

# The White Cockatoo

by Mignon G. Eberhart

**SYNOPSIS:** James Sundean, an engineer, has left apprehensive since arriving at his hotel in Arme in Southern France. His room is gloomy, and the howling north wind rattles every shutter on the house. He distrusts Louchien, the proprietor, and when at dinner he catches the man looking through the dining room window at Miss Tolly, an American girl, he has a feeling of foreboding. The other guests are a red-haired priest and Mrs. Felicia Lyons, of Omaha. Then Sundean wakes from a dose to hear a voice cry in terror: "Let me in!"

## Chapter 4 GIRL IN TERROR

HER fingers were scratching and fumbling at the door beside me. Then her face turned from looking over her shoulder and showed me whiteness and wide dark eyes and blowing hair, and she beat on the door with her fists and sobbed again: "Oh, do let me in."

I got the door open, and she whirled in, and I closed it against the wind. She followed the light into my room like a child running from the dark, and when I followed her she was kneeling before the fire, stretching out her beautiful hands toward it, and her silver-heeled slippers made spots of light against the carpet. Her eyes flared with terror and met mine, and she said with a gasp: "Shut the door."



ing to be caught. Besides, I can't thrust this upon you."

I said, "Nonsense," and lifted her hands and moved her not too gently to one side; she was fairly strong under her slimmness, and determined. But as I wrenched the door open and the wind howled upon us she seized my arm again and cried, her lips near my ear so I could hear her through the tumult of wind and creaking windows and clattering shutters:

"Won't you understand? It will be very difficult for me if you do this."

I looked down at the steps. I could see only as far as the first curve, and that but dimly. Of course no one was there, and the courtyard was only alive with shadows. If she felt like that about it—after all, the decision must remain with her. She was standing so close to me that I could feel her body tremble with cold.

GO back into my room and try to get warm." As she hesitated, I added: "Oh, I'll do as you say, of course." It satisfied her, after one searching look through the half darkness to find my eyes, and she went back to the light and the fire while I closed the door to the stairway.

"Shut the door."

# NAME COMMITTEES WILLIAMS GRANGE

WILLIAMS CREEK, Apr. 10.—(Sp.) Williams Grange met April 1 and

members of the different committees were announced. They are: finance, Olive Davidson, Joe Boat and Mrs. Wilkinson; relief, Mrs. Ailine Sorels, Mrs. Vencil and Frank Wright; home economics, Mrs. Varner, Mrs. Boat and Irene Hedgepeth; agricultural, T. B. Davidson, Gene Morrison and Douglas Elder; legislative, Dan Hedgepeth, Dean Elder and Theima Wilkinson.

The Grange renewed its contract with the Standard Oil company whereby the members get oil at lower prices. Visitors were Billy Carl, master of Murphy Grange, Harold Whitehead and Lester Hill, also of Murphy Grange. During the lecture hour several amusing stunts were put on by the men after which cards were played at four tables. No prizes were given

nor individual scores kept, the only object being a general good time. April 15 the lecturer will put on a program. Refreshments will be cake and coffee.

**A Nickel in Milwaukee**  
MILWAUKEE, Wis., April 10.—(AP)—The five-cent glass of beer returned to several establishments here today. In some places the nickel glass was as small as six ounces. But eight ounces was the usual size and one tavern proprietor booted the size to 10 ounces.

**Less Grog in British Navy.**  
LONDON.—(AP)—A reduction of nearly \$33,000 in grog money was among the savings effected in British naval expenditures for the last fiscal year.

Oregon Weather  
Cloudy tonight and Tuesday, becoming unsettled with rains Tuesday night with freezing temperature east portion; fresh south wind offshore.

Be Correctly Corseted  
by ETHELWYN B. HOPFMANN  
Sixth & Holly.

# S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



# TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Page From Santiago's History

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



# BOUND TO WIN—The Chase

By EDWIN ALGER



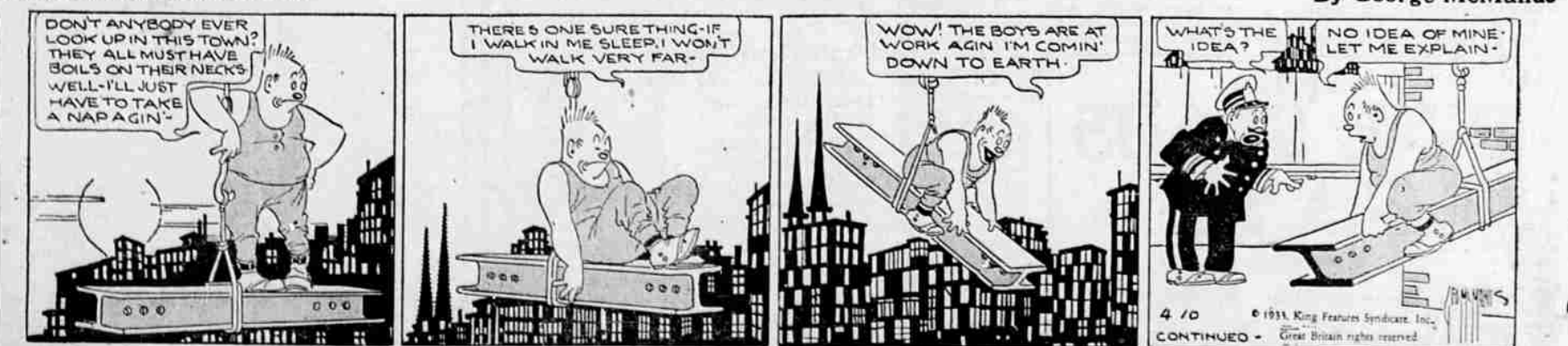
# THE NEBBBS—Oh Pardon Me

By SOL HESS



# BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



I shut the door into the corridor. There's one nice thing about not having much money; you aren't suspicious.

There was still a little brandy untouched and I gave it to her and pulled up a chair for her to lean against and waited. Presently her breath stopped coming in gasps and her lips steepled themselves. She turned and looked at me and smiled a little tremulously.

"I'm so sorry," she said. "You see, I've just been abducted."

Her dark eyes held mine for a moment, and then she turned back to the fire as if she had said all there was to say. I pulled myself together. "Shall I call the police?"

"The police. Oh, no. No. I don't think they could do anything about it. Anyway, I've escaped. Quite—" her voice wavered upward and she caught herself and said without trembling—"quite uninjured."

I don't remember that I had need to convince myself that she was telling me the truth; there simply wasn't any doubt in my mind. I said: "Isn't there something I can do? Shall I call a maid? The hotel manager? Anyone? Can't I do something?" I moved toward the bell and she must have thought I was moving toward the door, for she turned around in fear again and said with a quick catching of her breath:

"Please don't look like that," she said. "As if I had cheated justice. I don't know how to explain all this to you. It must sound very lurid, thus far. But you must see that I can't involve you. And after all," she added unexpectedly, "one's abduction is one's own affair."

"It's very fortunate that it turned out in a way that permits you to say that."

She looked at me quickly.

"Don't think I'm flighty. I'm—I'm badly scared. Perhaps in a moment I can thank you properly. Just now I should like to get good and warm at your nice fire. Isn't it curious that just being cold can do things to your courage?"

She stopped abruptly, as if that were at the moment too dangerous a topic, and said quickly: "I am Sue Tolly. I'm staying here, of course. I'm intruding unforgetfully."

I wanted to tell her she was not intruding. I wanted to tell her I was feasting my starved eyes just watching her. I wanted to tell her she was a little fool not to let me go after the name myself or call the police.

I said my name was Jim Sundean and would she have a cigarette.

She refused and watched me light one. Her small nose sniffed a little, and she said in a pleased way: "Why, that's an American cigarette!"

I nodded.

"You wouldn't believe how difficult it's been for me to get them. Of course, here in France it's easy enough, if rather expensive, but in Russia it was practically impossible. At least, where I was."

"You've just come from there?" I had thought her face looked softer, less rigid and white with terror, as if talking of everyday matters were restoring her poise.

At that moment, however, there was a sudden loud clap, and her eyes leaped to mine, and she went white again. She looked helplessly about.

(Copyright, 1933, Mignon G. Eberhart)

Sundean learns more, tomorrow, about his strange visitor.

# JACKSONVILLE SHY ON SUNSHINE FOR MARCH

JACKSONVILLE, April 10.—(Sp.)—Emil Britt, weather observer for this district, gives the following report for March: Mean maximum, 55.8; mean minimum, 33.8; mean 44.7; maximum 68, date 11; minimum 25, date 24; greatest daily range 32. Precipitation 1.34 inches; greatest in 24 hours 69, date 1. Number of days with .01 inch or more precipitation: 6; clear, 2; partly cloudy, 14; cloudy 15. Precipitation since September 1, 16.37 inches and for the same period last season 18.57 inches.

"Natural" Permanent Waves—Special for April, \$2.00 complete. Alice Olin Deardorf at Wireland's. Tel. 61.

Broken windows glazed by Frowridge Cabinet Works.

There's No Guesswork in Tribune A. B. C. Circulation