, with a bold buccaneering air and addressed them all. "The luxuries of the Old Country we abandon," he proclaimed grandly. "As pioneers in a new land—Australia—denizens of the field and forest, we are prepared!" He turned to David. "Kind friend and patron, thank you for your generous pecuniary assistance enabling us to launch our frail canoe upon the ocean of enterprise."

There were farewells from all. "Good fortune to you all," David called.

As the boat started slowly out, Micawber faced them all in a heroic attitude. "Enough of disappointment he shouted. "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!"

That same afternoon, Aunt Betsy, glancing out the window, beckoned to Mr. Dick excitedly. "Goodness me, Mr. Dick, who's he bringing home?"

For walking along the Dover Cliffs David and Agnes could be seen close together. They stopped a moment beneath the glorious 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 life." David drew her to him and they stood there, close together, in heart and spirit.

THE END

ENGLAND'S DIPLOMAT

(Continued from Page 18)

will deal skilfully with their international problems. They know too, that under the very same hat and behind those piercing blue-grey eyes, are hidden the secrets of England's foreign policy.

Next To Sir John

In rank, Captain Eden rates just under Sir John Simon, Britain's grey-haired, practical, liberal-minded foreign secretary, as smart and canny a lawyer as ever donned the traditional grey wig in a British court. Captain Eden, who has been an apt pupil of Sir John's, often is spoken of as the predestined successor to the present foreign secretary—unless the Laborites win out at the next general election. His title now is permanent under-secretary of state for foreign affairs—and lord privy seal.

The title of lord privy seal, which makes him one of the small group of "confidential" advisors to King George, known as the privy council, or cabinet, was conferred upon him recently to give the roving diplomat added prestige abroad.

In June, Captain Eden will be 38, which is very youthful, indeed, for the staid precincts of Whitehall, famous street of English government buildings. Born on the old family estate at Durham, the second son of Sir William Eden, Anthony was reared in the true conservative tradition—Eton—Oxford—the army—member of parliament.

Has Medal For Gallantry

Too young to enlist at the outbreak of the war, he joined up for active service a year later with the King's Royal Rifle Corps, became a captain and won the Military Cross, one of the highest awards for gallantry. Even in the army his brilliance was not submerged, for he became the youngest adjutant in the British Army—and before he was 21 he was the youngest brigade major.

Later he saw service in the Far East, where he became interested in Oriental languages, and when he returned to civil life entered Oxford University to specialize in these languages. The young aristocrat made his mark in the cloistered hall of Oxford as well, winning first-class honors, the highest possible scholastic attainment.

A short time after receiving his degree at Oxford, he turned his talents to politics. He was elected to parliament as a Conservative, and made his debut in international affairs when he became parliamentary secretary to the then foreign secretary, Sir Austen Chamberlain.

Seizes Opportunity

When the present national government in England swept the polls at the 1931 elections, Eden became parliamentary undersecretary for foreign affairs—and made much more of his post than any of his predecessors.

His able handling of the post and his engaging personality soon led Sir John Simon to take Eden along on many of his important missions. When Sir John, who hates travelling, was not able to leave London, the task of representing Britain was shifted to the well-clad shoulders of Anthony Eden.

Speaking adequate French, he mixes well with foreigners—and his friendly and informal manner, despite his aristocratic bearing, have heightened his prestige and have made many a friend for Britain.

Praise From His Chief

Certainly one of the youngest men to hold a full-fledged cabinet

position in England, Captain Eden has heard himself described by Sir John Simon as one "who with great skill and to our complete satisfaction has seen to it that the British Government took its proper stand and played its proper part" at the League of Nations.

That he is counted upon by England as her best safeguard on the continent is summed up by Sir Austen Chamberlain, his former chief, in the following words:

"There is no one to whom I would with more confidence entrust the foreign affairs of Great Britain."

Chief Scout Visits Canada, Making His Final World Tour

(Continued from Page 17)

cities for rallies, while there are to be many additional affairs at which Lord Baden-Powell will be present.

This trip will mark Baden-Powell's last world tour, and it is reported he is anxious to meet as many of the present boy scouts and girl guides as possible. Every trip he has made reviewing scouting throughout the world since the inception of the movement 27 years ago, has brought out larger numbers of boys and girls who are following the principles of the scout and guide movements.

Will Limit Festivities

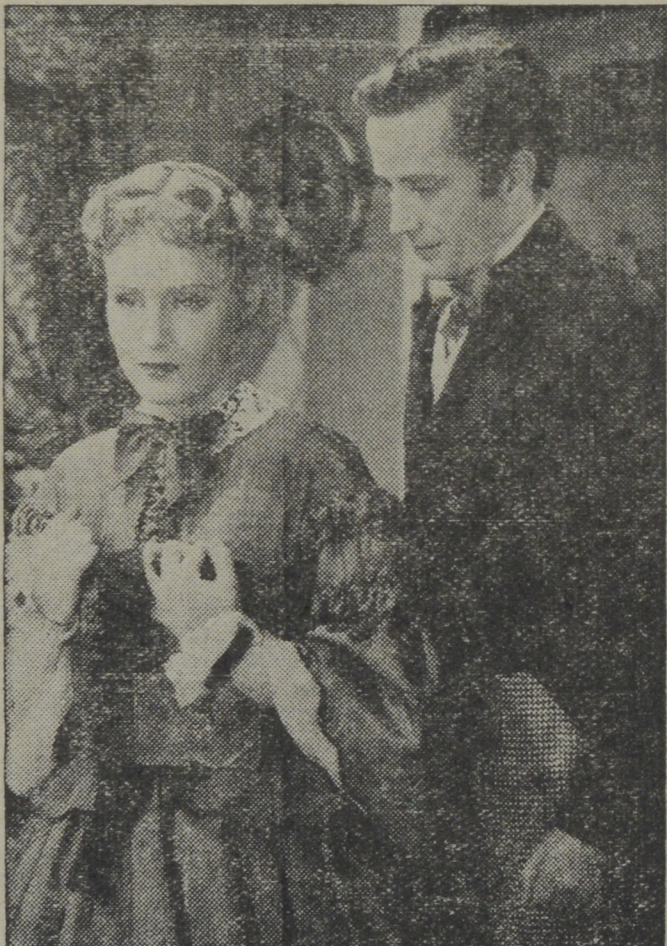
As a result of a recruiting campaign carried on at the instigation of Canada's chief scout, the Earl of Bessborough, it is estimated that some 100,000 boy scouts will welcome their world chief. Probably the largest rally will be that at Toronto, where plans have been made to accommodate close to 20,000 scouts and cubs from all adjacent points in Ontario. Toronto alone has over 8,000 boys in the scout uniform.

Because of Baden-Powell's advanced age the rallies are being limited to a maximum of one hour's duration, no between station rallies at railway sidings will be held, and all public functions are limited. There are to be no guards of honor, no autographs, bouquets or souvenir presentations, according to the official plans of the Dominion headquarters of the movement.

The various rallies will be not only gatherings of as many scouts and guides as possible, but also displays of work of the movement. At the rallies it is expected that Lord Baden-Powell will speak to the boys and girls for a few minutes.

Cities where rallies are already scheduled are Victoria, Vancouver, Calgary, Edmonton, Saskatoon, Regina, Brandon, Winnipeg, Fort William, Sudbury, Toronto, London, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Saint John, Sydney, Halifax and Charlottetown.

History records the start of the world-wide movement embracing all races and creeds was the outcome of a system of boy helpers employed by Baden-Powell during the siege of Mafeking in the Boer War. The same system was used by him when he formed the South African constabulary in 1901, and in 1907 he started the first experimental boy camp along the lines of teaching boys manliness, self-reliance and reliability. The following year the movement was actually founded as the result of his book "Scouting For Boys," published in six fortnightly installments. So rapidly did the idea grip the public that a number of troops were started in various parts of the United Kingdom before the series was half completed.



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ruler accusingly at Uriah. "I ask no consideration for myself. I have been myself enmeshed in this villain's machinations. I declare that Heep, and Heep only of the firm of Wickfield and Heep, is the forger and cheat."

"Liar!" Uriah spit out the epithet, then rushed at Micawber and tried to snatch the document. Micawber with agile dexterity, cracked Uriah's advancing knuckles with the ruler, disabling the latter's hand. "I'll be even with you for this," Uriah shouted in rage and pain. "You've carried out my orders! You're in this as much as I!"

Micawber coolly proceeded with his reading. "My charges against Heep are as follows: First, He has caused Mr. Wickfield to sign documents of importance, representing them as of no importance—therefore empowering Heep to draw out trust monies. Heep gave this proceeding the appear-