

WIVES HELD FOR MRS. MARY RICH

Wives were held from Stone chapel this afternoon at 4 o'clock for Mrs. Mary Susan Rich, 74, who passed away at her home, 2334 235th street, on June 12. She had been a resident of Lomita for four years. She is survived by her husband, Mr. H. L. Parbois, 1014 10th street, Lomita.

FORMER KARL STORE MANAGER NOW "PAPA"

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Mattison, formerly of Torrance, will be glad to hear that they have a baby daughter, born at San Luis Obispo, June 9. Little Bette Jane tipped the scales at eight pounds, 13 ounces. Mr. Mattison was manager of Karl's Shoe Store at Torrance prior to his transfer to the new Karl store at San Luis Obispo a few months ago.

EIGHT 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 Vane Every and Ralph Spence.

EIGHTH INSTALLMENT

SYNOPSIS: Stanley Brown, correspondent for the United Press, thinks he's meeting Jane Hamilton of Baltimore, when actually she's Princess Helen, niece of Archduke Ferdinand, and is destined to become a ruler through a quiet revolution. His rival, Briggs, of the Confederated Press, is just as dumb as he is on the subject, and both are trying to get the story. The worst angle of all is that Brown has fallen for "Jane." After a dinner of the royalists at the Hotel Europa, at Vichy, Count Strunsky, guiding spirit of the proposed revolution, sends Jane, alias Princess Helen, onto the terrace, where Brown is to hold his attention. Strunsky is afraid Brown will discover his identity.

For the first time in his many feverish years of newsgathering, Stanley Brown, news agency correspondent, found himself more interested in a woman than he did in getting the story to which he had been assigned. The beautiful young woman in the case was, as far as he knew, Jane Hamilton of Baltimore, and he was waiting on the moon-drenched terrace outside the windows of the hotel for her to appear, as she had promised.



STRUNSKY (Lawrence Grant) a world of silver.

After many minutes, Jane or Helen, stepped out onto the terrace—into a world of silver. Brown stopped forward eagerly when she came through the French windows, feeling that such a night was made for romance. He studied the girl, realized that she was the most beautiful creature he ever had set eyes on—and he'd been all over the world, with his eyes open!

"Lucky you came out," he exclaimed impatiently. "I was about to break in again."

She walked ahead, pretending to ignore him.

"Hey, wait a minute!" he called after her.

He cast aside his cigarette and followed her.

"The lights have gone out in the dining room. I've got to find out what those birds were doing," he said, wavering as if about to turn back. He was between love and duty—and didn't realize it.

"I imagine they're going to bed," she declared, noncommittally. "I heard them saying good-nights."

"Oh! Say—what's the rush?" He started after her again.

"Don't you like to walk at night?" she asked demurely.

"Sure. But I don't like to walk away from anything—" He was still undecided as to what to do.

While Brown was trying to make up his mind, Strunsky slipped from the window and headed in the opposite direction, saying to Ferdinand as he left:

"I shall see you at my villa at Grau in the morning."

Helen sought the spot where she had ridden into Brown on her bicycle. He capitulated, followed her, caught up with her. She told him that she liked him—that she was glad he was an American—and that she was homesick. Obviously she was thinking that on the morrow she would be a queen, even though she didn't relish the task. Then she said:

"Isn't it fun—to be foolish—and forget—even for a little while?" Her strange attitude puzzled him. He looked at her sharply. For a moment she had been human—now she was a mystery again.

"Never mind," he said. "Forget the homesick feeling. You'll be back in the states. Everything'll look different tomorrow. Tomorrow's another day."

She jumped to her feet, shaking off her depression.

"You're right!" she exclaimed, lightly—"Another day! But this is still tonight!"

"You're a strange girl," he ventured.

ONE GLORIOUS EVENING!



SHARING THE MOONLIGHT. Stanley Brown was sure that he never had met such a beautiful girl. She, in turn, found happiness with him. Although he did not know it, she dreaded the thought of wearing a crown and ruling a country. She'd much rather have been able to see much more of Brown and much less of thrones.

Edison Hill, residing at the Colonial Hotel, was slugged on the head as he entered his room about 2 o'clock Wednesday morning and left unconscious while the intruding parties ransacked his room. Two suits of clothes, a pair of trousers, a billfold containing \$2 and Hill's operator's license and receipts were taken, according to reports made to the city police.

Man Is Slugged, Robbed of Clothes

Good-bye, Prince! The words to him were like caresses.

"See you in the morning," he answered. "Night, Princess."

"Good-bye!" she said, slowly. For her there was something forcibly final in that word. She quickly passed into the room through the window and closed it behind her. He looked after her, puzzled and dismayed by that last sombre word of farewell.

The next morning, he failed to find her. Discovering he had lost track of Archduke Ferdinand, too, he boarded a plane for Paris. He walked into the Paris offices of the United Press just as Marshall was talking over the radio telephone with Hardwick in New York.

Marshall turned to him, a frown on his face.

"Take the phone," he ordered brusquely. "It's Hardwick. He's frying."

"I always walk in when things are getting hot," Brown replied. "Hello, Hardy!"

"What about Archduke Ferdinand?" was his chief's harsh query.

"Riding a bicycle over the Alps," retorted Brown.

"Don't wisecrack. Have you read the morning papers?"

"Just landed here," said Brown, weakly realizing that he had been scooped, probably by Briggs.

"Well, read them!" Hardwick hung up.

Brown replaced the instrument and turned to Marshall, a panic-stricken expression on his pale face.

"What's in the morning papers?" he asked, frowning the worst.

"Nothing—except that your 'Jane Hamilton' is the Princess Helen—that's all!" rasped Marshall.

The Paris manager elaborated while Brown had that sinking feeling at the pit of the stomach which all reporters feel on learning they have been thoroughly scooped.

He was taken aback. So that was the significance of the girl's strange conduct of the night before!

Half an hour later he was combing through all the new angles of the situation when Briggs, proud as a peacock, entered the office, greeted him effusively.

"Wanted to cut you in on that story last night," Briggs confessed. "but I couldn't find you. From now on, what do you say we work together? You've been playing around with Princess Helen. She's disappeared. You should know where she and the rest of the crowd have gone."

"I do. They've gone back to Ferd's estate in Brittany," Brown lied. "Order a plane and I'll meet you at the airport within an hour." He assumed a hearty enthusiasm for co-operation.

"Now you're talking," exclaimed Briggs. "See you at the airport." He left.

Brown whirled on Marshall. "I've got to go," he exclaimed. "If you look the 'Eastern Express,' where would you cross the border?"

"At Grau," Brown became more excited than ever. He blurted:

"I've an idea the Princess Helen is heading for the throne. And that she'll head there from Grau. I'm going up there and get the real story. In the meantime—send flowers and regrets to Briggs at the airport!"

(To Be Continued)

County Hospital Closes Doors To Casual Visitors

Only Relatives of Patients Are Admitted; Visiting Hours Restricted

With the infantile paralysis epidemic still gaining in the city of Los Angeles and similar densely populated areas, General Hospital authorities have announced that all visitors except relatives of patients are being excluded from the building as a preventative measure.

For the benefit of local residents who may be planning a special trip to the hospital to visit friends, it was announced that no one, not even relatives, are permitted to visit patients confined with or under observation of infantile paralysis. Visiting hours for relatives of patients confined in the hospital for other reasons are from 7 to 8 p. m. on weekdays and from 2 to 4 p. m. on Sundays.

Sixty monkeys were expected to arrive at the county hospital this week from New York City, to be used for observational and research purposes, it was stated. Ten of the animals already were being used for that purpose when it was decided to order additional animals upon which experimental serums would be used.

The new visiting hours were agreed upon at a conference at the hospital attended by Superintendent Martin, Earl E. Jensen, superintendent of charities; Dr. J. L. Pomeroy, county health officer; and several Los Angeles physicians who are members of a special committee on infantile paralysis.

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- CERTO bottle 24c
BLACK SWAN PEACHES - 2 cans 25c

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