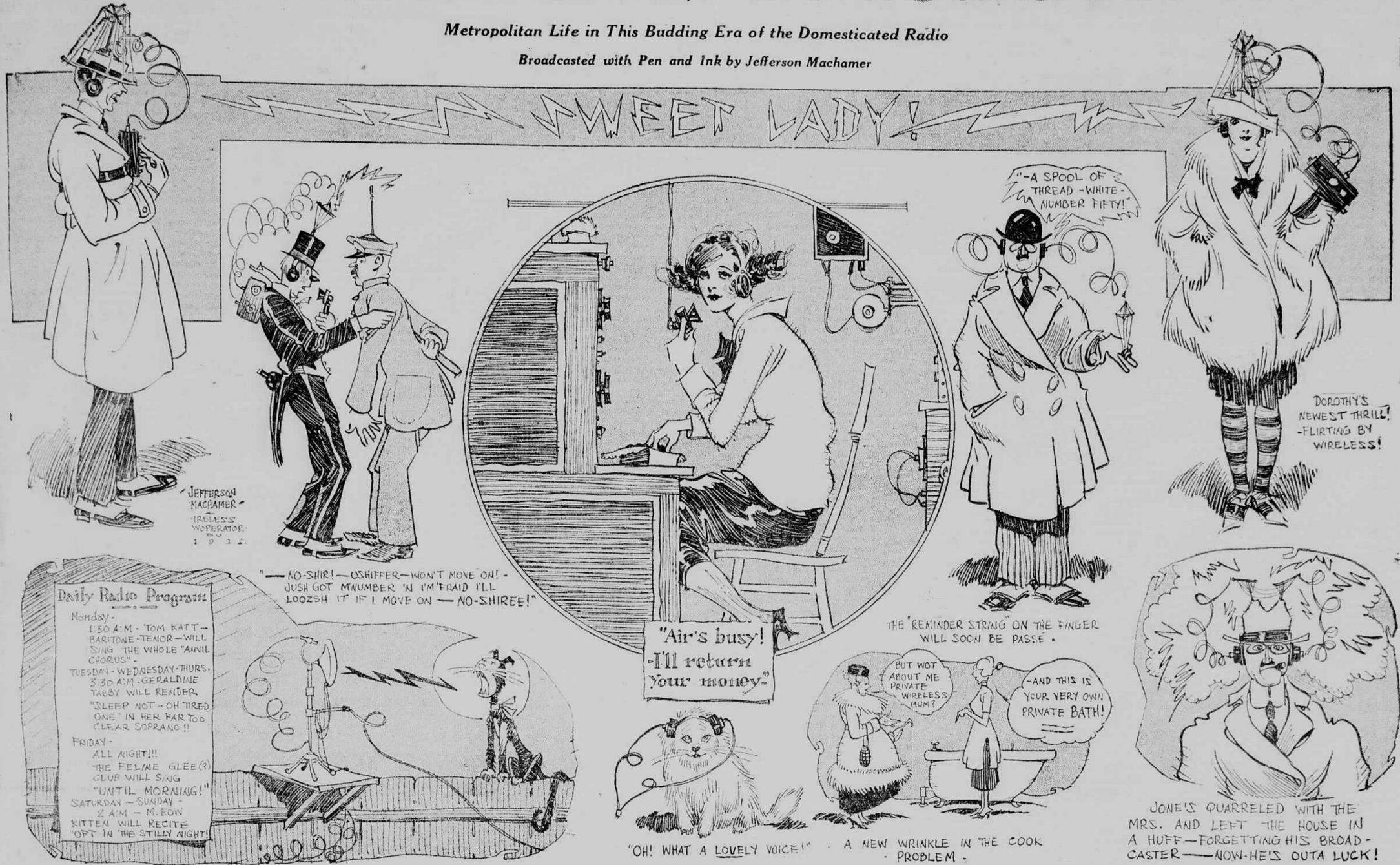


East Side, West Side, All Around The Town

Metropolitan Life in This Budding Era of the Domesticated Radio

Broadcasted with Pen and Ink by Jefferson Machamer



JEFFERSON MACHAMER
"WIRELESS"
OPERATOR
1922

"NO-SHIR! - OSHIFFER - WON'T MOVE ON! -
JUSH GOT MAUMBER 'A I'M'FRAD I'LL
LOOZSH IT IF I MOVE ON - NO-SHIREE!"

"Air's busy!
-I'll return
your money-"

THE "REMINDER STRING" ON THE FINGER
WILL SOON BE PASSE.

BUT NOT ABOUT ME
PRIVATE WIRELESS
MUM?

-AND THIS IS
YOUR VERY OWN
PRIVATE BATH!

"OH! WHAT A LOVELY VOICE!" - A NEW WRINKLE IN THE COOK
- PROBLEM -

JONE'S QUARRELED WITH THE
MRS. AND LEFT THE HOUSE IN
A HUFF - FORGETTING HIS BROAD-
CASTER - NOW HE'S OUTA LUCK!

Daily Radio Program
Monday -
1:30 A.M. - TOM KATT -
BARITONE - TENOR - WILL
SING "THE WHOLE ANNIL
CHORUS" -
TUESDAY - WEDNESDAY - THURS.
5:30 A.M. - GERALDINE
TABBY WILL RENDER
"SLEEP NOT - OH Tired
ONE" IN HER FAR TOO
CLEAR SOPRANO !!
FRIDAY -
ALL NIGHT!!
THE FELINE GLEE (?)
CLUB WILL SING
"UNTIL MORNING!"
SATURDAY - SUNDAY -
2 A.M. - M. EDW
KITTEEN WILL RECITE
"OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT!"

By Fairfax Downey

APARTMENT house leases signed this spring may be expected to contain a new "verboten" clause somewhat to this effect:
"The party of the second part hereinbefore designated as the lessee, agrees hereby that after midnight there shall be heard on the premises no XYZ, KPQ, PDQ or RSVP."
It will be readily understood that this is to bar the louder wave lengths of radio broad-

castings from promiscuous release at unseasonable hours. Science now has made it so easy to turn loose an entire brass band in a small flat that most people will feel for this latest demand of the landlord a certain sympathy not always entertained for his whims.
It must be admitted that some regulation in flats is required when the upper register of a soprano with strong lungs practically is at any one's beck and call. All that is necessary, a scientific friend informed us the other day,

is the proper wiring and arrangement of a rolling pin, two packages of tin foil wrapped cigarettes, an iron bed, a laundry tub, a kitchen knife and fork and two skillets. With such an outfit you can receive very well, he told us.
That is the equipment we intend to recommend to the radio fiend in the flat above us, who seems to know no restraint. After he has that set and has tuned for four hours some night, we will drop up and make a call on him. We will smite him with the skillets and

stun him with the rolling pin. We will then impale him with the kitchen knife and fork and throw him into the laundry tub. Thereupon we will repose on his iron bed, with a consciousness of work well done, and smoke his cigarettes with intense satisfaction.
Thus perish all who tune and tune, and, not content with an occasional wave, want a permanent one.
There must be difficulties encountered in this radio receiving. Suppose, for instance, a

wave length should get its letters mixed and, when summoned to assist in putting the baby to sleep as a lullaby or a bedtime story, should turn out to be the Aquamarine Band in a fortissimo phase!
Radio receivers are a dangerous temptation to put in the way of a restless dummy at bridge. That aimless person is almost certain to wander over and tinker with the set. Just at the moment when one is on the point of making or breaking a large contract the

dummy is certain to evoke from the ether a male quartet in a yodeling rendition.
The sudden introduction of strange sounds from the air may be a perilous pastime. Imagine the effect of a sudden tuning in of a talk by a prohibition enforcement agent telling of recent penalties imposed. If this is done immediately before dinner it is apt to so startle the butler that he may drop one of the trays he is carrying. And one can only hope it is the tray with the crackers on it.

THE PRICE OF THE BUTLER'S SILENCE

By FREDERIC BOUTET Translated by WILLIAM L. McPHERSON

M. MURTOT placed the letter which he had just finished reading on his sumptuous writing table, still painfully new. Joy and pride illuminated his massive face. He touched a bell button.
"Ask Mme. Mur" - He checked himself with an embarrassed cough. Would he never overcome the habit of speaking of his wife to the servants as Mme. Murtot? "Please ask madame to be so good as to come here," he said to the valet de chambre.
Mme. Murtot, a powerful person, with a broad smile, appeared presently.
"Here it is!" cried M. Murtot. "The Bertincourts invite us to dinner!"
She clapped her hands.
"Is it possible? They made up their minds at last! I no longer expected it."
"Put yourself in their place. With their name, their position and all that! They have a right to be fastidious. That's the reason this invitation is worth something. We meet them at watering places. We talk together - that's all right. Afterward, in Paris, we see them occasionally at the theater, at teas - that's all right, too. But it doesn't mean that we are friends. Now we are friends. They invite us to dine with them. You made a clever move going the limit at Mme. Bertincourt's charity sale. They thought that chic. That decided them. And there we are. We are in the great world, in the world which is the choicest of all - with our heads high. Think of it! He has been a diplomat of high rank - an ambassador, I believe. At their house everything is in perfect style, in the grand manner. A mansion - with eight servants. I found that out for my own satisfaction. I don't envy them. Take note of that. We are certainly richer than they are. We could also have a

house. But that wouldn't be good form for us. It would look parvenu. They spend all they have to keep up appearances. Their situation compels them to."
"You haven't told me yet what day the invitation is for."
"For the 27th. And, say, see that you get some stunning dresses for yourself and for the little one, who is also invited."
"If you want to have my opinion," said Mme. Murtot, "we really owe the invitation to her. The Bertincourts' second son has taken a fancy to Gabrielle. No wonder! She is so fine, so pretty, so intelligent. She's the only one of us who is altogether at home in the midst of luxury. In short, the Bertincourts, who have four children, haven't any thousands to give them. They would have to restrict their scale of living if they did, and that would annoy them. And they know that Gabrielle is an only child, and in her case that the dot will be all there."
"I believe you when you say it will. A big pot of money! Especially if the Bertincourts' son is the one. Think of it! We should be allied with them - relatives, in fact. The father might get me into his club. Fancy the faces of our friends - the Miloix and the Chavantes especially - who have talked so loud about their fine connections. My daughter married to a Bertincourt! Who would have believed that some years back?"
"Keep mum on that subject," said Mme. Murtot.
There was a silence. They both recurred

to the period no longer to be spoken of, and which they would gladly have banished from their lives. They saw again their beginnings - a humble public house, down near the sea, beyond Billancourt. Mme. Murtot had acquired at the cashier's desk her habit of smiling. Sailors came there for a morning pick-me-up. Hard drinkers quarreled there in the evening. M. Murtot separated them with his powerful arm. On Sundays, with the aid of a single waiter, an awkward youth, he was on his feet all day serving liters or glasses of beer, coffee and cordials to patrons who had profited by the permission hung outside the place: "Guests may bring along their own eatables." After a while, thanks to a small legacy, M. Murtot had been able to branch out into the wine business - the height of his ambitions. He had succeeded at first very well, then exceedingly well, and finally so miraculously that he acquired very quickly (his friends said too quickly) an enormous fortune. He had accustomed himself to it as best he could.
"It's far away," he murmured. And he blushed to have let himself recall such humiliating memories.
The evening of the 27th, at 8 o'clock, M. Murtot, with pearls in his shirt front; Mme. Murtot, a little overdressed, and Gabrielle, delicious and self-possessed, made their entry at the Bertincourts' mansion. M. Bertincourt received them with flattering courtesy and M. Murtot's pride was unbounded when, at the

table, he found himself seated beside the mistress of the house. This honor encouraging him to supernatural efforts to talk and eat correctly, he actually succeeded in doing so. All was going well when his glance fell on M. Bertincourt's butler. The latter was a tall man, looking very imposing in his black dress suit. He had a clean-shaven face and his hair was brushed across his brow in two shining ebony bands. Impassive, he gave his orders to the waiters with a movement of the eyes or a little gesture of the hand. His dignity was supreme.
M. Murtot saw him, gave a start, turned very pale and then very red. Thereafter, his attention absorbed by this man, to whom his eyes returned involuntarily again and again, he gave only stammering answers to his hostess's questions. For him the dishes had lost their savor, the wines their aroma, the lights their brilliancy, the women their beauty and the occasion its glory.
Fortunately his demoralization passed unnoticed except by Mme. Murtot. When they were returning home in their automobile she asked him anxiously whether he had felt ill.
"No, no; it was nothing at all. I'll explain later," he added, not wishing to say anything in his daughter's presence.
"Well?" Mme. Murtot began when they were alone.
"Well - the Bertincourts' butler - he is Marcelin. Marcelin, our old waiter in the public-house. Yes, that big, lanky fellow who was fond of talking overmuch. It's he."

"Mon Dieu! That's what it was. I wondered where I had seen him before. Did he recognize you?"
"Yes, I am sure he did. And he is going to tell everybody. It's a certainty. And think of the consequences. Nobody knows. Even our oldest friends, the Miloix and the Chavantes; we made their acquaintance afterwards, when I was in wines."
"It's frightful! He mustn't talk. Offer him money."
"Don't get excited. He will see to that himself. It's one of two things. Either he will speak through stupidity or malice. In that case he has already done so. Or he will sell his silence. He sees that I am very rich, a man of the world, a friend of his employers. It's perfectly clear. And if I refuse he will tell everything, and you know what the outcome will be."
He sat down in a heap. He saw again the public house, the sailors, the heavy drinkers, the Sunday patrons and himself running around, sweating, laden with bottles - a horrible contrast with the Bertincourts, their splendid house and their distinction. He shivered with shame.
"It's frightful," Mme. Murtot repeated. "And our poor Gabrielle. She would have been just the girl for the Bertincourts' son. It's frightful!"
They spent a cruel night - half insomnia, half nightmare. Next morning as M. Murtot was gloomily finishing his toilet the valet de

chambre announced a gentleman who came on business.
"Let him wait in the small salon," M. Murtot ordered. "It's he," he said to his wife. "I'll go and talk with him. Have no fear, I shall not quarrel with him. I'll appeal to his finer sentiments."
He joined the visitor. The latter was the Bertincourts' butler. Elegant, correct and dignified, he was standing erect. M. Murtot, with a forced smile, stretched out his hand.
"It's you, my good Marcelin," he said. "I am delighted to see you."
"You astonish me, monsieur (the visitor, very severe, had drawn back and refused the extended hand). Your lack of delicacy puzzles and grieves me. There are odious events which ought to be silently sponged out. I don't know you. By what right do you give me a name which is no longer mine? Last night, while I was fulfilling my functions at dinner, what did you mean by your indiscreet glances and your compromising manners? A man of the world would have ignored me, as I ignored you. I don't wish to have my dignity wounded by mortifying recollections which the man I have become has put behind him. I must protect my situation and my authority. It is painful for me to have to tell you this. M. Bertincourt chooses you as a friend. I may be astounded. But it is none of my business. I don't know you, monsieur, I repeat, any more than you know me, and I hope that you will not forget hereafter that we are strangers to each other."
He bowed coldly and withdrew.
"Well?" cried Mme. Murtot, bursting into the room where her husband was left standing in a stupor. "Well? Tell me everything."
"He has gone," said M. Murtot. "He will say nothing. Be tranquil - be perfectly tranquil."
Suddenly, pounding the table with his fist, he broke out:
"It is he, you understand - it is he who is ashamed of us."