



"ONE NIGHT OF LOVE"

starring **Grace Moore**

TULLIO CARMINATI • LYLE TALBOT •

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COLUMBIA PICTURES

WHAT HAS GONE ON BEFORE

Mary Barrett, music student, falls in a radio contest for a two-year scholarship in Milan with the eminent teacher and opera coach, Guilio Monteverdi. Despite parental objection, she starts for Italy with her own pitiful savings to carve out a career. In Milan she shares lodgings with an embryo painter and studies with a shabby old teacher, Mastero Galuppi. Time and certain heedless moments of trifling extravagance bring debt. Bill Huston, a well-to-do young American in love with Mary, offers her financial help. Mary refuses, temporarily casts aside her operatic ambition and accepts employment in a dingy restaurant, the Cafe Roma.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER III

An outburst of applause followed as Mary finished singing and skipped gracefully to the dressing room.

Monteverdi's entire manner altered; the indifferent attitude had changed to one of alert excitement. Rising quickly, he called to Giovanni, "Wait here for me!" and rapidly walked after Mary.

Mary started to pull her costume over her head revealing a beautifully proportioned, scantily covered figure.

The Mastero Gets a Pupil

Entering the room quietly, Monteverdi, totally unconscious of the fact that he was trespassing on feminine privacy, listened critically to her rendition of a simple vocal scale routine.

"Don't close your mouth when you take those high notes," he interrupted. "Here"—Guilio Monteverdi opened his mouth wide, illustrating the correct technical position of the mouth for taking high notes—"Like this!"

Bewildered, Mary hastily grabbed a dress and held it before her. Terrified at the intrusion, she commanded, "Will you please get out of here?"

Concentrating his gaze on Mary's throat and ignoring her request, Monteverdi continued in a hushed, reverent tone of voice, "Once in a lifetime one hears a voice like that, and I must come to a place like this to find it."

He advanced toward Mary.

"Your technique — it is abominable," Monteverdi continued. "It must take years to learn to phrase so badly. Drop that thing! It makes me nervous," indicating the dress which Mary clutched. "Drop it!" commanded the maestro. Half hypnotized by his flashing eyes, Mary let the dress fall to the floor. Paying no attention to her dishabille, the maestro commanded, "Now take a high C—and hold it."

Nervously obeying the imperious command of this terrifying intruder, Mary took a deep breath and attacked the note. Clear, and with a bell-like quality, Mary's voice responded as Monteverdi studied her pose. "I've always wanted to see a Carmen who weighed less than the bull," he commented, looking at her revealed charms approvingly. "And you are not ugly."

"Straining to hold on to the note, Mary's voice suddenly ceased, and in an effort to recapture the tone,

her voice broke.

"Your diaphragm needs work. Take a deep breath!" Guilio commanded, placing the palm of his hand upon Mary's diaphragm in a casual, professional manner.

Mary's eyes glared defiance as she wondered what next this strange intruder would do.

"Now push my hand away," he commanded, exerting more pressure against her slim, resilient body.

Heartily in sympathy with this idea, Mary brushed his hand away.

"No—no," protested Monteverdi, replacing his hand against her. "I want you to push it away, by breathing with your diaphragm."

Knocking his hand aside, Mary stormed, "Look here, I don't know who you are and if you don't get out of here right away I'll have you arrested!"

Astonished in turn by her behavior, Monteverdi stared incredulously, "You will arrest me? Do you know who I am?"

Defiantly Mary parried his question, "No, but in another minute, I'll tell you what you are!"

Mary Gets a Proposal

Monteverdi calmly handed her his card. Her entire bearing changed. In an awed tone of respect and recognition, Mary finally managed to articulate, "Signor Monteverdi—"

Looking at her condescendingly, Guilio inquired, "Do you want to be an opera singer?"

Speechless, Mary shook her head affirmatively.

Searching her face for reactions, Guilio continued, "Are you willing to give up everything else?" Ready to think of nothing beside your voice?"

"Of course I am," stammered Mary, and then suddenly she recalled her circumstances, "But, Signor Monteverdi, I—I have absolutely no money."

Evinced contempt at the idea of money's importance, Guilio Monteverdi outlined a list of hardships that applicants for his tutelage had to undergo. "I will mould you as a sculptor would a block of marble. And to do this I must watch every breath you take—every morsel of food you eat. I will reshape you so completely that even your soul will sing! As you may imagine, this may not be very pleasant for you."

Carried away by her own ambition, Mary responded eagerly: "If you have that much faith in my voice, it will be easy."

"Naturally," continued Guilio, "it will be necessary for you to live with me."

Mary was bewildered. Here was the one man in the world whose genius and reputation had placed him far above the malicious gossip that hung over the lesser personalities of the operatic world. Even he was demanding his price, and she had been warned by her fellow students that the shortest way to success was to pay that fee. Bitterly disappointed, Mary turned from him. "Oh—I see."

Unconcerned, the maestro explained, "It is the only possible arrangement, of course."

Determined to win her way to the top by her own methods, Mary refused the proposed alliance.

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Mildly astonished at her refusal, Guilio queried, "You do not want to live with me?"

"Strange as it may seem—no!" Astonished and angry because of the innate something within her that forced her to reject the one opportunity in life that she longed for most, Mary declared, "I thought for a minute that you were interested only in my voice, but you are just like all the rest of them. My mistake!"

Monteverdi, suddenly realizing the implication, turned to her in an attitude of bitter denunciation: "I am a very patient man, but this is too much! Can't you possibly understand that while I am teaching you to sing I can not be bothered making love to you? I have just thrown out a pupil because she insisted on talking of nothing but love."

Beginning to understand the error of her interpretation, Mary smiled to herself as Guilio continued gravely: "I warn you that I accept you only under one condition. The moment there is any mention of love I will throw you out of my studio." "I understand," Mary answered.

Taking her hand enthusiastically, the maestro beamed, "You must promise that you will learn to hate me! Good! Then you and I will get on splendidly. Now I must go." Turning to her with an apologetic grin, he asked, "What is your name?"

"Mary Barrett."

"The name sounds vaguely familiar," mused Guilio. "You have my card, Miss Barrett. I will expect a call from you in the morning."

The cafe proprietor rushed into the dressing room. Bumping into Guilio, the voluble, squat Italian bowed deferentially, seized the maestro's hand and kissed it. "Ah, Signor Monteverdi!"

"You pretend to be a lover of music? And you allow a great voice to be ruined in this filthy pigpen of yours," indignantly declared Guilio.

"But Signor," protested the proprietor humbly, "she has a beautiful voice. I like to hear her sing."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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