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Broadcasting as a National Service: A Symposium.

From the Most Rev.
Randall Davidson,
G.C.V.O., D.D.,



Archbishop of
Canterbury.

We are privileged to open our symposium with the following letter recently addressed by the Archbishop of Canterbury to Mr. J. C. W. Reith, the Managing Director of the B.B.C.

I ACCEPT your kind invitation that I should send you a note of some of the thoughts which occur to me at this critical epoch in the story of broadcasting in this country. It is a pleasure to me to comply with your request.

Broadcasting is now a well-assured factor in our national life—a uniquely widespread influence. The fact that upwards of two million people in this country hold wireless licences means, I suppose, that several more millions of people are constantly listening to the broadcast programmes. There is no stratum in our social life, no place of recreation, no educational centre into which the influence of broadcasting does not already penetrate. I hear of loud speakers now in constant use all over England—in hospital wards, in union workhouses, in factory dining-rooms, in clubs, in the servants' hall of great houses, and even among the workers in the fields. These facts are obvious to everybody.

But what, perhaps, is not quite so obvious, or so adequately remembered, is the suddenness with which this influence has come to penetrate our common life. It came so quickly that most of us, including many of those on whom responsibility might have been thought specially to rest, had hardly time even to reflect whether this influence would count for evil or for good. We awoke, so to speak, to find it present in our midst and affecting us all. And as we awoke to its existence, we realized with profound thankfulness that it was unquestionably working for good. Such, at all events, was my own experience as the discovery came home to me.

May I lay a little stress on another point? The Broadcasting Company have recognized the place which religion and religious services hold in the common life of our people. The value set upon these things in our national life is reflected in the place given to them in your programmes.

I am well aware that among religious people there are a good many who take exception altogether to what they regard as the 'irreverent' broadcasting of religious services. I think such critics are mistaken. Provided we recognize that broadcast services do not serve, and are not intended to serve, as substitutes for the

assembling of ourselves together in common worship of the one God and Father of us all, I for one am prepared to recognize and welcome their value; and this not only as supplementary to the actual services which we attend, but as extending what we may call the penumbra of Christian worship into circles and influences which otherwise it would not touch.

By means of such broadcast services much of the inspiration and consolation of the Gospel can reach the invalid who, to his or her constant distress, is cut off from joining in the fellowship of the Churches. By its means we extend the reach and range of preachers and leaders of religious thought, and the challenge of the Faith of Christ reaches many in the highways and byways who turn their backs upon churches and chapels, but who listen to the message when it thus takes them by surprise.

Thus, the broadcasting of religious services is shown to have not only a supplementary, but an introductory value, and I am thankful to be allowed the opportunity of expressing the grateful sense which many of us entertain of the worth of what the Broadcasting Company has done, and is doing, in this direction.

But more than that. I want to make another point. No man who cares for the religious element in human nature can think of his debt to the Broadcasting Company merely in terms of religious services broadcast or listened to. He is concerned and grateful for much more than this—for the whole tone and level of your programmes day by day. I have no internal information as to your difficulties, though I am sure that they are many. There must be forces at work which would tend to reduce your programmes to their lowest common denominator. It cannot be easy to reconcile two things—first, the duty of giving pleasure and interest to the public; and, next, the maintenance of loyalty to the high standards of taste, and the privilege—inevitably part of that loyalty—of securing that these standards are more widely shared.

It is specially in that way that your success seems to me so remarkable as to place us all in your debt. The cleanness of the humour, the variety and interest of the lectures, the range and quality of the music, the distinction of the invited speakers, and of the selected artists—these are, I think, almost entirely beyond question. And when I hear or read of complaints under this head—and we may be sure that there will occasionally be such—I cannot but wonder how many of those critics could reconcile as well as you do the two duties of which I have spoken. You have in the early days of new developments set a standard which I earnestly hope may, under the new auspices, be maintained.

Randall Davidson

From the Rt. Hon. Sir William Mitchell-Thomson, M.P.,
Postmaster-General.



THE British Broadcasting Company's licence expires at the end of the year, and the conduct of broadcasting, which has become so powerful an influence in our daily life, passes on January 1, 1927, into the hands of the British Broadcasting Corporation.

I am glad to have this opportunity of paying a well-deserved tribute to the foresight, initiative and zeal of the whole staff of the company. From small beginnings four years ago, the service has expanded with remarkable rapidity under the able guidance of those at the head of this great organisation.

The company, appreciating at the outset their responsibility as custodians of this great public service, set before them a high standard of achievement from which they have never receded. That the present high standard shall be maintained is, I know, the earnest desire of the public, as it is of the Government; and I feel sure that under the new direction that desire will be fulfilled.

W. Mitchell-Thomson

From the Rt. Hon. J. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P.



I AM very glad to class myself amongst those who, in season and out of season, confess to the great enjoyment and profit they get from their wireless set. We owe more than we can tell to the way in which the B.B.C. has done its work—the enterprise it has shown in its development, and its very fine appreciation of the public taste. It has had a most tricky task to perform; and it has done it well

under hampering difficulties. I am most grateful to it, and I hope that the new Corporation will be endowed with enough money to enable it not only to maintain the work of its predecessor, but to continue its enterprising and progressive policy.

J. Ramsay MacDonald

From the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, O.M., M.P.



WIRELESS in a wonderful way has widened the range of interests which can be pursued in the home circle, and thus has enriched family life. It has also made a notable contribution towards increasing the sense of common interest between the nations of the world. Christmas, with its message of peace, and the emphasis it throws on the fundamental importance of the family, is,

therefore, a peculiarly appropriate time for congratulating everyone who is engaged either on the scientific or the artistic side of Wireless on the advance their science has made.

The responsible authorities of wireless under the new dispensation will, I hope, pay the closest attention to the needs and wishes of their rural subscribers, who have special reasons for welcoming and using the opportunities created by Radio.

D. Lloyd George

From the Rev. H. Elvel Lewis, M.A., President of the
National Free Church Council.



DURING these months, in virtue of my presidential office, I have to travel more even than usual, and visit places more widely apart. But in city, town and village I find wireless exercising its far-reaching and beneficent ministry of entertainment, education, and consolation. It helps the loneliest to keep in touch with the living world. It forms a silent bond of union between millions of people, and should bring about the fraternity of nations. I have known many who in prolonged sickness have been comforted time after time by song and sermon.

H. Elvel Lewis

From the Rt. Rev. J. D. M'Callam, D.D., Moderator of
the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.



WE who are interested in the propagation of the kingdom of God welcome the arrangements for broadcasting religious services. While we would deplore the prevention thereby of attendance at church, we may find that it has the opposite effect—reviving in those who have lapsed memories of Sundays better spent, and awakening in some who have never felt the thrill of Divine Life a desire to 'taste and see how gracious the Lord is.' Thus such may be moved to seek once more the footsteps of the flock. To the aged and infirm, to the sick and their attendants, it is an inestimable boon to join in prayer and praise with a great congregation, and to listen to the comforting, helpful words of the preachers.

In so far as wireless is found in the houses of the non-church-going, these services may work the spiritual revolution which by infrequency of visitation, inaccessibility to the homes of the people, or other causes ministers have found impossible to achieve. 'Faith cometh by hearing.'

J. D. M'Callam

From the Rt. Rev. George H. Morrison, D.D., Moderator
of the United Free Church of Scotland.



AMID the thousand activities of broadcasting, I am chiefly concerned with those which are religious. My hope is that wireless may be used to prepare for a national revival of religion. Believing, as I profoundly do, that religion is a necessity of life, and that the message of our Christian faith meets the need of the universal heart, I welcome everything that makes that message known, not only to the sick and aged, but to thousands who never darken a church door. I have no objection that religious broadcasting should be but one item in a varied programme. Religious journals, beloved of pious homes, have a great deal more than religion in their pages. And another thing they sometimes have, which is entirely absent from the wireless, and that is the flaunting of dubious advertisements. If men cannot hear without a preacher, no more can they preach without a hearer. Anything, therefore, that can provide for these hearers the most wonderful news that ever struck the world, should be reckoned as an ally by the church.

George H. Morrison



D. H. MUNRO.
Aberdeen.



E. J. THOMSON.
Belfast.



J. H. RAYMOND.
Bournemouth.



MARTIN C. WERTER.
Glasgow.



H. B. BRENNAN.
London.



A. S. HERBERT.
London.



A. HOWLAND.
London.



Hon. DAVID TENNANT.
London.

J. C. S. PATERSON.
Birmingham.



C. H. BREWER.
Cardiff.



J. BERESFORD CLARK.
Manchester.



L. McNEILL-HEWITT.
Newcastle.



THE B.B.C. CALLING THE BRITISH ISLES: 'A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO LISTENERS EVERYWHERE'

In response to innumerable requests from our readers all over the country we have pleasure in publishing here for the first time the portraits of the chief Announcers at the London and Main Stations of the B.B.C.



THE Robin claimed pride of place in the programme. 'I am the Star Turn,' he said, puffing out his red waistcoat. 'My posters are already printed in millions, with myself, holly and snow. I am Christmas.'

'You belong to the Children's Hour,' said a Ghost in armour. 'You merely creak. I groan. I come just before Big Ben.'

'I am the Star Turn,' said Miss Mistletoe. 'Twenty-seven million kisses under me,' she sighed rapturously. 'Think of it, with the Band playing "Sweet Dreamland Faces."'

'Stuff and nonsense!' said one of a group of Waits. 'About as useful as "Good King Wenceslas." We are going to sing "Black Baby's Mamma's Going to Iron Down her Curls," "cos Boys Love Straight Hair in All the Babby-Girls."'

'This is all absurd,' said a Turkey. 'What is Christmas without me? I am a martyr. I am proud of it. I and my friend Sausage will sing a duet. We go well together. Put me down for eight o'clock. I wish we could broadcast smells, because I should be lovely.'

'Where do I come in?' said the Snap-Dragon.

'Eleven o'clock,' said the Loud Speaker. 'Agreed,' said the Snap-Dragon, going to sleep.

'The programme begins with a few words from Convolvulus, the original loud speaker,' said the new Loud Speaker. 'Just to start the ball rolling. Then I think the Financial News from the Goose that laid the Golden Egg.'

'I don't mind,' said the rich Goose.

'I suppose we come at the end?' said the Crackers.

'Quite right,' said the Loud Speaker.

'Now for music,' said the Goose. 'What about "The Conspirators' Chorus," by the Min Spies?'

'Off with his feathers!' came from various voices.

'I don't think that's a bad idea,' said the Robin, speaking once more. 'One can appear on the stage nowadays absolutely plucked.'

'Gentlemen, please!' shouted the Loud

Speaker. 'Where is Jack Frost? We shall need some icing for the cake.'

'I shall recite E and Freeze,' said J. Frost, Esq., stepping forward, and bring in some good skating stories, like the people who shouted "Keep Cool" to the man who had fallen through the ice.'

'Excuse me,' said the deep voice of the Snow Man, 'but would someone mind taking this piece of coal out of my eye? I'm getting hot all over.'

'Open a window,' said the Loud Speaker. 'And somebody fan the poor man.'

So Snowball opened a window and Turkey rattled her tail at him.

'There's no one snows what's snowing,' said the Goose with a giggle. 'But I snows what I snows by my snows.'

'Can't that idiot shut up?' called Holly and Fir. 'Where do we come in?'

'Not forgetting me,' said the Yule Log.

'That will be arranged directly,' said the Loud Speaker. 'Order, please. Silence for the Baron of Beef.'

A hush fell over the assembly when the Baron rose. 'It is my privilege,' he said, 'to represent the most English side of this Festival. I mean no offence when I say that Plum Pudding and Mince Pie are of Eastern origin, that Mistletoe is French, that Cracker is Chinese, that Stocking is Persian.'

'Oh, hang it all!' said Robin.

'Them,' the Baron corrected. 'Even St. Nicholas was an Eastern, and he, as is well known, divided his money between the three daughters of a poor Knight, placing an equal sum in their stockings while they were asleep. Christmas Tree is Russian, and Candles were lit on them to keep evil spirits away. Our friend Robin is from Palestine, where one of his ancestors plucked a thorn out of the Crown of Thorns when Our Lord was on His way to Calvary, and so, for ever, has his breast red from the Blood that then flowed. The sleigh and reindeer are from Lapland, the Waits are indeed English, like myself, and were King's Musicians who piped the hours. So here we are, gathered from all countries, to take part in this Festival. Three cheers for everybody!'

Had all the world been listening then, the whole world might have heard the rousing cheers that followed the Baron's speech. The excitement was, indeed, so great that a Cracker pulled itself, and its two halves presented, one a cap and the other a motto, to the Baron, who graciously accepted them.

A silence fell upon the company; the Yule Log shifted on the hearth and crackled pleasantly, the Ghosts resolved themselves into flickering shadows on the tapestried walls, even Goose cut his cackle, and then peals of silvery laughter filled the hall.

'Have you forgotten us?' said the Fairies.

It was as if a rainbow had split into a thousand dancing pieces, as if all the butterflies in the world had lent their wings, and all the fireflies there are had rested on the forest of wands.

The Fairy Queen, in a dress of gossamer and dewdrops, came forward, between bowing elves, sprites, Jack-o'-Lanterns, goblins, and little green men.

'Make your programme as you will, Mr. Speaker,' she said, 'we shall thread through it. We are the divinities who shape your ends, broadcast them how you may. Little divinities though we be, we are in the hearts of young and old alike, the faint music of a happier world. That world shall hear us as we slide down moonbeams or swing in cobwebs, for deep down in the hearts of men is a little silver bell which rings back to childhood and rings on to ages.'

With that came laughter, laughter of children ringing through the world, so that men heard in the snows and in the tropics, and the whole world listened just for a breathless minute and ceased from labour, and had a fresh, bright look in its old eyes. It healed sick men, and set women dreaming happy dreams.

The light faded, the meeting dissolved silently, and then, as the moon sailed higher in the sky, the big clock struck the midnight hour.

Good-night Everybody and a Happy Christmas.



Listening to Life.

By Sir PHILIP GIBBS. Illustrated by E. Wallcousins.

SOME of us say hard things now and then about that loud-speaker! There's a young fellow in the house who turns it on when we want to get away from the noise of the world in a quiet room with a quiet book. He lets in a burst of jazz—banjos and saxophones, with the strum of a piano. He fiddles around on his switch-board, tunes in to Paris for a scrap of opera, searches the ether for a German station, and produces a clash of gutturals, or the 'Beautiful Blue Danube,' until he abandons that for new adventures with vibrations. Presently he hurls a roar of Morse and atmospheric into his domestic circle, and, with a smile of triumph, announces 'Moscow!'. . . We don't want to hear Moscow. There are times after a busy day in the noisy world when we don't want to hear anything. We want silence for a while, so that we can think our own thoughts for once.

Strange that in this noise-making epoch there are people tired of silence, and weary of their own thoughts! They don't want to get away from the voices and music of life. All that comes to them so seldom because they are the lonely ones in this crowded world. I happen to know some of them, and I suppose there must be many thousands of others like them in this country of ours.

THERE is, for instance, a little old lady who lives in one room most of her days. Once she lived in a big house and brought up a pack of rowdy children—it seems only yesterday to her—but now they are all grown up and scattered in far places with children of their own. So this little old lady has nothing much to do all day but write letters to them all, and sort out the little treasures she has kept to remind her of past days. Somehow, the days now seem rather long, and the nights longer, because she is not sleeping very well. She is such a very old lady that she is afraid to walk as far as the Common, which is not very far, because of all the rushing motor-cars and boys on bicycles who do not stop when she steps off the kerb looking first to the right and then to the left, with a little smile on her face and a little fear in her heart. So she stays at home mostly, just going to the window now and then to watch life passing. It does not pass very rapidly—just a funeral or two and an errand-boy on his rounds and nursemaids with perambulators.

Once she was very fond of life. She used to go to the Opera and all kinds of concerts. Sometimes the music comes back into her head and she hums little tunes, by Verdi and Offenbach. How do they go? So lively they were when she was a girl, with many young gentlemen eager to take her out. How she would like to hear them again!

She heard them again the other day when

mind's eye that little old lady listening so eagerly to their enchantment—or all the little old ladies of England listening to the music of life while the clocks tick on the mantelshelves and tabby cats lie sleeping on the hearth-rugs. They are not so lonely now in their bed-sitting-rooms since wireless came into the world.

Then there is a sick man I know, lying, week after week, in an upstairs room. Until the other day, he used to lie for hours in tragic boredom, staring at the pattern on the wall-paper, wondering fretfully why that bird with an open beak doesn't have the sense to shut it. If only that blooming bird, repeated sixty times on the same old bough, would only shut its blessed beak or close its beady eye!

READING makes his eyes ache, so until the other day he had nothing to do between doses of medicine and the doctor's visits except listen to the sounds in the house—a door banging (oh, curse that banging door!), the servant sweeping the stairs (what a time she takes over that flight of threadbare stair-carpet!) and the tradespeople jangling the area bell. Not much fun lying there like a log with a nagging pain from a jumping nerve. In the street there is the vague roar of life—active life. Lucky people are walking about, taking taxi-cabs to theatres and clubs and pleasant places.

Not much interest or life in a sick man's room, alone with his thoughts, which are mostly unpleasant, until one day a miracle happened.

It was this miracle of wireless which he had scorned so much before he was knocked edgewise by a blow from Fate. It was his wife who had it installed, despite his fretful protests. Now for hours at a

time he forgets that jumping nerve of pain. He ignores that bird on the bough with its beady eye watching him all day. He doesn't groan every time the church clock chimes another quarter, because it seems like an hour since the last stroke. He has something to look forward to, London calling and old Big Ben booming out a prelude to the news of the day, and an evening's entertainment.

Some of those lectures are very good in a sick man's room. They take his thoughts away to the far ends of the earth. He ponders over some of the problems



Not that the darkness makes much difference to him.

one of her daughters gave her a crystal set. She was afraid of it at first, and thought it might blow the house to pieces if she did the wrong thing. Now she finds it quite safe and easy to turn on the little switch. She turns it on with trembling fingers and quite a flush of excitement on her face.

Someone is singing. Surely, she knows that song? Good gracious, yes! *La Traviata*, which she used to trill as a young girl in that frock of sprigged muslin—before she became the mother of babes. I wonder if some of the great singers before the microphone in a silent room ever see in their

THE LITTLE GIRL LISTENS

By ELEANOR FARJEON.

Where are you going to,
Little girl, pray?
Where do you follow your
Small nose all day?

Why are you listening,
And what are you
Listening, listening,
Listening to?

Where do I go? said the
Little girl—Well,
As I don't know myself,
I cannot tell;

Children like me who have
Learned how to hear,
No longer follow their
Nose, but their ear.

My ear the whole year round
Leads where I go:
I've heard the band playing,
And the wind blow.

I have heard nightingales
Sing, and the sea,
I have heard friends telling
Stories to me.

Eyes aren't the only eyes,
Ears aren't just ears,
My ear, to my surprise,
Sees all it hears.

I have seen places
Where I've never been
I have seen faces
I never have seen.

I've been all over the
World and returned,
All through my ear that to
Listen has learned.

Then can you wonder at
Me when I go
Listening, listening,
Listening so?

discussed. And all that music makes the time pass like winking. Some of those entertainers are comical fellows—a cheery crowd, as though there were no such thing as ill-health. And yet some of them must have the toothache sometimes and feel a bit chippy. Wonderful pluck to keep on joking! Not a bad lesson in its way to a man who grouches overmuch.

Anyhow, life has come into a sick man's room. The world of adventure, and thought, and art, and music, and business, and bustle comes surging into his ears. There's rough weather to-night in the Channel. Better in bed, perhaps! The franc has jumped up—Poincaré is doing pretty well. China seems in a rotten state. What, time already for that last dose of medicine? Through the microphone voices speak to the sick men and women of the world. That's a cheery fellow who says the last 'Good night!' as though he meant it for them all.

IN a small suburban house—The Firs or Laurels or some name like that, as I remember—there's a young wife married to a friend of mine who is a newspaper man and keeps strange hours. That is to say, he goes to work early in the afternoon and comes back after midnight. This little lady with shingled hair and a knee-short frock—quite young and pretty like so many others—reads large numbers of novels in those evenings between eight o'clock and midnight, until sometimes the book drops on her lap and she falls asleep on the sofa, with her head hanging limp. The enchantment of marriage has worn off somewhat after four years. The little house, furnished on the hire system, has lost some of its charm. Is this what life means? The fire burns dim and she wakes with a start, and shivers a little. There are still two hours to midnight, and she has read the last page of that trashy novel. Dear God! How can she cure this morbid sense of loneliness, this frightful boredom creeping over her? If only she could talk to someone, dance with someone, escape from this beastly little villa in a row of villas and the trams clanging through the fog! . . . She escaped through the wireless. She has quite a distinguished lot of visitors now from seven o'clock onwards—great singers, famous pianists, all sorts of learned men who talk to her on terms of equality, explaining all sorts of things she wanted to know, giving her a bigger vision of life. Now and again, she dances to herself between the sofa and the cabinet. Those funny men make her laugh, and it seems as though they were her own private jesters. . . . Good gracious! is that Dick's latchkey already?

AWAY in the country there's a quiet old house with twisted chimney-pots and beams across the ceilings, and in the big sitting-room a wide hearth with logs burning. It's three miles from the nearest village, and the roads are muddy on winter days, and darkness settles down too early. Not that darkness makes any difference to one man in the house. He sits there carving something out of wood, using his fingers instead of his eyes to follow the pattern. It is ten years since he learnt to count the stairs up to the

(Continued on page 702.)

What the Radio Overheard.

By STEPHEN LEACOCK.

With Illustrations by Aubrey Hammond.

I.

THE scene is in the dining-room of the house of Mr. Edward Uptown Brown, Senior. It is a large room with a mahogany table and a mahogany sideboard and all the things that ought to be in the dining-room of people called Uptown Brown. In a corner is a radio machine of the best and newest type, with leather arm-chairs beside it, and on a little corner seat printed papers with announcements and programmes. The time is evening, an hour or so after dinner, and the people who appear are Miss Flossie FitzClippel Brown, the only girl in all the world, and Mr. Edwin Overflow, the only man in the universe. But they have not yet told this to one another.

FLOSSIE (as they come to the dining-room door): There's nobody in here. Wouldn't you like to come in and I'll show you our new radio, Mr. Overflow?

MR. OVERFLOW (in a deep voice, charged with atmospheric): With pleasure.

FLOSSIE: How dark it is! The switch is over there—won't you please turn it on?

MR. OVERFLOW (with more atmospheric): With pleasure.

FLOSSIE: Now sit here and make yourself terribly comfy, and I'll tune in on the radio.

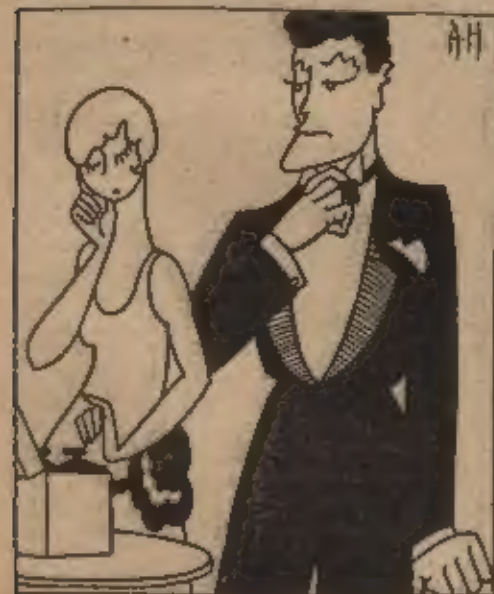
MR. OVERFLOW (speaking with a compressed voltage which ought to warn any girl that there is something atmospheric doing): With pleasure.

FLOSSIE (at the radio): Now wait a minute. I never can remember which way these silly dials go—let me see—Do you understand how to do it, Mr. Overflow?

MR. OVERFLOW (at a pressure of 200 atmospheres to the inch): Not at all.

FLOSSIE (fingering the dial): I think this is the one and I think you turn it so—

THE RADIO: SQUA—ARK—



Mr. Overflow: 'There's something I want to say.'

FLOSSIE (shutting it off): No, that's wrong, I'm sure. I'll try this other way.

MR. OVERFLOW (rising from his place and putting forward his antennae as if about to make a contact): Please don't!



What she really means is, 'Did you land him?'

FLOSSIE: Don't what! (She turns off the dial.)

MR. OVERFLOW: Don't turn on the radio. There's something I want to say, something I've been trying to say all evening—

FLOSSIE (who has been trying to make him say it all evening): To me?

MR. OVERFLOW: Yes, to you. Miss Brown (he stops with a static congestion in his feed pipe)—

FLOSSIE: Yes?

MR. OVERFLOW: Miss Brown—(he pauses; then with an effort he connects in on a better wavelength)—Miss Brown, Flossie, ever since I've been coming to this house—

FLOSSIE: I wonder if I can get Inverness—

MR. OVERFLOW: Don't!

THE RADIO (in agony): SQUA—ARK—

MR. OVERFLOW: Turn it off. Listen. Miss Brown—Flossie—ever since—that is to say—please don't turn it on. Flossie—I only wanted to say—I love you. (He reaches out both his antennae.)

FLOSSIE: Oh, Edwin! (They make a contact and are joined together by a short circuit. Connected thus they sit down beside the radio. Their hands are joined as they sit in close conversation. Not a sound comes from the radio. It is listening, and it is having a good time all by itself.)

FLOSSIE: But how can you really love me? You've only known me three weeks.

EDWIN (speaking now with far less strain on his aerial owing to the removal of all atmospheric disturbance): Three weeks and one day and four hours.

FLOSSIE: Oh, Edwin, how can you remember?

EDWIN: Remember, can I ever forget it—that first afternoon when I met you crossing the park—and—

FLOSSIE: Oh, Edwin!

EDWIN: Flossie!

(The radio doesn't say a thing.)

Ten minutes later Edwin is still saying: 'And do you remember the day when I took you and your mother to the matinee?' And Flossie answers with a light laugh—'And Mother would talk to you all the time.' 'Yes, I was wishing your mother was in Jericho!' 'How nice of you, Dearest!' (And the radio isn't speaking.)

Twenty minutes later Flossie is saying—'Edwin, dear, I'm afraid we simply must go back to the drawing-room again. They'll have finished their cards and Mother will be wondering where we are. Wait a minute till I turn on the radio—' THE RADIO: SQUA—ARK—

FLOSSIE: It doesn't seem to be working. Kiss me, darling. I'm so happy! And isn't the radio just wonderful!

(But it will be noted that all the radio said was SQUA—ARK.)

II.

SO they go upstairs to the drawing-room, and up there when they arrive are two tables full of people playing bridge. At one of them Flossie's mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Uptown Brown, and father and two other people are playing, and they have just thrown down their cards because their first rubber is over and Flossie goes over to her mother and kisses her, and Flossie's mother kisses her and says—

'Where have you been, Darling?'

'Downstairs, listening to the radio.'



Eddie: 'Didn't you get anything worth while?'

'How is it working?'

'Perfectly.'

Flossie's mother knows quite well where she has been and she wouldn't have interrupted her for the world. But what she really means is: 'Did you land him?' And when Flossie says 'Perfectly,' she knows that her mother knows, and her mother knows she knows what she means.

At the other table Flossie's brother, Edward Wiseghy Brown, a college radio expert, is playing cards with a cigarette permanently in his mouth as part of his face, and he says without even turning his head round:

'What did you get, Floss?'

'Oh, I don't know—'

'Didn't get Yomsk in Siberia?'

'Oh, gracious—no!'

'Did you get anything worth while?'

'I don't think so—that is,—and here she looks over at Edwin for a second and he happens to be looking at her and they both get extremely red, and the whole room gets charged with ecstatic electricity. In fact, it is a relief to everybody when Flossie's father, Mr. Uptown Brown, rises and says to the other man at his table—

'Here, let these two young people take our places, Tommie, and, you and I will drop out a bit.'

On which Mr. Uptown Brown and his heavy friend, Mr. Thomas Bung, rise with a deliberation appropriate to their dignity and weight, and Mr. Brown says: 'Come on down, if you like, and we'll have a turn at the radio ourselves.'

His heavy friend Mr. Bung, says: 'Well, I don't mind if I do.'

Mrs. Uptown Brown glances across at her husband with a look that means: 'Now what the dickens are you up to?' But she says nothing. She's too happy about Flossie. Let him for once, if he likes, she thinks, only don't let him think that she is deceived. But she can straighten that out afterwards. So she merely says quite invitingly

'Come along, then, and we'll start a new rubber'; and makes a place beside her for Mr. Overflow. There he is to sit for the rest of his life.

III.

Meantime Mr. Uptown Brown and Mr. Thomas Bung, his heavy friend, have gone down to the dining-room.

MR. BROWN: It's over here in the corner. Sit down, Tommie, in one of these big chairs while I turn on this thing—Will you have a cigar?

MR. BUNG: Well, I don't mind. Had it long?

MR. BROWN: No, just got it. The children like it. Try one of these.

MR. BUNG: Thanks.

MR. BROWN: Now, I don't know how you found it upstairs, Tommie, it certainly seemed to me pretty dry.

MR. BUNG: It certainly did!

(They both chuckle. They know what's coming.)

MR. BROWN: Well, what about a little Scotch, eh, Tommie, my boy? Wait till I turn on this machine—no, I'll get the Scotch first.

(Mr. Uptown Brown takes a key out of his pocket and goes and opens up a little cupboard in the corner angle of the wall.)

MR. BROWN: I always keep it locked up over here. Soda? Oh, no, no trouble—it's right here in a syphon.

MR. BUNG *(speaking in a low, gurgling voice, such as is produced from the larynx by Scotch and soda)*: That's good Scotch, Ed.

MR. BROWN: Yes, have some more, or wait till I turn on this radio, otherwise Bess might—Here, I think this is the dial you twist—

THE RADIO: SQUA—ARK—

MR. BROWN: No, that's not it. I'll get it in a minute. Now this is a Scotch, Tommie, that I can guarantee—

(And ten minutes later Mr. Edward Uptown Brown is still saying):

Now this Scotch, Tommie, is a Scotch—that you won't get a better Scotch—Scotch, Scotch—

(And after a while—after a long while—with a sigh Mr. Uptown Brown rises from his chair and says:)



'Here, I think this is the dial you twist.'

Well, Tommie, old horse, I guess we'll have to get back to the drawing-room or Bess will be wondering where we are. Wait till I give this a whirl again. *(He turns a dial.)*

THE RADIO: SQUA—ARK—

MR. BROWN *(turning it off instantly)*: Not working, I guess. Come along, Tommie, or say, what about another?

MR. BUNG: Yes, certainly. I'll join you. A wonderful thing this radio, isn't it?

(But let it be noted that the radio had only said SQU—ARK.)

(And so when they do get up to the drawing-room it is quite late and the cards are just about over.)

EDDIE BROWN, JR. *(adding up the score says, without moving his face from his cigarette)*: What did you get, dad?

MR. BROWN: Oh, nothing much.

EDDIE: Did you get Yomsk in Siberia?

MR. BROWN: No, I don't think so, did we, Tommie?

MR. BUNG: I guess not. But what we got wasn't bad, either.

EDDIE: Was there much interference, dad?

MR. BROWN *(chuckling to his friend)*: Not a bit.

IV.

MEANTIME the guests leave. Ed Brown, Jr., radio expert, has risen from his chair and says to his friend, a fellow expert: 'Come on, Harry, it's late enough now to be worth while. There won't be much interference now. We'll see if we can get Yomsk.'

Ted Brown and his friend, the two radio experts, go down to the dining-room. The house is quiet now. It is getting late.

Ted says: 'Now sit down there while I tune her up. I guess dad's been monkeying with it. Funny he can't learn, isn't it? He begins twisting and turning the dials. What I want to do is to try to get Yomsk, Siberia. The other night I was nearly sure I had Yomsk. There's a sending station there now, but they're not catalogued and it's hard to tell. Ever try to get them?'

'No. Nearly got Teheran in Persia, the other night. At least, I think it was Teheran. I couldn't be sure. It would be in Persia, I suppose?'

'Yes—now wait—I believe I've got it.'

THE RADIO: SQUA—ARK—

Ted, shutting it off, 'No—that's only Lloyd George. Let's try the other way.'

THE RADIO: SQUA—ARK—

'Ah, that's a sacred concert. I thought they all stopped at eleven. I'm sure that's the number I used for Yomsk. Wait a minute.'

Ted turns at the dials. He and his friend sit in front of the machine in deep absorption—ten minutes later, Ted is still saying: 'No, confound it—that's only the Beethoven Sonata being played in the opera house at Berlin—try this—'

And the radio says 'SQUA—ARK—'

And Ted says: 'Damn it—that's only Madame Gallucci singing at Milan. I'll just try once more for Yomsk, and if we can't get it we'll shut it off for the night. There's no sense bothering with these things near by—'

He tries once more.

And the radio says, 'SQUA—ARK—'

And then he quits.

But far away in Yomsk among the snow, a tired Bolshevik in a dirty café is singing an imitation American coon song. That's what Ted wants to hear.

And as he reluctantly turns off the machine, he says: 'It's a great thing the radio, isn't it?'

But let it be noted that the radio had only said 'SQUA—ARK.'

V.

SO Ted's expert friend goes home, and Ted himself goes to bed. The radio is silent and the house is still. The mystic currents move through the air. Inverness is whispering to Finisterre, and Helsingfors murmurs to the Hebrides. But not a sound of it comes to the darkened room. The house is still and the people are asleep and the radio is silent. Its programmes and its announcements lie beside it on a little table, but from it there comes not a sound. The radio, hushed by the whispering currents, is asleep.

And the hours pass, till it is late—late; and then softly, oh, very softly, one of the dining-room windows pushes up—surely no one

(Continued on page 697.)

The Call.

By E. F. BENSON. Illustrated by Albert Bailey.

MRS. AYLWARD, now in her eighty-first year, had all her life been an upholder and apostle of progress in every branch of human knowledge, and among the earliest to take advantage of any fresh discovery. She always said that this was an inherited instinct, for her mother had been in the very van of the intrepid passengers who ventured to embark on Mr. Stephenson's amazing railway-trains, 'and very much, my dear,' said Mrs. Aylward, 'she enjoyed her trip, though a cinder from the Rocket, which was the name of the engine, flew into her eye, soon after they had started, and they thought she would lose the sight of it. But she went straight to a new oculist, whom the profession would have nothing to say to, because he was so revolutionary in his methods, and he cured her. Indeed, she always said that her injured eye became the stronger of the two.'

With such a parent it was no wonder that Mrs. Aylward was always in the forefront of those who enjoyed the fruits of progressive science.

WHEN electric light became a domestic possibility, she was among the very first to have it installed in her house, in spite of the conservatism of her husband, who said that lamps and candles supplied all the illumination he wanted. Here Mrs. Aylward had been even more unfortunate than her mother on Mr. Stephenson's railway-train, for owing to defective wiring the greater part of Robert's house had been burned. But the insurance more than covered the cost of rebuilding, and Agnes took the opportunity to have a lift from the kitchen put into the new structure, and a bathroom with hot water laid on where the bather could lie immersed, instead of lading spongefuls of quickly-cooling liquid on to various parts of his person. This was a great success, though the kitchen-lift was occasionally disappointing, for sometimes it stuck so fast that the hot leg of mutton for Tuesday's dinner became the cold leg of mutton for Wednesday's lunch.

Robert by degrees had been infected by her enthusiasm, and became as keen as she to try any new thing. This Athenian spirit pervaded their lives: there was no current novelty which they did not pounce on, and make their own. Bridge, for instance, was a common after-dinner diversion in the rebuilt house in Portland Place, while elsewhere whist held almost universal sway: on another night you might find there an exhibitor of radium or of the newly-discovered X-ray; on another there would be a medium who went into a trance and became the transmitter of messages to the sitters from deceased relatives.

Of all the fringes of the Unknown into which Man was nibbling his way, this seemed to both her and Robert the most fascinating, and though they both remained equally eager to go up in a balloon or down in a

diving-bell, this borderland between the material world and the immensity which lay outside it attracted them most. The material sometimes seemed to melt into the unseen which was not less real than it. But the material world lost none of its fascination, and when, now some thirty years ago, Robert Aylward died very suddenly, his widow communicated with the Cremation Society by means of the telephone, which was then in its rather incoherent infancy. Shortly after the funeral she had a séance with her medium, and to the day of her death last winter (and, indeed, especially on the day of her death), she believed that the spirit of her husband 'came through,' and bade her not abate one atom of her interest in all the entrancing riddles of material existence. 'That's your job for the present,' he said, 'and mine's a different one.'

She heard his voice with that inimitable little stutter in it, as clearly as she heard the hum of the traffic outside, or as she saw the outlines of the familiar room in the dim light.

'But you'll come and talk to me sometimes, Robert?' she asked.

'Better not, dearie. What lies beyond isn't your business yet. But when your time comes to join me, I'll come and call you. You can count on that.'

Now, the fact that, though psychical phenomena interested Mrs. Aylward more than any other avenue into the new and unknown, she from that day gave up her séances and

mediums altogether, shows how authentic this experience was to her. Robert had distinctly told her that the 'beyond' was not her business, and, though sorely missing him, she quickly resumed her eager curiosity in the wonders and discoveries with which the world teemed.

MOTOR-TRACTION then was claiming the attention of go-ahead people, and exciting the scorn of the majority, and Mrs. Aylward was quite right in saying that the first private car that appeared in the streets of London was hers. Her little place in Worcestershire was, even to her enterprising soul, out of range for this machine, so she sent it down by rail when she went into the country that summer and habitually used it there, to the boundless astonishment of the rustics and the terror of horses.

In a few years, when this form of locomotion became stabilized and reliable, Mrs. Aylward turned her progressive attention to aeroplanes, and was the first woman to go to Paris without changing from train to boat and boat to train. The return journey was less successful, for the plane settled softly on the sea some half-mile from the French coast, and the passengers were rescued in a boat.

Nevertheless, she was sure that in a few years' time everyone would have private



Elsie switched on, and after a moment or two of silence, a choir of voices broke out into 'The First Noel.'

aeroplanes and fit about the streets of London at fifty times the speed of those crawling motors.

But of all the romances of Science which rendered Mrs. Aylward's life a perfect orgy of enjoyment, there was none to the development of which she more looked forward than that of wireless transmission.

"It comes nearer to pure magic than anything I've ever heard of," she said to Elsie.

Elsie distracted herself from the perusal of a letter she was reading.

"Yes, it does sound wonderful, dear," she said. "But do you really think it will come to anything? Now that we've got telephones and telegraphs everywhere, we've surely all we want."

"Mark my words," said Mrs. Aylward, "it will be the greatest wonder of my time and yours too. Matter is being eliminated, distance is distance. I shouldn't wonder a bit if some day we shall have machines in our houses which will enable us, just by turning a switch, to hear what's going on a hundred miles away as if it was in the room, though there's nothing linking us up to it."

THE war interrupted the domestic application of wireless, and Mrs. Aylward's emotions were chiefly occupied with hatred of the Huns. Though she had a secret admiration of the barbaric enterprise that sowed the sea with submarines, and sent bomb-dropping aeroplanes over Portland Place, she felt it to be a desecration of the wonders and romances of science that they should all be devoted to massacre. But her devotion to discovery in itself (though twisted now to evil uses) never wavered, and one of the most illuminating days of her life was when, after having in vain sought leave to go on a submarine, she succeeded in getting admission to one of the big wireless stations from a cousin of hers who was in charge of it. Something clicked and dabbled, and her cousin, who had put on to his head a sort of cap with ear-pieces, wrote down for her what London was doing to Cape Clear about the prices on the Stock Exchange. Then soon he scribbled her a message which a cruiser in the King's Navy far away in the North Sea wanted to send to the Admiralty.

It was the romance of it, as always, that thrilled Mrs. Aylward. Here was this big empty field set high on a down beside the sea, and in it had been put up two tall masts and half-a-dozen little huts. Strain your ears as you might there was no sound audible but the chiding of a flock of gulls fishing in the tranquil waters, and a faint thrum of the breeze in the wires from the masts. And yet the air was full of voices whose sound went forth into all lands. It needed only to be in tune with them to reproduce them. Nothing of the miracle was tangible or audible or in any way perceptible to the human senses, but a chorus of intelligible speech was flowing by and was caught in its passage by instruments in those small huts. "There is neither speech nor language," she thought to herself, "but their voices are heard among them."

The war came to an end, and the powers of Nature were no longer harnessed to the chariots of death. Presently wireless

became domesticated, and you could have a box on your table, a toy merely to many, for the amusement of idle hours, and listen to a story, or a lecture, or a concert. But it was never a toy to Mrs. Aylward, she enjoyed listening to what her loud speaker transmitted, but behind that was wonder.



BROADCASTING AT CHRISTMAS.

*What is it, fleetier than the bird,
That flies unfluttering far and near,
And is not seen, and is not heard,
Until it finds the listening ear?*

*It is the multitudinous voice,
That brings the good news far and wide,
And bids good people to rejoice
In town and in the countryside.*

*Of old, the angels bore the great
Tidings of joy from the high skies,
But here's a messenger of love
Bears Christmas tidings as he flies!*

*And through the speech and strain
There is a lovelier message
And they have broadcast Christmas E'en,
The voices of the Christmas bells.*

Katharine Tynan.



and the wonder grew ever greater. The phenomena seemed divorced from all material laws; the silence of a quiet room could be made to ring with a song that was being sung in Paris or with the carillon of Malines. A storm might be howling outside, the traffic of London might roar, but through

it pierced the peal of bells from beyond the sea, conveyed there without connection across the halls of space. All material interruptions were brushed aside, 'the muddy vesture of decay' surely was becoming lucid and transparent.

More and more this sense of utter detachment from things tangible gained on her. The veil of materiality was growing thin, and every day she listened more eagerly for the evidence, conveyed through material, of what lay outside it. Sometimes she thought she heard through the voice of a speaker or the sound of music some faint whisper, just audible, which seemed to have nothing to do with what was being transmitted.

SHE was old now, for she had passed her eightieth birthday, though her senses were still alert and her curiosity undimmed. But she was quite crippled with arthritis, and could only just get to her wheeled chair from her bed, and be taken out for an airing if the weather was warm, for the most part she sat in the big sitting-room on the first floor which opened into the hall. She, now more than middle-aged, still lived with her, and as often as not there was a friend or two to dine. To-night, however, on Christmas Eve the two were alone.

Mrs. Aylward had just announced her intention of sitting up till midnight to hear the bells, and was pouring scorn on her niece's remonstrances.

"Stuff and nonsense, my dear!" she said. "An old woman like me doesn't need beauty sleep, and that's one of the advantages of being old. I'm eighty, and when I'm eighty it's only proper to do exactly what you choose, and I choose to sit up. You can go to bed if you like, but I'm going to listen. Besides—no, you'll only laugh at me, if I tell you."

"I shall do nothing of the sort, auntie," said the other. "What is it?"

"Well, my dear, you may call it fanciful, but all the evening I've had the impression that someone was wanting to talk to me through the wireless. I've heard whispers, as I've heard before, but much louder. There's some obstruction still, but I believe it's clearing, and I'm just going to sit up and see whether I can't catch more of it. Bless me, why it's half past nine already, and we shall miss the Christmas carols! Turn it on!"

Elsie switched on, and after a moment or two of silence a choir of voices broke out into 'The First Noel.' They sang two verses, and then suddenly Mrs. Aylward stood up.

"But it's coming through," she said. "I knew it would. Can't you hear someone talking as well as the singing? It's a man's voice—he stammers."

Elsie looked round. Mrs. Aylward, crippled though she was, was standing firm and erect, and her eyes were fixed on the corner of the room by the door.

"Ah, it's Robert, it's Robert!" she cried. "You're calling me, Robert! Oh, what a long time it has been, but so pleasant!"

Unsupported by her two sticks, she took half-a-dozen quick, eager little steps to the corner of the room on which her eyes were fixed, with her hands extended in welcome. Then very gently she sank to the ground and lay there.



'We want more talks and debates on economics and industrial history.'



'Oh, do turn Deceit into a dance station so that we can dance from 8 till 2 every night.'



'Music and Drama—nonsense. We want hourly reports of Stock Exchange quotations and latest prices.'



'In my opinion three-fourths of programme time should be given to brass bands.'



'The Scot dominates England, therefore the bagpipes should broadcast more than any other instrument.'



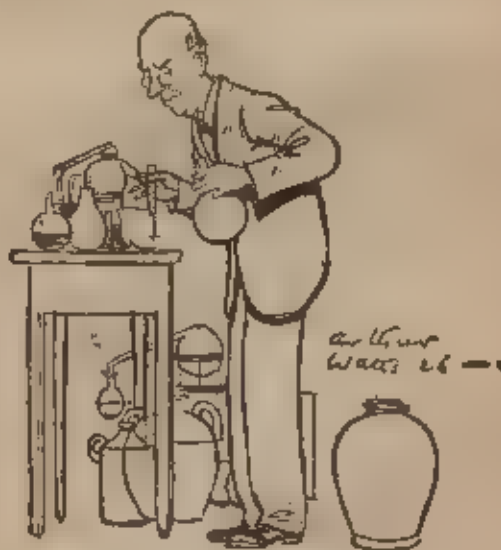
'Please spread the Children's Hour over the whole evening, and give us some helpful talks on knitting.'



'Give us plenty of good ballads and sea shanties—they are the backbone of any good programme.'



'That 7 o'clock Announcer is such a dear, I long for his return.'



'Talks on applied science will add interest—let us have courses on chemistry, electricity and metallurgy.'

IMAGINARY PORTRAITS OF SOME OF THE BBC'S UNOFFICIAL PROGRAMME ADVISERS,
WITH BRIEF EXTRACTS FROM THEIR HELPFUL LETTERS.

The Centipede.

By IAN HAY. With Illustrations by George Morrow.

THE whole affair is a complete mystery to me. I wish my grand-nephew, Algernon Sprigge, would pay me one of his periodical visits; he might be able to elucidate it. He is a Gentleman Cadet of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and appears to possess a knowledge of the world quite surprising in one of his tender years. Besides, he is the owner of a clear and penetrating voice, which makes it an agreeable matter to converse with him. Not that I am so very deaf, but most young people seem to nowadays to mumble in the most slovenly fashion.

My name is Erasmus Worthington, and I am an entomologist. In order to render my identity quite clear, I may add that I am the author of *Notes on the Thorax of the Hessian Fly* and *The Life of the Wren*. These works, however, were produced in my youth, when a man's interests are less settled than in later life, for the last thirty years I have confined myself almost entirely to microscopic observation (and tabulation) of the functions of the Lesser Coleoptera. Consequently, I have lost touch with the trend of modern thought in other directions. Many of my most distinguished contemporaries in the scientific world are but mere names to me, and except for an occasional visit to the Natural History Museum in South Kensington, I seldom go outside my house in Tavistock Square.

This may account for the fact that when Professor Pepper called upon me I had never heard of him. His visiting-card gave me no enlightenment. It was a rather large card—but possibly fashions in these things have changed during the last half century—and bore the device, in black lettering picked out with red:—

'PROF. JOE PEPPER,
The Old-Established Specialist.'

Followed by an address in Sheffield. I had no desire to receive him, for I was much occupied at the moment. I had rather foolishly allowed myself to be cajoled into giving what is called a broadcast lecture. I know nothing of these matters, but my old friend Sir Saccardley Pott, of the Egyptological Section of the British Museum, had represented to me that it was my duty as the outstanding authority on my subject to give the world the benefit of my knowledge, and I was yielded.

On the afternoon in question I was engaged in putting the finishing touches to my manuscript, which I was to read aloud at the (I think) rather extraordinary hour of 6.35 p.m. at the headquarters of the British Broadcasting Company, which body is apparently responsible for the proper dissemination of what is known as broadcast matter. I gather that the instrument employed is some form of universal wireless telephone, but as I say, I know nothing of these things. (I once endeavoured,

'I suppose that's thee, Professor?' he said, in a husky voice. From his mode of address I took him to be of old Quaker stock, which predisposed me a little more favourably towards him.

I found my spectacles and read the paragraph. It appeared to be an announcement of the broadcasting programme for the evening. I realized for the first time that my lecture was merely to be one of a series of items in a somewhat protracted scheme of entertainment. I noticed that I was to be

preceded at 6.25 by Mr. Alf Roper, in *Larmyard Imitations*, followed at seven o'clock by *Time, News, and Weather Forecast*. While not particularly impressed by the company in which I found myself, I was genuinely annoyed to find that some person unknown had altered the title of my lecture from *A Few Observations upon the Habits of the Lesser Coleoptera to Insects I Have Known*.

Professor Pepper placed his thumb upon the notice

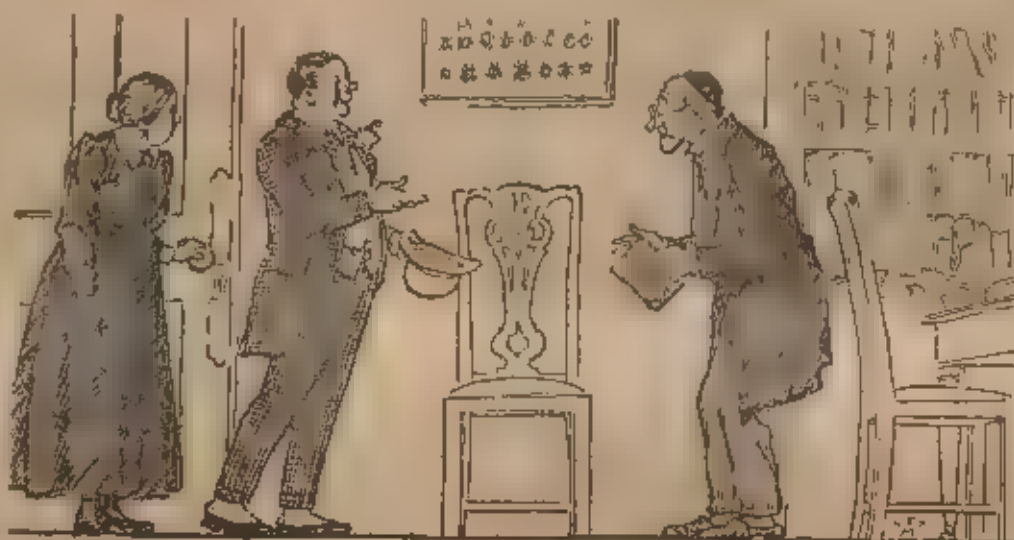
'That's thee, isn't it, Prof?' he repeated. 'That's thee that's going to broadcast about insects?' He spoke with a peculiar intonation, which I took to be a form of the Yorkshire dialect.

I replied, with a touch of formality, that I proposed to offer some observations upon the habits of the Lesser Coleoptera, and asked him if he were an entomologist too.

He took no notice of my question.

'I were up in London for the day,' he said, 'and that little par caught my eye; so I made up my mind there and then to come and ask thee a favour. I've always been friendly with professors, ever since I had a good turn done me by old Professor Maggs. I was only a lad, and he was at the top of the tree. We were both with Lord George Sanger at the time, I was just a nipper in the stables, while the Professor was the biggest draw in the show. What he couldn't do with fleas you wouldn't believe; draw little carriages, and everything! But he always had a kind word for me; and once he gave me a pound, and never asked for it back; and once he got me off a hating I've always had a soft spot for professors since then. Professors is all right!'

A great deal of this singular harangue, delivered, as it was, in an almost unintelligible dialect, was, I fear, entirely lost on me; but as my visitor appeared to be a



My housekeeper showed the Professor in.

some years ago, to use an ordinary telephone in Charing Cross Railway Station—I had momentarily forgotten where I was going, and was endeavouring, at the suggestion of a ticket clerk, to communicate with some one who might know—but after depositing practically all my small silver in the box beside the instrument without achieving any tangible result I abandoned the attempt, and registered a determination to avoid such crude mechanisms in future.) However, I had been assured that the process of broadcasting was quite simple, and that my privacy would be assured in all respects.

It was nearly five o'clock, and, as I say, Prof. Pepper's call was most inopportune. However, although I knew nothing of Sheffield University, I felt that common courtesy demanded that I should receive him.

My housekeeper showed the Professor in. I am a little dim-sighted, but he appeared to me to be dressed rather loudly for a man of our calling. He shook hands with me in an extremely ceremonious manner, and I offered him a chair. He thanked me and sat himself upon the very edge of it, having placed his hat, which was round and white underneath.

I then asked him to state his business. He replied by producing a copy of a morning paper and pointing to a paragraph.

person of sincere convictions and affectionate disposition—besides having some obscure connection with our aristocracy—I begged him to continue.

The fact is, he said, drawing his chair a little closer to mine, 'I've had a shocking fortnight, ever since Doncaster. However carefully I work out a system—single, double, or combination—nothing seems to come right.'

It is, indeed, vexing,' I agreed, 'when calculations, however carefully computed, fail to yield a satisfactory formula.'

And of course he added, it's terrible for my professional reputation.

Your students are becoming critical?' I suggested.

Critical?' he cried. 'Most of them are downright rude about it!' (Discipline is evidently lax in some of these newer universities.)

'And if I don't pull off a thing pretty big pretty soon, I shan't have any of them left. I've got to find a genuine unexpected surprise for them—something that nobody else knows now about.'

Some unprecedented discovery in the entomological world, you mean?' 'That's right. In the—what you said, Professor.'

It is not too easy,' I remarked.

The whole field of research has been covered in recent years.

And don't I know it!' said the Professor, bitterly. 'But I'm round the corner at last, and thou's shown me the way!'

'Yes. I pick up the paper this morning, and what do I see? I see that another professor—that's thee—is going to lecture to-night on *Insects I Have Known*. When I read that, I said to myself: "That's a message straight from heaven! *Insects I Have Known*. And me with the name of the finest insect on four legs in my waistcoat pocket now!"'

I BECAME interested, despite myself. Quadruped Centipedes are comparatively rare. I thought. And this is a new discovery.

And its name, what's a name yet? 'Thou's shown me the way!'

'I've heard of the centipede,' I said. 'But that insect has, by derivation, enough not in fact, a hundred legs, not four.'

Here, to my extreme discomfort, my visitor slapped me violently upon the knee, and gave way to uncontrollable laughter.

'That's a good one! That's champion! he roared.

A four-legged centipede,' I continued, endeavouring to soothe him, 'would indeed be a novel discovery.'

'And I have discovered it!'

'Of course,' I felt bound to remind him, 'a centipede does not really possess a hundred legs.'

'Thou'd think more had, to see him run!'

'Neither,' I continued, 'are they termed legs, scientifically. But perhaps you say legs in Sheffield.'

We do that!' replied the Professor.

'You express yourself a little loosely in certain other respects,' I added. 'Obviously a four-legged centipede is a contradiction of terms. This creature cannot be a real centipede.'



My seat had just been vacated by a rather despondent looking person.

The man laughed again. 'He isn't—and thou knows it! Thou's none so thick, Professor.'

I ignored the compliment, for it was evidently intended as such.

'You mean,' I said, 'that it—he, if you will—is of the centipede type—the myriapoda class—but possesses certain distinctive and outstanding characteristics of its—his—own?'

'That's right; there's none like him.'

'Have you a specimen?'

'Have I what?'

'Have you the centipede with you?'

'With me? Do you think he's outside, in a four-wheeler? He's at Windsor!'

I caught his meaning.

'You have sent him to the Castle?'

No, but there's a Meeting at Windsor to-morrow to discuss all.'

'And at this meeting you propose to introduce your discovery to your—disciples?'

'That's the exact idea.'

'To-morrow?'

'No; to-night. To-morrow will be too late.'

Indeed?

'Yes. And that's where thou can help me. Thou's going to broadcast to-night?'

'Yes; in less than an hour.'

'Then, as one professor to another, will thou do me a good turn? Will thou put

a word for The Centipede in the lecture?' Professor Pepper's hand grasped my knee; there were actually tears in his eyes.

'You mean you desire me to utter something in the way of a preliminary announcement—drop a hint, as it were—that you about to spring a surprise upon mankind?'

A hint would be no use, Professor. Thou doesn't know these people. Give it them red hot, tell them the whole glad story.'

But I should be forestalling your own announcement.'

'Never thou mind that. Tell them all thou knows, but say I told thee. That's all that matters.'

'You are generous, sir,' I said 'to allow me to share this distinction—'

'Professors should back professors,' said my visitor, simply.

But, really, I must know definitely and exactly the terms in which I am to disclose—'

'If I write something down will you read it out?' asked the Professor, producing a fountain-pen.

'With pleasure,' I replied, and rose to my feet. The extent of my responsibility was now fixed. But I must beg you to make haste, I think I hear my cab at the door.'

Professor Pepper was already at work. He appeared to be a slow writer, I noticed that his breathing was laborious, and that he followed the motions of his pen with the tip of his tongue. Evidently he was acutely conscious that he was at a great and responsible moment in his career.

My housekeeper brought in my overcoat and muffler. By the time that I was fortified against the night air, my visitor's announcement was written, blotted, folded, and handed to me.

'Read that to them, Professor,' he said, in a voice which trembled with emotion. 'Read it loud and slow, at the end of thy lecture, just before the boys cut off the juice!'

Needless to say, this last remark conveyed no meaning to me whatever; but it was soon eclipsed by another which my eccentric friend addressed to me as he shook my hand through the window of the cab.

'If as pulls this off,' he said, in a hoarse whisper, 'thou's on!'

EVERYONE at the Headquarters of the Broadcasting Company was extremely courteous and helpful, and the procedure not uninteresting.

In due course I found myself seated at a table in a comfortably-furnished room, with my manuscript in my hand. My seat

(Continued on page 697)



By DENIS MACKAIL. With Illustrations by Eric Fraser.

THE return of Christmas, coupled with my re-appearance in the nearest thing to a scientific periodical that is ever likely to print any of my stuff, has suddenly filled me with the desire to prophesy about the year 2026. Or, possibly, about the year 2027, for I am not particular as to a month or two. But it is quite curious how, although I haven't the faintest idea what is going to happen next January, or even next February, I have such a clear picture in my mind of conditions a hundred years hence. I can't explain this, but you may have noticed—I know I have—that all the best prophets prefer long shots from the tee to short putts on the green.

It is as an absolutely reliable, seven-valve prophet *de luxe*, therefore, that I take my seat on the tripod: and since I am businesslike as well as accurate, I have arranged my predictions under alphabetical headings. But please don't think that I have omitted any of the twenty-six letters because I have forgotten about them. It is simply because there won't be as many letters in 2026.* There won't be room for them.

Here, then, are my prophecies in detail.

AVIATION.—The sky will be black with aircraft in 2026, and particularly so at night. There will be a great difficulty in finding anywhere to land, and many machines will have to stay up indefinitely, owing to the crowded condition of the aeroplane



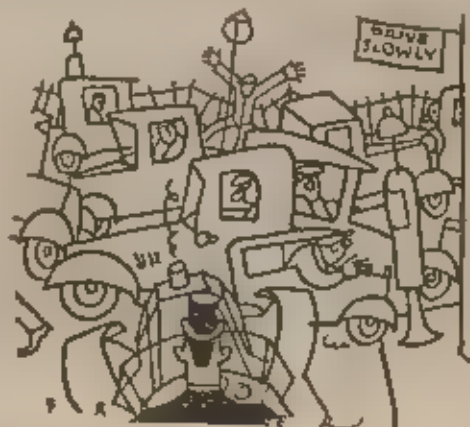
People will live in their bathrooms altogether

parks. Every now and then, some of them will crash to the ground for no ascertainable reason, and the coroners will explain that this mustn't be taken as implying that aerial transport isn't perfectly safe. I see a great future for aviation.

BATHROOMS.—There will be so many bathrooms in 2026 that many people will

be found living in them altogether. The big hotels will have seven or eight bathrooms to each bedroom. There will be motor-baths and bathoplanes. The present generation will be considered to have been disgustingly dirty.

DANCING.—Everybody will dance in 2026. But in spite of enormously increased



So many motors that none will be able to move.

facilities, the pressure on the available floor-space will be so great that only very old people will be allowed to dance in the evenings. Young people will dance in the mornings and middle-aged people will dance in the afternoons. There will be a Ministry of Dancing to regulate all this.

FOOTBALL.—Football will be played continuously in 2026, and before immense crowds. In wet weather it will be played indoors. The crowds will be paid for their attendance, and transfer-fees for spectators with sound lungs will run very high. I see a great future for football.

INCOME-TAX.—The income-tax in 2026 will, as the result of indefatigable efforts towards national economy, be thirty-seven shillings and sixpence in the pound. Everybody will be living on their capital, and no one will have any capital to live on. In spite of this, it will be an age of great luxury in every branch of life. My vision is particularly clear on this point, but I am unable to explain how such an apparent paradox will be effected—any more than I can explain how on earth we are all managing to carry on at present. At any rate, I see a great future for the income-tax.

JAZZ.—There will be no jazz in 2026, as it will have been unable to survive more than two thousand official announcements of its death and burial. On the other hand, there will be Buzz—which will be very much the same thing, only more so.

LITERATURE. The output of literature in 2026 will be absolutely colossal. Nine women and seven men out of every ten will be professional writers. The remainder will be amateurs. There will be very few readers, though, except those employed for

business purposes by the publishing houses. Mr. Noel Coward's reminiscences are expected to make a great stir this season, and everyone will be talking about them.

MOTORING.—Cars will be wonderfully improved during the next hundred years, and you would hardly recognize them as the outcome of our present primitive vehicles. One of the reasons for this is that there will be so many of them, that none of them will be able to move.

NEWSPAPERS.—Newspapers in 2026 will contain a hundred and twenty-eight pages, of which a hundred and twenty-seven will consist of advertisements. Their certified net sales will be absolutely incredible—much as they are at present.

WIRELESS.—I foresee a wonderful future for wireless. The citizen of 2026, being in most cases totally unable to leave his bathroom owing to the crowds, motors, novels, newspapers, demands for income-tax, aeroplanes and other objects which will fill every cubic inch of space outside his door, will rely more and more on broadcasting to keep him in touch with his fellow-creatures. He will lie back in his bath, with his loud-speaker perched on a chair by his side, and he will listen to the continuous programmes from all over the planetary system, which will be even better in 2026—though I know that sounds difficult than they are to-day. And now and then, but particularly at Christmas-time, ZLO will put on some of their old gramophone records of 1926 or thereabouts. And the citizen of the future will think wonderingly of his curious ancestors, and of what a strange, elementary, easy-going existence



Listening to radio in 2026.

they must have led. As he raises his toe to turn on a little more hot water, he will thank his stars that he lives when he does, and not in the uncomfortable surroundings of another century.

And as this last vision disappears in a cloud of steam, I thank my stars for exactly the same thing.

had done before what is so much worse than death had entered there.

Henry Riding had been a rich man before the war, and he was a richer man now. But he had always been over-careful, and he was not at all inclined to go in for what he would have called extravagance. Also, as he was very old-fashioned in all his ideas and ways, there was no telephone in the Willow House, and it would never have occurred to him to transform his now empty stables into a garage. Every day he went into the city by train, and though before the war his wife had had, as the saying is, her own carriage, he knew that now, since the terrible disgrace that had fallen on them, she went nowhere—so a motor would have been only a waste of his precious money.

Now and again, when quite alone, Henry Riding would smile a bitter smile, remembering how thankful he had been on the first Armistice Day to know that his only child, the son whose gallantry in the war had won him the Military Cross, had come through alive.

As for gentle, nervous Annie Riding, she gave no outward sign of the agony of longing that ever filled her heart. Strange to say, she still both loved and honoured her husband, and it would never have occurred to her to try and get in touch with their boy behind his back. But she never heard the postman's footsteps approaching the gate of the Willow House without acting for the message, the word of love, for which she longed with so intense a longing that each time nothing came which might have come she felt the agony of hope deferred.

ROSE MARVELL, to whom at one time Harry Riding had been everything that means life to a loving, sensitive girl, also gave no sign, and she never mentioned her one-time lover's name, even to his mother. No one sensed that hers was the life which had been most injured by Harry's act of wicked folly, for the life she was compelled perforce to lead was a most melancholy and unnatural life. Her strong, lissom young body was well fed, and, as her uncle would have put it, suitably and even handsomely clothed. But her soul and her mind were starved. Even now she was only twenty-four, yet she felt sometimes as though she were a hundred, so painfully drab and dull was the trend of her day to day existence. Wonderful things—exciting happiness-bringing things—were happening in the world outside, but they only so far penetrated into the Willow House as was possible through the dull columns of the old-fashioned daily paper which was the only newspaper Mr. Riding allowed to come into that part of his house where his sharp, cold eyes saw what was going on.

To take but one instance. Broadcasting was becoming part of the national heritage, bringing a myriad sets of new interests, as well as intense pleasure, to hundreds of thousands of British homes; and yet only once during three years did Rose come in contact with wireless.

It happened in this wise; she was taking a gift from her kind-hearted aunt to a woman who had once been a temporary maid in the



Father Nep' Calling!

Where the strand is
Once was water,
And no Handy Andy's
Daughter

Had ever made demands upon her 'Dad',
Nor had ever pressed her sure
For a whisker and a wig
And a pair of little headphones for to make
her evenings glad.

The Elements were there,
Just the water and the air,
But the fishes had no ken of modern 'pop',
Till the world went round a corner
And the Flora and the Fauna
Heard the first notes of the broadcast that
was made by Father Nep'!



Father Neptune! Father Neptune!
They heard the rolling rhythm of his band—
(Bombinate! Reverberate!
One-and-twenty-step June.)
They danced upon the sea because there wasn't
any land.

But land has come and so have ships and
people:
The listeners of the deep are joined by you.
In the home or on the wave or up a steeple,
Without a valve or crystal,
In Labrador or Bristol.
You may hear the vast transmission from
the deep, deep Blue.



Crash! Crash!
A crackle and a rumble,
A hoarse surf roar like a gun!
Father Neptune calling
With a howl that is appalling—
Travel Talk, Variety and Jazz-Symph' all
in one!!

L. de Cibebe Sieveking.

Drawings by John Nash.

Willow House, and in the poor two-roomed cottage Rose had found a child listening to radio. She had looked on, with a certain unshared curiosity, at what she designated to herself as a very queer kind of toy. Then, shyly, she had been invited to try the simple earphones for herself.

It was just seven o'clock, and the News Bulletin was being given out. Rose listened, with startled, incredulous surprise, to the resonant voice broadcasting an SOS, asking for news of the daughter of a man who lay ill at an address in Edinburgh.

At once she had thought to herself, for his presence never seemed far away from her. 'Oh, if only it were possible to find out where Harry is, with the aid of wireless!'

II

It was Christmas Eve, a sad and indeed most mournful day, at the Willow House.

'I want Harry.' 'Where is Harry?' 'Is Harry there?'

Again and again and again Mrs. Riding's voice uttered the plaintive words, and asked the pitiful question. Especially insistent did that voice become when her husband, Harry's father after all, his hard face softened to an expression of agony, stood by the large Victorian four-post bed.

The thought of losing the wife who had been so true, so tender, so submissive a helpmate, filled Henry Riding with a feeling of terrible distress and self-pity.

As his niece, accompanied by the doctor, came into the shadowed bedroom he turned and said with tears in his hard eyes: 'Thank God she's delirious! She doesn't really know what she's saying. Why, just now she thought Harry'—he brought out the name with a gulp—'was here, close to her!'

The old doctor answered dryly. 'You're wrong there, my friend. She wanders now and again, as she's so weak, but she knows well enough what she's saying most of the time, and who it is she's calling for.'

They all three went into the corridor, and there, with sudden passion, Rose Marvell interposed. 'Uncle, can't we get at Harry? It would be cruel—cruel, to let dear Auntie die without at any rate hearing that he's alive and safe.'

And the doctor, taking on himself the privilege of an old friend and being also a brave man, exclaimed: 'Good God! Can't you forgive—can't you forget—man?'

Mr. Riding gave the doctor an angry answer. 'I have no notion where he is! In Australia, I suppose.'

Had he dared to do so he would have ordered his old friend out of the house.

The doctor changed the subject abruptly. 'I have thought of a new preparation that might make Mrs. Riding feel a little easier. May I telephone from here?'

The other answered at once. 'There's no telephone in this house. It's bad enough to have it at my office; I held out as long as I could against it there!'

Shrugging his shoulders the old doctor turned to the girl. 'Will you come across to my house, Rose? I'll telephone from there,

(Continued on page 702.)

The Art of Merrymaking.

By JEROME K. JEROME. With illustrations by Arthur Watts.

MY first dissipation, so far as I can remember was a visit to the Crystal Palace. Before that, there had been occasional tea-meetings at which, after the tables had been cleared, some elderly and generally bearded gentleman, would rise up suddenly and proceed to say what he invariably called 'few words', but these, involving as they did much effort on my part to maintain long silence and not to shuffle my feet I had always—in spite of the rolled bread and butter and two sorts of cake—regarded as religious duties rather than mundane pleasures.

But the Crystal Palace belonged to the world of marvels and adventure. It had not very long been built and was still the talk of London. I slept but fitfully the night before, and it seemed to me, when my mother at last opened my door, that the day

They were building Holborn Viaduct, so we had to go round by Clerkenwell. I remember the old gateway. The journey took us well over an hour, and at Charing Cross I climbed down, and consulted with my sister as to whether we had not better get out and run. It was an Aunt of ours who was giving us the treat, and we were to wait for her and our cousins at the entrance to the platform. But here a difficulty arose. It appeared there were two Crystal Palaces: one a High-level and the other a Low-level. Fortunately, my Aunt had arrived first, and saw us from afar. She discussed the matter with a kindly porter, and he strongly advised the High-level. I was glad of that. I had the idea that the Low-level Palace was some poor sort of affair intended only for common people.

It was a wonderful place. It came up to my expectation. So few things in life do. There were other visits spread over the years, and each time I found things strange and new. And then one night there came the fireworks! I visited Wembley the last year it was open. There was, of course, much more to see. But the difficulty of seeing anything rather appalled me, so that I ended by seeing next to nothing, and I could not get anything to eat or drink without waiting in a queue. I ought, I suppose, to have been younger. Shows nowadays would seem to be only for the brave and strong.

A MUSEMENT combined with instruction was considered best for youth, when I was a boy. Yet we managed to get our fun notwithstanding. The old Polytechnic was interesting. It was thrilling to stand on the brink of the swimming pool, watching the dark lapping waters, waiting for one's turn to go down in the great diving-bell, and Pepper's ghost, in a darkened room with creepy music, was more convincing than the 'manifestations' that are now offered to us as the real thing. One learnt, later, it was only a trick produced by clever arrangement of mirrors, but until one knew one had an uncanny feeling.

The Egyptian Hall or 'England's Home of Mystery,' standing in Piccadilly opposite Burlington House, was given over to conjuring of a high-class kind. I think it was the elder Maskelyne who had it before he went to the St. George's Hall, then occupied by the German Reeds, who gave 'drawing-room entertainments' in conjunction with Corney Grain. The Grossmuths—the grandfather of the present George Grossmuth, with his sons George and Weedon—used to do the same sort of thing. It was a genteel age. But I have suffered, in my time, a good deal of boredom from vulgarity.

After Maskelyne left, the Egyptian Hall was occupied by 'Hamilton's Excursions.' Seated in our easy chairs, we viewed the world from China to Peru, coming back the other way round. A gentleman with the

aid of a wand, and accompanied by appropriate music, described the pictures as they were unrolled before us, and added information. And often the natives of the country through which we were passing would oblige with folk songs and national dances. I gained much sound knowledge of foreign parts from Hamilton's Excursions. We had also magic lanterns and dissolving views. These likewise told us of strange people and far lands. The pictures were coloured and many of them quite beautiful: everybody did not look like a bleached nigger. There was a panorama, near St. James's Park, of Niagara Falls. Later, I saw the real thing, surrounded by hotels and factories, and preferred the panorama.

Waxworks were popular. In addition to Madame Tussaud's there was one in Islington and another off the Gray's Inn



Ladies did not then ride outside buses.

was already half gone. It wasn't really, and my sister and I caught the quarter to nine train from Fenchurch Station and from Bank Street we took the two horse bus to Victoria. I found my sister sitting on the board my sister watching my progress nervously from the curb. The conductor suggested her following me up and gallantly offered to help her. But ladies did not then ride outside buses—besides, there was her primoline.



Society in all its best clothes.

Road. School children were taken to them in parties for purposes of education; but would persist in staring at the wrong figures. The Brighton Aquarium caught on famously at first. It was interesting to see soles without their bread-crumbs, and to know that lobsters also loved. In London the idea was less successful.

The first exhibitions also combined instruction with entertainment. They took place in wooded grounds that then extended

from the Albert Hall to South Kensington Station. Society crowded there in the evening in all its best clothes and listened to good music; and what was to be seen was worth seeing. One sat beneath the stars and treated the beloved one to strawberries and cream or, if one were a foreigner, to small flowers and Chinese lanterns. It was all rather simple and cosy. At Earl's Court and Shepherd's Bush, they became bewildering and tiresome shows. One fought one's way through vast surging crowds, and wondered how one was ever to get home. In a rising town of seven million inhabitants this, of course, is inevitable. Not until after centuries of diminishing population is there any chance of London becoming again the pleasant place it used to be.

We had music at home in those days. The girls played the piano and many of them played quite well. Two or three musical families, living near to one another, would organize home concerts. Often one got decent chamber music. Cafés—there were not many of them—were quiet resorts where bearded ruffians played dominoes and chess. The spelling bee was for a time a popular entertainment. It drew good money and was followed with laughter and applause. It is what one brings to a thing that matters. Each suburb had its amateur Parliament with Liberals and Conservatives, and in one or two there were Labour members—though in those days most people thought that was going too far.

THEATRES were fewer. Of course, to my thinking, they gave us better plays—not always on the one eternal theme. At Christmas we had usually three pantomimes. Drury Lane gave us wonderful scenery and the Vokes family and, when they passed, came Herbert Campbell and Dan Leno. In the East End there was the Britannia, where the fun was perhaps a little broader, and at the Elephant and Castle the Conquests, *père* and *fils*, made one's blood run cold with their marvellous leaps and bounds. They made clever use of spring traps so that, coming up through the floor, they would shoot twenty feet into the air, or shot out from the wings, would fly right across the stage. Zazel used to perform the same feat, later on, at the Aquarium, being shot out of a cannon and falling some hundred feet into a net. We all took her for a handsome girl, till she turned out to be a man. Until late into the 'seventies, many of the theatres gave programmes commencing at six with a farce, and ending about twelve with a burlesque—with a me o-drama, an operetta, and something from Shakespeare in between.

At St. James's Hall we had the Moore and Burgess Minstrels. Their entertainment never varied: songs, comic and sentimental, some solemn jokes always admirably acted, a good deal of banjo and a solo cornet. That was the success of it. It lasted for years and years, and might have continued for years longer if some fool had not tried to improve it and bring it up to date.

We had good opera at Covent Garden and sometimes at Her Majesty's in the Haymarket also. It was the extravagant fees paid to the stars that killed it. I was with a firm of solicitors who acted for Mapleson. Adelina Patti and the others would insist

upon sums that were bound to spell loss to the management even when the house was sold out. The argument was that she drew more than she asked. There was no sense in it. Without the orchestra and the chorus and the other performers, the house and all the rest of it, how much would she have drawn night after night? At the Alhambra we had more than we had gorgeous ballets. I remember old music-hall with its twenty or so turns' better than the present revues. There was more variety about them. Sunday concerts, when they first came, made a great stir. The programmes included much sacred music, but even then were denounced as lures of the devil.

I NEVER understood what went wrong with the Queen's Hall Sunday Symphonies. When the stalls were three shillings the



Driving away the dullness of rural life.

place was crowded every Sunday afternoon and the concerts paid. When the stalls and circle were raised to seven-and-sixpence and five shillings, empty seats became the rule. I am sure that good-class concerts at moderate prices, and without any expensive stars, could be run successfully all the year round in London on seven days a week.

The coming of the 'movies' passed almost unnoticed. They originated, I believe, in France. I remember some man who had just come back from Paris talking to me about them. He was not much impressed. It was startling at first to see the figures in a photograph moving about as though they were alive; but the faces were indistinct and the constant flickering made one's head ache. I have seen it stated somewhere that they were first shown in London at the Polytechnic. My own impression is that they came out at the Empire Music Hall.

The first motion pictures were mostly street scenes, crowds at railway stations and race meetings. The best were of scenery taken from moving trains and boats. Any-

how, it was the real thing, not faked up in a studio. Cecil Raleigh was one of the first of us authors to reap substantial benefit. He sold the cinema rights of six of his Drury Lane dramas for five hundred pounds apiece, and the Dramatists' Club sat up and took notice.

The gramophone, I think, had arrived earlier. We had a houseboat on the Thames one summer. That must be over thirty years ago, and the gramophone was just becoming popular. We were near to a reach favoured by picnic parties, and on a fine Sunday afternoon we could count a dozen to twenty boats, moored within a few yards of one another, each one with its gramophone playing a different tune. It had much the effect of a modern jazz orchestra.

A sort of broadcasting followed close upon the telephone. We used to sit with small pegs in our ears and listen to operas and concerts. But we had to be specially "laid on" and it was expensive.

I can see a way in which Wireless may effect important changes in the life of England. Hitherto the cry, 'Back to the land,' has fallen on deaf ears. It is the dullness of village life that has been chiefly instrumental in driving the peasantry into the towns. Now that Wireless has come to be within the means of the farm labourer, the movement may be stayed, and the English countryside become as popular and populous as that of France.

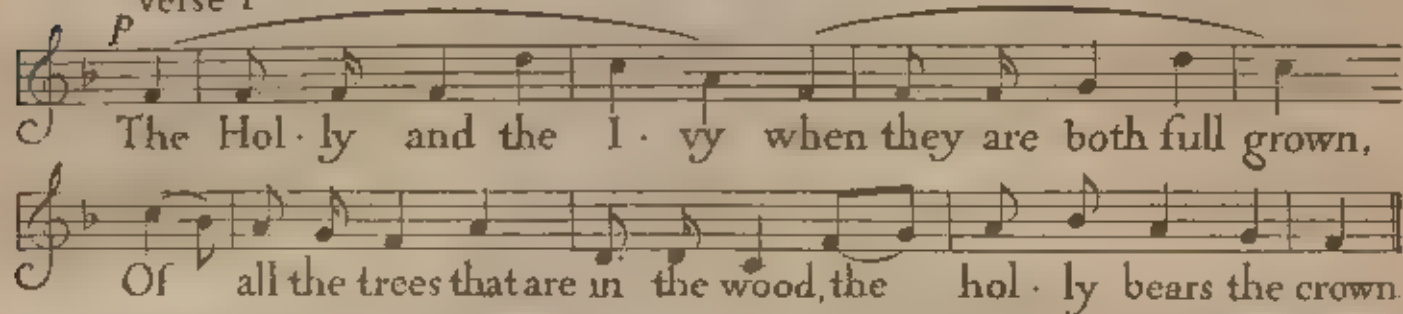
It is pathetic, the efforts these country folk make to obtain a bit of fun. I have known farm labourers with their wives and children trudge seven miles to a fair, starting after their day's work was done, fourteen miles there and back. I have met them coming home at midnight, the children crying with the pain of sheer fatigue, and the father and mother staggering, rather than walking, each one carrying a child too dead-beat to stand upright. And when next year's holiday came round they would all start off again with smiling faces, bent on the same grim jaunt.

It may be said that the craving for amusement is now the ruling passion of all classes. It has superseded even love and greed. Yet I think our young folks would get more enjoyment out of life if they didn't try to get so much. They make such feverish haste to eat and drink and be merry, as if they had abandoned all hope of any to-morrow. They are like the schoolboy who, censured for the extravagance of spreading jam upon his bread and butter, replied that he was really practising economy, the same piece of bread did for both. They try to make one evening do for everything. They begin with a cocktail crawl. They dance with their dinner. Afterwards they drop in to a theatre—if extra smart, they drop into two or three. With their supper comes more dancing, together with a 'midnight revue.' They wind up with a nightclub or two. And a coffee-stall keeper of my acquaintance tells me that very often on their way home they will stop at his place for breakfast and a dance on the pavement. And so home to bed—if bed is still in fashion.

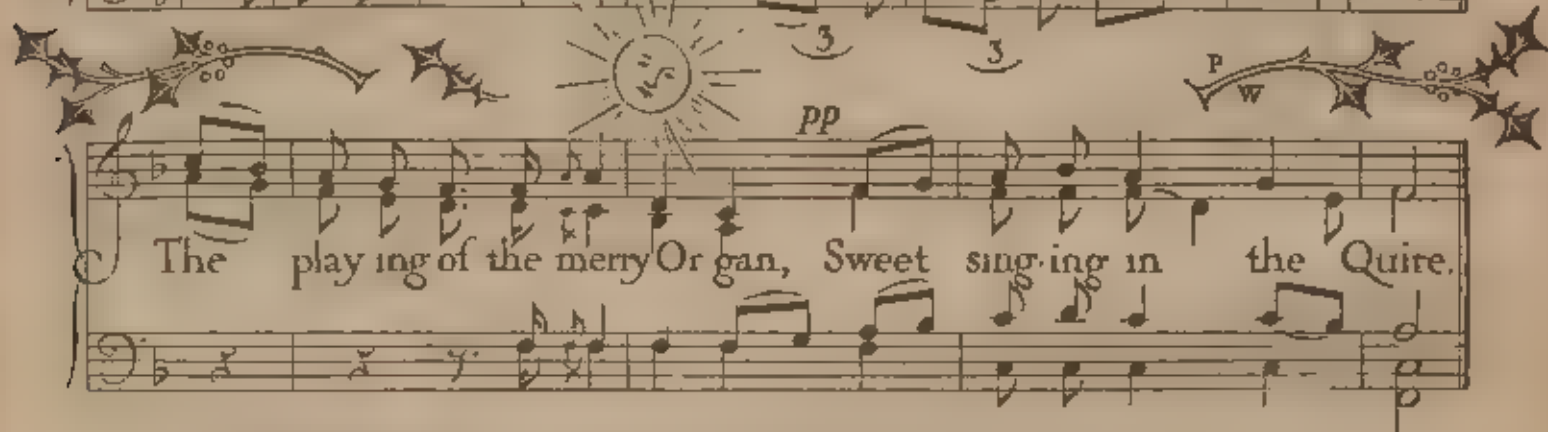
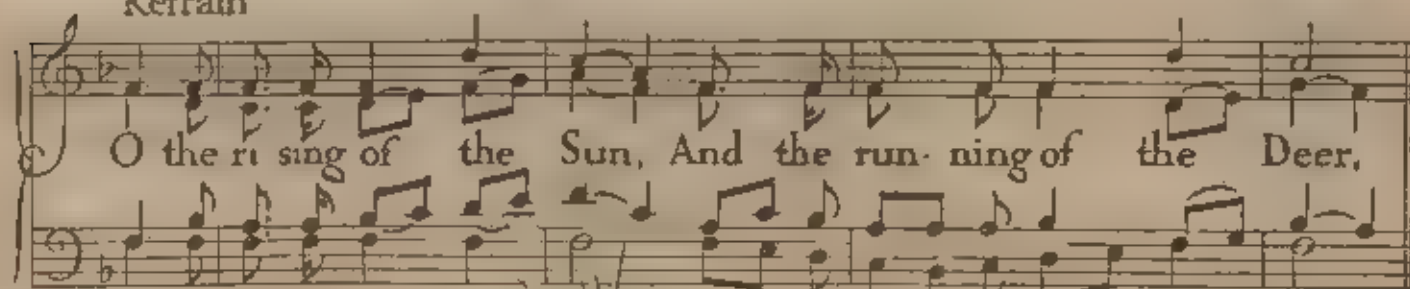
I'm glad I was born last century.



Verse 1



Refrain



The Holly bears a prickle as sharp as any thorn,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ on Christmas Day in the morn.
The Holly bears a berry as red as any blood,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ to do poor sinners good.



PROGRAMMES FOR SUNDAY (December 19)

Address by the Rev. R. G. ASHMAN, of the Congregational Church, Otton
Hymn, 'While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night' (English Hymnal, No. 30)

- 8.54 S.B. from London**
9.9 WEATHER FORECAST, NEWS, Local News
9.15-10.30 POPULAR CHRISTMAS MUSIC
 THE STATION ORCHESTRA, conducted by JOSEPH ...
 A ... Overture ...
 HAROLD CASKY (Baritone, Chorus and Or ...
 Aria, 'Nazareth' ...
 Paraphrase on 'Adeste Fideles' ...
 MARGARET ARLETT (Piano) ...
 Winter ...
 Holy Boy ...
 Noël ...
 Christmas Morn (Suite, 'The Messiah') ...
 HAROLD CASKY and ORCHESTRA ...
 The Star of Bethlehem ...
 Pastors, Symphony from 'The Messiah' Handel

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 326.1 M.

1.30 BETHLEHEM A CHORAL DRAMA

Libretto adapted from the Coventry Nativity Play

... 1915, at ...
 Christmas Festival ...

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------|
| The Virgin Mary | KATE WINTER |
| Gabriel (and First Woman) | VIOLET BEAVER |
| John (and Zachariah) | LEO K. BEALEY |
| Dave (and Morley) | LESLIE PARRIS |
| Angel (and Second Woman) | FRANK PARRY |
| The Believer | FRANK PARRY |
| The Unbeliever | FRANK PARRY |
| Salome (The Herald) | FRANK PARRY |
| ... | ... |

A FEW years ago, Richard Boughton founded a Music Drama on the Coventry Nativity Play, and called it *Bethlehem*.
 He has used old Carols for the Prelude and the Interludes (with one exception), and several such old tunes are used in the body of the work.

ACT I. After the opening Chorus of 'Alleluia,' SCENE ONE opens at the home of Joseph and Mary at Nazareth. The Angel Gabriel announces the glad tidings that the Saviour is to be born. Joseph, after first doubting Mary, is repentant, and joyfully prepares to go with her to Bethlehem.
 SCENE TWO is a lonely moor at night. Three shepherds, Jen, Sym and Dave, meet. They hear the heavenly harmony, see the star in the west and hail the joyful time foretold of old, when the Child shall be born.
 The Carol 'O Come, All Ye Faithful' is sung as an Interlude.
 SCENE THREE is the Stable. Mary is singing a lullaby to the babe. An Angelic Choir, unseen, sings, 'Gloria in Excelsis.' The shepherds come to offer simple presents.
 The Holly and the Ivy is the Carol Interlude.
ACT II. SCENE ONE. An open place in Jerusalem; Herod's palace in the background. The three Wise Men, Zachariah, Nubar and

Merlin, meet and discuss the message of the star. The crowd argue about the news of the new-born King.

The Herod Calchas commands silence, and reverenced for King Herod.
 The door opens, and Herod ... He vaults himself 'the mightiest emperor that ever walked on ground.'

... that three Wise Men are seeking the new Christ King, and Herod, per- turbed, commands that they be brought before him.

There is an air by Herodias, and then a dance of snakes. Before the Wise Men are ushered in. They tell Herod what they know, and when they have gone he blazes into anger, vowing that he will find and kill the babe that, as he thinks, threatens his sovereignty. The Chorus ends the Scene with 'There Was a Star in David's Land did Appear.'



'THE LIGHT OF LIFE'

The four principals in the performance of Elgar's Oratorio from the Cardiff Station this afternoon will be (top) Miss Edith Farnedge and Mr. Tom Pickering, and (below) Mr. Stuart Robert- son and Miss Dorothy Silk.

SCENE TWO. The Stable. Mary sings to the Child a prophetic song, for she foresees His suffering on the Cross. The Wise Men come to worship and to present their gifts. Gabriel appears and warns Mary and Joseph to flee into Egypt. The Wise Men go out, singing, and the work ends with the Angelic chorus of 'Gloria in Excelsis Deo.'

- 5.0 ORCHESTRA**
 Händel ...
 ... (Twelfth Mass) ...
 ... Handel

- 5.30-6.0 S.B. from London**
7.45-10.40 S.B. from London (9.10 Local News)

5WA CARDIFF. 353 M.

1.30 THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD
 THE STATION SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, conducted by WARWICK BRATHWAITE
 Overture, 'Nature' ...

3.40 'THE LIGHT OF LIFE'
 A Short Oratorio by Sir EDWARD ELGAR
 Principals
 DOROTHY SILK (Soprano)
 EDITH FARNEDGE (Contralto)
 TOM PICKERING (Tenor)
 STUART ROBERTSON (Bass)
 THE CHORUS OF THE CARDIFF MUSICAL SOCIETY

THE STATION SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, conducted by WARWICK BRATHWAITE

THIS is an early work of Elgar (it was first heard at the Worcester Three Choirs Festival of 1888) it gives us a glimpse of the Composer's maturing greatness, that was four years later to be so surely demonstrated in *The Dream of Gerontius*. The subject of the Oratorio is the miracle of the blind man restored to sight, told in St. John, chapters ix. and x. The Gospel words were selected and expounded by the Rev. E. Cape, Curate, Vicar of Barmouth, in Devonshire.

Those who first read the Gospel chapters will be able to follow the thread of quotation and allusion.

- 4.30 ORCHESTRA**
 Moment Musical ...
4.35 DOROTHY SILK
 Aria from *Capitane No. 133*
 How Sweet Thy Echo In My Hearing ...
4.45 THE ORCHESTRA
 Introduction Act II ...
4.55 RICHARD HARRON
 Milton's 'Ode to the Nativity'
5.0 TOM PICKERING (Tenor)
 Recit. 'And the Angel Said to Them ...'
 ...
 Aria, 'Haste Ye Shepherds,' from 'Christmas ...'

- 5.10 THE ORCHESTRA**
 Two Old Christmas Aids
 Immortal Babe
 Hark, the Herald Angels Sing

- 5.15-6.0 S.B. from London**
7.45-8.10 S.B. from London

8.15 RELIGIOUS SERVICE
 FROM THE STUDIO
 CHOIR OF THE BROADWAY WESLEYAN CHURCH
 Hymn No. 78, 'The King of Love My Shepherd'
 A Short Reading from the Scriptures
 Hymn No. 17, 'Lord, While For All Mankind We Pray'
 Anthem, 'Give Peace in Our Time'
 Religious Address by the Rev. G. W. HART
 Hymn, No. 181, 'These Things Shall Be' ...

- 8.55 S.B. from London**
9.0 WEATHER FORECAST, NEWS, Local News
9.15 'DAILY EXPRESS' NATIONAL COMMUNITY SINGING CONCERT
 Relayed from the Empire Theatre, Cardiff
 THE STATION ORCHESTRA, conducted by WARWICK BRATHWAITE

10.30-11.0 THE SILENT FELLOWSHIP

2ZY MANCHESTER. 384.8 M.

1.30 POPULAR CLASSICS

ALICE LILLEY (Soprano)
 LEFT PODSHENOFF (Solo Pianoforte)
 THE STATION AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA, conducted by T. H. MORRISON
 ORCHESTRA
 Overture, 'Fingal's Cave' ...
 ALICE LILLEY (with Orchestra)
 Lullaby (Cradle Song) ...
 Adonis ...
 ORCHESTRA
 The Unfinished Symphony ...
 LEFT PODSHENOFF
 Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra ...
 ALICE LILLEY
 A Pretty, Pretty Duck (2nd Elizabethan Love Song) ...
 All in a Garden Green ...

PROGRAMMES FOR SUNDAY (December 19)

Phyllis Has Such Charm
Have You Seen but a Why? Little Grow? Anon
Military March in D, Op. 51. Schubert
March in G. Lalande
Selection from 'Messiah' By Request! Handel

3.30-6.0 S.B. from London

8.0 RELIGIOUS SERVICE
FROM THE STUDIO
'THE SPELL OF CHRISTMAS'
Sacred Music by THE STATION QUARTET

8.15 The Choir of St. Peter's College
Hymn, 'Silent Night' Trad. and
Motet, 'Adoro Te' De Zulueta
Requiem Aeterna, The Very Rev. MONSIGNOR

Hymn, 'Agnus Dei' Traditional arr.
Navarro

8.45 Sacred Music by the STATION QUARTET

8.55 S.B. from London

9.0 WEATHER FORECAST, NEWS, Local News

9.15-10.30 ORGAN RECITAL

PART SONGS

Dr. A. W. WILSON (Relayed from Manchester
Cathedral)

Movements from the Organ Concerto .. Handel
Romance in A .. Schumann

MANCHESTER CATHEDRAL QUARTET (In the
Church)

GEORGE CROWTHER (Alto), ARTHUR WILKES
TENNANT (Tenor), WILLIAM
COLMAN (Bass)

Sleep, Holy Babe ..
The Holy and the Ivy ..
The Virgin and the Child ..
God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen ..

Dr. A. W. WILSON

Chorus Preludes for Christmas .. Bach
In dulce Jubilo .. Bach

From Highest Heaven I Thither Come .. Bach
From Heaven Came the Angel Host .. Bach

Offertoire sur deux Noëls .. Guilmant

Q. A. R. T. ..
I am a singing Man .. Spofforth

Strike the Lute ..
The Long Day Closes .. Sullivan

Dr. A. W. WILSON

Trio Sonata, No. V., 1st Movement .. Bach
Marche Populaire .. Weber

6KH HULL 288.5 M.

3.30-6.0 S.B. from London

8.15 RELIGIOUS SERVICE
FROM THE STUDIO
Conducted by the Rev. C. Gordon-Biddle,
Vicar of St. Mary's, Southcoates
Assisted by the Choir under the direction of
Mr. Alfred Baines

Magnificat ..
Nunc Dimittis ..

Lesson, Matthew 12, 27, and following verses
Anthem, 'Come, O Lord' .. Bax

A lesson by the Rev. C. Gordon-Biddle
Hymn, 'At Even Ere the Sun Was Set'
Closing Prayer and Grace

8.0-10.40 S.B. from London (9.10 Local News)

2LS LEEDS-BRADFORD. 277.3 M. &
254.2 M.

3.30-6.0 S.B. from London

8.0 RELIGIOUS SERVICE
Relayed from Queen Street Congregational
Church, Leeds
Address by the Rev. J. W. CLIFFORD
Choir of Branch Road Primitive Methodist Church

3.30-6.0 S.B. from London
Morning: 'White Supper's Watch'
8.55-10.40 S.B. from London (9.10 Local News)

6LV LIVERPOOL 297 M.

3.30-6.0 S.B. from London

8.0 RELIGIOUS SERVICE
By Mr. F. ...
Address by the Rev. J. SYDNEY JONES, Minister
of the ... Church, Stuart Road,
Wilton

8.15 RELIGIOUS SERVICE
Address by the Rev. J. SYDNEY JONES, Minister
of the ... Church, Stuart Road,
Wilton

8.55 S.B. from London

9.0 WEATHER FORECAST, NEWS, Local News

9.15-10.15 MUSICIANS' UNION BENEVOLENT
ASSOCIATION FUND

(Concert relayed from The Philharmonia Hall
Orchestra of 180 Performers, conducted by
Mr. A. R. ...)

Vocalist: FRANK MULLINGS (Tenor)

5NG NOTTINGHAM. 275.2 M.

3.30-6.0 S.B. from London

8.0 BELLS of St. Mary's Church

8.15 SPECIAL RELIGIOUS SERVICE
RELAYED FROM ST. MARY'S CHURCH

Hymn No. 49, A. and M.
The Lord is my King
Psalm 118
Lesson: St. Luke, II 1-4

Magnificat
Creed
The Lord Be With You
And With Thy Spirit

Anthem, 'Awake, My Heart' Stanford
Address by the Rev. GEORGE GORDON
Hymn No. 60, A. and M.

Prayers
One Verse of Hymn No. 27, A. and M.
Blessing

8.55 S.B. from London

9.0 WEATHER FORECAST, NEWS, Local News

9.15-10.30 S.B. from Cardiff

5PY PLYMOUTH. 400 M.

3.30-6.0 S.B. from London

8.0 RELIGIOUS SERVICE
RELAYED FROM ST. ... STREET BAPTIST
Church

Organ Voluntary: Grand Chorus .. Dubois
Hymn, 'Eternal Father, Strong To Save' .. B.C.H., No. 725

Invocation and Lord's Prayer
Magnificat
Scripture Lesson

Anthem, 'Come, O Lord' .. Sterndale Bennett
(George Street Baptist Church Choir)
Intercessions

Hymn, 'Immortal Love For Ever Full' .. B.C.H., No. 92

Address by the Rev. T. WILKINSON RIDDLE
Hymn, 'Now the Day is Over' .. B.C.H., No. 790

8.55-10.40 S.B. from London (9.10 Local News)

6FL SHEFFIELD. 272.7 M.

3.30-6.0 S.B. from London

8.0 S.B. from London

9.0 WEATHER FORECAST, NEWS, Local News

9.15-10.30 S.B. from Cardiff

6ST STOKE 288.5 M.

3.30-6.0 S.B. from London

8.0 ORGAN RECITAL
Relayed from the Woodal Memorial Congrega-
tional Church, Burnham

8.15 RELIGIOUS SERVICE
Address by the Rev. J. W. ...
Relayed from the
Memorial Congregational Church,
H...

Choir of SWAN DAVE W.M. CHURCH

8.55 S.B. from London

9.0 WEATHER FORECAST, NEWS, Local News

9.15 ORGAN RECITAL
Relayed from the King's Hall

SYDNEY H. WEALE (City Organist)

I Love Thee ..
I Am Beto ..

9.25 HARRY BREEZE (Baritone)
Prologue (I Pagliacci) ..

9.33 SYDNEY H. WEALE
Choir de L' ...
Scherzo in G Major ..

9.48 HARRY BREEZE
I Love Thee ..
I Am Beto ..

9.57 SYDNEY H. WEALE
Prelude from Pacifica Symphony ..
Pavane ..

10.11 HARRY BREEZE
Prelude (A Cycle of Life) ..
Youth ..

10.20-10.30 SYDNEY H. WEALE
Concert Overture in C Minor ..

5SX SWANSEA. 288.5 M.

3.30 S.B. from Cardiff

5.30-6.0 S.B. from London

6.30-8.0 RELIGIOUS SERVICE
RELAYED FROM ST. MARY'S PARISH CHURCH
Address by Canon Cecil W. Wilson, Vicar of
Swansea

8.55 S.B. from London

9.0 WEATHER FORECAST, NEWS, Local News

9.15-11.0 S.B. from Cardiff

Northern Programmes.

5NO NEWCASTLE. 312.5 M.

3.30-6.0 S.B. from London

8.0 RELIGIOUS SERVICE
RELAYED FROM ST. ... STREET BAPTIST
Church

Organ Voluntary: Grand Chorus .. Dubois
Hymn, 'Eternal Father, Strong To Save' .. B.C.H., No. 725

Invocation and Lord's Prayer
Magnificat
Scripture Lesson

Anthem, 'Come, O Lord' .. Sterndale Bennett
(George Street Baptist Church Choir)
Intercessions

Hymn, 'Immortal Love For Ever Full' .. B.C.H., No. 92

Address by the Rev. T. WILKINSON RIDDLE
Hymn, 'Now the Day is Over' .. B.C.H., No. 790

8.55-10.40 S.B. from London (9.10 Local News)

5SC GLASGOW. 405.4 M.

3.30-6.0 S.B. from London

8.0 RELIGIOUS SERVICE
RELAYED FROM ST. ... STREET BAPTIST
Church

Organ Voluntary: Grand Chorus .. Dubois
Hymn, 'Eternal Father, Strong To Save' .. B.C.H., No. 725

Invocation and Lord's Prayer
Magnificat
Scripture Lesson

Anthem, 'Come, O Lord' .. Sterndale Bennett
(George Street Baptist Church Choir)
Intercessions

Hymn, 'Immortal Love For Ever Full' .. B.C.H., No. 92

Address by the Rev. T. WILKINSON RIDDLE
Hymn, 'Now the Day is Over' .. B.C.H., No. 790

8.55-10.40 S.B. from London (9.10 Local News)

2BD ABERDEEN. 500 M.

3.30-6.0 S.B. from London

8.0 RELIGIOUS SERVICE
RELAYED FROM ST. ... STREET BAPTIST
Church

PROGRAMMES FOR MONDAY (December 20)

2LO LONDON. 361.4 M.

10-20 ORGAN RECITAL

By FREDERICK T. COLE, Organist of St. Andrew's Church, London

- Canons *Debussey*
- Interludes *de Beever*
- Songs *Vienna*
- O. B. DAVIDSON
- Slow Movement from Concerto in A Minor *Bach*
- O. B. DAVIDSON
- Andante *Pedre Mariani*
- THE ORGAN

30 THE WINDMILL QUARTET and MARY LUTHERAN (Soprano), SINGERS LOGAN (Baritone),

40 THE SIGNAL FROM GREENWICH. Lyrics by WILLIAMSON. 'A Walk Through a Beautiful Old'

415 THE LANCET DANCE BAND, from the Royal

515 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR. Lyrics by Mabel Marlowe. 'How Sir Gwladus came to the Court of King Arthur' Songs by R. F.

60 ALEX J. ... from the Radio

70 WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST (... NEWS)

730 ...

HERT COOTE and CO. ...
In a Sketch on ...
P. F. DETECTIVE, by Horace Kenney
MURIEL GEORGE and ERNEST BUTCHER
WILL WYNNE
FLORENCE and JITSAM
JELLY
FLORENCE OLDFHAM (Toca. On ...)

830 CHAMBER MUSIC

CHARLES KELLY and LLOYD PIERCE (Pianoforte)
THE LANCET CHAMBER ORCHESTRA conducted
JOHN BALDWIN. Leader ROSE PIERCE

WHEN we talk of music being turned out by the yard we usually imply that it is poor stuff. But Handel was not (and Rossini was another) of the great Composers who could turn

out music by the yard, music of fine quality which we still want to play and hear in 1927.

The twelve Great Concertos (*Concerti Grossi*), of which this is the seventh, are a case in point. Handel wrote them in a month.

These are not Concertos in the modern meaning, that is, works written for a Soloist and an Orchestra. Handel used an Orchestra of strings, flutes and Harpsichord and divided it into two groups of players. One group consisted of two Violins and a Cello, and the other comprised the remainder of the Orchestra.

These groups are played off one against another all through the work, having alternate parts at the music, so to speak, and sometimes

The seventh *Concerto Grosso* has five Movements, the first and third short and slow, the others in varying degrees of animation. The first Movement, a Hornpipe, shows that a

850 Concerto, in C Major, for Two Pianos and

THIS Concerto by Bach comes nearer to the modern form in which a Soloist (two in this case) plays a conspicuous part in an orchestra.

It consists of three Movements.
First Movement. A Quick Movement in which two Pianos are played mostly in a kind of

Second Movement. A Slow Movement for the Pianos only.

Third Movement. A Fugue written in a bright tone.

915 ORCHESTRA

First Part *MacEwen*
Pastorale *Grig*
CHARLES KELLY, LLOYD PIERCE and ORCHESTRA
Handel In the Strand *Percy Grainger*
(Special Arrangement for Two Pianos)

930 Ministry of Agriculture Talk. Mr J. F. BLACKBURN, Dairy Commissioner. 'Milk Supply low It Has Been Improved, and is Better Than That Might Be Made of It'

945 THE UNACCOMPANIED VIOLIN WORKS OF BACH

Interpreted by WILLIAM PRINCE
Partita in B Minor

VIOLINS can be carried about. Pianos and such instruments cannot. Hence the need of music for Violinists to play without the accompaniment of a keyboard instrument.

No composer has written more of this music than J. S. Bach, and Violinists signify their gratitude to him by playing his unaccompanied works frequently—that is, if they are proficient in the technique. For these works are difficult. In them we must have chords of harmony these can be played on the Violin only by using two or more strings at once, and this greatly increases the complexity of the fingering on the strings.

Bach wrote six works for unaccompanied Violin, sometimes wrongly described as six Sonatas. Properly speaking, three of them are Sonatas and three are Partitas. The difference is one of form rather than substance. In a Sonata the contrast between the Movements is one of period, but in a Partita the Movements are ancient Dance-forms, developed artistically and retaining their names, such as *Allemande*, *Courante*, *Minuet*, *Gigue*, etc.

It will be interesting to Violinists to know that Mr. Prince was playing from an early edition of the Bach Gesellschaft (an important German society for the publication of Bach's works) and that his version will be free from the alterations to which modern editing has given

the First Partita in B Minor, has seven

I. *Allemande* (i.e., German). A piece in four-beat waltz time, of serious character and much elaborated. II. *Double*. A new version of I in a different rhythm. III. *Courante*. A dance-piece in three-beat time. IV. *Double*. A rapid version of III. V. *Sarabande*. A piece in slow three-beat rhythm. The Sarabande was a Spanish dance. VI. *Double*. A new version of V in a different rhythm. VII. *Bourée*. A piece in abrupt four-beat rhythm. VIII. *Double*. A new version of VII.

1000 THE SIGNAL GREENWICH. WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. Local

1015 JOHN HENRY

1030 110 AMERICAN OR CONTINENTAL RELAY

A PROGRAMME OF MUSIC FROM NEW YORK OR FROM ONE OF THE CONTINENTAL STATIONS, DEPENDENT UPON CONDITIONS OF RECEPTION AT THE TIME.

IF this relay is taken from America, it will consist of a retransmission of the dance band of the Van Ouder Hotel, Schoenectady, New York, conducted by Porter E. Potts. This band was retransmitted successfully through all B.B.C. Stations on April 12, 1926, and listeners commented favourably on the melodious orchestration of the pieces played.

5XX DAVENTRY. 1,800 M.

1030 M.L. THE SIGNAL, WEATHER FORECAST

1100 THE LANCET QUARTET and LLOYD GEORGE S. ...
EDWARD ...

1020 S.B. from London

30 S.B. from London

1010 Shipping Forecast

1015 S.B. from London

1100 120 DANCE MUSIC. LEON VAN STRATEN'S RIVIERA CLUB DANCE BAND from the Riviera Club



THE LONDON VARIETY PROGRAMME TONIGHT

On the left is Miss Florence Oldham, who acts as a musical 'comère' in the Variety Programme that the London Station is broadcasting at 7.30. In the centre are Miss Mabel George and Mr. Ernest Butcher, who will give some folk songs in solos and duets; and on the right is the character comedienne, Miss Mabel George.

PROGRAMMES FOR MONDAY (December 20)

5.T BIRMINGHAM. 491.8 M.

- 3.45 THE STATION WINDS QUINTET MARGARET ABLETHORPE (Pianoforte)
- 4.45 AFTERNOON TOPICS: SIDNEY ROGERS, 'Topical Horticultural Hints—The Cultivation of the Lupin.' GRACE MILLINGTON (Soprano).
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
- 6.0 HAROLD TORLEY'S ORCHESTRA, relayed from Prince's Café
- 7.0 S.B. from London
- 10.0 WEATHER FORECAST, NEWS, Local News
- 10.15-11.0 THE NIGGUR MINSTRELS
An old-time Minstrel Show, reproducing the well-known Plantation Songs made popular in our Grandfathers' day.
Master of Ceremonies Percy F. Carr
Cornermen SYDNEY RUSSELL
JOSEPH L. ALLEN
The Plantation Songs rendered by the STATION MA...
The whole produced by SYDNEY RUSSELL.

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 326.1 M.

- 3.45 FRANCES TRACY: 'How Christmas Crackers Are Made'
- 4.0 TEA TIME MUSIC from the Grand Super Cinema, Westbourne. Directed by ISADORE GOLOWSKY
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
- 6.0 ORCHESTRAL MUSIC from the Grand Super Cinema, Westbourne. Directed by ISADORE GOLOWSKY
- 7.0-11.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)

5WA CARDIFF. 353 M.

- 12.30-1.30 Lunch-Time Music from the Carlton Restaurant
- 3.30 AN AFTERNOON CONCERT
THE STATION ORCHESTRA, conducted by WALTER BRAITHWAITE
- 4.45 Mr. S. O. HEDGES 'The Popular Violin'
- 5.0 ORCHESTRA
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
- 6.0 Mr. MICHAEL BATEMAN, 'Choosing the Christmas Present'
- 6.15-11.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)

2ZY MANCHESTER. 384.6 M.

- 3.45 TEA TIME MUSIC
JOSEPH L. ALLEN (Pianoforte) and
PHYLLIS GREENWALSH (Violin)
Drama
- 4.0 PIANOFORTE TRIO from the Piccadilly Picture Theatre
- 5.0 AFTERNOON TOPICS Mrs. JANE HILDITCH, Doffa
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
- 6.0 THE MAJESTIC 'CELEBRITY' ORCHESTRA, from the Hotel Majestic, St. Anne's-on-the-Sea. Musical Director, GERALD W. BRIGGS
- 6.45 The Rt. Hon. THE LORD MAYOR OF MANCHESTER (Anderson J. H. Swales). Appeal on behalf of The 'White Heather' Fund for poor children, followed by The White Heather Song, sung by HENSLAW'S BLIND CHORUS
- 7.0-11.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)

6KH HULL. 288.5 M.

- 11.30-12.30 Gramophone Records
- 3.30 Light Music
- 4.0 AFTERNOON TOPICS: Miss K. V. COX (3) 'Incidents in a Nurse's Life'
- 4.15 FIELD'S QUARTET, relayed from the New Resonant, King Edward Street
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
- 6.0 Light Music
- 6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)

2LS LEEDS-BRADFORD. 277.8 M. & 254.2 M.

- 4.0 THE FOX & STRING QUINTET, relayed from the Grand Theatre, Leeds



Mr. WILLIAM PRIMROSE

plays the first of the Unaccompanied Violin Sonatas of Bach in the Classical Recital from London to-night, at 9.45, and will give further interpretations on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday this week.

- 5.0 AFTERNOON TOPICS: M. K. DOBSON, 'Xmas Books'
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
- 6.0 Light Music
- 6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)

6LV LIVERPOOL. 297 M.

- 11.30-12.0 Gramophone Records
- 4.0 PATRIZOV and LIA ORCHESTRA from the Futurist Cinema
- 5.0 Mr. JAMES HARCOURT: 'More Recollections of the Theatre'
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
- 6.0 MONTAGUE'S SYMPHONIES, relayed from the Edinburgh Café Balroom
- 6.30 S.B. from Manchester
- 7.0 S.B. from London
- 7.30 Musical Interlude
- 7.40 Mr. ERNEST EDWARDS ('Bee') Weekly Sports Talk
- 8.0-11.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)

5NG NOTTINGHAM. 275.2 M.

- 3.20 BROADCAST TO SCHOOLS: Mr. E. L. COLEFORD, 'The Story of Our Town'
- 3.45 THE MIRADO CAFE ORCHESTRA, conducted by FREDERICK BOTTOMLEY

- 4.45 MUSIC and AFTERNOON TOPICS: RICHARD RICHARDSON (Tenor)
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
- 6.15 HAZEL HONCHESON (Pianoforte)
- 6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)

5PY PLYMOUTH. 460 M.

- 11.0-12.0 GEORGE EAST and his QUARTET from Popham's Restaurant
- 3.30 ORCHESTRA from Popham's Restaurant
- 4.0 Afternoon Topics
- 4.15 TEA TIME MUSIC: THE ROYAL HOTEL TRIO, directed by ALBERT FULLBROOK
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
- 6.0 CONSTANCE WILKINSON (Soprano)
- 6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)

6FL SHEFFIELD. 272.7 M.

- 11.30-12.30 Gramophone Records
- 3.25 BROADCAST TO SCHOOLS: Dr. WYNNE, Medical Officer of Health for the City of Sheffield, 'Health Talk' (2)
- 4.0 Afternoon Topics
- 4.15 ORCHESTRA relayed from the Grand Hotel
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: The Aunts and Uncles give the Party
- 6.0 Musical Interlude
- 6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)

STOKE. 288.5 M.

- 4.0 THE CAPITOL THEATRE ORCHESTRA, directed by KODALLE
- 5.0 AFTERNOON TOPICS ESTELLE STEEL, HARRIS, 'Spooks and Ghosts'
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
- 6.0 Light Music
- 6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)

5SX SWANSEA. 288.5 M.

- 4.0 THE CASTLE CINEMA ORCHESTRA and ORGAN Music from the Castle Cinema
- 5.0 Afternoon Topics
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
- 6.0 EDGAR JONES (Solo Pianoforte)
- 6.30-11.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)

Northern Programmes.

5NO NEWCASTLE. 312.5 M.

- 4.0 Afternoon Topics 4.15 Music from Frank's Terrace Tea Rooms 5.15 Children's Hour 6.0 News 6.15 Day's Events 6.30-11.0 S.B. from London

5SC GLASGOW. 405.4 M.

- 4.0 Window Quartet 4.15 Mrs. H. Mooney (Soprano) 5.0 Afternoon Topics 5.15 The Ends of the Earth 5.15 Children's Hour 5.30 Weather Forecast for Europe 6.0 S.B. from London 6.30 S.B. from Edinburgh 6.45 S.B. from London 6.50 News 10.15 The Long and Short A Scots Comedy by Arthur Mack 10.35-11.0 S.B. from London

2BD ABERDEEN. 500 M.

- 11.0-12.0 Gramophone Records 3.45 Dance Music from The New Palace de L'Esse John R. Swenson and his New Tunes Band 4.15 Afternoon Topics Miss Brenda Todd What a Difference at Home and Abroad 4.30 Piano Music from one 5.15 Children's Hour Music by the Wireless Orchestra 6.0 For Mrs. Brown 6.15 For Girl 6.30-11.0 S.B. from London 6.30-11.0 S.B. from London

2BE BELFAST. 306.1 M.

- 4.0 Station Orchestra Fred Markey (Tenor), Reginald Jackson (Bass) 5.0 Afternoon Topics Mrs. A. Brown, Scott 5.15 Children's Hour 6.0 S.B. from London 6.30 Variety Hour Charles Cohen in Song and Story 6.45 Tenor Solo by Miss E. E. E. Popular Melodies by Forster and Cochrane 9.0-9.25 The Blue Pheasant by Harold Wilson and another 9.30-11.0 S.B. from London Radio Repertory Playhouse 9.30-11.0 S.B. from London

PROGRAMMES FOR TUESDAY (December 21)

THIS music comes from a children's Fairy Play produced at Christmas, 1911. The titles of the pieces in the Suite are Rainbow Land and Will o' the Wisp; Rosamund, Fairy Frolic, and Goblin Fare.

- 5.30 BEN BRAMMALL**
Master and Man *Cunningham Clarke*
Why Shouldn't I? *Kennedy Russell*
- 6.15 ORCHESTRA**
Selection, 'Tom Jones' *German*
- 6.45 BEN BRAMMALL**
The Time of the Open Country *Bankhead Martin*
- 6.50 ORCHESTRA**
Lamentation *Print and Artek*
- 7.0-12.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)**

5WA CARDIFF. 353 M.

- 1.30 A SHORT CLASSICAL PROGRAMME**
THE STATION TRIO
FRANK THOMAS (Violon), FRANK WHITMALL (Violoncello), VERA MCCOMB THOMAS (Pianoforte)
Fantasy Trio in G Minor *Frank Bridge*
Fantasy Trio in G Minor *Reginald Redman*
A Solo, Scherzo-Tarantelle *Alfred Schnittke*
Fugue *Alfred Schnittke*

BRIDGE'S music is of the present day, but is not revolutionary or 'futuristic'. He excels in Chamber Music, of which this Trio for Piano, Violon and Cello written in 1924 is a happy example. It is in one movement, but has many well-defined tunes and an individual section in the middle.

- 4.15 TEA TIME MUSIC** from the Carlton Restaurant
- 4.45 Miss ELEANOR SCOTT, 'The Beggar at Rome and Abroad'**
- 5.0 TEA TIME MUSIC** from the Carlton Restaurant (continued)
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: Jack and the Beanstalk**
- 6.0 Mr. W. R. WATKINS: 'More Magical Stories'**
- 6.15-12.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)**

2ZY MANCHESTER. 384.6 M.

- 1.15-2.0 Carol Concert** by the Manchester Cathedral Choir, relayed from the Houldsworth Hall
- 3.45 TEA TIME CONCERT**
J. MEADOWS (Auto-Piano Recital)
- 4.0 WILLIAM WORSLEY (Baritone)**
Three Salt Water Ballads *Frederick Keel*
Port of Many Ships; Trade Winds; Mother Carey
The Wanderer Thirst *Worsley*
The Pretty Creature *arr. Lane Wilson*
When Dull Care *Leveridge*
- 4.15 MUSIC** by THE STATION QUARTET
March, 'Sambre et Meuse' *Turlet*
Valse, 'Hydropaten' *Gungl*
Selection of W. H. Squire's Songs *arr. Hughes*
May Song *Elgar*
Selection from 'Aida' *Verdi*
- 5.0 Afternoon Topics**
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: 'Cloderella'—a Christmaslike Play arranged for broadcasting by IANING BYRON**

6.0 THE MAJESTIC 'CELEBRITY' ORCHESTRA from the Hotel Majestic, 87, Avenue du Louvre
Musical Director, GERALD W. BRIGHT

- 7.0 S.B. from London**
- 10.0 WEATHER FORECAST, NEWS: Local News**
- 10.15 'SNOWED UP WITH A DUCHESS'**
A Comedy in One Act
by G. H. CARTER
Performed by the
STATION REPERTORY PLAYERS
Presented by VICTOR SMYTH

'The Duchess of Saltford' *F. F. F.*
Machina Vagabunda *HYLDA METCAL*
Mrs. Chubb-Jones *LUCIA ROBERTS*
Mrs. Hodge *MARY EASTWOOD*

THE action takes place in Mrs. Hodge's cottage, in a country village. It is a dreary, winter's day, and the snow lies thickly over the countryside. Mrs. Hodge has just finished sweeping the snow away from the doorstep.

- 10.45-12.0 S.B. from London**

6KH HULL. 288.5 M.

- 4.0 AFTERNOON TOPICS: 'VIVANT' (Geo. Evelyn Flott)—(1) 'The Spirit of the Season'**
- 4.15 FIELD'S QUARTET**, relayed from the New Restaurant, King Edward Street
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: 'Radios as Competition,'** conducted by Uncle Leo
- 6.0 Light Music**
- 6.30 Hull Wireless Society's Talk**
- 6.40 Monthly Talk** by the Beverley and District Ice Keepers' Association
- 7.0-12.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)**

2LS LEEDS-BRADFORD. 277.8 M. & 254.2 M.

- 4.0 WYNN AND ALLAN'S ALL STAR VERSATILES**, relayed from Schofield's Café, Leeds
- 5.0 Afternoon Topics**
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR**
- 6.0 THE STATION TRIO**
- 7.0-12.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)**

6LV LIVERPOOL. 297 M.

- 4.0 Talk for Women** by MURIEL LEVY
- 4.15 MARION CLARKE (Contralto)**
Sunk, Red Sun *Teresa del Riego*
An Old-Fashioned Town *W. H. Squire*
My Dear Soul *W. Sanderson*
Recompense *Howard Fisher*
Thoughts
- 4.30 THE STATION PIANOFORTE QUARTET**
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR**
- 6.0 THE STATION PIANOFORTE QUARTET**
- 6.30 S.B. from Manchester**
- 7.0-12.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)**

5NG NOTTINGHAM. 275.2 M.

- 11.35-12.30 Morning Concert**, relayed from Deventry
- 3.45 LYON'S CAFE ORCHESTRA**, conducted by BRASERY LYTON
- 4.45 MUSIC AND AFTERNOON TOPICS** NANCY FRAPER (Soprano), Mrs. WEBBER, 'The Wee Folk'
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR**
- 6.15 Boys' Brigade Bulletin**
- 6.30-12.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)**

5PY PLYMOUTH. 400 M.

- 11.0-12.0 GEORGE EAST and his QUARTET**, relayed from Poplars Restaurant
- 3.30 ORCHESTRA**, relayed from Poplars Restaurant
- 4.0 Afternoon Topics**
- 4.15 TEA TIME MUSIC** THE ROYAL HOTEL TRIO, directed by ALBERT FULLERBROOK
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR**
- 6.0 For Scouts**
- 5.15 DENNIS EDMONDS (Entertainer)**
- 6.30-12.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)**

6FL SHEFFIELD. 272.7 M.

- 4.0 AFTERNOON TOPICS** Mrs. M. BARNES, 'A Poetic Peace and Goodwill'
- 4.15 London Programme**, relayed from Deventry
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: 'Auntie Jay hopes to help with holiday hobbies'**
- 6.0 CONSTANCE TURTLE in Songs and Recitations**
Hardenbloom (Hinge-Rose) *Francis Wolton*
Whither? (Whither?) *Schubert*
Träume (Dreams) *Wagner*
Recital, 'Santa Oliva' *Anon*
The Island of Gardens, from Songs of Sun and Shade *Coleridge-Taylor*
Ah! How Dearly the Morning *Alfred Reynolds*
Come Then, Pining, Peevish Lover (from the 18th Century Opera, 'Lancel and Clarissa') *Vinci*
A Feast of Lanterns (From the Chinese) *Uranville Bantock*
A Musical Monologue, Christmas Delia *L. Harris*
- 6.30-12.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)**

6ST STOKE. 288.5 M.

- 12.0-1.0 THE STATION QUARTET**
The Passing Show of 1915 *Finch*
Waltz, 'Mighty Oak a Rose' *Nevin and McKee*
Selection from The Flying Dutchman *Wagner*
The Girl in the Taxi *Gilbert*
Tango de Concert (Expression) *Fritz Braun*
Dance of the Tumblers *Rimsky Korsakov*
- 4.0 TOM BAIT'S ORCHESTRA**
- 5.0 AFTERNOON TOPICS** MILDRED DYKE, 'Talking—The Language of Our Poets'
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR**

Programmes for Tuesday

6.0 JOHN and CHARLES BRIDGES (Concertina Duo)
March, 'Old Comrades' *Teile*
Overture to 'Pots and Pans' *Suppl. art. Shackleton*

CHARITY LENT

Imitation of Church Bells *Alford*

8.15 DANCE MUSIC

6.30-12.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)

55X SWANSEA. 288.5 M.

11.30-12.30 *Reynolds*

4.0 THE CASTLE CINEMA ORCHESTRA and ORGAN *Waters*, relayed from the Castle

4.30 THE STATION TALK T. D. JONES (Piano Solo); MORRIS LLOYD (Violin); GWYNETH (Soprano)

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.0 A SHORT ORGAN RECITAL, relayed from F. ...

CHARITY LENT

Marches des Rois Mages *Dun*

Vox Seraphique ... *Mor*

Vox Adoranda (Christmas Song) *Leisure With*

Christmas Pastoral (performed in the Patriarche Basilica of St. Peter at Rome on Christmas Day) *Mor*

Recollections of Christmas *Dunham*

[Fantasia on Old Christmas Carols]

6.30-12.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)

Northern Programmes.

55NO NEWCASTLE. 312.5 M.

11.30-12.30 *Frank*

12.10-1.10 *4.15*

1.15-2.15 *6.0*

2.20-3.20 *6.0*

3.25-4.25 *6.0*

4.30-5.30 *6.0*

5.35-6.35 *6.0*

6.40-7.40 *6.0*

7.45-8.45 *6.0*

8.50-9.50 *6.0*

9.55-10.55 *6.0*

10.00-11.00 *6.0*

11.05-12.05 *6.0*

12.10-1.10 *6.0*

1.15-2.15 *6.0*

2.20-3.20 *6.0*

3.25-4.25 *6.0*

4.30-5.30 *6.0*

5.35-6.35 *6.0*

6.40-7.40 *6.0*

7.45-8.45 *6.0*

8.50-9.50 *6.0*

9.55-10.55 *6.0*

10.00-11.00 *6.0*

11.05-12.05 *6.0*

12.10-1.10 *6.0*

1.15-2.15 *6.0*

2.20-3.20 *6.0*

3.25-4.25 *6.0*

4.30-5.30 *6.0*

5.35-6.35 *6.0*

6.40-7.40 *6.0*

7.45-8.45 *6.0*

8.50-9.50 *6.0*

The Centipede.

By Ian Hay.

(Continued from page 681)

had just been vacated by a rather despondent-looking person in a dinner jacket, who, when I entered the room, had been engaged, for no reason that I could divine, in making uncouth noises to himself. Several days afterwards it occurred to me that he must have been the Farmyard Imperator.

On the table itself, exactly opposite to me, stood a curious-looking box-like structure, into which I was directed to address my remarks. As soon as I was ready, the young man in charge of the proceedings leaned over and announced into the apparatus:

"London, calling! For this week's Science Talk I have pleasure in announcing that we have secured Professor Erasmus Worthington, the well-known ornithologist, who will now lecture to you upon the Centipede."

"That is not the title of my lecture," I said, a little sharply. "Will you kindly repeat it correctly?"

The young man immediately exhibited symptoms of violent distress, and from the excited pantomime in which he had died I soon realized that my audience was already listening, and that my reproach had been of a less private nature than I had intended. So I merely signalled to him to leave me (which he did, and began my discourse).

It was listened to throughout in complete and attentive silence. Rarely have I addressed a more attentive audience, and rarely have I become more absorbed in my own words. By the time that the young man had returned, bringing with him a sheet which I took to contain the Time, News, and Weather Forecast, and had begun to read about me in a manner which plainly indicated that he wished me to conclude, Professor Pepper had entirely slipped from my memory.

However no harm was done. As I turned to my foot, a blue folded slip slid from among my papers and dropped upon the table before me. It was the Professor's precious secret. I immediately sat down.

"Before I leave you," I announced, raising my voice purposely to indicate to the young man that I was not to be hurried, "I have to fulfil the extremely pleasant duty of reading to you a communication from a colleague of mine in the world of Research whose name, I feel sure, will be familiar and respected among many of you. Professor Joseph Pepper, the Old Established Specialist. I was reading from the blue slip now—of Sheffield. Here I gave his address—sends greetings to all clients, old and new, thanks them for past support in good times and bad, and begs to inform them that the Centipede is a dead snip for the 2.50 at Windsor to London."

I need hardly say that this unexpected rignarolo conveyed no meaning to me whatsoever. But, after all, Professor Pepper probably knew his own business best; and as his disciples were mainly natives of Yorkshire, I concluded that he had composed his message in the form most easily intelligible to them.

Having performed the favour asked, I tried to allow the whole incident to fade from my memory, but I am bound to admit that the excited, not to say quizzical, behaviour of the young man in the Studio filled me with misgivings.

Judge of my stupefaction, then, when this morning, two days after my lecture, I received by the first post an envelope containing Treasury notes to the value of twelve pounds ten shillings, accompanied by the following incomprehensible communication:

DEAR PROF
I am I say you was in, of course I mean, he adds to a point. Of course you saw, he said, he thought of no more. I am I say you was in, of course I mean, he adds to a point. I am I say you was in, of course I mean, he adds to a point. I am I say you was in, of course I mean, he adds to a point.

Your humblest

PROFESSOR JESU PEPPER.

The Well-Known Expert.

K B Another Big Winner next Monday!

As I say, the whole affair is a complete mystery to me. However, I have just received a telegram from my grand-nephew, Algernon Sprigge, in which he announces his intention of coming to spend the week-end with me. I shall refer the matter to him, but I doubt if he will be able to make anything of it.

What the Radio Overheard.

By Stephen Leacock.

(Continued from page 676.)

lifted it, it just moved up—and into the dark room there steps such a soft man, with a black cap on his head, and he moves with a little spot of light in front of him that comes from such a soft little lamp that he holds in his hand, and in that half light you can see that he wears a dirty mask—a dirty face, with two holes in it where his eyes would come up.

"Do you guess it, perhaps?—is not a burglar?" he says to fix the radio, but he is a burglar, and he has come to unfix some of the property of Mr. Edwards Uptown Brown.

The burglar turns his light here and there about the room, and he turns it presently upon the radio. There is no surprise in his face when he looks at it. Oh, no! This man knows all about radio and how to work a radio machine.

"Radio," he murmurs.

Then he looks at the printed sheets that lie beside it with the announcements for the night. Mr. Lloyd George was speaking on the World Church. That must be over, the man sighs with relief or otherwise, and then he looks. What is this that he sees? Mrs. Pallavicini is singing at midnight in the Cathedral at Havana—midnight, that must be now—and she is to sing? And as the man in the mask turns the spotlight on the print he sees that she is to sing the aria "Enter thou not into temptation."

The burglar stands in front of the radio and there is a stillness in the house. The radio never says a word—nor a squeak—but it is getting in its work all the same. The man murmurs the title to himself.

Far away, Mrs. Pallavicini in the Cathedral at Havana is singing and the mystic currents are murmuring round the home, "Enter thou not into temptation."

The burglar murmurs to himself "I'll chance" and puts his hand out towards the dial. Why? Well, perhaps he had an ear for music, or perhaps, if you like, some of the things they say in story books about the burglars are true. Perhaps the sound of "Enter thou not into temptation," intoned in a cathedral at midnight, hits it harder than it does in a room.

At any rate, the man looked all about him, listened a moment as, with the hand of an expert, he turned rapidly the dial of the radio. And with that all the mystic waves of the night that had gathered in the great Cathedral of Havana came rushing over the wires.

And the radio said Squaw-ark!

The sound of it rattled in the still, house and the burglar in eager haste shut off the radio and stood listening.

As he did so he heard a rattle at the lock of the front door, and he knows what it means. The Uptown Browns, like all sensible people of their class, pay part of the fee of a night watchman. As the night watchman entered the front door the burglar, noiselessly as the mystic wave itself, moved out of the window. Mrs. Pallavicini and the whispering currents have done their work. He will not sin to-night.

"That's a pretty poor kind of radio!" murmured the burglar, as he slunk away.

But let it be noted that all the evening the radio had only said Squaw-ark.

A PROGRAMME FROM WESSEX.

A SPECIAL Wessex Program is to be broadcast from Bournemouth on Tuesday evening December 30. The production has been designed to close consultation with Mr. Thomas Hardy. The principal event will be a performance by the Hardy Players of an unpublished play by Mr. Hardy, *The Thane Wayfarer*, which was dramatized by him in 1893 from his story *The Thane's Story*. Interwoven with the action of the play, which takes place at a Christening party in a shepherd's cottage, will be several other very hardy tales which were popular at that period. A Lyonesse Christmas with the Mistletoe Quern, known to all lovers of the Wessex of the past, is another episode which, beginning with Mr. Hardy's poem, *The Dead Quern*, will give listeners an opportunity of hearing some of the Wessex tales as they were told and sung a century years ago.

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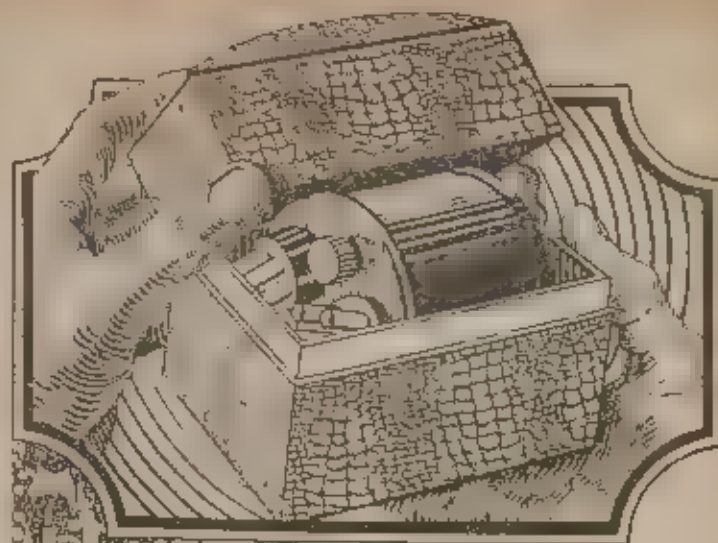
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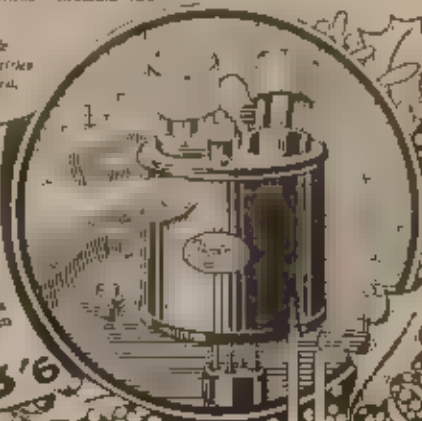
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PROGRAMMES FOR WEDNESDAY (December 22)

2LO LONDON. 361.4 M.

10-20 CAMILLE BOUTERIE'S ORCHESTRA, from Restaurant Frascati.

3.0 THE DAVENTRY QUARTET and LINDA SEYMOUR (Contralto)

4.5 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH. Mr J J MALLON, 'Walks Through London' Whitechapel.

MR. J. J. MALLON is widely known not only as Warden of Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel, the first University Settlement, but also as a witty and sympathetic personality, closely associated with many movements for social betterment. His first important public work was done as Secretary of the Anti-Sweating League, and he later became one of the leaders in the Trade Boards Movement and in the formation of Whitley Councils of employers and employees.

4.15 ORGAN RECITAL by RICHARD FOOTE, from the New Gallery Cinema.

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: 'The Cobbler' by Ada Murinda. 'The Sacred Threshold' (H. Mortimer Bates). Songs by Arthur Wynn.

6.0 "SHOCK-HEADED PETER" A Children's Fable, with Songs adapted by PETER CARR and NIGEL PLAYFAIR.

7.0 The well-known Picture and Verses of the Week.

7.15 The Children's Hour, Philip, Augustus, Barnet, and the Moor, Mink and Minkie (Cats), The Child, Second Child, Third Child, Chorus.

8.0 A Toy Garden with Noah's Ark trees, and a toy landscape in the distance, very lightly coloured. Presented by R. E. JEFFREY.

8.50 The Week's Work in the Garden, by the Royal Horticultural Society.

9.0 WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN.

MR. COLLINSON OWEN: 'Humour'.

MR. COLLINSON OWEN, who concludes the series of 'Modern Humourists' who have broadcast from the London Station on alternate Wednesdays since the autumn, is the author of the humorous articles well known to readers of the *Evening Standard* where they appear periodically.

9.30 app. Musical Interlude.

9.40 Mr JULIAN WYLLIE: 'The Spirit of Pantomime'.

WHAT Mr Julian Wyllie does not know about the spirit of pantomime many of us will not have a chance to learn, for it is the Wyllie Tate management that provides the Christmas fare in many theatres throughout the country.

9.50 "BETHLEHEM" A NATIVITY PLAY.

In Three Scenes, by BERNARD WALKE, recorded from St. Henry's Church, Harazon.

Cast (in the order of their appearances): The Angel.

First Shepherd.

Second Shepherd.

First Shepherd.

Elizabeth.

Mother.

Benjamin.

Joseph.

First King.

Second King.

Third King.

9.45 BACH'S UNACCOMPANIED VIOLIN WORKS

Interpreted by WILLIAM FRIMOSE, Sonata in G Minor.

9.15 A. A. MILNE'S SONGS

Sung by DALE SMITH.

Disobedience, The Acheron, Jonathan Jo, The Four Friends, Independence, Tea, Bad Sir Brian Botany.

THIS will be the first performance of this new set of songs from Mr A. A. Milne's series of poems, 'When We Were Very Young'. The music is by Mr Fraser, and the composer of the first set, who hopes to be able to be present to accompany the songs himself.

9.30 Prof. GEORGE GORDON 'Companionable Books' - Kinglake's 'Rathen'.



Mr. J. J. MALLON.

Warden of Toynbee Hall, gives an afternoon talk on 'Whitechapel' in the series on interesting walks through London. [London, 4.0.]

9.45 A. A. MILNE'S SONGS

Sung by DALE SMITH (Continued).

Sand-between the Toes, Popsy and I, Daffodils, Red Pudding, Teddy Bear, At the Zoo, If I Were King.

10.0 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH. WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN; Local Announcements.

10.15-11.0 A PROGRAMME IN THE AMERICAN STYLE

Arranged by A. G. D. WEST and announced by LONK REID.

THIS programme (from the London Studio) will be representative of the programmes transmitted by the best American Stations. The music will be as performed by well-known American radio artists and orchestras, with announcements in the style of popular announcers. The rail sign used will be the famous, but the names of the artists will be correctly given.

The best American programmes are provided by advertisers, and this transmission will give an idea as to how much the advertiser can get in return for providing the artists.

It must be remembered that a large proportion of programme time in America is given up to dance music in one form or another.

5XX DAVENTRY. 1,600 M.

10.30 a.m. Time Signal, Weather Forecast.

11.0-1.0 THE DAVENTRY QUARTET and ANNETTE (Baritone); REGINALD PAUL (Pianoforte).

10.2.0 S.B. from London.

3.0 S.B. from London.

10.10 Shipping 1.

10.15 S.B. from London.

11.0-12.0 DANCE MUSIC. TED BROWN'S CAFE DE PARIS DANCE BAND and THE LARIALS from the Cafe de Paris.

5IT BIRMINGHAM. 491.8 M.

3.45 THE STATION PIANOFORTE QUARTET; Leader.

4.45 AFTERNOON TOPICS: H. G. STAR, 'A Musical Talk-The Mistletoe Bough' (with illustrations of the piano by NIGEL DALLWAY).

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

6.0 LORETTA PETER'S HOUSE ORCHESTRA, conducted by PATT RIMMER.

7.0 S.B. from London.

8.0 MILITARY BAND.

ARTIST: THE HAM POLICE BAND, conducted by ROBERT WASSALL.

Overture to 'The Magic Flute'. M. & W. White.

SYDNEY LEWIS (Bass).

King Charles.

BAND.

The 'Continued' by (First Movement) Schubert.

8.30 'LANDING THE SHARK'.

by VIVIAN TIDMANN.

Presented by R. E. JEFFREY.

Played by the LONDON RADIO REPERTORY PLAYERS.

Cast: Gerald Graystone (a Bucket Shop Keeper).

Mary South (His Typist) ... BARBARA COOPER.

Thomas Bevan (a Detective) ... REGINALD DANCE.

In his office in the City, fitted with the usual safe, telephone, desks and files, Gerald Graystone sits writing.

8.51 BAND.

Marche Heroique.

Bourée and Gigue ... German, arr. Godfrey.

P. C. COOK (Solo Cornet) and BAND.

Drink to Me of ... arr. Wassell.

DEAN O'NEIL (Entertainer) in Irish Songs and Humour.

BAND.

March from Suite in E Flat ... Holm.

9.30 S.B. from London.

10.0 WEATHER FORECAST, NEWS; Local News.

10.15-11.0 P. C. HARR (Solo Euphonium) and BAND.

NIGHTINGALE, Gounod, arr. Godfrey.

SYDNEY LEWIS.

Border Ballad ... (Owen).

Sea Fever ... Ireland.

DEAN O'NEIL in Irish Songs and Stories.

BAND.

Overture, 'Mazurka' ... Lucie.

PROGRAMMES FOR WEDNESDAY (December 22)

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 326.1 M.

- 3.45 Miss J. A. REW, 'Humour Unawares'
- 4.0 THE STUDIO TRIO: MISS NALP S. MOCAT (Violin), THOMAS E. GINGRILLA (Cello), CHARLES LEECH (Piano)
- 4.20 DAVID MERRICK (Almost Sensible) in Some of his Famous Original Sketches
- 4.30 TRIO
- 4.50 DAVID MERRICK in more of his Famous Original Sketches
- 5.0 TRIO
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
- 6.0 AN ORCHESTRAL HOUR
- THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA, conducted by Capt W. A. FEATHERSTONE
- March, 'We are a ... Zella
Selection, 'Hissel and Grotel' Humperdunk
Valse
Pavane in 'The Tales of Hoffmann' Offenbach
Selection, 'The Happy Day'
Spanish Sérénade
March, 'Le Regiment de Sambre et Meuse' Turle
- 7.0 11.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)

5WA CARDIFF. 353 M.

- 12.30 1.30 Lunch Time Music by THE LONDON CHORUS, relayed from Cox's Café, Cardiff
- 3.30 THE STUDIO TRIO
- Petite Suite de Concert Coleridge-Taylor
Rêve d'Enfance Myriel
THE GWALIA QUARTET, MARIAN KEMPTON (Soprano), LOTTIE WARELES (Contralto), DAVID THOMAS (Tenor), TALBOT THOMAS (Baritone)
- Up, Good Christian Folk, and Listen
arr. Woodward
Holly and the Ivy Walford Davies
Trio
Suite Internationale Tchaikovsky
QUARTET
The Gooding Frederick Bridge
The Sledge Bells Hugh Robertson
Trio
Two Irish Dances Finucane
Chanson-Meditation Calvert



By courtesy of Messrs. Methuen

'TEDDY BEAR'

For many weeks he pressed in vain
His nose against the window-pane,
And envied those who walked about
Reducing their unwanted stout.

QUARTET

- The Commotion of Love Lane Wilson
Softly Fall the Shades of Evening
Trio
Londonderry Air arr. O'Connor Morris
Javotte (Mgaon) Thomas

- 4.45 MISS MARY ROSE, Beautifying the Home—
(1) Decorative Schemes for Festive Occasions
- 5.0 THE DANCING, by THE LONDON CHORUS, relayed from Cox's Café, Cardiff
- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR. Spice and Span

- 6.0 Mr. E. K. TRATMAN, 'Man and His Past—The Pre-Roman Iron Users'

- 6.15 LONDON RADIO DANCE BAND. Relayed from London

- 6.40 Local Radio Societies Bulletin

- 7.0 S.B. from London

9.0 CHRISTMAS IN SONG

THE STATION TRIO

FRANK THOMAS (Violin), FRANK WHITNALL (Violoncello), VERA MCCOMB THOMAS (Piano forte)

- Polonaise Gluka
Waltz Stirling

- 9.7 SEYMOUR DOSSON (Tenor)

A Christmas Carol at Sea M.
Wassail Song Grace Wakeford
Ring Out, Wild Bells



By courtesy of Messrs. Methuen

'AT THE ZOO'

This, and the other drawings on this page, are taken from Mr. E. H. Shephard's delightful decorations to 'When We Were Very Young' (Methuen). Mr. A. A. Milne's famous book of poems for children, some of which Mr. Dale Smith is singing from the London Studio to-night

- 9.15 TRIO

Winter Srensen
Fruited Wagner

- 9.22 SEYMOUR DOSSON

A Mistle's Carol Leslie Woodgate
The Holy Child Easthope Martin
The Twelve Days of Christmas Frederick Austin

- 9.30 S.B. from London

- 9.45 WALLACE CUNNINGHAM (Eclairier)

Original Mistle Sketch
Our Art Club Christmas Songs Cunningham

- 10.0-11.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)

2ZY MANCHESTER. 384.6 M.

- 3.45 ORCHESTRAL MUSIC from the Piccadilly Picture Theatre

- 4.45 HARRY BRIDLEY (Tenor)

Chorus Coleridge-Taylor
Gentle Maiden arr. Arthur Somer
Pious Song 'The Mastering' Hugner
Drunk To Me Only arr. Quiller

- 5.0 AFTERNOON TOPICS: FRANK A. LOWE, 'Homing on Forgotten Islands—(1) Islands of the West'

- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

- 6.0 S.B. from London

- 9.15 SONGS OF CHRISTMAS

WINIFRED FISHER (Mezzo Soprano)
The Holly and the Ivy (Gloucestershire)
arr. C. Sharp
Carol 14th Century
The Twelve Days of Christmas arr. F. Austin

The Holy Child Easthope Martin
The Wassail Bough (West Riding of Yorkshire)
arr. Fuller Montford

- 9.30 S.B. from London

- 9.45 LULLABIES

WINIFRED FISHER
A Lullaby arr.
Fairy Lullaby Roger Quiller
Lullaby Brahms
Carol of Jesus Child H. Hughes
Lullaby Mozart

- 10.0 WEATHER FORECAST, NEWS Local News

- 10.15-11.0 DANCES—ANCIENT AND MODERN

THE STATION ORCHESTRA

Gavotte, 'Dances of the Little Feet' Beethoven
March in A (Strings) Boccherini
Waltz, 'The Blue Danube' Strauss
Polka, 'Grandmama' arr. Leonard W.
Topsy's Barn Dance Finch
Galop, 'A Tante Volée' Etienne
Sir Roger de Coverley Traditional
Two-step, 'Spontime' Titus
Fox Trot, 'Let's All Go To Mr.
arr.
Charleston, Charleston

6KH HULL. 288.5 M.

- 3.0 Light Music

- 4.0 Afternoon Topics

- 4.15 FIELD'S ORCHESTRA, relayed from the New Restaurant, King Edward Street

- 5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

- 6.0 Light Music

- 6.30 LONDON RADIO DANCE BAND. Relayed from London

- 6.50 Royal Horticultural Society's Bulletin

- 7.0 S.B. from London

8.0 LIGHT VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL NIGHT

FRED R. SCOTT (Bass)

The Two Graciosa Schumann
The Lute Player Albin
Shepherd, See Thy Horse's Foaming Mane
Korby



By courtesy of Messrs. Methuen

'THE FOUR FRIENDS'

Ernest was an elephant, a great, big fellow,
Leonard was a lion with a six-foot tail,
George was a goat, and his beard was yellow,
And James was a very small snail.

- 8.10 THE TWO JACKS (Entertainers)

Will Introduce Themselves

- 8.20 GERALD KATE (Tenor)

Selected Items

- 8.30 ARTHUR JOHNSON (Violin)

A Short Recital of Light Music

Berces Faure
Légende Wieniawski
Romance Widor
Prelude and Allegro Pugnani, etc.

PROGRAMMES FOR WEDNESDAY (December 22)

8.45 THE TWO JACES
In a Further Interlude

8.55 FRED R. SCOTT
The Farmer's Pride..... } *Russell*
Barncombe Fair }
Pearson and Me..... } *Arncliffe*

9.5 GERALD KAYE
Further selections

9.15-11.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)

2LS LEEDS-BRADFORD. 277.8 M. & 254.2 M.

11.30-12.30 THE ST. PAULS CHORUS relayed from Field's Café, Commercial Street, Leeds

4.0 THE SCALA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, relayed from the Scala Theatre, Leeds

5.0 DORIS NICHOLS, "Songs of Joy"—M. Marshall and M. Cusler

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.0 Light Music

6.30 LONDON RADIO DANCE BAND, relayed from London

6.50 Royal Horticultural Society's Bulletin

7.0 S.B. from London

8.0 'THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH'
From the "Christmas Stories" by CHARLES DICKENS
Adapted for Broadcasting by LESLIE W. A. BAIN
Presented by L. B. RAMSDEN
Played by THE LEEDS ART THEATRE PLAYERS
.....
DORIS NICHOLS
John Peck (His Husband) L. W. CROSSLEY
.....
J. W. GLEW
May Fielding (betrothed to Taskerton)
JOYCE STILES
The Stranger
And
The Cricket
Clump the First: Wednesday Night at the Peery-bingles' Home
Clump the Second: Wednesday Night at the Peery-bingles' Home
Clump the Third: Thursday Night at the Peery-bingles' Home
Incidental Music by THE STATION QUARTET
Directed by CHAS. MOORE

9.30-11.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)

6LV LIVERPOOL. 297 M.

4.0 AFTERNOON TOPICS: Mrs. BROPHY, "How to Amuse the Kiddies in the Christmas Holidays"

4.15 MONTAGUE'S SYMPHONICS, relayed from the Edinburgh Café Ballroom

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.0 Appeal to Children for the Victoria Hospital, Walsley, given by the LADY MAYORESS OF WALLASEY

6.5 ANTHEM by SYMPHONIC relayed from the Presbyterian Church, Liverpool

6.50 LONDON RADIO DANCE BAND, relayed from London

7.0 S.B. from London

8.0 THE TWO CHRISTMASSES
"For two of it was the night
When a new Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began"
(Byron on the Morning of Christ's Nativity—*John Milton*)

THE STATION ORCHESTRA CONDUCTED BY FREDERICK BROWN

Overture and Pastoral Symphony (The Messiah) *Handel*

DORIS GAMBELL (Soprano),
The Holy Child *Easthope* *Moss*
Nightingale *Gounod*

ORCHESTRA
Ave Maria *Arranged*

WALTON PITCHFORD (Baritone)
Selected Items

ORCHESTRA
Audiate Cantabile for Strings *Tchaikovsky*

8.40 'Mean while welcome Joy and Feast,
Midnight about, and revelry
Topsy dance, and Jollity"
(Comus) *John Milton*

ORCHESTRA
Overture, "Shamus O'Brien"..... *Stanford*

DORIS GAMBELL
Waltz Song (Romeo and Juliet)..... *Gounod*

ORCHESTRA
Ballad Suite, "Sylvia"..... *Debussy*
Prelude, "The Huntress"; Intermezzo and Slow Waltz, "Pizzicato", "Bacchanalia"

WALTON PITCHFORD
A Little Song *Howard Fisher*
The Jig of Limerick *John*
Glorious Goodnight *John*

ORCHESTRA
Shepherd Fennel's Dance *Balfour Gardiner*

9.30 S.B. from London

10.0 WEATHER FORECAST, NEWS, Local News

10.15-11.0 'CHRISTMAS CRACKERS'
A Yuletide Revue
Book by EDWARD P. GLENN and others
Presented by EDWARD P. GLENN
Cast includes:—
FISSELL and STANBURY, JEAN M. GREGOR,
DORIS GAMBELL, Mrs. FRED WILKINSON, BARBARA CLEMENTS, WALTER SPENCE, HUGH H. FRANCIS, J. P. LAWRE, PHILIP HUBERT
Compère—GERALD W. TAYLOR
THE STATION BEAUTY CHORUS and RETTE ORCHESTRA

5NG NOTTINGHAM. 275.2 M.

11.30-12.30 Morning Concert, relayed from Davenry

3.45 THE MIDLAND CAFE ORCHESTRA, conducted by FREDERICK BROWN

4.45 MUSIC AND AFTERNOON TOPICS: MATHIE CUTTS (Soprano), Miss EDITH SPROFIELD, "Children's Dancing Parties"

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.15 'A READER' 'New Books'

6.30 LONDON RADIO DANCE BAND, relayed from London

7.0 S.B. from London

6.0 A CHRISTMAS PARTY

We shall endeavour to broadcast an informal Christmas Party. The dinner is over and the host and his guests have satiated themselves before the fire to an evening's amusement. Among the guests are RONALD GOYALET, ARTHUR HAYES, W. COLLEY & CAROL SPOFFES and HAROLD H. MERRILEY

9.30-11.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)

5PY PLYMOUTH. 400 M.

11.0-12.0 GEORGE EAST in "Queen of the Night" relayed from Popham's Restaurant

3.30 ORCHESTRA, relayed from Popham's Restaurant

4.0 Afternoon Topics

4.15 TEA-TIME MUSIC THE ROYAL HOTEL TRIO, directed by ALBERT FULLERBROOK

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.0 ARTHUR SEYMOUR (Piano Syncopation)

6.30 LONDON RADIO DANCE BAND, relayed from London

7.0-11.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)

6FL SHEFFIELD. 272.7 M.

11.0 CONNIE TAIT'S BAND, relayed from the Halls of the Dances Club at the Cutlers' Hall, Sheffield

12.0-12.30 Gramophone Records (Dance Music)

4.0 AFTERNOON TOPICS KATE BALEWYN, "Arranging a Children's Party"

4.15 London Programme relayed from Davenry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR "A Talk by an Uncle on 'Decorating a Christmas Tree'"

6.0 Musical Interlude

6.30 LONDON RADIO DANCE BAND, relayed from London

6.50 Royal Horticultural Society's Bulletin

7.0 S.B. from London

9.0 THE 'ERA' QUARTET
In Selections from HANDEL'S "Messiah"

9.30-11.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)

6ST STOKE. 288.5 M.

4.0 THE CAPITAL THEATRE ORCHESTRA, directed by "Rondella"

5.0 AFTERNOON TOPICS: ADA REID ARTHUR, "Types of Humour"

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.0 Light Music

6.30 LONDON RADIO DANCE BAND, relayed from London

7.0 S.B. from London

8.0 'THE MESSIAH' *Handel*
MARCEL WILSBRAW (Soprano)
JOHN TAYLOR (Bass)
FRANK TAYLOR (Tenor)
The First and Second Tenors
HARRY MORTIMER (Solo Trumpet)
ORCHESTRA, conducted by EDWARD RATHBORN

9.30 S.B. from London

10.0 WEATHER FORECAST, NEWS, Local News

10.15-11.15 'THE MESSIAH' (Continued)

5SX SWANSEA. 288.5 M.

3.30 THE CASTLE CINEMA ORCHESTRA and ORGAN Music, relayed from the Castle Cinema

4.15 Gramophone Records

5.0 Afternoon Topics

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.0 Musical Interlude

6.15 LILLIAN MORGAN, "Once Upon a Time"

6.30 LONDON RADIO DANCE BAND, relayed from London

7.0 S.B. from London

Wednesday's Programmes.

(Continued.)

FOR THE FIRESIDE

THE STATION TRIO

T. D. JONES (Piano), MORGAN LLOYD (Violin),
GWILYM THOMAS (Cello)

Selection from *Saracen and Delilah*

arr. Alder

BESSIE JONES (Soprano)

Greg

T. D. JONES

Dr. J. D. Jones

Dr. J. D. Jones

Dr. J. D. Jones

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A CHRISTMAS EVE S.O.S.

By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes.

(Continued from page 684.)

and find out whether I can get that stuff down from town to-night—"

As they went out together into the darkness, he suddenly exclaimed: "I've met many a hard time, but never a man as hard, not to heartless, as your uncle has shown himself to be."

"What a cry for Harry day and night," she whispered.

"I shouldn't be at all astonished if Harry isn't so very far off, after all. I knew him pretty well as child and boy. There wasn't a drop of vice in him. I expect he's made good after all. There was a lot of stuff in the poor lad. But I don't see it somehow, going off to Australia, as his father evidently thinks he did."

"There is a way," she said, painfully, "if what I suspect is true, through which we might reach Harry. We might ask the people who—what they call broadcasting to send out a message to-night telling Harry that his mother is dying. If he's anywhere within reach I believe he would catch it."

He looked at her, dutifully. "It would make your uncle furious, of course. But I'm game to help you, my dear! Would you like to telephone from my house to the B.B.C. place on Savoy Hill?"

She looked at him irresolutely. "No, I would rather go there myself."

"Very well, I'll send you up in my car."

A LITTLE more than half an hour later Rose Marvell was ushered into one of the still, it seemed to her unnaturally silent, rooms of the great building on Savoy Hill.

While being driven to London in the doctor's car she had been wondering whether she could invent some form of words that would reach Harry without mentioning her aunt's name. It was not that she dreaded her uncle's anger—that was nothing to her. But she did shrink from the thought of reviving the old, hideous scandal. The thought of the thousands hearing Harry Ridings' name gave her a feeling of terror.

But great as was the kindness and the sympathetic courtesy with which she was received by the official whose duty it is to deal with applicants for S.O.S. calls, she found her path would not be quite as smooth as she, in her ignorance, had supposed.

"What is the name of the dying woman, and her address? And what is the name of her son?" inquired the official.

Wisely she answered those questions truly.

"And now," he observed, "I must tell you frankly that we cannot do what you ask us to do until we have been in personal touch by telephone with your aunt's medical attendant. We must have his confirmation of your statement that the poor lady is ready dying."

She waited while this important formality was being accomplished, and then she left, feeling no lighter than she had felt for—was it four years?—Harry had disappeared and become as if obliterated from her life?

III

WHILE Rose Marvell is enduring so sharp an ordeal on Savoy Hill, such a jolly, happy party of young folk are gathered together just before early supper in a fine old house close to York Minster.

The host and hostess, Jack and Daphne Thompson, a brother and sister, have made up a Christmas Eve party of eight. The eldest of their guests, Harry Williams, is only just thirty; he is a clever, reserved kind of chap with a good job in the Thompsons' big works.

All at once Jack puts it to them all: "Shall we just listen to the news?"

"Why bother?" cries Daphne, impatiently. But a girl exclaims: "I'd like to hear the latest from London." So Jack obediently tunes in.

Then there rises on the silent room the resonant, pleasant voice: "I have an S.O.S. call this evening. Will Harry Williams Ridings, whose present whereabouts are unknown, communicate with his mother, Mrs. Annie Ridings, who is lying seriously ill at

the Willow House, Singleton Common, London, S.W. 19?"

The address is repeated, the name is spelt out—

Jack Thompson shouts: "It's not troubling about your half of that party."

As they all troop off into the dining room, leaving their places, the man young Harry calls "H.W." goes quietly up to his pretty hostess. "Will you excuse me? I've felt so very queer all day—"

She looks at him with concern. "Why, of course, Mr. Williams! You do look ill and and be yourself home to bed, and do, please do, send for the doctor."

He nearly stammers: "Who can minister to a man and diseased?" as he looks into her kind, pretty face.

ROSE MARVELL, gliding swiftly back to Singleton Common, felt sick with fear at the thought of her uncle's wrath. But she was destined to prove more the truth of the old adage as to the folly of fearing what may never come—for as she drove up to the gate of the Willow House the doctor was there, waiting for her.

"My dear," he said, kindly, "your uncle is alone. Your uncle has had a stroke. I doubt if he will live till morning. There's nothing to be done. But I've got in an excellent nurse—"

Rose was lying, fully dressed, on her bed when at five o'clock on Christmas morning she heard a faint sound, like the ticking of a clock, or the hum of an engine, and then, suddenly, the sound stopped, the gate of the Willow House opened and her own name was called in a voice which had, which was still, the dearest voice in the world to her.

"Rose? Rose?" shouted up from under her open window "How's mother?"

She jumped off her bed and made one leap across the room. "She's no worse, thank God," she called down.

Was it wicked to feel so glad that now she was no longer afraid to let her voice be heard?

"Will you let me in?"

And with the cry, "I'm coming, Harry, I'm coming!" she ran down, unlocked the front door, and suddenly found herself clasped closely to his heart, in his arms.

LISTENING TO LIFE.

By Sir Philip Gibbs.

(Continued from page 674.)

bedroom and the number of paces to the garden gate. I knew the man when he was a second lieutenant, those ten years ago, before something put him on the bad side of Ypres. He could sing jolly well, and played the piano in an old estaminet behind the lines one night, and led the throng of "The Long, Long Trail." Well, all that a old stuff now. Most people have forgotten this boy who used to make quite a noise in London on seven days' leave. He doesn't get to London nowadays. A bit dangerous in the traffic for a man who has to listen which way the taxis are bearing down upon him. Still, he gets a little music when he wants it, and good company to keep his thoughts from brooding. That wireless set is a boon in a country house three miles from nowhere.

So if ever I have to broadcast a speech, I shall not talk to those who, like myself, have said hard things about the loud-speaker and threatened to punch the head of that young fellow who breaks a spell of silence by tuning in to Moscow. I shall talk to the little old lady left alone in the world and the shingled wife of my journalist friend, and the sick man lying in the room upstairs, and all those people who listen to life because they want to hear its friendly voices and get into touch with the vibrations of cheery souls. To all of them a Merry Christmas over the microphone!

Northern Programmes.

5NO NEWCASTLE. 312.5 M.

4.30—Afternoon Topics. 4.45—Music from Newcastle. 5.00—The 5.15. 5.15—The 5.30. 5.30—The 5.45. 5.45—The 6.00. 6.00—The 6.15. 6.15—The 6.30. 6.30—The 6.45. 6.45—The 7.00. 7.00—The 7.15. 7.15—The 7.30. 7.30—The 7.45. 7.45—The 8.00. 8.00—The 8.15. 8.15—The 8.30. 8.30—The 8.45. 8.45—The 9.00. 9.00—The 9.15. 9.15—The 9.30. 9.30—The 9.45. 9.45—The 10.00. 10.00—The 10.15. 10.15—The 10.30. 10.30—The 10.45. 10.45—The 11.00. 11.00—The 11.15. 11.15—The 11.30. 11.30—The 11.45. 11.45—The 12.00. 12.00—The 12.15. 12.15—The 12.30. 12.30—The 12.45. 12.45—The 1.00. 1.00—The 1.15. 1.15—The 1.30. 1.30—The 1.45. 1.45—The 2.00. 2.00—The 2.15. 2.15—The 2.30. 2.30—The 2.45. 2.45—The 3.00. 3.00—The 3.15. 3.15—The 3.30. 3.30—The 3.45. 3.45—The 4.00. 4.00—The 4.15. 4.15—The 4.30. 4.30—The 4.45. 4.45—The 5.00. 5.00—The 5.15. 5.15—The 5.30. 5.30—The 5.45. 5.45—The 6.00. 6.00—The 6.15. 6.15—The 6.30. 6.30—The 6.45. 6.45—The 7.00. 7.00—The 7.15. 7.15—The 7.30. 7.30—The 7.45. 7.45—The 8.00. 8.00—The 8.15. 8.15—The 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PROGRAMMES FOR THURSDAY (December 23)

2LO LONDON. 361.4 M.

1.0-2.0 The Week's Concert of New Gramophone Records

2.0-3.45 EVENING from WESTMINSTER ABBEY

4.0 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH Mrs. C. GRANT:
The Mohammedan Great Prayer

4.15 Transient Tea Time Music

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: 'Hephzibah and the Hunted Haystack' (Olwen Bowen). 'Doctoring the Zoo,' by L. G. M., of the Daily Mail. Christmas Songs by THE WIRELESS CHORUS.

6.0 ALEX. FRYER'S ORCHESTRA from the Rialto Theatre

6.15 'CHRISTMAS DANCERS' A Talk by Mrs. L. C. HUMPHREYS, illustrated by LEON VAN STRATEN'S RIVIERA CLUB DANCE BATH, relayed from the Riviera Club, Grosvenor Road

7.50 Market Prices for Farmers

7.0 WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GEN-
ERAL NEWS BULLETIN

Mr. L. G. M. A Village Christ-
mas. 'A Village Tyrol'

MR. LOUIS GOLDING is one of the most accomplished of literary writers. In his 'Mediterranean' novel, he has captured the spirit of the Mediterranean lands.

In his travel books, he has written many notable novels, including 'The Day of Atonement'.

7.10 app. Musical Interlude

7.40 app. Major HUGH POLLARD,
'From Bombar to Browning'

MAJOR POLLARD is a former editor of 'Discovery', and a new co-editor of 'Country Life'. He has himself a wonderful collection of specimens of all countries and every period, and he has written a 'History of Theatres' and several similar books.

8.0 A PICKWICK PARTY
(A Dickens Dream Fantasy)

Written by STANLEY Q. WEST. The Music composed by MARJORIE BOURNEMOUTH. Orchestrated by ROBERT CHAMBERLAIN

Performed by THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA and THE WIRELESS CHORUS, conducted by JOHN ANSELL

The scene is the parlour of the Marquis of Granby Inn at Christmas time—the present day

Among the characters introduced are

Weller	BERRY CHAMBERLAIN
Tapscott	SPENCER THOMAS
Winks	FREDERICK HAYES
Snodgrass	STANLEY RILEY
Wardle	WILLIAM MACREARY
Uddle	THOMAS O'CONNOR
Sawyer	KINGSLEY LAMB
Parkes	WILLIAM MACREARY
Brady Prigg	WILLIAM MACREARY
Sarah Gamp	JOHN ANSELL
Copperfield	JOHN ANSELL
Micawber	JOHN ANSELL

Produced by HOWARD ROSE

CHRISTMAS, for English people, will always be associated with Dickens, who more than any other writer expressed the spirit of the English Christmas. In this fantasy we are being given something more than any one actual Dickens

Christmas—whether at Dingley Dell or with Tim and the converted Scrooge. This is a version of Dickens' Christmas, in which Mr. Pickwick gives a party (surely at any Dickens party, Mr. Pickwick would always be the host), and to it come not merely the Wauers and the Pickwickians themselves, but a select gathering drawn from all the novels. Dora, for Dicky, Captain Cuttle shows his... Siggins describes the world as it is, if he had his way. In fact, such a dream as might well present itself to the mind of a Dickens lover, falling asleep on Christmas Day in the snugness of the Marquis of Granby Inn.

9.10 THE UNACCOMPANIED VIOLIN
WORKS OF BACH

Interpreted by WILLIAM PRIMEBOSE
Chaconne from Partita in D Major



THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY INN.

at Dorking, the scene of the 'dream fantasy' Pickwick Party that is to be broadcast from London at eight o'clock. This drawing (from one of the original illustrations by Phil) shows the exterior of the inn at the very moment when Mr. Weller is taking his long-deferred revenge on Mr. Siggins, to the obvious delight of Sam.

THIS is a familiar 'war-horse' of Violinists.

Scarcely a season passes among the concert halls of London or any other large centre without half-a-dozen performances of this famous work by more or less famous Violinists.

The Chaconne was an old dance-form, and it comes into this Partita as one of the usual series. But it is far removed from anything dance-like, being an elaborate musical movement in the form of a Theme and Variations.

The Theme is a broad melody in a minor key, eight bars long and in three-beat time, most of it harmonized by chords across four strings of the Violin. The succeeding Variations, which expand the harmonies rather than the melody of the Theme, run into each other without a break. There are twenty-nine of them, Nos. 15 to 23 being in the major.

The Chaconne will practically fill the allotted fifteen minutes.

9.25 MUSICAL COMEDY

A Programme of Pre-War Reminiscences
Directed by JOHN ANSELL

THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
Overture, 'Opera Bouffe' French

VIVIANE CHARTERIS (Soprano)

Valso Song from 'Tom Jones' German

JOSEPH FARRINGTON (Bass)

'Red Rose' ('Monsieur Beaucaire') Messenger

THE ORCHESTRA

Selection, 'La Poupée' Audran

Valso from 'Tom Jones' and JOSEPH FARRINGTON

Duet, 'Lightly, Lightly' ('Monsieur Beaucaire') Messenger

THE ORCHESTRA

March, 'The Girl in the Train' Fall

10.0 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH.
WEATHER FORECAST
NEWS BULLETIN, Local Allocations

10.15 FLORENCE OLDHAM and ALMA
VANE, the Whispering Sopranos

10.30-12.0 DANCE MUSIC THE SAVOY
ORCHESTRA and THE SYLVIAN from the
Savoy Hotel

5XX DAVENTRY. 1,600 M.

10.30 a.m. Time Signal, Weather Fore-
cast

11.0 THE DAVENTRY QUARTET and
SYDNEY ELLIOT (Soprano), PATRICK
DUFFY (Baritone), LENA CHAVERTON
(Vocal)

11.45 app. A Short Dramat. by
WILLIAM MACREARY and LENA
CHAVERTON

12.0 Concert (continued)

1.0 2.0 S.B. from London

3.0-3.45 EVENING from WESTMINSTER
ABBEY. S.B. from London

4.0 S.B. from London

10.10 Shipping Forecast

10.15-12.0 S.B. from London

5IT BIRMINGHAM. 491.8 M.

3.45 THE NEW & THE FORT QUIN-
TET. Leader, FRANK CANTRELL

4.45 AFTERNOON TALK. THE LIT-
ERARY, 'Christmas in Southern Spain'
MARGARET ABLETHORPE (Pianoforte)

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.0 HAROLD TUBLEY & ORCHESTRA, relayed from
Prince & Cafe

6.50 S.B. from London

7.45 Mr W. A. SUMMERS, 'Famous Novels'—(6)
'Pickwick Papers, the Novel of Incident'

8.0 POPULAR REQUESTS

THE STATION ORCHESTRA, conducted by JOSEPH
LEWIS

Overture, 'Rosaunda' Schubert

JOHN ARMSTRONG (Tenor) and Orchestra

Requiem, 'Requiem and Duet' (Jephtha) Handel

Aria, 'Waft Her, Angels' (Jephtha) Handel

S. C. COTTERELL (Clarinet)

The Lockberry Air ... Mrs. O'Connor Morris

PROGRAMMES FOR THURSDAY (December 23)

CECIL ALEXANDER (Violin)
Chant Indian *Rusky Korsakoo-Krester*
Andantino *Martini-Krester*
OPERA
Suite, 'Casse Noisette' *Tchaikovsky*

9.55 app. INSTRUMENTAL AND VOCAL

S. C. COTTRELL
Ivyl and H. morske from Suite of 'Three Light
Piano

JOHN ARMSTRONG
Brown is My Love *Elsiebeth Posen*
I Heard a P. par Piping ... *Norman Peterkin*
Man and Woman *Arthur Bennett*
Bluebirds from the Clearings *Ernest Walker*
Old Christmas *Marian Shaw*

CECIL ALEXANDER
Hymn to the Sun *Rusky Korsakoo-Krester*
La Gypsy (The Gypsy) *Arthur*
Melodie *Gluck Krester*

9.20 app. MEMORIES OF WAGNER

ORCHESTRA
Overture, 'Tannhäuser'

THE Pilgrims' Chant, approaching and withdrawing, the wild Dance of the Maidens of the Venus Mount, Knight Tannhäuser's Love Invocation, the Rising of Venus, the Love Song again, the Wild Revels of the Court of Venus, the Pilgrims' Chant once more: these make up the famous and popular Overture to Tannhäuser.

Thus is pictured the eternal strife between the carnal and the spiritual, and it will be noted that the spiritual wins.

JOHN ARMSTRONG and Orchestra
Aria, 'Lohengrin's Farewell' (Lohengrin)

ORCHESTRA
Chorus of Flower Maidens (Parsifal)
Pence of the Apprentices (The Mastersingers)
Ride of the Valkyries (The Valkyries)

10.4-12.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 326.1 M.

11.15-12.15 MIDDAY MUSIC by F. G. BACON'S ORCHESTRA, relayed from W. H. Smith and Son's Restaurant, The Square

3.45 Afternoon Topics

4.0 TEA-TIME MUSIC by F. G. BACON'S ORCHESTRA, relayed from W. H. Smith and Son's Restaurant, The Square

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.0 S.B. from London

6.15 Musical Interlude

7.0 S.B. from London

7.30 'THE GRAND LAMA'

or

'A LASS OF LIASA'

An Original Extravaganza in Two Acts
Written by WYLLIE O'KAY
Composed by GUY LINDALL
Arranged by S. TAYLOR and MERVIN KAY
Characters

The Grand Lama GUY LINDALL
Prince Wun Sok GEORGE STONE
General So Long (Chinese General)

Commander Anson (Naval Officer) L. ANTON CORNELL

Ezra B. Quick (an American Correspondent) LERLIE STEVENS
The Abbot WYLLIE O'KAY
Daisy (an English Girl) DODO STOTHMET
So See (Her Chinese Girl Friend)

Madie } American Girl { MARJORIE STONE
Muriel } Tourists { GERTUDE FRIMAYES
Mrs. McGilch (an American Tourist)

SYNOPSIS GARDNER

Produced by GEORGE STONE

THE STATION CHORUS and THE WINDMILL ORCHESTRA, conducted by Capt. W. A. FEATHERSTONE

9.10 S.B. from London

9.25 'THE GRAND LAMA' (Continued)

10.0-12.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)

5WA CARDIFF. 353 M.

12.30-1.30 Lunch-Time Music from the Carlton Restaurant

3.0 FAIRIES AND FANTASIES

THE STATION ORCHESTRA, conducted by WARWICK BRAITHWAITE

Waltz, 'Mimosa' ('Gomah' Melodica) ... Jones
Hungarian March ... Barlow
Fantasia, 'Woodland Fairies' ... Petersen
REGINALD GWYNNE WALTERS (Vocalist)

The Drum Major Newton
The Vagabond Vaughan Williams
ORCHESTRA

Irish Tune from County Derry Grainger
The Whispering of the Elms Elton
11.1 Eric Coates
Norwegian Suite Bath

REGINALD GWYNNE WALTERS
Old Barty Grant
Myself When Young, In a Foreign Garb Lisa Lehmann

ORCHESTRA
Selection of Popular Favourites—'Clementine' arr. Ewing

REGINALD GWYNNE WALTERS
Up from Somerset Sanderson
The Yeoman's Wedding Song Poniatowski

ORCHESTRA
Selection, 'The Arcadians' Monkton and Talbot

Three Irish Dances Ansell
Overture, 'Mignon' Thomas

4.45 Mr. C. M. HARRIS, 'Playwrights Past and Present—(1) Morris'

5.0 Pianoforte Recital

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: Welsh Carols

5.30 Mr. A. G. PATE JONES: 'Appreciations of Well-Known Poems—The Destruction of Sennacherib' by Byron

6.15 S.B. from London

7.40 The Rev. RUSSELL BAKER, The Art of Shunning

8.0 HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

THE RETURN FROM SCHOOL

Scene—The Railway Station

THE STATION ORCHESTRA, conducted by WARWICK BRAITHWAITE

Two-Step, 'Nolly Bly' Cheyne

THE MOUNTAIN ASH GIRLS' CHORUS, conducted by S. W. BACON

Jolly Winter Vincent

Christmas in Coming C. Harris

A Merry Christmas Song A. Rowley

JOHN HENRY

Decorates the House

8.28 ORCHESTRA

A Coaching Carol, 'Merry Postilion' ... Lange

WYNNIE AJELLO (Soprano)

Home Again MacDonald

Christmas Eve Austin

ORCHESTRA

Christmas Carols Lafleur

JOHN HENRY'S CHRISTMAS

8.4 WYNNIE AJELLO

Christmas Comes But Once a Year ... Stanford

Old Christmas Martin Shaw

ORCHESTRA

March, 'Jollity' ... Gangichner

9.18 'SILLY BILLY AT THE CINEMA'

A Famous Interlude by GORDON MCCONNELL

The Old Gentleman GORDON MCCONNELL

Silly Billy GORDON MCCONNELL

His Mother DORULA WOODD

Silly Billy, defiant, terrible, is being taken to see the pictures for the first time. He and his mother arrive at the entrance of the Golden Crotto Cinema and the trouble starts.

CAST

CHRISTMAS IN WALES

9.24 ORCHESTRA

Welsh Gongs H. L. L.

Welsh Christmas Carols arr. Lloyd Williams

Welsh Christmas Carols arr. G. Jones

Welsh Christmas Carols

9.42 ORCHESTRA

Old Welsh Dances Traditional

9.58 CLARA NOVELLO DAVIES: A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

GIRL'S CHOIR

Home Sweet Home Bishop

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

10.0-12.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)

22Y MANCHESTER. 384.6 M.

11.30-12.30 Music by THE STATION QUARTET

4.30 Afternoon Topics

4.45 J. MEADOWS (Auto-Piano Recital)

5.0 CLARA REEVES (Soprano)

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: 'Christmas Cheer Carols by the Aunts and Uncles, assisted by the Sunlight Trio'

6.0 S.B. from London

7.40 'The Woman Behind the Job—(2) We Interview a Librarian'

8.0 'JOHN JORROCKS, Esq., M.F.H.'

Three Scenes from R. S. SURTHERS' Famous Sporting Novel, 'HANDLEY CROSS'

Arranged for Broadcasting by B. O. MARCH

Presented by VICTOR SKYTH

Performed by the STATION REPERTORY PLAYERS

MR. JORROCKS was a great city procer

of the old school. A natural-born sportsman,

his lot being cast behind a counter instead of

the country, is one of those fates of fortune

that there is no accounting for. To remedy the

error of the blind goddess, Mr. Jorrocks has

taken to hunting as soon as he could keep a

horse. He was no rider, but had an almost

instinctive knowledge of the run of a fox. The

ambition of his life was realized when he became

Master of the Handley Cross Fox Hounds.

THE STATION ORCHESTRA, conducted by T. H.

MONAGHAN

Hunting Scenes R. C. O'NEILL

Scene 1.—Mr. Jorrocks consults Captain Dole-

ful, Master of Ceremonies of the fashionable

Handley Cross Spa, regarding the tons to

be proposed at the forthcoming Hunt Dinner

Cost

Mr. Jorrocks E. H. BAYDOROCK

Captain Miserrimus Doleful W. E. DICKMAN

ENTR' ACTS

THE STATION CHORUS: CHORUS MASTER, R. H.

WHITTAKER

John Peel arr. J. E. W. W.

The Hunt's Up (May Day) MacFarren

Awake! the Golden Morn Is Here Edward German

ORCHESTRA

Foxhunter's Galop MacFarren

PROGRAMMES FOR FRIDAY (December 24)

ZLO LONDON. 361.4 M.

10-2.0 Lunch-Times Music from the Hotel Metropole

3.0 SHORT BALLAD CONCERT
CECIL LUCAS (Contralto)

CECIL DIXON (Piano)

4.0 'A CHILDREN'S PARTY'

Relayed from the Walpole Cinema, Ealing

Under the direction of FRANCIS B. DRAKE,
DAVID MARTIN (Baritone) and
ALAN HUGHES (Lullaby)

Children's Overture
The Children will sing

Quiller

Dixons

DALE SMITH

My Boy Billy... Vaughan Williams

Poor Old Home... Cecil Sharp

Pushing Away with the... Cecil Sharp

Smoothing Iron... Cecil Sharp

The Drummer and the Cook... Sir E. Terry

Shanty... Sir E. Terry

The Orchestra

Selection... Handel and Grotel

The Children

Carol... 'Good King Wenceslas'

Mary On the Shore... Grainger

DALE SMITH

When We Were Very Young... Keats

When We Were Very Young... Keats

When We Were Very Young... Keats

When We Were Very Young... Keats

When We Were Very Young... Keats

When We Were Very Young... Keats

When We Were Very Young... Keats

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When We Were Very Young... Keats

When We Were Very Young... Keats

When We Were Very Young... Keats

90 CAROLS AND WAITS FROM WHITECHAPEL CHURCH

SITUATED in the Whitechapel Road in the very heart of Old Whitechapel, the Church of St. Mary Matfelon rears a sturdy tower and noble front to the busy street. In 1854, in Gothic style, with a tiled roof seven feet from the floor, and a nave capable of seating 1,000 worshippers, the church was built. The present building is the fourth on the site. The church goes back to 13th century, but the tower was much earlier, without doubt. The first mention had a tower the top course of which were of white stone and the little building was probably called the 'White Church'. That name was in time given to the whole parish.

The present Rector, the Rev. John A. Mayo, has often been heard from the Studio during



God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let us sing you this song.
Remember Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas Day.

Sunday evening services, being one of the first to give wireless sermons, and a staunch friend of broadcasting from the earliest days. Two years ago arrangements had been made to relay the Carols and Waits from the actual churchyard, but just as the transmission was about to begin the rain came down in torrents, and everyone concerned retreated into the church building. The Carols were therefore relayed from the building, with very happy results.

9.30 Topical Talk

9.45 THE UNACCOMPANIED VIOLIN WORKS OF BACH

Interpreted by WILLIAM FENCROSE
Partita in F

THIS is a favourite work; especially is the First of its seven Movements popular.

I. Prelude. One of the best things ever written by any Composer, it may be left to speak for itself.

II. Lullaby. A courtly Movement in six-beat time.

III. Gavotte en Rondeau. A Gavotte is a sedately tripping measure in which the accent usually comes in the middle of each bit of melody. En Rondeau (in Rondo form) means that the main melody is continually coming round again after the Composer has introduced passages of fresh matter.

IV. Minuet I, and II. These little three-

beat dance tunes are set down as one Movement, because they are usually so played.

V. Bourée. A vigorous piece of dance-music.

VI. Gigue. A lively dance-piece in quick six-beat time.

10.0 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH, WEATHER FORECAST, 8.00 AM. GENERAL NEWS RELAYED.
Local Announcements

10.15 FIVE SONGS BY CHRIS SCOTT

Sung by MARIAN CAREW (Soprano)

Accompanied by the COMPOSER

Autumn's Lute (Words by Rosamund Marriott Watson)

Spring Song

The New Moon (Words by Rosamund Marriott Watson)

Form Ajar... Watson

Lullaby (Words by Christina Rossetti)

10.30 THE GRAND GOOD NIGHT

10.35 DANCE MUSIC. KETNER'S FIVE, directed by GEORGEY GELDER, and DEMOS, from Ketner's Restaurant.

12.0-2.0 A.M. LEON VAN STRATON'S DANCE BAND, from the London Studio

5XX DAVENTRY. 1,600 M.

10.30 A.M. TIME SIGNAL, WEATHER FORECAST

11.0 THE DAVENTRY QUARTET and MARY SCOTT. NORMA PARKER (Baritone), DONALD HARGREAVES (Pianoforte).

12.30 ORGANS RECITAL by LEONARD H. WATKINS, relayed from St. Botolph's Church, Bishopgate.
Sonata No. 1... Schubert
Two Sonatas... Beethoven
C Minors, C Major... Elgar
Imperial March... Elgar

10.2.0 S.B. from London

3.0 S.B. from London

10.10 Shipping Forecast

10.15-2.0 A.M. S.B. from London

5IT BIRMINGHAM. 491.5 M.

3.45 THE STATION ORCHESTRA, conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS

Overture, MARIANA... Wallace

NORMA TARRANT (Contralto)

Saint Nicholas Day in the Morning

Christmas... Roshope Martin

On... Williams

Suite, 'A Children's Suite'... Ansell

Incidental, 'Laughing Eyes'... Fuchs

NORMA TARRANT

At Dawning... Colman

ORCHESTRA

Selection, 'The Quaker Girl'... Monckton

4.45 AFTERNOON TOPICS: ESTELLE STEEL-HARPER, 'Feasts and Fasting' ISABEL TYBBS (Soprano)

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: A Sunset Story (written by G. Bernard Hughes), read by Janet Joyce

6.0 S.B. from London

7.30 THE EVE OF CHRISTMAS

THE STATION ORCHESTRA, conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS

Overture, 'Lullaby's Canon'... Sousa

PERCY BOGGS

In a Character Study of Scrooge from 'The Christmas Carol' (Dickens)

8.35 'My Adventure in Norfolk,' by A. J. ALAN

INTERESTING stories will be sorry to hear that he has recently met with an extremely unpleasant experience. One of his earliest stories, broadcast many months ago, has just been refused by the editor of a famous London magazine on the grounds that the plot in practically all its details had been used in a story recently published in serial and book form by a well-known author.

Mr. Alan has, of course, taken up the matter with the novelist in question, who has admitted quite frankly adopting Mr. Alan's broadcast story. In these peculiar circumstances Mr. Alan naturally wishes to make it quite clear to his radio audience that his stories, however true they may be, are none the less copyright.

PROGRAMMES FOR FRIDAY (December 24)

OUR STATION
 Valley Fox trot, Chorus as *Asen*
JESSIE COVNER (Entertainer)
 I Didn't Ask for It *Parsons*
 Poor Old Pa *Kendal*
 I Love Martha *Percy Edgar*

8.15 approx. 6.40 P.M.
 A Ghost Story of Christmas Eve, written by
 JOHN OVERTON

Produced by PERCY J. EDGAR
 Characters:
 Derwent Barn *PERCY EDGAR*
 Jack Hewlett *JOHN OVERTON*
 A. J. H. *JOSEPH LEWIS*
 Toby Hawker *PERCY EDGAR*
 Jane Hawker *JOHN OVERTON*

A VAST expanse of rain-land, stretching
 away in all directions, clothed by a near
 wet sky, over which snow clouds are rapidly
 creeping.

Down the wide road that winds across the
 north a car comes slowly coasting—its only
 occupants a girl in furs and a man in the livery
 of a chauffeur. Below them a gamekeeper
 carrying a shot-gun is providing up the rise and
 behind a clump of stunted trees a window flickers
 with the light of a fire. It is 11.45 on Christmas
 Eve.

8.34 approx. 6.40 P.M. **COURLEY (Entertainer)**
 In Mirth and Humour at the Piano

OUR STATION
 Fox trot, 'Scottish Medley' *arr. Somers*
JESSIE COVNER
 That's What Daddy Does *Sellers*
 A Simple Girl *Ellis*

OUR STATION
 Holly and Mistletoe (Pastoral Suite) *Ansell*

JOHN ANSELL (born 1874) has long been
 familiar to London theatre orchestras as
 one of their leading Conductors. Lately his
 work as Conductor at The London Station has
 made him known to all wireless listeners.

Mr. Ansell's many years' association with
 stage-music is reflected in his own compositions,
 the greater part of his output consisting of
 Overtures, Ballet Music, and Light Suites.

RONALD GOBLEY
 In Mirth and Humour at the Piano

OUR STATION
 Pot-Pourri, 'A Lightning Switch' *Alford*

**8.30 2.0 a.m. S.B. from London (10.10 Local
 News)**

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 326.1 M.

3.45 A YULE-TIDE CONCERT

THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA, conducted by Capt
 W. A. FEATHERSTONE

A Christmas Overture *Coleridge Taylor*
 Selection, 'Merris England' *German*

6.5 FREDERICK LAKE (Tender)

The Holy Child (Luther's Cradle Song)
Easthope Martin

Christmas
 How Far Is It to Bethlehem? *A. Rowley*

THE Poem which Alec Rowley (a London
 Organist, born 1893) has here set, is one
 by Frances Chesterton.

The singer asks, 'How far is it to Bethlehem?'
 'How we enter the stable and stroke the beasts
 that are there, and touch the tiny hands of Jesus
 without rousing Him from His slumbers?'
 'We have no kindly presents for Him, but on y
 'little smokes and little tears.'

4.10 CONSTANCE WENTWORTH (Soprano)
 Selections from her Repertoire

4.15 ORCHESTRA
 Selection, 'The Beggar's Opera' *Gay*

**4.30 CONSTANCE WENTWORTH and FREDERICK
 LAKE**

The Day is Done *H. 1.5hr*
 Old Style Rhyme *Hunt*
 My Boy Billy *Traditional*
 Snow-White *Traditional*

4.40 ORCHESTRA
 Selection, 'A Kiss for Cinderella' *Handel*

4.55 CONSTANCE WENTWORTH
 Selected Lieder



Frederick & Son, Ltd.

Mrs. MARIAN CAREW

mezzo-soprano, sings five songs by Cyril Scott,
 from the London Studio at 10.15 to-night

5.0 FREDERICK LAKE
 O Leave Your Sleep *Hazellhurst*
 Legends *T. H. H. H.*
 Prance Ye the Lord *Granville Bantock*

**5.5 CONSTANCE WENTWORTH, FREDERICK LAKE
 and Orchestra**

Christmas Carols
 God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen
 The Mistletoe Bough
 Good King Wenceslas

THE true Carol is really a folk song based on
 the stories of the Gospels, or on some old
 Christian legend. Carols were associated with the
 Church festivals of Christmas, the Epiphany,
 Easter and Ascensiontide. Both words and
 music are generally very simple, and above all,
 are always truly festive; in fact, it is said that
 most Carols were sung by the people dancing
 their way to Church.

These three Christmas Carols are all traditional
 and true to type, though *God Rest You Merry*
 obviously owes its origin to the later (but yet
 very old) custom of carol-singing on Christmas
 Eve. The tune of *Good King Wenceslas* is really
 that of an old Spring Carol, probably of the
 thirteenth century, which was printed in Sweden
 in 1582. The popular English words are not a
 translation of the original Latin words, but were
 written by Dr. Neale, the famous nineteenth-
 century authority on old hymns.

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

**5.0 2.0 a.m. S.B. from London (10.10 Local
 News)**

5WA CARDIFF. 353 M.

3.30 THE STATION ORCHESTRA, conducted by
 W. A. FEATHERSTONE

Overture, 'The Beggar's Opera' *Gay*
 A Dream of Christmas *H. 1.5hr*
 Pastoral (Christmas Music) *Handel*
 No. 8)
 Suite, 'The Beggar's Opera' *Gay*

4.15 TEA-TIME MUSIC from the Carlton Restaurant

4.45 Mr. LYNDON HARRIES 'Gabriel Grano'

**5.0 TEA-TIME MUSIC from the Carlton Restaurant
 (Continued)**

**5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: The Station
 Orchestra, The Three Wise Men**

6.0 A DICKENS RECITAL by RICHARD BARROW

6.15 ORCHESTRA
 Cello Solo, 'Cradle Song' *Schubert*
 (Soloist, FRANK WHITFALL)

Christmas Hymn *Edenberg*
 The Snow Dances *Debussy*
 Idyl, 'All on a Christmas Morning' *America*

IN 1908 Debussy wrote six of the most delicious
 little musical trifles that exist. The whole
 collection of these six he called *Children's Corner*,
 and each of them has an English title. They
 were written for the Piano, and have since been
 orchestrated.

M. Cortot, the famous French pianist, suggests
 that the choice of English names was intended as
 a gentle, good-humoured, ironic hint at the
 'traditional English Mum.' He is probably
 right, but, at any rate, at the beginning of the
 book we find two little fat elephants, and between
 them the inscription: 'To my dear little Chouchou,
 with her Father's tender excuses for that which
 is too good for her.'

The third of these six little pieces is called *The
 Snow is Dancing*, and very beautifully it suggests
 one of children's favourite fancies—the antics of
 the snowflakes as they fall delicately.

**6.30 A DICKENS RECITAL by RICHARD BARROW
 (Continued)**

6.45-12.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)

22Y MANCHESTER. 384.6 M.

**1.15-2.0 Pianoforte Trio from the Piccadilly
 Picture Theatre**

3.45 SIDNEY WRIGHT (Solo Violoncello)

Concerto *Gottmann*
 Tarentelle *Johnson*
 A Memory *Thomas*
 Scherzo *Van Gogh*

4.0 MUSIC by THE STATION QUARTET

Selection, 'Merris England' *German*
 Valse, 'Merris England' *German*
 Three Woodland Dances *Handel*
 Gopak *Handel*
 Selection, 'La Bohème' *Puccini*

**5.0 AFTERNOON TONIC. Mr. THOMAS A. CROSS-
 LEY, 'The Story of Christmas Carols'**

**5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: 'A Dream of
 Christmas Eve'—a Short Play by IMA HUME**

6.0 S.B. from London

7.30 CHRISTMAS EVE

WINGATES TEMPERANCE BAND, conducted by
 H. MOSS

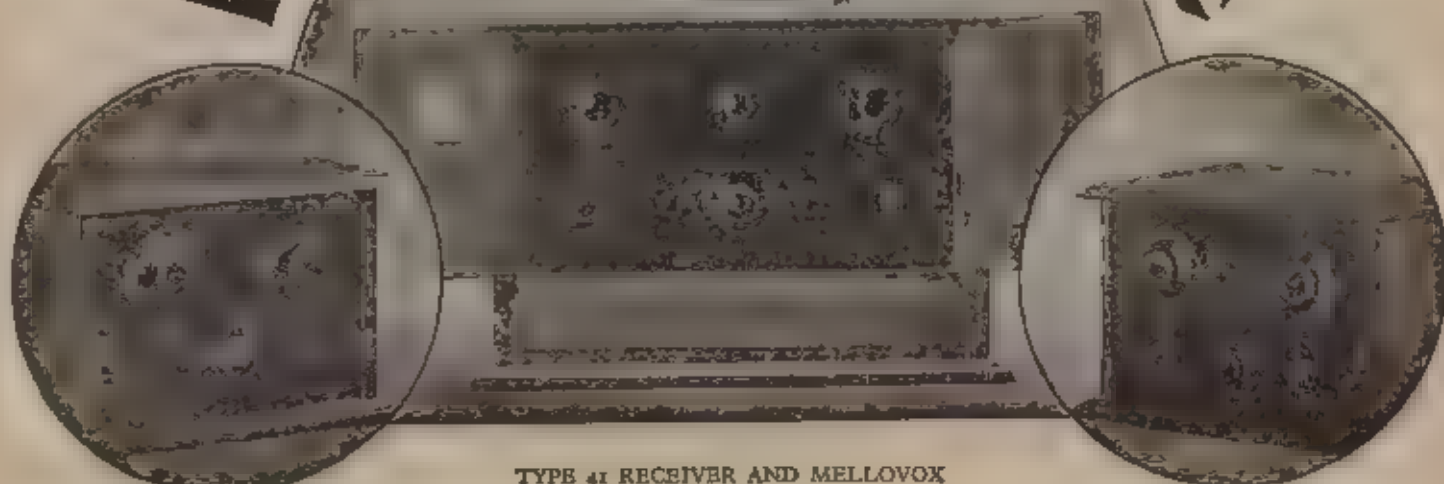
Hymn, 'Christians, Awake' *Wainwright*
 Overture, 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' *Beethoven*

Two Movements from Symphony, No. 11
Haydn, arr. H. Moss
 Adagio Allegro; Minuet

(December 24)

Quintana Roo, Lixco, Lantigua, 2100 Ma. with Ophiolite

MARCONIPHONE



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TYPE 21 RECEIVER

TYPE 31 RECEIVER

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Easy manipulation, long range loudspeaker reception and thorough reliability are the features of this set. The normal loudspeaker range is 100 miles and 300 miles from Daventry. The circuit consists of a tuned Detector Valve with controllable reaction followed by two stages of L.F. amplification. Price £20 6 0 - Complete.

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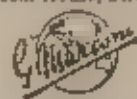
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CHRISTMAS DAY Programmes

2LO LONDON. 361.4 M.

10.10-11.30 CHORAL MATINS
with a service by
The Choir of St. Martin-in-the-Fields (Dr. Lionel
Tanner)
Requiem for the Dead
Pavane for the Dead
Hymns: Christmas Eve
The Herald Angels Sing, O Come, all ye
Faithful

11.30 SPECIAL MUSICAL SERVICE

1. Song with special Psalm 110 and 132
Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis set to Stanford in C
Antiphona, "There were Shepherds"
For the
Carole: Come Listen to My Story 18th Century
A Day, a Day of Glory (Old French
In dulci jubilo, 14th Century melody)

4.15 PRIZE READING by GEORGE GROSSMITH

4.30 THE ROYAL

6.15 CHILDREN'S HOUR: "The Rose and The"
A Play after Thackeray (and a long
For the

6.0 CHRISTMAS GAY

7.0 WEATHER FORECAST FIRST GENERAL NEWS

7.15 THE UNACCOMPANIED VIOLIN WORKS

Directed by WILLIAM FRIMSTON
in A.M.
This is a work in four Movements
and is a study in the very
simplest of tunes and forms, to the *Adagio*
and *Allegro* movements described in
the *Adagio* (B-flat). The Bow is very
gentle. A *trill* is a feature in the *trill*
movement while a melody is
played on another
In *Allegro* Quick. This is one of those
repetitive motion pieces of which Bach wrote
many fine examples. It makes a finish in
it is both dignified and exhilarating

7.30 A CHRISTMAS CONCERT

WYNNE AVELLO (Soprano)
ROY HENDERSON (Baritone)
EDWARD ISAACS (Piano)
THE WIRELESS MALE CHOIR
THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA conducted by Lieut.
B. WALTON O'DONNELL, M.V.O., F.R.A.M.,
R.N.

NOTE The programme has been compiled
from the series of "My Pro-
grammes" sent in by
Listeners as a result of the series of "My Pro-
grammes" recently broadcast

THE PROGRAMME

The Roast Beef of Old England... Traditional
Overture, "The Yeomen of the Guard" Sullivan
Waltz, "Amoretten"... Gungl

ROY HENDERSON and CHOIR
Here's a Health unto His Majesty
Down Among the Dead Men... Traditional

EDWARD ISAACS
Six Christmas Pieces... M. J. Leach

ORCHESTRA
Suite, "Santa Claus"... T. Holland

WYNNE AVELLO
The Rose... Traditional

A Little... C. J. C.

Military March... Schubert

ROY HENDERSON and CHOIR
Ten Shanties... R. B. Terry

Rio Grande, Shenandoah, B. Boy

ORCHESTRA

A Children's Overture
EDWARD ISAACS
Scenes from Childhood
WYNNE AVELLO
Pearly Song (The Immortal Hour)
Hark, Hark the Lark
EDWARD ISAACS

The Nutcracker Suite
ROY HENDERSON
March
The Little Fairies
Christmas Eve

ORCHESTRA
Overture, "William Tell"
and Save the Race

**10.0 TIME SIGNAL, G.F. RICH, WEATHER FORE-
CAST, DECEMBER 17, 1933, LOCAL NEWS BULLETIN
Local News**

10.15 WILL HAY

**10.30-12.0 DANCE MUSIC THE SAVOY OR-
CHESTRA and THE SYLVIAN from the Savoy Hotel**

5XX DAVENTRY. 1,600 M.

**10.0 a.m. Time Signal, Weather Fore-
cast, DECEMBER 17, 1933, LOCAL NEWS BULLETIN
Local News**

10.15 WILL HAY

**10.30-12.0 DANCE MUSIC THE SAVOY OR-
CHESTRA and THE SYLVIAN from the Savoy Hotel**

5IT BIRMINGHAM. 491.8 M.

**10.30-11.30. CHORAL MATINS from YORK MINSTER
London Programme, relayed from Daventry**

**3.0-4.15 SERVICE from CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL, Lon-
don Programme, relayed from Daventry**

6.0-12.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 326.1 M.

**10.30-11.30. CHORAL MATINS from YORK MINSTER
London Programme, relayed from Daventry**

**3.0-4.15 SERVICE from CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL, Lon-
don Programme, relayed from Daventry**

6.0-12.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)

5WA CARDIFF. 363 M.

**10.30-11.30. CHORAL MATINS from YORK MINSTER
London Programme, relayed from Daventry**

**3.0-4.15 SERVICE from CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL, Lon-
don Programme, relayed from Daventry**

6.0-12.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)

2ZY LIVERPOOL. 394.6 M.

**10.30-11.30. CHORAL MATINS from YORK MINSTER
London Programme, relayed from Daventry**

**3.0-4.15 SERVICE from CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL, Lon-
don Programme, relayed from Daventry**

6.0-12.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)

4.15 TEA-TIME CONCERT

LAWSON'S ORCHESTRA, conducted by HARRY
HARLOW
Overture, "Morning, Noon and Night"... Suppl
Grand Selection, "Tannhäuser"... Wagner
Lullaby, "The Majestic"... White
Song, "The Majestic"... Jones
Song, "The Majestic"... Schubert-Clatsam
Song, "The Majestic"... Handel

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: London Programme, relayed from Daventry

6.0 S.B. from London

7.30 AROUND THE HOLLY TREE

THE STATION ORCHESTRA
A Dream of Christmas
Suite, "Santa Claus"... Kettley
Theodore Holland

THE LANSOWAY VOCAL QUARTET
The Jack Horner
What Bells Are There... Richards

THE SCARLET SYNCHRONIZED DANCE BAND
Musical Director ARTHUR NIMAN

Foot, "Who Taught You This"? Roy Berg
Foot, "After I Say I'm Sorry"... Donaldson

A SURPRISE ARTIST

ORCHESTRA
A Christmas Overture... Coleridge Taylor

Behold, I Bring You Good Tidings... Goss
Nowell... Traditional
Nazareth... Handel

DANCE BAND
Waltz, "I'm So Terribly In Love With You" Ellis
Fox-trot, "Way Down Home"... Gene
Fox-trot, "Who?"... Kern

ANOTHER SURPRISE ARTIST

QUARTET
Hail! Smiling Morn... Spofforth
Good King Wenceslas... Goss
and Rev. Mr. Merry Gentlemen... Traditional

ORCHESTRA and DANCE BAND
Savoy Christmas Medley... Somers

DANCE BAND
Tango, "Jatin"... Downy
Fox-trot, "My Darling's Love at Two to Two" Rob
One-step, "My Campanella"... Durmo

10.0-12.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)

6KH HULL. 289.5 M.

4.15 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 CHILDREN'S HOUR: London Programme, relayed from Daventry

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30-12.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)

2LS LEEDS-BRADFORD. 254.2 M.

3.0-4.15 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.0 "Haunted Houses," read by the Author, H. G. Wells

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.0 Light Music

6.30-12.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)

6LV LIVERPOOL. 297 M.

**3.0-5.15 } London Programme relayed from
6.0 } Daventry**

6.30-12.0 S.B. from London (10.10 Local News)

Broadcasting on CHRISTMAS DAY



Arranging the microphone in Canterbury Cathedral (13 p.m.)



Mr. EDWARD SAACS
will play some piano solos in
this evening's concert



Miss WYNNE A. ELLO, who sings in the London Concert



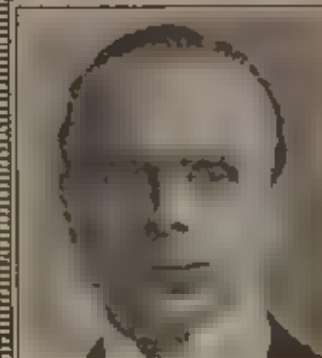
Mr. ROY HENDERSON
sings in this evening's Christ-
mas Concert (London, 7.30)



Mr. WILL HAY
will introduce some of his
jollity into the programme at
10.15



THE SYLVIARS will discourse dance music from the Savoy Hotel,
(10.30-12.0.)



Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH,
who, at 4.5, will read from
Dickens and other reasonable
authors.

Christmas Day Programmes.

(Continued from page 710.)

5NG NOTTINGHAM. 275.2 M.

10.30-11.30 a.m. London Programme relayed from Daventry

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.15 Gramophone Records

6.30-12.0 S.B. from London 10.10 Local News

5PY PLYMOUTH. 403 M.

10.30-11.30 a.m. London Programme relayed from Daventry

4.15 THE MICROPHONES AND THE 'VARIO' DANCE BAND in a Special Xmas Programme

6.0 'THE STRANGER'

By L. DE GARBE PRACH

A Yuletide Play

PROGRAMME

10.30-11.30 a.m. London Programme relayed from Daventry

4.15 THE MICROPHONES AND THE 'VARIO' DANCE BAND in a Special Xmas Programme

6.0 'THE STRANGER' By L. DE GARBE PRACH A Yuletide Play

6.30-12.0 S.B. from London 10.10 Local News

6FL SHEFFIELD. 272.7 M.

11.0 a.m.-12.30 p.m. opp. 1.0

London Programme relayed from Daventry

The service will consist of carols and an address by the Rev. Ed. NICHOLAS, Chairman of the Sheffield Congregational Association. Solos and choruses from 'The Messiah' by a UNITED CHURCH, conducted by Sir HENRY COWARD

3.0-5.15, London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.0 S.B. from London 10.10 Local News

6ST STOKE. 288.5 M.

10.30-11.30 a.m. London Programme relayed from Daventry

3.0-5.15 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.0 S.B. from London 10.10 Local News

5SX SWANSEA. 288.5 M.

10.30-11.30 a.m. London Programme relayed from Daventry

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

4.15 Topical Talk

4.30 A Short Concert of Christmas Music

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.0 T. D. JONES (Solo Pianoforte),

Prelude and Fugue in G. No. 15. Bach

Homage in F Sharp Major. Schumann

Sonata, No. 7, Op. 10, No. 3. Beethoven

For Trios, For Gals, Op. 34. Schubert

6.30-12.0 S.B. from London 10.10 Local News

Northern Programmes.

5NQ NEWCASTLE. 312.5 M.

4.15 London Programme relayed from Daventry 5.5 -

The Children's Hour. 6.0-12.0 - S.B. from London.

5SC GLASGOW. 405.4 M.

11.0 a.m. - London Programme relayed from Daventry

3.0 - London Programme relayed from Daventry 4.15 The

Children's Hour. 6.0-12.0 - S.B. from London.

5B ABERDEEN. 500 M.

10.30-11.30 a.m. London Programme relayed from Daventry

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry 4.15 The

Children's Hour. 6.0-12.0 - S.B. from London.

5B BELFAST. 306.1 M.

10.30-11.30 a.m. London Programme relayed from Daventry

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry 4.15 The

Children's Hour. 6.0-12.0 - S.B. from London.

From the Land's End.

A Christmas Play from Cornwall. By FILSON YOUNG.

LISTENERS to London and Daventry, as well as to such other stations as take the relay, ought to have a unique experience on Wednesday, December 22. A Christmas play, written by Bernard Walker, for performance by his rustic Cornish parishioners as an act of worship, will on that evening be transmitted by wireless from the church itself to Marazion, and broadcast to the British Isles.

There are several unusual features about this experiment—for in many ways it must be regarded as an experiment. To begin with, the place itself is like no other place. St. Hilary's Church stands in a grove of trees, a couple of miles from St. Michael's Mount on the storm-beaten shores of Mount's Bay. Its fourteenth-century spire is a landmark far out at sea, and the church itself, remote as it is, has been a landmark in the lives of a good many people. It is a monument of what is newest and what is oldest in religion. Its arrangement of altars and chapels (and, to some extent, the worship which takes place there) is very much the same as has been the custom in England for centuries upon centuries. The decorations represent what is newest and most living in modern art, some of the most famous artists of the modern Newlyn School having contributed to their adornment. Religion there is not a thing of clubs and social fellowship so much as a thing of mystery and beauty, and at the same time (as you feel the moment you enter the church, a very great and deep reality. This play is only one of the many manifestations of the spirit of the place.

But one of the aspects in which it may be said to be experimental is that the actors are nearly all the people and children of the parish: those who are not Cornish are a few children from the little Cornish Home hard by, where a family of about a dozen children, collected from the vilest haunts in London, are gathered and brought up in this pure and leafy refuge to forget the misery of their first surroundings, and learn the meaning and purpose of their own little lives. None of these actors is in any way trained as to speech or manner; they have never performed on the stage; they speak and behave in their own natural way. The result in the church itself, which is decorated with great ash trees hung with golden balls and lighted with hundreds of candles, is very beautiful and moving, and I hope (although I cannot be sure) that the miracle of wireless may convey something, at least, to listeners all over England, of the simplicity and piety of this rustic act of dramatic worship.

BUT a good deal depends not only on the actors, but on the listeners, and it is to them that I would appeal (if they wish to enjoy this play) for a sympathetic and imaginative hearing. They must keep in their minds the place from whence these untutored voices are coming, the utter simplicity and difference of life there from what it is in crowded and busy centres; and they must, above all, bear in mind that (although I have used the word, the play is in no sense a performance addressed to an audience. It will be your privilege to overhear (as though you might be listening in the dark night outside the doors of the church and peeping through the door at the lighted scene within, a solemn act of worship, as of old these Nativity Plays invariably were. The carols and songs which the actors—shepherds, angels, children and kings—will sing in the course of the play were, many of them, written centuries ago for just such an occasion. It is indeed a link with the past; but, to most of us, Christmas is an old-fashioned thing, and its associations are such as endear old things and customs to us.

And while you listen, you must not think of an ordinary stage with scenes; the whole church

is the stage; the actors enter in procession and go to their places in different parts of the church successively; set their scenes and move on to the place of the next action. The whole thing is a kind of procession, and goes to a measure. The west end of the church under the tower is the scene of the Shepherds' Encampment; the action moves on to a Home near Bethlehem, which is in the Jesus Chapel on the south side of the chancel; and thence to the Lady Chapel, in which are the stable and crib before which the actors join in a solemn dance in honour of the Nativity. And the whole thing ends quite naturally and fitly with a service of blessing for actors and congregation.

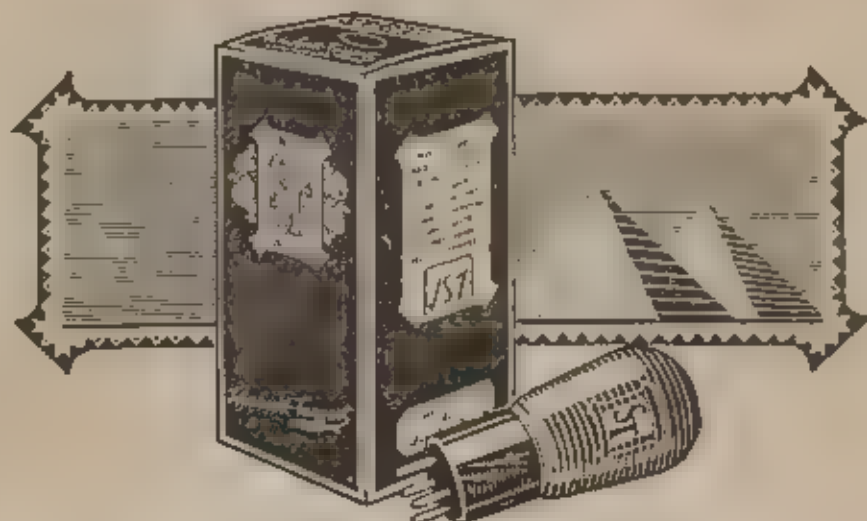
Readers and listeners will understand, therefore, that to enjoy this echo of what is an actual play being performed in remote Cornwall, they must bring to it their own gift of imagination; and I think that I can promise them that if they only hear the words of the play clearly they will not be disappointed. I may add that among those who saw this play at St. Hilary last Christmas was Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, who, although one does not exactly associate him in one's mind with church plays, was deeply impressed by the beauty and simplicity of the whole thing and by its real charm. The play, which was written for the purpose, can be transmitted and broadcast remains to be seen.

AT the end of the play, we are to be allowed to say a few words for the St. Hilary Cornish Home for Children, to which I have already alluded. I am not going to say much about it here, except for the sake of those who, after hearing the play, may wish to give a little Christmas present to help the work that makes possible the life which some of the little actors and actresses have exchanged for the life of London slums and criminal surroundings. Most of them have been sent there on the recommendation of Mr. Clarke Hall, the famous magistrate of Old Street, who knows all about the effect of sordid surroundings on little people's lives, and who also knows how well and how wisely the family of rescued children at St. Hilary are tended and brought up.

One night in autumn when I was there, and there was a great bonfire under the trees around which the children were playing, I wandered away from the fire, and came upon a little deer (who had recently come from a London slum) dancing by herself in the shadows of the trees where she thought no one could see her. She was flinging her arms about in ecstasy and singing to herself, 'I'm in the fresh air—I'm in the fresh air!' I will not mar the eloquence of that little picture by any words of comment; but if any readers of *The Radio Times* would like to help to make such things possible for more children, and make an offering (which will surely go as straight as any oblation of gold and frankincense and myrrh to the Cradle of Bethlehem) let them send their offerings (however small) to the Rev. Bernard Walker, St. Hilary, nr. Marazion, Cornwall.

MANCHESTER'S 'ECHOES OF 1925'

THE year 1925 is a memorable one in the annals of the Manchester Station, more particularly, perhaps, for its activities on behalf of charities and other public causes, both in Manchester and the thickly populated districts around the city. A short account of these endeavours will be given by the Station Director in a foreword to a special programme arranged for New Year's Eve under the title of 'Echoes of 1925.' The programme itself will reflect some of the more interesting concerts and entertainments that have been arranged by the station during the year.



S.T. Valves—the Ideal Xmas Present

Whether you are going to buy a Christmas present for yourself, a relative or a friend, S.T. valves will always give happiness. The glorious volume and realistic tone of these valves turn, as if by magic, even an inferior set into a means for giving new enjoyment, not only to one person but the whole family.

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to ask the opinion of any wireless expert and he will tell you why these new Aladdin lamps—personally certified by John Scott-Taggart, F.Inst.P., A.M.I.E.E., the designer—are so superior. With their torodium filaments and extraordinary high vacuum, they have been built, like the Pyramids, to last. Month in and month out the superb strength and tone of S.T. valves will make you realise how much you have missed in the past.

Get your Christmas programmes on S.T.'s by buying some to-day. If you cannot get them locally, send the order form to us this week-end. If in any doubt as to what valve to order, take advantage of our service department which has just taken over the great Elstree Radio Laboratories of Radio Press, Ltd., for the exclusive use of S.T. clients.

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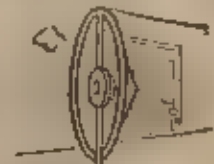
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This happened last Christmas—

Dealers were sold out of the LISSENOLA Loud-Speaking Unit—stocks were cleared right out. Many who wanted the LISSENOLA for Christmas could not get it. Shop after shop told buyers, "Sorry we have sold right out."

Stocks are better distributed this year, but there is sure to be a last-minute rush to buy and many may be disappointed. Don't wait—make sure of your LISSENOLA now. You have a gramophone which by just slipping the LISSENOLA Loud-Speaking Unit on to the tone arm you can turn instantly into a cabinet loud speaker. You can make a horn for a few pence. You can buy the LISSENOLA Horn. You can make a cone loud speaker by using the LISSENOLA Reed, which also adapts the LISSENOLA Unit to carry any kind of loud speaker working on the reed principle.

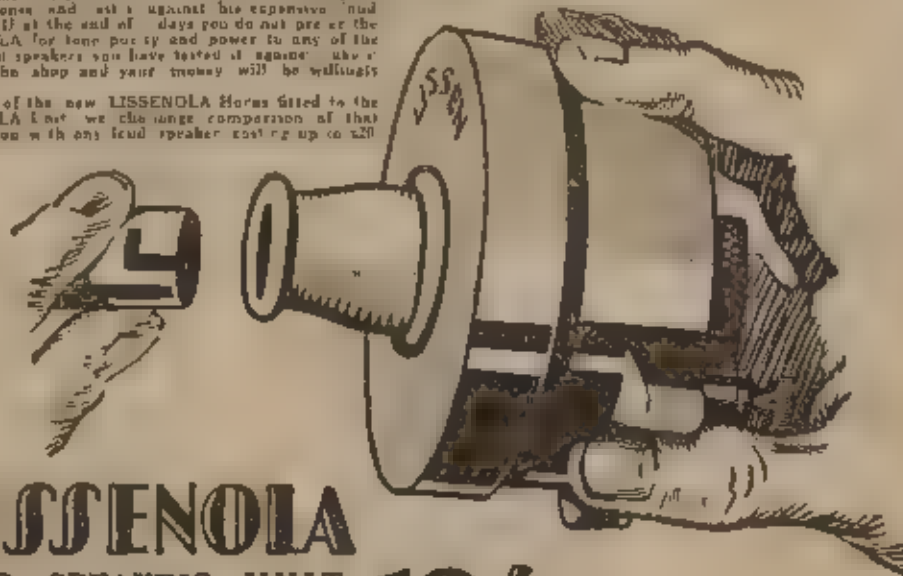
Tens of thousands of LISSENOLA users tell you which loud speaker to buy. The LISSENOLA Loud-Speaking Unit stands remarkable power without a sign of straining or reason long. It repeats every long it hears in full, its truth is big and its voice is clear to hear. Its special non-repeating cast-iron and its vibratory pleated magnets are permanent. These are features possessed in the same way by no other loud speaker.

Many worthless imitations. Success always attracts imitators. But you do not want a unit which will lose its magnetism which will easily overload which becomes noisy and loses tone—which is made heavy to give the impression of weight. You can avoid all these risks by asking for and insisting upon being given the LISSENOLA Loud-Speaking Unit.

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Compare the LISSENOLA against any loud speaker you like for 7 days at home. Take it round to your friends' homes and set it against his expensive loud speaker. If at the end of 7 days you do not prefer the LISSENOLA for tone purity and power to any of the other loud speakers you have tested it against, take it back to the shop and your money will be willingly refunded.

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L.158.



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Every crystal set user can have an amplifier and a loud speaker for Christmas—every valve set owner can have a better amplifier.

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You are asked to compare this new LISSEN against the most expensive transformers you know of. So good is it that all the previous expensive LISSEN Transformers have been unhesitatingly withdrawn in its favour.

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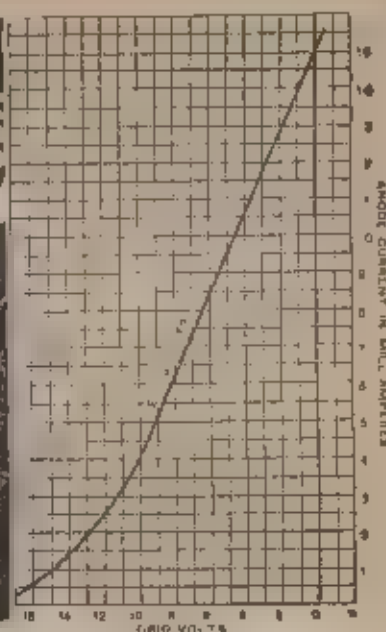
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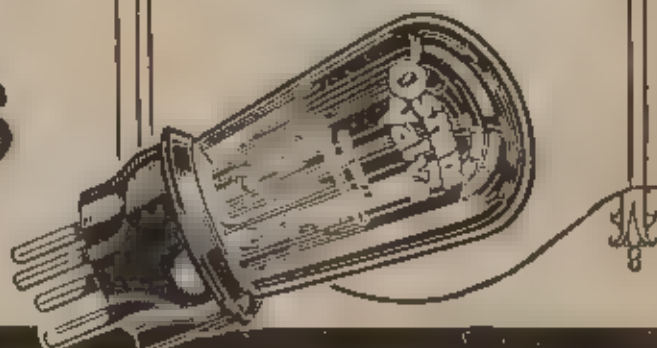
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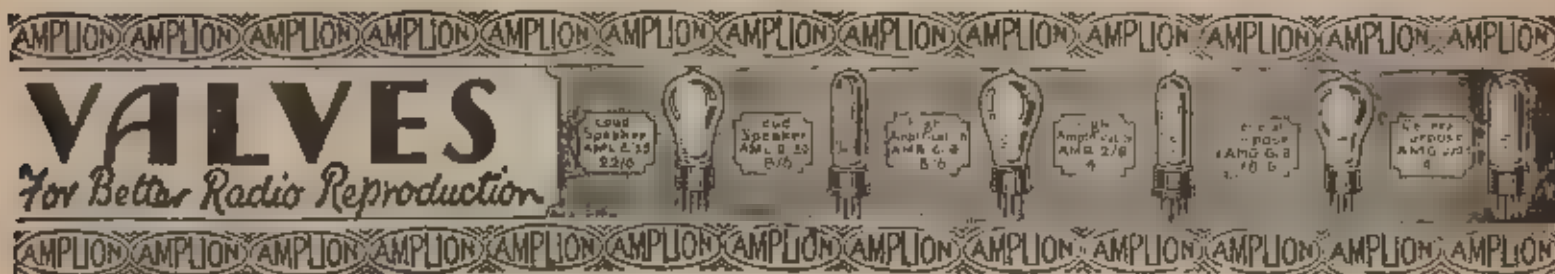
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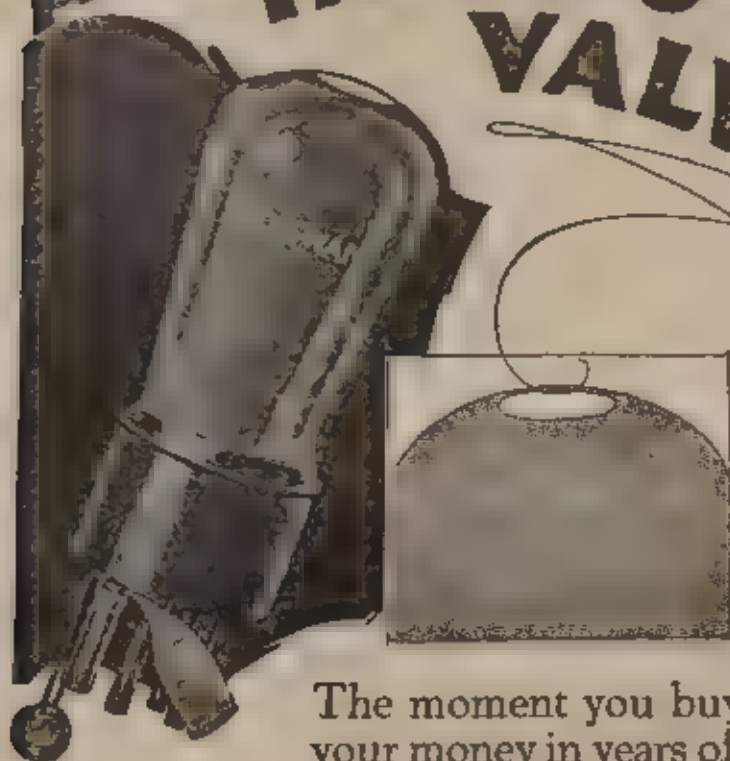
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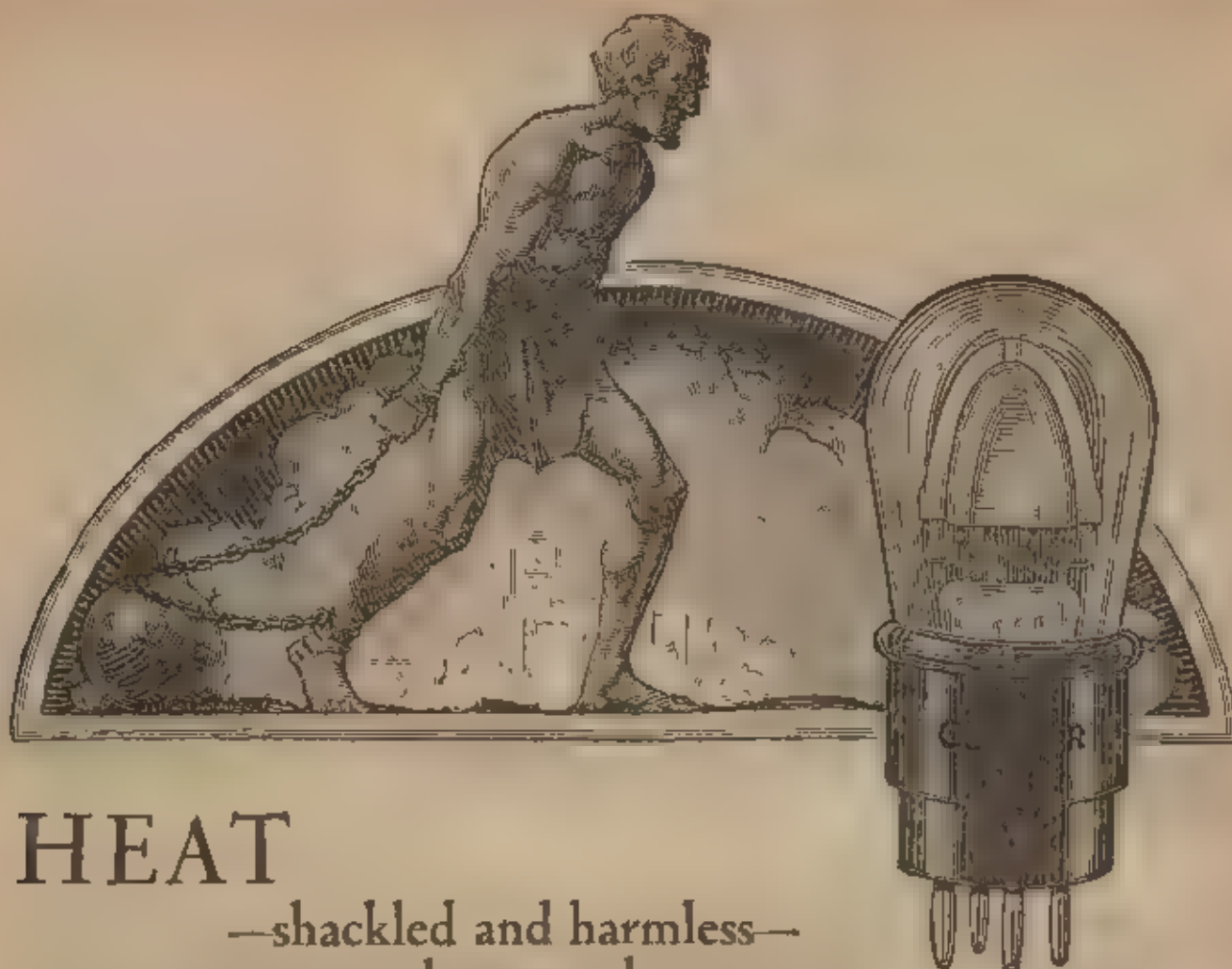
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V.B.



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cannot damage the new
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*"The Valve which
serves you longest"*

H EAT is a good servant but a bad master. When Heat gets the upper hand he commences to play havoc. Particularly does this apply to metals. The moment a metal gets excessively hot its molecules get distorted. It begins to crystallise—or in other words—becomes brittle. And brittle metal is easily fractured. Look at the damage Heat can do when he is let loose in a valve. That slender thread of metal which we call the filament becomes incandescent. It is always expanding and contracting. No wonder it has a short life. In fact, it is a marvel that the filament in the ordinary valve lasts as long as it does. But now a filament has been produced which operates practically without heat at all! It

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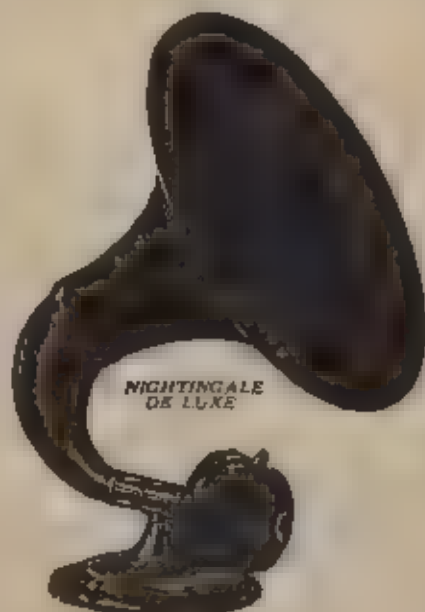
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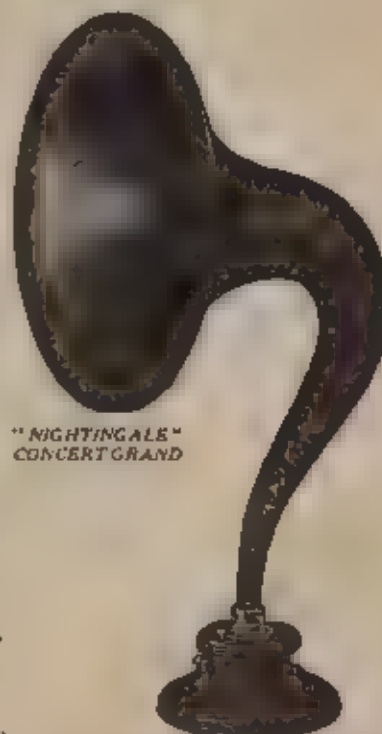
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GUV'NOR, I propose to be gallantly unselfish! You're always paying for valves, I know—jolly decent of you. But I simply monopolise the telephones and then, we can't all listen at once. But I know the Mater would enjoy sitting back to listen to one of the new Brandes Cones. So would you! And, dear old grown-up sister likes to dance. Yes, I know she takes it out of the carpet but I've spotted you indulging. Fact is, can you spring one or two from the jolly old note-case? *Pro bono* family, you know. It's a luxury but it's cheap at the price. Guv'nor, old man, you're a sport!

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The new Brandes Cone. Undoubtedly the best loudspeaker produced, it brings tone of great depth and sweetness. The cone has a large vibrating area and a saving lot of special design. The magnets in the unit are unusually large. There is no amplification but a small unit which actuated on the 'push-pull' principle reacts to the faintest impulse. The specially designed cabinet reflects the sound in rich and mellow tones. Height 13½ ins., depth 7½ ins., width 10 ins.

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Attractive cabinet of unique design finished in dark walnut. The cone unit is fitted with a large magnet and the circular diaphragm has an extremely sensitive driving arm which provides purity of volume with undistorted tone. Supplied complete with wiring connection, it has a genuine claim to be superior to any similarly priced cone speaker. Height 10 ins., depth (at base) 11½ ins., breadth 9½ ins.

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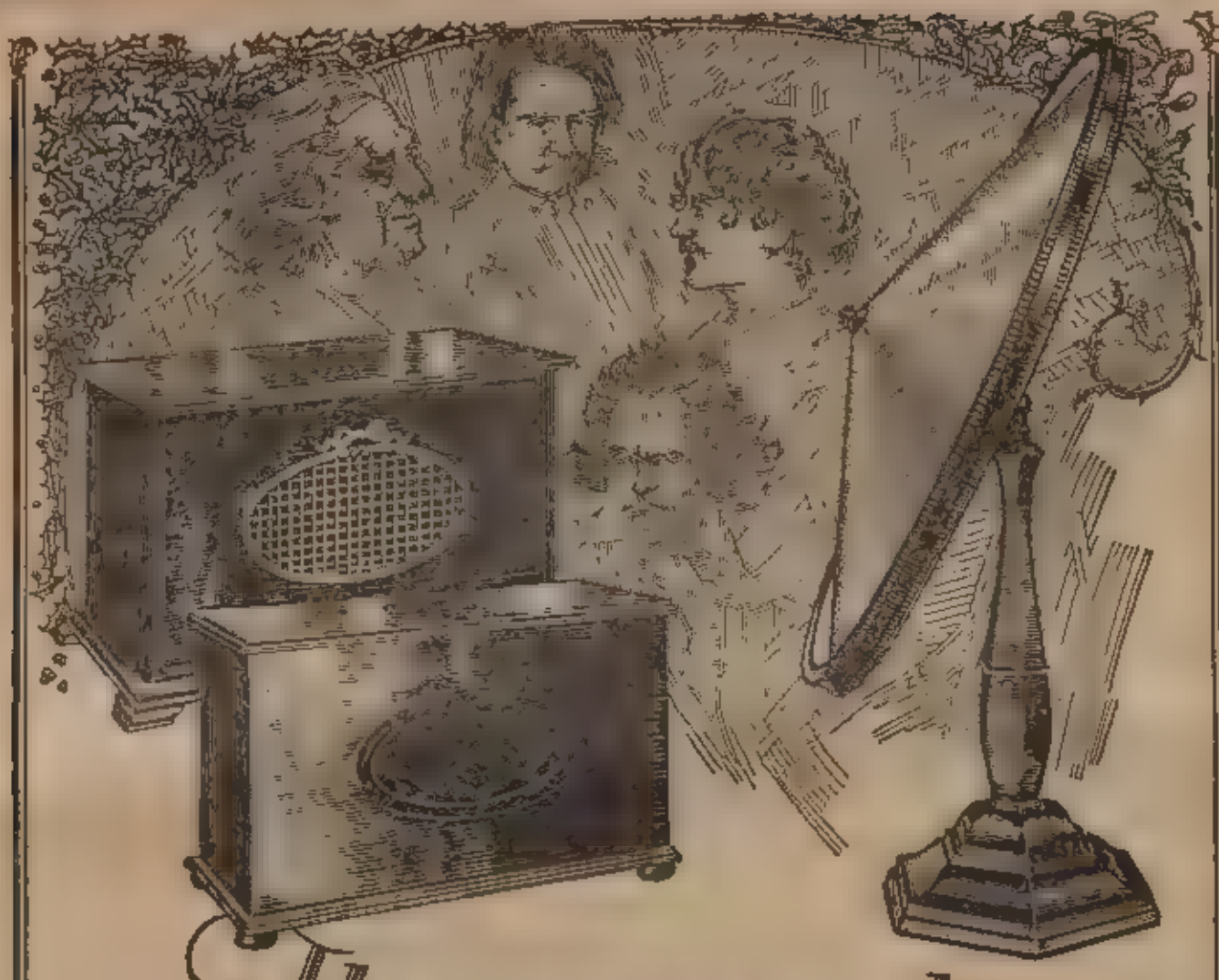
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"Its volume is simply Great—in fact it equals many 3 and 4 valve sets I have heard (G.F.L., Netley Abbey.)"

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Aerial inductors, Wiring Instruments	1 0	1 0	1 0	3 0
Headphones (1 or Junior) Loud Speaker (L.S.)	(1-0) 11 6 (L.S.)	11 6 (L.S.)	13 6 (L.S.)	13 6
Total Cash Price	£4:4:0	£6:15:0	£7:18:0	£10:3:6
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Wonderful tonal purity of all notes

The perfect tonal reproduction of all notes, particularly those of the extremely high and low register, is impossible without a good Loud Speaker—a B.S.A. Kone Loud Speaker. B.S.A. Kone Speakers have been designed to reproduce notes of the highest and lowest frequencies with perfect tonal purity. A particular feature of B.S.A. Kone Loud Speakers is their even distribution of sound, enabling listeners to sit in any position in the room and hear perfectly.

Whatever set you use a B.S.A. Kone Loud Speaker will improve your reception.

B.S.A. Improved Kone Loud Speaker

Write for the B.S.A. Radio Catalogue and Booklet "The Choice of a Radio Receiving Set," post free

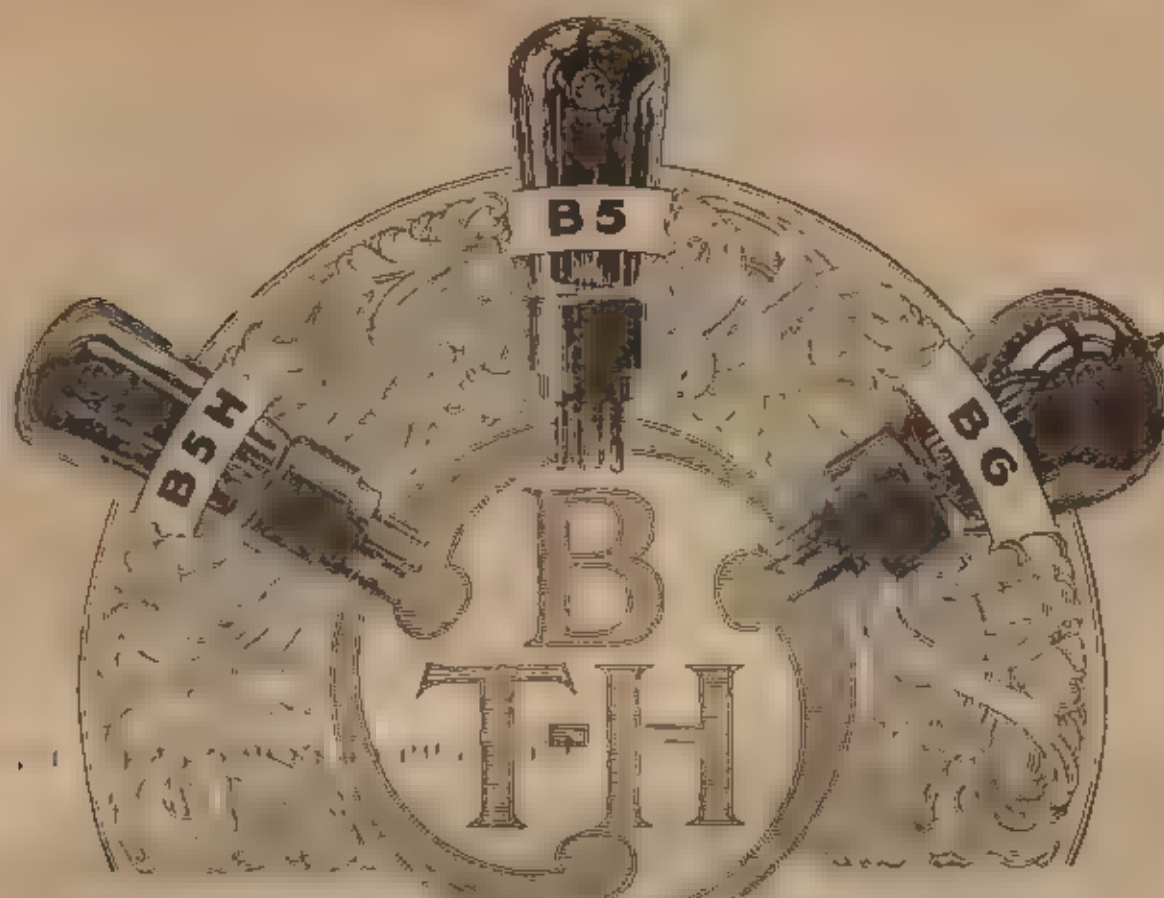
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have been designed to give a high electron emission with their filaments at a dull red glow. B.S.A. valves work most efficiently at a low temperature thus effecting a considerable saving in current consumption.

Try them in your set, they will improve it.





These three valves are designed to work perfectly together on a small 4v. accumulator or dry battery.

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 Filament Volts 2.8
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 Anode Volts 40 to 120
 Amplification Factor 17.5
 Impedance 55,000 ohms

B.5. 14/-
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 Amplification Factor 7
 Impedance 17,000 ohms

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With the introduction of the new B.5.H. Valve, there is now available a complete range of super-efficient valves for 4 volt batteries. The B.5.H. Valve is intended for the H.F. stages, the B.5 for detector and early L.F. stages, and the B.6 for the final L.F. stage.

These three valves provide a combination of incomparable

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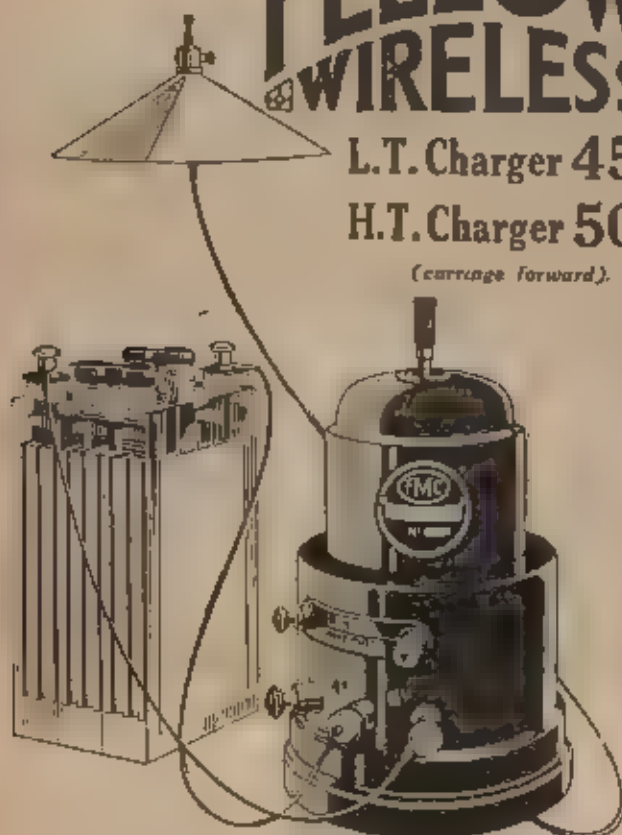
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L.T. Charger 45/-

H.T. Charger 50/-

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The New H.T. Accumulator Charger can be supplied for use with any common A.C. Lighting Voltage, to charge H.T. Accumulators in batches of 60 volts at a time.

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If you have Alternating Current you cannot afford to be without a Fellows Charger. It saves its cost many times over in convenience, reliability and economy.

L.T. Charger for 4 or 6 volt accumulators
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H.T. Charger
60 volts
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By returning full cash value you can have either H.T. or L.T. model on 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. If you are not more than satisfied we will return your money in full.

N.B.—When ordering please state carefully voltage and frequency (cycles) of your mains. You will find this information on your meter.

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The special SHORTPATH construction ensures good volume and purity of tone with minimum consumption of Accumulator and H.T. Currents.

Obtain from your dealer a copy of the "Cosmos" Valves Booklet, and also particulars of the "Cosmos" Musicians' Set, of which Sir Landon Ronald and Mr. Percy Scholes speak so highly.

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SHORTPATH
VALVES

Look out for the new "Cosmos" Valves which will be introduced early in the New Year.

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Type B Unit for
Alternating Current
£4 : 10 : 0.



HIGH TENSION FROM YOUR ELECTRIC LIGHT

If you have Electric Light, send for a Fellows H.T. Mains Unit and do away with the expense of renewing exhausted Batteries.

Now you have to do is to plug the adaptor of the Mains Unit into a lamp holder, switch on, and an inexhaustible supply of H.T. current is at your disposal.

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- 6. SEVEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL.** You can have a Fellows Mains Unit on seven days' trial by remitting full value. If you are not more than pleased with it, return it to us in good condition and we will promptly refund your full remittance.

PRICES (Carriage forward)

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AN AMAZING NEW LOUDSPEAKER

perfect reproduction of voice
and instrument from the
highest note to the lowest



FREE TRIAL FOR SEVEN DAYS

You can test this wonderful loudspeaker on your own set for a week without any charge or obligation. Write or phone your application at once!

57/6

in handsome oak or mahogany cabinet. Guaranteed twelve months.

Other models at 45/- and £3 17 6

TILL now, loudspeaker reception has only been half as good as it might be. However flawless the reproduction in the "middle register" of vocal or instrumental music, the deep notes and the very high notes have always suffered distortion. Drums have caused a toneless rattle, high soprano notes have simply squealed.

Now with the introduction of the M.P.A. Sprung-Diaphragm Loudspeaker it is possible to secure absolutely flawless music.

Listeners who have already heard this remarkable instrument are positively amazed by the sense of "reality" it gives. With eyes closed it is a most impossible to believe that the artist is not actually present.

Come and hear for yourself any day during broadcast hours at our showroom, or if you cannot call, send for the fully-descriptive leaflet.

M.P.A.

'Sprung-Diaphragm' Loudspeaker

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60 Volts
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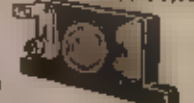
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100	1	1	1	1	1	1
150	1	1	1	1	1	1

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Watts	50 v	100 v	150 v	200 v	250 v	300 v
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20	1	1	1	1	1	1
30	1	1	1	1	1	1
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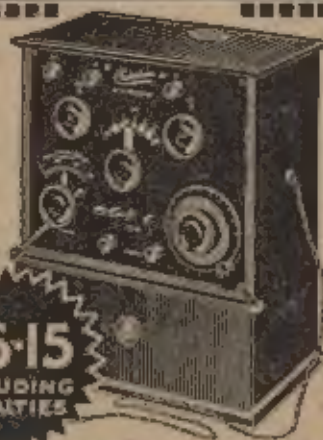
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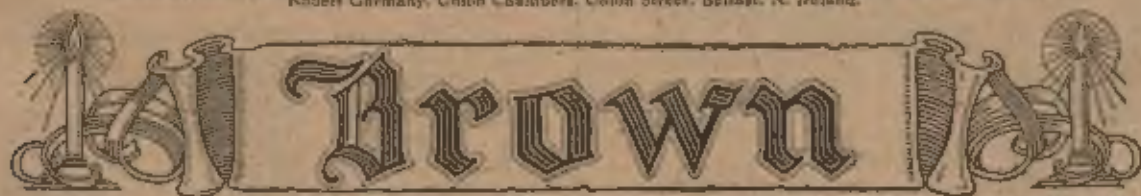
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