



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

Marcus, the famous Broadway producer, heads a party of four that visits Blackie Joe's night club in downtown New York. Al Stone, Blackie's chief comedian and singing waiter, begs Molly, the ballad singer to render a love song he has just written for her. Molly is disdainful and refuses even to read the song. Al is in love with her but she tells him harshly that she will never marry a waiter. Then she leaves her dressing room and goes to the Marcus table, trying to ingratiate herself with the famous producer. Al is in despair. Grace, the cigarette girl, who loves Al and wants to see him happy, asks him what is the matter.

CHAPTER V

"Nothing's the matter, kid," said Al, making a show of throwing off his depression. But his wan smile belied his words.

Grace gazed hopefully up into his face. Her expression said plainly that if he would only confide in her she was sure she could help him.

Slowly he studied her young, sensitive features. She was an awfully sweet kid, undoubtedly and he liked her, but—

At that moment someone else arrived to interrupt his thoughts. Blackie, all excitement, entered the corridor, calling out:

"Get ready, Al—you're on next!"

Al turned lack-lustre eyes toward Blackie. Then suddenly, a plan that had been forming vaguely in his mind ever since Molly's harsh exit, took definite shape. He drew himself up and said quietly:

"Blackie, I'm quitting tonight."

Blackie retreated a step as if he had been struck, while a little cry of amazement escaped Grace. Her hand went to her mouth in a quick gesture of apprehension. Blackie was the first to recover himself.

"Don't be a fool, Al," he said earnestly, putting a hand on his singing waiter's shoulder. "You've got a good job here and a following among the customers. You can't quit off-hand like this—why it wouldn't be fair to me or to yourself."

Al nodded slowly. Yes, he had thought of that. But there were other things to be considered.

"You won't miss me" he suggested. "You've got lots of talent. And I simply couldn't sing a comic song to night—it's impossible the way I feel. And Blackie—I don't want to be a waiter any more. I want to write. The waiter racket will never get me anywhere—I know it!"

Al's vehemence increased as the words poured from his mouth. He saw his way clearly now—he would leave this place and never see Molly again. That was the only way to solve his problem. Suddenly his sense of reserve was lifted from him; he determined to give Blackie his complete reason.

"The only reason I've hung on here" he exclaimed passionately "was to be near her! She's turned me down and—it hurts. She's the only person in the world I want, and without her—well you can see now why I can't stay."

His voice trailed off at his concluding words and his shoulders sagged hopelessly. Blackie nodded. Again his hand rested comfortably on Al's shoulder. He could see how vitally this affected his prize singing waiter—why, the boy's whole world has been turned upside down!

"Molly—eh?"

Al's head came up at the mention of the beloved name. He nodded.

"I wrote her a song—a love song. I poured my heart into it because it was for her. I wanted her to sing it, so she'd know how I felt toward her but do you know what she did? She wouldn't even look at it; she laughed—I found the song sheet here

THINKS STUNT OF M'CONNELL WILL BE FAILURE

Major Brewster, an Old Time Guide of the Rockies, Offers Some Comment.

Jasper Park, Alta., Sept. 30—Exposure to the cool nights of the Canadian fall promises almost certain failure to the experiment of venturing alone unarmed and without clothes or implements into the bush of Northern Quebec just undertaken by Burt McConnell, New York writer and explorer. This is the opinion sent by Major Fred Brewster of Jasper Park, old time guide and outfitter of the Rockies. Major Brewster points out that before McConnell obtains food he will have to secure himself against the cold, fire will be his first necessity to provide himself with this according to newspaper reports the New York adventurer has taken with him ash, cedar and oak hardwoods from which he hopes to be able to generate flame by fiction. Major Brewster has made fire by twirling one pointed stick of softwood willow into a slab of hard ash, to do this successfully, however, he had twine to wrap about the willow stick to give the requisite purchase to spin it fast enough to develop the seat essential to produce flame. News accounts made no mention of McConnell having any twine with him, Major Brewster doubts that strings of cedar bark would be strong enough to serve the purpose. Animal tendons would be obvious substitute and to condition them by the necessary drying stretching and pounding would require at least two days and before that the Jasper guide adds McConnell will have to find and kill a deer, bear or moose unless he is lucky enough to stumble on a porcupine. Sparks from cracking a piece of quartz on softer rock would be a more satisfactory method of making fire under absolutely primitive conditions. In 1905 near the head of the Finlay river in Northern British Columbia running short of ammunition and having no traps in his outfit Major Brewster lived on game and fur which he caught by snares. His snares were made of wire. This he explains McConnell conspicuously lacks. McConnell will be too enfeebled by cold and too handicapped by his lacerated bare feet to bring his hunting to a profitable issue, according to Major Brewster if he does succeed in making a fire it will take him all his time to attend it. The westerner says that the New Yorker needs the tendons of an animal to make his fire but needs his first fire to give his body the strength and heat to hunt the animal. Finally he adds, McConnell is trying to do much more than primitive man ever had to do, man in his most primitive state began in tropical regions where fruit and vegetable food was abundant only after he has clothed himself and provided himself with weapons in his kinder environment did he venture into the cold and comparatively barren country like that into which the American experimentalist finds himself today.

Meanwhile, I'll see how the show's going."

When Blackie disappeared Grace also vanished down the corridor. But as Al came out into the main room a moment later he heard his name called. Grace slipped over to his side, looking up into his face with a forced, wistful smile and whispered:

"I'll be rooting for you, Al!"

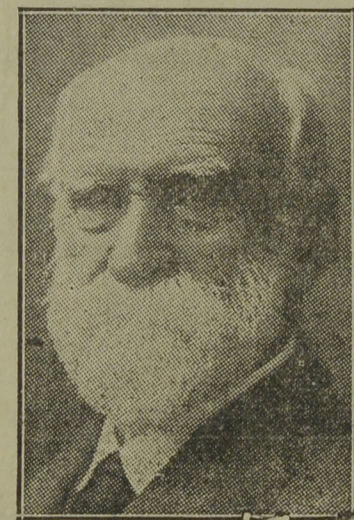
"Will you, Kid? Say, I appreciate it."

He raised his hand, patting her lightly on the cheek as he would have caressed a sister. He noticed that her cheek was too warm but he thought it was merely from excitement.

As she turned nervously away Grace raised her hand to her face, where his hand had rested for an all too brief moment. The spot was burning. She saw him move lightly across the room and approach the pianist to give him the new music. The pianist's mouth opened in astonishment at the idea of Al Stone the comic, singing a heart song. Then Grace saw the man she loved heading for another woman. Would he put it over?

(To be continued)

AN AGED SENATOR



Hon. G. C. Dessaulles Who At 102 Has Broken the Record of the Late Senator Wark.

St. Hyacinthe, Que., Oct. 1—Felicitation from many parts of Canada in the form of letters, telegrams and gifts, were received yesterday by Hon. George Casimir Dessaulles, oldest member of the Canadian Senate, who celebrated the 102nd anniversary of his birth in a quiet re-union with members of his family. The aged senator, although confined to his room with a slight illness, expressed his pleasure at having his family around him.

Hon. Casimir Dessaulles, Dean of the Canadian Parliament, entered the Upper Chamber 22 years ago, when 80 years of age. There was a competition in Quebec at the time for the Senate vacancy and the powers that were decided to give it to Senator Dessaulles until the tumult died down by which time the vacancy would probably recur. Senator Dessaulles, however, fooled his conferees and has held the seat ever since.

Another operation the Great Orator never actually witnessed, although he refers to it once in every address on an average, is dragging a herring across the trail.

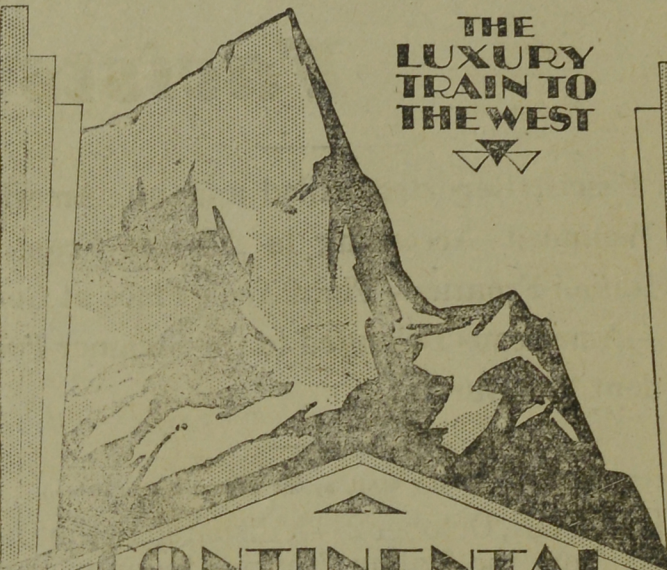
In view of the present great prevalence of these artificially encased lips, it is a course of continual wonderment to us that more girls don't go down with painter's colic.

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