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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 Quarberg 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 heavly 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 an impersonation—asked him to be perfectly frank in telling her what he 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 he 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—craved having 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!" he asserted. "It's nearly dawn—"

"All right," she replied, wearily. "I'm ready."

Strunsky and Ferdinand were at Michael's heels. All sighed with relief.

"Good—we'll start at once," Strunsky ordered.

Although the gesture seemed silly, Brown felt impelled to bend before Helen, kiss her hand. Neither spoke a word as he straightened up, turned, and walked from the room. She watched, on the verge of tears, as he closed the door behind him.

As Brown stepped into the corridor, Kurtz and two henchmen grabbed him, overpowered him although he fought viciously. They led him to the stairs, pushed him down them to the cellar where his rival was already being held.

He tripped, fell forward almost into Briggs' arms.

"Well! Well!" he exclaimed as he pulled himself erect and saw his rival. "Thrown together again!"

"Thrown together is right," replied Briggs. He thought a moment, gave birth to a brilliant idea. There was a crafty light in his eyes as he pointed to a window high above his head.

"Say, Brown," he suggested. "You give me a boost, and I'll crawl out. Maybe you can reach down and give you a hand."

"Great! Let's go!" Brown agreed. He heaved Briggs upward. The latter grasped the sill, pushed out the glass, and crawled to freedom. Then, instead of helping his rival, he laughed tauntingly at him.

"Good-bye, sweetheart!" he called over his shoulder.

The royal party prepared to enter two automobiles which Strunsky had ordered. The members walked through the corridor of the villa to the barred door.

Ferdinand and Helen went first, leaving the entrance hall well in advance of the others. They were assisted into the second car. Michael paused on the threshold and eyed both cars. What he saw caused him to gasp with apprehension. He turned to Strunsky, who was behind him.

"Just a minute!" he exclaimed. "You're putting us in the unprotected car. It hasn't any armor. What's the idea, Strunsky?"

Strunsky paled.

"Why—nothing—I—you see — " he faltered.

Excited, sensing treachery, Michael raised his voice.

"So that's it! You think—"

Strunsky shot a frightened glance after Ferdinand and Helen, who were now seated in the car which was to be their death trap. He saw that they had not heard Michael's outbursts. He flashed a signal to the servants behind him in the entrance. Michael was jerked backward. A knife glinted in the gloom. Michael gasped, coughed, collapsed, slipping slowly to the floor.

Strunsky and Kurtz, his right-hand man, stepped into the driveway as if nothing had happened. The servants picked up Michael, hid him in a closet.

"Where's Michael?" Helen called.

Strunsky went to the second car.

"I am sorry," he said, "he has been delayed—for a few moments. He will follow in a third car. Now—we must be going!"

He turned quickly to avoid further questioning and climbed into the armored car, Kurtz getting in after him. The cars moved 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 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 not know it, Briggs and Otto were again struggling frantically to get the telephone working — but on second thought he ran down 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 guard house!" He pointed at the stone building.

Brown drew back his fist, struck the corporal. The officer and his men threw him into the guard house. 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 our 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 out of bed—do anything—tell him that Helen's life is in danger. 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 this 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 jarred 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 chard. "Our correspondent, Brown, imprisoned in a guard house on the frontier at Grau, reports Prince Michael assassinated. The rest of a party which plans to overthrow your government, headed by Count Strunsky, has crossed the border and is heading for Latvan. 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 Latvan. 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)

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.

Assessment O. K. But House Stolen

The county board of equalization heard an original plea for reduction of an assessed valuation this week when Francis McKenn of Gardena appeared to complain about an assessment of $510 on a 10-room house at 190th street and Hawthorne boulevard.

"That surely isn't too high for a 10-room house," said Supervisor Harry Baine, who was presiding. "A 10-room house should be worth more than $10, as you suggest. That would be only $1 a room."

S. Gress, representing McKenn, had an answer to that question.

"It was worth that much," Gress said, "but it was stolen." The supervisors said they would send their men out to try and find it. Assessed with the house was a tract of 9.55 acres of land.

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See the Famous FOOD FILE

Kelvinator designed the now famous Food File for extra efficiency, economy and convenience. The Exclusive FOOD FILE, with its three beautiful chrome-fronted compartments, is for (1) the proper preservation of dairy products; (2) the Crisper, for fresh vegetables; (3) the Thrift Tray, a series of separate covered dishes for keeping left-overs. In addition, Kelvinator has designed the Instant Tray Release, Rearranging Shelf, Dry Ice Cube Tray, Refrigerated Pastry Set, the specially designed 72-ounce Water Pitcher, Finger Tip Door Latch, Refrigerated Shelf for Frozen Food, Automatic Interior Lighting, Lifetime Cabinets, Silent Dependable Power Plant. The smart new styling is the result of more than a half century of refrigerator cabinet building, and twenty years of pioneering in electric refrigeration mechanisms.

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