



"ONE NIGHT OF LOVE"

Starring
Grace Moore

TULLIO CARMINATI • LYLE TALBOT •

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What Has Gone Before

Mary Barrett in a contest for a scholarship in Milan with the eminent teacher Guillo Monteverdi. She proceeds there, lives cheaply on her own savings and studies until she finds herself in debt. Bill Huston, a well-to-do American, loves Mary, but she refuses his help and finds employment singing in a cafe. Monteverdi visits the place in low spirits. A promising protegee, Mlle. Lally, has disappointed him. 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 thoughts of love is banned. After a long period of iron discipline, during which Mary learns to hate Monteverdi, he arranges her operatic debut and guides her through to success. One triumph follows another. Her debut at the Vienna almost at hand, they dine at a famous restaurant. Mlle. Lally appears at their table. Mary resents Lally's attempted familiarities toward Monteverdi. She hurries to Bill Huston's apartment, announces her intention of marrying him and abandoning her career as they start on a hilarious party. Learning that Lally will substitute for her in "Carmen" Mary abandons the gaiety and hurries to the opera house to prepare for the performance.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER VI

"Stop talking about Lally! She means nothing to me." Silencing Mary's protestations, Guillo humbly admitted he had gone to Lally's apartment. He confessed, "Every minute that I was with her I found that my heart was with a silly girl who plays tricks on me. For two years I have been fighting down what has been uppermost in my heart. Now I realize that I have always loved you. Your voice, your career, they mean nothing to me any more. If you will marry me, I do not care if you never sing again."

Guillo kissed her tenderly.

The call boy's voice rang out, "Your entrance in five minutes, Mademoiselle."

Mary quickly started to put on her make-up. "I'm going on and I'll sing a 'Carmen' tonight that'll make you really proud of me."

Hurriedly escorting her to the stage, Guillo stood in the wings and watched Mary make her entrance. He remained there throughout the performance.

Mary Triumphs

Critics and friends streamed back stage to congratulate Mary when the curtain fell. The audience still applauded and clamored as Mary disappeared from sight of her admirers.

Guillo ushered the visiting representative of the Metropolitan Opera into Mary's dressing room. Mr. Bennett graciously congratulated her and Guillo, too, for their combined triumph, and invited the Maestro to visit him in the morning at his hotel.

Placing his arms proudly around Mary's shoulder, Guillo demanded,

"You want my Barrett, eh? Well, I can tell you now she is not ready for the Metropolitan."

Disagreeing with Monteverdi's opinion, Bennett insisted that Guillo see him in any case. Guillo escorted him to the door. He turned to Mary: "I am going to run home and fix the supper. A beautiful supper. You stay here, Angelina, and take good care of her. Angelina, she loves me."

Guillo personally supervised every detail of the supper with the same thoroughness that he devoted to a singing lesson. Arranging a bowl of flowers in the center of the table, Guillo heard a knock. He rushed to the door and throwing it wide open, cried happily, "My darling!"

Lally stood in the doorway and looked at him bitterly. Scarcely polite, Guillo demanded the reason for this unexpected intrusion.

"Why don't you try to get Howard



Love and to hold—Mary finally realizes that Guillo's devotion is the rock on which her triumphs rest.

(Posed by Tullio Carminati and Grace Moore)

to give me a contract for the Metropolitan?" demanded Lally.

Guillo promised to take care of the matter the first thing in the morning as a means of speeding Lally's departure.

Lally refused to leave unless Guillo would immediately call Mr. Bennett on the phone and try to get her a contract.

Taking hold of her arm, Guillo almost forcibly escorted her to the door. Hearing Mary's voice, Guillo stopped short. As the door opened Lally threw her arms ardently around Guillo's neck.

Mary froze with horror. Angelina turned to Guillo. "This is a fine thing to do! And only a few hours ago you made love to this poor child."

Guillo begged, "Do not believe, I—"

Contemptuously, Mary walked to her room and slammed the door in Guillo's face.

"You are right, Maestro," sneered Lally, as she chose her time to go. "It is always a mistake to mix lessons and love. Good-night."

Mary lost no time in telephoning Howard Bennett. She accepted the contract for her appearance at the New York opera house, the goal of

every singer's ambition.

She engaged a suite of rooms at a fashionable New York hotel and reported for rehearsal of "Madame Butterfly," the opera selected for her American debut.

Gradually, the conductor in charge, whose methods differed greatly from Monteverdi's undermined Mary's confidence and assurance. Constantly he stopped the rehearsal and insisted that Mary change her phrasing, or alter her tempo in rendition of a certain aria. Politely indifferent to her plight, fellow artists shook their heads sadly as they listened to her struggling to adapt herself to these new methods.

During the dress rehearsal, Mary, opened her mouth to sing and found herself unable to make a sound.

Hurling his baton to the ground, the conductor demanded, "Am I to understand that you have sung 'Butterfly' before?"

Mary nodded.

"Then what are you so nervous about? This is only a rehearsal. What do you expect to do tomorrow night?"

Confused and embarrassed, Mary fled from the stage. Sobbing, she entered her dressing room.

Turning to the Managing Director and Mr. Howard, the conductor, gasped, "Did you see that?"

cess.

In the dressing room, Mary frantically sprayed her throat. Testing her voice, she started to sing a simple scale. Half way up her voice seemed to melt. Grasping her throat, Mary looked at Angelina.

"Mamma mia, what is it?" Angelina cried.

"My throat feels tight." Mary looked around hopelessly. "He said I wasn't ready for the Metropolitan. He was right. I can't go through with it, I—"

"Five minutes Miss Barrett, the call boy announced as he poked his head into the room.

Hysterical, Mary shouted, "Five minutes! Tell them I can't go on. I can't do it!"

Gulping in amazement and alarm, the call boy dashed to the stage manager. Quickly the latter notified higher officials. Pandemonium broke loose in the executive office.

The Managing Director burst into Mary's dressing room "What's this I hear about you not going on?"

Silencing him, Angelina turned to Mary desperately, "You told him you can sing without him—prove it! You must go on!"

Angelina pulled Mary to her feet and forced her towards the stage.

"Go on, it's your cue, your cue" she heard some one say.

The orchestra played Mary's introduction, but the terrified girl refused to go on. The conductor, sensing something was wrong, quickly signaled the musicians to repeat the introduction.

Turning to Mary, Angelina cried above the din of the music, "Look!"

Greeting Mary from the prompter's box, a fierce determination in his eyes, Guillo Monteverdi reached out his eloquent hand, as if to drag the notes from her throat. Into one word he put all the dynamic force at his command, "Sing!"

Mary attacked her first note. It came out slight and frail, but the spell was broken and in two bars her voice started to ring with the natural strength and clarity. Mary hit a high note beautifully and revelled in her newly found assurance. She sang to Guillo alone, putting all the tender feeling of the words in the aria into her singing.

A storm of applause rose from the audience as she finished, but Mary's eyes were focused on one spot. The prompter's box.

Guillo applauded vigorously as Mary received curtain call after curtain call.

After Mary's last bow, Guillo dashed back stage to her dressing room. Mary, waiting for that call, flew into his arms as he opened the door. He kissed her. "I promise you, Mary, never again to make love to a pupil."

"What about me?" Mary gazed up into his eyes.

"You are no longer a pupil," Guillo protested. "After what I heard tonight, there is nothing more that I can teach you," Mary smiled into Guillo's eyes. The world outside was forgotten.

(THE END)

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