



"ONE NIGHT OF LOVE"
starring
Grace Moore
 TULLIO CARMINATI • LYLE TALBOT •
Serialization by arrangement with
COLUMBIA PICTURES

CHAPTER I

Announcement of a radio contest for American singers, with an award for the winner of a two-year scholarship under the greatest operatic maestro in Europe — Guillo Monteverdi—resulted in an avalanche of applicants. Fan mail from remote cities swamped the studios with recitals of the merits of this of that local Patti. Seven eminent musical authorities, acting as judges, separated the wheat from the chaff and narrowed the field down to a dozen candidates. Arrangements were made to have the few that had weathered the elimination present at a major broadcasting studio for the final hearing.

The entire Radio Center was on tip toes in anticipation of the event, as proud parents and patronizing sponsors gathered in an anteroom, looking intently through a large glass partition and listening anxiously to the loud speaker transmitting the efforts of each succeeding radio candidate. Mr. and Mrs. Barrett, of Jellico, Tennessee, pressed their noses against the glass and held their breath, as Mary, their daughter, stood nervously before a microphone.

Teacher or Lover

Three thousand miles away, Guillo Monteverdi listened to the broadcast from the comfort of a luxurious

your hours of rest, your practicing—

"Don't you think you could forget about my voice, just for tonight?" pouted Lally, gazing deeply into his eyes?

"You will be just as beautiful in the morning. Remember, Lally, I can either be your teacher or your lover, but I cannot be both."

Joy and Disappointment

Mary Barrett, handsome in a frilly white gown, the best that Jellico, Tennessee, had to offer, finished her song and nervously stepped away from the microphone. Her voice was beautiful, but marred by inexperience in its proper use. She had not yet learned to sing without apparent effort.

"Very nice," the announcer whispered reassuringly as he escorted her to the ante room. "Just wait out here. The judges' decision will be given in a few minutes."

Mary gazed about the room and became conscious of a swarming sea of glaring faces about her. Objects started to be come hazy, when through the mist there suddenly appeared the comforting form of Mother Barrett.

"Darling, you were wonderful! Everybody said so, didn't they Dad?"

Mr. Barrett, floundering in her wake, nodded his head approvingly



She started to sing the aria in a full, rich soprano.

(Posed by Grace Moore)

yacht, idling in the placid blue waters of the Mediterranean. A handsome young man of thirty-five, Guillo Monteverdi's youthfulness and nonchalance gave no intimation that he had discovered and developed more "Carmens," "Salomes," and "Gildas," than any other living man.

Lally, Guillo's latest protege, dark, beautiful and decidedly French, sat watching him with an amused smile on her sensuous lips.

"Miss Mary Barrett, bah!!!" Guillo cried. "How do they expect me to judge a voice over a short wave radio?"

Seductively, Lally crossed the deck and stood beside him. "Monteverdi, why do you bother with this contest?" she demanded. "Why not give me some attention?"

"My dear Lally, you get more attention than a trained seal. I am always watching you—your food,

in corroboration of Mother Barrett's statement.

"Terrible!" exclaimed Mary, silencing her mother's chatter. "My throat felt so tight, I thought I'd never be able to finish."

Almost in tears, Mrs. Barrett interrupted, "Oh, Mary, I'm so proud of you. I can't wait to get home and see what those Bottsfords will say when they read about you getting the prize."

"Do you really think I've won?" Mary inquired incredulously.

Mrs. Barrett's reply was hushed by a crackle from the loudspeaker. A dull silence spread over the room. Tense listeners waited for the final decision.

The voice at the microphone announced, "Five thousand dollars and two years' study under Maestro Guillo Monteverdi is awarded to Miss Cara Florida of Bridgeport, Connecticut!"

Slowly the realization of shatter-

ed dreams overcame the losing contestants.

Sadly, Mrs. Barrett shook her head, and interrupted the whispered gossip. "And I was so sure that Mary would win . . ."

"For a girl like Mary there's no better career than staying home, marrying some nice fellow and raising a family," Mr. Barrett sagely counselled. Gently he took his daughter's hand. "Come on, Mary we'd better go."

"I'm not going home!" was the quiet but astonishing reply.

"What?" gasped her parents in chorus.

Looking steadily at her parents Mary calmly continued, "I've got five hundred dollars of my own and I'm taking the next boat to Italy. I'm going to haunt every opera house in Europe until I make good."

Mr. Barrett's jaw dropped and Mrs. Barrett floundered. "But Mary, there's an opera house right here in New York . . ."

"Yes," exclaimed Mary. "I know, the Metropolitan. Yesterday I inspected the place thoroughly. It's beautiful."

"I don't care what those judges said; I'm leaving for Italy on the next boat."

The Die Is Cast

Hectic details of arranging the trip and saying farewell to protesting parents left Mary in a bewildered state of mind. The trans-Atlantic voyage on the palatial steamer, two days in Paris, and the journey through Italy to Milan, seemed some sort of dream. Fantastic memories of shopping in Paris and of being enticed by gossamer creations into spending more than she could afford, added to her confusion. Then came the bitter realization that her supply of money was almost gone; but she was immensely happy, and determined to obtain a musical education at any cost.

Milan, city of true Bohemians, operatic capital of the world. Without creating a ripple in the calm of that beautiful cosmopolitan city, Mary drifted into a dilapidated, three-storied, crazily-built house that she soon called home. Approached by a quaint cobblestoned courtyard, "Villa Frappanzi" was the abode of many impoverished vocal and instrumental music students who practiced from dawn to dusk. The din of conglomerated noises drove all but the initiated away from its environs.

Standing by the open window, Mary softly rehearsed a difficult aria from "Traviata," while Muriel, her roommate, painted on a partly completed canvass. Irritated by the noise, Muriel flung her brush aside and called to Mary, "For Pete's sake, close that window!"

"You said you wanted some air," Mary replied.

"Suffocation's a pleasure compared with that babble of noise! Can't you do something about it?"

Mary grinned at her roommate's question and decided to experiment. Leaning out of the window, she started to sing the aria in a full, rich soprano with sweeping operatic gestures. A young violinist on the first floor peered up at her smilingly and started the accompaniment of the aria. An amused harpist across the court, followed suit. A cello player and an elderly gentleman, practicing on a large bass viol, entered the ensemble and soon the entire group united in providing an orchestral accompaniment.

Mastero Galuppi, Mary's voice teacher came puffing into the room and listened admiringly as the song concluded. The musicians demonstrated their approval by applaud-

ing loudly and the violinist tossed her a bunch of carrots with a grand flourish while Mary leaned out of the window, courtesying with mock grandeur.

"Ah, you are magnificent and I have such grand news," excitedly declared Galuppi, embracing Mary. "I have got for you a place in the chorus of La Scala."

Delighted at the prospect of earning some money, Mary kissed old Galuppi lightly on the cheek. "Galuppi, you're an old darling! When do I start?"

"Next season," declared Galuppi strutting about.

"In the meantime if you get hungry, you can eat the score of 'Carmen,'" commented Muriel, with a shrug.

The door swung open and Bill Huston, a breezy, likeable youth, entered, declaiming, "Horrible news; Frappanzi is on the warpath, she's on her way up."

"And we haven't got the rent," said Mary.

"Look here, Mary," insisted Bill. "I've been trying to help you for weeks. Why don't you let me lend you some money?" Taking her hand, Bill pleaded, "You know how I feel about you."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

JOIN THE RED CROSS

Harry L. Hopkins, federal emergency relief administrator, in support of the annual Roll Call of the American Red Cross, says:

"Neighbors help neighbors through the instrumentality of the Red Cross. This is our great volunteer reserve for the war upon human distress. Every twelve months sees a succession of social emergencies and every twelve months rings up a fine new record of humanitarian service. Particularly, do we depend upon the Red Cross as the Nation's relief agency in time of disaster. To maintain this cherished institution at full efficiency millions of memberships are needed. I urge, as a simple matter of good citizenship, that generous support be accorded the annual Roll Call, November 11 to 29."

BOULDER CITY GIRL

TO ASSIST IN CONCERT

Belva Kibler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Kibler of Boulder City, Nevada, who is a pupil of Milan V. Petrovic and Ruth Townsend Petrovic, teachers of voice at the Conservatory of Music, is a member of the Fine Arts Choisters who will assist in the presentation of the Brahms "Song of Destiny" for chorus and orchestra, to be given at a concert by the Conservatory Symphony Orchestra Wednesday evening, November 7th in the Conservatory Concert Hall, under the direction of Alexander von Kreisler.

Miss Kibler is one of the altos and a valued member of the orchestral organization.

Las Vegas Lodge No. 1468 B. P. O. E.

Meets every Thursday evening at 7:30. Club rooms open from 11:00 A. M. to 12 P. M. Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

A. G. BLAD, Exalted Ruler.
 PAT GALLAGHER, Secretary.

Vegas Lodge No. 32 F. & A. M.

Stated Communications first Monday. Visiting Brothers welcome
 K. O. KNUDSON, W. M.
 CLAUDE HAFF, Secretary.