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This novel is based on the Warner Bros. & Vitaphone picture starring A Jolson; Darryl Francis Zanuck and Harvey Gates, Scenarists.

SYNOPSIS

Joe Lane, ex-pugilist and star singer of QRS Radio Station, discovers that Arthur Phillips, his manager and best friend, is trying to take Katherine, his wife, away from him. Becoming enraged he hits Phillips and in falling the manager strikes his head and dies. Joe is serving a year in prison for manslaughter. Unwilling to disgrace Katherine and their son, Little Pal, Joe tries to force his wife to seek a divorce by accusing her of intimacy with Dr. Merrill, the physician for whom she works as a nurse. It is Christmas Day and Dr. Merrill entertains Katherine and Little Pal at his home. Katherine tells the doctor that she is considering a divorce because Joe wanted it.

CHAPTER XI—Continued

Her head bent, her shoulders drooping as though under an intolerable burden. Katherine moved towards the door. The guard rose quickly and came to her, helping her to the iron wicket. Why did they make it so much harder for each other, he was thinking. Oh, well, this stuff was always the worst part of the rap. He swung the door open. Katherine turned



Mewwy Chwistmas

ed, the ears streaming down her face. She wasn't even sobbing but her eyes kept brimming over. She took a last look at the man she loved. Softly in a broken voice she murmured: "Good bye, Joe."

The door closed quietly and the guard took his accustomed place at his desk. Joe could hear the scratch of his pen. So this was the end. Katherine was gone. It was growing dark. Queer, too, in the middle of the afternoon. Oh, yes, Katherine had gone and the light had gone with her. That was it.

Suddenly he heard someone speaking. "Come on, old man. Get up. Easy does it. Come on."

Why, he was lying on the floor and the kindly turnkey was trying to lift him. He must have fallen.

The guard slipped his arm about the song plugger's waist and helped him out into the cell block.

Joe's cellmate took him from the guard as they reached the door of the cage that was his home. Tenderly the older convict laid him on his bunk.

"It's all right, buddy," he said. "Don't take it so hard whatever it is. Yer wife'll be back to see ya in jus' one more week."

"She'll never be back," Joe moaned. "Never—never! That's the trouble I just fixed it so I'd never see her again."

The convict looked blankly astonished. "What'd ya wanna do 'at for?"

Joe rolled back on his bunk, doubling up as though in pain, his face to the wall. "Because I love her—I love her so much." The words came like a long cry of anguish.

CHAPTER XII

Christmas Day in the morning! The early rays of the winter sun danced over snow clad roofs, lending to stately, dignified houses the semblance of huge, frosted birthday cakes lighted with a million tiny candles. A playful breeze wandered aimlessly about,

sending up small dervishes of glittering, frosty jewels, swirling them about and then allowing them to sink back to rest. On one massive door in the Sixties it discovered a huge holly wreath hung with tiny silver bells, and here it paused to make them tinkle out their thin notes of greeting.

Beyond and on the other side of this door a pleasant odor of bacon and smoke and breakfast coffee filtered through the air. A festive, holiday spirit seemed to pervade the high ceilinged rooms, hung with their garlands of greenery. And in one very special room Dr. Robert Merrill was behaving rather oddly for a bachelor of thirty-eight and a distinguished surgeon to boot. Down on his hands and knees beneath the lower boughs of a great Christmas tree, he was carefully arranging a whole regiment of lead soldiers.

He was a tall, smooth shaven, lean, well muscled person, this Dr. Merrill. His hair had greyed just the slightest above his ears, giving him a more mature appearance. His hands, as he handled the toys, seemed very gentle yet very firm.

Suddenly he looked up at the butler standing beside him.

"Yes, sir, Pardon me, but there's the doorbell, sir." Gravely Johnson stalked towards the portal as a long peal resounded through the house.

"I'll answer it, Johnson." With a quick movement Dr. Merrill checked his butler and hurried to the door. His heart throbbed like a boy's as he flung it open and called. "Merry Christmas!"

Katherine and Little Pal, their arms filled with brightly wrapped bundles, stepped inside, shaking the snow from their galoshes.

"Merry Christmas, yourself," Katherine laughed. Her cheeks were whipped to a brilliant pink from the frosty air, and her eyes sparkled. She held out her hand to the doctor.

"Mewwy Kwis-mas!" Little Pal, too reached out his hand and his cheeks were as pink and his eyes as bright as his mother's.

Dr. Merrill took a hand in each of his own. "I'm glad to see you both," he beamed happily.

Then he began to unbutton the child's coat while Johnson helped Katherine and took the wraps. He picked up Little Pal and gave him a hearty kiss. "Many, many Merry Christmases," he said exultantly.

"But Johnson tells me Santa Claus was here, and I believe he left some small package or other and said that I was to give it to you." The surgeon set the boy on the floor and took his hand. "Come on, we'll all look for it."

With Katherine, Dr. Merrill and the child went towards room which concealed the treasure trove he had made for Junior. And as they went, the surgeon thought how lucky was the man who every Christmas morning could find such happiness as was his today. And Katherine tried to forget for the moment that Joe was no longer hers, and that he was locked within dreary, grey stone walls.

Dr. Merrill threw wide the living-room door. Like a small whirlwind Little Pal dashed on ahead shouting gleefully.

"Gee, that is swell!" he announced, stopping in front of the tree and gazing in sheer astonishment at all its wonders, its towering branches bedecked with sparkling globes and tinsel, and the big silver star that reflected the lights of a hundred candles right at the tip top. "Oh thank you, Mr. Santa and ewwybody!"

Stars glistened in Katherine's eyes as she saw her child running from one handsome toy to another. He hardly paused at the lead soldiers before he caught sight of a marvelous fire engine. And then there was an Indian suit with real feathers in the bonnet, a model airplane that would actually fly, an automobile that he could pedal with his own feet, a horn, drums—everything. Without another word he began to try out all the workings of the collection.

"Robert you've been marvelous," Katherine managed to gasp. Even to

her this elaborate array was astounding.

"Nonsense," the surgeon smiled. "My motives were purely selfish. This is going to be the first real Christmas I've had since I grew up. And who knows? It may be the very best I've ever had. I hope so. Let's leave Junior with his toys for a while. I'd just like to sit and talk to you."

Katherine could feel the flush that went sweeping over her cheeks. She turned to follow Dr. Merrill, hoping that he hadn't remarked it.

The surgeon led the way to a big, leather lounge. "Have you filed suit for Divorce yet, Katherine?" he asked abruptly.

He was lighting a cigarette, and the girl noticed that those steady competent hands were trembling. It was the first time she had ever seen them to do that. She had watched them moving surely and rapidly through some delicate operation, when they seemed by their sheer touch, to hold the ebbing spirit in some poor, broken body. But she had never seen those hands uncertain of themselves.

"Well," she began at last, her face grave, "Joe wanted me to do it. I've talked to a lawyer—the one you sent me to. He's getting the papers ready. I'm not certain yet what I want to do, you see I feel so sorry for Joe, shut in as he is, and I think he's got the wrong idea about a lot of things. But he was so insistent."

(To be continued)

REAL BREEDERS OF POULTRY ARE BADLY NEEDED

(By Prof. W. R. Graham.)

During the past twenty-five years the poultry business has changed for the most part from a hobby to an industry. The industry is a question of financial returns. There are hundreds now making money out of poultry on their farms that twenty years ago considered poultry more or less as a nuisance.

There have been changes in our living conditions that have altered the situation very much from the view point of the breeder in the towns and cities. We must admit these conditions are here, and make the best of the situation.

From the writer's viewpoint no industry can expect to thrive and grow without a crop of young coming along. Look at our poultry shows and see how many exhibitors there are under thirty years of age or even under forty-five years of age. The situation reminds one of a grandfather's party. That may be a little too far but one does look for the rising generation who are going to carry on. It may be that in time this situation will take care of itself—if we do not wake up too late.

There are plenty of growers of pure-bred poultry but what about the breeders. How many poultry growers or breeders in your acquaintance would know or recognize their ideal bird if they saw it in a show or pen. We in the poultry business are losing our breeders of high ideal stock. Take a comparison of the breeds of cattle, swine or sheep. There you will find breeders who place the production or industrial standards very high but at the same time beauty of form is "a joy for ever." Where or how can we get a reasonable group of breeders in the poultry business who will show the birds they have. I can see no way to do without the show. We must line our ideal stock up alongside our neighbor's idea live stock in order that we may study and compare. It is not everything to win prizes but the real breeder likes to study his specimens alongside of those belonging to other people.

We need, and need badly, some real breeders not chicken growers. Such people are going to do this for pleasure much more than profit. The young people of today may be sold the idea but they are not going that way at present in any reasonable numbers.

When one selects the best male in the flock or that can be purchased, can not expect to find many more than two or three females that one wishes ideally to breed to the male. The situation looks like loading a 6,000 egg incubator, we have 6,500 eggs, perhaps 3,000 of them might be fit to hatch—about a dozen eggs are ideal but we fill the incubator full of eggs.

A MONTREAL LAWYER AND K.C. ALMOST WENT TO THE JUG, APOLOGIZED TO THE JUDGE

(Montreal Star)

Routine in the court of Sessions yesterday afternoon was enlivened by an incident which almost brought a jail term to Leonce Plante, K. C., for contempt of court and caused Judge Lacroix to threaten to imprison in future anyone who encroaches upon the dignity due to his position not exempting Mayor Houde or newspapermen.

The incidental afforded the magistrate an opportunity to refer to the attack made upon him last spring by Mayor Houde and to reiterate his threat to "deal accordingly" with those who poke fun at him or make him a target for their jibes.

Invoked By Sentence

The flurry was precipitated by a remark made by Mr. Plante when he protested a decision of Judge Lacroix imposing a fine of \$20 or eight days in jail for assault.

"That's right," started the lawyer, "this man has already spent 10 days in jail, and as he has no money to pay the fine you have imposed he will have to spend still eight more, even though his wife is suffering from cancer and can't very well get along without his aid."

"I am very sorry, Mr. Plante," said the judge, "but that is the sentence I am obliged to pass, so what can I do about it?"

"Oh, nothing, I suppose," retorted the lawyer, "but it certainly makes me sick when I see a decent man like this get a stiff sentence, while men who have stolen large amounts of money are left off on suspended sentence."

"Next case," said the judge.

"Well, thank heaven," said Mr. Plante, "we can always go to the Court of Appeals and get the judgment reversed and as far as I can see you are the judge who has more of them reversed than any other."

"How dare you, Mr. Plante," said the indignant judge. "You are an ill-rannered and impudent person and if you do not apologize at once for what you have said I will have you arrested."

The lawyer declared that he did not see in what manner he was guilty

and that if he was put under arrest he wanted to have his trial immediately.

"No, no," said Judge Lacroix, "if you don't apologize, it's to the cells that you go."

"Yes, I know," answered the attorney, "but I plead not guilty and I have the right to bail."

"Enough of this," cried the judge. "Mr. Plante, for the last time will you make an apology or must I have you arrested?"

"I don't know," came the retort, "but all I can say is that I fail to see in what way I have offended the dignity of the Court."

"Officer," directed the judge, "arrest that man and put him in the cells for three hours."

Colleagues Intervene

The counsel was being led away when several of his colleagues suggested that he retract his remarks and Antoine Chauvin, K. C., Crown prosecutor, intervened in his behalf and informed the Court that Mr. Plante was willing to make a retraction.

Mr. Plante proceeded to say that if he had made remarks which were offensive to and against the dignity of the Court, he had made them in the heat of debate, and not maliciously.

"That is all right, then," declared Judge Lacroix, "but let me say that I am afraid of neither you or the Mayor of Montreal. I had occasion lately to study the law on contempt of court and I know what it is. I am willing to believe that your remarks are the result of your hasty nature, but I would advise you not to follow in the footsteps of Mr. Houde."

"Why not?" replied the lawyer, "I would earn \$19,000 if I did."

This caused merriment in which even the judge joined and the incident was declared ended.

Now a scientist says man's ancestors were jumping lemurs. We wonder if a lemur could jump as far as scientists who hop from one theory to another.

HIS BUTTERMILK WAS BUTTERLESS

(New York Sun)

Little Tommy who boasts of seven years, was taken to a restaurant recently—a rare occasion for him—and he received the thrill of his life when the waiter turned to him and said: "And will you have coffee, tea, milk or buttermilk?"

Tommy was so flustered at this attention that, although he had never tasted buttermilk, he blurted out his preference for the beverage. His father looked surprised, but said nothing.

After they had left, however, he asked Tommy how he had liked the buttermilk.

"Aw, htat was a gyp," responded the urchin. "There wasn't any butter in it at all."

GRAHAM FRUIT BARS

(Makes 30 bars)

- 1 cup white flour
- 1 cup Graham flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¾ cup cold water or more
- ½ cup shortening
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- ½ cup chopped pitted dates
- ½ cup chopped dried figs
- ½ cup chopped raisins
- ½ cup chopped walnuts
- ½ cup sugar
- Grated rind 1 large orange
- ¼ cup orange juice

Mix salt and flour, add shortening and cut into flour, mixing well. Add slowly enough cold water to which lemon juice has been added, to make a stiff dough. Roll out dough into very thin sheets to fit bottoms of square or oblong baking pans. Make a filling of the fruits and nuts which have been put through a food chopper, sugar, orange rind and juice, mixed well together. Spread about one-quarter inch on one sheet of dough, cover with another layer of dough. Bake in a hot oven (375 degrees F.) for about 20 minutes or until lightly browned. Cut into bars and let cool in pans.

"A Chicagoan offers to sell the original bell worn by the O'Leary cow." He makes no mention of value but doubtless would name a special price if purchased in dozen lots.

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