



ONE NIGHT OF LOVE

Starring
Grace Moore

TULLIO CARMINATI • LYLE TALBOT

Serialized by arrangement with
COLUMBIA PICTURES

What Has Gone Before

Mary Barrett, music student, fails in a radio contest for a two-year scholarship in Milan with the eminent teacher and opera coach, Guillo Monteverdi. Despite parental objection, she starts for Italy with \$500 of her own to carve out a career. In Milan she shares lodgings with Muriel, an embryo painter, in a student's abode conducted by Signora Frappazini, a broken down opera singer, and studies with a shabby old teacher, Mastero Galuppi. Time and certain heedless moments of trifling extravagance exhaust Mary's pitiful bankroll and she finds herself in debt. Bill Huston, a well-to-do young American, in love with Mary, eager to help her out of her plight, hands her his purse.

Now Go On With the Story CHAPTER II

Mary pushed away the wallet Bill Huston had extended with an intimation that she was able to help herself. Arguments ceased as a resounding knock at the door and the raucous voice of Signora Frappazini was heard clamoring, "Signorina Barrett, I want my rent!"

Galuppi laughingly interrupted, "She was probably the worst 'Lucia' that ever stepped on a stage; I know — because I sang with her." Galuppi ran across the room to the piano and commenced to play, in heavy legato chords, the introduction to the "Sextette" from "Lucia." With a quick motion, Galuppi instructed Mary, Muriel and Bill to start singing. The pounding on the door increased in volume as they sang the "Sextette" with enough noise, gesture and enthusiasm to amply compensate for the two missing members.

Signora Frappazini finally burst in. She was fat and very formidable looking, but despite her ferocious aspect there was music in her soul. Stopping in the doorway, she listened to the familiar "Sextette," and the expression on her face softened. Suddenly, recalling the purpose of her visit, she frowned and shouted above the din, "Signorina Barrett, if you don't pay your rent, out you go!"

Paying no attention to her, the singers continued to exhibit their vocal powers. Signora Frappazini was strongly tempted to join them in song, but resisted. Trying to appear very firm, she appealed, "Signorina Barrett,—the rent?"

At last, unable to deny the captivating lure of the melody, she raised her powerful voice in singing the contralto part. The vibrant, rousing ensemble finally ended and the participants applauded Signora Frappazini. Galuppi sprang from the piano and gallantly offered the Signora his arm. Showering praise on her, he courteously escorted her to the stairs. Turning at the door he looked back and gave the three youngsters a knowing look.

"Look here, Mary," demanded Bill, seriously, "What are you planning to do?"

Appreciating the fact that Galuppi had merely diverted the Signora's demand for rent for a few hours, Mary pensively admitted, "I haven't the slightest idea."

Gently placing his hands on her shoulders, Bill gazed deeply into her eyes. "Mary, why don't you marry me? I've only asked you about a dozen times. Seriously, Mary, we'd have a swell time—just going around thinking up new ways of spending money."

Mary protested, "But, Bill, I don't love you."

"Ah, but you will," insisted Bill, "when you get to know me better."

Muriel interrupted to remark sarcastically, "If you weren't so determined to save your voice for opera, that job at the Cafe Roma is still open."

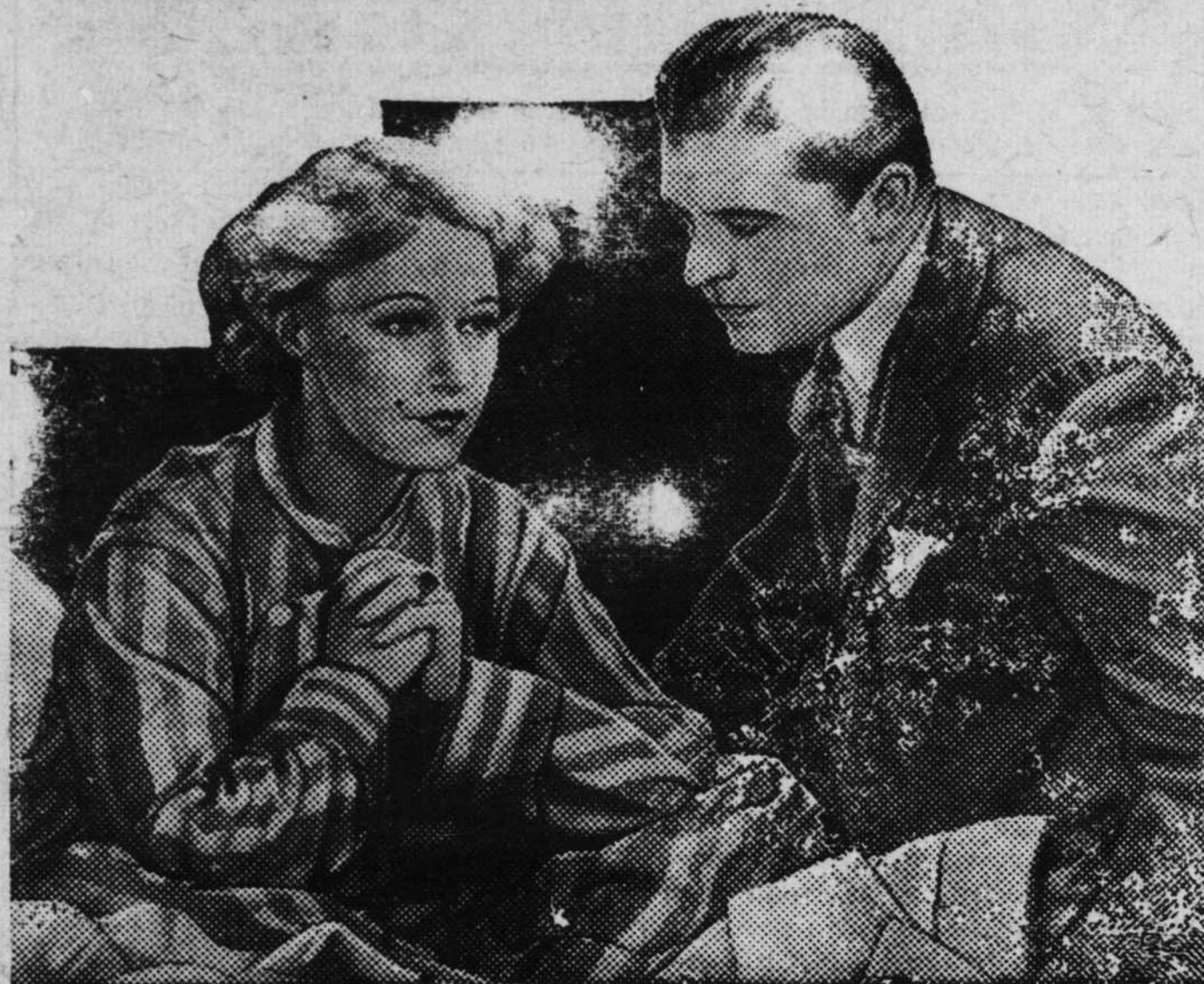
"Cafe Roma?" Bill reflected, trying to recall the establishment.

"Yeah, the cellar joint down the street," enlightened Muriel.

Snatching up her hat, Mary quickly walked to the door.

"Where are you going at this hour, and what's the hurry?" Muriel called after her.

"I am going to get that job at the



Mary protested, "But, Bill, I don't love you."

(Posed by Grace Moore and Lyle Talbot)

Cafe Roma," Mary replied, and ran downstairs.

Bill called after her, "Mary, are you sure you won't marry me?"

"I'll always like you best, Bill, no matter how many other men I marry," replied Mary, as she continued on her way.

The Mastero Rebels

Guillo Monteverdi paced up and down the length of his studio. At intervals he turned angrily and glared significantly at the clock.

Giovani, employed by Monteverdi as his assistant and accompanist, sauntered in and walked lackadissically to the piano, where he started to arrange some music.

"Ten-thirty," shouted Guillo, advancing towards the piano threateningly, "and you walk in as if nothing happened. You know that Mademoiselle Lally was to be here at 10 o'clock for her lesson."

Methodically arranging his papers, Giovani answered quietly, "I also know that Mademoiselle Lally will arrive when she pleases."

"So! Even my assistant has to re-

mind me that Monteverdi is being made a silly fool of by his pupil. Just because—"

Gioavni agreed with the maestro, "M-m-m-m, just because?"

"Giovini, you are right," Monteverdi exclaimed with irritation. "When a teacher makes love to his pupil, he becomes the pupil. Well, my student days are over. I have wasted enough time trying to teach pretty women how to sing between kisses."

Angelina, Guillo's servant for years, opened the door and ushered in Mademoiselle Lally. She walked directly to Guillo and placed her arms around him. Still further annoyed with Lally's display of intimacy, Guillo pushed her away rather forcibly.

"Darling, surely my 'Rigoletto' wasn't quite as bad as that last night?" inquired Lally.

Giovani buried his head in a music score in order to avoid witnessing this embarrassing situation.

"Your 'Rigoletto' was bad," declared Guillo, shaking his finger threateningly. "Every opera you have sung for the past three months has been getting worse and worse—and why?"

Lally sought to silence his tirade, but the great teacher continued to voice his anger.

"Let me finish," Guillo continued, "when you first came to me, I had

per, Lally, or I will strangle you!"

Standing tearfully in the doorway, Lally sulked, "You will be sorry for this."

Guillo gently wiped away her tears with a corner of her handkerchief and agreed with her heartily. "Of course I will. I am a fool. I have no doubt that I will come to you tomorrow and tell you how sorry I am!"

Sensing that she had struck a sensitive sympathetic chord in Guillo's make-up, Lally looked up at him hopefully and started to edge back into the studio, but Monteverdi, again the stern, unrelenting Maestro, pushed her out into the courtyard.

"Maybe I'll do that, but as for teaching you again? Never!" Guillo accentuated this declaration by slamming the door and muttering, "Giovani, once more I learn that love and business do not mix. I am through with teaching. I will never teach another pretty woman as long as I live."

With a tone of finality in his voice, Guillo summoned Giovani, "Come, let us go to the Cafe Roma, to eat."

Lally in a Cellar Cafe

To divert the maestro, Giovani related amusing anecdotes of musical gossip as they picked their way through picturesque alleys leading to the Cafe. Guillo cursed the evil fate that prompted his female pupils to fall in love with him and destroy the years of work he devoted to the one thing that really interested him—the voice.

Entering the dimly lit cafe, they were enthusiastically greeted by the proprietor. Guest turned to catch a glimpse of the famous musician.

Attired in an Italian peasant costume, Mary moved about, serving pastries from a large tray. As she passed Guillo's table, he mechanically helped himself. Looking at Mary appreciatively, Giovani whispered, "Pretty girl, eh, Maestro?"

Guillo disinterestedly shrugged his shoulders.

The orchestra leader snapped his fingers at Mary, who began singing a simple ballad. Mary's captivating voice sang clearly above the diminishing clatter of dishes and conversation.

At the first note, Guillo raised his head in rapt admiration and listened.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Returns To Work

Mrs. Helen Lee, who recently underwent an appendix operation, has returned to her work at the Ferron Drug stores.

Guests at Farnsworth Home

Mr. and Mrs. Orville Preston of Santa Monica, California, were guests over the week end at the home of Mrs. Preston's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Farnsworth.

ADVERTISE IN THE AGE
IT PAYS

**LAS VEGAS
LAUNDRY
SERVICE**
PHONE 42
First & Garces Sts.