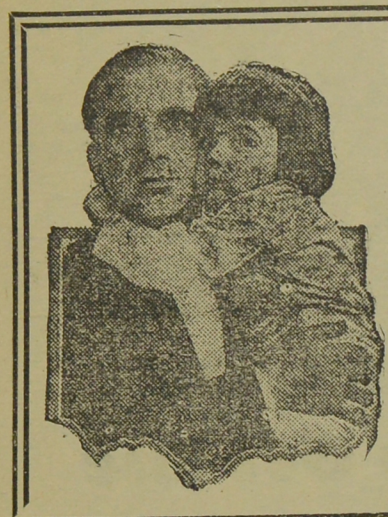




THE SINGING FOOL

by
HUBERT DAIL

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

SYNOPSIS

Al Stone, the singing waiter at Blackie Joe's New York night club, has written a love song to Molly Winton, but she treats him disdainfully because he is only a waiter. Finally he goes to the floor and renders the ballad himself, hoping to touch her heart. Marcus, the famous Broadway producer, is in the audience and offers to buy the song. Molly makes up to Al, so the latter insists that Marcus hire Molly to sing the number in one of his revues. Marcus agrees. Grace, the little cigarette girl, is heart-broken when she finds Al is leaving, for she is deeply in love with him. Al and Molly marry and both score successes on Broadway. Once Al visits his old friends at Blackie's and Grace is delighted to see him. Then he returns to Molly's dressing room in a Broadway theatre. She is with his friend, John Perry. Al does not see John surreptitiously press Molly's hand as all three leave together.

CHAPTER X

They descended the elevator from the Manhattan Roof Theatre to the street, where Al looked around for a taxi. John Perry, following after, took Molly's arm guiding her through the dense after-theatre crowds toward the curb.

Broadway was at its best—two wide currents of human beings moved compactly up and down beneath the brilliant canopy of lights from electric signs. There was romance in the crowds, and power, and a feeling of dreams carried from the theatres that dotted the Street of Lights. There were shrill cries for taxis, the giggles of girls leaning on the arms of their escorts, the piercing whistle of the traffic cops stopping and starting the never ending line of motor cars as the lights went from green to red, and back again. A happy, care-free spirit distinguished the crowd. But Molly turned bored eyes on this fantastic display of modern Babylon as she waited impatiently for the taxi.

"Why doesn't Al hurry and get one?" she inquired petulantly of John Perry.

"Steady sister. He's doing the best he can," answered Perry.

But now a taxi driver saw Al's beckoning hand and swung up to the curb. They piled inside and the driver sped away toward the palatial skyscraper apartment in the fifties where Al and Molly lived. Molly snuggled down between the two men.

"Al" she remarked after a moment "why do we always have to travel in taxis? Why can't we have a limousine and a chauffeur of our own. Everybody else does."

Al did not notice the complaining note in her voice. "I've been thinking that same thing—we can swing it easily now. Tomorrow you can pick one out. What kind?"

"I was thinking of a Rolls-Royce," said Molly eagerly.

Al hesitated and Perry gave a little laugh.

"Nothing cheap about Molly," said the racketeer.

"No, that's all right," interjected Al. "Whatever Molly wants she shall have. I feel I just can't do enough for her. Rolls-Royce it is."

They rode in silence until the taxi drew up before the apartment building that meant home to Al and Molly. As they stepped out Perry hung back as though to say good night. But Molly turned to him.

"No John, I want you to come in."

"Of course," agreed Al. "What do you mean by backing out?"

So Perry laughingly acquiesced. Once more the rapidly rising elevator—a magnificently upholstered one this time—which carried them with amazing swiftness to the thirty-eighth floor. Al unlocked the apartment door and switched on the lights. A moment later Molly stood by the window look-

ing over the blazing lights of the city, glancing down at the specks on the sidewalks that were people. Her cheeks were hot for the moment and she threw open the window so that the crisp autumn night air fanned her face. Al had left the room. John Perry came and stood beside her with nothing to say, but regarding her with burning intensity.

Molly turned and answered his look with a wan smile. "No John," she said quickly. "No, you don't understand."

"Understand what?"

"What I'm up against. It doesn't concern you. But—sometimes I feel I'd like to shoot myself."

She reached out her hand, gave his arm a convulsive squeeze then dropped it quickly as she heard Al returning.

Al was the perfect host. He drew out a pack of cards, swung open a little drinking cabinet and poured Perry a drink. But when Molly saw the cards she expostulated.

"Al, darling, I don't feel like cards tonight. I'm awfully tired. Let's just talk. Or, rather you two men talk and I'll listen."

So Molly listened, but Perry soon saw that she was out of sorts and seemed about to drop off to sleep. He courteously rose to go.

"Well Al, I'll probably see you tomorrow over in Marcus's office."

He bowed himself out and Al faced Molly.

"Darling are you ill? You're quite pale now; I have a strange feeling that something is wrong. You haven't been yourself lately."

Molly look at him steadily with a dark gleam in her blue eyes. Should she tell him?

"Yes Al, something is the matter. I am going to have a child."

She said it deliberately and her lip curled, plainly showing her irritation. But Al unconscious of her reaction came swiftly to her his face radiant.

"Molly, that's—that's marvelous. A child—your child, my child!"

"Your child," Molly corrected him curtly.

"Why do you say that? It's as much yours as mine."

"I say it because I don't want it," Molly's attractive lips were set in a grim line.

"But why, Molly? You're only talking that way because you're tired. You've had to work too hard. Listen little sweetheart, when it arrives you'll love it; we'll both love it. It's bound to mean the greatest happiness in the world to both of us. Don't you see that?"

"No I don't. I see that it will ruin my career. I'll have to leave the show in a little while and while I'm gone Marcus will get a new ballad singer. People will forget me by the time I'm ready to come back. And how do I know Marcus will give me back my job? I have the best spot in the show now. Your point of view is just plain selfish, because the whole thing doesn't affect you. But I see the other side."

Al stared at her bewilderedly for a moment. Then he said quietly:

"Molly your nerves are on edge or you wouldn't talk that way. You don't have to be afraid—Marcus will always put you in as his headliner. He knows I wouldn't write another song for him if he didn't. But he wouldn't think of giving you the go by any way, he knows what an attraction you are."

Al paused to regard Molly with a reassuring smile but she did not see it. Her eyes were fixed sombrely on the floor.

A helpless look passed across Al's face.

"As for my being selfish" he said humbly "well, perhaps I am. But I don't mean to be. I simply adore you Molly and it would give me the greatest happiness I can think of for us to

FISH MEAL IS VALUABLE AS A FOOD FOR LIVE STOCK

Ottawa, Oct. 7—Production of fish meal and oil, an industry that has grown swiftly to large-scale proportions in Canada in the past few years, continues to expand with the widening recognition of the exceptional value of the meal as a food for livestock and poultry and with increasing use of the oil for a variety of purposes.

Last year's production of fish oil in the Dominion, exclusive of medicinal cod liver oil, amounted to 5,321,440 gallons and the fish meal production to 23,298 tons. The meal and oil together had a marketed value of \$3,244,000.

Much of the meal and oil made in Canada is exported to foreign markets but large and increasing quantities are being used in the domestic field. Greater quantities are being sold in Canadian livestock men and poultrymen as the meal's value for feeding purposes is more and more realized, and one interesting recent development has been the use of meal and interesting recent development has been the use of meal made from lobster bodies and shells, waste material of the lobster canning industry, by fox ranchers in the Maritime Provinces.

The value of fish meal for stock and poultry food is largely due to its high content of protein and calcium phosphate. The protein content runs to sixty-five per cent. or more and in the case of some fish meals the calcium phosphate content reaches as much as fifteen per cent.

A good deal of the Canadian testing of fish meal for use in poultry feeding has been done in British Columbia—naturally enough since it is there that by far the greater part of the Dominion's annual output of fish oil and meal is produced—and it has been authoritatively stated that so satisfactory has the meal been found that nearly a thousand tons a year is now used by the poultry raisers of the province. Stock raisers and dairymen also began to use fish meal for feeding purposes and found it superior to oil cakes. "Our dairymen," said a British Columbia writer in a recent issue of an agricultural magazine, "have convinced themselves that fish meal is the most efficient source of protein available, and, furthermore, that their own oats grown at home and supplemented with from ten to fifteen per cent. fish meal makes an ideal grain ration."

Swine raisers, too, tried out fish meal and found it a superior food. Notwithstanding that the meal was cheap to buy and to feed, the pig raisers found that it made "an ideal source of protein for the brood sow, that the sow-milked better, that the little pigs grew faster, that when the fish meal was included in a slop for the little pigs before they are weaned there was not the slump in the

have a child. It would make all we have achieved seem worth while."

Molly rose wearily "I'm going to bed."

Without kissing Al good night or even looking at him she walked slowly toward her bedroom, her head dejectedly forward. He heard her bedroom door slam sharply.

Instead of going to his own room and undressing Al lit a cigarette and paced the floor. At first he was agitated and worried about Molly. But gradually he argued himself out of the disturbed state of mind. After all it was natural that she should be upset. Perhaps the strain of her nightly performances was too much for her. In the morning this cloud would pass from her.

He finished his cigarette put out the lights and went to the drawing room window, whence he could look out on the yellow glow from the city lights.

As he stood by the window, dreaming, meditating, already planning the future of the child that was to belong to him, he heard the tinkle of the phone in Molly's room. Her door must have opened, for he heard Molly's faint voice:

"No, no. You mustn't call me." Before Molly hung up Al thought he caught the word "John". But no, he must have been mistaken, John Perry wouldn't be calling up at this hour.

(To be continued)

MOVIE STARS DILIGENTLY TRYING TO ACQUIRE RIGHT DICTION FOR TALKIE ROLLS

Hollywood, Oct. 5—Strange and date, of this kind, that these two divergent are the methods taken by screen stars to perfect themselves for the talkies. Of course, long ago the stars began fitting themselves for the new idea. But the work of bettering their talkie ability or keeping whatever perfection they may have already acquired keeps many of them busy.

Jean Arthur has found that popular office instrument, the dictaphone, her "best friend and severest critic."

Jean speaks her lines into this baby victrola, listens to them repeated, and then mends her ways.

The fact that first syllables are the most important for talkie aspirants is responsible for Fay Wray's latest recreation. Fay sits for hours, reading aloud to herself and insistently emphasizing the first syllable of every word.

Talkie School Founded

Yet different methods are used by various stars to attain their end.

For instance, a talkie school established by one company is the means used by such stars as Carol Lombard, Jeanette Loff, Eddis Quilan, Russell Gleason, Lew Ayres and others.

Individual tutoring and individual methods, however, occupy an even more important niche than the studio schools.

Colleen Moore travelled talkie-ward via the old-fashioned elocution route until she found herself muttering in throaty old English, "He-ah, he-ah, what have we he-ah." Then Colleen fired the elocutionist and decided to be herself.

Clara Bow still clings to a speech companion who spends her time catching Clara on linguistic errors, on the seat and off. A tutor climbs the hill, morning and evening, Saturdays, Sundays and holidays, to the home occupied by Nils Asther, and assists this brilliant young actor in the intricacies of English.

Olive Borden has one she invented all by herself. It consists of doing daily dozens, accompanied by the radio, bending forward and backward to the floor . . . and traveling up and down the voice scale the while.

Jean Mends Her Way

Speeches, particularly over the radio, have become Richard Arlen's method of discovering the way he should travel. Most every evening finds Dick engrossed in some talk, anything from a weather report to a discussion on the intimate life of a jellyfish.

Neil Hamilton and Gary Cooper are gaining their talkie education by watching and listening to legitimate actors. There is hardly a play to

PICKLED PLUMS.

7 pounds plums
3½ pounds sugar
1 quart vinegar
2 dozen whole cloves
1 teaspoon whole allspice.
1 small stick cinnamon.

Wash the plums in cold water. Prick them in several places with a silver fork, and stick three cloves in each plum. Put the vinegar, sugar and spices into a large saucepan, and let them come to a boil. Then put in the plums. Cook for twenty minutes, or until the plums are tender. Remove plums from sirup and pack them in glass jars that are standing in hot water. Cover over the jars and leave them in the hot water. Then boil the sirup for ten minutes. Drain back into the saucepan any sirup in the jars. Pour the sirup over the plums and fasten up the jars while fruit is still hot.

PLUM CONSERVE.

2 quarts plums.
5½ cups sugar.
1 lemon.

Wash and pit the plums. Add a small amount of water and cook in a covered kettle until the skins are soft. Add the sugar, and grated rind and juice of the lemon, and cook until the mixture is thick and clear. Pack into hot glasses or jars and seal.

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