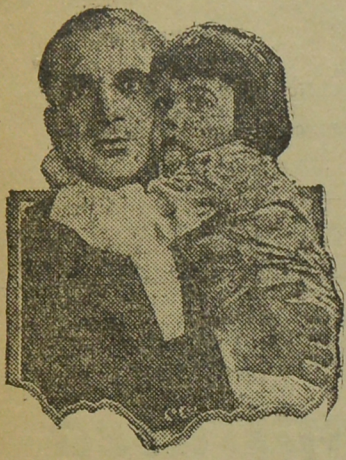




THE SINGING FOOL

HUBERT DAIL

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

CHAPTER I

Cool gray dawn of a work day in the modern Babylon—New York. The black curtain of night rose silently, seeming to trail ghostly spirals of mist. Against the sky's flat monotone the irregular and fantastic shapes of the skyscrapers stood out boldly—powerful and mysterious creations of Man.

In the dark canyons of the city streets dark figures moved purposefully toward their destination—factory hands with lunch kits tucked beneath their arms, stalwart steel-construction men who carried the pride of craft in their way of walking, slim girls with the vivid memory of the night's romantic dreams still shining in bright eyes.

But uptown, in the glittering play places of the city, was a sharply contrasting scene. In the "roaring forties" and "nifty fifties," where denizens of Broadway and fashionable Park Avenue, "make whoopee" through the sleeping hours, the night clubs were ending their day. Through the tinselled doorways came lovely ladies in ermine coats and jeweled slippers, and men with silver-topped walking sticks, and top hats at rakish angles. Their heavy listlessness was broken occasionally by hysterical laughter.

In the lobby of the resplendent Plaza Club, Marcus, the revue producer, helped a pretty young actress into her fur coat. As he did so his arm went around her lingeringly for a moment, while she turned her graceful head and glanced knowingly into his eyes. Another man and girl of the Marcus party waited nearby.

"Well, let's call it a night," suggested Marcus, his hand resting affectionately on the girl's arm.

"No—please! Let's not go home. We can have lots of fun yet."

Her tone was wheedling, her smile gay. She was playing up to Marcus first, because he was the great Marcus, secondly because she wanted her own way. And now she turned to the other couple.

"Don't let him send us home yet," she said in the tone of a spoiled child. "We're having fun. We can go to some other place."

The other man and girl nodded, and the actress turned to Marcus.

"You see!"

Marcus sighed then made one last stand.

"All the other places will be closed," he insisted.

"No, they won't. Blackie Joe's is open—the fun is just starting down there."

The revue producer made a grimace of distaste. "But that's such a dump."

Suddenly the actress seized Marcus by the arm and led him toward the doorway. She spoke rapidly and soothingly into his ear:

"Don't be a wet smack. You'll like it when you get there."

Marcus acquiesced with a faint smile and a characteristic shrug of the shoulders. The chauffeur of his handsome limousine sprang to attention and swung the car door open as the party came down the steps. They stepped inside and the car purr away.

Inside, Marcus felt the girl's head

on his shoulder. He put up his hand and stroked her glossy hair, keeping his eyes straight forward. Yes, he liked her, but he liked many women. Primarily, this shrewd revue creator was interested in women as talent for his gorgeous productions. His gift for "spotting" talent had made him Broadway's most notable figure in his line. To be "discovered" by Marcus meant fame for any girl.

The car drew to a stop before the shabby exterior of Blackie Joe's place; the party mounted the narrow, unpainted, somewhat rickety stairs; at the top the peep-hole panel of a locked door was pushed aside in response to Marcus' knock. The suspicious eyes of the door keeper looked them over then cautiously swung the door back.

Inside the tiny lobby they surveyed through another doorway a smoke-filled room and a crowded dance floor where closely massed figures undulated to the muffled but insistent rhythms of jazz music. An odor of stale beer greeted them and again Marcus made a grimace of distance, which he quickly stifled. When the check girl had taken their wraps they moved toward the main room.

This was slumming with a vengeance, thought the fastidious Marcus. In contrast to the brilliant and richly upholstered club they had just left this hideaway of the downtown back streets seemed strangely threadbare and woebegone.

The producer did not like the appearance of some of the patrons. As his party entered the low-ceilinged main room the dance music stopped and the couples threaded their way back to their tables. A curious and rather sinister quietness pervaded the room for a moment; Marcus and his expensively garbed friends were met by lowering stares that seemed threatening.

Marcus' keen, darting glance caught the covetous gaze of a man at a nearby table fixed on the heavily jeweled hand of his actress friend. Without a word the producer stepped in front of her protectingly. And then—

Suddenly the figure of Blackie Joe himself appeared across the room. He strode toward them rapidly with his best welcoming smile.

"Well, Mr. Marcus this is a great honor!"

Marcus relaxed with a sigh of relief and took Blackie's outstretched hand. Blackie turned toward the back of the room calling:

"Hey, Al! Ringside table for four!"

Al Stone, the head singing waiter and prize comic at Blackie's place, spun about. From their appearance and from Blackie's tone he knew these were important people.

"This way, ladies and gentlemen. Here's a nice spot."

The party relaxed about the round white topped table. Then Marcus, czar of the Broadway revues, turned to give the order. He looked up into the handsome, intelligent face of Al Stone, the obscure performer. As he did the actress next to him whispered "Four beers," Marcus nodded and repeated the order to Al.

The waiter straightened up and looked about for Blackie. These people were important, but he couldn't fill the order until he had the high

STOCK SUCKER LISTS ARE NUISANCE TO THE POSTMAN

(New York Sun)

If you are not on a sucker list you are not a most fortunate person, whether you know it or not. Should you be unaware what a sucker list is, let us enlighten you. It is a roster, gathered from many and mysterious sources, of persons who are supposed to be "easy," and therefore legitimate prey for all sorts of promoters and business concerns.

Should you suddenly start getting mail from a concern you've never heard of before it's a sign that you have gotten on some sucker list. From then on its thousands to one bet that you'll soon be on others and your mail man is going to put an eternal curse on you.

Day by Day your mail will grow; you'll be the recipient of letters, circulars, broadsides and other matter—all pleading with you to buy this or that, or to start on your first million by investing a dollar or two in some stock.

The deluge grows so rapidly that soon it becomes a problem. There is no way to stop it; somebody has given your name to somebody else as a "sucker," and the worst part of it is that they're making money out of you, for these sucker lists are sold and resold.

You curse as you look through the mountain of matter that the mail carrier has deposited at your door for letters you're expecting. You swear as you carry out the rest.

There is no element of danger to this, also. Your wife may be caught in the web, fall for the propaganda and send some unknown person in an obscure town in the far west \$50 for a receipt guaranteed to make her lose five pounds a day for ten days.

The sucker list idea has developed new ramifications of late. You'll receive a box of handkerchiefs or ties with the honeyed advice that your name has been given to the sender as that of a man of unimpeachable honesty and discriminating taste, and that therefore he is trusting you in sending the material—hoping that you will forward so much at once. This procedure peeves the average man, but few want to keep the articles, all hate to go to the trouble of sending them back and to throw them away would bother the conscience.

One man who adopted the later course continued receiving dunning letters for two years, and estimated that the cost of the postage on these letters amounted to more than the sum asked for the ties.

This stunt is also worked on a smaller scale, with packages of needles, nail files and other small trinkets being broadcast in the hope that enough gullible persons will be found to fall for the idea.

Recently there came to light a new and interesting variation of the

sign from Blackie. He caught Blackie's eye and saw his right hand go up with the okay gesture. Then he turned away.

Who were these people, he wondered, toward whom the boss behaved so deferentially? Well, it didn't matter. You could see, to look at them they had plenty of jack. Later he would sing one of his best comic songs for them. They would probably loosen up with a good tip.

Someone else was speculating on the Marcus party, too. In the background, several tables away, stood Grace Farrell, the cigarette girl her slim fingers resting on her tray, which was suspended from her shoulder by a wide ribbon. Her eyes were wide with awe, for she had heard Blackie Joe whisper the words, "Marcus of Broadway."

So this was the legendary Mr. Marcus, who made performers famous. But the thoughts of little Grace were not for herself. They were for Al Stone. Even as Al leaned over to take the Marcus order her gaze had been alight with admiration for the singing waiter. If only Mr. Marcus knew how smart Al was, how funny he could be, what wonderful songs he wrote!

She tried desperately to catch Al's eye. She must reach him and tell him the name of this distinguished personage!

(To be continued)

sucker list when an inmate of a penitentiary in Ohio sent out letters to a sucker list of would-be writers, stating that he and a fellow convict are making considerable money by writing for publication; that they had learned how to writ by reading a magazine for authors and suggesting that the receipt of the letter subscribe at once for said magazine. Incidentally, he mentioned the fact that O. Henry once inhabited a cell at that penal institution.

So if you suddenly start to receive a lot of mail it isn't because your name is famous. Remember that you're a sucker—so pull in your chest.

1000 KLANSMEN PARTICIPATE IN DEMONSTRATION

J. S. Lord, M. P. P., Rode in State with a Mounted Guard of 12 Hooded Members.

Hamilton, Sept. 25—Hooded members of the Ku Klux Klan paraded through streets of Hamilton today to a point two miles east on the Niagara highway where a demonstration was held with 1,000 Klansmen participating. Over 5,000 citizens were attracted to the spot. To night four fiery crosses blazed. As the smoldering members dropped, the huge gathering dispersed.

It was a public initiation, officers explained. Further than this they had nothing to say. Names of those who spoke from the platform were withheld. One flaming cross was 30 feet high and three smaller ones were erected in front of it. These were wrapped with oil-soaked cloth and the initiation was completed within the square formed by white-shrouded members.

J. S. Lord, M. P. P. of Charlotte county, N. B., Imperial secretary, attended. He rode through the streets

in a motor car about which was formed a guard of 12 hooded members mounted. The parade formed near St. Mary's pro-Roman Catholic cathedral and Livingstone United band and L. O. L. file and drum band marched with the 1000 members. Traffic on the Niagara highway was congested for several hours. It was the first demonstration ever held in this district.

At the field parking space of 10 acres accommodated cars and across the highway the big show was held. Amplifiers were arranged at the four corners of a large platform

enabling all present to hear the address.

Secret sessions were also held in connection with the initiation. The final feature was the burning of the fiery crosses. Before the flaming bars fell, practically all of the Klansmen were homeward bound. County and provincial police assisted in handling traffic.

Even when we have no idea what his Latin interpolation means, we never forgive an author who translates it out for us in parenthesis.

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