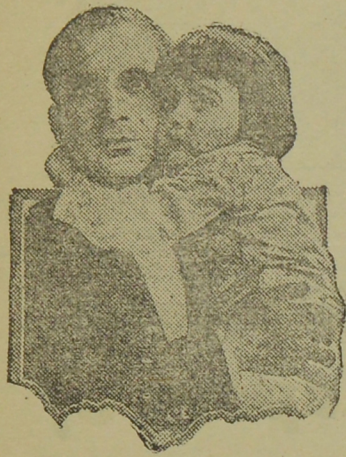




THE SINGING FOOL

by

HUBERT DAIL

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"The Singing Fool", starring Al Jolson, is a Warner Bros. picturization of this novel.

SYNOPSIS

Al Stone, singing waiter at Blackie Joe's New York night club, wins fame as a composer of popular songs. He marries Molly Winton, a ballad singer and makes her famous too. Molly and Al have a baby, Junior, whom Al adores. When Junior is about two years old Molly elopes with John Perry, Al's best friend, taking the baby. For a week there is no trace of them. Al completely broken by the blow, visits his partner Billy Bline, at the Club Bombo and declares he must sell out. He is through with Broadway. Just then Al learns from a newspaper article that Molly is at a New York hotel, preparing to sail for France that afternoon. He rushes to the phone.

CHAPTER XIX

"No," said Molly to the maid, "you go on packing—I'll answer."

She picked up the receiver to hear Al's voice.

"Molly, is this you? Is it true you're sailing today?"

Molly's eyes grew cold as ice as a look of intense irritation crossed her face. She turned to Perry, putting her hand over the transmitter, and whispered, "It's Al". Perry started, then Molly answered into the phone.

"Yes, it's true. I decided to sail today."

The full force of her cold determination was conveyed to Al in those few words. But his voice came vibrating back against her ear.

"Please, Molly, you must let me see Junior before he goes. That's all I ask—you won't refuse that!"

Again Molly signalled quickly to Perry, pointing to Junior. The racketeer jumped up—so Al was trying to spoil their game! Perry made a quick gesture of disapproval and Molly turned back to the phone.

"There's hardly time," she said. "We're leaving shortly."

Then it seemed to her that Al's voice hampered a little, too.

"The boat sails at six Molly—that gives you time. Remember, you've taken Junior from me—and you know what he means to me! He's the only thing I have left to live for. I'll be with him only a few moments—you must grant me that!"

Al waited in an agony of suspense while Molly did some quick thinking. She knew Al could make trouble for her if he wanted to do it. She didn't think he would, but if she refused this last request he might suddenly turn ugly toward her. She decided to conciliate him. Besides, for a wonder, she suddenly felt just a trifle sorry for him. After all, he had been an awfully good sport during the three years of their marriage and he did adore Junior.

Then she became aware of Perry's agitated figure; he was pacing up and down in front of her, gesticulating for her to refuse. But she turned to him and said in low firm tones.

"We must do this for him, John. It won't hurt us. And he's been so decent to me."

Perry made a reluctant gesture of acquiescence.

"Do as you like. But you can't afford to have him come here."

"No, of course not." She turned back to the phone. "I'll have Junior at the 96th street entrance to the Park in half an hour."

As Al heard her crisp good-bye his face was illuminated with joy at the prospect of seeing his son. It would only be a few minutes, but it was something—to hold Junior close once more and hear his baby voice. Al glanced at his watch, then remembered Billy Cline, who was waiting mutely nearby.

"She consents, Billy! I'm to see Junior in half an hour! Now I must hurry along."

Cline wrung his hand and Al pick-

ed up his hat and coat. "We'll go over those accounts later," called Cline as Al hurried away, but Al gave only a hurried wave of the hand in agreement. His thoughts were concentrated on the meeting with his son.

Cline looked after him, shaking his head sadly. It seemed to him that the downfall and complete collapse of Al Stone was imminent all because of Molly.

"If I were in Al's place," thought Billy, "I'd certainly try to nab that woman at the boat and get the child back. But no, he won't do it. He thinks how it might put a stigma on the baby. And I think he loves Molly too much, even now, to do it."

The night club owner gave a sigh, sat down at his desk and began to go over the accounts of the Club Bombo.

Al boarded a taxi and reached the 96th street entrance ten minutes later. He still had a twenty minute wait, but he wanted to be on the spot ahead of time for this, the most important appointment of his life. He paced nervously up and down, peering at every limousine that passed. Then as so often happens when there is so much at stake, imaginative and imaginary fears began to possess him.

What if Molly had lied to him along and even now was hurrying with Junior toward the boat? But just when this fear had become so intense that he thought he couldn't endure it a moment longer, Molly's blue Rolls-Royce approached, came to a stop and the door swung open. Molly wasn't in it; a strange nurse-maid stepped out, leading Junior by the hand.

Al rushed forward to clasp his boy in his arms.

As Junior saw Al approaching his little arms opened wide. Then he felt himself caught and lifted high, with his face against his daddy's cheek. Why this was just like home, when his daddy came in at dinner time, to rush into the nursery first thing and embrace him. Yet it was different in a way, and the sensitive child felt it. His daddy was silent for a long moment as he pressed Junior close to him.

The little boy thought he was crying. But no, Al, held him at arm's length and whispered with radiant face:

"It's wonderful to see you again. Did you miss daddy, Junior?"

Junior nodded. "Awful much. I asked mummy where you was. I asked her all the time."

Again the quick clasping of the little warm body in its heavy blue overcoat. Then Al carried Junior toward one of the benches that stood by the park entrance.

"Let's sit down here, Junior. We can be all alone."

Junior sat on Al's lap, looking up into his face. During these few precious moments Al wanted his child all to himself, out of earshot of the nurse-maid. There she was, pacing up and down beside the car, keeping a sharp eye on Junior and his father.

"She's been told to watch me—told I might steal him!" thought Al.

How pink Junior's cheeks were and how lovely his curls, escaping in profusion from under his funny little Breton cap. He sat with his tiny, sturdy legs, in leather leggings, spread far apart, studying his father's expression as if seeking the answer to some question that was bothering his baby mind. Yes, there was something about Junior, a sudden gravity that convinced Al he knew vaguely that all was not well with the Stone family. It was just a feeling with Junior and he had no words that really expressed it, but he said soberly:

"Daddy, I've missed you lots."

"Have you, Junior?"

"Yes, I have. I wish you was goin' wiv mummy and me."

Al turned his face away quickly,

EDISON AND FORD TO TALK OVER THE RADIO

World Wide Climax to the Celebration of Light's Golden Jubilee.

An international broadcast without precedent in radio, featuring talks by President Hoover, Thomas A. Edison and Henry Ford, is announced by the National Broadcasting Company as a world-wide climax of the "Golden Jubilee of Light" Monday night, October 21.

It will be science's night on the air. The entire ceremony is intended as the scientific world's tribute to the inventor of the electric light, and will be staged with all the ingeniousness that engineers could evolve. NBC networks from coast to coast will be linked with shortwave transmitters to relay the details to listeners throughout the globe.

Besides the response of the Wizard of Menlo Park, talks by President Hoover and Henry Ford will mark the formal dedication of the Edison School of Technology, founded by Henry Ford as a perpetual tribute to his friend, Thomas Edison.

The broadcast will originate in Dearborn, Michigan, where Ford has reconstructed the original laboratory and machines used by Edison when he invented the electric light. Not only the old wooden laboratory, but also the original lathes, workbenches and lamps are there, as a nucleus around which the new technical school is built.

Radio listeners will join the assemblage of world famous scientists at the closing minutes of Henry Ford's dinner to Mr. Edison, at which Owen D. Young presides as toastmaster. A novelty of the dinner will be music of 1879, the year of Edison's invention, as played by an old-fashioned orchestra.

The group of notables will then visit the old laboratory where Edison will make a duplicate of the lamp from similar materials. Edison will work by the glow of an oil lamp as all other lights are turned off, and many cities throughout the country will dim their lights at the same time.

Graham McNamee will describe the scene within the laboratory as Edison tests the "new-fangled contraption—a light which burns without gas or flame, and is cheaper than oil!" As the old generators hum and the lights of 1879 flare up, McNamee will give the radio signal to resume modern illumination in all the cities participating in the event.

Mr. Edison will then cross the floor of the old laboratory and play the reed organ he kept at the end of the room. Short talks by world-famous scientists, whose names are withheld, and a brief address by President Hoover will end the festivities.

The climax of "Light's Golden Jubilee" will be on the air for a full hour, from 7.30 to 8.30 P. M., E. S. T., October 21. Both WEA and WJZ New York will be linked in the NBC's nationwide hookup with short wave networks to other continents on the globe.

Lima Beane thinks the vitamin found in hash must be another stow-away.

as if he were studying intently something far down the street. He didn't want Junior to see his expression of extreme unhappiness, and for a moment he could not speak. But as he gained control of himself he said:

"Do you, Junior? So do I. You can't know how much addy longs to go with you."

"Why can't you go then?"

Again the sudden staring down the street and the quick return of daddy's warm, loving eyes.

"Because Junior—well, it's something you wouldn't understand. You'll know some day. But you'll never forget daddy, will you? You'll never forget that daddy loves you every moment and thinks of you and sings to you."

"Never" said Junior, with the certitude of a grown person and a solemn wag of his head. Then he asked:

"Do you feel bad, daddy?"

Al stiffened his quivering lip and managed to summon a smile.

(To be continued)

PARENTS ARE GIVEN BLAME FOR FAULTS OF THE CHILD

Parents are entirely to blame if their children are not happy, likeable youngsters, according to Jane Kenney, writing in the People's Home Journal.

Miss Kenney was formerly principal of the Lenox School in New York. She points out in the home monthly that "all children who are normal want to be happy, fair, helpful kind, generous and loving. If a child is a problem, we need to find what is causing him to deviate from his natural, happy way of life."

"Are you allowing your child to become sturdy, self-reliant and capable, or are you making the mistake of training him to look upon you as his willing slave, to lean upon you for his support and to look to you for his decisions?" she asks.

Does he consider you as the frustrating influence in his life, the one who wants to live for him, suffer, joy and think for him? In short, the one with whom he must do battle if his spirit is to survive?

Faults of Parents

"Be sure you are not one of those who offer the most insidious parental difficulty a child can cope with; the parent who keeps a child so 'close' that the normal exuberance of childhood is gradually quieted and growth becomes a process and not a tingling joy. Such a child is left with only the mental field as scope for action, resulting in the 'knowing child,' the one who places all adults in embarrassing situations, who 'pulls the strings and the fingers move.'"

"What can you do to change your child? Is your problem disobedience?" asks the writer. "Then consider your requests or demands. Are they put in words that a child can understand and are they simple, direct and clear?"

"Do you give a number of demands rolled into one, too complicated for growing mental faculties to follow? Are you a person who wants to have what you want, the way you want it, when you want it, regardless of the rights of your child?"

Pointers on Training

"Train your child to be self-helpful and capable. Allow him to think

and to struggle with problems of adjustment with his playmates. On the other hand be ready with a word of guidance, of advice or comfort if needed, but do not thrust these upon him.

"The value of method, of regularity can scarcely be over-emphasized in seeking to recover harmonious and happy conditions for a child. Mealtimes should be fixed times and punctuality and preparation faithfully observed.

"Permit your child to be a child," concluded Miss Kenney, "growing into a man or woman, crowing his or her own life with days well spent in work and growth, and leave to the dim and distant future any other glories."

King George V of England once paid \$8000 for a rare stamp.

GOOD START MADE IN DRIVE AT CAMPBELLTON

Campbellton, Oct. 16—More than \$9,200 was reported this morning at campaign headquarters for the special \$25,000 Soldiers' Memorial Hospital drive, the amount being the direct result of Campbellton canvassers for the first day and with ten outside districts of the Bay Chaleur and Restigouche county territory to hear from it would appear as though the public response was meeting all expectations.

"We feel very proud of the results so far and appreciate the splendid manner in which the people are subscribing to the cause" was the comment of Hugh A. Carr, chairman of the organization committee, when the returns were announced. The drive will continue until Saturday night.

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