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**Cut-Rate Hardware Store**  
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ELEVENTH 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 Quarter and Frank Wead, Adapted by Dale Van Every and Ralph Spence.

**ELEVENTH INSTALLMENT**

SYNOPSIS: Stanley Brown, correspondent of the United Press, finds himself obliged to advise the Princess Helen to cause a revolution in her own country, from which she has been exiled and take the throne. He loves her. This means the end of her romance with him. He doesn't know that if he persuades her to go he will be sending her to her death, for Count Strunsky only wants to kill her so that he can overthrow the present government and become dictator. Strunsky, Prince Michael, Ferdinand and Helen all are in Strunsky's villa at Grau, ready to cross the border. Briggs, Brown's rival, is locked in the basement.

When she found herself alone with Stanley Brown in the reception room of Count Strunsky's heavily guarded villa at Grau, the Princess Helen frankly confessed to him that the future held nothing for her, if she was to have to be a queen. She asked him to give her what she really thought she ought to do.

"I don't want to rule," she told him, "and I don't want to marry Prince Michael."

If she was attempting to soften his attitude toward her, following the announcement that she would marry Prince Michael, she was doing a very poor job of it. It was a case of misunderstanding in both cases. Brown was sure that the girl he loved wished to rule and marry a prince, no matter what she might say—and, having only a professional interest in the matter now, he wanted her to say she'd do both, just to bear out the story he had sent to the United Press. She, in turn, was confident that his would rather have a story than have her love. This caused her a great deal of anguish.

"You'll get used to both being a queen and having Michael for a husband," he said, with unintentional cruelty. "You're a regular girl. The people'll love you. You have made your plans—now go through with them. I'm sure you'll get along all right with Michael. He seems like a regular fellow. And, say—can you imagine me as a king?"

He forced a laugh. She looked deep into his eyes, hoping to see a little spark of devotion there—hoping to read love for her. She was utterly disappointed. Yes, she was sure that that news story was more important to him than she was. She wanted him to advise her against becoming a queen and to have him sweep her off her feet and plead fervently with her to marry him.

She thought over the situation once more, slowly and deliberately. Disillusion swept in upon her. She finally rose, looked at him coldly, trying to withhold signs of the emotion which was setting her brain and her heart on fire. "I guess you're right," she said, flatly. "It's probably best that I take a chance at sitting on a throne."

A door flew open and Michael stalked into the room. He was beside himself with anxiety. "We can not wait any longer!"

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**FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED**



**GOT THE TELEPHONE FIRST!** While Briggs pleaded for a chance to use the instrument—the only one in Grau—Brown managed to get the latest news of the proposed revolution to Paris. (Below), One of the things he didn't know at this moment was that Prince Michael had been stabbed in the back. He found that out later. It was a gruesome discovery. He knew, then, that Helen, too, faced death.

forward. Strunsky heaved a deep sigh of relief.

Brown, in the cellar, tried to stack boxes and anything else he could find to reach the window sill high overhead.

Twice he essayed the pile—and twice he fell. Finally, nearly exhausted and losing patience, he dashed at the door to the cellar, flinging his full weight against it. The door, unlocked, flew open.

"Why in the deuce didn't I think of that at first?" he gasped, chagrined at his stupidity. He raced madly up the stairs, ran into the vestibule. He looked around him. He heard Michael's moan. He jerked open the door to the closet and Michael toppled out. An expression of horror swept over Brown's face as he bent over the dying royalist. The prince's eyes fluttered open.

"Who got you?" asked Brown.

"Strunsky!" gasped Michael. "Don't bother about me—save Helen!" His head fell forward. Brown felt his breast. The prince was dead!

Brown first thought of going to his room, where although he did

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not know it. Briggs and Otto were again struggling frantically to get the telephone working—but on the road toward the frontier. He was stopped at the old stone bridge which separated the two countries, by a pompous, self-important corporal in charge of several sentries. "You can't cross!" the man said gruffly. "This is an international boundary."

Brown glanced into a stone guardhouse, saw a telephone. "Let me at that thing!" he exclaimed, running forward.

The corporal grabbed him. "For official business only! I am in command here. You cannot use it!" he snapped, brusquely. Brown advanced a dozen arguments, but the corporal was obdurate.

"Go away or I'll lock you up!" he threatened.

"Where?" asked Brown.

"In that guardhouse!" He pointed at the stone building.

Brown drew back his fist, struck the corporal. The officer and his men threw him into the guardhouse. Locked up, Brown watched at the door for a moment. When the corporal wasn't looking, he got the receiver off the hook.

"Listen—" he whispered into the transmitter. "I'm Brown, of the United Press. I've got to talk to your Paris office. You've got to believe me. This is life or death."

The operator, far more human than the thick-skulled corporal, connected him with Marshall at the Paris office. That worthy was camping by the telephone. Brown gave him the flash of the assassination to be relayed to all parts of the world by radio, telephone and telegraph. He had another scoop on Briggs!

"I found the body myself five minutes after Strunsky, Princess Helen and Archduke Ferdinand crossed the boundary in two cars," Brown reported. "It stands to reason if they killed Michael they will get the princess, too. Dirty politics."

Brown paused for breath. "And get this, Marshall," he continued. "First of all, flash the president of the country—get him on the radio immediately. Explain the situation. If he knows Strunsky's trying to get control, he'll turn the nation upside down to save her—and his own administration."

"After that, tell the president to tell one of his generals to get the corporal to let me out of this place. There's business to be done—"

He hung up, waited for the vast news association to start bringing its tremendous influence into operation.

A few minutes later the president of Helen's country was awakened. The statesman, cool and dignified even when aroused in the middle of the night, was jured to consciousness by the buzzing of a dictograph beside his bed. He clicked a switch and listened.

"This is Marshall, Paris manager of the United Press," he heard. "Our correspondent, Brown, imprisoned in a guard house on the frontier at Grau, reports Prince Michael assassinated. The rest—a party—which plans to overthrow your government, headed by Count Strunsky, has crossed the border and is heading for Latvian. Apparently, this is a plot to embarrass you by causing the death of Princess Helen—"

While the president listened with bated breath, Marshall revealed the whole story.

"Very good, Marshall," he said, when the manager had concluded. "I'll handle the affair satisfactorily. Yes, I'll take care of Brown."

He clicked over the switch and called another station.

"Call the chief of staff... the minister of justice, too," he dictated. "Also the superintendent of police. The Princess Helen is in the country near Latvian. Find her at once. Use army police. Any forces available. It is absolutely imperative that she be protected against injury. Show her every courtesy. Call a cabinet meeting at once. And have a man named Brown, held in a guard-house near Grau, liberated immediately."

(To Be Continued)

**Tell Your Husband!**

Listen in every Tuesday Night, 8:00-9:30 P.M. Southern California Network KFWB KFOX KFHM Kelvinator Jubilee

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