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# Torrance Herald

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# FOURTH CHAPTER of "I'LL TELL THE WORLD"

The Romance and Thrills of Newsgathering for the United Press

A Novelization of Universal's Screenplay of the Same Name

Written by Lincoln Quarberg and Frank Wead. Adapted by Dale Van Every and Ralph Spence.

accompany Ferdinand to Paris. He is now heading for a royal reunion in honor of Ferdinand at Vichy.

**FOURTH INSTALLMENT**  
**SYNOPSIS:** Brown, correspondent for the United Press, worldwide news-gathering agency, is constantly trying to scoop Briggs, correspondent of a rival organization. He accomplishes this when he files after a runaway dirigible, but has no chance to rest on his laurels. Briggs is ordered by Hardwick, his boss, to find out why attempts are being made on the life of the old royalist, Archduke Ferdinand. He is forced to

Stanley Brown left the taxicab on the broad ramp of the Gare de Lyon, the railroad station serving southern France, intent upon getting a ticket to Vichy and boarding the first train for that point, or anywhere near it. He pushed his way through hustling and bustling way through hustling and bustling tourists, looking about him for a ticket booth.



JANE (Gloria Stuart)

There were several persons in line waiting to purchase their tickets when Brown reached the booth. Amid the foreign-looking travelers was a tall, thin chap wearing clothes of unmistakably American cut. Brown's eyes were arrested by the figure, and he felt a growing apprehension. He got a side view of the face of the man by careful maneuvering, and learned the worst. The chap was no other than William Briggs, of the Confederated Press.

Easily and yet stealthily, Brown moved close to his rival just as that worthy reached the ticket booth. Brown was all ears. He heard Briggs demand:

"One to Vichy."  
It was just as he had suspected, Briggs, assigned to European duty after being scooped by Brown on the dirigible story, had been sent

ENTER THE LOVE INTEREST



**MEET JANE!** To the left is the charming blonde who inadvertently sent her bicycle crashing into Brown's wheel chair and started a red hot romance, although neither was aware of it at the moment, in the gardens of the Hotel Europa at Vichy. Brown thought Jane an American, and just the kind of a girl he ought to know a lot better than he did. So he took full advantage of his opportunities.



**CHANCE ENCOUNTER.** Stanley Brown, of the United Press, met his arch-rival, William Briggs, in the Paris railroad station. Both had the idea of going to Vichy to get a story of royal intrigue. Both lied about their destination. And both were very insincere in their sentiments, as could be observed clearly.

on the same assignment that Brown had been. Brown beat a hasty retreat, assumed a gay and carefree manner and dashed up to Briggs just as his rival was turning away from the window. He pretended that he had just caught sight of him. Briggs was surprised at seeing him, but although he tried to conceal his emotion, he showed that he wasn't delighted by having Brown in such prox-

imity. He gave an insincere greeting. Brown returning it.

Brown asked him what his destination was. Briggs, wanting to shield this very point, told him with studied carelessness that he was going to Monte Carlo on a little vacation. He in turn asked Brown where he was going and, in answer, Brown turned to the ticket agent and ordered passage to Chateau Thierry. He then told Briggs he was on a vacation, too. Briggs showed he didn't believe this. He hesitated a minute, as if to challenge the statement.

"Well, I'll be seeing you!" he said finally. "Gotta run—that's my train."

Brown looked after him, hurred a parting job:

"Why don't you take a balloon?" he taunted.

The agent held out the ticket. Brown brushed it aside, reached inside the cage and seized a telephone. While the clerk protested and prospective passengers fumed, Brown called Marshall and asked him to hire a plane.

"Have it ready to go places immediately," he ordered.

Briggs, late as usual, alighted

from an ancient bus in front of the equally ancient and venerable Hotel Europa at Vichy. For a very good reason he didn't notice Brown, who had arrived ahead of him by plane. Brown was seated in a wheelchair. In order to outwit his rival he had donned an old man's cap which he had pulled low over his forehead, a pair of dark glasses, a large muffer, which he had wrapped around his neck, and a heavy ulster. His legs were covered by a steamer rug. He looked and acted like an elderly invalid, trying to regain health in the dignified and quiet surroundings of the famous watering place.

His disguise was perfect—so perfect that he was having his troubles. First of all, there was plump, bustling Adolph, who insisted that he drink several glasses of vile-tasting mineral water every few minutes.

"You must have your water," said Adolph, appearing from nowhere at one of the regular and too frequent intervals. "It's the rules. You're three glasses behind now."

"What did I tell you was the matter with me?" Brown asked.

belonged by the frequent assaults of the insistent German. "You said you had a quiver of the liver, sir," said the humorless Adolph.

"All right—I'll—" began Brown. However, at this moment, Briggs hovered near, and Brown was forced to drink the water so that his rival would not penetrate his disguise. As soon as Briggs was out of the way, Brown managed to hit the water tray with his elbow, spilling the contents of the glass and pitcher. Adolph set off for more, and Brown got up full steam in his wheel-chair, heading for the open air. He breezed into the flower-lined garden, which was drenched in sunshine, under full power. However, his chair became wedged in a crack just as Adolph appeared with fresher and stronger water. He bobbed to Brown's side.

"Get me out of this, will you?" Brown ordered.

"Not until you drink your water, sir!" The unimaginative waiter was implacable.

Thus, Brown was forced to absorb another pint. Adolph, true to his bargain, pulled the chair out of the crack.

"Have you ever suffered from a tight, painful feeling around the throat?" Brown asked him, grinning malevolently.

"No, sir," Adolph was puzzled.

"Then, it's going to be a new experience for you," Brown threatened. He went for the fat servant's throat, but the frightened man retreated. At a safe distance, he said, stubbornly:

"I'll see you again in 15 minutes, sir."

Brown was about to launch another attack when something far more interesting caught his eye. He forgot all about Adolph and his vicious potions. He saw a girl, blonde and beautiful, riding a bicycle near the hotel. He immediately decided that he never before had set eyes on such a fascinating bit of femininity. He saw that she wore a tight-fitting sweater and a pair of shorts which enhanced her charms. He gazed delightedly as she passed and then, further intrigued by the sight of such loveliness, set out in an effort to keep her in sight. He wasn't fast enough. The girl turned a corner and passed from view. He sighed his disappointment.

But, persistent as usual, he doubled back in hopes of seeing her again. Hidden by one of the many hedges which fringed the garden he turned abruptly around a corner in this maneuver, he found himself directly in front of the girl's oncoming bicycle. Before he could retreat, the vehicle had struck his chair, upsetting it.

Brown found himself entangled with the chair. The girl fell free. She got to her feet to help him. Indignant, he sat up. He assumed the attitude of a hurt and angry old man.

"Say—what's the idea of trying to—I hope you're not badly hurt!" she exclaimed, ignoring his ill-natured rebuke. She knelt down beside him, very much alarmed at his evident pain.

"I'm so sorry!" she apologized. "Where does it hurt most?"

He grimaced. Unthinking, he blurted:

"We'll skip that one."  
He leaned back and moaned. She felt his right leg.

"Does it hurt here?" she asked. Her solicitude intrigued him. He decided to take every advantage of it.

"O-o-oh!" he howled. He looked over the top of his dark-lensed glasses to see her better. She felt his arms and legs. She lifted a hand and let it go. He allowed it to fall back limply. She was a very frightened young woman.

"Why—you're paralyzed!" she exclaimed, horrified.

"I haven't had a drop for a month!" he countered. He covered his slip with more moans and groans. She bent over and attempted to lift him. He was happy as he found himself leaning against her shoulder.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she gasped, weakly, looking about for assistance.

"You're doing all right!" he commented. She did not seem to understand his double meaning.

"I'm afraid I'll have to leave you here and get help," she said. This made his apprehensive.

"No—let's work it out together," he proposed quickly.

"Then let me help you to your chair," she suggested. She began working with a will.

She helped him to his feet, got him steadied and started moving him toward the wheel-chair. He without her seeing him, managed to kick the chair hard enough to knock it over again.

"How awful!" she exclaimed, almost distraught. "Now I'll have to get you over to the bench."  
Brown grinned and peeked at the girl over his glasses again.

"This," said he, "gets more and more interesting."  
But he didn't say it loud enough for his helper to hear. She was busy getting him upright—and he was busy enjoying the close embrace.

(To Be Continued)

**YEAR'S PROBATION GRANTED TO DEGROAT**  
J. A. DeGroat, charged with driving while intoxicated in Torrance last February 28, was granted one year's probation when he appeared for sentence before Superior Judge William C. Doran in Los Angeles late last week.

De Groat pleaded guilty to the charges on April 26, and applied for probation at that time. The probation department recommended that probation be granted.

# A&P SPECIALS

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