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SEVENTH 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.

SEVENTH INSTALLMENT

SYNOPSIS: Stanley Brown, staff reporter of the United Press, finds himself in love with a girl who supposedly is Jane Hamilton of Baltimore. He is at the Hotel Europa, at Vichy, trying to find out why attempts are being made to kill Archduke Ferdinand, ex-patriate royalist. Trying to get the same story is Briggs, of the Confederated Press, his rival. Brown hasn't found out that the Hamilton girl has some connection with the royalists.

The anniversary dinner of the eight royalists who had gathered in the east wing of the quaint old Hotel Europa, at Vichy, ostensibly to honor Archduke Ferdinand, got off to a flying start. The bomb which had gone off under Ferdinand's New York taxicab hadn't started him half as much as he in turn started his royal listeners when he introduced Jane Hamilton as Princess Helen, heiress to the throne of her country, now a republic.



FERDINAND (Alec Francis) with an excited babble of welcome.

After the excitement of this announcement had died down, the older people enjoyed themselves with memories of past grandeur—pomp and ceremony which Helen did not remember and which did not interest her as she had been spirited out of the country when only five years old. Their pride, their living in the past, seemed silly to her as she looked at age through youthful, intolerant eyes. These people to her were of another day—total strangers. And they in turn ignored her as they selfishly talked of themselves and their heyday. She felt like a pawn used to satisfy their desires and ambitions.

While the royalists wallowed in recollections, Briggs was in the lobby frantically bribing a telephone girl to tap Brown's wires whenever the United Press man made a call. Brown was rushing wildly up and down corridors bribing waiters to tell him all he could find the waiters knew less than he did.

The dinner came to an end eventually. Helen prayed that she would not be bored further. Her prayers weren't realized.

Ferdinand, with an almost fanatic light in his eyes, tossed a second verbal bomb when he commanded the floor and declared: "It seems a fitting time to make an announcement of great importance and to get your opinions on the matter. Count Strunsky, our former prime minister, is a secret visitor in my rooms at this hotel. He has come from the people of our country to ask all of us to return."

There was pandemonium among the royalist group. This news was far beyond their wildest expectations.

"As guests or as rulers?" asked Count Leopold, breathlessly.

"As rulers," replied Ferdinand, solemnly. He paused to allow the din which this statement evoked to die. Eventually the royalists quieted.

"Are we in accord?" he then asked, solemnly.

"Yes!" exclaimed all save Helen, alias Jane Hamilton.

She was outraged at their lack of concern for her. She had been brought to the dinner by Ferdinand over her ardent protests; Ferdinand had insisted that the affair was to be just a quiet gathering of her relatives. He had not consulted her wishes in the matter of becoming a queen. And she would be queen.

Now these total strangers—she wouldn't think of them as friends—were showing an even further lack of consideration for her. She was the one who would carry the burden. These people didn't care whether or not she was in love, whether or not she wanted to govern a country, whether or not she was suited to such a task, whether they were changing the course of her life with her approval.

All they wanted was to get back their own days of glory—ready to sacrifice her so that they might play at being gallant knights and pretty ladies in the rich surroundings to which they had become accustomed in the days of pampering.

Count Leopold, a smug little man, noticed that she didn't seem to be happy over the outlook.

"My dear," he said to her, "aren't you happy at the thought of being a queen?"

"What makes you think the people want a queen?" she asked, scornfully. "Aren't you taking too much for granted?"

"Not at all," interposed Archduke Ferdinand. "My dear niece, it is Count Strunsky, who has been our leading statesman for nearly a generation, who advises us. Others might guess—but Count Strunsky knows."

"Very well," said Helen, not feeling that things were well at all. "But please excuse me for a moment. I want to go into the reception room and think things over."

She left her wondering relatives to their own devices.

Briggs, in the corridor outside the banquet room, even went so far as to flatter a homely old chambermaid to find out what was happening. However, Brown went him one better. Disguised as a waiter, he managed to get into the reception room of the suite. Helen, standing at the long French windows, contemplated her future. She saw him enter and started.

"What are you doing?" she demanded, amazed at both his strange costume and his temerity.

He was taken more by surprise than was she, and found himself at a loss for words.

"Oh—it's you," he gasped. "Well—ha! ha!—this is—er—this is—er—"

"Another coincidence, I suppose," the girl suggested grimly.

"Now, that's a funny thing—er—well it's funny that all I got to say is—"

"You seem to have quite a number of disguises," she offered. Even the tone of her voice was a rebuke at his intrusion.

"Yes, don't I? Even as a child I went about startling the neighbors by suddenly appearing as Lincoln, Grant, Lillian Russell," he attempted, lightly.

"I think I'd better call the manager," she said, coldly.

He leaped forward, put his hand on her arm.

"Don't. You'll spoil the set-up. I'm a newspaperman," he said, tensely.

"Newspaperman?" Now she was genuinely startled. If he should find out—

"Sure—and you can help me," he began, eagerly. "Now, this is from one American to another. I've got to find out what they're

FACED WITH POLITICAL INTRIGUE!



AMAZED BY REPORTS! Count Strunsky, Princess Helen, Archduke Ferdinand and Prince Julio were amazed to learn that spies were at work in the Hotel Europa at Vichy, and that efforts were being made to find out if Count Strunsky was in the hotel. Strunsky realized that immediate flight was imperative if his plans were to be kept secret.

discussing at the old duke's birthday party. That's why I'm here. They're in the next room."

"She was very much on guard."

"What do you want to know?" she asked, nervously. He didn't notice her perturbed manner.

"You put your finger right on the spot," he confessed. "I don't know what I want to know. All I know is that something's going on and I've got to find out what it is. Can you help?"

She gave a sigh of relief and at the same time pretended she wanted to aid him.

"I wish I could. Have you any clues?" she asked, hoping that he didn't have and wouldn't have any.

"No, but I've got a report on every guest in the hotel. For instance, you lived at 1127 Randolph Terrace and you left Baltimore May tenth, stopped in Paris 24 hours and arrived here today before yesterday," he reported.

Her face now betrayed her alarm. "How could you find out all that in such a short time?" she exclaimed, wondering just how much he did know.

"The United Press has offices all over the world," he explained. "It makes one feel there's no escaping you." She drew back.

"There isn't." He took the remark personally, stepped forward. She retreated farther.

"Are you always so sure of yourself?" she asked.

"I'm sure of one thing. I never

saw anybody who—that is—well, I can't find words for it. What I'm trying to say is, you're the first girl I ever saw who—that is—"

"I thought your business was finding words," she taunted.

A knock at the outer door interrupted her. She gave him a glance of warning. He looked for a place to hide. Frightened, she motioned to the open French window. He ran to it, leaped out.

"I'll wait out here," he whispered hoarsely from the moonlight-drenched terrace outside.

The girl opened the door. She found her uncle, Archduke Ferdinand, and Count Strunsky on the threshold. Strunsky proved to be a suave, middle-aged man, looking every inch a statesman. He effected a clipped moultache, a military manner. He bent, kissed her hand reverently as his two companions thanked him.

"Your Majesty," he said, "I have

the honor to be the first of your subjects to acknowledge you."

"Thank you." Her voice was cold, detached.

Strunsky was all business, apparently in a great hurry.

"If Your Majesty will be so good as to take the Eastern Express in the morning, and proceed at once to the frontier," he suggested. There was almost a command in his manner.

"So soon?" Her reluctance was apparent.

"It would be fatal if we were seen together. The archduke will notice. He'll insist on explaining you. You were going to tell me—"

"There will be time for explanation and discussion when we meet in my villa at Grau, on the border. I'm leaving the hotel at once. The government has agents here!"

He walked restlessly to the window, peered through the curtains. He saw Brown in the moonlight at

the edge of the terrace, smoking a cigarette. He drew back hastily, faced the girl.

"Who's that man out there?" he asked. "He's watching—"

"He's a newspaperman—an American—"

He gave a gesture of alarm and dismay.

"They're the worst of all," he said. "He mustn't know I've been here tonight."

Count Leopold entered the room. He was agitated.

"Those government agents have complained of a theft," he exclaimed. "They demand that the hotel be searched."

Strunsky stroked his chin.

"Very clever! I'll be equally

clever and leave before I'm identified. Your Majesty—I suggest you entertain the young gentleman on the terrace. Keep this newspaperman occupied until I get to my car."

"Very well." Here was one task that she really relished.

She opened the low French window and stepped out of the terrace.

(To Be Continued)

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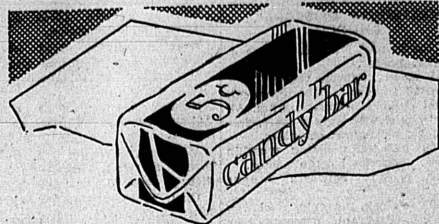
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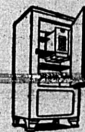


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