

THE ADVENTURES OF JONES.

When Jones determined to find out

when Jones determined to find out what the wireless waves were saying he little knew that in 12 hours be would be a mental broadcastaway. "I'm not going to the city at all to-day." he broke the news to a thrilled family. "Directly after breakfast I'm going to buy a wireless set and by 11.30 we'll be listening-in. The children ways left behind to

set and by 11.50 we'll be listening-in."

The children were left behind to collect hammers and things while Jones went off to purchase the magic crystal, aerial and headphones. When he returned you'd have thought he was organising a poultry and live stock show, the way he talked about egg insulators and cat's whiskers.

A hook by the attic window, a ladder up a distant tree, a length of copper wire was soon gleam-

copper wire was soon gleaming high in the air. By 11 o'clock a tail of wire had been threaded through a hole in the dining-room window frame and attached to its proper terminal on the receiving instrangent.

Already the air segmed to be filled with the cheery call, "Hello, Every-body!" as in a short interval for light refreshments, Jones scanned the day's broadcasting programme once more, every bit of which he meant to hear. With only 15 minutes to go he attached a silvery thread to the little brass thing labelled "Earth," and trailed the other end to the kitchen water tap, holding up useful work while he conjured with sandpaper

and pliers.
Eleven-thirty had struck. the dining room he adjusted the head phones and—yest—the faint wall of a violin. A tickle of the cat's whis-ker and the sound of the plane was added. A twist of an ebony knob— much clearer.

"Drat that noise in the kitchen," he called. "Shut that door, some-one, so that I can tune in properly." Somebody shut-it and he got ellence. Absolute.

Ebony knob, cat's "beaver," term-inals—all failed to fetch back that music. Half an hour later he crept, defeated to the door. And there he ran the trouble to earth—the earth, in fact. The person who shut the door had snapped the earth wire in

Never a patient man, Jones, mut-tering in a language his wife hoped was good wireless, took, in his baste, more time than was necessary over the repair. But when at last the phones were adjusted on his head again he was rewarded by hearing

again he was rewarded by bearing quite clearly: "You have just heard a selection from 'Patience,' Melbourne station closing down till 5'o'clock. . . 200

If has been necessary to go into the preliminary detail because, unless you realised that this is the sort of man to whom this sort of thing hap-pens, the rest of the story (which is of course true) might appear incend-Tiblis.

But can you imagine Jone's state of mind when he entered upon the tollowing series of events.

5 P.M. has come. Headphones are on. It is the "women's hour." Miss Paney Small-Heulding is talking on "Weeding for Widows." (Little Pam-

tiny tots about ..." (But a louder voice than that on the wire says, "John, I must dash out for half an hour—please go up to baby.")

8.15. Father listens without in-

8.13. Father listens without in-terruption to the whole of the Boys. Erigade News Bulletin. He would have called Jackle in to hear, but it was too wonderful to miss a word. So clear too. The speaker might have been in the same foom. 6.30. "Melbourne closing down till seven oclock."

o'cluck."

7 P.M. -58-52 The weather forecast

wires). Muddled Up' . . . . the fox-trot 'All Muddled Up' . . . . (Spot comes barking in and somehow didn't notice

those wires till he's all tangled -in

them).

9.30 (Instrument restored to table.
Futher tuning in): "Handel's 'I rage.
I melt, I BURN' "..... ("John,
you really must leave that stilly thing now and come to supper.")

That did it. They had to lock father in while they felched a doctor and nurse.

Bundled off to the nursery the children sobbed them-selves to sleep. Mother kept herself awake weeping bitterly until the nurse insisted on her bitterly until the nurse insister on her going to bed in a room on the other side of the house. Just before "turning in" she tiptoed back to her husband's room, and, all being silent, she could not resist peoping in. He saw hen it was a relief that he still recognised her. She knew he did because he called out: "Hello,

he did because he called out: "Hello, Hello. Here we are again." And the last words she heard as

she retreated across the landing were: 'Put me on an egg insulator for breakfast and stand by for 31 minutes.