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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 QRSA 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 sentenced to prison for one year for manslaughter. His cell mate talks of the disgrace a convict's wife and children suffer. Joe determines that Katherine and his young son, Little Pal, must be saved. When his wife arrives on visiting day Joe accuses her of being intimate with the doctor for whom she works as nurse, saying he never wants to see her again.

CHAPTER XI—Continued

Katherine breathed a sigh of relief at the change in Joe's tone. But she went right on talking as usual. "He certainly is," she said enthusiastically. "Why, I saw him out on the playground the other day with boys twice his size" and he really seemed to know how to throw. I saw him catch the ball once when it was



"Joe, I'm not planning a divorce!"

coming so fast at the the little fellow I was afraid it would knock him down. Look what he sent you—a letter!"

From the depths of her handbag Katherine drew forth a large sheet of notepaper carefully folded. Joe opened the missive and read what was printed there in large block letters. "Daddy I love you—Yore Little Pal" Joe grinned—"Well, what d'ya think of that!" He bent his head over the note. His eyes were suddenly blurred and he could scarcely read the big letters. He blinked rapidly, and then carefully folded the note and slipped it inside of his blouse. Would that be the last thing he would ever have from Little Pal, he was wondering. Was this really to be the end for Katherine and himself?

"Bless his little heart!" Joe smiled through his tears, looking at Katherine again. "Are you still telling him the same thing—about—about where I am, I mean?" he asked piteously. "Yes," Katherine nodded gravely. "He still thinks you're away on a long business trip. That seems the best thing to tell him. But he's so clever he feels that there's something wrong, although of course he doesn't know what it is. He asks and asks about you. When you'll be back—are you having a good time—will you ever have to be away so long again, until sometimes I could weep."

"He mustn't ever know," Joe breathed, fighting to control himself. "If he did it'd break my heart—that is, what's left of it."

"Oh Joe, please don't talk that way!" Katherine took her husband's hand in both of hers. "I know it's awfully hard for you. But don't think of yourself as broken hearted. How can you, with Little Pal and me loving you every minute? Just keep your mind on that and on your homecoming."

Joe was staring straight before him, scarcely conscious of what Katherine was saying. He must begin soon with his plan or it would be too late. He started to speak, but Katherine was unwrapping one of the bundles that lay on the chair beside her.

"I brought you something, too," she smiled, "Look at this." She handed Joe a bundle of sheet music, waiting anxiously for the expression of delight

she hoped to see on her husband's face.

But the little voice was saying: "Hurry! Hurry! Strike now. You've got to do it. Remember it's best for them both."

And so Joe took the music in his hands, leafing it over listlessly and then laid it back on the chair with a careless gesture.

Katherine frowned. She was no longer certain of herself. She had always heard that prison did strange things to men's minds, and no wonder. But to see this change in her husband frightened her.

"Look, Joe, here's something I know you'll like. I've been saving for quite a while to get it, and then one of my patients made me a present of a little extra. And here it is!"

Proudly Katherine held out a banjo of expensive make and laid it in Joe's lap. The song plugger turned his head away, winking back the tears. With an outward air of indifference he laid the instrument on the chair on top of the music.

"Why, Joe, don't you like it?" Katherine tried to smile, but the situation was becoming more and more difficult. She mustn't pay any attention. Joe wasn't himself. After all, if she'd been shut up for six months she wouldn't be quite normal either.

"That banjo's all right," Joe rasped and now his voice had a sneering tone. "You can buy me a lotta things since you went to work for that doctor, can't you?"

Katherine's hand went to her throat in a gesture of sickening shock. What was this Joe was saying? Or was Joe saying it? Why, this wasn't her Joe—the Joe who'd never had an evil suspicion in his whole life about her.

"Why—why of course, I can, darling. Why not?" she heard herself saying. "It's my money and I earn it."

"I suppose you've found out he still loves you". Joe tried to make his words sound harsh.

"Joe, dearest, please think what you're saying" she managed to gasp. He drew away from his wife, his head averted. "Don't butt in when I'm tryin' to tell you somethin," he rasped. "You don't deny that doctor used to love you, do you?"

"No," Katherine answered, puzzled scarcely realizing what Joe was trying to insinuate. "But that was a long time ago. Before I met you, even."

Joe's face assumed an expression of smug triumph. He was playing his part like a master actor.

"And he still loves you, don't he?" he persisted.

"No—no—no!" Katherine's voice rose shrilly.

The guard at the end of the visitor's room looked up from a book in which he was making some travel entries. Poor devils, he thought. Quarrelling on the one day in he week when they could be together for a few minutes. Well, lots of 'em did just that. People were funny!

"Joe can't you believe me when I tell you that there's been nothing like that between us," Katherine insisted doggedly.

"You must think I'm an awful sap," this man was saying. "I wasn't born yesterday. Oh, I still got some friends outside. I've known every move you've made since I been here."

Katherine jumped to her feet. "But I haven't done anything but work and wait for you to get out," she shrieked.

Would she never believe him, Joe wondered dully. He couldn't go on much longer with the awful play acting. How could he stand this wounding of the person he loved most in the whole world.

"You can explain your nobility and faithfulness to the judge when you ask for your divorce," Joe roared at her.

"But, Joe, I'm not planning a divorce," Katherine explained wildly.

"Then you better change your plane" he told her ruthlessly. "Because it's a cinch I won't want you when I get out. It's you that got me in here, don't forget that. Art Phil-

lips—" he almost choked over the name—"was all right. He was my best friend, but he was a man, and a man don't refuse a woman who hands herself over to him on a silver platter. I hope you're satisfied. Art lost his life and I'm a convict on account of your foolishness, and now when I'm locked up you're at it again, monkeyin' with this fine doctor friend!"

"Joe! You're out of your mind! You must be ill!" Again Katherine tried to reach for her husband. That was it! He was insane! He'd be all right if she could just get him home in a few months and have him with her.

He thrust her roughly aside, "I'm in my right mind, all right" he snapped. "I guess I was crazy all those years I lived with you an' you puttin' things over on me, But I'm wise now."

"But Joe!" Katherine took a step towards her husband, grouping blindly. She couldn't allow him to go like this. She would make one more effort to bring him back to her.

"Never mind! Cut out the sob stuff!" he spoke roughly. "You can't fool me. You put it over on me long enough. Now get outta here!"

She hesitated and then slowly turned her back. Joe took a quick stride, reaching out his arms and then letting them fall to his sides. "You don't want her to be a 'con's' wife," the little voice inside was whispering to him.

"Move along" he muttered hoarsely. "I can't be stickin' around here all day."

(To be continued)

PRINCESS CAN JUDGE HORSES

London, Jan. 11.—Princess Mary of Great Britain, who now also includes Countess of Harewood, in her titles, is an intimate friend of King Victor Emmanuel's daughter Yolande, and these are perhaps the leading royal ladies who really follow horse racing with a scientific trend. Princess Mary keeps an eye on King George's racing stable, for that monarch maintains the national tradition more as a sense of duty to his father rather than by inclination.

The Prince of Wales retired from active horse interests during his father's illness and his three brothers appear at the Derby and the Ascot more in the social than role as sportsmen. The Earl of Harewood has a handsome fortune and his stables at Knarborough in Yorkshire are entirely under his wife's management.

The Harewood fortune was acquired in the thrilling days of pirates along the Spanish Main and through rich plantations in the Barbados and in Jamaica. The eldest son of the earl and his royal wife, Edward Lascelles, is now entitled to be called Lord Lascelles, when before he and his brother George, who rank seventh and eighth in the line of succession to the British throne were only honorables.

Princess Yolande, of Savoy, married to the cavalry officer, Capt. Calvi de Bergoli, is so accurate a judge of horseflesh that her advice is sought by remount officers and her racing tips are highly prized.

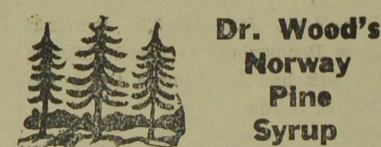
We can't help thinking that old Caligula's shade must have doubled up with laughter when Mussolini finally got Lake Nemi drained off and disclosed only a few rotted timbers of that fabled sunken treasure.

A lot of Wall Street operators have given up precious stones and are now back again at the grindstone.

Her Little Boy Had Severe Cold and Croupy Cough

Mrs. Henry E. Lyman, West River, N.B., writes:—"My little boy caught a very severe cold, and had a croupy cough."

"I tried several medicines, but he got no relief from them. I was advised to try



Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

and he had only taken three doses when he got relief, and before he had finished the bottle he was all rid of his cough.

"I would not be without it in the house as it is a wonderful cough medicine."

Price, 35c. a bottle; large family size 60c.; at all druggists and dealers; manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

THE ROYAL BANK EXECUTIVES HAVE GIVEN CANADIANS SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

Sir Herbert Holt and Mr. C. E. Neil have both done a great public service to Canada. They have given Canadians something to think about along constructive lines, and they have laid bare for all to see a great failure of Canadians as a nation, namely, the utter lack of any general co-ordinated public effort for national ends.

We can easily see now what a splendid thing it would have been if Premier King, immediately after the stock market crash, had done something like President Hoover did when he called the industrial leaders of the American nation together and formulated plans for meeting the situation which might be expected to arise. But in view of the contemptuous attitude of the two political parties in Canada for each other's economic policies, would such a conference have been possible, or if possible, would it have been a success?

Sir Herbert Holt, nevertheless, has indicated the need for and pointed the way to, real co-operation and leadership among leaders in business. His proposal, made at the annual meeting of the Royal Bank, is for the establishment of a non-partisan Advisory Council, composed of men of outstanding ability and representative of industry, agriculture and labor, whose object shall be to bring about a rapprochement between government and the interests before-mentioned for the formulation and execution of effective measures for the maintenance of the economic equilibrium which would ensure stable prosperity.

A Good Proposal

Here indeed as a statesman-like proposal from one of the keenest brains and ablest administrators in the country. It is useless for initiative in this direction. They are too keen on pandering to sectional interests.

As Goethe says:

"Divide and command, a wise maxim;

Unite and guide, a better."

The political leaders are too wedded to the maxim, "Divide and command." But that is no reason why industry and agriculture and labor should not adopt the better maxim, "Unite and

Guide." The Associated Chambers of Commerce of Canada should take the lead in calling a joint conference with the leaders of the farmers' organizations and the Labor Unions for the purpose of achieving the object set forth by Sir Herbert.

Tourist Trade

Then there is Mr. Neil's suggestion for capitalizing on the immense tourist trade already in Canada's in the same way as France capitalizes on her tourist trade. It is refreshing indeed to find a business man in Mr. Neil's position frankly recognizing the tourist trade as one of Canada's major sources of income, worthy to rank, in a recital of Canada's business activities, with agriculture, manufacture and mining. We shall have to sink a lot of our parochialism and a lot of our preconceived notions and prejudices, if we are to make Canada, as he suggests, an international mart, attractive on that account if for no other, to the wealthiest tourists in the world. It will take some time, for instance, to digest this thought of his. "It is particularly true in the case of luxuries that the margins of profit in distribution are sufficient so that it is more profitable for a country to be engaged in their distribution than it is to produce such goods for sale in other countries."

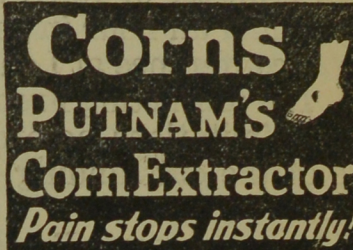
If we accept this as a self-evident truth—and it goes to the very root of his proposals—then we shall have to throw into the discard some dearly-cherished opinions. But if, by this and other means, we can make the tourist trade something more than a contribution to hotels and garage interests, if we can turn this vast annual inflow, amounting even now to fifteen millions of well-to-do people every year, into general merchandising account, then indeed any sacrifices of the moment will appear insignificant in comparison with the benefits derived. On the present basis of visiting tourists, one-tenth of the success of France in the art of skilled merchandising would make a difference of one billion dollars a year in our trade. But we must have the desirable merchandize to offer, and the dif-

OUTPUT OF ENERGY SHOWS BIG INCREASE

New York, Jan. 14.—International Paper and Power Company system produced 431,455,000 kilowatt hours of electric energy in November, an increase of 22 per cent over the output of the system in November, 1928. In the first eleven months of last year the output of the Company was 4,296,210,000 kilowatt hours, 36 per cent greater than in the corresponding period of 1928.

Included in the output figures are those of International Hydro-Electric System—controlling New England Power Association and Canadian Hydro-Electric Corporation, Limited—and of the hydro-electric plants of the International Paper Company group.

The average daily production of electric energy by the Company in November was slightly over its daily average in October when the Company established a new high record for a single month. This reflects the stability of the operations of the Company and the diversity of its electric power customers.



ferent merchandise to offer the things that their own prohibitive tariffs keeps them from ever seeing unless they go to Europe, but the very things they do buy if they go there.

Can it be done? Well why not?

The tourists who go from the United States to France constitute the merest trickle compared with the great flood of tourists which annually sweeps over the border into Canada. Merchandizing on a grand scale for 15,000,000 people with plenty of money to spend would make an attractive addition to merchandizing for the domestic population of 10,000,000. And it would be worth some concessions.

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