

(Copyright, 1929, Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.)

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, quarrels with Arthur Phillips, his manager, because of Phillips' attentions to his wife Katherine. Joe hits the manager, who, in falling, strikes his head and dies. Joe serves a year in prison for manslaughter. Unwilling to disgrace Katherine and their son, Little Pal, Joe forces his wife to seek a divorce by accusing her of intimacy with Dr. Merrill, the physician for whom she works as nurse. Immediately upon his release Joe goes to see his boy in school. Little Pal, wanting to be with his father, follows him when he leaves and is hit by a truck.

CHAPTER XV—Continued

Joe shook his head, moaning. He could feel the baby stirring in his arms. He wasn't dead then—he wasn't dead! Would the ambulance never come! Little Pal's eyelids flickered. He was regaining consciousness. Down the street the clang-clang of an ambulance bell jangled.

That ride to the hospital Joe never remembered. All that he could think of was the length of time it took them to get there. The song plugger sat on the stretcher, the child in his arms, rocking back and forth—back



Only a miracle of surgery would bring his voice back.

and fourth. After hours had passed or so it seemed to Joe, they drew up before the entrance to a musty, red brick building. There was an opening and closing of doors, and then a nurse appeared, and more internes, and they reached for the child, taking him from Joe's arms. Mechanically the song plugger trailed after these dim wraiths who fluttered through long corridors that smelled of ether and antiseptics.

Then suddenly Joe was halted by one of the nurses who held numerous little cards in her hand.

"You'll have to fill out this card," the woman informed him. "Right this way."

Down the hall the internes were disappearing with the baby.

"No! No!" Joe's voice rose in a shriek. "I've gotta be with my kid." He pushed past the nurse and at last came to a dimly lighted desk where several nurses were grouped about, buzzing in low conversation.

"I want my baby!" he announced to the nurses at the desk, breaking in upon their talk.

"He hasn't filled out the card, yet," came that persistent voice, and the first nurse appeared at Joe's side.

The white clad girl, sitting in front of the desk, looked up at Joe. She was a younger woman, and her blue eyes held some look of sympathy.

"That's all right, Miss Higgins," she nodded to the older nurse, and rose hastily. "That can be done later." "I'll take you down to the operating room," she added, turning to the song plugger.

"Thank you," Joe's voice trembled, even as his entire body was trembling. He followed his guide through a maze of corridors, up on an elevator then through more corridors. "You see, I—I've been away for a long time," he tried to explain shakily to the nurse. "And I hadn't seen the child, and then this had to happen."

"I see," the girl smiled sympathetically. "That's too bad. But I'm sure Dr. Johnston will do everything he can."

The two walked in silence through another corridor and then the nurse pushed open a door that led into a white tiled room. She pointed to another door.

"The doctor's in there with your child," she whispered. "I'll wait here with you until he comes out. I can't go in while he's busy in there."

"You're very kind," Joe mumbled.

The nurse beckoned him to a white chair that stood with other white chairs against the wall. She sat down and Joe sat beside her. He ran his hand through his hair, trying to make himself somewhat presentable. His hair was still short. He wondered, for a moment whether anyone would understand why. He hoped not. He wanted everything possible done for Little Pal, and perhaps the doctor wouldn't think so much of a child who had an ex-convict for a father.

It was intense agony, waiting—waiting—for that door to open. When the doctor did appear it meant that he would know something, Joe told himself. A wave of nausea enveloped him. If the news were bad! No—no! He didn't dare to think of that. It couldn't—it wouldn't be bad news.

"How did it happen?" the nurse asked in a gentle voice.

"He was in school," the song plugger began to explain. "I'd been up to see him, an' I left. He wanted to go with me, an' I guess he followed me, because when I turned around all I saw was a truck, an' then I found the kid there—" His voice broke.

"Yes, I know," the nurse nodded. "Here's the doctor now." She got up to meet a white clad, middle aged man who appeared from the inner room. "This is the child's father." She motioned to the doctor. "I'll go now." She turned leaving the two men alone.

"You're Dr. Johnson, aren't you?" Joe questioned, remembering the name the nurse had told him. "I'm the boy's father. 'm—" he hesitated. He was going to say: "I'm Joe Lane." And then he remembered those days in the prison. Perhaps, he'd better just let it go at that. "Is he—is the boy —?" he hesitated.

But the doctor had been through many like cases before. He clasped his long, lean fingered hands behind his back. "He isn't going to die, I can assure you of that." He even smiled a little, his thin face lighting up.

"Thank God!" There was a world of reverence in Joe's long, convulsive sigh. "But—but what about him?"

"The case is a serious one, though," the doctor continued. "The child's spine has been injured and his nervous system has had a terrific paralytic shock."

"Aw, that can't be right, Doctor!" Joe exclaimed, catching hold of the white coat sleeve, pulling at the physician's arm. "It can't be, I tell you. You gotta cure him. You just gotta, Doctor!"

"Well," the doctor was saying slowly, evidently pondering the matter in his mind, "I know that we'll try our best you can rest assured. But in a case like this a specialist is needed. Not only a specialist in the ordinary sense of the word, but a great specialist who can work miracles. As I said, the child won't die, but we want to cure him completely, if that is possible."

Joe hesitated thoughtfully. "Who are some of the specialists," he said finally. "I'll get one for him." No matter what was needed he'd get it for Little Pal, he swore to himself.

"Well, there's Dr. Keller of Berlin," the physician counted off the names on his fingers. "There's Dr. Windsor in London, and there's Dr. Merrill right here in New York. Any one of them might be able to help. This isn't a case where one can make promises."

"Dr. Merrill!" Joe exclaimed sharply. "Dr. Robert Merrill!" Why that was Katherine's friend, the doctor for whom she worked.

"Yes. Do you know him?" Dr. Johnson glanced at the man's rather shabby suit and wondered. "He's a very expensive man, you know," he suggested.

"Yes, I know," Joe returned bitterly. "But I can't help that. My boy's gotta have every chance. I don't care what it costs. He's gotta have the best treatment there is, and I'll get it for him. He's all I got in the world. You don't know! I'd go through hell for that kid." His eyes blazed.

"There, there," the doctor soothed, laying his hand on Joe's shoulder. "I know. You calm yourself. I'll help in any way I can, but if you know Dr. Merrill yourself you'll stand a lot better chance. I'm sure. He's a busy man and he only takes exceptional cases of this sort. I'd advise you to get the boy to him right away. The sooner the better in this instance. Now, do you want to see the child?"

"Thank you, doctor," Joe sighed and turned to follow the physician into the next room.

CHAPTER VXI

The persistent clamor of a telephone bell brought Katherine to her senses with a start. She sat up in bed gazing about sleepily. Again the ringing. She put her feet onto the floor, stepping into a pair of mules and then went over and picked up the receiver. Automatically she glanced at the clock. Seven o'clock. She could have slept another hour. Probably Dr. Merrill wanted her on a case. She assumed her professional voice. The suddenly her hands gripped the telephone, clutching it until her knuckles showed white beneath the skin.

(To be continued)

TO BROADCAST A CONCLAVE OF NATIONS

(Special to THE DAILY MAIL by the British United Press.)

New York, Jan. 21—While naval disarmament delegates are meeting at London the Columbia broadcasting company intends to launch a peace program of its own, which incidentally will test the efficiency of radio's direct contact with millions auditors. Beginning tonight a Columbia network will broadcast a series of 55 international goodwill programs called by their sponsors "The Conclave of Nations."

SHARKEY AND KLEM DEFEAT AL AND BABE

Coral Gables, Fla., Jan. 21—The word golf was taboo today in the presence of former Governor Alfred E. Smith, of New York and Babe Ruth, home-run king of baseball, but every one else was chuckling over the trimming they took in a four-some.

The combined golfing ability of Smith and the Babe were not good enough to defeat the steady play of Bob Shawkey, Yankee manager, and Bill Klem, major league umpire, in the battle, waged over the rolling terrain of the Miami-Biltmore course. Shawkey and Klem beat their famous opponents 7 up, and Shawkey, with a 91, carried off medal honors.

APPLE TREES ARE WASSAILED

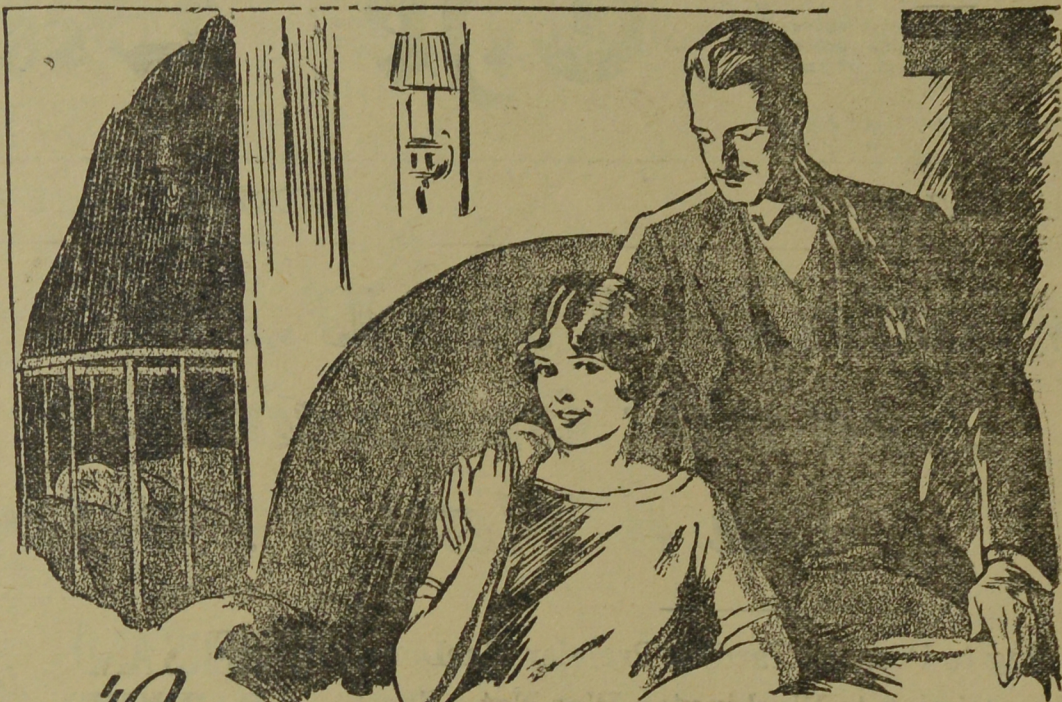
Carhampton, Somerset, Eng., Jan. 20—The picturesque ceremony of "wassailing" the apple trees was carried out today in many of the orchards in this famous apple-growing region.

The whole village of Carhampton took part in this curious, ancient custom, consisting of placing a piece of toast in a fork of the orchard's biggest tree with great ceremony. Ostensibly the toast is for the robins, but really, as some of the older folk have it, to propitiate the spirits who watch over apple trees, and thus to insure a good crop.

Bowel Regulation Means Good Health

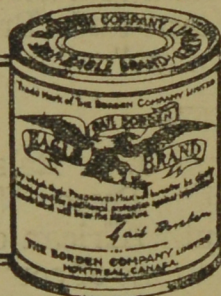
Thousands of people, young and old, stop habitual constipation by using Dr. Hamilton's Pills. This mild yet active medicine is noted for its promptness in restoring the bowels to a condition where they will perform their needful function at a certain time each day.

You'll improve your health, you'll eat well, digest well and look better if you regulate your system with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Sold at all dealers.



"You are a WONDERFUL LITTLE MOTHER!"

No praise is so sweet as this tribute to your loving care of baby. For many a mother baby's food is the big problem. If it is for you, use Eagle Brand, a food so easy to digest that mother's milk is the only food comparable to it in this respect. Eagle Brand is pure, fresh, whole cow's milk, modified by the addition of refined sugar and condensed by the removal of most of the water. The sugar supplies carbohydrates, required by all infants. The milk supplies bone and tissue-building materials and growth-promoting vitamins.



The Care and Feeding of Infants

Mail coupon for free booklet containing practical feeding information and suggestions for supplementary foods that doctors now generally advise.

The BABY BOOK COUPON

THE BORDEN CO. LIMITED, Dept. A, 140 St. Paul Street West, Montreal. Please send FREE Baby Books to:

NAME ADDRESS

EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

JOB PRINTING

All Work Guaranteed Finest Quality and Artistic Workmanship The Largest Plant in the City

We Aim To Satisfy The Most Exacting Customer

LETTER HEADS

PROGRAMMES ENVELOPES CIRCULARS BILL HEADS WEDDING INVITATIONS REPORTS POSTERS CARDS BOOKS BUTTER WRAPPERS HONEY LABELS LEGAL FORMS AUCTION SALE HANGERS and all other JOB PRINTING WORK

Come in and see our samples of any of the above Orders by Mail Promptly Attended to

No Job too large or too small to receive our immediate attention

Mail Printing Co.

FREDERICTON, N. B.