



"ONE NIGHT OF LOVE"

Starring
Grace Moore

TULLIO CARMINATI • LYLE TALBOT •

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COLUMBIA PICTURES

What Has Gone On Before

Mary Barrett falls in a contest for a two-year scholarship in Milan with the eminent teacher Guilio Monteverdi. With her own savings she proceeds to Milan, lives cheaply, studies with a shabby teacher and finds herself in debt. Bill Huston, a well-to-do American, loves Mary, but she refuses his help and finds employment singing in a modest cafe. Monteverdi visits the place in low spirits. A promising protegee, Mlle. Lally, has proved a great disappointment. Her artistic possibilities neglected for love-making, the famous teacher has driven her out, declaring he will accept no more women students. When Mary sings, Monteverdi recognizes a great voice and undertakes her training on condition that all thought of love is banned. Mary agrees to do his bidding. After a long period of iron discipline, Bill Huston's search for Mary is rewarded by finding her. He urges Mary to escape the drudgery by marrying him, but again she refuses, although she says she hates Monteverdi. Mary becomes an established factor in the musical world. Her debut at the Vienna Opera is almost at hand. They dine at a famous restaurant. Mlle. Lally appears at their table. Mary resents Lally's attempted familiarities and hurries to her hotel burning with jealousy.

Now Go On With the Story

CHAPTER V

Mary's Revenge

"Madonna Mia! What is wrong?" cried Angelina.

Pointing to her throat, Mary explained, "Laryngitis, I think."

Excitedly, Angelina telephoned Monteverdi at the restaurant informing him of Mary's plight. It was not long before Guilio stormed into the hotel accompanied by two eminent throat specialists, and dashed into Mary's room, beckoning the doctors to follow.

The specialists reported that the case was very mysterious. While the patient was unable to utter a sound, her throat was absolutely free from blemishes, irritation or restrictions.

At this serious moment Angelina interrupted the proceedings with word that there was an insistent telephone call for Guilio—Mlle. Lally was on the wire and said she positively had to talk with him.

"Tell her that I cannot see her tonight!" Guilio snapped. Mary smiled.

"Was her voice normal when she came home this evening?" interrupted a physician.

"Oh, sure," Angelina turned to Guilio and explained. "Her voice sounded nice and clear when she went into the bedroom. She said to me in a good voice something about being out tonight and 'I don't care if he never comes back.'"

The specialists consulted in hushed tones. Guilio, suddenly aware of the nature of Mary's mysterious ailment interrupted them: "I am not a great specialist like you gentlemen," he said, "but I think I am going to restore Mademoiselle's voice."

Turning to Angelina, he whis-

pered, "Give me a pin, a nice, long one."

Bending over Mary, Guilio inquired in tones of deepest tenderness and concern, "How is it now? Better? My poor child."

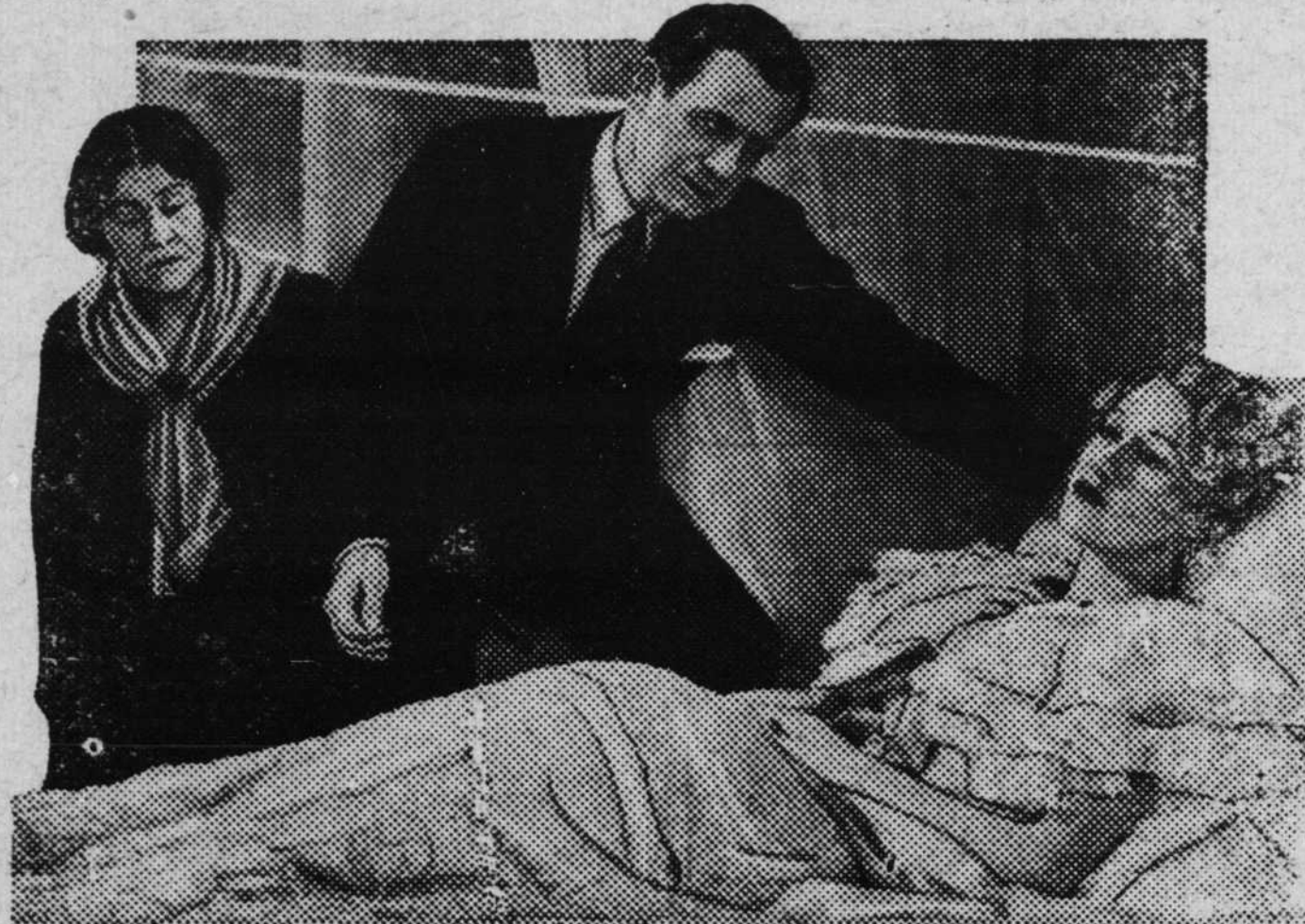
She shook her head sadly and whispered hoarsely that her voice was gone, utterly gone.

"The doctors, they can do nothing," continued Guilio. "All they understand about a woman is her throat." And at this moment he drove the pin sharply through the soft silken covert to something beneath that was softer still.

Shrieking loudly in a voice that was completely normal, Mary leaped out, confronting Guilio with the tearful charge, "You hurt me!" Shamefaced and realizing that she had completely given herself away, Mary hung her head in embarrassment while Guilio apologized profusely to the doctors for bringing them on a fool's errand. The specialists departed.

Before leaving, Guilio instructed Angelina to leave Mary to her own conscience and to lock her chamber door from outside. He smiled with a satisfied air as he left.

Mary determined to escape for-



"The Doctors, they can do nothing."

(Posed by Jessie Ralph, Tullio Carminati and Grace Moore)

ever from Guilio's discipline. She opened the window, stepped out on the balcony and climbed down the fire escape. Raging inwardly, Mary determined that she would make Guilio suffer for his inconsiderate treatment.

Dead Ashes

Sipping a glass of champagne, Guilio sat beside Lally and vainly tried to become interested in her continuous babble of conversation.

Lally snuggled toward him. "Howard Bennett of the Metropolitan is in town."

"Yes," Guilio replied. "He came to hear Barrett."

"I should like to sing at the Metropolitan," Lally said, "even in small parts. It makes it so much easier to get engagements elsewhere."

His mind far away from Lally's enticing apartment, Guilio arose and paced the farther end of the room. Subconsciously, he was trying to figure out Mary's strange behavior. Why should Mary be jealous?

Impatiently Lally watched his nervous tread. "For the love of heaven! Are we to spend the night talking about your Barrett?"

Guilio dashed from the apartment.

Hailing a taxi, he drove to the Hotel Metropole where he sought rest.

An Old Italian Custom

Opening her eyes in the morning sunlight and gazing at the unfamiliar surroundings, Mary remembered that she had come to Bill's apartment, and not finding his at home, had bribed the housekeeper to admit her. While waiting for him to return, she had fallen asleep on the couch. She wondered why Bill had failed to come home. Picking up the telephone she idly called Monteverdi.

Angelina answered the phone, greatly disturbed over Mary's disappearance and the fact that Monteverdi had not come home during the night either.

"That's all right!" Mary said furiously. "I don't care what he does. I'm not coming back, and I'm not going to sing tonight. I'm going to marry Bill Huston, so tell him that!"

Mary slammed down the receiver and turned to discover Bill, standing in the doorway, looking at her with surprised delight.

"Next time," he said, "you decide to marry me—tell me about it too, will you?"

Hysterically, Mary buried her head on Bill's shoulder. "Let's go out," she pleaded, "Let's have fun. I want to do all the crazy things Monteverdi's kept me from doing all this time. I want to be human for

his apartment, and flung it open. "Enter, Madame, your future residence."

Laughing heartily, Mary crossed the threshold and discovered Monteverdi, standing in the center of the room and glaring at her steadily.

Bill looked at Guilio curiously as he shut the door. "H're you, Monty?"

Mary lit a cigarette.

"Barrett, I forbid you." Guilio spoke severely. "Stop acting like a child. You are an opera star."

"Haven't you heard I'm through with opera?" Mary replied. "I'm going to marry this nice young man." Crossing to Bill, Mary embraced him.

Apologetically, Guilio retreated, "Well, this is unfortunate, of course," he said, "But we will have to get a substitute. 'Carmen' has been announced and 'Carmen' will be sung."

"A substitute? For my part? Who?" Mary asked.

"Lally," replied Guilio, bowing stiffly. Nodding his head at Bill, Monteverdi quietly left the apartment.

Bill gazed at the door quizzically, "You know, Mary, he's not such a bad sort. Gee, I thought from the way you described him—"

Ignoring Bill's remark, Mary exploded, "So he'll get Lally, will he?" Jamming her hat on her head and grabbing her coat, Mary walked to the door. "The audience paid to hear me sing. Not that brokendown old war horse!"

Mary motioned a passing cab and told the driver to take her to the opera house.

When she reached the theatre, the faithful servitor was alone and distraught. There was no time for explanations. "Get my first act costume ready!" Mary commanded, and strated to prepare for the performance. Looking into the mirror, she suddenly saw the reflection of Monteverdi, sitting comfortably in an arm chair in a far corner, calmly smoking a cigarette.

"Where's Lally?" demanded Mary.

"Out in the front of the house" replied Guilio, with a shrug.

"Then you never intended that she would sing tonight! I see: but this is the last time you'll ever fool me! Angelina, tell the manager that I have lost my voice." Turning to Guilio she added, "And this time a pin won't get results."

Angelina excitedly looked towards Guilio for advice. He indicated with a gesture that she should leave them alone. Silently Guilio walked to the dressing table and looked at Mary intently.

Laconically, Mary stared back at him, "I'm curious to see what you'll do now. Whatever it is, it won't work."

Pityingly, Guilio continued to stae at her. "This will ruin your career. Do you remember a long time ago I warned you not to fall in love? I should have warned myself, too."

"Against Lally?" inquired Mary.

TO BE CONTINUED

CLOSET FOR BROOM

EASILY INSTALLED

The broom would appear important to the menage only when it is needed, but it must be admitted that use of it is often and urgent. Why not, therefore, a place where it can be kept in condition and found when needed?

The same applies to the mop, vacuum cleaner, dustpan, and duster.

This calls for a special cupboard in the kitchen, hall, or on the back porch—somewhere handy. A few boards, hooks, a small door, and a little paint, and a carpenter can put it in at little cost.