

The White Cockatoo

by Mignon G. Eberhart

SYNOPSIS: A peaceful hotel in Southern France suddenly has become a madhouse—a stranger is murdered, Jim Sandean is shot at in the dark, an abductor almost makes away with Sue Tally. Sue, however, is not to be taken so easily. She takes her share of her father's money. Then as Marcel, the porter, is about to tell Sandean why he thinks he is in danger, Marcel is murdered. The murderer escapes in the elevator, and the police suspect Sandean, although the murderer also wound him with a bullet.

Chapter 25
COOPED UP AGAIN
I stuck, throughout the questioning, to the main facts. I had been talking to Marcel. He knew something about the murder of the unknown man. He had been about to tell me when he was shot.

Once during the proceedings the police searching the hotel returned, dragging a fat and volubly protesting man with a long egg-like head and a tiny black mustache who turned out to be the cook, Paul. Otherwise they found no one.

And once the commissaire questioned Mrs. Byng at some length, since it developed that she was the

first on the scene. Mrs. Byng insisted even at that moment in replying in French which seemed to be almost unintelligible to them, at length they got her into English, and the upshot of the thing was that she had seen no one. She had heard the shots, and the noise had awakened her from her after-lunch nap.

She had put on a shawl and hurried out into the corridor and toward the gallery running along the well of the lounge. She had come. In other words, directly along the path which the escaping murderer must have taken. And she had seen nothing.

At the last I began to think they were going to drag us all to the police court; and I felt so dizzy that I didn't much care. But they did finally leave without taking me along, which was incredible.

It was true, of course, that they left a guard of several policemen and warned us all against trying to escape in a manner that was, as Sue remarked later, almost as true, too, that I was their principal suspect; but the doctor told them flatly that there was no need of taking me to jail just then.

Later that night, in my room, with a fire going, and the remains of a scrambled meal which had been prepared by the hysterical cook, whom Madame Grethe scolded and threatened to browbeat into submission (it seemed, Lorn said, that he'd wanted to leave immediately and never come back "I don't blame him," I interjected with feeling)—later, I say, I agreed with him. At the time things were rather hazy.

Madame Grethe had brought me a little set of down beside my chair, and hurried away. "Mrs. Byng wants her dinner in her room, too," she had said briefly. "She has chills and won't unlock her door until she looks through the keyhole. Miss Tally is with Madame, who's nearly out of her wits. I've got to go down and threaten that fat cook into serving Father Robert's dinner. I'll bring you a tray, because you're half sick, but I won't serve tables in the dining room, and that's flat."

"Make Lovachem do it," "Lovachem!" She had given me a glance that held a kind of derision and shrugged her shoulders and repeated: "Lovachem! Here, I'll cut the meat for you." She did, and was gone. But it occurred to me that Madame Grethe herself was quite capable of undertaking and executing just such a cold-blooded murder as I had witnessed. She had plenty of cold nerve and was, I suspected, fundamentally an actress. Added to that, she had more brains in her little finger than Lovachem had in his whole great hulking body.

But there was no clue leading to her. And as to that, there was only Lovachem's presence and the fact that I suspected him of knowing the unidentified murdered man that led to him.

It was just then that Lorn arrived. I was glad to see him. My head cleared, and things were better. He was very quiet. The fiery, quick-spoken, glittering-eyed man of the excited moments following the murder had again lapsed into this unobtrusive, toneless nonentity of a man.

"Now then," said Lorn. "Let's hear the whole story. Had Marcel managed to tell you anything?" "Yes. But not enough. He only told me that some towels had been found the morning after the murder, and that the towels had been used, but were in a supposedly

Bike Costume



This white bicycle ensemble worn by Florence Lee was declared "perfect" by stylists at a meeting in Pasadena, Cal. (Associated Press Photo)

Dog Fires Gun and Hunter Is Wounded

Napa, Cal. (AP)—A hunter is not even safe from his own dog, lamented Frank Rodgers after a freak hunting accident near here.

Rodgers placed his shotgun on the ground while he descended an embankment. His dog stepped on the trigger, causing the weapon to discharge. The bullet struck Rodgers in the neck. He will recover.

empty room. That Father Robert's alibi was as false as his red head looks. And at the last that Sue Tally was in danger. I think it was her danger that made him talk at all. It was just then that he was shot.

"Do you mean to say it was before he'd managed to tell you what the danger was?" "Yes."

"Look here," said Lorn, looking curiously at me. "Maybe I'd better not stay now. You look feverish, maybe that wound is worse than they think."

"I'm all right. But we've got to do something about Sue. She's wandering about the hotel any place—she's with the maid now. We've got to watch her. We've got to plan—"

"Did you have a chance to tell her what Marcel had said?" "Oh, yes. I warned her. But she's got too much courage for her own good."

"You don't do credit to Miss Tally's intelligence," said Lorn dryly. He was still watching me rather curiously, and I remembered that I'd called her Sue and had probably shown a degree of anxiety about her which he considered out of proportion.

But it didn't matter. "Get her," I insisted. "Or I will. I've been sitting here thinking horrors, and I don't like her to go about the place alone."

"A road is never safer than after an accident has occurred," said Lorn sentimentally. "However, if you insist—"

Talking of it made it more definite. I got up and went with him; I was still a little weak, but the hot dinner made me feel more like a man.

We found her in Marianne's room, whither Lorn led me at once. He smiled a little as I exclaimed over his knowledge of the topography of the rambling old place.

"That's my business, Sandean," he said.

(To Be Continued)

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

By Frederic J. Haskin

Submit your question to Frederic J. Haskin, Director of our Washington Information Bureau. He is employed to help you. Address your inquiry to the Capital Journal Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C., and enclose three cents in coin or stamps for return postage. Do not use postcards.

Q. How many women have been sent to the Congress of the United States? S. L. P.

A. Eighteen in all. Two, Mrs. Rebecca Latimer Felton, who served but a day, and Mrs. Hattie Caraway, were sent to the Senate, while sixteen have been in the House of Representatives.

Q. When was Sir Thomas More's Utopia published? M. B.

A. In 1516. In a fashion almost unbelievable, More painted a picture of a country free from industrial, financial, and social problems that is just as applicable to present day problems as if it had just been written.

Q. Were Scotland and Ireland joined to England through conquest? E. F.

A. They were not. They united with England through acts of their governing bodies.

Q. Did Admiral Byrd communicate with the United States by radio while his plane was flying over the South Pole? J. R. H.

A. "The Conquest of Antarctica by Air" says: "One sunny night, January 25, 1929, Malcolm Hanson, chief radio operator, sent through

the first radio message from our plane to New York—the distance record, to that date, for two way communication with an airplane in flight. WPC (call letters of the Stars and Stripes) signaled WHD, the New York Times station, at 8:15 p. m., Antarctic time, 3:15 a. m., New York time. For 12 minutes the dots and dashes cut through the climate zones, crossed the Equator, and New York flashed back that it had the message verbatim."

Q. Why is braggadocio a term for a braggart? L. S.

A. Braggadocio is the name of a character in Spenser's Faerie Queene. He was valiant with his tongue but a great coward at heart.

Q. What battle in the Revolutionary War was the most important? P. W.

A. The Battle of Yorktown was considered the most decisive battle of the American Revolution. History recorded the battle—ending the American Revolutionary War—as one of the fifteen most decisive battles of the world.

Q. How many Chinese are there in San Francisco? J. A. D.

A. The Chinese population of San Francisco is about 16,500.

Q. What is the origin of the name Stonehenge? W. B.

A. "Stone" explains and applies to the huge monoliths. About the half of the word "henge" there is some difference of opinion. The Anglo-Saxon word "henge" means something hanging or supported in the air. It is possible that in some

prehistoric time these great monoliths supported some kind of a ladder. Another theory with reference to the word is that Stonehenge was erected to commemorate some act of Hengist, one of the early rulers of a part of Britain.

Q. Who was the boldest and most daring American pirate? B. B.

A. Probably the most daring American pirate was a man named Teach. Some records say his name was Saxon Teach, others Edward Teach. His piratical name was Blackbeard. He lived in the early 18th Century and cruised in the Atlantic, and especially around the West Indies. He was exceptionally fierce and took many prizes. His principal daring consisted, however, in the fact that about half of the time he spent ashore where he passed as a prosperous planter. He became a member of the Governor's council in his home colony, North Carolina. Living highly respected in that community he would periodically disappear, giving out that he was away on business. On these trips he joined his pirate ship and commanded it in its raids on commerce. He was finally taken and hanged with his crew.

Q. What was President Lincoln's favorite flower? N. M.

A. It was the rose.

Q. Are there trolley cars in the downtown section of Paris? M. M.

A. There are no trolley cars thru the central part of Paris. Buses, taxicabs and private cars are the usual method of transportation on the surface; it should be remembered that there is a subway traversing this section of Paris.

Q. Who invented the suction type of rubber heel? B. D.

A. John George Tufford conceived the idea of making the inner surface of a rubber heel concave so that suction would keep the edges tight against the shoe without cement.

GARBO RETURNS TO FILMLAND



Exhibiting nervousness which was not "acting," Greta Garbo returned to American soil at San Diego, Cal., after a long stay in Sweden. The mystery actress of the films, in a brief interview, said she didn't know how long she would stay in Hollywood this time. (Associated Press Photo)

TREE SIX FEET THICK
Missoula, Mont. (AP)—The largest known tree in Montana is six feet in diameter, and an estimated 1,000 years old, forestry agents of the Northern Rocky Mountain Experiment Station report. It is only 100 feet tall, but contains 11,000 board feet of saw lumber.

DIG FREE FERTILIZER
Potosi, Wis. (AP)—Farmers of this vicinity may obtain fertilizer cheaply by simply digging limestone from a rich deposit of Galena limestone. The percentage is so high, soil experts report, that the limestone requires no pulverizing before it may be spread on the fields.

TCH! TCH! TCH!

SUNDOWN STORIES

By Mary Graham Bonner
REWARD OF GOODIES

Curly barked at the top of his little dog voice, and a door opened and out rushed a little girl with golden brown hair and brown eyes—only you could hardly see her eyes for she had been crying so much.

"Curly! My own, own Curly!" cried little Mahalla. "I thought I would never see you again." She took Curly in her arms and hugged him, and his tail wagged. He put his face against hers and gave a long sigh of perfect dog happiness.

Then Mahalla noticed Willy Nilly and Rip.

"You're Willy Nilly, aren't you?" she asked. "Where did you find my Curly? I thought he was lost forever. Oh dear, you don't know how I've felt. I had almost given up hope of seeing his adorable little white curly body again."

Willy Nilly explained what had happened.

"We've offered a reward for Curly's return," said Mahalla.

"Oh, I don't want any reward," said Willy Nilly, "except perhaps a bone for my dog, Rip."

Mahalla and her mother urged Willy Nilly to stay for lunch. He was so tired from the fire and the worry that he was happy sitting down and having such a delicious meal given to him. He was particularly glad because they had chops and Rip was given the chop bones.

"If you won't take a reward," Mahalla's mother said, "you must certainly take home a big basket of good things to eat for you and your animal friends, and I'll put in a good many extra bones for your fine dog."

Tipper wagged his tail politely and barked his thanks, and on their way home said, "My dream just about came true. I've certainly been given lots of bones!"

Monday—"Birds' Bargain Day"

ACROSS

1. Long narrow sound
2. Wax collection
3. Fish
4. Solemn affirmation
5. Rugged mountain crest
6. Long stick
7. Cupid
8. Claw
9. Press
10. Rest
11. Resident hospital physicians
12. Seductive woman
13. Understood
14. Encircles
15. Sleep as dog
16. County in Alabama
17. Head covering
18. Take up again
19. Anger
20. Flaxing a wide application
21. Municipal police officers
22. Fairly tall monster
23. One who does
24. Taking solid food
25. Outlet
26. Quiver
27. Female saint
28. Tailor's abbr.
29. Tailor's abbr.
30. Always poet
31. Serpent

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

ACROSS
1. LEA
2. POWDERY
3. LUTE
4. PRESS
5. EAST
6. LYS
7. TO
8. SNUG
9. SERE
10. EXUDE
11. MAR
12. STY
13. DOWN
14. FLY
15. CRIPPLED
16. EUROPEAN
17. PROVIDE
18. CONSTELLATION
19. COVER
20. SHORT JACKET
21. FLOWERING
22. MUSICAL INSTRUMENT
23. GLASS
24. FLOWER NAME
25. COZY ROOM
26. PLANTER NAME
27. RELATIVE
28. PLASTER FOR CEILINGS
29. BUILDING
30. PLANT OF CERTAIN VARIETY

DOWN
1. BAG
2. OCA
3. GRES
4. RUIN
5. TORRENT
6. TOWEL
7. DUPER
8. AVE
9. ALES
10. TILLS
11. AIDE
12. ENGAGED
13. SMOTE
14. EVA
15. SANER
16. DEW



"We saw the wild chase, and the fix you were in,"

Says Puff, to the courteous little Queen Bee,

"Say, you were a honey to do that for me!"

MUTT AND JEFF

THE TRIAL CONTINUES AND NOW MADAMESELLE'S LAWYER IS MAKING HIS SUMMARY BEFORE THE COURT!

RUINED!

TALESPIN TOMMY

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MOTHER—WHAT WAS HAPPENED?

A LETTER—FROM THE LAWYERS—IT JUST CAME—OUR BONDS HAVE BEEN DEFERRED—THEY WON'T PAY A CENT—WE'LL NEVER GET ANOTHER PENNY OF INCOME—NOW WHAT CAN WE DO?

OF ALL THE GREAT STRESS FORTUNE—NOT ONE PENNY LEFT—NOT A THING TO QUIT NAMES EXCEPT THAT ONE BUILDING IN SPRINGFIELD—AND I CAN'T SELL THAT—OH, WHAT HAVE WE DONE TO DESERVE SUCH A BLOW?

AND CAN'T YOU HEAR TOWNSEND ZANDER LINGUING THE SCENES CHUCKLING THIS VERY MOMENT FIENDISH GLEE

HAW! HAW! HAW!

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