

# The Unguarded Queen

By Arthur Train

## The Story Thus Far:

**BROUGHT** up in this country after the death of her parents, Helen Stevens, the American tennis champion, visits Illyria at the invitation of her grandfather, King Stephan Stephanovitch. Helen's father, the Crown Prince Dushan, had renounced his right to the throne to marry her mother, an American, King Stephan, because of failing health, plans to abdicate in her favor. He does this in order to keep the scoundrel Milan, present Crown Prince, and son of his second wife, from coming to the throne.

John Brent, who was diplomatic attaché in Illyria, is now representing the Consolidated Petroleum Corporation of New York, hoping to secure the leases to the Tokar oil field. He arrives in Zeta on the day of Helen's public betrothal to Prince Marko, a distant cousin. Brent had met Helen on the boat to Italy and had fallen in love with her.

Brent hunts up Sloat, another "C. P. C." official, and discovers that he has been quietly financing a revolution to make Marko king, so that Marko, in payment, will let the oil field go for almost nothing.

The next day all Illyria is in a turmoil. The King is dying. Milan, Marko and General Michael Kosovo—working for Helen—are all trying to establish their right to the throne. Kosovo must fight against terrible odds because the King's decree of abdication in Helen's favor has been stolen. Italy is helping Milan.

Brent, helping Kosovo, is inevitably drawn into the intrigues. He decides to move from his hotel. As he prepares to leave, Sloat comes stumbling toward him gibbering. Brent runs down the corridor to find Prince Marko lying dead on the floor in Sloat's room.

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**T**HE hilt of a dagger protruding from the throat gave the body the appearance of being pinned to the floor. Half nauseated, Brent leaned back against the jamb of the door. It was one thing to see hundreds of men dead, upon the battlefield—quite another to find a corpse grinning at you from the floor of the bedroom of a hotel where you had gone to get some shirts and collars.

A single electric light had been turned on beside the door; otherwise the room was in darkness. A panama hat, evidently Sloat's, lay bottom side up a few inches from the threshold. Brent tiptoed gingerly around the slowly widening vermilion pool and turned the handle of the door leading into the apartment of the Marchesa Garadesca-Bellini. It was locked. Then he tried the one leading into his own room. It opened easily. Stepping quickly inside, he turned on the light. It was exactly as he had left it.

Once more he stepped around the corpse and out into the corridor. Sloat was still standing at the other end near the landing, with one hand supporting

himself against the wall and with the other wiping his face with a handkerchief. Brent walked toward him, trying as he did so the handle of the marchesa's outside door. It, too, was locked. As he reached the landing he heard footsteps coming up the stairs and found himself confronted by Drintyre and a squad of soldiers.

"We thought you might need a little help," said the major. "Night life in Zeta isn't always healthy. What's struck your friend Sloat?"

"Look for yourself," answered Brent.

**A**LTHOUGH Drintyre attempted to appear calm, his ordinarily ruddy color paled at the bloody tableau.

"Poor devil," he muttered. "A nasty way to die. Score up one for Uncle Milan." Then, turning to the corporal in command, he ordered: "Arrest that man and bring him here."

With a soldier supporting him on either side, Sloat was dragged into Brent's room and lowered into a chair.

"Oh, my God!" he whimpered helplessly. "Oh, my God!"

Drintyre went downstairs to the office and directed that all guests leave the hotel at once.

A thorough search of the oil man's apartment disclosed in the bottom of the wardrobe a steel casket, or dispatch box, secured by a complicated lock to which Sloat, who appeared dazed, readily furnished the key.

"No one can be of much help here except the undertaker," said Drintyre. "Better collect your underclothes, Colonel. Sergeant, take this man to the guardhouse and lock him up."

"Oh my God!" sobbed Sloat for the last time, as he was led away.

Brent packed his valise and together he and Drintyre returned to the War

Office. The steel dispatch box was crammed with papers, the one on top proving to be a copy of the cablegram Brent had sent that morning. There were packages of receipts for money, together with a typewritten document in a sealed envelope, under the terms of which Prince Marko Stephanovitch, in return for one million dinars, agreed to convey all rights to certain oil fields lying near the city of Tokar to a corporation thereafter to be formed with a capital of 100,000 shares of no par value, of which Ezra Sloat was to receive 51,000 and Prince Marko was to retain 49,000 shares.

"The general will be interested to see this," said Drintyre. "He never could understand what that fellow was up to. Lucky for Sloat we found this thing. It's a pretty good alibi. He certainly wouldn't have wanted to kill any goose that was going to lay such a golden egg for him. However, we'll let him cool his heels for a few days in the lockup until we can see how things are going to break."

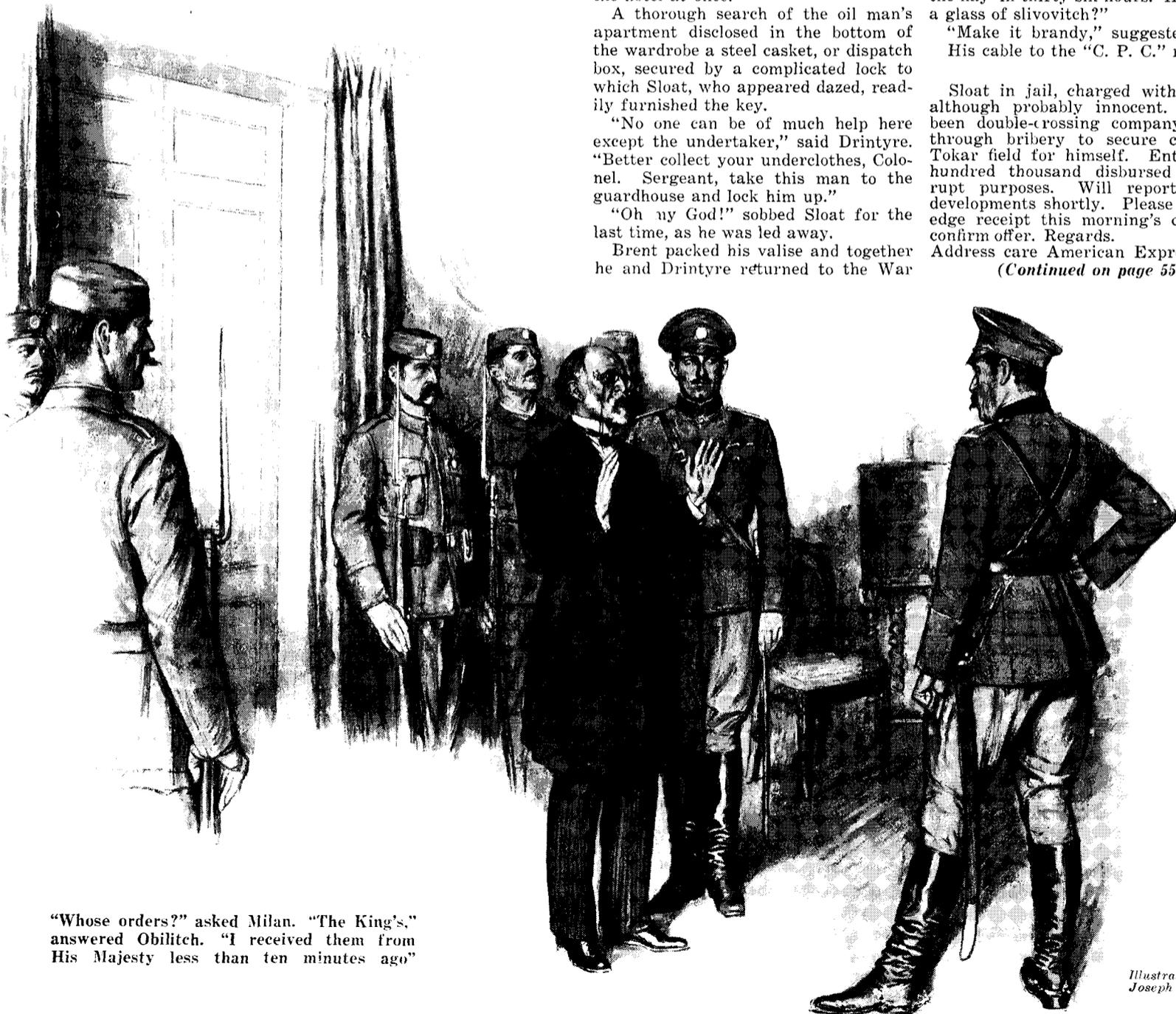
"If you don't mind, old man," said Brent, "I think I'll call it a day. I've got to send another cable and—I'm awfully sleepy."

"I'll bet you're not half as sleepy as I am," retorted Drintyre. "I haven't—how do you say it in American?—'hit the hay' in thirty-six hours. How about a glass of slivovitch?"

"Make it brandy," suggested Brent. His cable to the "C. P. C." read:

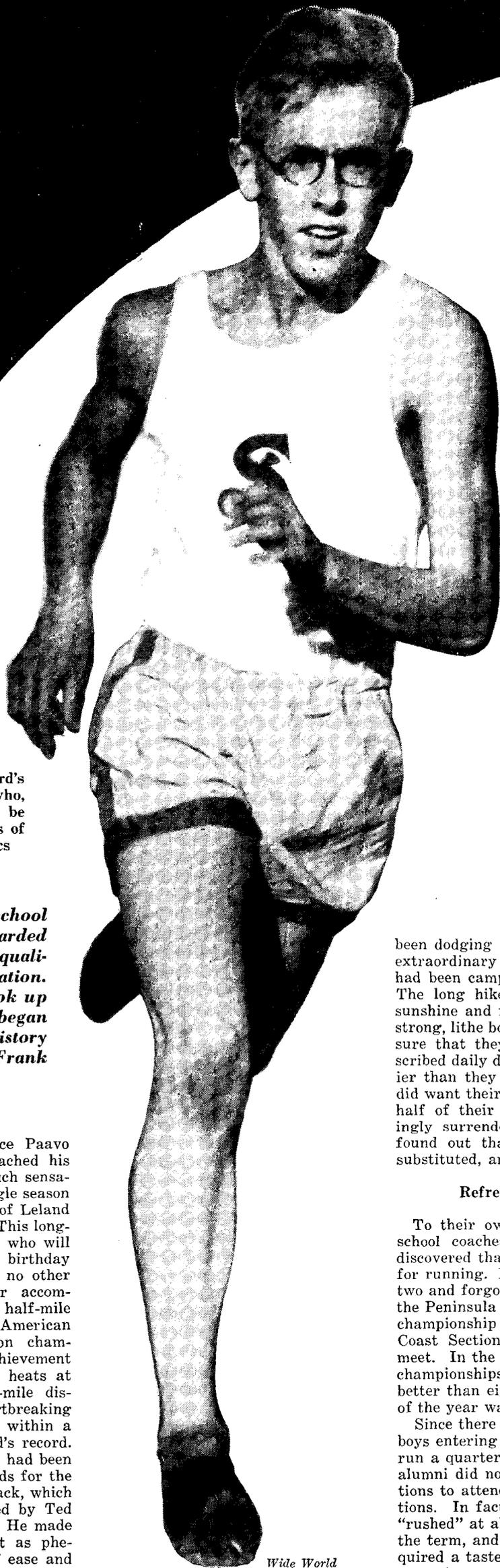
Sloat in jail, charged with murder, although probably innocent. He has been double-crossing company, hoping through bribery to secure concession Tokar field for himself. Entire three hundred thousand disbursed for corrupt purposes. Will report further developments shortly. Please acknowledge receipt this morning's cable and confirm offer. Regards. BRENT. Address care American Express, Zeta.

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"Whose orders?" asked Milan. "The King's," answered Obilitch. "I received them from His Majesty less than ten minutes ago"

Illustrated by Joseph Simont



Ben Eastman, Stanford's sensational runner, who, experts predict, will be one of the great stars of the coming Olympics

*In Ben Eastman's high school a diploma was not awarded until the student had qualified in physical education. So, grudgingly, Ben took up track. Then the fun began—and the rest of his history to date reads like a Frank Merriwell yarn*

**N**O TRACK athlete since Paavo Nurmi of Finland reached his prime has produced such sensational records in a single season as Benjamin Bangs Eastman of Leland Stanford Junior University. This long-legged, tow-headed youngster, who will not celebrate his twenty-first birthday until July 9, 1932, did what no other Western trackman has ever accomplished when he captured the half-mile in the annual Intercollegiate American Amateur Athletic Association championships. The brilliant achievement came after a series of hard heats at both the quarter- and half-mile distances and on top of a heartbreaking 440-yard final which he ran within a fifth of a second of the world's record.

A few weeks before this he had been officially clocked in 47 $\frac{3}{4}$  seconds for the quarter around a two-turn track, which equaled the record established by Ted Meredith 'way back in 1916. He made this mark and others almost as phenomenal with the greatest of ease and proved himself to be in a class by him-

Wide World

self as a middle-distance runner.

Ben Eastman today ranks as number one man on the American Olympic Prospective team, yet before his singular '31 season he was unknown off the Stanford campus, and only a few of his freshmen team-mates, including his older brother Sam, considered him a world-beater and even they would not have dared to predict that during his sophomore year he would win international athletic recognition.

Ben didn't look the part and he doesn't yet. Standing 6 feet 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches and weighing 153 pounds, he seems to be all legs and arms. Off a track he is painfully shy and so awkward that he is continually falling all over himself. He wears glasses even when running and has more the appearance of a student who loves solitude than the sophisticated son of a wealthy father.

Track would never have known Ben Eastman if physical education had not been a requirement for graduation at Burlingame High School, in San Mateo County, California. Ben and his brother Sam had been dodging compulsory exercise with extraordinary success. Their hobby had been camping in the high Sierras. The long hikes and an abundance of sunshine and fresh air had given them strong, lithe bodies, and they were quite sure that they did not need any prescribed daily dozen to make them healthier than they already were. But they did want their diplomas, and in the last half of their senior year they grudgingly surrendered. It was then they found out that track work might be substituted, and so they took a chance.

#### Refreshingly Amateur

To their own surprise and the high school coaches' amazement they both discovered that they had a natural gift for running. Ben was the better of the two and forgot himself so far as to win the Peninsula Athletic League 440-yard championship as well as the North Coast Section of the California state meet. In the California Interscholastic championships, however, he could do no better than eighth and his fastest time of the year was 52 seconds.

Since there are probably five hundred boys entering college each fall who can run a quarter-mile that fast, ambitious alumni did not pester him with invitations to attend their respective institutions. In fact, Ben and Sam were not "rushed" at all in the familiar sense of the term, and though both had now acquired a taste for track, they were not expecting to get anything out of the

game. Their attitude has not since changed, and after all the sordid commercialism which seems to be continually creeping into college competition, their genuine love of athletics for its sake alone and their strict adherence to the amateur code is delightfully refreshing.

Their attitude is undoubtedly a reflection of the splendid spirit of their father, Sam P. Eastman, president of the Atlas Diesel Engine Company and the Southern Pacific Golden Gate Ferries Corporation of San Francisco, an ardent California alumnus and follower of athletics who has never attempted to dictate to his sons, but has allowed them to feel that they were on their own. So when Ben and Sam chose Stanford, their father congratulated them on their independence.

The real reason Ben wanted to attend Stanford University was to come under the coaching influence of Robert L. (Dink) Templeton, one of the most remarkable personalities in American track athletics. The Templeton name is a tradition at Stanford. Dink and his older brother "Ric" during their undergraduate days were known as "come-through" athletes. Their fighting spirit communicated itself to their team-mates and to all Stanford men.

Upon graduation Dink Templeton consented to become track coach (the youngest at any major university in the country), and with little ready material at hand he started right out to develop winning teams for Stanford, California, the ancient and traditional rival, has never beaten a Templeton-coached squad, while the Trojans of Southern California have only managed to get about an even break.

#### Creator of Champions

Dink Templeton has not only produced great dual-meet teams but has captured the Eastern Intercollegiate championship three times and has developed several world champions during his comparatively short coaching career, including Glenn (Tiny) Hartranft, Eric Krenz, Harlow Rothert, and Bobby Jones, weightmen; Bob King, 1928 Olympic high-jump champion; Bob Harlow, javelin thrower; Ross Nichols and Swede Liestner, hurdlers; Bud Spencer, Johnny Morrison and Ted Miller, quarter-milers, and Dick Hyland and Hector Dyer, sprinters. All of these athletes have been sensations in Intercollegiate or Olympic competition.

A coach of this type is naturally an optimist who believes that "his boys" can do the impossible. However, when Templeton told me in the middle of the '31 season that he had clocked a young hopeful named Ben Eastman in 47 $\frac{3}{4}$  seconds in the 440 yards and 1 minute 52 $\frac{3}{4}$  seconds in the half-mile, on the same afternoon, I was convinced that Dink's optimism for once had taken him too far. Then when I saw Eastman run the first time I was more convinced than ever that Templeton was overrating his latest protégé.

Eastman faced a fast little boy from the Los Angeles Athletic Club on this occasion—Riley Williamson, coached by Boyd Comstock, who is himself a remarkable trainer. Williamson, following instructions, attempted to race Eastman "into the ground" in the first 300 yards and almost succeeded. The time was 49 seconds, which is good but not sensational.

In the annual Southern California-Stanford meet Ben ran a competitive half-mile for the first time in his life

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