

SIXTH 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.

SIXTH INSTALLMENT

SYNOPSIS: It looks as if Jane Hamilton of Baltimore has something to do with Archduke Ferdinand, the royalist who is marked as a victim by the would-be assassins. And Brown, staff correspondent of the United Press, has fallen in love with Jane without knowing anything about her. At the same time he is trying to scoop his rival, Briggs, of the Confederated Press. Ferdinand and Brown are all at the Hotel Europa at Vichy for Ferdinand's birthday dinner.

William Briggs, of the Confederated Press, congratulating himself on what he thought was a successful effort to dodge his rival, Stanley Brown, of the United Press, nevertheless was having a great deal of trouble following up his supposed advantage. He spent hours trying to gain an interview with Archduke Ferdinand. Ferdinand, however, had no desire to see the gentleman of the press. What he had locked in his own heart was his secret, and he meant to hang on to it.



Adolph (Herman Bigg) rushed into the still grand but inclined to be shabby lobby of the Hotel Europa, at Vichy, and asked the clerk if he had sent up his card to the archduke, as he simply had to have an interview immediately. Ferdinand and several others of the royal family were in seclusion in the east wing of the hotel. Attempts had been made to kill the archduke. There was much excitement but nevertheless feverish bustle about it. Brown, his constant rival, might possibly appear at any moment, and try to scoop him! If the clerk would please—

"I'm sorry, sir," said the dignified clerk, interrupting Briggs' remarkable flow of words, "but the archduke sends down word that he doesn't wish to be disturbed."

Briggs scowled at this. "Sure!" he snapped. "Falls 17 floors in an elevator, gets smashed against a concrete pillar, has his taxicab blown to pieces—and then you say he can't be disturbed!"

He eyed the register on the desk before him.

"After all," he said, glancing over the names in an effort to find out if anyone else of importance was in the hostelry, "he's only an archduke." He snapped his fingers, as if dismissing the ancient royalist as a troublesome nobody.

The clerk lifted his eyebrows. "Just the same, sir, he's the patriarch of Europe's oldest family," he rebuked.

"He should have outgrown that by now," suggested Briggs. "However, I'll see him yet. If I can't see him by being polite, I'll try a few tricks of my own."

Brown, coming into the lobby in his wheel-chair, saw Briggs and wheeled up behind him. He stopped, waited for his rival to get out of the way. When Briggs turned from the desk, Brown deliberately tripped him with his cane. Then the United Press man assumed the manner of an irascible, feeble old man.

"You young whipper-snapper why don't you look where you're going?" he cackled belligerently. "Sorry, sir," apologized Briggs, still not recognizing him. "I couldn't see you."

"Well, believe me, it's mutual!" was the scathing retort from Brown. Briggs missed the point of the remark, walked away. Brown grinned after him, then turned his attention to the clerk. He had overheard the clerk tell Briggs that his attempt to see the archduke was a failure. He decided to try a plan far more subtle to find out what went on at the dinner that night.

"I don't like my room," he complained, irascibly. "It's lousy—I mean noisy."

"I'll be glad to change it for you, sir!" said the clerk.

"You'll never be able to change that room," grumbled Brown, "but you can change me into the east wing."

BROWN'S TWO BIG PROBLEMS



A PAIR OF PALS. That's the way an outsider might think of William Briggs and Stanley Brown, rival news correspondents. However, this was far from the case. They were quite ready to do a little throat-cutting most of the time. (Below) Brown disposed of Adolph and his foul-tasting water by pouring it down the servant's throat.

"Certainly, sir! Tomorrow, sir!"

"Tomorrow! Tomorrow! Dog-gone it, sir, where I come from there's no such word as tomorrow. Tonight! That's when I want it. Tonight!" stormed Brown, seeing his chances of getting close to the royal party slipping away.

"I'm sorry, sir, but there are no rooms available in the east wing tonight."

"What?"

"It's the Archduke Ferdinand's birthday party, sir—and they've particularly requested the strictest privacy," lamented the clerk, telling Brown what he already had found out. Brown shook his cane angrily.

"Very well!" he exclaimed. "But mark you—I'll complain to the management about such favoritism!"

Crestfallen, realizing that his first move had been very effectively balked by the clerk, and that he'd have to find some other, more complicated method of eavesdropping, he turned his wheel-chair about and rolled away. He proceeded to hand-wheel the chair until he was out of the lobby and going down the corridor toward his own room. Then he got to his feet and pushed it. He was in a very vicious humor.

Adolph appeared around a corner with a tray lined with glasses of foul-tasting water.

"Here you are, sir!" he said, timorously, holding out a glass. "It's time again—"

"Supposing you drink the water for me," suggested Brown, his voice pleasant but his eyes glowing evilly.

"But there's nothing the matter with me!" protested the amazed servant, preparing to retreat.

"There's going to be!" predicted the newspaperman, his voice ominous. He gave a wild leap forward, grabbed the tray and Adolph at the same time, and forced a considerable portion of the water down the servant's throat. The man turned red in the face, gasped for air and scurried down the corridor as if being pursued by some demon.

Brown felt much better after this victory over Adolph and his water bottles. However, his joy was only short-lived. He continued to his room, smiling at his cleverness in outwitting his rival. Sure that within the next few minutes—or at least during the next few hours—he'd have the story of why so many attempts had been made to kill the archduke, he unlocked his door and swung it open.

He gave a gasp of surprise. One eyebrow went up in characteristic manner as amazement turned to anger. He was outraged to find that Briggs, through some chicanery, had invaded the privacy of his room. For a moment, he was speechless with wrath. Briggs took advantage of this brief interlude.

"Flash!" he exclaimed, airily, from an easy chair by the window. "United Press correspondent where he belongs at last—in a wheel-chair!"

Brown found his voice, and de-

manded headily to know how Briggs had gotten into his room, and why he saw fit to intrude in such a manner. Briggs, losing none of his nonchalant air, explained that he was just trying to be fraternal and sociable and flicked the ashes from his cigarette into a tray beside him.

He quickly related that he knew that some United Press man was in the hotel because of incoming calls from the Paris bureau. He decided to find out, so he just moved into the room and waited for the man to show up.

Brown accused him of bribing telephone girls, and he countered with the remark that he didn't use money for this purpose. Brown advanced on him.

"So that's the way Confederated gets its news!" he scoffed. "I get it—you use your good looks! You fascinate 'em. Say—how're things in Monte Carlo?"

"Just about as quiet as they are at Chateau Thierry," said Briggs. His voice had a sour note in it.

Brown eyed him belligerently as he removed his now useless disguise. Briggs watched his rival with an open glint of victory in his eyes. Brown, after a moment of thought, decided that he'd better be a little more unconcerned about the entire matter. If he complained too loudly, Briggs might think his mission important—which would never do.

Brown was beginning to suspect that the anniversary dinner to be held that night was far more im-

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portant than he and Briggs had suspected, and that history might be made in the old hotel. "Crazy job, I've got—" he said easily. "What can be the point in following this old codger, Ferdinand, around?"

Briggs was just as crafty. "Just a musty old royalist," he said, without concern. "I can't see what he does has any point to it in this day and age."

Brown retorted that he was sure the family gathering was without any significance to anyone save those who attended. He suggested that the royalists were just getting together to talk over past glories. However, something in his attitude gave Briggs the idea that he'd better be getting back to work on the story. Trying to be casual, he eased toward the door.

Brown innocently asked him where he was going, being ready to spring for the door himself.

Briggs waved his hands vaguely and with a studied attempt to be flippant said that the dinner would start at any moment and that he'd promised to drop in and have a cocktail with the grand duchess.

Brown appeared to think this a bright remark. He smiled amiably, asking Briggs to share any news he might get. Briggs told him that his voice had as much ring.

Brown told his rival that he knew he'd be big-hearted and share his news, because, after all, they were out to help each other.

"Of course," pursued Briggs, with mock friendliness. "We have our little arguments—but when you analyze them, they're only kidding matches."

"That's what I always say. Glad you feel that way," observed Brown, looking as if he'd like to

fly at his rival's throat. "Well, so long, old pal. I'll be seein' ya—" said Briggs. He waved a comradely gesture with one hand as he placed the other on the door knob.

"Take care of yourself, Briggs, old buddy!" urged Brown. "Anything I can do for you—you know."

His voice was sugary—far too sweet.

They smiled at each other as Briggs left the room. Brown, as Briggs closed the door after him, pantomimed a word which couldn't be used in polite conversation—and he meant it!

The battle was on. Each was out to give the other a royal trimming—in more ways than one.

And neither knew that Archduke Ferdinand was mixed up in one of the most sensational moves in modern diplomatic history!

(To Be Continued)

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