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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
It is ten-thirty on a morning in the early autumn in New York City. In the Q. R. S. A. radio station the usual activities are going on. Beauty specialists, musicians, children's hour conductors, jazz bands—all are broadcasting. Arthur Phillips, general manager of the station, waits for Katherine the wife of Joe Lane, a song plugger and hit of the Q. R. S. A. station, who comes to meet her husband for lunch. Phillips takes Katherine into his private office and then tells her that he has given Joe his success only for her sake.

CHAPTER II—Continued
"No, I didn't know it," she said slowly. She felt a little sick, hearing this declaration.
"You must know I'm mad about you, Katherine," Phillips went on. "I've been mad about you from the first time Joe brought you here. I thought that by being nice to him you might be a little more friendly towards me."



"Don't have old-fashioned ideas about love!"

"You know how much I love Joe," Katherine protested.
"Then you want to see him get along in the world," Phillips argued eagerly.
"Of course I do."
"Well, I might even do more for him—if you asked me to."
"What do you mean—asked you to?" Katherine gasped.
"Just be nice to me," Phillips explained. "And not so cold and re-

spectable. Katherine, can't you understand? I'd do anything for Joe—if you wanted it. And it's all yours for the asking." He tried to catch her hands, but she jumped up, fumbling with her handbag. Her eyes blazed.

"I'd see him go back in the prize ring before I'd see him get his success that way!" she flared. "I'd do anything in the world for Joe, but I wouldn't do anything that would hurt him. Maybe you don't understand that, but I do." She laid her handbag on the desk and began pulling on her gloves.

"You're too beautiful, my dear, to be so old-fashioned," Phillips persisted. "Suppose I let Joe out? What then?"

"We'd start all over again!" She faced the man, standing firmly on both feet, her hands clinched. "Joe left the prize ring because I wanted him to. I never liked it. But I'd even see him go back to it, if he had to. But he won't! If we did have to start all over again, that would make me stick to him all the more."

"Starting all over again's not what it's cracked up to be, Katherine," Phillips pointed out cynically. "Listen to this and think it over. Remember what I told you. I can do everything for Joe. I'm going to call for him tonight, and take him to the radio station. If you change your mind and want to see Joe the biggest attraction on the air, just send me this message by him. Tell him to invite me for dinner next Sunday night. I'll know what it means."

"There'll be no message!" Katherine turned on her heel and started for the door. "That's final!" Without a backward glance she was gone.

She hurried into the reception room. She could feel her cheeks hot and flushed, and the tears were starting into her eyes. She had kept as calm as possible while she faced Phillips, but now that it was all over she wanted to cry. She was angry, ashamed and hurt. She had never encouraged Phillips. Once or twice she had thought him overly attentive, but she had put the matter from her mind, hoping to rout it entirely by ignoring it. Now she knew. She blinked hard and started towards the elevators.

"Hey! Darling!" Two arms caught her and whirled her about. "Welcome to our little Palace of Harmony! Why, what's the matter, dear? Art been telling you some bad news?"

"Oh Joe!" Katherine caught her husband's hands, holding them tight. Then she realized that he had noticed her disturbed looks, and she knew, at the same moment she must not let him know what had happened. Joe was so impulsive there was no telling what he might do. She swallowed hard, and then smiled a little.

"No, dear, he's been telling me good news—about—about how well you're doing." She tried to turn her head away, so that Joe shouldn't see her face.

Absorbed in each other, neither Katherine nor Joe noticed that Phillips' outer door swung slightly ajar, and that just inside stood Phillips' himself. He had followed Katherine out to see whether she would go to Joe, and whether she would mention anything concerning their conversation. When he heard her answer he breathed a sigh of relief. He didn't care to get mixed up in a battle with an ex-prize fighter. It wouldn't end so well for him. He didn't really think she'd say anything to Joe, however. After all, he did have the upper hand. He was Joe's boss, and Katherine loved Joe. Still, you never knew about women. He'd had experiences before this.

Aw, I know what's the matter with you honey," Joe was saying. "I forgot to call you up. Gee, what a sap I turned out to be. I'm sorry, Kitty." His voice was contrite and there was concern written all over his face. "I got so wrapped up in one of those funny tunes I was writing I forgot all about it. Honest I did. Please forgive me, darling."

Katherine, glad of the explanation which seemed to excuse her nervousness, nodded. "Oh Joe," she pouted "you're so careless. You're always forgetting promises. You know you are."

"Honest, honey, I'm terribly sorry," Joe apologized sincerely. "Sometimes I think I'm nuts!" He paused for a second and then began to laugh. "Yes, sir, I'm either nuts or a genius."

"You're a genius, Joe," Katherine insisted staunchly.
"Nope," Joe shook his head. "I think I'm nuts. But there ain't much difference, Kitty. But tell me you forgive me dear and I'll never do it again."

"All right, Joe, I'll forgive you this time," she tried to make her voice sound cheerful but she could not shake off the weight of trouble that oppressed her.

Phillips moved away from the door and went back into his own office. He sat down before the desk, picked up a pencil and began tapping it against his upper lip. So far, things looked pretty good. He's made a very wise move when he'd told Katherine to go home and think things over. Away from him the matter would undoubtedly present itself in a different light. She would be able to see the sense of his suggestion. She'd remember what he had said about helping Joe—about the contract with the phonograph people.

"Listen Kitty, I'll tell you what," Joe was saying. "You run along, and I'll meet you at Lindy's for lunch. Then we'll go to a matinee. How's that? Okay with you? We'll make it a real celebration. Gee whatta girl!" He clasped Kitty's hands tightly. "See what's the time?" He looked at the wall clock. "You'll just have time to buy that coat for the boy—you know, baby, the one we talked about. Run

along and get it. He's gotta celebrate, too. Papa's got a new job makin' graph records!"
"But—but, Joe," Katherine demurred. "I haven't any money. You forgot to give me any yesterday."
"Gee!" Joe snapped his fingers. "Brains a-buzz! That's right, baby. I'll soon fix that. Just a minute." He began running his hands through his pockets, trying them all. But he turned out nothing but empty linings bits of paper, keys and some small change. "Don't worry darling. I got resources!" Grinning, he started towards Phillips' office.

Katherine caught at his arm, pulling him back. "No, Joe please don't! Don't ask him for money!" The sharp, anxious tone of her voice caused Joe to turn and stare at his wife.

"Why, what's the matter, dear?" he questioned in surprise. "It's all right. We're pals? Why, Art'd give me half the short off his back. Why, he's always loaning me money. He gets it back. Now you just let me worry about the business end of things, dear." Joe patted the girl's hand and started for the door. "I'll be back in a minute. Wait there," he called over his shoulder.

(To be continued)

BLACK CAT TURNED WHITE FROM FRIGHT

London, Dec. 21—A black cat that had turned white from fright, according to the crew of the Lowestoft fishing vessel Gladys, was among the survivors of the boat landed at Grimsby today after being rescued during the recent storms.

The crew abandoned the Gladys Friday, and their mascot shared all their terrifying experiences.

Their story of the cat's transformation found credence with the superintendent of the London Dispensary for Sick Animals. "We often have animals here that turn strange colors as a result of their experiences" he said.

THE WIFE

She ain't nobody's fool, I'll tell you that. Though she looks more like twelve than twenty-one.

I tell her that she rolls up in the sun just like a kitten purring on a mat. Quick as a flash to give you tit for tat. But never any meanness in her fun. Half child, half woman, when all's said and done—She hardly knows herself where she is at!

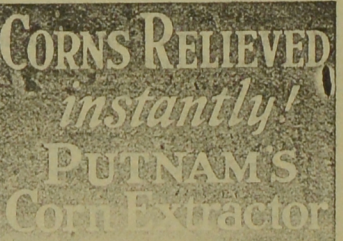
I used to think I had a line on girls. But, Gosh! I can be sitting at her side watching her needle fly, and never guess

What thoughts is going on beneath her curls, Whether she's planning how to make a dress Or grieving for the little one that died.
—ETHEL KELLEY in Harper's.

MOLASSES BRAN COOKIES

1 cup shortening
1-2 cup boiling water
1 cup molasses
1-2 cup sugar
1 1-2 cups bran
3 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
1-2 teaspoon salt
1-2 teaspoon soda
2 teaspoons cinnamon
2 teaspoons nutmeg
1 teaspoon cloves
Put the shortening into a bowl, add the boiling water, molasses and sugar. Add the bran, then the flour, which has been sifted with the other dry ingredients. Mix well, toss on a floured board and roll thin. Cut and bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees Fahrenheit).

Now is the time for all good people to come to the aid of Santa Claus.

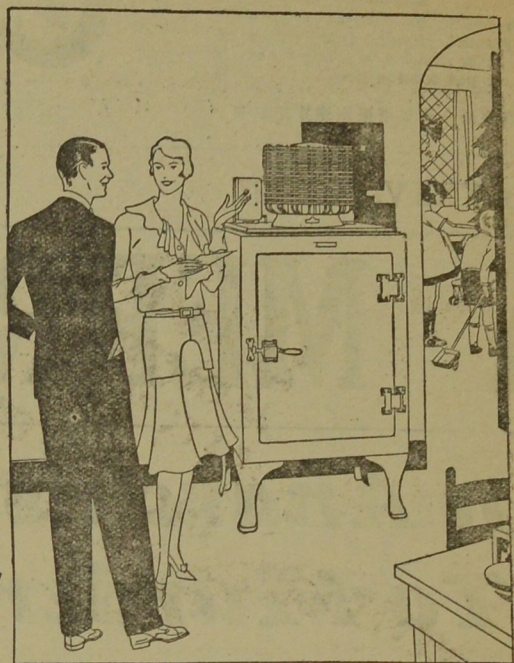


THE MOST USEFUL GIFT -a brief word to husbands

If you but had the magic power, your Christmas gift this year would be simply—health and happiness. That would be the greatest gift of all.

To someone near and dear you can bring improved health and greater happiness with a General Electric Refrigerator.

The aim of perfect refrigeration is to keep food always at a temperature below 50 degrees, otherwise bacteria thrive, food which looks palatable becomes dangerous, health suffers. The General Electric

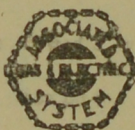


Every General Electric Refrigerator is hermetically sealed.

Refrigerator keeps food constantly at a temperature well below 50 degrees.

And General Electric, as any friend who owns one will tell you, is quiet, trouble-free and guaranteed for service. It contains every worthwhile improvement known to the art of refrigeration. There are now more than 350,000 users and not one has ever spent a dollar for service or repairs. See the various models today at our display rooms. Buy, if you wish, on the convenient time payment plan.

If you like really good music, tune in on the General Electric Hour, broadcast every Saturday evening.



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SEA MAIL SPEEDED UP

London, Dec. 21—A new angle of the intense rivalry of the world's steamship lines was revealed today in the statement of P. G. Mitchell, general manager of the Royal Mail Lines, that his company was rushing

plans for a new type of fast liner to cut the delivery of mail from London to South America to four or five days.

You never hold it against the liar who says you're looking twenty years younger than you looked ten years ago.

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