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The
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The Journal of the British Broadcasting Corporation

Captain P. P. Eckersley's Second Article

in his new series, entitled 'Taking Stock,' in which he describes various possible remedies for the present overcrowding of the ether which is causing interference between Stations.

IT has been stated already that Governments have allocated a certain wave-band for broadcasting stations, and that if it is attempted to crowd into this wave-band more than a certain number of stations (103 was the figure), some kind of interference must exist.

It is now important to indicate how this interference (which must exist, because there are more than 103 stations in a given continent) can be minimized.

The Theory of Interference.

To appreciate the theory of possible methods for overcoming interference between broadcasting stations one must understand the reasons for its existence. It is postulated that every aerial sends out two main rays, one parallel to the ground and the other at an angle to the ground. The ground ray, called the direct ray, frets itself against the rough surface of the earth and soon dies away to negligible dimensions. The point where it dies away depends upon the power of the sending station. For example, the direct rays of a one-kilowatt station are too feeble for good broadcasting after they have travelled twenty or thirty miles. The upward ray, however, has no impediments to its journey, and travels upward until it hits an electrified layer (called the Heaviside layer), which, we believe, bends it earthwards again; it then hits the earth, bounces, climbs to the layer again, and so on. Looked at more generally, this electrified layer forms a wireless 'whispering gallery' conserving the energy of the upward or indirect ray and allowing it to reach distances undreamed of by the earth-bound and impeded direct ray. *The layer, however, reflects these waves only at night*; in the daytime the indirect or upward ray loses itself in the upper atmosphere, never to return.

The above explanation gives the reason for the interference experienced, or the clarity with which the signals are received, at night, from distant stations. To prevent the indirect ray interfering with other stations over the area of a continent, we have to choose a different channel or wavelength for every station in that continent. The difference must be a fixed amount (chosen at 10 kilocycles), and so, with the wave-band allocated, room for roughly 100 stations alone exists if no interference is to take place.

Possible Palliatives.

Below is given a list of possible methods of overcoming interference.

Firstly, we might challenge the statement that one hundred or so stations are not enough and ask for 103 stations for Europe, each of, say, 50 kilowatts. It can be proved that with the facilities given only about half the continent could be covered with good broadcasting, and then there could be no choice of programme.

The *second* palliative might be to work two stations on the same wave length and put up with some interference. This is a promising idea, and the B.B.C. have made quantitative investigation of the possibilities. We find:—

(1) If two stations work exactly on the same wavelength, and transmit different programmes, the strength of one has to be, at a given point, *one to two hundred* times as strong as the other in order that the one may give good service at that point.

(2) If two stations are exactly synchronized and transmit the *same* programme, then the strength of one has to be at a given point *five times* as strong as the other in order that one may give good service at that point.

The utmost importance is attached to these conclusions, which have been arrived at only after elaborate experiment and constant application to the theory of the subject. I believe the B.B.C. to be pioneers in this matter.

In order to grasp the implications imagine two stations, A and B, exactly synchronized to work on exactly the same wavelength. Imagine them to be about 100 miles apart. Very near station A it is obvious that relatively distant station B will have little effect—it will be so immeasurably weaker than A. Similarly, very near the transmitting area of station B, station A will be so weak that it will not interfere. As we investigate the service of station A at points nearer and nearer to B, we should expect the interference from B to become more and more pronounced—B getting stronger, A getting weaker. A point will come where B starts seriously to interfere with A. The actual empirical law established, a pure matter of quantities and fortuitous happenings is that so long as both stations are doing the same programme and so long as A is five times or more as strong as B at any place, so long will A give good quality service at that place. By implication, if B is more than five times as A at a point, then B will give good service at that point. But if the two stations do different programmes, then, to get good service at any point, one has to be *hundreds* of times stronger than the other.

The crux of the matter is, then, that, to get reasonable service out of two stations working exactly upon the same wavelength, they must transmit the same programme.

The *third suggestion* for overcoming interferences is to design a broadcasting station aerial which radiates only the ground wave and does not radiate upwards. If this could be done, obviously there can be no, or only a feeble, indirect ray to be bent down at night to interfere in places where it has no business. Unfortunately, however, the dimensions of the aerial for medium wave working, giving this performance, would be so unwieldy as to make its construction rather impractical. No actual experiments have, however, yet been done, but the B.B.C. hopes in time to be in possession of further data on this point.

Conclusion.

I have now made three suggestions as to how to minimize interference between broadcasting stations in any continent—1 the use of much fewer and higher-powered stations; 2 (a), sharing waves (with different programmes radiated), (b) sharing waves (with the same programme radiated); and 3, the design of non-upward radiating aerials.

While it is essential to concentrate on suggestion 1 to some extent, it is not a complete solution of the trouble; 3 appears impractical at present, and thus 2 (b) seems to offer the greatest hope for success in minimizing inevitable interference.

BOTH SIDES OF THE MICROPHONE

'St. Lubbock's Day.'

BANK HOLIDAY is with us again. This respite from carking care we owe to Sir John Lubbock (later, first Baron Avebury) who, in 1871, secured the passing of the Bank Holidays Act which dedicated the first Monday in August to the enjoyment of all good men and true who are partial to a sail round the harbour or an afternoon asleep in the 1s. 3d. seats at the Pierrots. This brilliant man, who was at once banker, naturalist, and philanthropist, was responsible also for the Early Closing Act (1904).

'Partial to a sail round the harbour.'

In the '70's Bank Holiday was popularly referred to as St. Lubbock's Day. Well, as I said before, Bank Holiday is with us again. For my own part, I have not yet determined what to do about it. Dogsbody, I hear from the milkman who calls twice a day, with gossip as well as milk, has taken rooms at Bognor. This will make it possible for me to spend a quiet week-end in the garden. But I may go to the seaside. If any of you are interested, you will recognize me by my long ginger moustache and my straw hat adorned with the club colours of the Walham Wanderers (for whom on Saturdays I throw a pretty dart).

A New Musical Show.

ON August 13 (5GB) and 15 (other stations) we are to be entertained with *Ma Mie Rosette*, an operetta by Paul Lacombe and Ivan Caryll. This light and tuneful work was performed over here in, I believe, 1892, at the Prince of Wales and Globe Theatres. But my theatrical memory is a comparatively short one, so please correct me if I am wrong. 'Ma Mie' is, of course, the early French form of 'Mon Amie'—translatable, perhaps, as 'my girl friend.' The story of the operetta is naively simple and conventional. Vincent and Rosette, working with the reapers in the fields, express their joy at the prospect of their marriage to-morrow. Enter, however, King Henry, who exercises over the innocent Rosette that fascination peculiar to kings in fairy-tales (was there ever a reaper's daughter who could resist the royal advances?). She visits the court while Vincent is away at the war. Vincent, returning, discovers the intrigue, challenges the King to a duel, and is promptly condemned to death. Does he die? Ah!

Alec Rowley and Albert Sammons.

A PIANOFORTE recital is to be given from London on Friday, August 17, by Alec Rowley, the young English composer and organist. He will play his own compositions. On the following evening, we are to hear Albert Sammons, our finest English violinist, in a recital of light and tuneful music.

'Wagner Night.'

THE Promenade Concert to be heard from London and Daventry on Monday, August 13, will, in accordance with 'Proms' tradition, be a Wagner night. The programme includes many popular excerpts from the operas (how strange to be able to write 'popular,' remembering that fifty years ago those same operas made even the highbrows gnash their teeth!). The Overture to *The Mastersingers*, *Tannhauser's Pilgrimage*, *Klingsor's Magic Garden*, the *Liebestod*, from *Tristan and Isolde*, *Siegfried's Journey to the Rhine*, and the Overture to *Rienzi*—also the *Siegfried Idyll*, that exquisite piece, based upon themes from the opera *Siegfried*, which was Wagner's birthday present to his wife following the birth of their son. A small orchestra was gathered by Hans Richter, the composer's friend and afterwards a very famous conductor, which collected in the early morning in the hall of Wagner's villa on Lake Lucerne. Conducted by Wagner himself, who sat on the stairs with his baton, the *Idyll* greeted the awakening of Cosima Wagner. It is a memorial of the happiest period of the composer's life. The soloists in the concert on August 13 will be Bella Baillie and Walter Widdop.

5GB 'Proms.'

NEXT week 5GB takes two 'Proms' from the Queen's Hall. On Thursday, August 16, a programme of well-known favourites, the only novelty being a new piano concerto by Alexandre Tansman. Tansman is a young Polish composer of twenty-eight, bold and modernist in style. His concerto will be played by Gerda Nette, who has given many broadcast recitals in the 'Foundations of Music' series. Last year she gave a long series of Handel Suites, and more recently a week of *partitas* by Bach. On Saturday, August 18, 5GB listeners will hear a popular programme, beginning with the *Merry Wives of Windsor* overture and ending with the overture to *William Tell*, with works by Elgar, Schumann, etc., sandwiched in between. The soloists on this occasion will be Harold Williams and Beatrice Harrison.

Chamber Music.

LONDON'S evening programme on Sunday, August 12, is to consist of a Chamber Music recital by the London Wind Quintet, a combination rarely broadcast—Richard Murchie (flute), Leon Goossens (oboe), Haydn Draper (clarinet), Aubrey Brain (horn), and Fred Wood (bassoon). Their programme will include a Quintet by Scarlatti, arranged by Greenbaum, Janacek's *Mladi* (in which they will be assisted by M. Draper on the bass clarinet) and Haydn's *Presto*. Stuart Wilson will sing songs by Brahms, Dowland and Purcell. This looks like a particularly delightful evening of delicate music.

Listeners' Letters.

OWING to pressure on space, we are not publishing this week our usual prize letters, which will, however, appear again next week. Hitherto this little competition has applied only to letters 'pro' and 'con.' B.B.C. programmes, etc., and has produced many very interesting expressions of opinion from listeners. From next week onward the prizes of a guinea will be awarded to the writers of the two most interesting letters on any subject connected with broadcasting. This will greatly widen the interest of our popular page of Listeners' Letters.

What About Television?

I HAVE received letters from several listeners asking when they may expect a Television service from the B.B.C. My best reply to this is to quote the B.B.C.'s recent official announcement on the subject: 'Various statements have been published in connection with the development of Television, and rumours are current of the part which the B.B.C. is likely to play. In order that listeners may not suffer disappointment by anticipating the possibility of seeing as well as hearing its performances, the B.B.C. wishes to make it plain that it has not so far been approached with apparatus of so practical a nature as, in the opinion of the Corporation, to make Television possible on a service basis. It should be noted that the Postmaster-General in replying to questions in the House of Commons, has indicated that, in the opinion of his officers, Television is still in the experimental stage, and that the time has not yet come to make arrangements for the provision of a public service. When the development of the science has reached the stage where some form of service which will benefit listeners may be guaranteed, the B.B.C. will be prepared, subject to the approval of the Postmaster-General, to co-operate in the matter.' Television, though, should not be confused with Telephotography; that is, the broadcasting of photographs, drawings, or diagrams as opposed to instantaneous motion pictures. It is possible that some form of experimental service of the latter nature may be adopted by the B.B.C. in the not very remote future.

Legal News.

I HAVE briefed Jimp, K.C., to defend me against the legal assaults of Dogsbody. So costly a move would never have occurred to me had it not been for my Aunt Agatha Lightfoot, who protested that 'she was not going to have the people at the boarding-house saying that a nephew of hers did not know how to go to law like a gentleman.' Yesterday I went with my solicitor, Mr. Malice (of Envy, Hatred and Malice, Lincoln's Inn) to consult with Jimp in his chambers. The

'I went to consult with Jimp, K.C.'

dust made me sneeze. The great advocate is rather like a giraffe to look at. Perhaps because of the very high collars he wears. At one point in our discussion he opened his brief-bag and a moth flew out. This discouraged me. But I am glad I have Jimp to help me, for today, as I was brushing the cat in my garden, Dogsbody looked over the wall and gave me a frightful look. He has something up his sleeve. Before I left Jimp's chambers, I asked, 'Are you by any chance related to a Miss Emily Jimp with whom I have had a one-sided correspondence?' 'Yes,' he said, 'she is a second cousin—but we never mention her.'

BOTH SIDES OF THE MICROPHONE

Midland Dogsbodies.

A DELIGHTFULLY vituperative letter has reached me from Handsworth, Birmingham. The writer aims at securing the Editor's weekly guinea for the best letter 'pro' or 'con' the programmes and policy of the B.B.C. Unfortunately, he does not qualify, for his vitriol is aimed not at the B.B.C., but at 'a collection of very, very loud-speakers to the right and to the left, in front and behind my suburban garden.' 'There was a time,' he writes, 'when I was fond of most opera music and would walk miles to hear it, but since

"Including grand opera"

having my senses deadened by a duet (or with the foreign Stations in play, a quartet), including grand and comic opera, jazz, etc., I should be glad to be deprived of opera altogether for the rest of my natural life. . . .' He suggests that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should tax outdoor loud-speakers according to horse power! My sympathies, 'R. H. R.' You have Dogsbodies, too, in Handsworth, it seems. But when *will* people learn to be considerate!

Anyway, I Was a Prophet.

A WEEK or so back I commended to the notice of the B.B.C. the new sport of Dirt Track Racing as being eminently the subject for a running commentary. I do not, however, claim credit for the insertion of such a commentary in the evening programmes for August 18. The idea had apparently been on the *tapis* for some weeks. The Relay will come from Stamford Bridge—which pleases me, for it is, as to speak, my 'home track,' where on Wednesdays and Saturdays I sit and gasp at the exploits of Art Pecher, Gus Kuhn, Roger Frogley and Sprouts Elders. For sheer nerve this racing has everything else of the kind beaten by a mile. There are accidents, of course—as is inevitable when motor-bicycles round hairpin bends at 40 miles an hour—but the leather-coated and crash-helmeted 'track champs' seem to survive them. Be sure to listen on the 18th!

Rumours in the Air.

THEY tell me, those who know, that a number of specially good vaudeville and dramatic programmes are in the air for August. For example, Albert de Courville is to follow Andre Charlot as a producer of a radio revue. He is to give us, on August 20, at 7.30, a short revue of rather less than an hour. Then, on the 25th, comes a second revue by the author and composers of *Fancy Meeting You!* It is entitled *Djinn—and Bitters*, which sounds as though a magic carpet will be one of the 'props.' On August 15, Rex Evans gives the third of his cheerful miniature cabarets, while on the 21st a dramatic 'thriller' by John Drinkwater, entitled *The Locked Chest*, comes into the programme. But these are the merest rumours, to be confirmed, amplified—or denied—next week.

The Late Tuning-Note.

THE tuning-note is dead. It had outlived its period of usefulness and so the engineers ordained its disappearance from the programmes. Its original purpose was to enable listeners to 'tune in' before the programme. This was very necessary in the days when sets were not as easily adjustable as today and programmes more intermittent. In earlier days the tuning note was a shrill squeal created by an oscillating valve. Very effective—but painful to the musical ear. This was succeeded by scales played on an automatic piano—a measure which was not very successful, so the squeal returned to action. A few weeks ago a second change was made to an octet of electrically-driven tuning-forks sounding simultaneously a chord in C Major—a charming sound like the engine of a giant plane.

Our Great Loss.

SELDOM can the death of a great woman have inspired such fine and sympathetic writing in the Press as the articles which, during the past weeks, have mourned Dame Ellen Terry. It is pleasant to think that the last public celebration in honour of the great actress was the programme with which, on February 27 last, the B.B.C. greeted her eightieth birthday. On that occasion—when members of the families of Terry, Irving, Forbes-Robertson, Compton and Thorndyke broadcast her favourite scenes from Shakespeare—she listened at her cottage, near Maidstone. Her death was a shock to us, for, though she was old, we had half thought her immortal.

"The Announcer"

A Further Instalment of a Favourite Feature.

Samuel Pepys, Listener.

By R. M. Freeman.

(Part-Author of the New Pepys' "Diary of the Great War," etc.)

July 12. Up very betimes and into my new faint grays, cool yet spruce, for visiting Brampton with our Sam. Pepys Clubb. My wife disabled from going by megrims through the heat, for which I am, God knows, as sorry as a man can be for his wife's megrims that save him 30s in carriage and other matters. So into Trafelgar Square, where stands our motor-coach, and away and come to Barnett, hence by Hatfield to Stevenage (where Grandfather Blomfield was 21 yrs Rector, a good man and thrice married, yet, God save us, thrown upon it); so on to Baldwick, Biggleswade, and Eaton Socon; the country hereabouts very rich with croppe, whose greys and yellows, of the otes and wheat, and deep greens, of the beans and potatoes, do make a most sweet checker of colours with the sun upon them.

Come, at length, to Huntingdon and here, at the Bridge House, ate lunch with lamb-chopp pye thereto, a (to me) new but very noble kind of pye that I came twice for, and cyder laced with gin (Uncle Peter Pepys's favourite drink, God rest him) to wash it down. In some twitter lest I chance upon Pall and Mr. Nubbins, but by Heaven's mercy did not, having noe desire to be seen by the Clubb with sister and Nubbins, in particular Nubbins.

To Pepys Farm to Mr. Drinkwater, the poet, that is the Clubb's tenant, he welcoming us with very good coffee and old brandy, and makes us free of his house to roam it as we will. But Lord! How rare a thing to see all as it was in our gt Saml's day, or as neare as the restoring architect could put it back thereto. With whom and with Mr. Drinkwater much infinite good discourse; yet some sorrow in knowing that we do still owe 800l for the renayrs, as Mr. Whiteley, the treasurer, takes care to inform us and prays God, very feelingly, I thought, that some of our gt Saml's many admirers shall soon come forward to wipe it out.

The garden flames with flowers, in particular with cabscholtzias, the finest both for bigness and colour that ever I did behold. Mr. Drinkwater lays all this to his wife, the pretty, curly lady that I last saw with the greatest possible pleasure, at Clothworkers' Hall, and had now hoped to see her again, but is alas! bespoak elsewhere, to my great discontent. A strange thing is nobody have ever an inkling of where do lie our gt Saml's missing gold pieces that he buried here in the Dutch Warr and 29 of them never then unearthed nor been found since.

So to Hinchingbroke to my Lord Sandwich, who himself conducts us over his noble mansioun and shows us all its historick treasures and reliques, pictures, books, furniture and other precious matters, a very galaxy of them, such as never, I believe, was gathered in one house before. Whereof, item by item, my lord did discourse to us most knowledgeably withal chattily, so as no man could have been at once more informing and less proasy, to mine infinite joy and satisfaction.

What, I think, pleased me most was my first Lord Sandwich's diary writ in his own hand, after this a Lilly picture of merrie Charles, handsomer in his black-avised way, than I had supposed him, hayr and mustachios tole-black, and a certain devil-may-care superciliousness in his black venereous eye.

Sitting over againat my lord at ten, he told me of Hinchingbroke's having first belonged to the Cromwells and of them purchast by the Montagues. They (the Cromwells) a mighty good old family, and the current tale, that Oliver's father was a brewer, a base *post-mortem* invention by his enemies; who, says my lord, did carry malice even to the pitch of forging into the Huntingdon registers a record of young Oliver's birching, as a boy, for miscomporting himself one Lord's Day in Church. See are the great ones of the earth ever made subject to the lying spites of little men, as I do know to my cost ever since I myself became of consequence.

Back to Town and here, by favour of The City Livery Clubb, supt pretty sumptuously at Paul's Chapter House, with 2 or 3 well-favoured wenches to wait on us and much good wine, wit and merrie discourse; in particular with Mr. Wheatley, our Secretary, and Mr. Wellard that is Rector of St Olave's and Mr. Whitear, who, in his late book, hath solved all the mysteries of our gt Saml's many kinfolk, most notably Aunt Kite (or Kight) that had heretofore stumpt all the commentators. What pleased me was Mr. Whiteley his saying from the chayr that he believes a talk about our gt Saml on the wireless by Mr. Drinkwater shd goe down extraordinaire well with the listening publique, and he means (with Mr. Drinkwater's leave) to write to the B.B.C. hereon. I shall make it my business to keep him to it. So ends this great joyous yet sweltering day, whereby, and by the added heat of the wine, I home cooked to an oyl allmost, but as merrie, I believe, as ever I was in my life.

Points of View.

Mr. Coventry in the following article makes an interesting contribution to the present controversy on the subject of ideal radio drama.

THERE are two sharply-divided opinions regarding the presentation of plays on the ether. Some listeners declare that they are bored and confused by them, and get tired of trying to follow the action. They are unable to distinguish one voice from another unless the speakers are of opposite sexes.

In the opposite camp are the listeners who delight in the radio plays. They put out the lights and listen intensively, enjoying themselves just as thoroughly as though they were in the theatre. They feel that what is lost in one sense is gained in another.

The people who hold that the radio drama is ineffective look at the matter from the wrong point of view. They expect it to take the place of the actual theatre. If they do make an effort to visualize what they hear, they try to see a stage, with actors and actresses disporting themselves thereon, and doors, R. L. and C. They are endeavouring to pretend a pretence, so it is small wonder that they are disappointed with the result. Probably these good folk are frequent and appreciative visitors to the theatre and cinema, but have allowed their imaginative powers to wax dim. A play is to them a play, and not a piece of somebody else's life—to which they have been admitted. And so when a radio sketch or play is announced, they do what a lot of other folk do when syncopated singers begin to drone their melancholy lays—switch off.

Those who love the radio plays will tell you that they see the characters and their surroundings clearly, not upon a stage, but in the room or scene where the action takes place. The rooms have doors and windows in their proper positions, and the characters sit around the fire or move about as they please, being free of the necessity of always speaking towards hundreds of people sitting in rows. If a scene takes place at sea, it is on a full-sized ship, surrounded by an expanse of heaving water, not upon an imitation section of deck, in front of a few yards of rail, with a portion of petrified sea beyond.

And herein lies the appeal of radio drama to those who understand its value. The listeners are for the nonce endowed with the gift of invisibility and instantaneous transport. The handsome men and lovely women are really handsome and lovely. The old people are really old, and not merely temporary Clarkson manufactures. There is no paint or make-up, and gestures are never over-done, because every character is exactly right.

Recently a third view has been put forward. We are told that we ought to be quite satisfied with the beautiful sounds made by the people who speak the parts, and that we should listen with lights on, as what appeals solely to the ear cannot possibly be interfered with by what is seen by the eye.

But it is difficult to see how a play, even if written in the most exquisite poetry and spoken through the voices of angels, is going to appeal solely to the ear. The listener *must* form a mental picture if the words are to have any meaning at all. Contrary to the general opinion, even blind people form vivid mental pictures of what they hear, even if they are not identical with those of normal folk. The writer knows a blind lady who, listening to an orchestra in a room by herself, was afraid to rise to cross the room when they had finished, *for fear she would trip over the instruments*. She declared afterwards that she saw the musicians get up and lay down their violins, etc., and go from the room. She laughed very much at herself, but she had succeeded in doing what many people would almost give their eyes to do.

And if beautiful sounds are all we need, do we not get them in instrumental music? But even in this case the composers are trying to make other people *see* something with the eye of the mind which they have already visualized themselves.

Some listeners are adopting an arrangement of geometrical lines and lights in order to hypnotize the radio audience into concentration, a quite unnecessary proceeding if the listeners possess the gift of imagination. Besides, the steady gazing at the central spot of light cannot be good, either for the nerves or the eyesight. Many people do not enjoy pitch darkness, but in the winter there is usually a fire, round which the audience gathers. There is a certain type of electric radiator which sheds a subdued orange glow over the room, with no visible lamps or wires, which is very productive of "atmosphere."

Radio drama has not yet reached its highest development, although it is well on the way. Actors and actresses must discard their ordinary stage tricks. Their voices must suggest the characters of physical appearances of the parts portrayed. They can get no help from wigs, paint, limelight, or gesture, if their tone and expression are inadequate. Listeners would like real old people and real children to be employed. They are extremely tired of hearing people past the age of fifty speaking in artificially cracked voices (after all, very few *really* old people have cracked voices!), and of those impossible children whose high-pitched squeaks would send any ordinary mother into hysterics.

The radio fantasies which used to be broadcast from Birmingham were on the right lines. They were poetical, and each had its own definite atmosphere. We want more of this sort of thing.

But in any case, the mental picture is inevitable, and can only be perfectly secured if physical vision is shut out. This is no more unreasonable than for father to insist that Tommy ceases to blow his trumpet while a Beethoven symphony is being broadcast.

DALE COVENTRY.

What the Other Listener Thinks.

Extracts from Letters received by the Editor from "Astyanax" and others.

SIR,—It is a common line of attack, followed by honest but mistaken lovers of music, to attack radio in general and the B.B.C. in particular for killing concerts. Why, they say, exasperatingly, should anyone bother to go out and sit in discomfort among other people's smoke and chocolate-paper-crackling, when they can sit at home and switch on ten bobs'-worth of melody a year?

The first—and rather flippant—reply is, of course, why not? But there is more to it than that, the truth being that the attack is based on a fallacy. Concerts were dying long before they had to compete with the B.B.C. A taste for music in the nation as a whole was definitely diminishing. It was a pity, but it was so. The B.B.C. saved the Queen's Hall and the Promenade Concerts. 'Only to kill all others in so doing!' is the retort.

That sounds specious enough. But again it is false. People have abused pianolas, gramophones, all kinds of mechanically reproducing musical instruments on precisely this ground. In each case they have, under the influence of a sudden irrational panic of fear of something new and obviously big with future possibilities, sworn that local music was being shamefully done to death. People were being incited to listen in disgusting comfort to second-rate reproductions of the real thing, and would quickly become reconciled to, and in fact unaware of, that second-rate, in preference to the first-rate, straight, as it were, from the mouths of French horn and trombone in the serene and rarefied atmosphere of a concert-hall! In fact, it was a sad and a bad, and possibly even a mad business.

But what has actually happened? The Jeremiahs continue to chant their dismal prophecies, but in actual practice we find that in reality gramophones, pianolas, and radio have combined to produce a revival of interest in music throughout the country. The more and better music people hear, the more they want to hear. If they hear and like it at second hand, they reach the most sensible conclusion that they will hear it better and like it more at first hand. And next time they get the chance they go to a concert. It is time that it was generally admitted that all music of any merit needs to be heard several times, and at any rate to be recognizably-enough known, before it can be properly appreciated. Most people have neither the time nor the money to visit concerts regularly and often. They must get their essential knowledge of music where they can—from radio or gramophone, or both. Then they will not go in vain, when they do find a concert offered to them, as it were, in the flesh, and can go to it.

However humiliating it may sound to the musical 'die-hard,' he owes a great debt to radio for the maintenance of strength shown lately in the condition of music.

'ASTYANAX.'

* * * *

I THINK that to the great army of mothers with young children and no one to relieve them for occasional 'evenings out,' the wireless is the greatest boon ever invented.—J. E., Lyndhurst, Co. Durham.

PROBABLY ninety per cent. of the grumbling of listeners who condemn the B.B.C. programmes is due to failure on their own part to understand when to listen. If a person were able to go motoring, for instance, every day in the week and every week in the year, instead of working, he or she would, in time, so loathe motoring as probably to desire never to see a motor-car again.—F. V. D., Bradford.

* * * *

MUSIC-LOVERS are constantly vociferous in their demand for music—and yet more music. But what of the listeners to whom music does not specially appeal?

Believe me, they for the most part live respectable lives; they pay their income tax, take their dogs for a walk in the evening (while the music is being broadcast), and come back sober, ready to switch on and listen to a good vaudeville, or debate, or whatever there is on the programme that *does* appeal to them.—J. S. C., Backford, nr. Chester.

* * * *

ENTHUSIASTS are vocal, and usually take the attitude of the famous tailors of Tooley Street—'We, the people of England.'

For one person who is thrown into ecstasies by the mere mention of tennis, 100 are frankly bored by the reiterated account of how X served and Z failed to get across, and at least twenty of these feel a pang of real disappointment when a whole afternoon and much of the evening is given to such accounts.—A. B. B., Shanklin.

(*Continued on page 250, column 3.*)

THE MAN WITH THE TWO BAGS

By

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

'MY first coroner's inquest,' Radford, the amateur, whispered to his companion, Detective Hewson, during a momentary pause in the proceedings.

'What do you think of it?'

'Miserably inadequate,' was the disappointed reply. 'It's the story of a murder told at second hand. No thrill about it—no sense of drama.'

The professional detective smiled. He, too, was a man of ideas.

'I'll tell you why that is,' he explained. 'It's because the human element is lacking. There's no criminal, there's no one you can look at in the dock, knowing that behind his nervous twitchings and wandering eyes lies full knowledge of the whole affair. We are rather ghouls, we students of crime. We like to see fear betraying itself, because fear—especially the fear of a slowly-approaching and awful death—is a tragedy in itself. This is just a record of events. It should give you something to think about, but it's your brain rather than your sense of the dramatic which is excited. It's like reading a play instead of seeing it acted.'

Without a doubt, the *entourage* of the small court room, the inquest itself, was a very insignificant affair compared with the tragedy which had preceded it. True, there was a little shudder in the Court when the jurymen filed back to their places, pale and shaken from their brief visit to view the body of the murdered man. Their discomposure, however, was brief lived and unelectric, and supplied the single thrill of the proceedings. The coroner himself, and the three witnesses, seemed never for a moment to rise to the horror of the situation. Miles Goschen, a septuagenarian, archæologist, scholar, and recluse, had been found lying upon the stairs of his small house at the end of one of the avenues between Hampstead and Golder's Green, his skull battered in by a tremendous blow, his house ransacked of its priceless collection of old Georgian silver. The doctor who had been summoned had nothing to say except that the blow had, without a doubt, been delivered with an iron banister rail which had obviously been for some time before loose in its socket and easily detached. A lean faced young man in a brown mackintosh had given the necessary evidence of identification, claiming the deceased as his uncle, whom he had not seen for over a fortnight. The third witness was the only one at all out of the common, and that was because he was wheeled into the Court in a chair, assisted to a seat in the witness box, and listened to questions by means of a trumpet. He was fragile, blue-eyed, and shrunken, and when he announced himself as eighty-one years of age and butler to the deceased, there was an almost incredulous murmur in the Court.

'What might be your age, Joyce?' the Coroner inquired.

'Eighty-one, sir.'

'And still in service!'

'I have been with he fifty-two years, sir,' the man replied. 'He couldn't do nowt without me.'

'And you heard nothing last Thursday night?'

Joyce shook his head.

'I be deaf, sir,' he confided, 'and I do sleep well. I sleep until Mrs. Adams—she be the charlady who comes in to do the work—wakes me and brings me a cup of tea at seven o'clock in the morning. Then I dress and take master his tea. He wouldn't have no woman near he.'

'You heard no sounds whatever in the night, then? You had no intimation that there were burglars in the house, that your master was in danger?'

'Not a sound, sir,' was the old man's sorrowful admission. 'I do sleep heavy, and afore I had this trumpet it would have taken an earthquake to wake me.'

That was all the evidence there was. The police had nothing to say. The jury, without leaving the box, brought in a verdict of 'Murder against some person or persons unknown,' and the little crowd melted away. Radford and his friend parted outside.

'Well, thanks very much for having brought me,' the former commented. 'I'll admit my first inquest was a disappointment to me, but I'm glad to have seen one all the same.'

The detective nodded.

'It wasn't much of a show,' he admitted. 'If old gentlemen like that will go and live in a neighbourhood which is only partially inhabited, without any protection and with a collection of valuable silver, it seems to me they are rather asking for it.'

'Have you any line on the murderer?' Radford inquired, curiously.

His companion pursed his lips.

'There are two men we're watching,' he confided, 'and a third who might be in it. The queer part is the weapon.'

'It seems a natural one enough,' Radford observed. 'Didn't the old man say it had been lying out of its socket for days, and some of the others were only just in their places?'

'That's true,' the detective assented. 'All the same, a man who commits murder generally has a slicker weapon than that up his sleeve. However, I think in a week from now we shall be able to tell you all about it. Shan't need to call upon you for help this time, I think, Mr. Radford.'

The two men smiled and shook hands. It transpired, however, that the detective was a little sanguine.

Radford, seated alone in his office after hours one evening about ten days later, paused, in the middle of the letter he was writing, to listen. There was, without a doubt, something stealthy,

'What are you doing, my man?' he piped out. 'Mind your own business—and get back to bed!' I tells him. 'You're safer there.'

almost sinister, in the sound of those slowly-mounting footsteps clearly audible through the half-opened door. It was an unusual hour for visitors, and an unusual thing for anyone to mount four flights of stone stairs with a perfectly well-regulated lift in being. These footsteps, however, were human and unmistakable. They reached the last flight but one, and still continued. Their soft pit-pat upon the hard floor, mysterious yet significant of purpose, awoke in Radford a sense, perhaps not of fear, but certainly of disquietude. He opened a drawer of the desk before which he was seated, and from its recesses placed ready to hand a light automatic pistol. Then he resumed his former attitude, only with a new element of tenseness. His eyes watched the crack in the door. . . .

The arriving visitor, however, displayed no obviously malevolent intentions. He knocked politely, and only entered at Radford's invitation. Then he came slowly into view, and the more Radford saw of him the more he felt inclined to smile at his vague uneasiness of a few minutes before. Finally, he presented himself *in toto*, a small, cadaverous man, neatly dressed in sober black, an apology even for existence in every gesture. The cautious footfall needed no further explanation. Holding his bowler hat in his hand, he bowed awkwardly.

'Mr. Radford, sir?'

'My name. What do you want with me?'

The new-comer looked round the room as though to be sure that it were empty. Then he closed the door behind him.

'A little matter of business, guv'nor.'

Radford glanced at the clock. It was after eight.

'A trifle past business hours, isn't it?' he suggested.

His prospective client coughed.

'In my job we are used to late hours, sir,' he confided. 'I saw your glim burning from the street, so I hoped I might find you here. I've been waiting some time. I don't care about crowds. I wanted to find you alone.'

'What is your job? Who are you, and what do you want?' Radford inquired, waving his visitor to a seat.

The latter coughed again, deposited his hat upon the ground and himself upon the edge of the chair.

'By profession, guv'nor,' he confessed, 'I am a burglar—a neat, scientific, and up-to-date burglar. I guarantee to open any safe of any make you put before me with my own tools and plenty of time. My name is Hyams—Len Hyams. The other part of your question I will answer when you've put my mind at ease upon one point.'

Radford stared for a moment in silence at his strange caller. The latter was not in the least a typical specimen of the profession to which he claimed to belong. But, on the other hand, notwithstanding his air of complete respectability, there was a curious expression about the eyes and mouth, a stealthiness of tone and manner which gave plausibility to his statement.

'Well, go ahead, Mr. Hyams,' Radford invited.

'I gather, sir, that you are a member of a firm of private 'tecs. You don't link up anyway with the cops?'

'Certainly not, and nowadays I work on my own. I am not connected with any firm.'

Mr. Hyams cleared his throat.

'I want to put it to you like this, guv'nor,' he explained. 'There are times when one of us who's out of luck has to consult with a lawyer. Take a man like Slim Bennett, now. You know Slim Bennett?'

'I know whom you mean,' Radford admitted, drily.

'Well, to a man like that you've got to make clean hog's-wash of it. You've got to tell the whole truth, and not round the corners. He's got to know whether you've done the job or whether the police are just trying to frame it on you. Unless you go straight he won't take it on. Very well, then. Whatever you tell him don't go outside the office. Get me, guv'nor?'

'I think so.'

'Then what about these four walls?'

Radford considered the point for a moment.

'Same thing, I should think,' he decided; 'at any rate, so far as regards an ordinary misdemeanour. If it were a crime—a serious affair, mind, like manslaughter or anything of that sort—I should refuse to accept a client's confidence. I wouldn't undertake to assist a client who pleaded guilty to burglary to escape detection, but if the confession of burglary were only part of the affair and I was engaged to help a client in its other developments, I should consider his confession as to the burglary privileged.'

'You've got me guessing, guv'nor.'

'I mean that I shouldn't peach,' Radford explained.

His visitor mused for a moment, twirling his hat around, and gazing at the maker's name inside. Then he looked suddenly up, and Radford surprised an expression in his eyes which for a moment startled him—an expression of strangely intensive terror. The man's fingers, too, were trembling. Fear was gripping his heart.

'You've read about the Forest Avenue job?'

'Stop!' Radford warned him. 'I was at the inquest. That wasn't a case of burglary; that was a case of murder.'

'Too late!' the little man faltered despairingly, with a queer twitching of the lips and drops of perspiration upon his forehead. 'It's up from my inside. It's upon my lips. I shall go mad if I don't speak. So 'elp me Gawd, I never touched the old man! The job was done after I left, but I done the burglary. I got the stuff now, curse it! If I'd known what was coming afterwards I'd have chucked it in the river.'

Radford looked across at his visitor incredulously. The Forest Avenue burglary and murder seemed to have become, on the lips of the public and in the pages of the newspapers, indissolubly connected. Many criminologists, including Radford himself, had spent hours trying to arrive at a solution of the crime. There was something manifestly improbable in this man's crude confession.

'I am afraid that sounds a bit thin,' he remarked. 'I'd just as soon you'd kept away from here with a tale like that. What on earth was the use of coming to me? What do you expect *me* to do?'

'Nab the murderer,' was the eager response. 'Someone killed the old josser. I didn't. See?'

Radford stroked his chin thoughtfully.

'You'd find it difficult to convince a jury of that,' he observed, 'so long as they knew as much as you've confessed to me.'

'Ain't that why I'm here?' the little man exclaimed, excitedly. 'Can't you see,' he went on, a quiver of fear in his tone, 'if I'm lagged for this, there isn't a soul who wouldn't believe that whilst I was on the job I didn't do the old man in? The police have got it on me good and hard because they know I was in that Burton Hill affair too, and they couldn't fix it on me. But, guv'nor, here we are, man to man together. You've got to believe me. I don't even carry a gun. I ain't got the pluck. I've been a sneak-thief and a sneak-burglar all my life. That's what I am. I never take on a job unless I've got my get-away certain.'

He paused to wipe the damp, unhealthy sweat from his forehead. A silent man by habit, fear had made him loquacious.

'I ain't never been afraid of being lagged before,' he confided. 'I've took my chance like the others, and if I'm jugged I've gone with a grin. This time I've got the 'orrors. I can't sleep, can't sit still, can't even take my beer. If I see a cop, my knees give.'

'If you didn't do the old man in, have you any idea who did?' Radford demanded. 'Remember, you've rather a thin tale to tell, unless there's something you're keeping back.'

'This is the whole truth, so 'elp me Gawd!' Hyams declared, feverishly. 'He came down the stairs just as I was filling the second bag. He was in his pyjamas and an overcoat, and he just opened the door and peeped in. I was going to make a dash for the window, when I saw that he hadn't a gun, and he was looking a darned sight more scared than I was. "What are you doing here, my man?" he piped out. "Mind your own business and get back to bed," I tells him. "You're safer there." "You're stealing my silver," he moaned like a child as is losing his playthings. I didn't make no answer to this, but I moved towards him; and for all he was an old gentleman, he legs it down the passage and up the stairs faster than I could go. That suits me all right. There warn't no telephone, and I guessed he was too scared to go shouting about for some time at any rate, so I just ups with my bags, closes the front door behind me and makes off down the avenue to where my mate was waiting at the corner with a taxi. When I read next morning that the old gentleman had been done in I couldn't believe my eyes. "Burglary and brutal murder," they called it. My Gawd!'

Radford leaned back in his chair and studied his visitor carefully. On the whole, improbable though his story was, he was inclined to consider, even to believe it. The *mise en scène* of that sordid drama became suddenly illuminated with dramatic possibilities. There was something thrilling in the thought of the rifled house, the old man shivering at the top of the stairs, and the

(*Continued — foot of page* 103.)

Nightmare News.

An Evening in the Studio. Illustrated by Aubrey Hammond.

I WAS listening alone the other evening, the wife having gone to the pictures with her sister, so I made myself jolly comfortable for once—armchair and all that—and settled down for a peaceful hour or so with my pipe.

As I listened to a symphony or sonata—

'Burglars removed her ladyship, obviously on account of the valuables attached to her person.'

whichever you call it—I was thinking things over at the same time. I always can think best when I'm listening. The music doesn't annoy *me* in the least, and my brain works even during a talk.

Well, as I said, I was sort of turning matters over in my mind, when I suddenly remembered that a chap at the office had given me a ticket for the B.B.C. studio that very evening. He couldn't go himself, as his grandmother had caught a chill in the neck, owing to having been shingled too deeply.

Pity I hadn't remembered it before, because I had always wanted to be at the microphone end of a transmission, so to speak, and I tried to persuade myself to turn out and leave the armchair and pipe to amuse each other. But I was ever so comfy where I was, and I argued the point mentally for quite a long time, until I finally did find myself at the B.B.C. place, and, after being taken up in a lift by the ticket collector, was pushed into a studio.

I spotted the Announcer at once. He was a weary looking chap, with a kind of hunted expression, so I went up to him and shook hands, so as to put him at his ease.

'Cheerio, old stick!' I said, 'how's the jolly old microphone today?'

He said, 'Hush, please, I'm just going to read the second General News.'

'Oh, do let me have a go at that,' I exclaimed. 'You're looking awfully fagged, and I'm sure a few minutes' rest wouldn't do you any harm.'

He seemed to think so too, and, anyway, I grabbed his bundle of papers, got in front of the mike (that's what they call it at Savoy Hill), and started off like a shot:—

'Dear ladies and gentlemen of the British Isles; this is the Second General News Bulletin, copyright by the Roosters, etc. *Weather Forecast:* Warm to cold in all districts. Some rain somewhere, but not all over the place.

'*Parliament:* The Postmaster-General, replying to a question in the House of Commons this afternoon, stated that two additional wireless licences had been issued during last month, and it was officially estimated that nine or ten more would be taken out before the end of the financial year. An improvement in the programmes of the B.B.C. might therefore possibly result at a fairly early date. Replying to a supplementary question, he stated that the grant of a bonus to licence-holders was under consideration.

'*Well-known Financier Robbed:* Burglars who entered the Aldgate town residence of Sir Moses Beauchamp-Cholmondeley-Marjoribanks, removed her ladyship, obviously on account of the valuables attached to her person. A two-ton lorry was used, which it is hoped to trace without great difficulty, so it is anticipated that the jewellery will shortly be restored to the widower, who is offering a reward for its return.

'*The Great Aeroplane Flight:* The British aeroplane that left Croydon on Monday *en route* for Miedzyrzecz has reached Vusikanpunki, after a forced landing at Hajduszoboszlo, and is expected to arrive at Kopyczynce tonight.

'*Motor Smash in West End:* Lord Binge, while returning at 3 a.m. this morning from the monthly meeting of the Little Lambs' Glee and Carol Club, was run into by a lamp-post, in the Bayswater district, his car being seriously damaged. A full description of the post is in the hands of the police, and Boy Scouts are assisting in the search. His lordship contemplates action against the local authority concerned.

'*New Wireless Discovery:* Research has been made into the problem of transmitting odour by wireless, and a recent test between New Bond Street and Billingsgate Market resulted in a successful exchange of nasal impressions. One or two proprietors of face-lifting and perfumery establishments in that street were heard to use most undesirable imprecations at a sudden demand for "chips," which they do not stock, while some dealers in the Market were offering fresh-caught Cologne Cod and Lavender Lobsters all alive-o!

'*American Programme:* In order further to improve international relations, a Programme from Daventry, 5GB, will be broadcast shortly by the staff and artists of a well-known U.S.A. Station. It will include a talk on "Pure Rhythm" by Professor Jasswell of Charleston, selections from the works of Gluck, Wagner and other composers of syncopated opera by the Hop-Scotch Military Dance Band, a household chat entitled "Kentucky Homes," by a Mammy, and a two-hour reading from the advertisement pages of the New York daily press. English-American dictionaries will be obtainable from the B.B.C. at 1s. 3d. (30 cents.) post free.

'*Sport—Cricket:* The Workhouse Wanderers beat the Bats in the Belfry at Ben Nevis by 161—0, the latter team declining to go to the wicket. A deputation will wait upon the Minister of Health to protest against the Wanderers being provided with bats at the cost of the ratepayers.

'In view of prevalent dissatisfaction at the method of deciding the County Championship on points, and at the number of unfinished matches, it has been agreed that cricket is an unsuitable means for such decision. After this season, therefore, the game of halma will be substituted and a definite system of scoring evolved. Matches will be played in public, as at present, and none will be spoiled by adverse weather conditions.

'*Tennis:* No play was possible at Wimbledon today, as Miss Susan Longley emerged unexpectedly from her retirement under the pavilion and attacked Miss Nettie Buttall with a racket. She also declared that the balls were not sufficiently round and threw most of them away. Serious disorder ensued and a detachment of the Royal Tank Corps was urgently summoned by telephone. Latest reports indicate that the situation is in hand.'

'Lord Binge was run into by a lamp-post in the Bayswater district, his car being seriously damaged.'

I had got as far as this when someone pulled my elbow. 'All right, old chap,' I said, 'I've almost finished.'

'It's nearly midnight,' she shouted at me, 'and you've gone to sleep with all the lights on. Come to bed at once!'

Well, I ask you——! C. R. W.

The Most Remarkable Story Published This Year.

THE FANTASTIC BATTLE—

The author of 'The Fantastic Battle' was yesterday unknown as a writer of fiction,

THE Journalist settled back comfortably into the corner of the big car. There was no possible doubt about it. . . . This was the way to see war—with every modern convenience provided. His eyes rested with satisfaction on the rugs, the thermos flasks, and the elaborately fitted luncheon-basket which formed part of the staff car's indispensable equipment. Lastly he glanced at the uniformed figure beside him. And, not for the first time, he blessed his luck in having formed a fast friendship sixteen years before with the man who was now chief Staff-Officer to the Army Commander. No other journalist had got, nor would get, a yard beyond the base of operations. It was the 'scoop' of a lifetime—and one strangely unattended so far by any special discomfort. Later, of course, there would be risks. . . .

In the other corner of the car the Staff-Officer seemed to be asleep. Beside the Journalist's thin face and quick eyes under a shabby felt hat the soldier looked huge; typically square-jawed; spruce, without being gaudy, with little strips of gold braid on cap and epaulettes; his bronzed cheeks shining with good living, perfect shaving, and the glow of the sunset towards which the car was heading at a high speed. And, while the Journalist looked what he was—an acute observer, keyed to high tension by the excitement of a great and novel experience—the Staff-Officer gave exactly the impression of a successful business man, proceeding decently and in order to his City office. In that perfect complacency was something of the superb.

In actual fact there was good cause for it. The road along which the car was travelling, ran straight as an arrow from east to west. It crossed a vast rolling plain, coloured a bloodless red by the miles of dusty beet-fields, cut into sections by white staring roads, bounded apparently by a horizon of mountains. Across this plain was advancing the army to which the soldier was Chief of Staff. War had been declared three days before. An organization prepared for years was functioning with the smooth perfection of a great machine. And this army, one of a group of five armies, was taking its predestined part in one great concerted movement of invasion.

As the car rushed on, its progress was heralded by the harsh, monotonous crying of its Klaxon horn. The Chief of Staff believed in keeping close contact with his advanced guards in the early stages of the campaign. So battalion after battalion, battery after battery, drew to the side of the road with a jingle, a clatter, and a suppressed mutter of oaths, to make way for the big grey roaring car and its rolling clouds of attendant dust. The Journalist's pulses quickened. He was a patriot and a man of imagination. And in the serried files of helmets and bayonets; in the lithe sinister guns, crouching like wild beasts behind their shields; in the lean, purposeful cavalry with their flagless lances; the groups of squat armoured cars, wagons, ambulances, and all the paraphernalia of modern war, thus moving remorselessly and steadily forward under the impulsion of a single will, he was conscious of something tremendous: something that might be evil, cruel, damnable; but at the same time was inevitably great, like Milton's 'Satan.'

Nor was it the panoply alone. The soldiers themselves were magnificent specimens of manhood—cheerful, smiling, trained to a hair. They rode or marched with a swing, and moved to words of command with a snap and precision that bore witness to the excellence of their drill and discipline. The car rolled onwards. And the Journalist, growing sleepy—he had been up since five, and the unrelenting sunlight wearied his eyes—slowly relaxed, till he was conscious of little beside a blur of faces and dust-coloured uniforms and movement; the smell of oil, and sweat, and horses; the jar and creaking of wheels; and now and then, with startling clarity, disconnected bursts of song from the marching battalions.

The brigade using the main road for their line of advance formed only one section of the army. Parallel, along other roads or crushing down the beet-fields, other brigades were moving in long columns, all alike dust-coloured, steel-tipped, flanked by horsemen, and supported by artillery. It was as if the tentacles of some prehistoric monster were sliding forward and onward, instinct with the lust to grasp, hold fast, and ultimately to destroy. . . .

The Staff-Officer sat up with a jerk. He glanced round keenly, taking in the relative positions and distances of the marching troops, picked up the speaking-tube, and spoke quietly through it to the chauffeur. The car slowed down. It was almost up to the head of the leading brigade on the road. Well ahead trotted the covering cavalry, and beyond them again the isolated scouts. The General was taking no chances. The opposition ahead was an unknown quantity. In the peculiar circumstance of this advance anything might happen—or nothing.

The sun by now was low in the west, sending long shadows, fantastically elongated and askew, over the grass. And against the gold and crimson glow at the horizon the Journalist saw the dull purple line in the far distance rising a little above the level of the plain. He touched his companion's arm, and pointed.

The Staff-Officer shrugged his shoulders, and laughed, diving a hand into an inner pocket for his cigarette-case.

'Thank the Lord we can go slow at last, and smoke!' he grunted. 'Yes, there are the mountains—and the frontier. It's hard luck on the General, you know. He's sick as a dog at getting that little neutral gravel-pit across his sector of advance. Bound to be trouble, whatever he does!'

'What *will* he do?' asked the newspaper man.

'Obey orders—go through, of course,' said the Staff-Officer, cupping his hands to shield his lighted match. 'What d'you expect? The whole country only holds about a hundred thousand people—it's a musical comedy state anyway—a practical joke! Half a dozen mountains and a railway-station!'

'Then what's the trouble?'

'You know that precious word "neutrality,"' the Staff-Officer went on; 'it goes to the heads of the smaller nations like drink—since Belgium! They all long secretly for the opportunity of martyrdom—and compensation!' he chuckled cynically.

'Besides,' he added, 'you pressmen encourage them. The General's right! They're a set of pure-minded agriculturalists with mediæval ideals! And, ten to one, they'll come out and try and fight us with scythes, or pot our scouts from behind their barns with shot-guns! Then we shall have to clean the place up—and be called bloody murderers for our pains! Don't I know it too?'

The Journalist did not reply; only looked away towards the mountains that lay like an insubstantial bar between the sunset and the advance of the army.

"Don't look so solemn, my lad,' said the soldier, and jabbed an elbow into his ribs. 'The cavalry cross the frontier tonight in any case. We're going ahead—you needn't be afraid of missing the fun! I only hope they'll have the sense to lie low. But with a set of lunatics who choose a poet for President, there's not much hope for common sense.'

He caught up the speaking-tube again and stopped the car.

'I'm going to stretch my legs for a minute. Coming?'

'Not just now,' said the Journalist abstractedly.

'You'll find some brandy in the pocket-flask over on your side,' grinned the Staff-Officer, opening the door of the car. 'So long—and don't frown too grimly at my "brutal and licentious soldiery." Most of them come straight from the blameless life of the suburbs.' He winked, and walked away.

'Of course—the Conference!' said the Journalist suddenly.

C. R. Burns' Legend of the World's Last Battle.

—THE STORY OF AN IDEA.

Today he comes into the limelight as creator of a strange and striking story.

II

It was ridiculous that he hadn't thought of it before. Somehow there had been so many other things to occupy his mind. . . . But now the Journalist remembered it all.

He filled a pipe meditatively; and, as he drew heavily at the match, and grey wreaths of smoke drifted pleasantly about his face, he felt himself back again in the great hall of the Disarmament Conference. . . .

It had been a long, dreary sitting. Another of the perpetually recurring discussions on Disarmament had reached its invariable deadlock. From his seat in the gallery, the Journalist looked down on the rows and rows of faces lining the long tables; all wearing their perfectly-correct diplomatic masks of well-bred, mildly bored, dispassionate aloofness. Only here and there the quick side-glances of narrowed eyes, fingers tapping or scribbling automatically on blotting-paper, a nervous hand twitching below a glossy cuff, betrayed humanity, with all the mutual distrust, apprehension, and dislike which any large gathering of humanity implies. The pressmen were bored; several of them read yellow-backed novels.

The Foreign Minister of one of the Great Powers reached the peroration of a speech that had lasted three hours—and that had said precisely nothing. He took off his pince-nez; wiped them carefully; sipped some water; sat down, and began to whisper to one of his admirals, who sat next to him with a contented smile on his pale thin lips.

The Journalist stretched his legs, and slipped his notebook into an inner pocket. All was over, bar the shouting—or rather the publication of the conclusions of the Conference; which amounted to exactly what everyone had known before its opening. Disarmament, in theory desirable, remained outside the pale of practical politics. He half rose to his feet, his mind already shifting towards the pleasing prospect of a long drink, and a longer sleep, when he realized that another figure had risen in the body of the Hall, and was standing among the representatives of the smaller nations at the back against the white marble wall. Behind him he heard a fellow pressman laugh. 'Oh, that chap! Mad as a hatter—but picturesque, eh?'

Mentally the Journalist agreed. He had sat down again wearily but automatically. He was conscientious about his jobs.

The Poet-President stood waiting for the Hall to recover silence and composure. He was a tall man, simply dressed in a frock-coat of rather shiny black broadcloth, and a soft white linen collar. His large hands and rather broad face were deeply tanned by wind and sun. He had black hair, worn rather long and curly, and a short-clipped Vandyck beard gave distinction to a massive jaw. But it was his eyes which gradually caught and gripped the attention of the Hall, which held perhaps the most hopelessly sophisticated audience in the world. They were dark brown eyes—very large, and widely set; strangely without expression. They held in their depths an infinite sincerity, an utter lack of passion, that was at the same time not inhuman.

Gradually the hall fell silent. The Poet-President lifted one hand impressively, and began to speak in a quiet, grave monotone of supreme conviction. Involuntarily, those who heard it thought of the sound of some deep-flowing brown country stream. . . .

'I am no politician,' he said. 'My country is the smallest in Europe. Its army can be numbered in hundreds almost. Your invitation to me to appear at this Conference is one of courtesy—one for which I am grateful, for it has given me the opportunity to speak what is in my mind. It is seldom, if ever, that my country can be of concern in the great international issues which you discuss. You are here upon the business of your agenda. You represent governments who know what they want; it is your affair to express their viewpoint. I, like my country, am an onlooker. It is therefore perhaps not unfitting that I should speak as an onlooker—who, to quote an English proverb, sees most of the game. I shall perhaps theorize. The word "theory" is poison to you, for it is "facts" on which you rely—though it would seem that the subject of this Conference were one which transcended mere facts—the tonnage of ships, the thickness of armour, the number of soldiers—and touched upon the limits of those larger considerations which men of affairs scornfully term "theories."'

He paused. During the brief silence his gaze never faltered to those around him. His utter lack of passion disarmed their laughter. For twenty days the Conference had continued. These were the first words which had not been dictated by passion or self-interest. The pressmen sat up and paid attention to the speaker.

He continued: 'Should I be voicing something that was not plain to you all if I were

'If it were possible for whole peoples to meet in conference, they who are "the world" for which you pretend to strive for peace'—he made a wide-embracing gesture—'if that were possible, something might be achieved. There is in the minds and hearts of common men a power which transcends that of metal, explosive and poisoned gas. The soul of man is good. It is you with your plottings and precautions which make it out to be evil. You yourselves are too cynical, too "civilized" to realize this greatest of all weapons against war. We who have lived simple lives among simple people know it. Its name is Love. Where the preservation of great navies and the strengthening of fortresses fail, the spirit of man shall succeed. The great will of peoples will one day find a rallying point and a voice—and in that day you and all that you contrive in cabinets and conference rooms will look hateful and reliable to those at home.'

'No sign of wire, trench or earthwork; not even a rope across the road'

to say that this Conference is a sham in which none of you are sufficiently uncynical to believe? "Disarmament" means Peace. Has one word that was truly pacific been spoken here? No. You fear, hate, distrust each other. Twenty days of argument have not succeeded in reducing by one tiny fraction the probability of ruinous war. Instead, you have weighed your forces, one against the other, unwilling to concede an inch for fear of—what?

'Peace never came yet from a stalemate of armaments. Machinery is a dangerous servant which may yet turn master. Though your powers seem so evenly matched that war would be a hopeless venture, a gun fired by mischance on any of your frontiers, a shell falling by accident on an unprotected cottage would throw you into a war which, by very virtue of this stalemate, would die from its first fine frenzy of sacrifice and patriotism to a bloody, indecisive, and ignoble struggle. It is useless for delegates to talk of Peace. They are directed by the ambitions which brought them to power and impregnated with the atmosphere of conquest and intrigue which surrounds them. If it were possible for whole peoples to meet in conference, they who are "the world" for which you pretend to strive for peace'—he made a wide-embracing gesture—'if that were possible, something might be achieved. There is in the minds and hearts of common men a power which transcends that of metal, explosive and poisoned gas. The soul of man is good. It is you with your plottings and precautions which make it out to be evil. You yourselves are too cynical, too "civilized" to realize this greatest of all weapons against war. We who have lived simple lives among simple people know it. Its name is Love. Where the preservation of great navies and the strengthening of fortresses fail, the spirit of man shall succeed. The great will of peoples will one day find a rallying point and a voice—and in that day you and all that you contrive in cabinets and conference rooms will look hateful and pitiable to those at home.'

He dropped his hand, picked up an old wide-brimmed felt hat from the floor beside his chair and walked out of the hall. For a moment silence was all that he left behind him. Then a mocking voice said something in French. There was uneasy laughter.

'Good speaker, you know,' admitted the pressman who had spoken before. 'But the stuff's as old as the hills. It just doesn't amount to anything. The soul of man is good—the great will of peoples—and so on. Everyone one knows hates war—particularly those who were in the last one. Then comes an ultimatum, the drums roll, the recruiting office opens—and the great will of peoples proves a regrettable disappointment!'

The Journalist rose hurriedly. After the deep, simple voice from the mountains, the rising bursts of cosmopolitan cynicism and laughter jarred. It sounded thin, trivial, altogether ridiculous. Yet truth and common-sense lay with the chatterers rather than the orator, of course the Poet-President was not normal, not a practical man. He admitted as much.

The Journalist walked out into the pale sunlight and picture-postcard atmosphere of the little Central European capital in a completely disgruntled frame of mind.

Sitting in the staff car and remembering it all—the Conference had met only the previous year—he saw again so clearly the broad, tanned face, and dark, lustrous eyes. Queer—that was the word—very queer indeed. He knocked out his pipe. 'I wonder what the deuce he will make of this,' he muttered, staring at the distant mountains.

The Staff-Officer reappeared on the step of the car.

'What on earth are you dreaming about, man?' he demanded. 'Wake up, and dig out that perfectly good brandy.'

The Journalist blinked and pulled himself together.

'I think I *could* do with a drink myself,' he said.

III

The Major commanding the cavalry advance-guard swore violently and picturesquely to himself. He cursed his superiors for giving him the tinpot job of leading in person the first patrol to cross the neutral frontier; he abused the orderly, who had brought his instructions, from habit; he damned the night for being moonless, starless, windless. Lastly, he swore at his horse for fidgeting, and his men for slowness in saddling up. It was a comprehensive and unedifying performance.

The Major was a man of middle age, with permanently bilious eyes, a leathery skin, and a square, solid body: a man with a grievance, who had never realized that the slowness of his promotion was due to his own lack of capacity. In his own eyes he made an ideal cavalry officer; for he rode hard, drank hard—was hard on his men and his horses alike. As a rule his men accepted his bad temper and bad language as part of the day's work. But tonight, as the patrol picked its way into the darkness, there were scowls on the grim faces of the troopers at his back. They knew themselves to be riding blind on an indefinable job. And they had no confidence in their commander. The combination is not a good one.

The road followed by the patrol was very different from the straight broad artery along which the staff-car had whirled the Journalist the previous day. It rose slowly through reddish foothills towards the frontier, dipping to rise again more steeply, winding in smooth curves and bending in sharp angles. Its surface was uneven, strewn with flints and loose stones, so that the plodding horses stumbled and clattered, their hoofs sending up volleys of tiny sparks against the darkness.

For a summer night it was dark beyond the ordinary—with a thick black darkness that seemed, like a fog, to flow in waves about the horses' ears, blanketing everything. Since sunset, great clouds had rolled up from the west to hide the early stars. There was no moon that week. And then the wind had dropped. The soldiers expected thunder, but none came. So that, in addition to the darkness the patrol was enveloped by the hot, thick silence which precedes a storm.

Ahead by fifty yards or so—no more or ill touch would have been lost—rode a sergeant and two men.

'Bart, that's what we are,' grumbled one of the troopers. He shared the Staff-Officer's view of the probable activities of the neutrals. A product of a good secondary school, he was well up in such subjects as Idealism and the Rights of Small Nations, and had a smattering of practical geography and strategy. 'Just a moving target for their toy-soldiers to shoot at,' he went on, to the sergeant beside him. 'Can't you see the headlines, sergeant? "Last stand of Gallant Mountaineers against Invading Bully." The papers'll eat it. We're for it all right!'

But the Sergeant was a veteran of sixteen years' service. 'Shut your mouth and keep your eyes skinned,' was his reply.

The cavalry had almost reached the top of the pass, where the line of the frontier crossed the road. The actual point was marked by a parti-coloured post and a couple of sentry-boxes.

The Sergeant tightened his chin-strap and pulled out his revolver.

'Just remember,' he said gruffly, 'we don't want no fireworks if we can help it. Trot!'

He shook his reins, touched his charger lightly with his spurs, and rode ahead. The two troopers followed. As the horses quickened their pace, they sent echoes ringing weirdly and loudly up between the invisible mountain walls on either hand. Every instant the invaders expected to find themselves facing spurts of flame from hidden rifles and the whine of bullets.

They did not come. Nothing moved on the road. Nothing sounded out of the gloom ahead. The Sergeant almost rode his horse cannoning into the frontier-post before he saw it. He pulled up and halted his men. There was no sound anywhere but the panting of the little group of men and horses, the clinking of their bits and stirrup-irons, and, from behind, the rattle of the main body of the patrol. The sentry-boxes were empty. There was no sign of wire, trench or earthwork; not even a rope across the road. Apparently the frontier lay open to the invasion.

The Sergeant dismounted and stared into the night. He was puzzled. But war is full of surprises, and the unexpected. . . .

'Report to the Major—,' he ordered.

The Major received the report with one of his choicer oaths. The thing was patently a trap. What was more, on such a night he was bound to walk into it, however wide open he kept his eyes. The Sergeant was an idiot! The Higher Command were fools! Nothing for it but to drive ahead—and the devil for a change could take the foremost.

Half-rising in his saddle, he called to his men to close up and follow him. When he reached the frontier-post he found the

'But neither he nor the more stolid Sergeant could avail against the Fear . . .'

Sergeant and his remaining trooper standing silently, their rems over their arms, chewing tobacco and spitting morosely into the road They had nothing further to report

The Major led on. The road began to dip again. He remembered, from a hasty glance at the map, that just beyond the frontier line a small valley lay between two mountain ridges. Into this valley the road now descended by an easy slope. But in the pitchy murk it seemed to the handful of horsemen as though they were dropping into a bottomless pit. Automatically their pace slackened, dropped to a walk. And suddenly the Major's big waler thrust back his ears and pulled up short

The Major used oaths, crop and spurs, in vain The horse reared jibbed passaged sideways all over the road. It would not go on Behind the other horses pressed together in a clumsy mass, snorting and stamping The men whispered and swore there was a queer interval—as though of suspended animation—and then that trooper [illegible] to the Sergeant managed to get his horse clear [illegible] sounded unearthly on men's nerves, that had been tautening slowly ever since they had started, snapped like fiddle-strings. Someone [illegible] at the Major's bridle. Someone else screamed out an order to retire. And the patrol wheeled and galloped frenziedly back up the slope it had just descended—the men sweating with terror of the unseen unknown; the horses in a lather of panic; the Major crimson, almost apoplectic with rage, and volleying curses.

The horse reared, jibbed, passaged sideways all over the road. It would not go on. . . . The men whispered and swore.

But neither he nor the more stolid Sergeant could avail against the Fear, till the frontier-post had been repassed

Perhaps an hour after the patrol had first violated neutral territory, the Chief of Staff drove up in his car, the Journalist beside him They found a group of sullen, semi-mutinous cavalrymen, standing sulkily at the heads of their sweating horses, with their commander walking up and down the road in an ecstasy of dumb fury. To the Staff-Officer's demand for an explanation the only coherent reply came from the Sergeant. Though coherent it was hardly illuminating. There had been something ahead of them. What it was they had no idea. They had not been opposed, nor fired on. But there had been something . . . some black, looming presence . . . . they had all felt it especially the horses

In the sergeant's opinion there was some sort of ambush laid for them

'Queer what even good troops will see at night' whispered the Staff-Officer to the Journalist

He got out of the car

'Ride back to the Officer Commanding the Armoured Car Squadron, he said curtly to the Sergeant. 'Ask him, with my compliments, to send me up two of his searchlight cars as soon as he can'

The Sergeant saluted, mounted, and cantered back into the night. As he disappeared a faint growl of thunder sounded in the distance and the peaks overhead stood out, immense, lowering, in black silhouette against a momentary flicker of summer lightning

IV

The arrival of the armoured cars relieved the curious tension which had gripped the advance-guard. Completely unaffected by the stony road, the darkness, or the possibility of a violent storm, the two steel-plated monsters lumbered their way up to the frontier-post. Halting just behind the staff car, they loomed malevolently through the murk like gigantic prehistoric toads, but the appearance from their bowels of two oil-smeared, but laughing subalterns in their shirt-sleeves changed their impression from the sinister to the muddy funny. The sullen troopers visibly and immediately recovered spirits and discipline. And even the horses, as if gladdened by the sight of objects materially distasteful, pricked up their ears, and began to paw the ground, and fidget instead of standing as before, quiet, drooping and sweating

The Staff-Officer snapped out a few brisk orders, and the advance was resumed. The armoured cars now led the way one on each side of the road, searchlights and machine-guns manned and ready In their wake jingled the cavalry, now cheery enough except for their Major. He rode between the armoured cars, solitary, shoulders hunched and black fury in his heart. Apart from the personal humiliation implied by his men's panicking, he now dreaded lest the advance might go forward and find nothing in its path His limited imagination could not extend to grasp anything more abstract or more distant than the possibility of a court martial on himself 'for misconduct in face of the enemy, later shown to be non-existent . . .'

He might have spared himself his anxieties The little column had not even reached the place where the patrol had turned tail an hour before when there came a single tremendous crash! Echoing between the mountain walls, the noise was terrifying in its suddenness. It might have been the explosion of a piece of artillery of the most powerful type and the Staff-Officer thought for an instant that the expected ambush the foreseen futile opposition, had materialized in the roar of cannon

Automatically the column halted. Silence fell again. The darkness remained inviolate. The Staff-Officer moved forward to the armoured cars, and found one of the subalterns sticking out a dishevelled head, peering into the night. 'I swear there's something ahead and across the road, sir,' he said. 'Some sort of obstacle—I got a glimpse of something—something black and solid against the flicker of lightning just before that thunderclap'

'I don't like it,' murmured the Staff Officer, half to himself. 'They must have heard us—why the deuce don't they start shooting? There's something queer about the whole show'

'Shall we light up, sir?' asked the Lieutenant eagerly. Even in the gloom the Staff-Officer could see the youngster's blue eyes glowing with suppressed excitement and anticipation. For a moment the thought darted across his mind that within five minutes those blue eyes might be glazed, and staring blindly at the invisible night sky

'Massed, silent and impassive, they had a curious, enigmatic power.'

But he prided himself on being a practical soldier, with enough common sense to control the imagination which had helped him in his profession more, perhaps, than he knew. He did not like the idea of giving away the position of his force by using his searchlights. But there seemed to be no alternative. If only there was a gleam of light anywhere, he thought irritably. And with that thought turned abruptly to order the armoured cars to swing their searchlight beams from end to end of the valley.

That order was never given. In a second it had become superfluous. There was no more thunder. But, as if in grimly sardonic reply to the Staff-Officer's prayer for light—there shone across the heavens at this moment a succession of lightning flashes: not the forked lightning of a winter storm, with its savage stabbing spears of fire, but the flickering waves of the summer lightning of North-Eastern Europe in July, when the sky flames from one horizon to another as though lighted by supernatural magnesium flares.

It was not only the sky that was thus suddenly ablaze. The night which had curtained the valley was rolled back. And all it held stood out sharply and weirdly under the waves of lightning. The breaking of the storm had checked the invading column's march. But the riving of the darkness stifled the order on the Staff-Officer's lips, widened the blue eyes of the subaltern of armoured cars, and stiffened the cavalry Major in his saddle.

Those three—and every man in the force behind them—saw stretched across the valley before them a great crowd of people; of men, women, and children. They stood very still, their faces drawn and haggard under the lightning fires. There must have been many thousands, for the gorge, though narrow, yawned more than a mile from wall to wall and their still figures stretched back in a sea of white faces as far as the soldiers could see. Massed in the unsteady light, shoulder to shoulder, silent and impassive, they had a curious enigmatic power. The Journalist felt it. He had seen great crowds before. At a time of industrial crisis at home, he had watched a mob of miners smash up a street of shops. The animal power of that violent mob had impressed him. But the power of this strange opposition was quite other. Not violent—but sure and undeniable. No one spoke. There was not a sound. They did not even sing, as crowds have sung since the dawn of history, to compel courage.

The Staff-Officer, incredulous, had whipped out his field-glasses and focused them on the throng of alternate light and shadow. When the lightning flared, he tried to pick out from the mass the faces of individuals. The task was strangely hard. In the uncertain light the tightly packed watchers seemed to lose identity; they were bereft of characteristic movement, absorbed into the infinite oneness of [illegible] which had sent the cavalry [illegible] heading pell-mell. Here and there, though, when the flames strengthened in their fury to white intensity he could distinguish a single face or figure—a peasant in an embroidered jacket, his pipe unlighted between tightened lips; a mechanic in soiled overalls, his face lean and oily; a young girl, bareheaded, in a gay frock, who might have stepped out from a dance-room this summer night in search of a kiss; a group of peasant women, bunched together, one with an infant at her white breast; an elderly man in a drab civil uniform; a young subaltern of cavalry in the splendour of epaulettes and braid; a grey-haired woman leaning on the arm of a young boy; a small strained fellow of the clerk or cashier class, staring steadily, impersonally over the shoulder of a street girl whose half-wet cheeks flamed with false colour.

Just these here and there. When he looked again, they would be gone and he could not find them. There were others, but as the lightning lived and died, they, too, vanished, absorbed, drowned in that deep sea of white faces and steady, emotionless eyes. It was as though, here, individuality had ceased to count—and he felt that the soldiers, who all around him shuffled and whispered, had less of the corporate purpose of an army than those others. In the face of this, the soldiers had become individuals, baffled, amused, scared, uneasy. But the other army below there showed no emotion.

As a soldier he had grown used to seeing men in the mass—battalion, regiment, brigade. Two days back, he had sat in his car and for ten hours on end watched the 'columns of four' swing by. But that force had possessed identity. Soldiers. Men some of whom he knew by sight. War was a game he understood. There were rules. If that valley had been honeycombed with trench-lines, blazing with Lewis gun-fire, he would have known what to do. But now——?

He handed the glasses to the Journalist. 'What—what are they?' he muttered.

The other scarcely needed to look. He knew. The words came ringing back into his mind. 'The Great Will of peoples will one day find a rallying point——'

'Doré!' he said. He was thinking of a book in his father's library in the capital—Dante's *Inferno*, with illustrations by Gustave Doré. The scene below him reminded him of those pictures of violent light and darkness—still white faces—shadows of human figures grotesquely elongated and misshapen by the rise and fall of the lightning.

'What *are* they?' the Staff-Officer repeated with anxious irritation.

'A people!' the Journalist said—and laughed—a sudden sharp sound which drew the faces of his little group towards him. Beyond that silent force of men, women and children, he was visioning a pair of wide-set brown eyes, a thin nervous hand gripping the brim of an old hat, and wondering whether somewhere down there was the man who, a year ago, had given his dispassionate warning to the Conference.

The cavalry Major was the first man to recover himself. 'And, now, sir——?' he demanded gruffly of the Staff Officer.

'What a gesture! What an idea! What a man!' the Journalist was muttering ecstatically in the background.

The Staff-Officer shrugged his shoulders abruptly.

'We must go on,' he said curtly.

The Major saluted, barked an order, rammed in his spurs, and charged straight down the road at the centre of the silent crowd. The Sergeant rode at his elbow, the troopers behind him. After all, now they could see where they were going—and these lunatics would be bound to get out of the way at the last moment—they always did.

But the lunatics did not. The crowd did not even sway. It stood like a rock. The cavalry who had started at a gallop, dropped to a canter, finally to a walk. Even the Major reined in, and rising in his stirrups, bawled out:

'Make way, you fools! Make way, damn you, or be ridden over!'

The Major wheeled his charger, rode back some fifteen yards, swung the horse round again, and drove as though at a fence in a steeplechase. The charger would not face the steady line of motionless bodies. It reared back, pawing madly with its fore-legs. The Major lashed it frenziedly; then, losing all control, he ripped out his heavy cavalry sword and whirled it above his head to hack his way through. Almost under the menace of the iron-shod hoofs stood a woman, a shawl over her head, a child in the crook of her arm. She stood like a statue of the Virgin in the presence of embattled Satan. The Major's sword had begun its descent, when, with a sudden oath, the Sergeant behind him flashed out his sword, and drove it almost to the hilt in his officer's side.

The Major reeled and crashed to the ground. And for the second time that night the troopers of a famous regiment ran like raw recruits.

The Staff-Officer watched them straggling back, a very grim look on his face.

Then he walked down the road alone and, standing beside the dead body of the Major, demanded a passage for the army. His tone faltered, for he did not know whom he was addressing, and the quiet level eyes of those people were very near to him.

An elderly man with stiff grey hair and a beard stepped out of the crowd. 'I am a Senator of the state,' he said, simply. 'You will take my word that not a man here is armed. As a professional soldier, you may sneer at that; you may think our action cowardly, that by our apparent helplessness we are appealing to the mercy of your men. But we are not helpless, sir. Our bodies are not the barrier which we oppose to you. You have guns up there on the mountain which in a minute could wipe them out of existence. You saw just now the failure of an attack upon us. I firmly believe that all such attacks must fail. It is not with our bodies that we bar your way but with our minds—not in defence of our country but of an Idea. We are a people who have had time to think. We have realized the folly and futility of war. This is the first occasion

"'What holds them there?' 'God knows!' 'Perhaps He does.'"

in the history of mankind that a hundred thousand people, who believe in the peaceful brotherhood of all men, have gathered together in the strength of that Idea. The human body may break before gunfire. The human mind is unbreakable.

At the conclusion of those few earnestly spoken words the Senator stepped back into the front rank, and his grey eyes joined those of the others in their calm and penetrating gaze.

The Staff-Officer lifted a hand with a cramped, baffled gesture, turned on his heel and walked slowly back to his men, his spurs clinking as he walked.

'But what are you going to do?' gasped the Journalist, excitedly, as he got back into the car.

The Staff-Officer did not reply directly but beckoned to a motor-cyclist orderly.

'Find the Army Commander, and tell him I must see him at once. Let me know the *rendezvous*,' he said.

Then he turned to the cluster of staring officers who had collected about the car, waiting for orders.

'Till further orders the advance guard will fall back to the frontier,' he said, and dropped back quickly into the corner of the big car.

As the car backed and turned the dark spaces between the flashing flashes began to lengthen. And the night closed down once more inexorably upon the baffled invaders as, for the second time, they retraced their weary march between the lowering hills.

. . . . stretched across the valley before them a great crowd of people: of men, women and children. They stood very still, their faces drawn and haggard under the lightning flash.

V

The discussion had raged for three hours. Outside the windows of the little farm-house where the Army Commander had established his temporary headquarters, the storm had passed. Many stars now burned in a clear sky. And beneath their cold radiance the mountain-peaks stood up in faint silhouette.

Under the smoky rafters the group of officers sat huddled round a rough stained table, on which smoked a single oil lamp. The small yellow flame wavered and flickered, throwing an unsteady, unhealthy light on the faces. All were strained and tired. All were shadowed under the eyes and stubbly about the jaw. They sat or sprawled on the hard upright chairs and spoke in nervous, jerky sentences. They were for the most part weary, sleepy, dirty. At the moment they disliked each other most heartily.

. . . . The air had grown chilly with the approach of dawn and someone had set a match to a heap of paper and logs on the wide old-fashioned hearth. On the table in front of the General lay a carelessly re-rolled map, and beside it a bottle of whisky, some glasses, and a box of cigars.

The Chief of Staff looked round the circle with the suspicion of a sardonic grin. He himself sat stiffly erect—boots, belt, buttons, all gleaming in the firelight—a picture of martial efficiency, except that his face was dirty. His eyes were alert, his mind as keen as it had been all day. He was a comparatively young man and had originally been a sapper. But the rest of the Council of War presented an unimpressive spectacle. An elderly Brigadier was frankly asleep, his head propped on his hand. Another had passed his hand back to the back of his head till he looked like a weary, quizzical comedian. The Quartermaster-General was picking his teeth with a match. The others stared drearily in front of them, smoking and drinking, and occasionally cursing quietly.

'It will be dawn in an hour,' said the Chief of Staff. 'I must remind you, gentlemen, that we have reached no decision!'

'Decision be damned!' rapped out a red-faced old cavalryman with a narrow forehead and hard blue eyes. 'Are we to lose the campaign on account of a few hundred interfering civilians? Why, in Heaven's name, you didn't go through them there and then——' he broke off, staring at the Chief of Staff.

'I was there!' said the latter, curtly, 'and you weren't!'

The General lifted a thin, delicate hand. 'It must be a question of relative expediency,' he said, in a pleasantly cultivated voice. 'Is it better for us to go on or not?'

'I don't understand you, sir!' snapped the old cavalry general. 'Our aim is to get at the enemy. This collection of—er—play-acting neutrals is in the way. We *must* go on!'

'There is the question of the effect upon world opinion,' murmured the Army Commander.

'And home opinion,' added the Chief of Staff.

'Why the devil couldn't they have taken their cue from the Belgians and fought us like gentlemen?' asked an exasperated voice from the corner.

'They may have preferred common sense to gentility!' said the Chief of Staff, sarcastically. 'Tempers were wearing thin. 'Are any of you,' he continued, 'prepared to shoulder the responsibility of massacring in cold blood some thousands of people? It's no good blinking the fact. There it is. That's what you must do if you want to go on. And, in my opinion, you'll bring half Europe in against us if you do it—if you *can* do it! It is just the sort of excuse which several of our dear friends are waiting for!'

'What holds them there?' asked an artilleryman, angrily.

'God knows!'

'Perhaps He does!' said the Chief of Staff, and there was an almost ashamed sincerity in his tone.

'What do you mean?' asked the General, coming forward with a quiet, almost academic interest.

The Staff-Officer shrugged his shoulders and looked away into the fire.

'It is a fantastic situation certainly,' said the General, contemplating the tips of his slim fingers. 'I confess that, myself, I am at a loss for a decision. After all, if we don't press the advance our whole plan of campaign is ruined. It's no use blinking that fact either.'

'I suppose that long-haired poet feller is at the back of it!' grumbled one of the infantry brigadiers. 'Turning the other cheek—ye gods! I suppose he runs his tinpot country literally according to the Commandments!'

'While we,' put in the Chief of Staff,

"'But in this war nothing is forthcoming. We remain averagely decent.'"

'I prefer at the moment to run ours literally according to the King's Regulations! It's comforting to think we're all fools together!

Gentlemen, gentlemen!' protested the General.

The choleric cavalryman stood up abruptly with a clatter of sword and spurs. 'We're just shirking the issue, sir—if I may say so. We've got to do something. Give me the armoured car squadron and I'll lead the advance. I'll tackle the responsibility!'

He glared at the Chief of Staff. The latter smiled. 'By all means,' he said. 'I admire your pluck—for this thing has me beat. However, I suggest one condition—that the General stipulates that you explain clearly to the troops what you propose doing. The discipline of the army won't stand another fiasco like last night's!'

The General nodded.

'Oh, have it your own silly way!' barked the cavalryman.

He dragged the door open and went noisily out.

The General lighted a fresh cigar and blew smoke luxuriously through his nostrils. The others stared ruefully at each other. The Chief of Staff shook his head and laughed once—a short mirthless laugh of very complete cynicism.

'You mean that the men won't march if they know?' asked the General.

The Staff Officer threw one knee impatiently across the other.

'Let's face it!' he said, seriously. 'They've got us beat. Of course, our men won't march to shoot down a crowd in cold blood. Would you? There's no stimulant. Our fellows aren't drunk or drugged, or angry. They've not seen their comrades shot down besides them. They haven't even the excitement of the other side running away. Those people down there don't give a damn for all our batteries and brigades. They simply stand still. And we can't stop them standing still—that's a plain fact. It takes a good deal to displace the decency of the average man to the point of making him kill. War, as a rule, provides a good deal. But in this war, *nothing* is forthcoming. We remain averagely decent.' He paused—and in his eyes flickered uncertainly the puzzlement of the ample-minded man in face of something he cannot entirely fathom. 'But there's more to it than that, sir. I was down there—and I felt it. It isn't just negative—the absence of something. It's positive—a presence.'

There was a short pause. Then: 'You may be right, my dear fellow!' said the General, thoughtfully. 'These cigars might be worse.'

'But look here—I say,' stammered the gunner over the rim of his glass, 'I say, this makes war impossible!'

The lips of the Chief of Staff twisted in a sneer. 'Yes, ghastly, isn't it? Our job gone down the drain!'

Followed another uncomfortable pause—and then a voice said suddenly: 'I don't hear the cars starting—wonder what's really happening!'

As if in reply there came from the passage outside the sharp sound of the sentry challenging, and the tramp of heavy boots. A motor-cyclist dispatch rider lurched into the room and saluted. He stood swaying a little on his feet, covered with dust from head to foot, his face grey with fatigue. He put a buff envelope on the table, saluted again, turned on his heel and staggered out.

No one paid any attention to his going. The Chief of Staff was staring at the envelope which the General was turning over and over between his fingers. The eyes of the rest of the group were fixed on the cavalry general who brushed past the dispatch rider in the doorway.

The eyes of the rest of the group were fixed on the cavalry general who brushed past the dispatch rider in the doorway

He walked in slowly, his shoulders bowed, his lips white and working, and sat down heavily in the nearest chair. What had happened at the parade of the armoured cars was written on his face. He looked ten years older than his sixty—a man whose whole world had fallen suddenly to pieces. 'I can't believe it!' he said. 'I can't believe it!' He repeated the words dully, then his voice became taut and shrill. 'They simply did *nothing*!' he cried—and buried his face in his hands.

Everyone in the room became acutely conscious of the sound of tearing paper as the Army Commander slit the envelope deliberately with his thumb. The gunner poured a stiff whisky-and-soda and placed the glass at the cavalryman's elbow. 'Try this!' he said—and added, conversationally: 'Wonder what's been happening to our other chaps!'

The General looked up. 'I can tell you that!' he said, calmly, tapping the paper with his hand. 'This dispatch comes from Third Army. The enemy on their left flank tried to violate neutral territory yesterday evening. They are still on the frontier like—like ourselves. That settles it, gentlemen. We may as well withdraw.'

The Chief of Staff rose to his feet. 'Very good, sir,' he said, briskly, and looked round the circle of hunched-up, puzzled officers contemplatingly, dazedly the death of their occupation.

'The last decisive battle of the world!' he murmured—and went quietly out.

VI

The dawn was grey and quiet, for in that mountain country there were no birds to announce daybreak with their chatter. A distant rumble of wheels along the pass spoke of the retirement of the army.

The grey staff car ran noiselessly down hill. In the tonneau sat the Journalist, the Chief of Staff—and the old cavalry general, who, since the fiasco of an hour before, had clung to them—as though for support in his crisis.

The idea of returning for a last glimpse of the valley was the Journalist's. This had been the greatest, greatest night of his life. The training of a newspaper man told him instinctively that 'story' would not be complete unless he went back to see for himself, by daylight, the camp of the enemy who had sent a hundred thousand soldiers, like the King of France in the nursery jingle, up the hill and down again.

He was young and he had achieved, by sheer fortune, the greatest 'scoop' ever afforded a war correspondent.

A turn of the mountain road brought them in view of the valley. In the grey misty dawn of a hot day the floor of it was visible. The car slithered to a standstill and the Journalist, standing between his companions, could plainly see that great force of people who had now a reality which by the uncertain flicker of the lightning had been wanting.

The formation of those heterogeneous ranks was not as impressively solid as it had been. These were men, not machines, and a long night of unaccustomed sentry-duty had tired some of them. On either side of the road, like swathes of corn beaten flat by the wind, they had fallen and lay asleep on the turfy banks. Here and there many still stood, grouped together as though in some way it helped them to defy weariness. To the fore, stiffly at attention, was the elderly Senator who had acted as spokesman. A few yards from him, grotesquely twisted as a broken toy, sprawled the body of the cavalry Major.

Even as the Journalist watched, the sun, topping a low spur of the hills behind him, flooded the valley. The scene was clearer now. He could see that many of the faces down there bore a mysterious smile. Beyond

(Continued at foot of opposite page.)

How to Make People Laugh.

An Outburst by Tommy Handley, the Radio Comedian

THIS paper, *The Radio Times*, I understand, the official organ of the B.B.C., and in that organ I have been asked to play a solo, one of those descriptive pieces beloved by organ-grinders — er — organizers — or whatever organ players are called. I have been requested to describe how I set out to make listeners laugh and what sort of humour draws the greatest appreciation from them, and, at the risk of giving away stable—I mean studio—secrets, I am going to try and tell you how I endeavour to tickle the ears and agitate the ribs of my unseen audience.

"I am not going to anticipate either television or tele-to-the-marines by describing what I look like before the microphone, what I wear, or what contortions I indulge in during my frequent visits to Savoy Hill. I am going to examine the question from two angles: first, the provision of laughter-provoking material, and, secondly the most successful method of getting it across the ether.

The listener's idea of what constitutes humour may be entirely at variance with that of the entertainer

Now, it may be taken for granted that if a listener tunes in at the moment Professor Pickleberry is talking of Cucumber Culture in Central Colorado, and continues to listen, he must be interested in cucumbers and his views on the culture of cucumbers will probably coincide with those of the Professor. But should a comedian be occupying the ether, the listener's idea of what constitutes humour may be, and often is, entirely at variance with that of the entertainer. One man's mirth is another man's poison, and a comedian has to try and strike a note of humour which will evoke hilarity in hundreds and thousands of people whose ideas of fun are widely different. Again, he can only use his material a very limited number of times, rarely more than twice, unless by special request. I have constantly to search for new subjects, and although I have been broadcasting now for over three years, I never feel happy in front of the microphone unless I am introducing something entirely new. The choice of material is, of course, extremely restricted: many everyday happenings, the foibles of politicians, the advertisement columns of the newspapers, many tried and trusted sources of inspiration for comedians are closed against the broadcaster, and it is a well-recognized fact that many of the songs and much of the patter which cause paroxysms of mirth in the music-hall or theatre fail utterly to amuse the listener at home.

Nevertheless, there still remain a few subjects of which fun may be made. For instance, every listener knows (or thinks he knows!) a great deal about wireless equipment; he will discuss radio dynamics for hours on end, and loves to add new gadgets to his set at every opportunity. Therefore he is always receptive to jokes about his pet hobby, and all its latest developments: if jokes grow whiskers, millions of gags must by now have grown cat's whiskers.

Listeners, too, are interested in the *personnel* of the B.B.C., hence the Announcer is a constant figure of fun to all outside the studio; within that grim chamber the Announcers must be taken seriously! I have found also that the public enjoy good-humoured skits on the more serious educational features of the programmes, and I have even had the impertinence to discourse on such subjects as voice culture, music, and dietetics. In this connection I might mention that Sir Henry Walford Davies did me the honour of mentioning my ridiculous remarks on music in one of his ever-popular talks a few weeks ago, and a quip of mine regarding a method of decarbonizing the tonsils attracted the attention of one of the motor journals.

Domestic humour is also greatly appreciated, for the listener is generally a home-lover. At one time we were told to "buy a billiard table and keep the boys at home." Now we buy a valve set and everyone stays at home! Mother enjoys ridiculous recipes such as how to make a tea-cosy out of a yard of tripe; and father, a keen gardener and allotment-eer, likes to be told how to make sprouts sprout and how to turn broad beans into vegetable marrows. Sport, likewise, provides plenteous opportunities for fun-making, one's favourite sport is usually taken seriously, and the comedian who refuses to take it seriously and endeavours to brighten it up by introducing far-fetched improvements is sure of an appreciative audience.

Here, then, are three of the many sources of material which have proved popular, and there remains the all-important question of getting it over the ether. It must be realized that in the studio the comedian is deprived of all adventitious aids: his facial expressions, comic gestures, and eccentric make-up are all useless. It is of inestimable advantage if he has a "comic" voice—a voice that is recognizable to every listener as soon as he claps on his ear-phones or turns on his loud speaker. I endeavour to employ every trick of vocal gymnastics, of inflection, and of mis-pronunciation of which I am capable, and I am always learning new ones!

One of the greatest difficulties with which I am faced is to obtain songs suitable for broadcasting. Few great comic songs seem to be written nowadays, and the listener soon tires of even the best examples of the song-writer's art. Broadcasting is a marvellous method of popularizing a song, and nothing pleases me more than to receive requests to "sing it again."

To sum up, a constant supply of suitable material, the employment of every device of vocal acrobatics, and a careful study of radio technique help me to succeed in making people laugh. Briefly, it all amounts to a method of successful "codding"—piscatorially speaking, of course!

(Continued from page 190.)

the senator a woman lay, one hand over her eyes. In the crook of her arm a child slumbered. The daylight strengthened. The staff car must have been plain to the watchers, but no one moved or waved a hand in greeting. The Staff-Officer was again conscious of the great power that flowed from these people. There was in that sunlit, silent valley the overwhelming power of peace and beauty. Those distant pastures which he could glimpse between the standing figures, the pure hyacinth-blue of the dawn sky, the trusting grace of the sleepers and the smiling immobility of those who were still awake, moved him so that he felt tears in his eyes and a tightening in his throat. An emotion stronger even than the pride which the efficiency and strength of his army had once awakened in him.

He touched the arm of the cavalry general. "Look!" he said.

The general, slumped in the corner of the car, did not answer. The Staff-Officer murmured an order to the driver. The car snorted into reverse, backed and swung round. Before the Journalist could turn again for a last glance at the unforgetable, it had rounded the bend and was droning on its long climb uphill.

Wanted—
A Balieff of Broadcasting.

Though you may never have heard of Nikita Balieff, the smiling genius of the *Chauve Souris*, you will be interested in this article by Victor France. Mr. France is one of the many clever and provocative writers who are keenly interested in Broadcasting.

THE title of this article will mean nothing to those of us who have not seen or heard talk of—the little *Chauve Souris* company of exiled Russians which has from time to time filled the theatres of London, Paris, Berlin, and New York. *Chauve Souris* is the French for 'bat'; a bat with wings outspread is the trade mark of these strolling players.

The genius of the troupe is Nikita Balieff. A great deal of his work is unseen by his audiences. He is the producer of the show. This function, though, is only a part of Balieff's work. To the audiences with whom he is so popular he is announcer rather than producer. There have been greater producers, but Balieff is the supreme announcer. Without his appearance between the disconnected scenes of his entertainment it is doubtful whether the *Chauve Souris* could have established its hold over popular audiences in almost every country.

Imagine an evening with the *Chauve Souris!* The programme of, maybe, eighteen items, is slight in the extreme. The majority of the numbers consist of old Russian songs, sung against a setting of great simplicity. There is little movement to entertain the eye. The words, except to those who know Russian, are unintelligible. To an audience schooled in 'crime' plays and 'snappy' revues these scattered trifles would seem slow—were it not for Nikita Balieff! Between each scene, the front curtains part and there appears a fat man in evening dress with a face as round as a full moon and a smile as broad as a slice of cantaloup. He stands there for a minute or so, describing the item to come, flashing in some topical thrust—or, perhaps, merely comically silent. He keeps the audience attentive to his show—and eagerly expectant of his next appearance. He weaves the scattered items into a whole. He makes the 'house' feel, 'Well, if he likes this sort of thing and is amused (or touched) by it, it really *must* be worth hearing!' He is as much an announcer as are our friends of the B.B.C.

The B.B.C. announcer of today tends to resemble in his function a clearly and artistically printed programme. He gives the facts—and has won for good speaking the same sort of allegiance that a universally read programme might win for good printing. Thereby he has succeeded in creating a good deal of 'goodwill' for broadcasting. But whereas he is the printing, Balieff is the matter printed—and I think it is not over-statement to claim that literature is a more important art than typography, just as the thing said is more important than the way in which it is said.

I, for one, have always felt a trifle repelled by the radio announcer's extreme 'impersonality.' He knows the time-table as accurately as Mr. Bradshaw. When he says, 'S.B. from Plymouth' it is with the same chilly infallibility as Mr. Bradshaw writes 'Restaurant Car—Saturdays only.' But just as one would not choose the railway time-table for enthralling holiday reading, so also one would not seek in the announcer's voice to find any of the thrill which lies in this extremely human business of broadcasting. His words have a 'chill' to them. They do not rouse us. Whereas with M. Balieff, his own enthusiasm grips and interests us.

M. NIKITA BALIEFF.

The evening's programme is made up of a variety of items—a talk on machinery—a military band concert—the weather—the news—reminiscences of Mr. Gladstone—a revue—dance music. Some link between these things is wanted. The programme is one show—not a succession of shows. Many people sit down to listen for the evening. The programme is a sort of super-revue, compounded of everything that amuses. Give us a radio Balieff—a super announcer who will say 'Come and listen!' who will reveal in flashes of wisdom and humour a human enthusiasm or coolness towards the ingredients of the show.

A recent letter to *The Radio Times* complained of the 'tutorial' tones of the announcer. The writer of this did not, I feel sure, mean 'tutorial'—for the B.B.C. has been notably careful about adopting that particular tone. He meant, rather, 'impersonal.'

There would be some justice in an accusation of impersonality. Broadcasting has been called 'canned entertainment.' This should not mean 'tinny' entertainment except to the listener with a vastly inferior type of set. But its 'impersonality' has robbed it a little of the distinctive flavour just as the canning process seems to rob fruit and salmon of some essential "tang"! We know, for instance, that it is an orchestra playing. The B.B.C. tells us so—and we trust the statement. But it might be some form, unknown to us, of newly invented gramophone. Lacking are all the little physical traits of an orchestra as seen in a theatre, to convince us of its human reality. Our radio Balieff would assure us on this point. He might even say, 'The first violin is wearing a bathing dress on account of the heat!' He would keep us informed of those thousand and one little incidents and contretemps which occur at Savoy Hill, behind the apparently inhuman punctuality and correctness of the B.B.C.

It is, however, in linking up the various items that he would serve his most essential purpose. In a preliminary announcement at, say, seven o'clock, he would give us a [illegible] review of the evening's programme, seasoned with personal reflections and reminiscences. That would put us in a good humour. He would have dropped in at rehearsals and glanced through manuscripts—and know what it was all about. We might switch off for the talk on machinery (despite his assurance that machinery was worth hearing about and the talker rather a 'character' in his way) but we would not forget to switch on again for the band.

Our radio Balieff would enjoy personal acquaintance with the broadcasters—and make us feel that we knew them, too. He would be a 'mine host' of Savoy Hill—the ambassador of broadcasting to its listeners. An official announcement would come well from him, without the bombast of official language. A startling experiment in the way of 'modern' music or radio drama would get an interested and sympathetic hearing when introduced by him, for we would feel that he had studied it and found it worth our attention if not our liking.

Wanted, then, a Balieff of broadcasting! But where is he? That is the question. The qualifications demanded are many. I cannot think that we shall find him in the entertainment profession, for he must break free of accepted tradition. He must be a kind of mixture of the best type of young and lively 'Varsity don, a raconteur, a music-critic, and a publicist. He must be amusing without being facetious, informative without becoming a bore, friendly without straying into undignified familiarity, provocative without causing hurt. He must enjoy the complete confidence of the powers at Savoy Hill, for he cannot read from a manuscript which has been 'censored.' Such a man must exist. There is always someone to fill every job. I recommend the B.B.C., which has a considerable flair for tracking down new talent, to devote its energies to finding him!

VICTOR FRANCE.

A Story by the 'Best Seller' of the Year.

The sensation of the literary year has been the rise to fame of Mr. S. Fowler-Wright who, with his two novels, *The Deluge* and *The Island of Captain Sparrow*, has achieved a success only paralleled by that of the early romances of Mr. H. G. Wells. *The Rat* is a fine example of dramatic and imaginative writing.

THE RAT.

By S. FOWLER-WRIGHT.

DR. MERSON looked at the dying rat, and decided that, should he delay his experiment longer, it would be dead before morning.

He had nursed it now for nearly six months, and it had been very old and blind and feeble when he had bought it.

He had told Briggs that he would give him five pounds for the oldest rat in Belsham, and the ratcatcher had earned his money.

It had surprised him, when he had first approached the subject, to realize how difficult it would be to find an animal that was really old and feeble. He had to observe that Nature does not encourage the prolongation of pain and weariness: when health goes, life very quickly follows.

But he knew that, in the course of their age-long warfare with the human race, the rats had arrived at some social organization, and had adopted some of our practices: as in particular, that when a disease of blindness (to which they are very liable) attacks them, they may be nursed and fed by members of their family, so that life is prolonged to an age which would otherwise be impossible.

So he had asked for an aged rat, and had watched its vitality recede, till now it was too weak to crawl toward the tempting food that was offered.

. . . It was so dull with age that it did not flinch when the needle pricked it.

II

The next morning it was not dead. It lay sleeping; old, and blind, and decrepit. It was not pleasant to look at, but it may have been less feeble than the night before—and the food had been eaten.

Dr. Merson, observing this, became aware that his heart was beating fast, with a sudden excitement of which he had not supposed himself to be capable.

When he looked at it again at mid-day, and observed that it was feebly attending to a neglected toilet, he did a thing which was less wise than his usual custom, calling his wife to observe it.

Mrs. Merson disliked his experiments, and his own habit of professional reticence disinclined him from speech which had no immediate purpose. But this was a discovery of such momentous consequence that he was impelled to share it.

'You mean that no one need ever die?' she asked, incredulously. She was not greatly impressed, even if she took it with any seriousness. She was a healthy young woman, utterly without imagination, and the cook had given notice an hour ago.

'Yes, it might mean that—or nearly—unless by accident . . . You see,' he continued, to an auditor who scarcely heard him, 'it isn't really new. We've known for a long time that youth would continue if the cells of which the body is built could have the right stimuli, but it's been difficult to find what they are. Some of the lower forms of life never die, as it is. The old ones break apart, and each part acquires a new impulse of growth from the shock of that division. But in the higher animals there is a change in the substance or activities of the cells as the years pass, the nature of which has been difficult to ascertain, though its results have been evident. . . .'

He stopped, as he became aware that Mrs. Merson had ceased to listen. She regarded the sleeping rat with disfavour.

'I shouldn't think anything wants to live when it's that old,' she said, with decision. She had the impatience of healthy youth for all signs of decrepitude. They seemed stupid.

She heard the voice of the butcher at the back door, and her mind reverted to matters of greater urgency. She went back to the kitchen.

III

The rat improved very slowly. Its appetite increased. It moved more briskly. It gained weight. It gave more attention to its toilet. It became wilder and more alert to the sounds around it. Finally, its sight returned.

The process was not rapid, but continuous. At the end of three months from when it had received the injection (which had not been repeated), it showed the bodily activity and physique of a young rat.

Dr. Merson did not mention it again to his wife, nor did he seek another confidant. He became thoughtful, and, at times, appeared to be suffering from acute depression. His patients complained, and his practice suffered.

The fact is that he was beginning to fear the consequences of his discovery.

At first, it had seemed simple—and stupendous. He was about to benefit his race, as no man had done before him. Had he not found a way by which death itself was defeated? He saw that it would change the whole face of the earth. Old age would become an obscene tradition. Disease would be powerless to overcome the new vitality which he had discovered. Men would no longer die as their minds approached the threshold of wisdom.

He thought of his own patients. There was Mrs. Corner who would be dead of tuberculosis within a year, unless he should use his new power for her rescue—Minnie Corner, with three young children, fighting her hopeless battle, always 'a little better today' when he called to watch the slow, relentless progress of a disease that he could not conquer. He would be very glad to give her health. Having it in his power, it was a clear and simple duty, as her doctor, to do it. But (so far as he could suppose) he would do more than that. He would give her an approximation to immortality. Not absolute immortality. Her body would still be liable to be damaged or destroyed by violence. Certainly, it would have no power to survive the planet on which it lived. It would be liable to drowning, or suffocation. But it would no longer be in subjection to the treachery of time. Fed, and guarded from violence, it would not age nor decay. There was something odd in imagining Minnie Corner immortal. But there was nothing repellent. He supposed it would mean treating her children in the same way. They would be annoyed if they observed themselves growing old and feeble while their mother remained young. It would confuse the relationship. Neither would she thank him for such a tableau. He knew Mrs. Corner well enough to realize that there would be no rest for him till he had conferred the same boon upon her household that he should give to her. Well, why not?

About two of the children there would be no difficulty. But he disliked Peter. He disliked Peter intensely. He could not endure the thought of an immortal Peter. It wasn't the club-foot, though it did seem a pity that it should become an abiding feature of a world grown static. It was certain qualities of meanness and cruelty which the boy had shown from infancy, which his mother had lamented, but which she had been powerless to influence.

According to the law of nature which now prevailed, Peter would grow old, and in due course he would die, and his unpleasant

characteristics would perish with him. He might have children, but these children would be different from himself, whether better or worse, and, in due course, they would have still different children, the race repeating itself with an unending variety.

Somehow this seemed a better prospect than that of an enduring Peter.

Yet he could not imagine an arrangement being smoothly made by which Peter would be consigned to an exceptional mortality. However carefully his moral and physical inferiorities, and the importance of his early elimination might be explained to him, Dr. Merson felt sure that he would resent it furiously. He imagined a violent assault upon his own person by an adult and desperate Peter to whom he was refusing the boon of immortality. Even a murderous assault.

His mind was diverted to observe that murder would become a more serious crime than it is now—the risk of being murdered a more dreadful possibility. Indeed, all physical risks would be taken at an almost infinitely greater price, and—presumably—with a corresponding reluctance.

It was a relief to abandon these speculations to the task of lancing a boil on the neck of the landlord of the Spotted Cow.

IV

The weeks went on, and the rat continued and even increased its youthful vigour. Its eyes were bright. Its coat was smooth and glossy. Its movements were lithe and swift. It was fierce, and watchful for a chance of biting. Once its teeth met in the sleeve of Dr. Merson's coat, and the incident led him to wonder whether its new vitality could be communicated by the medium of a bite. He was aware that the thought gave him a sensation of a peril escaped, and he realized that he was already regarding his discovery with apprehension rather than pleasure. Certainly, he had no wish to have its benefits thrust upon him before he had deliberated more fully on their ultimate consequences.

Also, the rat was disconcertingly watchful for a chance of escaping from his confinement. Once it actually got its head through the closing door, and it needed a sharp blow to induce it to abandon the hope of freedom. Dr. Merson had an actual nightmare as the result of imagining that it had escaped, and that his invention were destroyed or forgotten, so that the world would pass at last to the dominion of a continually-increasing army of immortal rats.

V

After that incident, Dr. Merson became careful to lock the door of the laboratory in which the rat was confined, and to keep the key in his pocket. Considering the possibilities which might follow should it be accidentally let loose, he realized how little he yet knew of the nature of his discovery. He could not even say whether the vitality it conferred would be passed on to succeeding generations. He imagined some prolific and noxious insect inoculated to immortality, and still exercising a blind fecundity. It might become uncontrollable, and destroy everything before it. That would be a weird ending to created life on this abortive planet, which must already be a joke to all surrounding intelligences.

Yet the idea was more than remotely possible. He imagined his discovery made public, and its advantages become the common property of mankind, and then some super-criminal threatening his race with the results of such an inoculation of some hostile vermin, unless they should do his pleasure eternally.

Day by day his mind renewed its efforts to probe the consequences of his discovery, and retired bewildered, as it encountered some new problems, or some obvious result which he had not previously contemplated. . . . He saw that the human race would become static. Not in brain, perhaps; but at least, in body. That alone must make profound differences, produce profound cleavages. The ugly and deformed must remain so to all eternity. Perhaps, with an increased vitality: but vitality would not alter structure.

. . . There might be an agitation to eliminate the obviously unfit in brain or body, and to replace them with healthier children. But who would decide? Would those who were judged inferior be content to be sacrificed? He imagined fierce and ruthless wars of extermination. Suppose, again, that the white races should attempt to confine his discovery to their own use. He imagined the black and yellow races attacking them with a mad ferocity to force the priceless secret from them. Would the white race yield, or would they risk their potentially-immortal bodies in such a conflict? If they should yield, would not the latent animosities of race and [illegible] still remain to break out into wars which under such conditions, must result in servitude or extermination.

He saw that in the absence of wide-spread war the world would soon reach a maximum population, and that children must cease . . . or, perhaps, an occasional child might be permitted to replace an accidental death . . . or a large number of children to replace the wastage of war. Would the race remain capable of these occasional fertilities? Or would it arrive at a position at which its numbers would be reduced (however slowly) by occasional misadventures, and these reductions would be irreplacable?

. . . Or if children should remain a potential possibility, would not the desire for them become at times irresistible with at least many of the unoccupied women? Might they not welcome a war which would throw upon them the duty of replacement?

He was roused from these visions by the consciousness that he was at Mrs. Empsey's bedside.

It was some years since Mrs. Empsey had walked across her bedroom floor. Her daughter, Ada, waited on her without complaint, and earned a little money by sewing, and taking care of the neighbours' children. It was many years since Joe Horton had asked for any rent for the cottage. They had a few shillings weekly from the parish. So they lived.

Dr. Merson had not sent in a bill for ten years past. He never thought of doing so. He had fought as hard for Mrs. Empsey's life as for that of his wealthiest patient. It was all in the day's work.

But he had not been able to cure her. Indeed, he had not hoped to do so. Even now, he was not certain that her damaged interior could be reconstructed, though he could give her a new vitality. But he hoped, even for that. Anyway, she would be about again, and Ada could marry the booking clerk at Belsham Station, who had courted her long enough. They were both over thirty. Here was one of the first places to which his discovery would [illegible] joy almost beyond imagination. Mrs. Empsey had always clung to life with a desperate cowardice. But even here he would do nothing—would say nothing—too hastily. The whole prospect was so stupendous.

He checked himself in writing a prescription which would have placed his patient beyond the power of any drug to revive her. . . . That was another thought. . . . The power of poisons would continue. . . . If the certainty of death were removed, would the dread of such contingencies be increased until life would become an intolerable care to avoid them? Only experience could resolve that problem.

He remembered his first meeting with Mollie . . . . the picnic under the trees . . . the first shy kiss on her shoulder . . . . .

VI

He made efforts to regain the standpoint of his own youth, that he might explore its differences. He became absent-minded in reminiscence. . . . He used to write poetry then. He had not done anything quite so foolish for many years. All the same, he had done it rather well. The only weak point was that the poems were usually left unfinished. It was so much easier to get the first line. The memories of youth moved him to the old impulse. With a sudden keen emotion he remembered his first meeting with Mollie. . . . The picnic under the trees . . . the first shy kiss on her shoulder. . . . That was before he had gone to college. . . . He had always been loyal to her, and she to him. . . . He was not of the shallower sort of those that change lightly.

He loved her now as he had loved her then. But oh! the world between. . .

I cannot stand where once I stood It takes a while to learn
That none may steer his course to shun the trail of light astern

That was well expressed. He would have written those lines down twenty years ago. He would have intended to make them into a complete poem. But he knew better now. He knew that they would never be finished. He knew so much—about himself and others. He even knew his own weaknesses.

That was the trouble. The inexperience of youth was something which could never be recovered, and the experience of age was no substitute. He realized that to abolish age is to abolish youth also.

Seeing this his mind startled itself with a further possibility—might it be equally true to say that to abolish death would be to abolish life? In a moment's vision he saw life and death in a conflict from which each wins recurrent victory; he saw them interdependent, and this strife as the condition on which they both existed. . . .

VII

. . . He imagined his discovery applied to the vegetable world; an oak tree in perpetual vigour. . . . Would there be no place left for fruit-time and harvest? For the young growths of spring? There was the question of food: corn must still be grown for food, and mown down in due season—or perhaps there might be developed roots of a continuing vigour? But the question of food was not merely a human one. All life grew by feeding upon the life around it.

This was fundamental. It had an aspect of cruel rapacity, seeming inconsistent with the idea of a beneficent God. Yet if there be mortality at all, there can be no better end to the outworn or defeated body than to support the vigour of a new life. . . . His mind stopped, bewildered once again before the stupendous nature of the change which his discovery must bring to the earth's economy.

Perhaps the question was too great for one man to face. Would it not be well to announce his discovery, and for some small committee of selected men to consider whether it should be used? . . . But he knew that there would be no such question in the minds of men. They might doubt its advantages for other men, for alien races, for animal or vegetable creations, but for themselves there would be no doubt at all.

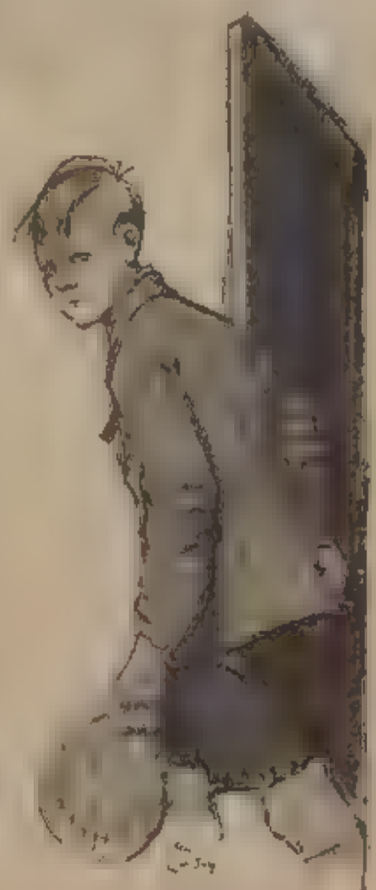
It was true that he might withhold the discovery itself, and merely announce that he possessed it: but even that announcement (if it were believed) might rouse an excitement that he could not estimate. He imagined himself mobbed, beaten, tortured, till he should consent to reveal it to a frantic world. . . .

Pacing the laboratory, distracted with such thoughts, afraid to meet the reproaches of his wife, who could not understand why he was absent and ageing so rapidly, he acquired a habit of remaining there till it should be time to go out on his daily round. He regarded the rat, now running up the bars of its cage in a restless and tiresome activity, with sudden hatred. He would kill the loathsome thing, and forget the horror he had discovered. Perhaps he might enjoy life once again.

He looked at his watch and was startled to see that it was half an hour after the usual time at which he set out on his daily round . . . and he had a consultation with Sir William Brett at 10.30 . . . he went out hurriedly.

VIII

School was just commencing that morning when Peter Corner left it. He owed his freedom to his ability to take unscrupulous advantage of the caprice of circumstance, and the credulity of his fellows. His two



Peter opened it quietly, entered, and closed it behind him.

sisters had colds, and his mother had kept them at home. Had he reported to his schoolmistress that his mother suspected measles he would have incurred the risk of ultimate retribution, which he was always adroit to avoid. Instead of that, he made the remark to Jessie Phipson, who could be relied upon to report it promptly. Challenged on the point, he strenuously denied the truth of the suggestion. His mother had never said so. He had told Jessie that they had not got measles nor scarlet fever. The mistress did not know what to believe, and sent him home till she could obtain more reliable information. He had expected that. His expression was almost good-tempered as he dragged his club-foot toward Dr. Merson's surgery. His sisters usually called for his mother's medicine, but as they had not come to school today the duty fell to him. He did not like going there. He hated Dr. Merson. He hated his eyes, which seemed to see through him without effort, and then to look elsewhere, as though he were not worth seeing. But he had got to go to-day, and he had a hopeful idea this morning. He did not expect to get the medicine before noon. He knew that the doctor was not at home during the mornings. But he could not be blamed for calling on his way home.

He found the surgery door unlocked, as it was sometimes left when Dr Merson was absent. He had expected that. He knew when and whether most of the doors in Belsham were locked or open. He did not often make use of this knowledge. His physical deformity, and the practical difficulties of secreting or disposing of illicit gains, had withheld him from active dishonesties. But in his waking dreams (for he had them, as much as more attractive children), he was most often a cat burglar of superhuman audacities.

Had he rung the surgery bell the maid would have come, or the doctor's wife, but he turned the handle without haste or hesitation, and stood quietly inside, in an attitude of respectful waiting, till he was reassured by the surrounding silence. Then he passed through to the passage. He could not move very quietly, but a sound of crockery in the distant kitchen reassured him, and—beyond his hopes—the key was in the door on the other side of the passage.

Dr. Merson did not often experiment with living animals, but it was generally known that he held a vivisection certificate. It was the dream of Peter's life to enter that room and view the horrors which he vaguely imagined to be concealed behind the frosted glass that could be seen sideways from the road, if you forced your face sufficiently far between the palings.

Now the door was not even locked, though the key was in it. Peter opened it quietly, entered, and closed it behind him.

IX

Dr. Merson had not gone far when he was vexed by a doubt as to whether he had locked the door. He was almost sure that he had—yes, he was quite sure—but he felt vaguely uneasy. He felt for the key in its usual pocket, but it was not there. He felt in his other pockets, with the same result.

He must have left it in the door. He felt sure now that he had turned the key, but not removed it. That was what had made his mind uneasy. Really, it didn't matter. No one of his household would enter the room under such circumstances. Certainly Mollie wouldn't. She hated the room, and never entered it except to seek him. More certainly still, the maid would not venture. She would not enter to dust it. Not that he wanted her to. Women are a curse where a man works. But he knew her feeling. It was, in fact, her talk in the village which was mainly responsible for the fact that Peter Corner was now inside it. But Dr. Merson didn't know that. He only thought that if the women of his household found the door locked and the key outside they would know that he couldn't be in, and would be unlikely to enter. But was he sure he had locked it?

Probably he wouldn't have turned back, being so late already, had he not discovered, to his added annoyance, that he had left behind some clinical notes which he should require at the consultation for which he was late already.

He went back hastily. On the way he made a resolution that he would kill the rat that night, and destroy the serum he had invented. He perceived, with a sudden clarity, that the world's Creator might understand His job better than a local practitioner in Bosham village.

The relief that the decision gave him confirmed its wisdom. He was in better spirits than he had been for many weeks as he passed through the surgery and crossed the passage to the room beyond.

* * * * *

Sir William Brett waited for over half-an-hour at the house of the patient for the benefit of whose health, and relief of whose pocket, the consultation had been arranged. Then he rang up Dr. Merson's house for an explanation. He received a reply (after some delay) that the doctor had been seized with a sudden indisposition, and greatly regretted that the appointment must be deferred until the following day.

V

The inquest on the body of Peter Corner had been twice adjourned by a coroner who had known Dr. Merson sufficiently well to regard it as incredible that he should have committed a crime so strange and so inexplicable. He hoped that the doctor might be found, and that his voluntary return would furnish some satisfactory explanation. But the police had not been retarded by any similar hesitation. Within twenty-four hours of the doctor's disappearance the dismembered body of Peter Corner had been discovered, and the fact that he could not be found, and that he had drawn nearly four hundred pounds (practically the whole of his available balance) from his bank in Treasury notes on the previous day, had enabled them to obtain a warrant for his arrest without difficulty . . .

. . . But the warrant had not been executed.

Dr. Merson had walked to the station quite openly. He had chatted with casual acquaintances on the platform. He had even got into a compartment containing others who knew him. He had travelled to London, saying that he was in search of certain surgical instruments which he required to renew, and had disappeared absolutely.

It was agreed that he had been in particularly good spirits. Indeed—and this was one of the minor mysteries of the case—there had been a noticeable change in his demeanour from the morning when Peter had been seen to enter the door of his surgery. Everyone had noticed the change. It was as though a load of fear or trouble had been suddenly lifted from him.

Mrs. Merson, who had insisted on giving evidence, in spite of the coroner's warning—had confirmed this. She had entered the witness-box to urge her conviction, against the weight of overwhelming evidence, that he had not murdered Peter at all, and to assert that he had himself been living in dread of some mysterious enemy who must be responsible both for the death of Peter and for her husband's disappearance.

Her evidence, given with the convincing simplicity of an unimaginative mind, impressed its hearers with her sincerity, and increased the sympathy with which she was regarded, but it could not shake the weight of evidence which placed the crime upon the shoulders of the absent doctor.

It was admitted by the police that the doctor could not have known that Peter would be released from school on the fatal morning, but their theory was that he had met the boy by chance in the street and had recognized an unexpected opportunity for the commission of a crime which had been designed within his mind previously. He had told the boy to go to the surgery, and await his return. He had followed immediately, by a different route, entered the surgery unobserved, and promptly disposed of his unsuspecting victim. His household admitted that they had not known that he was at home till the telephone inquiry from Sir William Brett had caused them to seek him, and he had then replied, through a half-opened door, that he was unwell, and the appointment must be deferred to the following day.

He had callously proceeded to the dissection of his victim's body, and it was only when the police had traced the missing boy to his own door, and the inquiries had become too close and pointed for his comfort, that he had decided that it would be best to bolt, without delaying for the added risk of attempting the destruction or removal of the dismembered corpse.

Such was the theory of the police, and while it failed to offer the explanation of any adequate motive for a deed so ghastly, and a risk so great, and while there was nothing in the doctor's previous record to support the suggestion of criminality at once so gross and so reckless, yet it had the advantage of meeting the admitted facts more plausibly than appeared otherwise possible; and even those who were least willing to believe that the doctor could have been guilty of such a murder were unable to put forward any reasonable supposition which could explain the presence of the boy's remains on his premises, and his subsequent flight and [illegible].

VI

It was now two months since Dr. Merson had alighted at Paddington, and been seen to make a leisurely descent of the stairs to

Mr. Re[illegible] received him genially . . . The position seemed to amuse him. The inspector could not see the joke, and did not like the tone he adopted.

the Underground station which adjoins that terminus. Doubtless the police would continue their inquiries, and the public would continue to keep them occupied with abortive 'clues,' but the coroner could see no reason for adjourning the inquest further, nor means of avoiding the obvious verdict which the jury would be expected to render. It would place him under the painful necessity of issuing a warrant against an old friend, of whose guilt his own mind was not easily convinced, but that would be of no practical importance, in view of the magistrate's warrant on which the police were already acting. (The time had not arrived at which this duplication of procedure was reformed in practice.)

He had no further evidence to bring forward, except that of Sir Lionel Tipshift, the Home Office expert, who had conducted the post-mortem on the dismembered body, and would give his opinion upon the cause of death with the air of Olympic impartiality.

(Continued on page 220.)

A further Chapter of Old Magic by Bohun Lynch.*

Two Come to Hamadon.

Tramping across the moor, Carlew and Rooke, after a chance encounter with the strange cowherd who whistled classical music, reach the little village of Hamadon.

A HUNDRED years from now, the [illegible] a strange warfare between the Mid-Devon Farming Syndicate, which seeks to monopolize farming in the West Country, and an unknown antagonist, believed by Tom Carlew and Melvil Rooke, who are on the track of the mystery, to be connected with Hamadon, a village on Dartmoor, and an ancient semi-religious sect known as the Hamdenites. They have seen an old notebook containing strange drawings of houses, crude figures, etc., which they know must have some relation to the mystery for, after various attempts, it has been stolen from Carlew.

The two friends have come down to Devonshire in search of further information regarding Hamadon and the Curse, leaving behind them in London a further mystery connected with the disappearance of Guy Harvester, secretary to the late Spyridon Kakoglou, head of the Syndicate who, it is suspected, was killed by his opponents. They are tramping across Dartmoor. John Torch, husband of Carlew's old nurse, pursues them on a bicycle and warns them against tampering with the Curse.

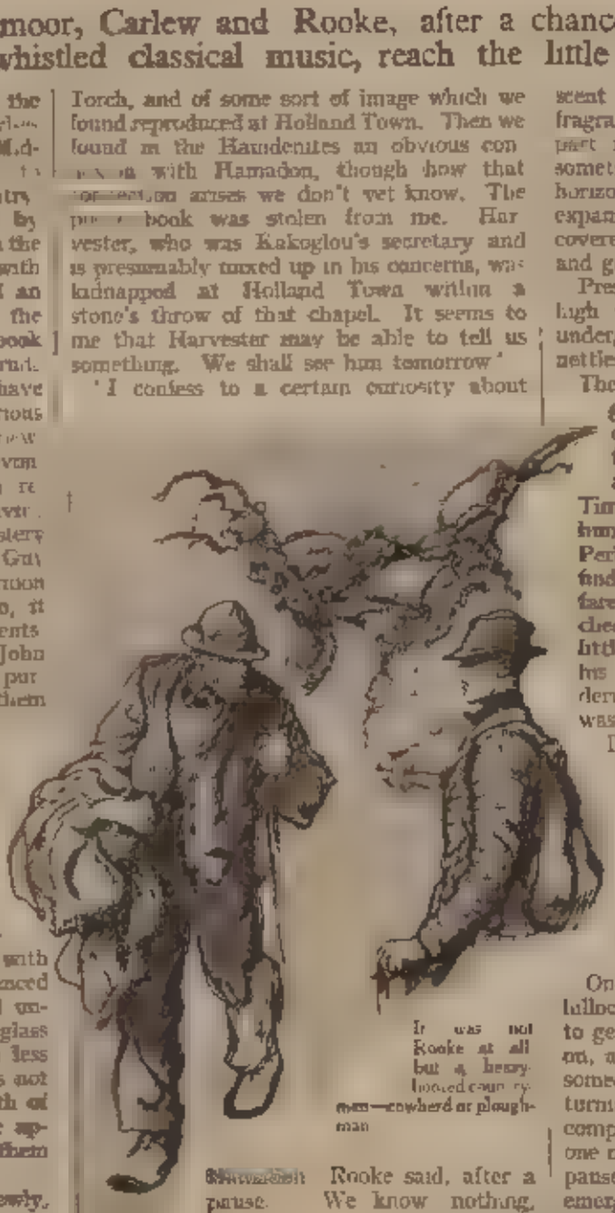
* * * *

THOUGH he would have been reluctant to admit it, Tom Carlew had now an unpleasant [illegible] the day had been spoilt. The sudden appearance of John Torch, his almost insane earnestness, his ridiculous warning, had warped the happy outlook with which he had begun the day. He glanced at Rooke, whose expression remained unchanged, but who fidgeted with his eyeglass and smoked his pipe faster and with less tranquillity than usual. He, too, was not unaffected by the strange incident. Both of them were uneasy. Apart from the appearance of Torch, some instinct made them cautious.

'My impression is,' said Rooke slowly, 'that your friend Torch was more afraid for himself than for us—for all that he said.'

'Very likely,' Carlew answered. 'Let us get this clear in our minds. We know that Hamadon—the man, I mean—is a large landowner. He, with a few others round about, is holding out against the syndicate, who want to draw the whole district into its single control. What has happened? Kakoglou, the head of this syndicate, met his death here, their machines have been destroyed, their offices robbed, and I hear that before that there were a few cases of individual machine-wrecking. On top of that there was this old pocket-book, which apparently contains a drawing of Hamadon village, according to Margaret Torch, and of some sort of image which we found reproduced at Holland Town. Then we found in the Hamdenites an obvious connexion with Hamadon, though how that connexion arises we don't yet know. The [illegible] book was stolen from me. Harvester, who was Kakoglou's secretary and is presumably mixed up in his concerns, was kidnapped at Holland Town within a stone's throw of that chapel. It seems to me that Harvester may be able to tell us something. We shall see him tomorrow.'

'I confess to a certain curiosity about



It was not Rooke at all but a heavy-booted countryman—cowherd or ploughman

Hamadon,' Rooke said, after a pause. 'We know nothing, remember. I got the landlord of the White Hart talking about local affairs last night. He's been there for a quarter of a century and he's never set eyes on Squire Hamadon and doesn't know anyone who has. The man seems to be a hermit. He never goes anywhere. The village itself has become a word for seclusion and backwardness. That alone would attract me to it.'

'There's a church and a parson, I suppose,' suggested Carlew.

'A little old parish church—yes. No one ever attends it, though, and there's no parson. At one time it was served once a month by the rector of Bradcombe, the next [illegible] but that was given up [illegible] years ago.'

[illegible] dy side of the lane the light breeze had set the dewdrops twinkling and dancing along the hazel boughs and the scent of the wet earth rose up in delicious fragrance. They walked on, for the most part in silence, down hill and up again, sometimes getting a distant view of far horizons, sometimes only a wide and near expanse of waste lands, enclosed but almost covered with furze and bracken or brambles, and giving rough pasturage to a few beasts.

Presently the lane took them through high woods, where no breeze stirred the undergrowth and where the rank smell of nettles in the close heat was oppressive.

They tramped on towards the north at a good pace. Once they stopped and drank from a spring which welled out from the high bank beside the road and ran in a thin trickle down the hill. Time went by and they began to be hungry. They would feed at Hamadon. Perhaps in so ancient a place they might find an old inn where good old fashioned fare was spread invitingly in a low-ceilinged, cheerful coffee-room. Tom Carlew knew little of the remoter country of England, his experience of wayside taverns being derived from Continental travel. Rooke was less hopeful.

They passed many turnings of even smaller lanes, most of which had no sign-posts, but there had been nothing resembling a main road since they had left Bishop's Morchard. Not wishing to ask their way or to express in that neighbourhood any curiosity regarding Hamadon, they trusted to a map which Carlew took out from time to time and consulted.

Once Rooke left him while he climbed a hillock above the lane in order, if possible, to get a wider view. Carlew strolled slowly on, and after a couple of minutes, hearing someone whistling behind him, without turning round, assumed that it was his companion, the fact being that the air was one of which Rooke was fond. Tom Carlew paused and half turned to see the whistler emerge, not from the gorse bushes which fringed the hillock, but from a narrow track on the opposite side of the lane. It was not Rooke at all, but a heavy-booted countryman—cowherd or ploughman—who lumbered by in his shirt-sleeves, with his jacket over his arm.

Carlew waited for a moment in astonishment. He had made so certain it was Rooke. Then he asked himself why, and the yokel's continued whistling as he proceeded down the lane told him. The tune was from the *Impressions de Fleury*, written by Fanne Helle nearly a century ago—classical music which had never been popular in the ordinary sense, just the sort of music that Rooke liked and the last air ever composed that he would expect to hear whistled by a countryman. It was only a little thing, but it puzzled Carlew.

Presently Rooke rejoined him, and he

(Continued on page 139.)

* *Old Magic* is a purely romantic adventure of the future and is not intended by the author as propaganda for any point of view.

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(Continued from page 187.)

was about to mention the incident when it was driven from his mind by a small discovery his friend had made, an iron implement so rusted as to be unrecognizable to him, at least

'Do you know what it is? I found it under a gorse bush up there.'

'It's an old iron trap or gin that they used in old times to catch rabbits.'

'Odd-looking thing,' Carlew remarked 'Did it kill them?'

Generally, not. That's why the use of them was abolished by the Cruelty Laws of the forties.'

About midday, they came to a side lane rougher than any they had hitherto traversed, which skirted a stretch of wild moorland on one side while the other was protected by a thick belt of oak trees. According to the map they ought now to be quite close to the village, but they walked on amongst these woods and high gorse bushes tired and hungry, for some distance without seeing so much as a cottage

At last, coming to a place where the fringe of oak trees was thinner, they left the road and leaning on a gate, from which a field [illegible] downhill towards a small stream, they [illegible] and at the group of houses they had come so far to explore

And though all [illegible] morning they had been expecting it and looking forward with strong curiosity to see just what lay before them it was with almost a shock that they recognized the place. Margaret Torch had indeed been right. Here, but for a certain difference in the growth of trees and the lines of hedges, here in the hollow was the village of the drawing in the note-book

In front of them was an orchard and a number of farm buildings, beyond that the cottages on either side of, what was no doubt (though they couldn't see it), the village street, overlapped each other from this aspect, with grey slated roofs and thatch and chimney-pots, which rose one behind the other up a slight hill. There was a projecting roof at the lowest point of the street, and high on the white wall beneath it were two little windows, like eyes, just as Mrs. Torch had said. Another and lower roof jutted from behind the first, and then came a medley of roofs and walls and chimney-stacks which together made the essentials of the old drawing. More than that, to Tom Carlew at all events, the scene first represented itself as that ugly grinning face that so many people had seemed to [illegible] on their screens on the night of the radio lecture. There were other details that made the illusion complete

There was nothing unusual about the scene except that all the houses within sight were uniformly very old ones, no architectural features of distinction or interest nothing especially picturesque except the mellowness that only old age brings. No church was visible, nor yet any house [illegible] than a small farm [illegible] encroached upon the farther side of the village might well hide part of it

So that is Hamadon,' said Rooke at last a plain, small village on the way to nowhere—hardly known to people even four or five miles away. I suppose its name occurs in the books of the District Council; but you can hardly wonder that it has escaped attention. In this busy age of quick transit, when Calverton folk can take their holidays in South America if they want to, who would [illegible] to go to Hamadon?'

My father did,' said Carlew, 'but then he was a fisherman. And there are not many of them nowadays. Much too slow an amusement.'

THEY turned from the gate and, hitching [illegible] packs more comfortably on their backs, set off again down the [illegible] which, once the trees were passed [illegible] downhill to a stone bridge crossing the stream. Both of them agreed afterwards, though they said nothing at the time, that an unaccountable depression seized them as they made their way into the village

The sun shone out of a cloudless sky, [illegible] were singing, [illegible] rich green. Beyond it to the left they could see the almost black fantastic outlines of some tall Scotch firs, rising from a tangle of lesser trees and undergrowth. The scene was utterly peaceful, indeed beautiful, but whether it was the heat and fatigue of the long walk or the mad conduct of John Torch, they did not know: they were filled with gloom. Reason told them that they should be delighted and interested at finding themselves in so remote a place, and yet, as they began to ascend the village street, they both had the most prosaic longing for the smooth sounds of swift-running cars for the throb of air traffic, while Carlew heartily wished that Dewick would call him on his disc

Food was what they wanted, they said to themselves, as they cast an eye hither and thither for the inn. Few people were about An old sheep-dog lifted his lip in a silent snarl as they passed the step where he lay in the sun. A sulky-looking man was driving an old horse with a manure cart up the hill, and him they asked for their direction. He stared at them for a moment and then pointed to a house a little way ahead That was the only inn in Hamadon. There was no sign but the plain fact that Hannah Worth was licensed to sell beer was painted over the closed door

They went in, finding that they had the little room to themselves. Mrs. Worth, a middle-aged woman of few words, drew their beer and after some delay brought a couple of plates of bread and cheese. The beer was thin and poor, the bread stale, but they were too hungry to be particular

'Can you give us beds for a night?' Rooke asked her, and explained that they were on a walking tour, but even as he said it he knew what the answer would be. No, there was no accommodation for travellers, neither here nor anywhere else in Hamadon They might find what they [illegible] at Bishop's Morchard, or again at [illegible] she couldn't say. Neither what she said nor her manner of saying it was encouraging. Mrs. Worth spoke with tight lips and regarded them with a hard glance.

They sat on a narrow bench by the window, and the landlady, having served them, disappeared from behind the bar into the back of the house. They heard her talking in an undertone

In next week's chapter, Carlew chances upon the cowherd and the youth who, on the day before the stealing of the note-book, had run past him, barefooted, "in a London street."

(Continued from page 188

stealthy arrival from where, how, of the real murderer? Terribly improbable, but the greatest crimes in History have seemed [illegible]

Let me see' Radford went on thoughtfully, 'there was one man-servant sleeping in the house, eighty-one years old, [illegible] and [illegible] as a post [illegible] servants [illegible] housekeeper and an assistant, arrived together every morning at seven o-clock It was they who discovered the crime The man-servant was still asleep. That's right, isn't it?'

'That's right, guv'nor. The old josser has to be woke up by the females and given his tea every morning before he could get up and carry on with his job'

'You have something else back of your mind that you haven't told me yet,' Radford insisted, suddenly. 'As it is, you know the whole thing's hopeless. Tell me the rest.'

'It ain't much, and that's a fact, guv'nor,' was the somewhat despondent reply. 'It's just this. When I gets out into the street that night, with the front door fast behind me, the first thing I does is to look up and down the avenue. I'd a bag in each hand and heavy enough they were. At first I couldn't see no one. So off I starts for where Jimmy was waiting for me with the taxi-cab. I legged it along, I can tell you Jimmy takes the bags from me, and throws them into the cab, and just for a moment before I steps in I takes off my hat—I was fair sweating—and there, on the opposite side of the road, staring not at me, but at the house I'd just left—was a tall, thin man in a brown mackintosh

'In a brown mackintosh,' Radford repeated

'You've tumbled to it, guv'nor,' the little man cried harshly. 'You was at the inquest, I know. You was there with a 'tec.'

'I was there all right,' Radford admitted, but you don't mean to tell me that you were?'

Mr Len Hyams's negation was contemptuous

'I don't put my neck into no noose,' he scoffed, 'but there was plenty to tell the tale The nephew—him who identified the body [illegible] him step up into the box, and you [illegible], what he said. A fortnight, he swore, since he'd seen his uncle. Well, it was me on the opposite side of the avenue. I seen him cross the road and go into the house after I'd left it, and, mind you, left the old man alive. He's the heir, ain't 'e? He's got the money. What was he doing in that house after I'd left it? He seen me all right He seen me come out with the bags. He knew very well what the game was. What did he care? He let me get away with the swag all right. He just done in the old man, and slipped off. 'Burglary and murder' that's what the papers called it the next

(Continued on page 227)

PROGRAMMES for SUNDAY, August 5

10.30 a.m. (*Daventry only*) TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH WEATHER FORECAST

2LO LONDON and 5XX DAVENTRY

(361.4 M. 830 KC.) (1,604.8 M. 187 KC.)

8.0 Religious Service

3.30 AN ORCHESTRAL CONCERT

ALICE MOXON (Soprano); W. H. SQUIRE (Violoncello)

THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA

Conducted by STANFORD ROBINSON

Overture to 'Susanna's Secret' . . *Wolf-Ferrari*

THE scent of cigarette smoke in his wife's boudoir aroused the jealousy of Susanna's husband, until Susanna confessed that the smoker was none other than herself. Such is the plot of the one-act Opera to which Wolf-Ferrari attached this wholly appropriate, gay-spirited Overture.

3.38 ALICE MOXON and Orchestra

Depuis le jour (Since the day, from 'Louise') . . . . . *Charpentier*

Ballatella (from 'I Pagliacci') . . . . . *Leoncavallo*

IN Charpentier's Opera *Louise*, a Parisian artist, falls in love with Louise, a working girl. Her parents will not let her marry a man of so happy-go-lucky a profession, as they think it, so the lovers run away together to Montmartre. There, in their charming little garden overlooking Paris, Louise sings her song, telling Julien how much happier she is with him than toiling in the dull workshop she used to know.

IN the First Act of *Pagliacci* Nedda, the wife of the travelling showman Canio, left alone, thinks of her girlhood and wistfully meditates on the freedom of the birds around her.

3.46 W. H. SQUIRE and Orchestra

Kol Nidrei . . . . . *Bruch*

3.58 ORCHESTRA

Chopiniana . . . . . *Glazounov*

4.16 ALICE MOXON

Love's Worship, *Kennah A. Wright*
Twilight Fancies . . . . . *Delius*
In an Arbour Green . . . . . *Parlett*

4.24 ORCHESTRA

Variations from Suite in G . . . . . *Tchaikovsky*

TCHAIKOVSKY tells in one of his letters how, one day when he was trying to 'lay the foundation for a new Symphony,' he found the germ, not of a Symphony, but of a future Suite. A few days later he had one of his frequent fits of depression, and was asking himself, 'Am I played out?' Soon his mood changed, and thereafter the work went well.

When he came to London in 1888 to conduct a Philharmonic Concert, he chose these Variations as one of the Movements to represent his music.

There are twelve delightful Variations on the Air, the last, a brilliant Polonaise, being the longest and most developed.

4.44 W. H. SQUIRE

Ave Maria . . . . . *Schubert arr. Squire*
Quintet . . . . . *Cyril Scott arr. Squire*
Butterfly . . . . . *Piper*

4.55 ORCHESTRA

Suite from 'Sigurd Jorsalfar' . . . . . *Grieg*

FROM Grieg's incidental music to Bjornson's drama, *Sigurd Jorsalfar* (*Sigurd the Crusader*), three pieces have been taken to form a Suite.

I. *Prelude and Procession.* We are introduced to King Sigurd and King Eystein, sons of Harald, both of whom reigned in Norway at the same time, and were rivals. Here we have the atmosphere of royal pomp and ceremony.

II. *Intermezzo, Borghild's Dream.* Borghild and Eystein were lovers. In order to show that she is innocent of a wicked accusation, she has been compelled to undergo the ordeal by fire—to walk over red-hot iron. She does so without taking any hurt. Later, she fears her lover is not true to her, and upon Sigurd's pleading marries him, so ruining both her happiness and that of Eystein, who had remained faithful. In this scene she sleeps uneasily, and is tortured by doubt. Awaking, she cries, 'Still I am walking over red hot iron,' and the music depicts her agitation.

III. *Triumphal March.* Sigurd, repentant, dedicates himself to the welfare of Norway. In this scene the two kings are approaching, hand in hand, the place of law-giving, amid the loyal shouts of their people.

5.15 MISSIONARY TALK

The Rev. W. H. JACKSON, of Burma: 'Why I live among the Burmese Blind'

THE 'FATHER DAMIEN' OF BURMA

The Rev. W. H. Jackson, the blind missionary who will talk from London at 5.15 today of his work among the blind people of Burma. Mr. Jackson, who lives and dresses like a Burmese, is shown here with the native boy who was his companion on his last visit to England, five years ago.

SON of a former M.P. for Greenwich, 'Father' Jackson, as he is called by his blind pupils, himself blind from childhood, has built up a wonderful work for those similarly afflicted at Kemmendine, in Burma. He shares all their life, wears Burmese dress, and eats Burmese food and sits and sleeps on the floor. A friend recently said of him, 'he is to the blind of Burma what Father Damien was to the lepers of Molokai. Man could hardly earn nobler praise.

5.35 SONGS OF THE BIBLE—IV.

The Song of Hannah
I Samuel xi. 1-10.

Bach Church Cantata

'Herr, gehe nicht in's Gericht'
(No. 105)
'Lord, enter not into wrath'

For the words of the Cantata, see page 202.

The Bach Cantata to be performed next Sunday is No. 46 Schauet doch und Sehet, 'Behold and see'

ALICE MOXON (Soprano)
DORIS OWENS (Contralto)
TOM PEARCE (Tenor)
ARTHUR CRANMER (Baritone)
THE WIRELESS CHORUS and
THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
Conducted by STANFORD ROBINSON

Relayed from the Y.M.C.A. Open-air Meeting at Plymouth

Arranged by the Y.M.C.A. and similar to informal Services being held the same day in Y.M.C.A. Tents in 30 Territorial and Regular summer camps

THE BAND OF THE DEVONSHIRE ROYAL ARTILLERY VOLUNTEER BRIGADE

By kind permission of Lt.-Col. R. H. DAVEY, T.D.)

Selection by the Band
Hymn: 'Fight the Good Fight'
Prayer: Mr. J. J. VINCE, C.B.E.
Solo: 'The Lost Chord' . . . . . *Sullivan*
by Madame HYLDA WEDLAKE
Lesson, Ephesians VI. 10-20
Selection by the Band
Solo, 'Abide with me' . . . . . *Liddle*
by Madame HYLDA WEDLAKE
Hymn, 'Lead, Kindly Light'
Address: Sir ARTHUR K. YAPP, K.B.E.
(National Secretary of Y.M.C.A.)
Hymn: 'The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended'
Selection by the Band

8.45 THE WEEK'S GOOD CAUSE

Appeal on behalf of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, by the EARL OF CRAWFORD AND BALCARRES

LISTENERS will remember a series of Talks on 'England's Green and Pleasant Land' given by, amongst others, Sir Henry Hadow, Mr. Philip Snowden, and Professor G. M. Trevelyan. This series was connected with the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, for whose funds Lord Crawford is appealing tonight. This is the sort of cause with which everybody sympathizes, but which does not, at first sight, seem to imply any particular need of financial support. Lord Crawford is to explain just why money is most urgently needed to preserve the English countryside and how such money may be spent to best advantage.

8.50 WEATHER FORECAST. GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. Local Announcements. (*Daventry only*) Shipping Forecast

9.5 Tom Jones
and the
Grand Hotel, Eastbourne, Orchestra

Relayed from the Grand Hotel, Eastbourne

FOSTER RICHARDSON (Bass)

THE ORCHESTRA

Overture to 'Rosamunde' . . . . . *Schubert*
The Violin Song from 'Tosca' . . . . . *Rubens*

FOSTER RICHARDSON

O Star of Eve (from 'Tannhäuser') . . . . . *Wagner*
Vulcan's Song ('Philemon and Baucis') . . . . . *Gounod*

ORCHESTRA

Little Concert Suite . . . . . *Coleridge-Taylor*

TOM JONES (Violin)

Slow Movement from Violin Concerto . . . . . *Bruch*

FOSTER RICHARDSON

Requiem . . . . . *Hector*
The Harvester's Night Song . . . . . *Pinsuti*

ORCHESTRA

Grand Fantasia from 'Faust' . . . . . *Gounod*

10.30 Epilogue

'Blessed are the Poor'

Sunday's Programmes cont'd (August 5)

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

(491.8 M. 610 kc.)

3.30 **A MILITARY BAND CONCERT**

ESTHER COLEMAN (Contralto)
RUSSELL OWEN (Tenor)
THE WIRELESS MILITARY BAND
Conducted by B. WALTON O'DONNELL

Overture to 'William Tell' *Rossini*

3.45 ESTHER COLEMAN
The Eyes of my Beloved (from the Opera 'Theresa,' Act III, Scene 1), *Handel, arr. W. G. Whittaker*

3.53 BAND
Fantasy 'The Three Bears' *Eric Coates*

This [illegible] of the well-known [illegible] tale of the little girl who nearly got into [illegible] of these great ones. We have no difficulty in interpreting the *motif* heard at the start—'Who's been sitting in my chair?' Goldilocks gets up (at five o'clock, as we hear), and runs off to the bears' house. Finding it empty, she peeps about and amuses herself awhile; then falls asleep. The bears arrive (each suggested by an appropriate instrument), and chase her away. Goldilocks runs home to granny and tells her of the exciting adventure.

ESTHER COLEMAN
sings in 5GB's Military Band Concert this afternoon

4.2 RUSSELL OWEN
This Month's [illegible]
Love, could I only tell thee *Coleridge-Taylor*
The Merry Wanderer *Martin Shaw*

4.10 BAND
Mock Morris *Grainger arr. Gerrard Williams*
Musical Moment *Schimmel*
Military Parade *Amers*

4.20 ESTHER COLEMAN
Since first I saw your face *Ford*
When I am dead, my dearest *Calcott arr. Quilter*
A Birthday *Thomas*

4.28 BAND
Second Hungarian Rhapsody *Liszt*

4.40 RUSSELL OWEN
The Lute Player *Peel*
[illegible] *Amers*
[illegible] *M. Aitken*

4.48 BAND
Incidental Music to 'Henry VIII' .. *Sullivan*
Coronation Dances; King Henry's Song; Festival March

5.0 A PIANOFORTE RECITAL
by JAMES CHING

Andante Spianato and Polonaise .... *Chopin*

THE *Andante Spianato* (Tranquilly flowing Movement and the *Polonaise* (Polish Dance) which follows it were originally written as a work for Piano and Orchestra. The one has been likened to the picture of a calm lake in uncertain hues. The other is a bright, showy piece, frankly designed to show off the prowess of a skilful Pianist. Chopin was only twenty when he wrote this.

5.15 MISSIONARY TALK
(*See London*)

5.35–5.45 BOXOS OF THE BULLS
(*See London*)

8.0 **A Religious Service**
From the Birmingham Studio

Hymn, 'All creatures of our God and King' Songs of Praise, No. 403)
[illegible]
Address by the Rev. R. W. THORNHILL, M.A., of St. Stephen's Church, Selly Hill
Hymn, 'Fill Thou my life' (Songs of Praise, No. 233). Blessing

[illegible] THE WEEK'S GOOD CAUSE
(*See London*)

8.50 WEATHER FORECAST, GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

9.0 **Chamber Music**

STILES ALLEN (Soprano)
[illegible]
WALTER LEAR (Saxophone)
JOHN COCKERILL (Harp)

STILES ALLEN
Zueignung (Devotion) [illegible] *Richard Strauss*
Traum durch die Dämmerung (Dream in the twilight) *Richard Strauss*
Air from 'Die tote Stadt' (The [illegible] *Korngold*

Devotion is frankly tuneful and effective without going very deep—just a lover's thanksgiving.

Heimkehr is the song of one who, coming home [illegible] time, expresses his joy at the happy prospect of re-union with a loved one.

No song more aptly fits its title than *Traum durch die Dämmerung*. It is [illegible] music quietly rapturous. The harmony is almost scented, and the gently waving accompaniment may be likened to the swaying of long grasses to the faintly stirring air of eventide. Everything in the song, viewed as a piece of [illegible] is nicely calculated. The words say: 'In the glamour of eve I go peacefully to lover-land.'

WALTER LEAR
Sonata in No. 1, in D, for Saxophone and Pianoforte ..... *Norman Demuth*
Adagio—Adagio—Allegro moderato

GEORGE PARKER
Selected Songs
[illegible]
Two Preludes *Bach*
Danse désuète *Paul de Meyer*
Clair de Lune .. *Debussy*

WALTER LEAR
Barcarolle from Concerto for Saxophone and Orchestra, Op. 38 ..... *Joseph Holbrooke*

STILES ALLEN
O, never sing to me again } *Rachmaninoff*
Lilac }
JOHN COCKERILL
Two preludes for Harp *Hamilton Harty*

GEORGE PARKER
Selected Songs

10.30 **Epilogue**

(*Sunday's Programmes continued on page 302.*)

Sunday's Programmes cont'd (August 5)

[illegible] CARDIFF. 353 M. 850 kC.

3.30-6.15 app. *S.B. from London*

8.0 *S.B. from Plymouth*

8.45 *S.B. from London* (9.0 Local Announcements)

10.30 Epilogue

10.40-11.0 The Silent Fellowship

5SX SWANSEA. 294.1 M. 1,020 kC.

3.30-6.15 app. *S.B from London*

8.0 *S.B. from Plymouth*

8.45 *S.B. from London* (9.0 Local Announcements)

10.30 Epilogue

10.40-11.0 *S.B from Cardiff*

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 328.1 M. 920 kC.

3.30-6.15 app. *S.B. from London*

7.30 A Religious Service
Relayed from All Saints' Church
Bournemouth East

The Choir of All Saints'
Anthems, 'Send out Thy Light' ... *Gounod*
'O Gladsome Light' *Sullivan*

8.0 Service
Hymn (No. 176, A. and M.), 'How Sweet the Name'
Collect, Lord's Prayer, and Versicles
Psalm
Lesson
Magnificat
Prayers
Hymn (No. 266, A. and M.), 'Lead, Kindly Light'
Address by The Rev. Eric Southam
Hymn (No. 24, A. and M.), 'Sun of my Soul'
Blessing
Sevenfold Amen

8.45 *S.B. from London* (9.0 Local Announcements)

10.30 Epilogue

[illegible] PLYMOUTH. 400 M. 750 kC.

3.30-6.15 app. *S.B. from London*

A Religious Service
From Y.M.C.A. Service Men's Institute
Conducted by Sir Arthur Yapp
Relayed to London and Daventry
(*For order of Service see London Programme*)

8.45 *S.B. from London* (9.0 Local Announcements)

10.30 Epilogue

5NG [illegible] 375.2 M. 1,000 kC.

3.30-6.15 app. *S.B. from London*

8.0 *S.B. from Plymouth*

8.45 *S.B. from London* (9.0 Local Announcements)

10.30 Epilogue

6ST STOKE. 294.1 M. 1,020 kC.

3.30-6.15 app. *S.B. from London*

8.0 *S.B from Plymouth*

8.45 *S.B. from London* (9.0 Local Announcements

10.30 Epilogue

2ZY MANCHESTER. 384.6 M. 780 kC.

3.30 A BAND AND VOCAL CONCERT

The Dick-Kerr Electric Works Band
Conducted by J. Birkett
Elsie Boardman (Contralto)
The Gorton Male Choir, conducted by W. Mitchell

Band
Grand March, 'The King's Bodyguard' *Ord Hume*
Overture to 'The Magic Flute' ..... *Mozart*

Choir
The Linden Blossom *Mercantorff*
It's oh! to be a wild wood *Elgar*
Song of the Northmen ..... *Alexander*

Band
Old Irish Air, 'Believe me, if all' *Trad*
(Horn Soloist, D. Carrie)
Selection from the Works of Mendelssohn

Elsie Boardman
Lament of Isis .. *Bantock*
Hindu Song (from Nala) *Rimsky Korsakov*
Island of Gardens .. *Coleridge Taylor*

Band
Cornet Solo, 'Mountain Lovers' .. *Squire*
(Soloist, J. Nickson)
Selection from 'Faust' ..... *Gounod*

Choir
Far beyond all mortal ken *Schubert*
Invictus ..... *Protheroe*

Elsie Boardman
Death and the Maiden .. *Schubert*
The Monkey's Carol .. *Stanford*
Solveig's Song .... *Grieg*
'Tis the day *Leoncavallo*

Band
Trombone Solo, Nirvana *Adams*
(Soloist, H. Laffin)
Intermezzo, 'Wedding of the Rose' .... *Jessel*
Chorus, 'Hymn to Music' ..... *Dudley Buck*

5.15-6.15 app. *S.B. from London*

8.0 *S.B. from Plymouth* (*See London*)

8.45 *S.B. from London* (9.0 Local Announcements)

10.30 Epilogue

Other Stations.

5NO NEWCASTLE. 312.3 M. 960 kC.

3.30-6.15 app. S.B. from London. 8.0 —Religious Service [illegible] Nativity Church. Vicar: The Rev. [illegible] Lord, we call the Name of Jesus to-night ... O God have mercy (St. Paul) (Mendelssohn) [illegible] Curry). Prayers. Hymn, A. and M., [illegible] loves excelling' (Cross, 'Byrgelol'). Address by Canon Session, Vicar of Newcastle. Hymn, A. and M., 207, 'Our Best Redeemer.' The Blessing. 8.45 —S.B. from London. 10.30 —Epilogue.

5SC GLASGOW. 405.4 M. 740 kC.

3.30 — Band Concert. The Larkhall Town Prize Band, conducted by Mr Walter Fullarton. Robert Burnett (Baritone) Magdalen (Mandle) The Heart Worships Home) How [illegible] winter wind (Sargent). Band March, 'Lancastrian' [illegible] Overture, 'Victoria Cross' (Greenwood) Descriptive Piece, [illegible] All in the April evening (Diack) Requiem Hymn) Lorraine, Lorre (Capua). Band Selection, 'Parsifal' (Wagner) Intermezzo, 'Hyacia' (Orl Turpin) [illegible] Brown) Robert Burnett (Baritone) [illegible] (Greenwood), Selection, 'Faust' (Gounod), Intermezzo, The Bells of Shoeley (Ord Hume). 8.45 —A Chopin Recital. Julian Rowth, Pianoforte) Scherzo in B Minor Op. 20 Nocturne [illegible] Mazurka in C Sharp Minor, Op. 41 Prelude in A [illegible] Op. 28 No. 17 Tarantelle, Op. 43 Ballade in F, Op. 38 5.15-6.15 app. S.B. from London. 8.0 —S.B. from Edinburgh. 8.50 —S.B. from London. 10.30 —Epilogue.

2BD ABERDEEN. 500 M. 600 kC.

3.30-6.15 app. —S.B. from London. 8.0 —S.B. from Edinburgh. 8.50 —S.B. from London. 10.30 —Epilogue.

2BE BELFAST. 305.1 M. 980 kC.

3.30-6.15 app. —S.B. from London. 8.0 —S.B. from Edinburgh. 8.45 —S.B. from London. 10.30 —Epilogue.

This Week's Bach Cantata.

Church Cantata, No. 105.

'Herr, gehe nicht in's gericht'
('Lord, enter not into wrath')

THIS and Cantata No. 46, to be sung next Sunday, composed about 1726, have several features in common. Each has a striking and impressive opening chorus in which the vocal parts are simple and straightforward, while the instrumental accompaniments illustrate, in the most vivid way, the images which the text calls up. Schweitzer hears, in this first chorus, the anxious trembling, the sighing and groaning, of the reluctant sinner as he comes before the Judgment Seat.

In the same picturesque way, the words 'zittern und wanken' (trembling and reeling) in the third number, are vivified by the oboe figure above the quavering of the strings. The hint of death in the bass recitative which follows, gives Bach an opportunity of suggesting funeral bells in the orchestra—bells which have something of gladness in their tone; this sense of joy grows in the tenor air to 'If my Lord Jesus only deigns to love me,' to end of real gaiety, voicing the soul's release. The Chorale, at the end, has a full and interesting orchestral accompaniment, eloquent of the spirit's passing into peace.

More than any of the other Cantatas, these two have a sense of unity, though composed in separate numbers, each forms a compact and complete whole.

I.—*Chorus:*

'Lord, enter not into wrath with Thy servant, for shall no man in Thy sight be just.God' (Psalm cxliii, 2).

II.—*Recit. (Alto)*

O God, do not condemn when in Thy presence awful I bow humbly with reverent men to Thee! I know how just Thy wrath, how great my trespass is; that Thou hast right whene'er Thou chastenest, and that Thy judgment faultless is. I offer Thee a full confession here; nor would Thine anger I desire, my sore offences hiding, my trespass false denying.

III.—*Aria (Soprano):*

Thoughts, fearful and haunting,
The sinner are daunting.
Mark how one the other's fault bitter condemneth!
And see, too, how eager each t'other arraigneth!
Thus conscience is vexed and tormented,
And by deep misgiving is daunted.

IV.—*Recit. (Bass)*

But happy he who his Redeemer knows, and all his reckoning payeth! Clean shall his sinning be expunged when Jesus with His Blood it washeth. Himself He nails it fast to His own Cross. Thyself thy goods, thy body, soul, and spirit, He will, when Death's dread belfry tolls, present unto the Father through His merit. Then, when thy body's dead and earth upon it falls, to dust from dust returning, thy Lord will call thee hence to bliss in heaven.

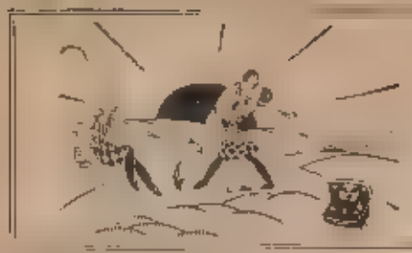
V.—*Aria (Tenor):*

If My Lord Jesus only deigns to love me,
I count vain Mammon nothing worth.
They're dross to me, the joys of earth,
Vain empty trifles all! They nought can allure me.

VI.—*Chorale:*

Now I know that Thou art loving,
And hast moved my load of sin.
Lord, Thy promise sure is coming,
It doth ease my heart within.
Through this life's long weary journey
None is e'er forgotten by Thee.
Who on Thee in faith believes
Blessèd joy in heaven receives.

(The words are taken from 'Bach's Cantata Texts, Sacred and Secular,' by C. Sanford Terry; by permission of Constable and Co.)



BANK HOLIDAY

Monday, August 6

LONDON & DAVENTRY

10.15 a.m. The Daily Service

10.30 *(Daventry only)* Time Signal, Greenwich, Weather Forecast

11.0 *(Daventry only,* Gramophone Records including
6th 'Symphony' (Pathetic) *Tchaikovsky*)

12.0 A Ballad Concert
Doris Coulson (Contralto)
William F. Watt (Tenor)

12.30 The B.B.C. Dance Orchestra
Personally conducted by Jack Payne

1.0-2.0 AN ORGAN RECITAL
By C. Kennedy Turner, F.R.C.O.
Relayed from St. Michael's, Cornhill

Introduction and Double Fugue ... *Wesley*
Rhapsody No. 3 ... *Stanford*
Chorale Preludes ... *Hubert Parry*
The boundless realms; As pants the hart
Idyll ... *Albert Coates, arr. Hull*
Theme with Variations ... *Spicer*
Adagio (Sonata No. 1) ... *Bach*
Finale in B Flat ... *Franck*

4.0 Alphonse do Cros and his Orchestra
From the Hotel Cecil

5.0 Miss E. M. Hewitt: 'A Vagabond Lady'

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
S.B. from Cardiff

5.55 Birthdays

6.0 Anton Tschaikov (Violin)
Cecil Bavner (Pianoforte)

6.15 Mr E. Fitch Daglish: 'Flowers of the Month'

6.30 Time Signal, Greenwich. Weather Forecast, First General News Bulletin

6.45 An Eye-Witness Account of Cowes Regatta by Mr John Scott Hughes
S.B. from Bournemouth

7.0 Mr James Agate: Dramatic Criticisms

7.15 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC
Piano Duets by Dvorak
Played by Isabel Gray and Claude Pollard
Slavonic Dances, Op. 46
A Major
E Minor
D Major
A Flat Major

DVORAK was a Slav, and was very proud of the fact.

His nationality gives his music idiomatic flavours, and his early life among humble folk influenced it no less. The *Slavonic Dances*, which first brought him fame, will remind many of the *Hungarian Dances* of Brahms.

7.25 Musical Interlude

7.30 EXHIBITION MUSIC
The Band o' London,
Conducted by Percy E. Gayer

A popular band programme based upon those which, in the hot summers of Edwardian days, used to entertain merrymakers in the gardens of the great Exhibitions at the White City and Earl's Court.

Imperial March ... *Sutton, arr. Godfrey*
Overture to 'Raymond' ... *Ambroise Thomas, arr. Godfrey*

7.45 Enid Cruickshank (Contralto, Selected Songs

7.52 Band
Waltz, 'Hy Iropatha' ... *Gung'l*

8.0 Leonard Gowings (Tenor)
If I had but two little wings ... *Foote*
Mary ... *Richardson*

LISTEN TONIGHT AT 9.50!

8.8 Band
Cavatina ... *Raff, arr. Mackenzie Rogan*
Invocation to Battle ('Rienzi') ... *Wagner*

8.20 Enid Cruickshank
Selected Songs

8.28 Band
Reminiscences of Meyerbeer ... *arr. Godfrey*

8.45 Leonard Gowings
Down Vauxhall Way ... *Oliver*
The Road that leads to You ... *Geehl*

8.52 Band
Neapolitan Tarantella ... *Julien*

9.0 Weather Forecast, Second General News Bulletin

9.15 Local Announcements; *(Daventry only)* Shipping Forecast

9.20 A Pianoforte Recital by Cecil Dixon

9.35 MABEL CONSTANDUROS
In a New Zoo Sketch

THOSE who have already been to the Zoo will find Burgesses study in that most amusing book. *The Burgesses* by Mabel Constanduros and Mischa Hogan (Hutchinson's 6d.), will enjoy a second visit tonight. Whether this expedition will be more successful than the last remains to be seen. On the [illegible] you may remember, Grandma made herself a nuisance of herself by obstinately [illegible] be shown strange beasts of her own invention and finally allowing the ostrich to eat her hat—and part of her hair. Miss Constanduros, with [illegible] thing very like genius, makes this humorous and pathetic family from Walworth very real to us.

EXCERPTS FROM

9.50 'So This is Love'

Relayed from the Winter Garden Theatre

Lazy Father Time'
[illegible]
Sung by
[illegible]
Hats Off
sung by
[illegible]
'Cornflower Blues'
sung by
Laddie Cliff and Berta Nugent
[illegible]
Cyril Ritchard and Madge Elliot
[illegible]
Jack Clarke, H. B. Hedley and George Middleton

Other parts are played by Connie Emerald and Ewart Locke

APPROPRIATELY, we are to hear this evening [illegible] excerpt from one of the gayest musical shows now running—and an all-British show, too. *So This is Love!* is notable for its speed and zest and for the sparkling syncopation provided by the pianistic firm of Clarke, Hedley and Middleton. It is a common belief that a musical comedy needs no plot. But there is a plot here and we are hitting right into the middle of it. The Hon. Peter Maiden (Cyril Ritchard) and his secretary Pamela Stuart (Madge Elliot) are very much in love with each other, but Peter is rolling in money and Pamela had for a long time refused to marry him for fear of being thought a 'gold digger.' An American friend, Hap. J. Hazzard (Laddie Cliff) and Peter's stockbroker, Potty Griggs (Stanley Lupino), have concocted a plot to make Pamela believe that Peter has lost all his money in Japanese stocks, whereupon she has accepted the hand of her delighted suitor. But the course of true love does not run so smoothly—not, at least in the 'book' of a musical show. There is also a certain Kitty Carleton (Sylvia Leslie) who wants Peter for herself. She is quite naturally furious about his engagement. Now, as they say, read on!

10.30 The B.B.C. Dance Orchestra
Personally conducted by Jack Payne

11.15-12.0 DANCE MUSIC: Alfredo and his Band and the New Princes Orchestra, from the New Princes Restaurant

BANK HOLIDAY

Monday, August 6

Daventry Experimental

4.0 LOZELLS PICTURE HOUSE ORGAN
From Birmingham

FRANK NEWMAN
Overture to 'William Tell' ... *Rossini*
Allegretto ... *Boëllmann*

FRANCES MORRIS (Soprano)
Twickenham Ferry ... *Marzials*
Down in the Forest ... *London Ronalds*

FRANK NEWMAN
Selection, 'La Bohème' ... *Puccini*
Reverie ... *Schumann*
Intermezzo (from 'Jewels of Berkeley') ... *Rose*
Selection, 'My Lucky Day' ... *Finck*
The Lullaby of the Sun. The Lullaby of the Stars (from 'The Queen of the Stars'), Gypsy Love Song, The Last Dance of Summer

5.0 THE B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA
Personally conducted by JACK PAYNE

5.45 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR (*From Birmingham*):
Uncle Caractacus,
Uncle Mac,
ARTHUR LINDSAY will Entertain,
MARGARET ARLETHORPE (Pianoforte Recital), 'A Quite Untrue Adventure Story,' by Margaret M. Kennedy

6.30 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH, WEATHER FORECAST FOR AGRICULTURAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.45 Light Music

JOSÉ HAMILTON
(Spanish Tenor)
ARTHUR ASKEY (of the Variety Stage)
THE CARLTON MAYFAIR SEXTET

THE SEXTET
Nos. 1 and 15 from 'Five Old French Dances' ... *Wilfred Josephs, arr. Lawson*
Rondeau. La Marjolaine. La Bastienne

6.52 LEONARD ABEDOWER
The Song of Sorrow ... *Hann*
My Love's Gone ... *Mrs. Arthur Lane Fitton*
The Honey Lover ... *Anon.*

7.0 SEXTET
Slavonic Dance No. 1 ... *Dvořák*

7.8 JOSÉ HAMILTON
All in a Garden Green ... *Lidgey*
The Mocking Fairy ... *Hely*
I've been roaming ... *Hurn, arr. Moffat*

7.15 SEXTET
Nocturne from 'Romeo and Juliet' ... *Gounod*
Beautiful Isle of Venice ... *Lyn Scott, arr. Ernest Austin*

7.24 LEONARD ABEDOWER
A Farewell ... *Liddle*
Bobbies from the Clearings ... *Arnold Foster*
The Reign in Bethlehem ... *Creighton Thomson*

7.32 SEXTET
Gavotte, 'La Carnaga' ... *Dorn Bright, arr. Ketelbey*
Selection of Dance Tunes ... *Lee Pattison*
Yes! For Evermore ... *Maxwell, arr. Mouton*

7.42 JOSÉ HAMILTON
You and I Complete ... *Clarke*
Love's Secret ... *Mackenzie*
O moon upon the water ... *Cadman*

7.50 SEXTET
Waltz, 'Adieu Mes Beaux Rêves' ... *Lincke*

8.0 Taking Our Pleasures

From Birmingham

To-day is Bank Holiday. The sun may shine—or it may pelt with rain. The weather forecast cannot be relied on in either case—you know that. But every Bank Holiday we have a programme for the B.B.C. listener who is at home. It is possible to put into one programme a Military band, a Dance Band, a Concert Party, and a few turns of other kinds, and we know we shall get a make the perfect (?) seaside holiday.

This programme will be presented by
THE BAND OF H.M. COLDSTREAM GUARDS
THE SUFFOLK REGIMENT
Conductor, Bandmaster B. H. Higgins
THE IMPERIAL SERENADERS CONCERT PARTY
Directed by JACK DOWNES

Relayed from ROYAL LEAMINGTON SPA
STUART VINDEN and MOLLY HALL
who will decide that it is so Bracing (*Ann Stephenson*),
While Maria will give some holiday experiences
Leonia ... VERA FRANCE
Percy ... HARRY SAXTON
Young Albert ... CHARLES KNOWLES
will thoroughly enjoy themselves on the beach in true British fashion.

HENERY AND EMMA.

Harry Saxton and Mabel France take the parts of these characters in a sketch during GB's Bank Holiday Programme at 8.0 this evening.

9.0 Symphony Concert

(From Birmingham)

CHARLES KNOWLES (Baritone)
THE BIRMINGHAM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
(By Permission)
Conducted by ADRIAN BOULT

Overture ... *Schubert*
Incidental Music to 'The Lady of Lyons' ... *Emanuello*

9.17 ORCHESTRA
Third Symphony in D ... *Schubert*
Adagio maestoso; Allegretto; Minuetto; Finale: Presto

9.35 CHARLES KNOWLES
The Arm ... *Bridgewater*
The Wanderer ... *Schubert*

RELINDE'S song is a setting of Uhland's poem by Herder of the princess and the slave Almonzor, and the race of the Abbas, who ended in tragedy.

One of Schubert's finest songs in sombre vein is that of *The Wanderer*, who roams mournfully on through the world, ever seeking an answer to the question: 'Where is my home?' Nature seems to frown upon him but vainly.

9.45 ORCHESTRA
Suite of Ballet Music to 'Herodias' ... *Mouret*

10.0 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

10.15–11.15 DANCE MUSIC. THE B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA, personally conducted by JACK PAYNE

(*Monday's Programmes continued on page 206.*)

Monday's Programmes continued (August 6)

5WA [illegible] 353 M. 850 kc.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 The Children's Hour
Relayed to London and Daventry

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 *S.B. from London*

9.45 An Eye Witness Account of Cowes Regatta by Mr. John Scott Hughes. *S.B. from Bournemouth*

7.0-12.0 *S.B. from London* (9.15 Local Announcements)

5SX SWANSEA. 294.1 M. 1,020 kc.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 The Cardiff Children's Hour
Relayed from Daventry

5.55 Birthdays and Letters

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 *S.B. from London*

6.45 *S.B. from Bournemouth*

7.0-12.0 *S.B. from London* (9.15 Local Announcements)

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 328.1 M. 920 kc.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

4.0 Reg Egan and his Band relayed from the King's Hall Lounge of the Royal Bath Hotel

5.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 The Cardiff Children's Hour
Relayed from Daventry

5.55 Birthdays and Letters

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 *S.B. from London*

6.45 Cowes
An Eye-Witness Account of the famous Regatta, by Mr. John Scott Hughes

7.0-12.0 *S.B. from London* (9.15 Local Announcements)

5PY PLYMOUTH. 400 M. 750 kc.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 The Children's Hour:
The Baby's Opera
A Talk on Old Nursery Rhymes with Musical Illustrations by E. Lucia Turnhill (Narration) and Lanthe Dalway (Musical Arrangement)
An original story ('The Girl on the *Saucy Maid*'), told by Norman Edwards

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 *S.B. from London*

6.45 *S.B. from Bournemouth*

7.0-12.0 *S.B. from London* (9.15 Local Announcements)

5NG NOTTINGHAM. 275.2 M. 1,090 kc.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

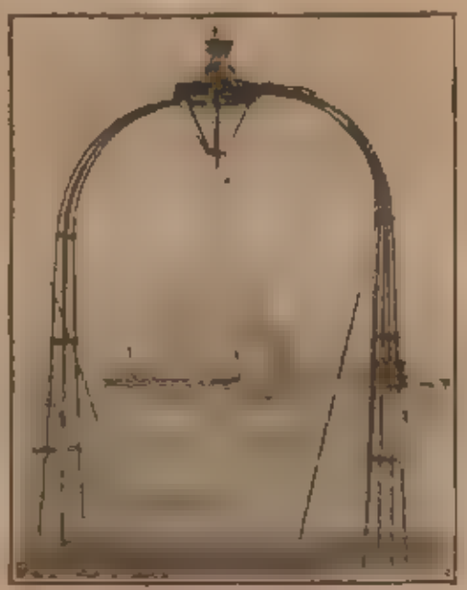
5.0 Mr H Whitehall 'Maude Valérie White and her Songs

5.15 The Cardiff Children's Hour
Relayed from Daventry

5.55 Birthdays and Letters

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 *S.B. from London*



COWES.
A yacht framed in the historic arch of the Royal Yacht Squadron landing stage. Mr John Scott [illegible] an Eye Witness Account of Cowes Regatta from Bournemouth at 6.45 this evening.

6.45 *S.B. from Bournemouth*

7.0-12.0 *S.B. from London* (9.15 Local Announcements)

6ST STOKE. 294.1 M. 1,020 kc.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 The Cardiff Children's Hour
Relayed from Daventry

5.55 Birthdays and Letters

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 *S.B. from London*

6.45 *S.B. from Bournemouth*

7.0-12.0 *S.B. from London* (9.15 Local Announcements)

2ZY MANCHESTER. 384.6 M. 780 kc.

12.0-1.0 Gramophone Records

3.0 LANCASHIRE v. YORKSHIRE
A Running Commentary on the County Cham[illegible] Match
By Mr A. E. Lawton
Relayed from the Old Trafford Ground
[illegible] from the Studio by
The Manchester [illegible]
Conducted by T. B. Wadsworth
[illegible]
[illegible] (Bass Baritone)

5.15 The Children's Hour
Piano Solos played by Cicely Hoyle
'The Dragon Fly' (*Patogrus*), 'To the Moon' (*Streatfeild*)
Songs sung by Betty Wheatley
A Story, 'Bumble's Lawn' (*Mabel Marlowe*)

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 *S.B. from London*

6.45 An Eye-Witness Account of Cowes Regatta, by Mr John Scott Hughes. *S.B. from Bournemouth*

7.0 *S.B. from London*

7.30 Red Rose and White Rose
A Yorkshire Concert
Arranged by Captain W. A. Worsley, Captain of the Yorkshire Cricket Club
From Leeds
The Yorkshire Military Band, conducted by Gladney Haigh
Regimental March, 'The Bonnie York Rose' - March of the [illegible]
Selection from 'Patience' [illegible] *Sullivan*
Walter Wynne [illegible]
My Flower the Fairest [illegible] *Weston Nicholl*
O Flower Divine [illegible] *Haydn Wood*
Give a Man a Horse [illegible] *H. F. Thomas*
Gibberish [illegible] *Clayton*
Accompanied by the Orchestra
John Henry (Entertainer)
What I think of Lancashire
[illegible]
Selection from 'Our Miss Gibbs' *Caryll and Monckton*
Walter Wynne
Maire my Girl [illegible] *Aitken*
On Ilkla Moor baht 'at [illegible] } Traditional
[illegible] Fair } Traditional
'Tis the Day [illegible] *Lohengrin*
Band
Overture to 'Stradella' [illegible] *Flotow*
Selection from 'The Beggars' Opera' *arr. Austen*

9.0 *S.B. from London* (9.15 Local Announcements)

9.35 Red Rose and White Rose
(Continued)
A Lancashire Concert
Arranged by Lieut.-Col. L. Green, Captain of the Lancashire Cricket Club
The Lancashire Military Band, conducted by Pat Ryan
From the Manchester Studio
A Lancashire Concert
Selection from 'The Girl Friend' [illegible] *Rodgers*
Serenade and Waltz from 'The Student Prince' *Romberg*
Arthur Catterall (Violin)
Légende [illegible] *Wieniawski*
Humoresque *Holbrooke*
Thornley Dodge in an Original Sketch, 'What I think of Yorkshire'
Band
Selection from 'Oh Kay' [illegible] *Gershwin*

Programmes for Monday.

ARTHUR CATTERALL

Variations in D Minor ..... *Mozart Catterall*
Rapsodia piemontese ..... *Guglielmo*

[illegible]

Selection from [illegible] ..... *Sullivan*
Two-step, 'Lancashire Lights' ..... *Rimmer*

11.0-12.0 *S.B. from London*

Other Stations.

5NO NEWCASTLE. 312.5 M. 960 kc.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry. 4.0 —London Programme relayed from Daventry. 5.15 Children's Hour. 6.0 —London Programme relayed from Daventry. 8.30 —S.B. from London. 8.45 An Eye-Witness Account of Cowes Regatta, by Mr John Scott Hughes. 9.0 —S.B. from Bournemouth. 7.0-12.0 —S.B. from London.

5SC GLASGOW. 405.4 M. 740 kc.

11.0-12.0 —Gramophone Records. 4.0 —Light Orchestral Concert. The Station Orchestra. Fantasie, 'Reminiscences of [illegible]' (arr. Rimmer). Selection, 'Scottish Melodies' (arr. Wood). Reverie, 'Dreaming' (Schutz-Evler). The Gentle Maiden, and The Natal Voortrekker's [illegible] (arr. Whittaker). Whilst I'm Caressing (Leveridge). [illegible] Pierrot and Pierrette (Rimmer). Reverie, 'Dreaming' (Schutz-Evler). Selection, 'Scottish Melodies' (arr. Wood). 5.0 A Nursery Hour. 5.58 Time Signal from Greenwich. 6.0 —Light Orchestral Concert. The Station Orchestra. Overture, 'Merry Wives of Windsor' (Nicolai). Selection, 'Scottish Melodies' (arr. Wood). 6.15 Children's Hour. 6.50 Time Signal from Greenwich. 7.0 —Light Orchestral Concert. The Station Orchestra. Fantasie, 'Reminiscences of [illegible]' (arr. Rimmer). Selection, 'Scottish Melodies' (arr. Wood). Reverie, 'Dreaming' (Schutz-Evler). The Gentle Maiden, and The Natal Voortrekker's [illegible] (arr. Whittaker). Whilst I'm Caressing (Leveridge). [illegible] Pierrot and Pierrette (Rimmer). Reverie, 'Dreaming' (Schutz-Evler). Selection, 'Scottish Melodies' (arr. Wood). 8.0 A Variety Hour. 8.58 Time Signal from Greenwich. 9.0 —Light Orchestral Concert. The Station Orchestra. Overture, 'Merry Wives of Windsor' (Nicolai). Selection, 'Scottish Melodies' (arr. Wood). 9.15 Children's Hour. 9.50 Time Signal from Greenwich. 10.0 —Light Orchestral Concert. The Station Orchestra. Fantasie, 'Reminiscences of [illegible]' (arr. Rimmer). Selection, 'Scottish Melodies' (arr. Wood). Reverie, 'Dreaming' (Schutz-Evler). The Gentle Maiden, and The Natal Voortrekker's [illegible] (arr. Whittaker). Whilst I'm Caressing (Leveridge). [illegible] Pierrot and Pierrette (Rimmer). Reverie, 'Dreaming' (Schutz-Evler). Selection, 'Scottish Melodies' (arr. Wood). 10.58 Time Signal from Greenwich. 11.0-12.0 —S.B. from London.

2BD ABERDEEN. 495 M. 606 kc.

11.0-12.0 —Gramophone Records. 4.0 Organ Recital. Relayed from the Music Hall. Organist: Mr. [illegible]. Assisted by [illegible] (Violin). With Vocal Interludes from the Studio by Miss [illegible] (Soprano). Organ Concert Overture in C Minor [illegible]. Fantasie Caprice. 4.13 Alfred Pettet. Four Trifles. Lyrics (Fletcher). A Lullaby. The City Child. The Reign of Jic Rodet. The Thrush. 4.29 Organ Laghetto (Wesley). Swedish Wedding March (Soderman). Song Without Words. 4.37 —Alice Pettet. There sits a bird (Keel). Bonnet). The following will be rendered by [illegible] very large Words. 4.47 Organ Minuet and [illegible]. Evening Service. 5.0 A Nonsense Lady by Miss F. M. Hower. 5.15 Children's Hour. 6.0 —Programme by [illegible] and his Band. 6.30 S.B. from London. 6.45 An Eye Witness Account of Cowes Regatta, by Mr John Scott Hughes. S.B. from Bournemouth. 7.0-12.0 —S.B. from London.

2BE BELFAST. 305.1 M. 983 kc.

12.0-1.0 [illegible] The Radio Quartet. Overture, Les [illegible] (Auber). Prelude Rachmaninoff. Three Knights [illegible] (arr. Quilter). Maye Martin (Soprano). Laughing Song [illegible] (Alwyn Lescarat's Arbor). A Piper (M. Head). Air [illegible]. The Radio Quartet. [illegible] Musical [illegible]. Army Air [illegible]. 3.45 Romance. Mr. [illegible]. Light Music. Orchestra. Portsmouth Town (A Ballad) [illegible]. Bells across the Water (P. [illegible]). Elegy (Eric Mareo). Bells across the Water (P. [illegible]). Elegy (Eric Mareo). Westward Ho. Home from the Spanish Main. Minuet (Boccherini). Two-step. [illegible] (arr. Eric Mareo). [illegible] 4.0 [illegible] 4.30 [illegible] 4.45 [illegible] 5.0 [illegible] Hour. 5.0 Organ Recital by Fleetwood Pear [illegible] 5.15 [illegible] Hour. 5.0 Organ Recital by Fleetwood Pear [illegible] 5.15 [illegible] Classic Chorus. 6.15 [illegible] relayed from Daventry. 6.30 [illegible] 6.45 An Eye-Witness Account of Cowes Regatta, by Mr John Scott Hughes. S.B. from Bournemouth. 7.0 —S.B. from London. 7.30 —Popular Opera. Muriel Gilfide (Contralto), R. M. Kent (Tenor). Orchestra, conducted by E. Godfrey Brown. Orchestra. Overture, 'Mignon' (Thomas); 'Mignon' from 'Mignon' (Thomas). 7.50 R. M. Kent and Orchestra. 'There is a flower that bloometh' (from 'Maritana') (Wallace). 'Tis the Day (Lemoyne). 8.0 Orchestra. Selection, 'The Magic Flute' (Mozart). 8.10 Muriel Gilfide and Orchestra. 'Voi che sapete' (from 'The Marriage of Figaro') (Mozart). 'Ah rendimi' (from 'Mitrane'). 8.20 [illegible] 8.30 [illegible] Band. Orchestra and [illegible]. 8.40 [illegible] Dance of the Fairies and [illegible] Incidentals. 8.50 R. M. Kent and Orchestra. Flower Song [illegible]. 9.0 [illegible] The Magic Flute' (Mozart). 9.10 [illegible] 'Don Giovanni' (Mozart). 9.44 —S.B. from London. 10.0 [illegible] Farewell (from the Land (from 'Mignon') A Flower [illegible] Flowers of the dew (from 'Faust') (Gounod). 8.54 [illegible] Ballet Music and Entry of Faeries (from 'Faust') (Gounod). 9.0 —S.B. from London. 11.0-12.0 Bank Holiday Dance Music. Ernie Mann's Dance Band, relayed from Cafferal's Palais de Danse, Bangor.

In the Near Future.

News and Notes from Southern Stations.

Cardiff.

A PROGRAMME by the St. Hilda's Band, playing in the Institution Gardens, Bath, will be broadcast on Friday, August 17. Lawson Williams (tenor) will be the vocalist.

MORGAN LLOYD, a Swansea violinist, will give a recital from Cardiff on August 17. It is interesting to note that he has deputised for De Groot at the Piccadilly Hotel.

LISTENERS who like music with an Eastern flavour will enjoy Cardiff's Arabian Night on Thursday, August 16. Frederick Stegar tenor and the Station Orchestra will take part, and there will also be readings from 'Omar Khayyam' and 'The Arabian Nights,' by Richard Burton.

MAJOR F. H. SHANNON, the Organising Secretary of the British Legion (Wales Area) will give a talk from Cardiff on Monday, August 13, on his impressions of the British Legion's Pilgrimage to the Battlefields. Major Shannon is a popular figure among ex-Service men in Wales. Since the War he has associated himself actively with the British Legion, and he also represents ex-Service men on many Government Committees and Associations.

SEVERAL interesting items for listeners will be relayed by Cardiff from the Summer School of Dramatic Production at the Citizen House, Bath, during the week beginning August 13. On Tuesday, August 14, Scenes from Shakespeare, Grave and Gay, will include excerpts from *King Henry VIII*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *The Merchant of Venice*, produced by Miss Edith Craig. The Citizen House will also contribute two one-act plays to the Cardiff programme on Wednesday, August 15.

Bournemouth.

MRS. Y. CURTIS, who recently returned from Hong Kong, will relate some of her experiences in her talk on Friday, August 17, entitled 'Exiles in China.' This talk was unavoidably postponed from June 15.

A TALK entitled 'A Schoolboy Looks at Life' will be given on Tuesday, August 14, by Dudley Raymond Barker, the eighteen-year-old pupil of Bournemouth Secondary School. He has won a free trip to America—having been judged the best boy orator in England—for an essay on the Government of England, which he delivered in this year's international oratorical contest. He will sail for America in October, and, with other competitors, will lecture before the President of the United States and an audience of about 6,000 in Washington.

Plymouth.

SONGS by Lane Wilson and Roger Quilter, and a special group of four Scottish songs will be heard during a half-hour's recital by Alexander McCredie (tenor), on Wednesday evening, August 16.

MR. A. C. SMITH, Secretary of the Plymouth Week Boxing Tournament, is to give a talk at 7 p.m. on Tuesday, August 14, on 'Boxing in the West Country,' which, as its title implies, will deal chiefly with the local aspect of the sport.

A PROGRAMME of ballads by Mabel Grose (soprano), the drama *Witch Wife*, by Michael Hogan and Mabel Constanduros, and the comedy, *Aunt Maria's Wireless*, also by 'Mrs. Buggins,' will fill the evening programme between 9.50 and 11 p.m. on Wednesday, August 15.

PROGRAMMES for TUESDAY, August 7

2LO LONDON and 5XX DAVENTRY

(365.4 M. 820 kc.) (1,604.8 M. 187 kc.)

10.15 a.m. The Daily Service

10.30 (*Daventry only*) Time Signal, Greenwich.

11.0 (*Daventry only*) Gramophone Records including
'Kreutzer' Sonata ..... *Beethoven*

12.0 LIGHT MUSIC
The Gladys Noon Trio
Arthur Horman (Baritone)

1.0 2.0 Alphonse Du Clos and his Orchestra
From the Hotel Cecil.

4.0 Wu. Iam Morrison's
Marble Arch Pavilion Orchestra
From the Marble Arch Pavilion.

5.0 Miss Arnot Robertson: 'Holidays for the [illegible]'

IT is more and more becoming the habit of the hard pressed and 'hard-up' worker under the conditions of modern civilization, to take his holiday in his own home. This evening Miss Arnot Robertson is giving us a few hints as to how best to achieve relaxation, and a proper enjoyment of our leisure, if we are compelled to stay at home, rather than fly, more or less rapidly, to the delights of foreign shores or English fields.

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR:
Adventures I.
'His Chance for his Life': a Tale of the Back-woods by James Howard Hall
'The Golden Vanity' and other Songs of Adventure, sung by Frankelyn Kelsey
'Iceberg Jim ...' ..W. E. Maklitup

6.0 A Recital of Gramophone [illegible]
Arranged by Mr. Christopher Stone

6.30 Time Signal, Greenwich. Weather Forecast. Second General News Bulletin

6.45 A Recital of Gramophone [illegible]

7.0 Mr. A. B. B. Valentine: [illegible]
Country I.'

LISTENERS will remember Mr. Valentine's recent series of Talks on 'Holidays in Great Britain.' He is now going to tell would-be travellers all about places which can be visited easily by Londoners, either on single-day excursions or over week-ends.

(*Daventry only*) Mr. Donald Maxwell: A Countryman in London—I

7.15 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC
Piano Duets by Dvorak
Played by Isabel Gray and Claude Pollard
Slavonic Dances, Op. 46
C Major
F Major
C Minor
G Minor

7.25 Musical Interlude

7.30 Viennese Light Music

Rose Hignell (Soprano)
The Wireless Orchestra, conducted by John Angell.
March from 'Boccaccio' ..... *Suppé*
Overture, 'My Youth' ..... *Lehar*
Selection from 'The Beggar Student' .. *Millocker*

7.52 Rose Hignell
Love, goodbye ('Count of Luxemburg') *Lehar*
The Dreamland Lover ('Little Dutch Girl') *Kalman*
The Little Maiden ('Gipsy Love') ..... *Lehar*

8.0 Orchestra
Waltz, 'Gold and Silver' ..... *Lehar*
Overture, to 'The Gipsy Baron' *Johann Strauss*
Selection from 'The Dollar Princess' *Fall*

8.25 Rose Hignell
The Wild Bird (from 'Gipsy Love') } *Lehar*
Vilia (from 'Merry Widow') }
6.34 Orchestra
Waltz, 'Love Dances' ..... *Gung'l*
Two Little Fairy Tales ..... *Komzak*
[illegible]
Intermezzo 'Love Dreams' [illegible] Ball *Gumbert*

JANE and GERALD.

The Crossing, by Holt Marvell and Cyril Luter, one of the most original short plays yet written for the microphone, will be broadcast from London at 10 o'clock this evening.

Overture to 'Paragraph 1' *Suppé*

9.0 Weather Forecast, Second General News Bulletin

9.15 Mr. Norman Angell: 'The Newspaper—Public Opinion'

AS one of the few true prophets of the consequences of a European War, the author of 'The Great Illusion' deserves well of his countrymen and of the world in general. Mr. Angell wrote the book which made his reputation several years before the Great War. He has had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing many of his prophecies come true. Few public Leaders can be more worth hearing than Mr. Angell, with his penetrating judgment and agreeable powers of expression.

9.30 Local Announcements (*Daventry only*) Stock Exchange Prices.

9.35 A Song Recital
by Marian Anderson (Contralto)
Plaisir d'Amour (Love's Pleasure) ... *Martini*
Sebben crudele (Though cruel [illegible]) ... *Caldara*
Blackbird's Song } *Cyril Scott*
Dream Valley; My Lifes' Delight ... *Quilter*
Negro Spirituals
I stood on the River of Jordan } *arr. Burleigh*
[illegible] } *arr. Quilter*

IN the old slave days in America the thoughts of the Negro often turned, for consolation, to his hopes of joy in a better world. The fervour and happy confidence of an simple-minded people is shown in the 'spirituals' we are to hear. Of this feeling *Deep River* is typical:

'Deep river, my home is over Jordan.
Deep river, Lord, I want to cross over into camp-ground.
Oh, chillun, oh, don't you want to go to that gospel feast,
That promised land, that land where all is peace?
Walk into Heaven and lay down my cross,
And cast my crown at Jesus' feet.'

10.0 'The Crossing'

A Play for Broadcasting
by
Holt Marvell,
and
Cyril Luter

One Day we shall find our selves
Successful
Each one of us
Travelling in a manner we are unprepared for
To a Continent no living man
Has ever visited.
But since the summons
Is so imperative
And our arrival is expected,
We shall not, perhaps, be called upon
To undertake this formidable journey
Unattended.

Characters.

A Porter ... ... Cecil Calvert
[illegible] ... George Thirlwall
Jane ... Dorothy Holmes-Gore
An Old Man ... Raymond Trafford

The Continental boat train is due to leave the Southern Terminus in a few minutes.

The platform is like a stage where passengers, porters, newsboys, guards and inspectors are playing their cheerful, bustling parts in the diurnal tragi-comedy of departure.

10.40-12.0 DANCE MUSIC: The Piccadilly Players, directed by Al Starita, and The Piccadilly Hotel Dance Band, from the Piccadilly Hotel.

Tuesday's Programmes cont'd (Aug. 7)

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

(491.8 M. 610 kC.)

The new 5GB from the Daventry Broadcasting Station

4.0 A MILITARY BAND CONCERT

(From Birmingham)

THE BIRMINGHAM MILITARY BAND, conducted by W. A. CLARKE

Overture to 'Si j'étais Roi' (If I were King) ... *Adam*
Selection ... *Lee Lacy*

4.15 DORIS HITCHENER (Soprano)

Red, red rose ... *Cotterell*
Dummy Boy ... *Irish Air. Words by Weatherly*
A Birthday ... *Cowen*

4.25 BAND

Suite of Ballet Music from 'Coppelia' ... *Delibes*

4.37 MARJORIE EDWARDS (Songs at the Piano)

The Soliloquy of a Safety Pin ... *Foster*
Jane ... *Scott Gatty*
I want to go with U ... *Foster*

4.48 BAND

Gavott ... 'Hearts and Flowers' ... *Tobani*
Entr'acte, 'An Evening in Venice' ... *Schmeling*

5.3 DORIS HITCHENER

Over the Mountains ... *arr. Quilter*
Ecstasy ... *Rummel*
She wandered down the mountain side ... *Clay*

5.13 BAND

Selection of Melodious Memories ... *Fink*

5.28 MARJORIE EDWARDS

Brof ... *King*
Two Frogs ... *Howell*
A little bird told me ... *Suilon*

5.38 BAND

Polonaise from 'A Life for the Czar' ... *Glinka*
Tarantella from 'Bolphegor' ... *Albert*

5.45 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR (*From Birmingham*)

'A Baker's Dozen,' by Mildred Forster. Selections by the BIRMINGHAM STUDIO ORCHESTRA (conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS). 'A Legend of the North,' by T. Davy Roberts

6.30 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH, WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.45 THE B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA
Personally conducted by JACK PAYNE
MAROVA (Russian Soprano)
THORNLEY DONOE (Entertainer)

8.0 VARIETY

(From Birmingham)

MARGARET ARLETT-CLIFF
and NICOLA HALLAWAY
In Duets for Two Pianofortes

LAWRENCE RASCOMBE
(Entertainer)

VERONICA CHATTERTON
and OLIVE GROVES
In Duets for Two Sopranos

DAVID McCALLUM (Violin)
in a Recital of Kreisler Solos

9.0 A Coleridge-Taylor Concert

MARIE WILSON (Violin)

THE WORCESTER MILITARY BAND
Conducted by B. WALTON O'DONNELL

SAMUEL COLERIDGE-TAYLOR.
A concert of whose works is being given by 5GB at 9.0 tonight.

COLERIDGE-TAYLOR, early showed his genius as a player of the violin. In [illegible] he was enrolled as a student at the Royal College of Music, and whilst there he composed the first part of his now famous *Hiawatha*, a work which exhibited both racial [illegible] and qualities, and attracted immediate [illegible]. It was in the hall of the Royal College of Music that it had its first performance [illegible], and Sullivan was present. The evening was a [illegible] and heralded his [illegible]. That was in 1898, when Coleridge-Taylor was twenty-four. He died, like Purcell, at the age of thirty-seven.

[illegible] Dances, 'The [illegible]'

AN American patron commissioned this work [illegible] style or matter contained in the Composer's *Bamboula*, a West Indian air, one of the *Twenty-four Negro Melodies* he collected and transcribed for the Piano.

9.18 MARIE WILSON
Romance (Op. 50)

9.17 BAND

Ballet Music from *Hiawatha*

IN 1912 Coleridge-Taylor returned to Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, and planned a ballet on the subject. Its music was not connected with [illegible] story, but [illegible]. These new scenes were later issued as an orchestral suite, five in number: (1) *The Wooing*; (2) *The Marriage Feast*; (3a) *Bird Scene*; (3b) *Conjurer's Dance*, (4) *The Departure*; 5 *Reunion*.

9.40 MARIE WILSON
Waltz-Caprice (Op. 33)
Gipsy Dance (Op. 20, No. 5)

9.58 BAND
Three Dream Dances

IN 1910 Coleridge-Taylor was commissioned by Sir Herbert Tree (for some of whose productions he had already written incidental music) to compose music for Alfred Noyes' fairy play, *The Forest of Wild Thyme*. The play was not, after all, put on the stage by Tree, and the Composer issued some of his music under various titles—*Scenes from an Imaginary Ballet* and *Christmas Overture*, among others. These *Dream Dances* are another part of that incidental music.

10.0 WEATHER FORECAST—SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

10.15–11.15 DANCE MUSIC: THE PICCADILLY PLAYERS, [illegible] by A. STAFFELL and the PICCADILLY HOTEL DANCE BAND, from the Piccadilly Hotel

(*Tuesday's Programmes continued on page 210.*)

No wireless receiving apparatus, crystal or valve, may be installed or worked without a Post Office licence. Such licences may be obtained at any Post Office at which Money Order business is transacted, price 10/-. Neglect to obtain a licence is likely to lead to prosecution.

Tuesday's Programmes cont'd (Aug. 7)

5WA CARDIFF. 353 M. 850 KC.

4.0 London Programme relayed

4.45 LYNDON HARRIES, "The Tudors of Penmaento — Part II

5.0 JOHN STEAN & CARLTON
Relayed from the Carlton

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.0 ORGAN RECITAL by JAMES
Relayed from the New Palace

6.30 *S.B. from London*

7.0 *S.B. from Swansea*

7.15 *S.B. from London*

7.25 *S.B. from Swansea*

8.45 A READING OF HER OWN POEMS

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ... THE ART OF ...

9.0-12.0 *S.B. from London* (9.30 Local An...

JAMES N. BELL,
plays an Organ Recital from the New Palace Theatre, Cardiff, at 6.0 this evening

A Song of Sleep
Ford Henry Somervell
The Little Irish Girl *Lohr*
The Return of the Native
An Interlude between Miss L. Gass-Jones, of Mynydd City U.S.A., and Nathan Von, of Llwynybrain
Welsh Melodies *E. T. Davies*
Walter Glynne
With fond elo Dewch Dywyn
arr. Hubert Davies
Y Bwthyn yn nghanol y Wig
E. T. Davies
Dacw'r nghariad i lawr yn y
Old Welsh
To
Three Welsh Airs
Arranged for tenor
The [illegible] of
The [illegible] of Jack
(Ar Hyd y Nos)

8.0-12.0 *S.B. from London* (9.30 Local Announcements)

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 335.1 M. 895 KC.

4.0 Tea-Time Music
Relayed from Bobby's Restaurant
Directed by [illegible]
Fox-trot, "Smoke" *Pa...*
Intermezzo, "Love's Memory" *Silesu...*
Selection from "On with the Show" (1928 ...
Waltz, "Blue Danube" ..... *Johann Strauss*
Fox-trot, "I never dreamt ... *Kahn*
Songs
Beneath thy window ..... *Di Capua*
Floral Dance ... *Moss*
Selection ... *Rose*
Selection from "Madame Butterfly" ..... *Puccini*
Fox-trot, "Dream Bells" ..... *Myers*
Waltz, "Worrying" ... *Fo...*
Fox-trot, "Oh! Doris" ..... *Kahn*

5.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 *S.B. from London*

7.0 DR. W. WINSLOW HALL, "The Captive Princess of Corfe Castle"

7.15 *S.B. from London* 9.30 Local Announcements

10.40 DANCE MUSIC. Hall Browne's Dance Band relayed from the Westcliff

11.10-12.0 *S.B. from London*

5SX SWANSEA. 294.1 M. 1020 KC.

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
Songs and a Story by LILIAN MORGAN

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 *S.B. from London*

7.0 WELSH FOLK TUNES
Played by
T. D. [illegible]

7.15 *S.B. from London*

7.25 Prof. E. ERNEST ROGERS "The Royal Welsh National Eisteddfod—Treorchy, 1928"

7.45 A CONCERT
THE STATION TRIO
T. D. JONES (Pianoforte), MORGAN LLOYD (Violin), GWILYM THOMAS (Violoncello)
A Welsh Fantasy ..... *arr. T. D. Jones*
WALTER GLYNNE (Tenor)
Oh! that we two were maying ..... *Bevan*

London Underground

THE PILGRIMS' WAY.
Near the edge at Woldingham and only a few miles from the heart of London, Mr. A. B. B. Valentine gives the first of his series of talks on Londoners' Country," from London, at 7.0 this evening.

5PY PLYMOUTH. 400 M. 750 KC.

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
[illegible]
What is it?
Compete as best you may—the need is vital
For song, and verse, and tale to find a title,

Tuesday's Programmes continued (August 7)

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
6.30 *S.B. from London*
7.0 Mr W. A. Cleeo, 'Up and Down the Waterborn'
7.15-12.0 S.B. [illegible] London. 9.30 Local Announcements

5NG NOTTINGHAM. 275.2 M. 1,090 KC.

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
5.15 [illegible]
6.0 [illegible]
6.30 *S.B. from London*
7.0 [illegible]
7.15-12.0 S.B. from London. 9.30 Local Announcements

6ST STOKE. 294.1 M. 1,020 KC.

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
5.15 [illegible] 'His Chance for his Life' (*J. B. Hall*)
Catching a Burglar (*Chandler*)
6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
6.30 *S.B. from London*
7.0 Browning Bertrow: 'Wit and Humour on the Highways'
7.15-12.0 S.B. from London. 9.30 Local Announcements)

2ZY MANCHESTER. 384.6 M. 780 KC.

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
At the Seaside
[illegible] (*Bond*)
Quartet [illegible] by the Sunshine Trio
Stories Told from the Seashore (*Madeleine*)
Trio by Constance Richards
[illegible]
The [illegible]
6.0 [illegible]
Relay from the Palace Theatre, Blackpool
Four Indian Love Lyrics ... *Woodforde-Finden*
[illegible]
Barcarolle from 'The Tales of Hoffmann' *Offenbach*
Selection from 'Irene' ... *Tierney*
6.30 *S.B. from London*
6.45 Mr. A. E. Lawton: An Eye Witness's Account of the matches played in the Lancashire v. Yorkshire County Cricket Match, played at Old Trafford today
7.0 Writers of the North: Miss [illegible] reading an extract from her Cheshire Novel, 'A Home and Children'
7.15 *S.B. from London*
7.30 Famous Northern Resorts
Blackpool
Speero's Orchestra
[illegible] from the Palace Theatre
[illegible]
Waltz, 'The Drowsy Prayer' ... *Dawson*
Intermezzo, 'The Grasshoppers' Dance' *Lincolnson*
[illegible]
Selection, 'A Night in Spain' *Norton*
Spanish Quartet
Neapolitan Song [illegible]
Intermezzo, 'Nola' ... *Arndt*
Fantasia, 'Cavalleria Rusticana' ... *Mascagni*
8.15 'On with the Show of 1928'
The Concert Party Entertainment
[illegible]
From the North Pier
Norman Long (Entertainer)
Fred Watmough [illegible]
Walter Williams and [illegible]
and the Watson Trio
Lupri Stewart Musical [illegible]
Betty Blackburn (Soprano)
Jan Ralfini's Band
The Four Entertainers, The Two Little Pansies Singers and Dancers
9.0 *S.B. from London* (9.30 Local Announcements.
10.40-12.0 DANCE MUSIC: Bertini's and Wall Hall [illegible] from the Tower Ballroom, Blackpool

Other Stations.

5NO NEWCASTLE. 312.6 M. 960 KC.

4.0 Toddlers' Tuneful Time relayed from Daventry 4.30 [illegible] from Scotland 5.0 [illegible] 5.15 The Children's Hour 6.0 [illegible] Young (Soprano) Maud Atkin (Pianoforte) Maud Atkin (Andante and Rondo Capriccioso, Op. 14 Mendelssohn), Valse Capricieuse (Frank Bridge) 6.7 [illegible] Young (with Somers Watt) Three Hands (Wilfrid Sanderson) When the [illegible] is playing Stanford Ralph). 6.14 Maud Atkin (Caprice in F Sharp Minor Op. 76, No. 1 (Brahms) Study in D Flat Liszt 6.21 Greta Young Were I a Rose (Behr), I will not know Thee (Trotère). 6.30—S.B. from London. 7.0 Mr. T. Russell Goddard [illegible] 7.15 [illegible] 7.30 [illegible] 8.0—Will Hay 'The Schoolmaster' [illegible] 8.15 [illegible] 8.45 Violet Beck [illegible] 9.0 [illegible] 10.40 [illegible] 11.30-12.0 [illegible]

5SC GLASGOW 405.4 M. 740 KC.

4.0—A Scots Concert. The Station Orchestra Overture, [illegible] 5.15 [illegible] 5.58 [illegible] 6.0 [illegible] 6.30 [illegible] 7.0 [illegible] 7.15 [illegible] 7.30 [illegible] 8.30 Scottish country Dance [illegible] 9.0-12.0 S.B. from London.

2BD ABERDEEN. 500 M. 600 KC.

4.0 Fishing News Bulletin. 4.5 Dance Music [illegible] Leslie and his Orchestra, relayed from the New Palais de Danse [illegible] 5.0 'Holidays for the Stay-at-Homes' by Miss Ann [illegible] 5.15 The Children's Hour 6.0 [illegible] 6.25 Sports News [illegible] 6.30 [illegible] 7.0 [illegible] 7.15 [illegible] 7.30 [illegible] S.B. from Glasgow. 9.0-12.0—S.B. from London.

2BE BELFAST 306.1 M. 980 KC.

4.0 [illegible] 4.30 [illegible] 5.0 [illegible] 5.30 [illegible] 6.0 [illegible] 6.30 [illegible] 7.0 [illegible] 7.30 [illegible] 8.0 [illegible] 8.30 [illegible] 9.0 [illegible] 9.30 [illegible] 10.0 [illegible] 10.30 [illegible] 11.0 [illegible] 11.30 [illegible] 12.0 [illegible] 12.30 [illegible] 1.0 [illegible] 1.30 [illegible] 2.0 [illegible] 2.30 [illegible] 3.0 [illegible] 3.30 [illegible] 4.0 [illegible] 4.30 [illegible] 5.0 [illegible] 5.15 The Children's Hour 6.0 [illegible] 6.30 [illegible] 7.0 [illegible] 7.30 [illegible] 7.57 [illegible] 8.0 [illegible] 8.25 [illegible] 8.37 Band Selection, The Gondoliers' (Sullivan) 8.47 Mark Hendrickway and Band Cornet Solo. What a wonderful world it would be (Elliot). Band March [illegible] 9.0 [illegible] 9.35 [illegible] Music. The Ernest A. A. Moseley String Quartet [illegible] (1st Violin), Albert Fitzgerald 2nd Violin [illegible] Mezzo-Soprano). Quartet Quartet in G Minor (Smith) 10.0 Miss Smith Arundale's Garden, Crushed Age and Youth (Hubert Parry), June (Quilter). 10.10 Quartet Vivace from Quartet in E Minor (Smetana) 10.18 Miss Smith A Song of Autumn and Like to the Damask Rose (Elgar) Passing Breezes (Quilter) 10.28 Quartet Allegro (Rimsky-Korsakov); Polka (A. Kopylow). 10.40-12.0—S.B. from London.

PROGRAMMES for WEDNESDAY, August 8

2LO LONDON and 5XX DAVENTRY

(361.4 m. 830 kc.) (1,554.8 m. 193 kc.)

10.15 a.m. The Daily Service

10.30 [illegible] THE SUNDIAL GREENWICH WEATHER REPORT

11.0 Dancing by [illegible] Records Light Music

11.30 approx. The Menin Gate Service

of the

BRITISH LEGION BATTLEFIELDS PILGRIMAGE

(See opposite page.)

12.0 A Ballad Concert

FRANCES HATFIELD (Mezzo-Soprano)
FREDERIC LAKE (Tenor)

12.30 THE B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA

Personally conducted by JACK PAYNE

1.0-2.0 FRASCATI'S ORCHESTRA

Directed by GEORGES HAUKE, from the Restaurant Frascati

4.0 A Light Classical Concert

MILDRED WATSON (Soprano)
FRANK PROBYN (Horn)
OLIVE CLOKE (Pianoforte)

OLIVE CLOKE

Symphonic Studies (Op. 13) ..... *Schumann*

4.22 MILDRED WATSON

L'amour de moi (The love of me) } *arr. Trevisot*
Two songs of Clement Marot ..... }
Non, je n'irai plus au bois (No, I should go no more to the wood) ..... *arr. Weckerlin*

4.30 FRANK PROBYN

Romance ..... *Reger*
Piece in D. ..... *Blosser*

4.38 OLIVE CLOKE

Prelude in G Flat (Op. 16) ..... *Scriabin*
Rhapsody in F Flat Minor (Op. 11) *Dohnanyi*

4.48 MILDRED WATSON

Da die Stunde kam (As the hour drew nigh) .....
Für Musik (For Music) ..... } *Franz*
Und die Rosen die prangen (And the roses may flourish) .....
Mailied (May Song) .....

4.58 FRANK PROBYN and OLIVE CLOKE

Sonata for Horn and Pianoforte ..*Beethoven*

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Pierrot Players

A Play adapted by EVELYN SMITH From "Little Women" (*L. M. Alcott*)

6.0 THE B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA

Personally conducted by JACK PAYNE

6.20 The Week's Work [illegible] by the [illegible]

6.30 [illegible] GREENWICH WEATHER REPORT, [illegible] NEWS BULLETIN

6.45 THE B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA

[illegible]

7.0 [illegible] OVER EUROPE [illegible] Today

7.15 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC

[illegible] by H. HEAP

Played by ISABEL GRAY and CLAUDE POLLARD

Slavonic Dances, Op. 72
C Major
D Flat Major
A Flat Major
F Major

7.25 Musical Interlude

7.30 Vaudeville

WILL HAY (The Schoolmaster Comedian)
VIOLET ESSEX and TUCKER
(The Singing Violinist)
MYLES CLIFTON (Light Comedian)
BETTY CHESTER (Comedy Song)
THE TWO HOFFMANS (Syncopated Pianists)
THE B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA
[illegible] MACKENZIE PAYNE

8.30 A PIANOFORTE RECITAL

By MAURICE COLE

Rhapsody in G Minor ..... *Brahms*
Concert Study in D Flat ..... *Liszt*
Nocturne (for the left hand only) [illegible]
Humoresque in A Flat ..... } *Chopin*
Scherzo in B Minor ..... }

8.0 WEATHER FORECAST OF SHIPPING AREAS. NEWS BULLETIN

9.15 [illegible] A. [illegible] (Organ Concerto)

9.30 Local Announcements; (*Daventry only*) Shipping Forecast

9.35 A Symphony Concert

ELSIE SUDDABY (Soprano)

THE WIRELESS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA [illegible] OF SYMPHONIC [illegible] by [illegible]

[illegible] EDWARDS

Overture to [illegible] ..... *Schubert*

9.45 ELSIE SUDDABY and ORCHESTRA

Cantata No. 61, "Jauchzet Gott" (Rejoice in God) ..... *Bach*

THIS, one of two solo Cantatas for Soprano which Bach wrote, is for the 15th Sunday after Trinity. It begins with a florid air, the Trumpet joining in the exhortation to rejoice. A Recitative follows in a spirit of quiet thanks [illegible] A Recitative follows in a spirit of quiet thanks [illegible]

10.0 ORCHESTRA

Fourth Symphony in C ..... *Mahler*

(soloist, ELSIE SUDDABY)

BEETHOVEN was not the only Composer to [illegible] Symphonies. Mahler also wrote as many and once said that an emotional listener might get to know his whole mental development from them. Perhaps that is too large a claim, but some elements in his mind are clearly discernible almost always—in part ruler, his strong romantic trait.

This is noticeable in the Fourth Symphony which consists of four Movements.

THE FIRST MOVEMENT moving at a comfortable, moderate pace, contains a good many tunes, one or two of which are largely used. The first main theme, heard at the opening, and the Horn passage that follow [illegible] The second main tune sings out from the Violoncellos, in their high register. The music runs its bright, smooth course and then comes the

SECOND MOVEMENT, with easy motion, unhurrying. Here a Solo Violin is used in addition to the normal body of fiddlers. The Horn has the opening tune, and this Soprano [illegible] second. The Muted Strings have a [illegible] rather like an old-fashioned German waltz, and the Clarinets a Fourth.

THE THIRD MOVEMENT, the Slow one, is tearful, and, one might say, pastoral in feeling. The Violins open, and as a little the Oboe plaintively gives out a new melody, followed by a share in the Violoncellos, and several others, that gradually lead to a section of rather more animated [illegible] almost the character of a Minuet. [illegible] the first ideas return and the Movement [illegible] a pastoral ending.

THE FOURTH MOVEMENT. It is here that the Soprano soloist comes in, singing an old Bavarian folk-song, that naively sets forth the joys of life in Heaven—melodious joys, "with singing and dancing," good eating and great contentment. After each verse has been sung, the Orchestra plays reminiscences of some of the First Movement's melodies, and the work ends in [illegible]

11.0 12.0 (*Daventry only*) DANCE MUSIC. THE CAFE DE PARIS DANCE BAND

(*Wednesday's Programmes continued on page 214.*)

THE BEACH OF TRAGIC MEMORIES—THIRTEEN YEARS AGO.

This picture of the war-scarred beach of Gallipoli, with that famous ship, the *River Clyde*, in the background, will bring back, to many, memories of the tragedy and heroism of April 1915. This evening at 7.0 Captain Tweedy will talk of the Peninsula as it is today, lying quiet and untroubled under the sun.

Imperial War Museum Photo. Crown Copyright

THE MENIN GATE SERVICE.

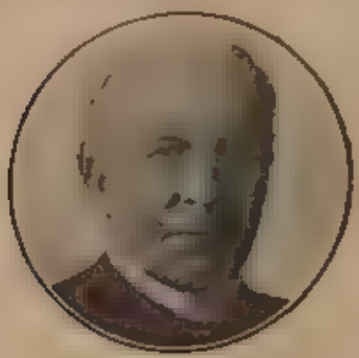
'To the Armies of the British Empire who stood here from 1914 to 1918, and to those of their dead who leave no known grave.'—*Inscription on the Menin Gate.*

TODAY is the climax of a great pilgrimage — there can scarcely have been a greater since the days when, with scrip and staff a cockle-shell in their hats to serve both as a drinking cup and an amulet against the Evil One, the pilgrims set out for the Holy City. During this second week of August more than 10,000 members of the British Legion have visited France and Flanders, the home of memories. Ten times that number would have gone, had it been possible to arrange so vast a migration. There were men from Great Britain, Ireland, and the Dominions. It is significant to note that, at the request of the Free State, the pilgrims from Ulster and those from the Free State met in Dublin and travelled as one party.

The spiritual significance of pilgrimages such as these remains to us as a very precious heritage of the war.

The New Menin Gate—a picture taken during the broadcasting of the Opening Service last year

It is a fine thought that the spirit of those four years survives today, not as a smouldering hatred of the enemy, but as a memory of



THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

the sacrifice made by our own dead. They are more even than soldiers who went the way of their duty; they have become a symbol of the deathless courage of man.

Today the pilgrims, after visiting Beaumont-Hamel, Vimy, and Notre Dame de Lorette, have come to Ypres, to gather in the shadow of the Menin Gate Memorial, which stands on the eastern boundary of the town on the Menin Road. Of all the many memorials in France and Flanders, this massive archway remains, in the mind of our English people, the supreme monument of the dead, for, however dour was the fighting on other sections of the long line, the Salient, its bitter curve scarcely changing was so long the setting for heroism that it became, as it were, the melting-pot into which the flower of our youth was cast. It stands upon ground given to us by the Belgian people, bearing inscribed on its walls the names of 56,000 officers and men who died in defence of the Salient and have no known graves.

On Sunday, July 24, of last year, the Gate was opened by Field Marshal Lord Plumer, to the accompaniment of a Service of Memorial attended by H.M. the King of the Belgians. This ceremony, simple and impressive, was brought to listeners all over the country by means of a relay from Ypres—the first experiment of its kind and one which was gloriously successful. What that broadcast meant to the many whose sons and brothers are commemorated by the Memorial, the service at 11.30 today will mean to the many British Legionaries who, for the reason given above, were unable to make the pilgrimage in person.

Ypres today belongs to the pilgrims. Barriers have been erected to keep all other visitors from the town. The railway line from Hazebrouck is blocked with the trains which have brought the ten thousand to Ypres.

11.30 a.m. Wednesday, August 8.

The Menin Gate Service

of the

British Legion Battlefields Pilgrimage

Conducted by the Rev. Dr. A. C. E. Jarvis, C.M.G., M.C., Chaplain-General to the Forces

Relayed from Menin Gate, Ypres

Hymn, 'O Valiant Hearts'
Prayers, including the Memorial of the Dead
A Short Silence
Prayers
Anthem, 'O rest in the Lord,' played by the Band

Address by the Most Rev. The Lord Archbishop of York

Hymn, 'Alleluia'
Prayers
Hymn, 'O God our help in ages past'

The Placing of the Legion's Wreath

The Last Post The Reveille
La Marseillaise La Brabanconne
The National Anthem The Benediction

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Dr A. C. E. JARVIS.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is there, and, at the conclusion of the service, will lay the Legion's wreath on the Memorial.

The microphone is an adept at conveying 'atmosphere.' If all goes well, we at home, listening in silence, will be able to picture the scene outside the gate. To the minds of many will come back another picture, of the past, when this Ypres, now so trim and new beyond the great white Gate, was an inferno of slashed and shattered buildings, and ghostly, perilous streets. And yet another day when Ypres was a market-town asleep under the dusty sunlight of August, 1914. The memories awakened in us by such a broadcast as this have much to teach us. A pause in the round of holiday programmes—but a precious one—as precious as the Silence of Armistice Day.

Wednesday's Programmes cont'd (Aug. 8)

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

(491.8 M. 610 kc.)

"Transmissions from the London Studio except where otherwise stated."

4.0 Paul Mottl and his Rivoli Theatre Orchestra
From the Rivoli Theatre

5.0 The B.B.C. Dance Orchestra
Personally conducted by Jack Payne

5.45 The Children's Hour (*From Birmingham*)
'A Letter from Snooky,' by Phyllis Richardson. Edith Perville (Flute). Songs by Harold Casey (Baritone). 'The Beach that was,' by Norman Lowe.

6.30 Time Signal, Greenwich. Weather Forecast. First General News Bulletin.

6.45 Light Music

Thelma Tudor (Soprano)
The Henry Sensier Quintet

Quintet
Waltz, 'Gold and Silver' ..... *Zehar*
Dearest to me only with those eyes ... arr. *Quilter*

6.58 Thelma Tudor
Waltz Song from 'Tom Jones' *Bohemia*
A birthday *Rogers*
One morning very early ... *Needham*

7.5 Quintet
Minuet for Suite *Eric Coates*

7.18 Thelma Tudor
Solveig's Song *Grieg*
There are fairies at the bottom of our garden *Behrend*
Eyes ... *Cecil Webb*

7.25 Quintet
Selection from 'Samson and Delilah' *Saint-Saëns, arr. Coates*

Evelyn Astle (Soprano) (left) and Edith Perville (Flute) take part in the Ballad Concert from 5GB at 9.0 tonight

7.38 Thelma Tudor
Waltz Song from 'Romeo and Juliet' *Gounod*
The Last Rose of Summer *Irish*
I go my way singing ... *Brocilla Smith*

7.45 Quintet
Moonlight (from 'Werther') *Massenet*
Evening Breeze ..... *Lincke*
Aubade d'Amour (Dawn Song of Love) ... *Mon*

8.0 'TAFFY'S WIFE'
A Play by Bertha N. Graham
(*From Birmingham*)

Rosalind Evans (a Private Detective) Ethel Matthews
David Evans (her Husband) Stuart Vinden
Robert Crossall Wellesley Aller

The action takes place in the Evans's flat in Bournemouth. David Evans and Crossall are members of the Mercury Brotherhood, which advocates that all property should be held in common.

Incidental Music by the Morgan Pianoforte Trio

8.30 Vaudeville

(*From Birmingham*)

Dodson and Cookson present
'The Peer, the Plumber and a Piano'
Philip Brown's Dominoes Dance Band

9.0 A Ballad Concert

(*From Birmingham*)

Walter Glynne (Tenor)
O how'e divine *Wood*
Jeunesse (Youth) *Barry*
[illegible] *Bowyer*
[illegible]
Serenade *Bizet*
Sérénade *Debussy*

9.19 Evelyn Astle (Soprano)
I pitch my lonely caravan at night *Eric Coates*
Now sleeps the crimson petal ... *Quilter*

Burton Harris (Baritone)
A Bedouin Love Song ... *Pinsuti*
For ever and for ever *Sanderson*

9.30 Walter Glynne
I know of two bright eyes *Clutsam*
The Lily of Killarney ..... *Lohr*

Edith Perville
Andante Pomposo (Silver piece, scherzo and rondo. *Swinnerton*

[illegible] *Leoncavallo*
La Serenata from 'The Whirlwind' *Andersen*

9.45 Evelyn Astle
Birds of Love Divine *Haydn Wood*
Do you believe in [illegible] *Wolseley Charles*

Isidore Harper
Out where the big ships go ... *Hewitt*
Longin' for you *Fisher*
Tomorrow ... *Ross*

10.0 Weather Forecast, Second General News Bulletin

10.15 DANCE MUSIC: Frank Ashworth and his Band from the Hotel Metropole

11.0-11.15 The Café de Paris Dance Band

(*Wednesday's Programmes continued on page 216.*)

Wednesday's Programmes continued (August 8)

5WA CARDIFF. 353 M. 850 KC.

11.30 The Menin Gate Service
S.B. from London

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 The Children's Hour

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 *S.B. from London* (9.30 Local Announcements)

9.35 'Trifles'
A Play in One Act
by Susan Glaspell
Relayed from The Studio Scene of the Dramatic Art Class of Miss Beryl Rayer

Characters
George Henderson (County Attorney)
Henry Peters (Sheriff)
Lewis Hale (a neighbouring Farmer)
Mrs. Peters
Mrs. Hale

Scene: The Kitchen in the now abandoned farm house of John Wright, a gloomy Kitchen and left without having been put in order.

9.50-11.0 A CONCERT

Mai Ramsay (Mezzo-Soprano)
The Wedding Gown ..... *West*
Do not go, my love ..... *Hageman*
Over the Meadow ..... *Carew*

Florence McBride (Violin)
Cherry Ripe ..... *Cyril Scott*
Slavonic Phantasy ..... *Dvorak, arr. Kreisler*

Watkyn Watkyns (Baritone)
The Wanderer ..... } *Schubert*
Litany ..... }
My Abode .....

Vivien Lambelet (Soprano)
Three Traditional Songs
I know where I'm going (Irish) *arr. Herbert Hughes*
O can ye sew cushions (Old Scottish Cradle Song) *arr. Colin Taylor*
Cecelia (French Canadian) ... *arr. Vuillermoz*

Florence McBride
A Negro Spiritual Melody ... *Cameron White*
Spanish Dance from 'La Vida Breve' ... *de Falla*

Watkyn Watkyns
Bon Jour } *Mallinson*
Pilgrims }
We sway along

Vivien Lambelet and Mai Ramsay
It was a lover and his lass ..... *Quilter*
Sleep, sleep, beauty bright
A May Morning ..... *Denza*

5SX SWANSEA. 304.1 M. 1,020 KC.

11.30 The Menin Gate Service
S.B. from London

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

4.0 A Concert
Rosslie Griffiths Howells (Contralto)
The Station Pianoforte Quartette:
T. D. Jones (Pianoforte), Morgan Lloyd (Violin), A. J. Brown (Violin), Gwilym Thomas (Violoncello)

5.15 The Children's Hour

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 *S.B. from London* (9.30 Local Announcements)

9.35-11.0 *S.B. from Cardiff*

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 328.1 M. 910 KC.

11.30 The Menin Gate Service
S.B. from London

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

4.0 Hill Brower's Dance Band relayed from the Winter Gardens

5.15 The Children's Hour

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30-11.0 *S.B. from London* (9.30 Local Announcements)

5PY PLYMOUTH. 400 M. 750 KC.

11.30 The Menin Gate Service
S.B. from London

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 The Children's Hour

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30-11.0 *S.B. from London* 9.30 Mid-week Sports Bulletin. Local Announcements

5NG NOTTINGHAM. 275.2 M. 1,090 KC.

11.30 The Menin Gate Service
S.B. from London

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 The Children's Hour

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30-11.0 *S.B. from London* (9.30 Local Announcements)

6ST STOKE. 294.1 M. 1,020 KC.

11.30 The Menin Gate Service
S.B. from London

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 The Children's Hour

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30-11.0 *S.B. from London* 9.30 Local Announcements

2ZY MANCHESTER. 384.6 M. 780 KC.

11.30 The Menin Gate Service
S.B. from London

12.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

12.0-1.0 New Gallery Lecture

4.0 Famous Northern Resorts
Southport
A Municipal Band Concert
Relayed from the Bandstand
The Band of The 2nd Battalion North [illegible]
Conducted by J. R. Bent
(By kind permission of Lieut.-Col. D. G. [illegible] V.C., D.S.O., M.C.)

5.0 Doris Fairhurst (Soprano)

5.15 [illegible]
Shadow March *Del Riego*
A Story, 'The Bed' (*Natalie Joan*)
some Proverbs in Song, sung by Hamish Hopewell
Two's Company .....
It's never too late to mend
A miss is as good as a mile

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.20 Royal Horticultural Society's Bulletin

6.30-11.0 *S.B. from London* (9.30 Local Announcements)

Will Hay (the Schoolmaster Comedian) (left), and Violet Essex and Tucker (the Singing Violinist). They will be heard from Newcastle on Tuesday; London on Wednesday; Aberdeen on Thursday; Cardiff and Manchester on Friday, and Glasgow on Saturday.

Other Stations.

5NO NEWCASTLE. 312.5 M. 960 KC.

11.30—London Programme relayed from Daventry 12.0-1.0 Gramophone Records. 4.15—Music relayed from [illegible] 5.15 The Children's Hour 6.0 Song recital by Isabel Tuppy 6.20 Royal Horticultural Society's Bulletin 6.30 S.B. from London. 7.30—Band Concert. Nancy Hepton (Soprano), William Brudry (Bass), The Ellsworth Colliery Silver Band conducted by R. R. Hawthorn. 9.6-11.0—S.B. from London

5SC GLASGOW. 405.4 M. 740 KC.

12.0—Gramophone Records. 11.30-12.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry. 4.0—A Light Concert. The Station Orchestra, Muriel Hamilton (Soprano). 5.0 Musical Interlude. 5.15 The Children's Hour. 5.55 Weather forecast for Farmers. 6.0 Song recital by Russell Anderson (Tenor). Angels guard thee (Godard). Violin Concert. [illegible] why dost thou leave me? (Handel). Violoncello solo. [illegible] Wardle. The Dream Song (Bennett). Piano and Violin (Warlock). I dare not ask a kiss (Dowland). Violin Concerto [illegible]. 6.20 Mr. Paddy V. Hamilton. Hon. Secretary [illegible]. 6.30—S.B. from London. 9.35-11.0 A Short Concert. I passed by your window (Brahms). The Station Orchestra. [illegible] of H.M.S. Pinafore (Sullivan). Mr. [illegible] Scott (Bass), Robert Watson (Baritone). The Golden Vanity (arr. Hughes). The Anchorage (arr. Lane Bentley) (Bass). [illegible] Laundress. Robert Watson and Charles Shenstone. Half-a-way. Jos. and Who. [illegible] the Wind. The Station Orchestra (Percy Pitt). Selection. Novelette (Mackenzie). [illegible] Waltz (Waldteufel). [illegible] Robert Watson. The Lowlands of Holland (Orchestral Interlude). [illegible] Ballad (Somerville). Patrick Nay [illegible] (Mackintosh). The Waverley Male Voice Quartet. Trade Winds (Traditional). The Lee Shore (Coleridge-Taylor). Mother Carey's Chickens (Traditional). Robert Watson. Ships that pass in the night (Stephenson).

2BD ABERDEEN. 500 M. 600 KC.

11.30-12.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry. 4.0 Sporting News Bulletin. 4.5—Gleneagles Orchestra conducted by Horace Shepherd, relayed from the Electric Theatre. 5.0 An Impression of Pre-War Scenes [illegible] Stuart [illegible] Lucas. 5.15 The Children's Hour. 6.0 Miss Beatrice Varley Marsh (Contralto). 6.15 Musical Interlude. 6.25 Talk on Literature. 6.30 S.B. from London. 6.50 Interval. 7.0 Programme relayed from London. 7.25 Station announcements. 7.30—S.B. from London.

2BE BELFAST. 338.1 M. 890 KC.

11.30—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 12.0-1.0 Gramophone Records. 4.0 Music. Ulster Reserve Dance Band, relayed from Caproni's Palais de Danse, Bangor. 5.0—Buddick Miller 'Mark's Morning of Belfast.' 5.15 The Children's Hour. 6.0 The Station Orchestra relayed from the [illegible] Theatre. 6.20 [illegible] Royal Horticultural Society's Bulletin. 6.30 [illegible] 7.30 A Nightingale [illegible] Thomas (Violin). [illegible] Schubert [illegible] Orchestra [illegible] Wood [illegible] James [illegible] Harry Bentley [illegible] Band, conducted by Harold [illegible]. 9.30-11.0 Dance Music [illegible] Caproni's Palais de Danse, Bangor.

Programmes for Thursday, Aug. 9

2LO LONDON and 5XX DAVENTRY

(361.4 M. 830 KC.) (1,804.3 M. 167 KC.)

10.15 a.m. The Daily Service

10.20 (*Daventry only*) TIME SIGNAL GREENWICH

11.0 (*Daventry only*) Gramophone Records including 'Valkyrie' (Part I) (*Wagner*)

12.0 A CONCERT
ANNIE R. HUGHES (Contralto)
GUILYM WIGLEY (Tenor)
MARVIN CAVENDISH BARTRICK (Pianoforte)

1.0 2.0 The Week's Recital of Gramophone [illegible]

5.0 Evensong
From WESTMINSTER ABBEY

3.45 Miss E. CHEESEMAN: 'What are Instincts?'

THIS afternoon's talk is to refer more particularly to insect life. Miss Cheeseman was formerly Curator of Insects at the Zoo, is a Fellow, and she also accompanied a scientific expedition which lately visited the Galapagos Islands in the Pacific Ocean for the purpose of studying their fauna. She will illustrate her talk with many examples of the working of instincts in bees, butterflies, and other insects.

4.0 AN ORGAN RECITAL
By EDWARD O'HENRY
From Madame Tussaud's Cinema

4.30 THE B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA
Personally conducted by JACK PAYNE

5.15 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR:
'Going to the Dogs'
'The Pekinese,' 'Towser,' and other 'doggy' songs by GWEN KNIGHT
'Little Lady Lassie'—the story of a sheep dog (*Brenda Girvin*)
'Sir Toby' (Christopher's Dog)—a short play by EDITH REVSON'S
6.0 Ministry of Agriculture Fortnightly Bulletin
6.15 Market Prices for Farmers
6.20 Musical Interlude
6.30 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN
6.45 Musical Interlude
7.0 Mrs. M. A. HAMILTON: 'New Novels'
7.15 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC
PIANO DUETS AT DUSK
Played by [illegible] and CHAFOR POLLART
[illegible]
C Minor
7.25 Musical Interlude
7.30 Vaudeville
8.0 A Sing-Song
relayed from
The Duke of York's Camp
New Romney
A Short Talk by Mr. ROBERT R. HYDE
Director of the Industrial Welfare Society
8.5 The following songs will be sung
The Harp that once
Loch Lomond

WHERE THE SING-SONG WILL COME FROM TONIGHT
At eight o'clock tonight London and Daventry listeners will hear a Sing-Song relayed from the Duke of York's Holiday Camp at New Romney where each year boys from public schools and factory hands live side by side under canvas

Hen Wlad (Land of our Fathers)
Fire down below
Hullaballoo haley
Here's a Health unto His Majesty
The Farmer's Boy
8.30 A Rendering of the Test Pieces of the NATIONAL PIANO PLAYING CONTEST under the auspices of the *Daily Express* by HAROLD SAMUEL
Relayed from the Kingsway Hall
9.0 WEATHER FORECAST SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN
9.15 Mr. VERNON BARTLETT: 'The Way of the World'
9.30 Local Announcements. (*Daventry only*) Shipping Forecast
9.35 CHARLOT'S HOUR
A Light Entertainment
Specially devised and arranged by the well-known theatrical director
AT THE CHAIR OF
10.35-12.0 DANCE MUSIC THE SAVOY ORPHEANS, from the Savoy Hotel

Thursday's Programmes cont'd (August 9)

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

(491.8 M. 610 KC.)

3.0 A Summer Symphony Concert

THE BOURNEMOUTH MUNICIPAL ORCHESTRA

Conducted by Sir DAN GODFREY

DOROTHY DARLINGTON (Violin)

Relayed from the Winter Gardens, Bournemouth

THE ORCHESTRA

Overture to 'The Flying Dutchman' ..... *Wagner*

Fifth Symphony in C Minor ..... *Beethoven*

Allegro con brio; Allegretto con moto; Allegro

DOROTHY DARLINGTON and Orchestra

Concerto Academico for Violin and Strings ..... *Vaughan Williams*

Allegro pesante; Adagio; Presto

ORCHESTRA

Ballet of Sylphs
Minuet of Will o' the Wisps ... } (from 'Faust') *Berlioz*
Hungarian March .....

4.30 LOZELLS PICTURE HOUSE ORCHESTRA

(*From Birmingham*)

Conducted by PAUL RIMMER

Overture to 'Idomeneo' ..... *Mozart*

Waltz, Always ..... *Arnold*

FRANK LESTER (Baritone)

On Wings of Song ..... *Mendelssohn*

To Anthea ... *Hatton*

ORCHESTRA

Selection from 'Show Boat' ..... *Gershwin*

Entr'acte, A Desert Romance ..... *Ketelbey*

FRANK LESTER

Sword the Soldier's Revenge ... } *Hatton*

ORCHESTRA

Fantasia on Verdi's 'Rigoletto' arr. Tatum

Intermezzo, 'Fatwa' ..... *Halin*

Selection from 'Wildflower' ..... *Youmans*

Waltz, 'Poem' ..... *Fibich*

WILLIAM ANDERSON

sings in the Military Band Concert from 5GB at 8.30 this evening.

5.45 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR (*From Birmingham*): Songs by DOROTHY MOORE (Soprano). Character Sketches from the Works of Charles Dickens, by WORTLEY ALLEN. TONY will Entertain

6.30 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

THE B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA

Personally conducted by JACK PAYNE

GLADYS SEYMOUR (Entertainer)

8.0 Two short stories written and read by Mr. ALAN GRIFF

8.30 A MILITARY BAND CONCERT

NORA D'ARCEL (Soprano)

WILLIAM ANDERSON (Baritone)

THE WORCESTER MILITARY BAND

Conducted by B. WALTON O'DONNELL

BAND

Overture to 'King Stephen' ..... *Beethoven*

STEPHEN I was that King of Hungary who, in the early years of the eleventh century, wrought great improvements in his kingdom, especially as he remembered for his labours in turning the people from paganism to Christianity.

When in 1810 a new theatre was to be opened at Pesth with a patriotic play called *Hungary's First Benefactor*, Beethoven wrote the incidental music.

In the opening theme of the Overture we may detect the Hungarian idiom.

8.40 WILLIAM ANDERSON

Solveig's Song ..... *Halvorsen*

The Sea ..... *Marshall*

8.48 BAND

Slow Movement from the 'New World' Symphony ..... *Dvorak*

9.2 NORA D'ARCEL

Solveig's Song ..... *Grieg*

The Absent One ..... *Lane Wilson*

The New Spring ..... *Hahn*

9.10 BAND

Three Dances from 'The Barber of Seville' ..... *Rossini*

9.20 WILLIAM ANDERSON

The Farewell ..... *Watford Davies*

Hamlet Bell's ..... *Eastlyn Marlin*

Off to Philadelphia ..... *Haynes*

9.28 BAND

Selection from 'The Beggar's Opera' ..... *Gay and Austin*

9.45 NORA D'ARCEL

For a life of pain I have given my love ..... *Rachmaninoff*

Berceuse (Cradle Song) ..... *Gretchaninoff*

Spin, Spin ..... *Taylor*

La Bouquetière (The flower girl) ... . *Weckerlin*

9.52 BAND

Gavotte from 'Iphigenia in Aulis' ..... *Gluck*

Moorish Dances ..... *Moszkowski*

10.0 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

10.15–11.15 DANCE MUSIC: THE SAVOY ORPHEANS, from the Savoy Hotel

(*Thursday's Programmes continued on page 318.*)

THE RADIO TIMES

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Thursday's Programmes continued (August 9)

5WA CARDIFF. 353 M. 850 KC.

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 The Children's Hour

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 *S.B. from London*

8.30 Dr. John Ivimey, Mus.Doc., Professor of Music at Marlborough College
"The Right Use of Music in Modern Productions"
Relayed from the Summer School of Dramatic Art, Cumnor House, Bath

9.0-12.0 *S.B. from London* (9.30 Local Announcements)

5SX SWANSEA. 294.1 M. 1,020 KC.

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 The Children's Hour

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 *S.B. from London*

8.30 *S.B. from Cardiff*

9.0-12.0 *S.B. from London* (9.30 Local Announcements)

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 328.1 M. 920 KC.

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30-12.0 *S.B. from London* (9.30 Local Announcements)

5PY PLYMOUTH. 400 M. 750 KC.

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 The Children's Hour
The Five Sax... tells the story of "Little Lucy Locket" (*Jerome Byrne*)

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30-12.0 *S.B. from London* (9.30 Local Announcements)

5NG NOTTINGHAM. 275.2 M. 1,090 KC.

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 The Children's Hour

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30-12.0 *S.B. from London* (9.30 Local Announcements)

6ST STOKE. 294.1 M. 1,020 KC.

3.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 The Children's Hour

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30-12.0 *S.B. from London* (9.30 Local Announcements)

2ZY MANCHESTER. 384.6 M. 780 KC.

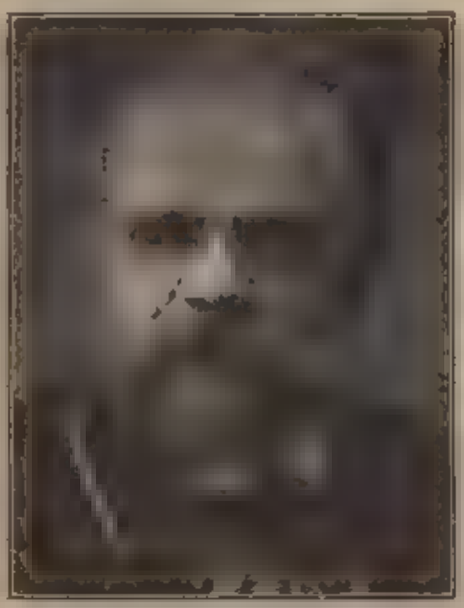
12.0-1.0 Gramophone Records

4.0 Famous Northern Resorts
Buxton
A Concert by the Buxton Pavilion Gardens Augmented Orchestra
Musical Director, Horace Fellowes
Relayed from the Pavilion Gardens

Andante and Finale from C Major Symphony ... *Haydn*
H.R.H. Sonata ... *Brahms-Reginald*
Dance of the Hours (from "La Gioconda") ... *Ponchielli*
Leonard Brousmiche (Violoncello)
Solemn Melody ... *Walford Davies*
Gavotte ...
Melodies from "Iolanthe" ... *Sullivan*

5.0 Miss Fay Kershaw "Town Planning and Public Gardens in Southern France"

5.15 The Children's Hour
The Countryside
Suite, "From the Countryside" ... *Eric Coates*
In the Meadows, Among the Poppies, At the Fair
Played by The Sunshine Trio
"Lo is Lady Lassie"—a story of a sheep-dog trial (*Brenda Girvan*)
Songs by Lance Hewerdine:
The Wild Rose
Busy Bee
Grass
Rain
} *Carmichael*



ANTONIN DVORAK
whose Pianoforte Duets are being played by Isabel Gray and Claude Pollard in the Foundations of Music series from London this week

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry
6.28 Market Prices for Local Farmers
6.30 *S.B. from London*

7.30 A LIGHT ORCHESTRAL CONCERT
Relayed from the Piccadilly Picture House
The Piccadilly Orchestra
Conducted by Stanley C. Mills
Slavonic Rhapsody ... *Friedemann*
Waltz, "Wiener Blut" ... *Johann Strauss*
Trombone Solo, "The Firefly" ... *Moss*
Soloist, Jack Smith
Entr'acte, "Intermezzo" ... *Coleridge-Taylor*
From the Studio
Original Humour at the Piano
Orchestra
Selection from "Peggy Ann" ... *Kern*
Hungarian Rhapsody ... *Lotti*
Xylophone Solo Overture to "William Tell" ... *Rossini*
Soloist, Peter Akers
Ernest Elliott
From the Studio
Original Suite and Short Solos

Orchestra
Ballet Music from The Spring ... *Finck*
Scarf Dance, Andante, Variations and Russian Dance

9.0 *S.B. from London* 9.30 Local Announcements

9.35 'The Compleat Angler'
(Izaak Walton born this day, 1593)
Part I
Joseph Sutcliffe (Baritone)
Down by the Riverside } from Songs of
Lonely Water } Northern
The Shooting of his Dear } Collected by Moeran
Two Readings from "The Compleat Angler," by Izaak Walton
Joseph Sutcliffe
I heard a rustling brook
The Trout ... *Schubert*
To the Brook ...
Part II
Frank Foxon (Character Baritone)
"The Fish Shop" ... *Max H. Bertha*
Robert Donat, reading a "Fishy" Tale by Phillip Middleman
Frank Foxon
"The Fish Shop" (Continued) ... *Max H. Bertha*
Neptune's Song ("Merrie England") ... *German*

10.35-12.0 *S.B. from London*

Other Stations.

5NO NEWCASTLE. 5.15 M. 1,040 KC.

3.0—London Programme relayed from Daventry 5.15 Children's Hour 6.0 After Farmers' ... harvesting of corn Crops 6.25—London Programme relayed from Daventry. 6.30-12.0 *S.B. from London*

5SC GLASGOW 405.4 M. 741 KC.

4.0—A Light Orchestral Concert. The Scottish ... Orchestra ... Selection, "Katja the Dancer" ... Dreamdale) ... My Dream ... Selection, "Oh, Kay!" ... Conductor: J.S. Dickson ... 5.15 ... 6.0 ... 6.45 ... 7.30 ... 8.30 ... Herbert Stephen (Violin) ... in D Minor (Tale ... Charles O'Connor ... Leander Dreissa ... 9.30 ... 9.35-12.0 ... from London

2BD ABERDEEN. 495 M. 606 KC.

4.0 ... 4.5 ... Dance Music by ... 5.0 ... 5.15 ... 6.0 ... 6.25 ... 6.30 ... 7.30 ... 7.45 ... 8.0 ... 8.45—Violet Lorck and Tucker (On Steinway Violin) ... 9.0 ... from London. 9.30—S.B. from Glasgow. 9.35-12.0 ... S.B. from London

2BE BELFAST. 306.1 M. 980 KC.

2.30 ... 3.45 ... 4.0 ... Dance ... 4.30 ... Sharp Minor for Pianoforte and Orchestra (Rimsky Korsakov) 4.50—Orchestra, Minuet in A for Strings (Boccherini) Excerpts from Ballet "Roses d'Amour" (Glazounov)— ... 5.15 ... 6.30 ... 6.45 ... 6.50-12.0 ...

PROGRAMMES for FRIDAY, August 10

2LO LONDON and 5XX DAVENTRY

(361.4 M. 830 kc.) (1,554.3 M. 193 kc.)

10.15 a.m. The Daily Service

10.30 (*Daventry only*) Time Signals, Greenwich; Weather Forecast

11.0 (*Daventry only*) Gramophone Records

'Valkyrie' (Part II) (*Wagner*)

12.0 A SONATA RECITAL

Hekes Epperton (Violin)

[illegible] (Pianoforte)

Sonata in D, Op. 12, No. 1 [illegible]

BEETHOVEN'S [illegible] Violin Sonatas, Op. 12 [illegible] They contain much fine and cheerful music, with [illegible] them of the forceful, compelling, [illegible]

The First Sonata has three [illegible]

The First Movement (Quick and vigorous) is a busy run-about piece. It has two main tunes. The first is the jerky strutting up and down the chord of D major at the opening with the legs which Violin and then Piano attach. The second main tune is a sort of slow four-finger exercise, first introduced high up on the Piano.

Adagio and Allegro in A, Op. 70

Schumann, arr. Jonsen!

12.30 AN ORGAN RECITAL

By Leonard H. Warner

Relayed from St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate

[illegible]

Intro., Fugue and Adagio (Sonata in E Minor) *Mendelssohn*

Voluntary in C Major ... ... *Dr. Maurice Greene*

Sonata, No. 1 (First movement) ... *Mendelssohn*

1 0 2.0 Lunch Time Music

The Hotel Metropole Orchestra

(Leader, A. Maceoyan)

From the Hotel Metropole

4.0 Muschetto and his Orchestra

From the May Fair Hotel

5.0 Miss Eleanor E. Helme: "Some Thoughts on Golf"

LISTENERS will remember previous talks by Miss Helme as an eye-witness giving accounts of Ladies' Foursomes and so forth, but this evening she is to deal practically with the Royal and Ancient Game, telling us the clubs to buy and the shots to play

5.15. THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Scenes of Old London

A Simple Play arranged by D. E. Hooton, with songs by The Wireless Singers

6.0 Frank Westfield's Orchestra

From the Prince of Wales Playhouse, Lewisham

6.30 Time Signal, Greenwich; Weather Forecast. First General News Bulletin

6.45 Frank Westfield's Orchestra (Continued)

7.0 Mr. G. A. Atkinson "Seen on the Screen"

7.15 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC

PIANO DUETS BY DVORAK

Played by Isabel Gray and [illegible]

Legends, Op. 3[illegible]

A Major

B Flat Minor

Scottish Dances, Op. 41

Aus dem Böhmerwalde (from the Bohemian Forest), Op. 68, No [illegible]

E Minor

(*Continued in column 3.*

ATHOLL PALACE HOTEL, PITLOCHRY

7.45 Preparations for the Twelfth—from the Moors

Relayed from the Atholl Palace Hotel, Pitlochry

5 B from Dundee

Introduced by The Vale of Atholl Pipe Band

Pipe Major, R. Jessie

With an account of the Highland Scenery

7.50 [illegible]

Mason of Morven } *arr. Lawson*

The Skye Boat Song }

7.57 Neil Gunn (Topical)

"[illegible]" *J. T. Stoddart*

8.7 Robert Burnett (Bari[illegible])

Two Gaelic Airs

8.14 Alec Sim (Violin)

Slow Strathspey, "Farbert[illegible]" [illegible]

Strathspey, "Atholl Rose" *Traditional*

Strathspey, "The Deuk[illegible]" [illegible]

Reel, "The Marquis of Tullibardine" *Cameron*

8.21 Neil Gunn

[illegible] *Cecil Murray*

8.28 Betty Bannerman

(a) [illegible] } *arr. Lawson*

Sound the Pibroch }

8.35 Alec Sim

Air, The Narrative Lassie ... *McKenzie*

Strathspey, The Highland Bagpiper ... *Ross*

Reel, The Cuckold's Lasses *Traditional*

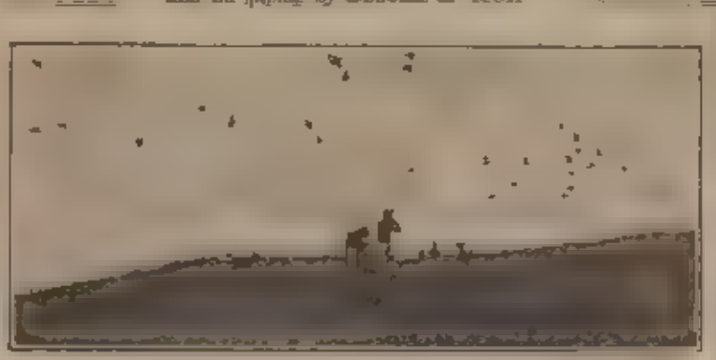
8.42 Robert Burnett

Lowland Scots Group

8.50 The Wade of Atholl Pipers

Lighthorse Reel; March, "Marchonald of the [illegible] Hurlaw Strathspey, "Blair Drummond" Reel, Inverness

With a Running Commentary on the set tools and the piping by Donald G. Scott



7.25 Musical Interlude

7.30 A Farewell Recital

by Helen Gilchrist

7.45 Preparations for the Twelfth: from the Moors

(See centre column)

8.0 Weather Forecast. Second [illegible]

9.15 An Eye Witness Account of the Ice at Lords [illegible]

9.30 [illegible]

(Time permitting, St. [illegible])

9.35 Chamber Music

Dorothy [illegible] (Soprano)

The Charles W[illegible] String Quartet

Charles Woodhouse (First Violin), Herbert Kenney [illegible]

String Quartet (Op. 80 [illegible]

[illegible] andante), 3 Finale Allegro molto

FIRST MOVEMENT (Moderately quick. The [illegible] reached figures, each of a mere two or three notes [illegible] easy to follow these in detail, but the most important is a drooping figure, which is heard at the third bar (no. about six seconds from the beginning).

The second main tune is a more definite [illegible] First Violin in tender vein, but it can be highly impassioned, as we find later.

In SECOND MOVEMENT is marked 'pleasantly' and that is really all one needs to know about its mood. There is nothing of more pretentious about the music, it comes from the heart, is given to us as modestly as possible, with some subtle bits of lovely tone colour, which string players especially will relish, and ends in purest, sweetest calm.

THIRD MOVEMENT (Very quick). The Finale begins with terse, peremptory ejaculations by Viola and Violoncello. These quickly lead into the first main tune, in which the First Violin rushes up-to-one-note, then to another then back again. The [illegible] rough going here for some time. At length things become smoother, and the [illegible] lyrical second main tune arrives, at first [illegible] Violin. When this seems finished with the Viola comes upon a fussy little, chattering figure—only to find we are not really out of the second main tune.

The Movement is, in fact barely begun but practically everything is derived from what has now been heard.

10.0 Dorothy Robson

(Soprano)

Der Wegweiser } *Schubert*

Die Post }

Auf dem Kirchhofe } *Brahms*

Wo die schönen Trompeten [illegible] } *Mahler*

10.25 Quartet

String Quartet in A Flat (Op. 64, No. 5) ... ... *Haydn*

1 Allegretto; 2 Andante [illegible]

Finale: Presto

10.45 SURPRISE ITEM

11.0-12.0 [illegible] 5IO: Manuel B. Weston's Band from the Hotel Cecil

Friday's Programmes cont'd (August 10)

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

(491.8 M. 610 KC.)

4.0 THE B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA
Personally conducted by JACK PAYNE
MARUSYA (Russian Soprano)

5.45 [illegible]'s HOUR
[illegible]
Making the best of it—Grapes and Bandages," by [illegible]

6.30 [illegible]
[illegible]
LUNCHEON NEWS [illegible]

GLADYS WARD
will announce the Concert entitled 'Old Folks' Programme' which 5GB is giving at 8.30 tonight.

6.45 Light Music
(From Birmingham)

PAVILION'S SALON ORCHESTRA, [illegible]
Relayed from the Café Restaurant, Corporation Street
Overture to 'Athalie' ..... *Mendelssohn*
FLORENCE CLEETON (Soprano)
Love's a sailor ..... *Kent*
NORRIS STANLEY (Violin)
Variations on a theme of Corelli
Tartini, arr. Kreisler

TARTINI, that great [illegible] violinist, had a somewhat disturbed youth, for he was driven from his native Padua on account of a secret marriage. He took refuge at a monastery at Assisi, worked hard at fiddling and when he could safely return to Padua, built up a noted school of violin playing.

He wrote some eighteen Concertos and fifty or sixty Violin Sonatas. Perhaps the most famous of these last is the 'Devil's Trill' Sonata, said to have been composed after a dream in which the Devil, having entered into a compact to serve the composer, played him a marvellous solo on the Violin—a solo which Tartini, on waking, tried in vain to recall. The 'Devil's [illegible] of his impression of the strange visitation—so the tale [illegible]

7.5 ORCHESTRA
Fantasia on Tchaikovsky's 'Eugene Onegin'
[illegible]
NORRIS STANLEY
Legend ... [illegible]
7.35 [illegible]
[illegible]
ORCHESTRA
Selection from *La Boheme* [illegible]

8.0 A Programme of Old Favourites
played by
THE B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA
Personally conducted by JACK PAYNE

8.30 Old Folks' Programme
(From Birmingham)

As the old Folks sit around the fire, melodies and memories of days gone by come to mind.

MABEL SENIOR (Soprano)
ALICE VAUGHAN (Contralto)
[illegible]
JAMES HOWELL (Baritone)
Assisted by the
BIRMINGHAM [illegible] ORCHESTRA
Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS

The Concert will be announced by GLADYS WARD

10.0 [illegible] NEWS BULLETIN. Road Report

10.15 DANCE MUSIC [illegible] AMBASSADOR CLUB BAND, directed by RAY STARITA, from the Ambassador Club

11.0-11.15 MARIUS B. WINTER'S HAND from the [illegible]

Friday's Programmes continued on page 232

In the Near Future.

News and Notes from Daventry Experimental.

The Week's Good Cause Appeal on Sunday, August 12, is on behalf of Pearson's Fresh Air Fund.

During the afternoon of Monday, August 13, listeners will hear an organ recital by Gilbert [illegible] from the [illegible] of the Welsh Memorial [illegible] Birmingham. The [illegible] will include a Aria and Pastorale by Alec [illegible] Hilda Grundy (contralto) will also contribute items from the Studio.

A [illegible] concert will be relayed from the Pump Room [illegible] Leamington Spa, on Tuesday, August 14, when the band of H.M. [illegible] Artillery, Portsmouth, will [illegible] selection from *Romeo and Juliet* and excerpts from *The Emperor* [illegible] programme. The [illegible] will be Nora Isaacson [illegible] soprano.

The second amusing adventure of James Augustus, by Stuart Ready with the [illegible] ing title of *Husbands Unlimited*, will be presented by Stuart Vinden and Molly Hall at 6 p.m. on Tuesday, August 14.

The evening programme on Wednesday, **August 15, will include a tragic farce entitled *A Tadpole*, by Arthur Pekarsky, performed by** the Radio Players, and a light classical programme played by the Birmingham Studio Symphony Orchestra, the vocalist being John Armstrong (tenor).

A musical comedy feature programme entitled 'Carnival Nights' is arranged [illegible] Thursday, August 17. It is [illegible] which [illegible] Tommy [illegible] and Ray [illegible] syncopated maniacs.

The Birmingham Studio Chorus, conducted by Joseph Lewis, will take part in a variety [illegible] with Miss [illegible] Miss [illegible] and [illegible] Nora [illegible] [illegible] for Saturday, August 17. It will [illegible] Dance Hall, Birmingham, with interludes by Edith James at the piano.

The City of Birmingham Police Band Concert, to be relayed from Cannon Hill Park on Saturday evening, August 18, will include Suppé's *Light Cavalry Overture*, Mascagni Scenes, *Futuristics*, and four dances from *Merrie England*. The artist will be Harry Sennett, tenor.

MAINTENANCE OF RECEIVING SETS.

THE B.B.C. has prepared a *free* pamphlet to help listeners to get the best possible [illegible] application to the B.B.C. Bookshop, Savoy Hill, London, or to any provincial stations. This pamphlet is published in conjunction with the Radio Manufacturers' and the British Radio Valve Manufacturers' Associations.

Friday's Programmes continued (August 10)

5WA CARDIFF. 353 M. 850 kC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

4.45 D. R. Davies: 'Welsh Actresses: Fanny Kemble'

5.0 Jose ... Orchestra relayed from the Carlton Restaurant

5.15 The Children's Hour

6.0 Organ Recital by Arthur E. Sims
Relayed from the Central Hall, Newport

A ... (Wagner-...
F ...
A Rustic Song ... West
A Gramophone Record with Organ
Selection from 'I Pagliacci' ('The Play Actors') Leoncavallo

6.30 *S.B. from London*

7.45 WILL HAY
(The Schoolmaster Comedian)

8.0 The Bristol Orchestra
Musical Director Richard Austin
Relayed from the Glen Pavilion, Clifton, Bristol
Overture
Overture to 'Mireille' ... Gounod
Four Pieces from Suite in D Bach, arr. Woodhouse
Gavotte. Sarabande. Bourrée.
Fight Music ('Tamerlane') ... Handel
Nocturne ...
(Accompanist, Roy M...)
Overture
Danse Macabre (Dance of Death) ... Saint-Saëns
Selection from 'Carmen' ... Bizet, arr. De Groot

9.0 *S.B. from London* (9.30 Local Announcements)

... P.P.P. CONCERT PARTY
Relayed from the Pavilion, Llandaff

10.30 Violet Essex and Tucker
(The Singing Violinist)

10.45-11.0 *S.B. from London*

5SX SWANSEA. 204.1 M. 1,020 kC.

12.0-1.0 Gramophone Records

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 The Children's Hour

... A Pianoforte Recital
by T. D. Jones
Fantasia on Prize Song from 'The Mastersingers' Wagner, arr. Bendix
Clair de Lune (Moonlight) Debussy
I heard a streamlet gushing Schubert arr. Liszt
Pas triste, pas gai (Not sad, not gay) ... Bennett
La Mer-in ... Chaminade

6.30 *S.B. from London*

7.45 *S.B. from Cardiff*

9.0-11.0 *S.B. from London* (9.30 Local Announcements)

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 370.4 M. 810 kC.

12.0-1.0 Gramophone Records

4.0 Tea Time Music from Bobby's Restaurant
Directed by J. P. Cole

5.0 Miss Ethel M. Hewitt 'Some Lanes in Bygone Dorset'

5.15 The Children's Hour

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 *S.B. from London*

7.45 *S.B. from Dundee (See London)*

9.0-11.0 *S.B. from London* (9.30 Local Announcements)

5PY PLYMOUTH. 356 M. 760 kC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.0 Mr. R. A. J. Walling, Editor of the *Western Morning News*: 'The Life of Plymouth one hundred years ago'

5.15 The Children's Hour
'The ... Reading, 'The ... of Mwanu Kootoo' (*F. D. Bone*) ... 'The Tale of a Guinea Pig' (*Eleanor Farjeon*) ... 'The Music Cat' (*Connolly*)

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 *S.B. from London*

7.45 *S.B. from Dundee (See London)*

9.0-11.0 *S.B. from London* (9.30 Forthcoming Events: Local Announcements)

5NG NOTTINGHAM. 275.2 M. 1,090 kC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 The Children's Hour

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 *S.B. from London*

7.45 *S.B. from Dundee (See London)*

9.0-11.0 *S.B. from London* (9.30 Local Announcements)

6ST STOKE. 1,020 kC.

12.0-1.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

4.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.15 The Children's Hour
The Station Trio: Light Music

... London Programme relayed from Daventry

... *S.B. from London*

7.45 *S.B. from Dundee (See London)*

9.0-11.0 *S.B. from London* (9.30 Local Announcements)

2ZY MANCHESTER. 384.6 M. 780 kC.

4.0 A CONCERT
Relayed from Parker's Restaurant
Laddie Clarke and his Orchestra
Percy Rusbury (Tenor)

5.0 Mr. Charles Owen: Lancashire Anecdotes — 'Hidden Beauties'

5.15 The Children's Hour

6.0 Orchestral Music
Relayed from the Theatre Royal

6.30 *S.B. from London*

6.45 Orchestral Music (Continued), directed by Maynell Dean

7.0 *S.B. from London*

7.45 Chamber Music
The Boyd Roberts Instrumental Trio:
S. Boyd Roberts (Piano), John Lowsley (Violin), Alan Morton (Violoncello)
From Stretford
The ... Trio ... *Haydn*
... Andante, Andante molto ... Allegro, Lento maestoso; vivace

8.15 Mavis Stoddard Mezzo-Soprano
(*From Manchester*)
We wandered ... *Rubens*
The Gift Rose ... *Coleridge Taylor*
I've been roaming ... *Horn*

8.25 Boyd Roberts Trio
Allegro from Trio in ... *Mozart*
Trio in G Minor Op. 63 ... *Reber*

8.50 Mavis Stoddard:
A Memory ... ... *Graham Thomas*
One morning, oh so early ... *Lehmann*
Music, when soft voices die ... *Beaty*

9.0 *S.B. from London* (9.30 Local Announcements)

9.35 A Variety Programme
Will Hay (The Schoolmaster Comedian)

9.50 ... Sketch ... for the Stage

10.0 Violet Essex and Tucker (The Singing Violinist)

10.15 Ralph Collis (The Popular Comedian)

... Mabel Constanduros (The Famous Radio Personality)

10.37 Jack Mahsey (Xylophone Solos)

10.45-11.0 *S.B. from London*

Other Stations.

5NO NEWCASTLE. 312.5 M. 960 kC.

12.0-1.0 ... Records. 4.0 ... Daventry. 5.15 ... 6.0 ... 6.30 ... 7.45 ... 8.0 ... 9.0-11.0 ...

5SC GLASGOW. 405.4 M. 740 kC.

11.45-2.15 ... Edinburgh. 2.30-3.0 ... 4.0 ... France and Germany. The Station ... 5.15 The Children's Hour ... 5.58 ... Forecast for Farmers. 6.0 ... 6.30 ... 7.45 ... 8.0 London. 11.0-12.0 — Music.

2BD ABERDEEN. 500 M. 600 kC.

11.0 ... 11.45-12.15 ... 2.30-3.0 ... 4.0 ... 4.5 ... 5.15 ... 6.0 ... 6.15 ... 6.25 ... Reading News Bulletin. 6.30 ... 7.45 ... 9.0 London. 11.0-12.0 Dundee.

2BE BELFAST. 305 M. 985 kC.

12.0-1.0 ... 4.0 ... Orchestra. 4.30 —A Vocal Interlude: Peter Howard (Baritone). 4.42 ... 5.5 ... 5.15 ... 6.0 ... 6.30 ... 7.45 ... 9.0 ... 9.35 ... Orchestra. Dance of Pierrots. Serenade (Schubert). Music to A Midsummer Night's Dream (Mendelssohn). Pierrot and Pierrot from 'Suite Fantastique' (Poldi) ... 10.45-11.0 ...

The Lure of the 'Proms.'

The author of this article, Mr Herman Klein, one of the oldest and most distinguished of our music critics, has been a regular "promenader" since the '70's. For those who are unacquainted with the history of the 'Proms,' this brief reminiscence forms an introduction to the broadcasting at 8.0 p.m., on Saturday, August 11, of the opening concert of the new season.

Some time as they continued to be held at Covent Garden, now over thirty years ago, they were promenade concerts, alias 'Proms,' in the literal meaning of the term. That is to say, the visitor was free to stroll about the vast floor-space—the whole of it on the stage level—jostling among the crowd, if there happened to be one, or joining some compact group to listen to the music. The real amateur, who did not want to move about or be disturbed, was to be found as a rule seated in the circles or the amphitheatre opposite.

The house invariably offered a bright and pretty spectacle, especially after electric lighting had been invented. The orchestral structure, built up immediately beneath and back of the proscenium, was in form a large oblong, rising tier above tier from the platform where the soloists stood. The conductor faced his band from a lofty rostrum, rarely getting upon his legs, but sitting in a magnificent gilt arm-chair, upholstered in crimson damask, whence he wielded the bâton entirely at his ease.

But if the night was attractive so was the music at least, it was at the epoch I speak of. Naturally the quality had varied a great deal since the days of Jullien and Alfred Mellon—good, bad, and indifferent, but always 'popular'—and it was still doing so under the direction of Arditi, Rivière, Hervé, and Arthur Sullivan. The nightly programme was a weird hotch-potch of the typical miscellaneous description, containing every imaginable ingredient, from a symphonic movement, an overture, or a concerto down to ballads, waltzes, quick-marches, and the amazing concoction known as 'The British Army Quadrilles.' And yet the 'classical' first parts on the special nights were surprisingly good. There the little lumps of leaven were always somehow finding their way in.

For instance, my first visit to the 'Proms' is always associated in my mind with the production of a novelty of which Arditi was inordinately proud—and with good reason, for it had cost him infinite trouble to obtain and rehearse. It was nothing less than the 'Funeral March' from *Götterdämmerung*, now given for the first time in England only a twelvemonth after the *Ring* had been heard at Bayreuth. 'Let us go,' said my friend, a fellow-teacher, one Theodore, of Norwich Cathedral, A.M. professor. 'I want to hear this strange music and the wonderful tubas that Wagner has just brought out.' We did go and sat upstairs, and I received a succession of thrills the like of which I have never known concentrated into five minutes before or since.

Later on, the average quality of the programmes gradually improved. Arthur Sullivan and Frederic Cowen [illegible] Beethoven, and our Mendelssohn, and our Wagner Nights. We used then to hear more symphonies and fewer quick marches, first-rate instrumental soloists of the calibre of Franz Remmel, Wilhelmj and Battistini; singers like Sims Reeves, Edward Lloyd, and Charles Santley. All the while—yes, even during the management of the worthy but loving publican, Freeman Thomas, and the conductorship of the Welsh band-master, Gwyllym Crowe—the Covent Garden Proms were steadily helping to improve the musical taste of our vast community.

It was during this closing period, when, truth to tell, the better programmes were entailing smaller receipts (and maybe less popping of champagne corks at the back of the orchestra) that an excellent man named Robert Newman came along and took up the business direction 'in front of the house.' He learned to know his job thoroughly; everyone liked him. Thus it came about that in 1895, when the newly-erected Queen's Hall was opened with Robert Newman as manager, the idea occurred to him of trying what could be done with a season of Promenade Concerts at the customary early autumn date, under the modified conditions necessitated by the different *locale*. Fortunately he found a ready and willing colleague in the rising young conductor, Henry J. Wood, a musician with progressive ideas akin to his own: and between them the two men made a complete success of their scheme.

Let it not be imagined that the change to a consistently higher artistic level was instantaneous. On the hot August night in '95 when the 'Proms' were started at Queen's Hall, the old Covent Garden model was thought good enough for imitation, and wisely so, for a too-sudden metamorphosis would have spelt disaster. Gradually it was found that a new generation of listeners was coming to the concerts—a generation that could do with less promenading, fewer drinks between the items, less match-striking during the music, and a diminishing proportion of commonplace ballads. More and more every year did it become apparent that the ancient leaven had by degrees done its good work until at last—for it was not so very long ago, as such things are reckoned—Sir Henry Wood could boast that, apart from its annual revelation of new talent, the quality of the music at the 'Proms' was on a par with that of the best concerts in the land.

HERMAN KLEIN.

SOLOISTS AT SATURDAY'S 'PROM.
(From left to right) Roy Henderson, Stiles Allen and Solomon.

THE OPENING NIGHT OF THE 'PROMS'

Saturday, August 11

LONDON and DAVENTRY

10.15 a.m. The Daily Service

10.30 (*Daventry only*) TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH, WEATHER FORECAST

1.0–2.0 THE GERSHOM PARKINGTON QUINTET

2.30 BRITISH EMPIRE v. U.S.A.

A Running Commentary by PHILIP NOEL BAKER on the International Athletic Meeting, relayed from Stamford Bridge

THIS meeting of representative athletes from the British Empire and the United States of America will be one of particular interest. Taking place only a week after the Olympic Games, we may expect quite 50 per cent. of the Olympic Winners to be present, and there is every likelihood that a large number of records will be broken

5.30 THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Children's Hour Staff prepares a Programme (BUT listeners are advised not to believe all they hear—on this occasion, at all events).

6.15 A Ballad Concert

JOHN VAN ZYL (Baritone)
EDA KERSEY (Violin)

JOHN VAN ZYL
Onaway Awake... *Coleridge-Taylor*
Pass, every-man *Sanderson*

6.22 EDA KERSEY
Slovische Fantasie
Dvorak, arr. Kreisler
Hungarian Dance No. 7
Brahms, arr. Joachim

6.30 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH
WEATHER FORECAST FOR GENERAL
NEWS BULLETIN

6.45 BALLAD CONCERT (Continued)
JOHN VAN ZYL
Port of many ships ..... } *Keel*
Old Bill .. }

6.52 EDA KERSEY
Mazurka ..... *Albeniz, arr. Kreisler*
Jota (from 'Suite populaire Espagnole') ..... *de Falla, arr. Kreisler*

7.0 Mr BASIL MAINE: 'Next Week's Broadcast Music'

7.15 THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC

PIANO DUETS BY DVORAK
Played by ISABEL GRAY and CLAUDE POLLARD
AUS DEM BOHMERWALDE
D Flat Major
F Sharp Major
A Major

7.25 Eye-Witness account of the Third Test Match, England *v.* West Indies, by Col. PHILIP TREVOR

7.35 Rex Evans' Cabaret

Devised and written by ROWLAND LEIGH
and
REX EVANS
ADONA WEN
LAWRENCE ANDERSON
BASIL HOWES
and
REX EVANS
THE B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA
Personally conducted by JACK PAYNE

BEFORE the event of the evening—namely the broadcasting of the first of this year's season of 'Proms,'—comes, in more flippant mood, the second presentation by Rex Evans, of his half-hour cabaret. If you are a regular listener you know all about Rex Evans, that he sings syncopated songs, that he has rapidly achieved 'star' rank in the world of smart cabaret

'MASTERS OF THE MICROPHONE'—
SIR HENRY J. WOOD

First associated with broadcasting when last August the B.B.C. took control of the Promenade Concerts, Sir Henry has during the past year conducted many concerts from London, Daventry and other stations. Tonight he conducts the first of the New Season of 'Proms' which will be heard by all except 5GB listeners

It is a collaboration of this sort, Rowland Leigh is a young Oxford man with a very happy knack of writing lyrics. He has written the words for Stuart Tucker Beatrice Lillie, etc., and has now gone for New York, whom he has been commissioned to do the lyrics for a new show with music by the late Leslie Stuart

8.0 THE PROMENADE CONCERTS

Sir HENRY WOOD and his SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Relayed from The Queen's Hall

ORCHESTRA
Suite for Organ and Orchestra ..... *arr. from Purcell*
Ius 1st on A la V.a ..... *by Iver*

ROY HENDERSON
The Song of the Flea ..... *Mussorgsky*

ORCHESTRA
Solemn Melody for Strings and Organ
Walford Davies

TOWARDS the end of 1808 Tercentenary Celebrations of Milton's birth were held in London. At the famous Cheapside church, St Mary-le-Bow, since to which Milton was born, celebrations took place on the Tercentenary December 9. For this occasion Sir Walford Davies wrote this *Solemn Melody*

'Wanderer Fantasia' for Pianoforte
and Orchestra ..... *Schubert*

THE [illegible] for which Schubert wrote a song The [illegible] 'The Wanderer' three Movements of which [illegible] some manner upon one or [illegible] theme, of a peremptory, rhythmic character, which is distantly related to that tune. We hear the complete theme at the very beginning, from the orchestra. The First Movement [illegible] the Second [illegible] the Third is very brisk and sportive, and the Last is in Fugal style.

The [illegible] was originally written for [illegible] dated to the pianoforte. [illegible] Liszt adapted it for pianoforte and orchestra

STILES ALLEN
Recit. and Aria, 'Luningle pia cara' (The [illegible] of love, from 'Ariodante') ..... *Handel*

ORCHESTRA
Prelude, 'L'Apres midi d'un Faune' (The afternoon of a Fawn) ..... *Debussy*
Second Hungarian Rhapsody ..... *Liszt*

(*See special article on page 223*)

9.30 [illegible]

9.45 Promenade Concert (Continued)

ORCHESTRA
Tenth Organ Concerto, in D Minor (Set 2, No. 4) ..... *Handel*

STILES ALLEN
Do not go, my love ..... *Hageman*
Bluebird's Song ..... *Speaks*

ROY HENDERSON
And yet I love her till I die ..... *Roland Parry*
The Traveller ..... *Godard*
[illegible] ..... *Goring Thomas*

ORCHESTRA
Clog Dance, 'Handel in the Strand' ..... *Grainger*

10.30 Local Announcements. (*Daventry only*) Shipping Forecast

10.35–12.0 DANCE MUSIC: THE SAVOY ORPHEANS from the Savoy Hotel

Saturday's Programmes cont'd (Aug. 11)

5GB DAVENTRY EXPERIMENTAL

(491.8 M. 610 kc.)

3.30 **AN ORCHESTRAL CONCERT**

ARTHUR COX (Tenor)

THE [illegible] ORCHESTRA

Conducted by JOHN ANSELL

ORCHESTRA

March, 'Entry of the Boyards' ... *Halvorsen*
Overture to 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' ... *Nicolai*
Waltz, 'Ever Faithful' ... *Waldteufel*

3.52 ARTHUR COX

Mountain Lovers ... *Squire*
The girl I love best ... *Hopkins*
Just a cottage small ... *Hartley*

4.0 ORCHESTRA

Divertissement, 'A Day in Naples' ... *[illegible]*
Passepied (from 'Le roi s'amuse'—The King's Diversion) ... *Delibes*
Bacchanale (from 'The [illegible]' ... *[illegible]*

4.15 ARTHUR COX

Warton Gaze ... *Kerton*
[illegible]
The Quest ... *Phillips*

4.22 ORCHESTRA

[illegible] Valse
[illegible] The Tribute of Zamora ... *Gounod*

4.45 **VARIETY**

From Birmingham

FRANK PANTHELL and HARRY [illegible]

In Duets for Two Violins
WINIFRED DAVIS (Soprano)
Routine of Japanese Songs
TOM CLARE (Entertainer at the Piano)
[illegible]

5.45 THE CHILDREN'S [illegible]

6.20 TIME SIGNAL, GREENWICH; WEATHER FORECAST, FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

6.45 **Light Music**

(From Birmingham)

THE [illegible] ORCHESTRA

Conducted by JOSEPH LEWIS

Overture to "Masaniello" ... *Auber*

PAUL EUGENE (Baritone) and Orchestra

O, mighty monument (from 'La Gioconda') ... *Ponchielli*

THE plot of the Opera is laid in seventeenth-century Venice.

This is sung by Barnaba a spy of the Inquisition. He hails the Palace of the Doges as a 'mighty monument,' home of the great ones of the State, but more powerful than these is the spy, who now puts into the Lion's Mouth (the [illegible]) letters warning one of the heads of the Inquisition that his wife is about to elope with a Genoese noble.

7.5 [illegible]

Selection from 'The Emerald Isle' ... *Sullivan and Gannon*

Bourrée and Musette ... *[illegible] organ*

7.38 PAUL EUGENE and Orchestra

Valerio Song from 'Philemon and Baucis' ... *[illegible]*

7.45 ORCHESTRA

Suite of Ballet Music from 'The Sicilian Vespers' ... *Verdi*

8.0 **AN ORGAN RECITAL**

by EDWARD O'HENRY

Relayed from Madame Tussaud's Cinema

Selection from 'Il Trovatore' ... *Verdi*
March, 'Sons of the Brave' ... *Bridgeon*
'Coppelia' Ballet Music ... *Delibes*
Fox-trot, 'Playground' ... *[illegible] Handley*
[illegible] ... *[illegible]*
The Sylphs ... *[illegible]*
The Man I Love ... *Gershwin*
Spring Song ... *Mendelssohn*
Fond Hands ... *Pantaleoni*
[illegible] got a girl ... *[illegible] and Ash*

DOROTHY McBLAIN

is in the Vaudeville programme from 5GB at 9.0 tonight.

8.30 **'A SHARP ATTACK'**

A Play by HERBERT O. [illegible]

(From Birmingham)

[illegible]

WILLIAM KITSON ... WHITLEY ALLEN
MARTIN BRETT ... GLADYS JOINER

Ezekiel Mugge, a Grocer and General Dealer, who looks after the pence, is in his sitting-room behind the shop casting up figures in a ledger, when Kitson, a mate on a [illegible] steamer, calls.

Incidental Music by the MIDLAND PIANOFORTE TRIO

9.0 **Vaudeville**

THE [illegible] REVUE

DOROTHY McBLAIN
[illegible]

HUGH CHARTERIS and EVE DIXON (Duets)

LAWRENCE BARROWS and PARTNER (Cross Talk)

THE B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA

Personally conducted by JACK PAYNE

10.6 WEATHER FORECAST, SECOND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN

10.15 Sports Bulletin *(From Birmingham)*

10.20-11.15 DANCE MUSIC: THE SAVOY ORPHEANS from the Savoy Hotel

Saturday's Programmes [illegible]

THE RADIO TIMES.

The Journal of the British Broadcasting Corporation.

Published every Friday—Price Twopence.

Editorial address: Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2.

Saturday's Programmes continued (August 11)

5WA CARDIFF. 353 M. 850 kC.

2.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.30 The Children's Hour

6.15 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 *S.B. from London*

7.0 Mr. Herbert G. Soloman 'The Work of Welsh Lifeboats

7.15 *S.B. from London*

7.25 Mr Norman Riches 'Glamorgan and County Cricket'
Mr Leigh Woods: 'West of England Sport'

7.45-12.0 *S.B. from London* (10.30 Local Announcements; Sports Bulletin)

5SX [illegible] 294.1 M. 1,020 kC.

2.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.1 The Children's Hour

6.0 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.15-6.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 *S.B. from London*

7.0 Mr C. H. Carpenter 'Swimming, and Water Polo Topics'

7.15-12.0 *S.B. from London* (10.30 Local Announcements; Sports Bulletin)

6BM BOURNEMOUTH. 326.1 M. 920 kC.

2.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30-12.0 *S.B. from London* (10.30 Local Announcements; Sports Bulletin)

5PY PLYMOUTH. 400 M. 750 kC.

2.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.30 The Children's Hour

6.15 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30-12.0 *S.B. from London* (10.30 Items of Naval Interest; Sports Bulletin; Local Announcements)

5NG NOTTINGHAM. 275.2 M. 1,090 kC.

2.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.30 The Children's Hour

6.15 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30-12.0 *S.B. from London* (10.30 Local Announcements; Sports Bulletin)

[illegible] STOKE. 294.1 M. 1,020 kC.

2.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.30 The Children's Hour:
Story. 'The Dragon who Wore Flannel on his Chest' (*Griffiths*)

6.15 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30-12.0 *S.B. from London* (10.30 Local Announcements; Sports Bulletin)

2ZY MANCHESTER. [illegible] 760 kC.

2.30 London Programme relayed from Daventry

5.30 The Children's Hour

The St Barnabas Trio Freda Swires, (Piano, age 14); Tom Cook, (Violin, age 13); Arthur Clough (Cello, age 15)

Once upon a time — *Gustave Lind*
Polish Dance — *Scharwenka*
Melodie — *Moszkowski*
Three fours — *Coerdige-Taylor*

A Story. Epyornis the Emu, Hole' (from 'Miss Marmer,' by *George Eliot*).

Shepherds Gay ..... *Wilfrid Sanderson*
Sunflakes ..... *Phillips*
Sung by Betty Wheatley

6.15 London Programme relayed from Daventry

6.30 *S.B. from London*

7.0 Mr F Sladen Smith. 'The Perfect Holiday'

7.15-12.0 *S.B. from London* (10.30 Local Announcements; Sports Bulletin)

Other Stations.

5NO NEWCASTLE. 312.5 M. 960 kC.

2.30 —Opening Ceremony of Carlisle Historical Pageant. A Running Commentary on the Pageant by Lieut.-Col. C. H. D. Speir. 4.0 Music from Abbey Hotel Orchestra. 5.30 Children's Hour. 6.15 London Programme relayed from Daventry 6.30-12.0 [illegible]

5SC GLASGOW. 405.4 M. 740 kC.

11.0-12.0 —Gramophone Records. 2.30 —The Holiday Fair Concert Party Relayed from the Kelvingrove Park. Holiday Land—Keep on the Move. Sister Mary's Wedding. Miss Stanton sings Oh, Boy what a Night. Billy Wooley and Bobbie Naylor in Mirth Minutes. Bubbles Barnard sings Solace. A Bubble-ette Trio. Comedy Sketch by Wooley and Naylor. Bubbles Barnard in Dancing Specialities. Jack Howard—Vocal Gems. Song of the Roses and Wedding Bells. Dick Simpson in Gems of Syncopation at the Piano. Billy Wooley in Original Comedy Efforts. The Norman Return, 'Under the Moon.' A Burlesque, Simple Simon. Jack Howard sings, 'So Tired.' Billy Wooley and Bobbie Naylor in 'Bits and Pieces.' The Holiday Fair Syncopated Band, directed by Dick Simpson. Grand current affairs. Revised Riverboat. Toy Town Artillery. Oh Baby don't we get [illegible] 5.0 Musical Interlude. 5.15 [illegible] 5.55 Weather Forecast and Announcements. 6.0 Music [illegible] 6.30 [illegible] Programme. 6.50 Scottish Sports [illegible] 6.55 Music [illegible] 7.0 Major John Ross [illegible] The Festival of Scotland. 7.15—S.B. from London. 7.25—Musical Interlude. 7.30—Will Hay (The schoolmaster comedian), Violet Essex and Taylor (The Singing Violin) 8.0-12.0 [illegible] from London.

2BD ABERDEEN. 495 M. 606 kC.

3.30 Dance Music by Al Leslie and his Orchestra. Relayed from the New Palais de Danse. With Interludes from the Studio by Harry T. Robertson (Tenor), at 4.0. She is far from the land (Lambert). Bonnie wee thing (Fox). When a chatter (Rigoletto—Verdi). Now sleeps the crimson petal (Quilter), and 4.25 Wee [illegible] 4.45 [illegible] Songs my mother taught me (Dvorak). For you alone (Kerbin). 5.30 Children's Hour. 6.15 London Programme relayed from [illegible] 6.30 [illegible] 6.50 [illegible] Glasgow. 7.15-12.0 [illegible] London.

2BE BELFAST. [illegible] M. [illegible] kC.

4.0 [illegible] 4.45 [illegible] 5.15 [illegible] 6.0 [illegible] 6.30 [illegible] 10.35 [illegible] 12.15-12.0 [illegible]

The musical annotations in the programme pages of 'The Radio Times' are prepared under the direction of the Music Editor, Mr Percy A. Scholes.

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Mariana (W. Vincent Wallace)	Wed.,	September 26,	1928
Pélléas and Mélisande (Debussy)	„	October 31	„
'Samson and Delilah (Saint-Saëns)	„	November 28	„
Blue Forest (Aubert)	„	December 19	„
'Lakmé (Delibes)	„	January 30,	1929
Coq d'Or (Rimsky-Korsakov)	„	February 27	„
Ivanhoe (Sullivan)	„	March 27	„
Flying Dutchman' (Wagner)	„	April 24	„
Jongleur de Notre Dame (Massenet)	„	May 29	„
The Swallows (Puccini)	„	June 26	„
'Werther' (Massenet)	„	July 31	„
Le Roi l'a dit' (Delibes)	„	August 28	„

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PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name [illegible]

Address [illegible]

[illegible] (Cont.)

Date [illegible]

The Man With the Two Bags.

By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

(Continued from page 190.)

morning. He'd thought it all out, the blasted skunk! It was me who did the burglary all right, but it was him who did the murder.'

There was a silence, brief but tense. The little man was leaning back in his chair, making strange noises in his throat, his eyes fixed all the time in a sort of frantic appeal upon the stern-faced young man opposite. Once more Radford, notwithstanding the third which he had brought with him, was inclined to wish that he had been spared the visit of this singular client.

'I [illegible] exactly what you want me to do for you?'

'Ain't it easy to tumble to that?' was the feverish reply. 'You know who did the job now. I've told you. Fix it on him. I'll tell you what I'll do guv'nor,' he went on, his tone changing to one of almost passionate appeal: 'fix it on 'im, make me safe, and you shall either have the whole value of the swag I got away with, or if you say the word, I'll go down to the police-station and give myself up for the burglary. I can do my three or four years without a whimper, but the thought of the other thing sends the blood around my heart cold. It gives me the death shivers.'

'Have you any reason to suppose that you're under suspicion at the present moment?' Radford inquired.

His visitor groaned.

'They've been watching me ever since that night,' he admitted, 'but they can't fix it on me yet. Jimmy's too clever for them. We made a clear get-away, and the taxi ain't a taxi any longer. Without 'im they're bothered. There ain't a soul seen me, but the boys is cunning. They're waiting to see if I get busy with the swag. I strolled past Pat Nathan's store—Nathan the fence, you know—the other evening, but there was one of 'em watching. I just had me 'and in me pocket, casual like, and I turned in at the pub at the corner. Nothing doing with any of the stuff for me. I got other money beside that, guv'nor. I ain't touched that swag, but your fee's all right. Name the sum, and I'll cough it up. Honest money, too!'

His fingers went towards his breast pocket. Radford shook his head.

'We'll let the question of the fee alone until we see what I can do,' he decided. 'I'll go so far as to make some inquiries about our friend in the brown mackintosh. Come back on Thursday night at nine o'clock. I won't ask your address.'

The little man rose reluctantly to his feet.

'Guv'nor,' he pleaded, 'you're only half believing me, but, so 'elp me Gawd, if I were to die tonight, I didn't do it. I punched the stuff all right, but I never touched the old man. He never gave me the chance, but I'd never have touched him if he did. Them ain't the lines I work on. Even the cops know that.'

'I'll try to believe it,' Radford promised, not unkindly.

Two days later, Radford, towards the close of a busy afternoon, found time to study a report which had been handed to him an hour or so earlier. It was of an unexciting character:—

'STEPHEN GOSCHEN.

'Wholesale grocer's town traveller, married, with four children, living in South Street, Camberwell. Never in trouble, nothing known against him. Believed to be in debt. Good character from employers. Reported to have come into money recently from the estate of Miles Goschen, of Forest Avenue, Hampstead, the victim of the celebrated murder and burglary.

'MOVEMENTS ON NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 22nd difficult to trace, but it is certain that he was at home for supper at nine o'clock, went for a walk afterwards and had one glass of beer before closing time at the Cat and Fiddle, Royston Street. Arrived at business at the usual hour on the following morning.'

Radford studied the report with a certain amount of disappointment. Just as he had finished reading it for the second time, there was a knock at the door, and the office boy presented himself.

'Gentleman to see you, sir,' he announced. 'Rather not give his name.'

'What sort of a person?'

The lad's expression was non-committal.

'Ordinary sort. Rather shabbily dressed, wearing a brown mackintosh.'

There was a sudden gleam of interest in Radford's eyes.

'Show him in,' he directed.

There entered a tall, thin young man, wearing a brown mackintosh which reached almost to his heels. He was clean-shaven, weary-looking, and undistinguished. He carried a traveller's black bag in his hand. Radford greeted him briefly, pointed to a chair, and waited until the door was closed.

'Why no name?' he inquired.

The visitor seated himself, and deposited the bag by his side.

'My business with you is confidential, sir,' he announced. 'My name is Stephen Goschen.'

'Any relation to the late Mr. Goschen, of Forest Avenue?'

The man shivered. There was a touch of the same fear in his eyes as had smouldered [illegible]

'What he's left comes to me,' the other acknowledged. 'Half his property went the night he was murdered, though. Six thousand pounds' worth of silver they reckon the burglar got away with.'

'Now tell me, please, your business with me?' Radford invited.

His visitor hesitated.

'What I say will be treated confidentially?' he persisted.

'Absolutely,' Radford assured him. 'I am not a police official.'

'Very well, then,' the lean young man in the mackintosh continued. 'This is what I've come here to tell you. On the very night of the murder, after supper, I went and had a glass of beer at a pub., and whilst I was there I made up my mind to pay my Uncle Miles a visit. I've got a wife and four children, and my salary's four pound-ten a week. My wife's been ill, and had to have a nurse, and as soon as she got well, the children came down with the measles. I couldn't pay my way, and the rent was owing as well. I knew all right that Uncle Miles was a miser. He prided himself on never giving a thing away. I never had a bob from him in my life, but I made up my mind that night that we were kith and kin and that he'd got to help me, or——'

'Or what?' Radford asked, swiftly.

His visitor was for a moment almost ghastly pale. He had the look of a man furious with himself. One word too much!

'I hadn't a shilling in the house,' he went on, 'I meant to insist upon his giving me at least enough to pay the rent.'

'How insist?' Radford queried.

'Damn it!' the other burst out angrily. 'Let me tell the story my own way.'

'So long as you accept my warning that there is one confidence that I could not respect.'

'I know what you mean. I didn't kill him. I tell you here and now, I didn't kill him. Have you got that?'

'Go on.'

'That's what I want to do. I got across to Forest Avenue. I came up on the other side of the road to number nineteen, and I was just going to cross when I saw the front door of the house open, and a small man come out carrying two bags—much too heavy for him. I stood there watching him. He didn't seem to be in a hurry, but he looked up and down the road cautiously, without seeing me, though, for I was just in the pool of shadow from a lime tree. I didn't think it was a burglary then. I knew my uncle wasn't too particular where he bought his blasted antique silver, and I thought he'd rather been buying or selling some on the Q.T. Presently the little man picked up his bags again, and made off for the corner of the avenue, where there was a taxi waiting. It struck me then that there was something queer about it, so I crossed the road, found the front door closed but unlatched, walked in—and—God, you know!—there was a pool of blood in the hall, and Uncle Goschen dead upon the bottom stair, with his legs doubled up under him, and his head all split open.'

The man suddenly covered his face with his hands. A choking sob which was more like a moan crept through his fingers.

Radford waited for him to recover himself.

'Why did you not tell this story at the inquest?' he asked at last.

'Because I was afraid,' his strange visitor confessed, with a touch of defiance in his breaking tone. 'There was no one else in the avenue. Who was going to believe my story of a man coming out of the house with two bags, and a taxi-cab waiting for him, and I not interfering? They all know that I

was on bad terms with my uncle. They all know—or would have done as soon as the charge against me was brought—that I was in desperate straits for money. Supposing I'd fetched the police, they wouldn't have listened to my story for a minute. I should have spent the night in jail and God knows what would have become of me afterwards. I had done no harm by just opening the door and looking in. I couldn't bring the old man to life again by fetching help. I slipped away, and left the police to do their job.'

'And compromised yourself hopelessly by committing perjury at the inquest,' Radford observed, dryly.

'I suppose so,' was the grudging admission.

Radford considered for a moment. The man's story was possible, but not altogether convincing.

'Tell me now,' he asked, 'exactly why you have come to me?'

'Because something must be done about it, and because I daren't go to the police,' was the fiercely impatient reply. 'I can't go to the police now and tell them about the little man with the two bags and the taxi-cab—it's too late—but I can come to you. You can't give me away. It's a job worth having, isn't it? I can describe the little man to you, and the taxi-cab. I can't pay you anything until I touch what the old man left, but there's a thousand pounds reward offered by the *Daily Standard*. That's worth having, isn't it?'

Radford leaned back in his chair and looked shrewdly across at his visitor.

'Supposing I find the little man with the two bags, and he swears that he left the old man alive?'

'Sounds likely, doesn't it?' the other scoffed. 'Why, I was in the house five minutes after him.'

'Precisely, but you wouldn't care to admit it in the witness-box, would you?'

'What's that got to do with it? My looking in at that door can just be washed out. Didn't do any harm and didn't do any good. I tell you the old man had been killed a few minutes before, and there isn't a soul in his senses would doubt that the man with the two bags had done it—as he had. Are you going to look for him, Mr Radford, or must I go to another firm?'

'I'll look for him,' Radford promised. 'Come again on Friday at five o'clock.'

Punctually at the hour named on the following Friday Stephen Goschen presented himself. Both in appearance and bearing he was a transformed man. The brown macintosh had been discarded. He wore a neat morning suit of dark grey. His face was [illegible] almost jaunty. He carried a copy of the morning paper in his hand. On the front page, in thick black type was set out the news which had thrilled a million readers over their morning coffee.

'FOREST AVENUE TRAGEDY.
'DRAMATIC ARREST.

'Yesterday morning, at Bow Street Police Station, a man named Len Hyams, arrested in the early hours of the morning was charged with burglary at 19, Forest Avenue, and with the murder of Mr Miles Goschen. The accused man, who collapsed in the dock, was remanded for a week. The taxi-cab driver has also been arrested, and will be charged with being an accessory to the burglary.'

'Is this your work?' Goschen asked.

Radford shook his head.

'I had nothing whatever to do with it,' he said. 'The police managed it off their own bat.'

The young man lounged in his chair. He had no longer the appearance of a shivering outcast.

'Well that's one up for the police, any way,' he declared. 'I gave you the chance though. You might have touched that thousand quid if you'd got in before them.'

'I'm not so sure that I would have cared about it,' Radford replied. 'Blood money isn't the pleasantest sort of thing to handle, you know.'

His visitor was surprised.

'Hang it all,' he expostulated, 'a man who commits a murder like that deserves all that's coming to him for it!'

'Without a doubt,' Radford assented.

The young man rose to his feet.

'Well, there's no need for me to take up your time,' he remarked, a little awkwardly.

Radford touched his bell, and the office boy opened the door.

'Very considerate of you,' he acknowledged with a brief nod, keeping his hands in his pockets. 'I don't appear to be rather busy this morning.'

Mr Stephen Goschen took his leave—not quite so jauntily as he had arrived.

It was precisely a week later when Radford, accompanied by his friend Hewson, left his car at the corner of the Great North Road and a winding Hertfordshire lane, and, after a few minutes' walk, lifted the latch of a wooden gate and approached a small, white-plastered cottage. There were early summer flowers already in the garden, bees humming over the strip of vegetable plot, a general atmosphere of rural peace about the little demesne. Before they could reach the front door, a woman opened it and confronted them.

'What might you be wanting, gentlemen?' she demanded, truculently.

'We want just a word with Mr. Richard Joyce,' Radford announced.

'Then you can't have it,' was the curt rejoinder. 'It's only this morning the doctor seed him. "Not a visitor, not a word," he said. He's my brother and 'e ain't going to be disturbed.'

Radford glanced down the narrow tiled way to where a small, shrunken-up figure, wrapped in rugs, was seated happily in the sunshine, smoking a diminutive pipe, and regarding them with amiable interest.

'I am very sorry, madam,' he explained, 'but this gentleman with me is connected with the police, and we want just a word with your brother about that unfortunate night when his master was murdered.'

'Police!' the woman exclaimed, bitterly. 'I knowed it. Said to myself as I saw you open the gate that you'd come bothering an old man with one leg in the grave. You 'ad 'im at the inquest. He told you all he knew. I tell you he ain't fit to talk. He's balmy. He went soft in the head directly we got here.'

Perhaps the woman herself scarcely knew how it happened, but the two men passed her before she realized their intention and made their way to where the old man was seated. He touched his hat as they approached.

'Gentlemen both,' he greeted them, 'good morning. I likes visitors. What might you be wanting?'

Radford glanced round.

'Well, you have found a very pleasant little home, Joyce,' he observed.

'And about time,' was the querulous reply. 'Fifty-two years, gentlemen, I worked for this bit of a home and thirty years without a penny of wage, unless I could pick a bit up, as I did maybe, at odd times. That's a lifetime, gentlemen. All my life—waiting. It be coom a bit late—a bit late.'

He looked out across the fields, his bleared blue eyes filled with a quaint, ugly glimmer. The woman fidgeted uncomfortably in the background.

'He did keep me waiting too long, gentlemen,' Joyce continued, his hands beginning to tremble. 'Twenty years ago this were due to me. Week by week I used to ax 'im, "I'm done enough work, Mr Goschen," I used to tell 'ee. "Give me my bit, and let me go. I want a chair in the garden, and a pot of beer, and my pipe. I'm past work. But not 'ee. Oh he were a hard 'un—he were a hard 'un, he were. But he got his due,' the old man went on, his voice rising shrill and quivering. 'He got his due. How I hated 'ee! That night——'

'Richard!' the woman shouted.

'That night,' he went on, indifferent to her cry, indifferent to the fact that one of his visitors was holding her back—'that night I heard the noise downstairs, although I telled they gentlemen I didn't. I heard all right and down I coom to the top of the stairs. He were watching the little man with the two bags go out of the door. Then he turned round, and looked at me, and I knew I'd have to wait longer still now he'd lost some of his precious siller, and I ups with that iron rail that he'd been too mean to pay for to have it put in its place, and God or the devil—who were it?—I don't know—gave me the strength I used to have when I were a young man, and as he crept down towards the closed door—he were going to shout for help, I reckon—I crept after him, and I fetched him one. You should have seen him go sisters both. I looked and looked, and looked and I were happy. I'd done it at last. I'd meant to do it many years afore, but I lacked the courage. How I hated 'ee!'

The woman's shriek rang out. Hewson was just in time to catch the chair. The old man's face was twisted; there was froth on his lips, and it seemed to Radford that all the drama that was missing in that dismal little court-room was throbbing now in the honeysuckle-perfumed air.

[illegible]

The Rat.

By S. Fowler-Wright.

(*Continued from page 196.*)

on which the police had relied so often for the hanging of suspected persons.

The coroner's court was small, and crowded. It was a rainy day, and the atmosphere within it was one of depression, and of damp umbrellas. The room was plainly furnished with a table for the legal profession, an arm-chair for the coroner, a partitioned corner for the jury, and some benches for the use of the waiting witnesses and the general public. It was clean, and its windows were wide and high.

Mrs. Merson sat on the front bench, looking grave, but not acutely miserable. Her husband's cousin, Mr. Reginald Merson, sat beside her. This gentleman (of whose existence she had not known previously), had arrived from the Argentine about six weeks after Dr. Merson had disappeared. He had made a casual call upon a cousin whom he had not seen for over twenty years, and finding himself in the midst of circumstances so strange and tragic, and having time at his disposal, he had offered such help as he could give to his cousin's wife by remaining until the inquest should be over. He had declined her invitation to reside in the house, preferring to take a room at the Spotted Cow, but this discretion had not prevented some unkindly gossip, which had attributed Mrs. Merson's equanimity to the very opportune companionship which he was able to offer.

On this point gossip was not entirely wrong, but the emotions of the doctor's wife, being beyond her own analysis, were not likely to be understood by the observations of strangers. She had not wavered in her loyalty to her absent husband, nor had her affection lessened. She held a matter-of-course opinion that he had not murdered anyone; she was quite sure that he was not dead; and she was equally sure that he would return at his own time, and deal with the situation with his usual efficiency. The whole trouble was the work of some enmity, as to the nature of which, as was natural in the case of one who was destitute of normal imagination, her imaginations were very wild indeed. Mr. Reginald Merson attracted and sometimes bewildered her by a likeness, not so much to her husband as she had last seen him, as to that which he had been at the time of their engagement, and during the first years of her married life. His voice, though stronger in tone, was curiously similar: his hair, though abundant, whereas her husband had become partially bald, was of the same colour and quality—or, perhaps, very slightly darker. His features were alike, except for the short hair on the upper lip, and even that was a reminder of how her husband once had worn it. He was slow and guarded in speech, but, even so, he would let fall remarks at times which showed a puzzling familiarity with the past events of the household.

She did not disguise from herself that his presence gave her confidence, though there was mystery even in that, for he never spoke with any conviction of the doctor's innocence, nor suggested that he might return and vindicate his reputation, and any plans he might casually indicate for her future appeared to assume that the doctor's disappearance was to be accepted as final.

Inspector Clawson, who was in charge of the case, had not overlooked the strangeness of the arrival of this young man, and his curiosity had been increased when he had failed to trace the name of Merson on the passenger lists of any recently-arriving liners. He did not see how Mr. Reginald Merson could be associated with the crime, in the absence of any evidence that he had been in the neighbourhood when it was committed, but he felt that he was a source from which valuable information might be obtained, that he might very probably be aware of the place in which the doctor was hiding, and might very possibly be induced to speak, if the penalties which are incurred by an accessory after the fact were judiciously indicated.

He had him watched, and discovered nothing. He appeared to have no acquaintances, except Mrs. Merson. He wrote no letters. He received none. The Inspector decided to interview him.

Mr. Reginald received him genially. He alluded to the murder at once, and condoned with him on his failure to make any arrest. The position seemed to amuse him. The Inspector could not see the joke, and did not like the tone he adopted. He asserted, with a confidence that he did not feel, that he expected that an arrest would soon be made. 'Scotland Yard,' he lied, with the boldness of exasperation, 'always gets its man in the end.'

Mr. Reginald suggested humorously that he might himself be the doctor in disguise. Would the Inspector like to arrest him? The Inspector would have liked to do so very well, had a sufficient pretext arisen. He had already considered the possibility which was now suggested in an obvious mockery. The appearance of this mysterious cousin at such a time, and of so vague an origin, would have attracted the notice of the dullest detective of fiction, and Inspector Clawson was a very capable officer.

But his judgment was too sound to lead him into an error so obvious. He knew how much may be done by disguise, and he knew its limitations. He had never seen Dr. Merson, but he had examined some recent photographs. He knew his age. He had discussed his appearance with local members of the force, who had seen him daily.

Between the suddenly-disappearing doctor and the suddenly-arriving cousin there were more than the usual cousinly resemblances. But the differences were beyond the possibilities of disguise or explanation. A bald man cannot disguise himself with a thick crop of natural hair. A man of a growing rotundity cannot disguise himself in a few weeks by the production of a slim and obviously youthful figure. A man of forty-five cannot disguise himself into an appearance of half his age which will deceive the hostile eyes of a detective who is standing two feet away in the open street, when the morning is sunny.

Inspector Clawson only remarked that it was a fine day.

That was yesterday. In the coroner's court this morning the Inspector's eyes were still drawn in the same direction. He was not greatly interested in the evidence of Sir Lionel Tipshift. For one reason, he knew what it was to be, and for another, he had no respect for the expert witness. He is useful to impress juries, but the police and lawyers know that another can always be procured to contradict him. Sir Lionel Tipshift was a tame expert, regularly hired by the Crown. The nature of his evidence could be relied upon as certainly as that a prosecuting counsel would not point out the probable innocence of the prisoner against whom his brief was drawn.

The body, he assured the Court, had been disjointed after death—probably several hours later—by someone with considerable knowledge of anatomy. The internal organs had been preserved, and (with some technical qualifications) were healthy. There was no trace of poison. There were marks of violence upon the body, including certain bruises on the legs, which must have been caused before death, by some blunt instrument. (That was correct. They had been inflicted by Bunny Simpson's foot in the school playground on the afternoon before Peter's existence had abruptly terminated.)

The listeners were hypnotized by the coldly-decisive voice to the belief that additional and important evidence had been given. The coroner only, being accustomed to analyze evidence, was conscious that nothing had been added to that which was already known, or could have been reasonably deduced from admitted circumstances, and he was about to address a final word to the jury, when Mr. Reginald Merson rose, and, asked, in a deferential but self-possessed manner, if, as the nearest male relative of the absent doctor, whose reputation was so much concerned, the unfortunate death having taken place on his premises, he might ask Sir Lionel Tipshift a few questions upon the evidence he had given.

The coroner hesitated. A coroner's inquiry is somewhat less formal than are the proceedings in the criminal courts. Possibly the fact that all coroners do not belong to the legal profession (many are doctors), may have produced a less rigid etiquette for preventing oral intercourse of any kind except through the medium of a paid lawyer. But it is not usual for a witness to be examined in such a manner. He was about to say that he would himself put any inquiry which he might approve, if Mr. Merson would let him know what was in his mind, when that gentleman, taking his pause of hesitation for consent, addressed a question to Sir Lionel Tipshift which was sufficiently unexpected to cause him to remain silent to await the answer.

'Can you tell me if any other body was discovered in the laboratory beside that of Peter Corner?'

Sir Lionel, who had already moved some

paces from the witness-stand, turned back, as he answered with a dry precision:—

'There were no other human remains. Dr. Merson appears to have been engaged in the dissection of a recently-killed rat on the last occasion on which he occupied the laboratory.'

'Does not the fact that he could have been so occupied, at such a time, with the boy's body upon his hands, suggest that there must have been some connection between the two?' Mr. Reginald asked, but the coroner interposed before Sir Lionel could answer.

'If you have any information which may be of assistance to this inquiry, Mr. Merson, I must ask you to take the oath, and offer your evidence in the usual way; it cannot be given in the form of suggestions to another witness.'

Mr. Merson did not appear either disconcerted or annoyed by this rebuke. He answered easily. He apologized for his ignorance of the correct procedure. He regretted that he was not in a position to accept the coroner's offer. It had only occurred to him—and he submitted the suggestion with diffidence—that the doctor might have suddenly returned, having remembered, after starting out, that he had not locked the room in accordance with his usual practice, and found the boy trespassing within it. Suppose that the rat had been inoculated with some new and dreadful disease, and the boy had interfered with it, and been bitten, so that he would be certain to contract it, and would not only die himself, but might give it to others, would it not become a natural thing—even a duty—however unlawful—to take *any* steps, at whatever personal risk, to prevent such consequences?

The court listened in a tense silence to this unexpected theory, but Sir Lionel, though he had not been addressed, gave a reply which disposed of its probability, the coroner silently allowing his interposition, with the respect which was usually accorded to his name and title.

'The rat was not diseased. It was a remarkably fine specimen. Indeed, it was the finest and healthiest that I have ever seen. There were remarkable signs of vitality in every organ.'

'Then, if it were so exceptional in its physical development, might it not have sprung at the boy's throat, when he opened the door of its cage—which would be about at the same level—and inflicted a serious, or even a fatal, wound?'

Sir Lionel, who was seldom disinclined to the sound of his own voice, was about to answer, but his opinion on this point will never be known, for this time the coroner interposed too quickly.

'I don't think, Mr. Merson, that anything can be gained by pursuing hypothetical improbabilities. Such explanations, if put forward at all, should have come from Dr. Merson himself, or from some regularly appointed advocate on his behalf. I am not aware that you have any claim to represent him at all, beyond that of an alleged relationship, and even that has not been sworn to. Dr. Merson is absent. He went away voluntarily, leaving the body of this unhappy boy on his premises, at a time when he knew that inquiries were turning in his direction. I am afraid that the jury will draw their own conclusions.' He paused a moment and then commenced a brief and lucid charge to the jury, from which a verdict of wilful murder against the absent doctor might be confidently expected.

Mr. Reginald Merson turned to the woman beside him, and said something in a low voice, on which she smiled, and rose with him. Evidently they did not propose to wait to hear the verdict given. The ease and confidence of his own demeanour appeared to have infected his companion, and she passed out somewhat briskly and buoyantly, as one who leaves an unpleasant incident with finality.

As they went down the steps which led to the street, Inspector Clawson touched Mr. Merson's arm, and he turned politely.

'I should just like to ask,' said the Inspector, 'how you came to know that the boy opened the cage.'

Mr. Merson appeared amused. 'I dreamt it on Monday night, Inspector. I'm rather good at dreams,' he added pleasantly.

The Inspector's hand was in his pocket. His fingers closed upon the warrant which he was carrying. If only he had the courage to make the arrest to which his instinct urged him! It might make—or break—him. He became aware that Mr. Merson was speaking to him again, and in a voice of banter. 'It's no good, Inspector. You won't get a word more. The voluntary statement's played out. It's no use worrying,' he said kindly, 'you'd better go home and forget it.'

The Inspector felt that the advice was sound, though he did not like it. He thought of his wife and children, and of the comfortable pension which awaits the later years of frequently-promoted officers, who do not make mistakes which arouse adverse newspaper comment. He turned sadly away.

Dr. Merson walked home very happily, beside a wife who did not know him. He was very fond of Mollie. He wondered (as he had done before) if the time had come to show her the birthmark on his left arm. He wondered whether it would be expedient to use the hypodermic syringe in his right-hand pocket, which would restore her youth and give her the vitality which he was already experiencing. He liked her very well as she was, but he did not doubt that he should like her quite as well if she were looking twenty years younger. But he was not quite clear as to the pretext on which he should make the injection. Not quite clear, either, that it would be morally defensible to do it without explaining its results beforehand. He felt that to convince her of the actual truth would not be the easiest of mental enterprizes. But he felt also that if she should be led to share his experiences, she would admit his identity more readily than would be otherwise probable.

Still, there was no hurry. There might even be advantages in delay. He imagined Inspector Clawson studying the metamorphosis of the wife of the missing doctor. It would be amusing. It could hardly be dangerous. Still, it was a needless risk. There was no hurry.

Yes—he would come in to tea.

What the Other Listener Thinks.

Selections from the Editor's Post-Bag.

MY objection to the B.B.C. is the present system of talks. The objection might seem absurd to some listeners. But it is quite beside the point that they may find some of the talks very interesting and instructive. Does the broadcasting of talks supply a want that cannot be cheaply and conveniently supplied in another way? Considering the plentiful existence of cheap manuals on subjects such as cookery, chick-farming and agriculture, it is hard to see why the B.B.C. should devote so many of its valuable hours to teaching these.—W. V. W., London, S.W.6.

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So far nothing has been done for that by no means insignificant minority of listeners who have little respect for Sunday. For many of them Sunday provides the only opportunity for daytime listening. There is no morning programme, 6.30 p.m. to 8 p.m. is vacant, and the material that is broadcast is nicely calculated to induce that smug Sunday satisfaction of the conventional classes.—H. H. G., Norwich.

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NEARLY all my friends listen *only* to symphony or chamber concerts.—C. R. J., Leicester.

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WHY not more chamber music? For the real lover of music will listen to it, and appreciate it the more, as first-class music *is* so hard to get. Every town, however small, has its so-called jazz band.—F. S. T., Hertford.

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As regards 'conversations' or 'talks,' I think the former are neither wanted nor would be popular. I personally don't wish to listen to 'conversations' of people I cannot see or know.—F. K., Breeles.

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I HAVE a genuine grievance, a real genuine grievance against the B.B.C., and one, strange to say, I have never seen ventilated in your columns. I refer to the *flair* for 'arranging'—I have another name for it—the airs of our grand old Scottish songs in such a manner that all their beauties, their fragrance, and the tender memories they recall are absolutely lost. Don't misunderstand me, I have not the glimmer of the shadow of an objection to these geniuses (?) setting to work on the airs of our treasured Scottish songs—songs enshrined in every Scotsman's heart—but I do most emphatically protest against their being allowed to call their monstrosities 'The Bonnie, Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond,' or whatever the case may be.—W. K., Aberdeen.

* * * *

I HAVE decided to write to you thanking you in general for the excellence and variety of your programmes, for the reason that you must get most evidence of the 'grumblers,' who are never inarticulate; and hear little of those who are in sympathy with your attempts and achievements. It is obvious that the dissatisfied will make more noise, and use more ink than we others, thus giving you a wrong impression of the general opinion of listeners. I would congratulate you also that nothing vulgar or of doubtful taste is broadcast, and would specially honour you for your unexpected courage in including so much of a truly religious nature.—G. K. A. W., Leicester.

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MAY I say as a resident in the country where evening papers do not penetrate, as a County Magistrate of both North and West Ridings of Yorks, and as a father of two grown-up sons, how much on the whole we enjoy your programmes and appreciate their selection? Of course, there are things we don't care about, but this is natural. The things we think come worst are plays which lose so much in not being seen, and some players are so indistinct.—A. R., Middleham, Yorks.

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SACRIFICE unimaginative instructions on washing motor-cars for more good poetry and drama. The masterpieces of Mr. Shaw, Ibsen, Mr. Galsworthy and Shakespeare are far too rarely heard on the ether. History, too, a knowledge of which is essential for successful democratic government, I look for almost in vain.—H. K., Dewsbury.

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