

The White Cockatoo

by Mignon G. Eberhart

SYNOPSIS: Just as suddenly as he sees Bess into a girl, Jim Sanderson is released. The French police suspect him of murdering an unidentified woman in the corridor of a half-deserted hotel. Sanderson is innocent, but helpless until David Lorn is sent by Sue Tally to aid him. And Sanderson distrusts Lorn for no reason at all, and trusts Lorn although he has reason to suspect her. Lorn will not enter the hotel with Sanderson after the latter's release.

Chapter 15 MORE MYSTERY

HE WAS right, of course. It was neither the place nor the time for the talk we must have. And, anyway he had told me the main fact, although his reply was so unexpected that it left me stunned and incredulous.

Poisoned. But the murdered man had been stabbed. I had found him, and I had seen the ugliness of the wound. I'd been obliged to wash my hands of the blood from it.

Mechanically I crossed the courtyard, passed under the swaying light, and entered the lobby. Lovschlem was bending over the desk.

The cockatoo clucked, and Lovschlem looked up, and it was curious to see how his eyes leaped when he saw me and how flabby his cheeks looked all at once and how his fat hands moved aimlessly about the desk. Finally Lovschlem said:

"How did you—get out?" His voice was husky.

"Walked, Lovschlem. Walked. I'll have some dinner at once, please."

His flabby hands moved helplessly, and the cockatoo, attracted by

think it is as well if we aren't seen together.

"She looked confused and embarrassed. I was suddenly aware that I was still holding her hands rather tightly and that she was trying to withdraw them. I released them and said quickly:

"I didn't mean to say—I didn't mean—I floundered and finished abruptly: "I don't understand you."

"All this seems silly and purposefully mysterious. But it isn't intentional. I—you see, I'm in an awfully queer sort of affair and can't help myself."

"See here," I said. "Lorn is coming to my room right after dinner. I've ordered a fire, and it will be warm. Can't you come there, too?"

"The trouble is—" she stopped, and when she continued her voice was very sober—"the trouble is, I don't like involving you in any—danger."

Her voice rather than her words carried conviction.

"You don't mean to say you are in actual danger?"

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BRIDGE DANGERED BY HEAVY TRUCK

CRESCENT CITY, Cal., April 24.—(Sp.)—Curtailment of freight truck-

ing business between Crescent City and Rogue river valley points is foreseen here unless adequate provisions are made for the resumption of normal traffic conditions over Myrtle creek bridge, which collapsed last week.

The Myrtle creek bridge, which is a timber truss structure, was built by convict labor at the time the state camp was maintained near that site and was considered only a temporary affair. However, it was doped up with a coating of asphalt and made to care for traffic, since a permanent bridge across the stream will involve the expenditure of about \$100,000.

The state engineers failed to take into consideration the great increase in freight hauled over the route and the structure finally gave way after being in use for the past couple of years. Fortunately the bridge did not collapse entirely, but some of the stringers gave way while a heavily loaded oil truck was passing across it. Light traffic is being permitted. The local chamber of commerce is advocating temporary repairs to the Myrtle creek bridge, to accommodate all traffic for this season and the construction of a new permanent bridge this winter.

Seven Missing. NAPLES, Italy, April 24.—(AP)—Seven persons, including an American, John Van Cleef, were missing today in a seaplane which was bringing them here from Corfu, Greece.

WEST TAKES SEAT OF GARNER IN CONGRESS
SAN ANTONIO, Tex., April 24.—(AP)—Milton H. West has been elected to the congressional seat vacated in the 15th Texas district when John N. Garner became vice-president.

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE

POP, YA WOULDN'T LIKE TO BE THE FATHER OF A LITTLE BOY WICH WOULD SOCK HIS BROTHER ON THE NOSE, WOULD YA?

OMIGOSH! I HOPE I'M NEVER IN A FIX LIKE THAT!

THEN YOU'RE OUTTA LUCK, POP!

HEY!

WELL THEN, YA BETTER MAKE WILLNUM GIMME MY BALL BACK TO ME!

4-24-33

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SNAPSHOTS OF A BOY STARTING FOR SCHOOL ON TIME

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

WITH MUCH URSING BY PARENTS GETS DOWN TO BREAKFAST ON TIME SO HE WON'T HAVE TO RUSH GETTING OFF TO SCHOOL.

FAMILY IMMEDIATELY DISCOVERS HE HASN'T BRUSHED HIS HAIR AND SENDS HIM UP AGAIN.

BRUSHES HAIR, FATHER CALLING TO SEE IF PAPER HAS COME. SPIES NEWS-BOY A BLOCK AWAY AND WAITS FOR HIM.

CARRIES PAPER IN VERY SLOWLY TO GIVE HIMSELF TIME TO READ THE BASE-BALL SCORES.

FINISHES BREAKFAST, MOTHER REMARKING HE CAN STILL GET TO SCHOOL WITHOUT HURRYING.

GOES UP TO GET THINGS ON, DISCOVERING THAT HIS CAP IS MISSING.

WHOLE FAMILY TURNS TO AND FINDS CAP. STARTS FOR SCHOOL, WITH NO TIME FOR LOITERING BUT NO NEED FOR RUNNING.

IS BACK PRESENTLY FOR THE 'COMP' HE HAS TO HAND IN TODAY, AND LEAVES FOR SCHOOL AT USUAL BREAK-NECK GALLOP.

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Jose Plans A Picnic!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

OUR TREASURE HUNTERS, TOMMY, SKEETER, ISABELLA AND ALEX, WITH SENOR CORVALLO, WHO IS FINANCING THE ADVENTURE, HAVE JUST TAKEN OFF FROM SANTIAGO BAY. JOSE JOLLA AND HIS COHORTS, WHO TRIED UNSUCCESSFULLY TO STEAL THE CAPED TREASURE, ARE STORDED IN THE HARBOR WITH A BROKEN PONTOON.

HOW COME YOU'RE HEADIN' WEST, TOM? TOATUGA ISLAND IS EAST OF HERE, AINT IT?

I'M GOING TO MAKE A CIRCLE TO FOOL JOSE.

IN CASE HE'S ABLE TO GET ANOTHER SHIP AND TRIES TO FOLLOW US.

WHY NOT GET A CAMPING OUTFIT READY WHILE I HAVE A NEW FLOAT PUT ON THE SHIP. WE MAY YET VISIT THE ILE DE LA TORTUE.

A SWEET IDEA—WE'LL PICNIC WHILE TH' DIGGIN'S GOIN' ON— THEN—

MEANWHILE:

15-43

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BOUND TO WIN—Ben Takes Charge

By EDWIN ALGER

GEE, BEN, I DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT HIS FEELINGS—HONEST, I DIDN'T!

I KNOW IT, JIM—NOW DON'T YOU START WEARYING—LET ME HANDLE THIS—

JONATHAN, I CAME UP ALONE BECAUSE I WANT TO TALK WITH YOU. JIM DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING BY WHAT HE SAID—HE'S AWFULLY SORRY FOR YOU, JONATHAN, AND SO AM I—

OH, BEN, I'VE LOST MY DARLIN'!

NO, YOU HAVEN'T, JONATHAN—WHY THE NEWSPAPERS WILL BE FULL OF THE FACT THAT THE REAL COUNTERFEITERS HAVE BEEN ARRESTED, AND THAT ALL OF US ARE INNOCENT—MRS. BLACK WILL SEE IT AND SHE'LL COME BACK RIGHT AWAY—YOU SEE IF SHE DOESN'T!

NO, SHE WON'T, BEN—DIDN'T YOU READ WHERE SHE SAID SHE WAS NEVER GOIN' TO READ A NEWSPAPER AGAIN—I'VE LOST HER, BEN! I'VE LOST HER FOREVER, AND NOW I AINT GOT NOthin' TO LIVE FOR!

OH, JONATHAN, DON'T TALK THAT WAY!

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THE NEBBS—So Goes The World

By SOL HESS

I SAW HER TODAY AND SHE NEVER SAID A WORD ABOUT MY NEW OUTFIT—HERE I GOT NEARLY 13 BUCKS INVESTED IN THIS SCENERY, AND SHE NEVER EVEN NOTICED IT.

I CAN SEE I'M OUTTA HER LIFE—I KNOWNED THE TIME THAT IF I BOUGHT A NEW NECKTIE SHE'D A-NOTICED IT—THAT LITTLE IMITATION HUMAN BEING HAS GOT HER SO FULL OF FANCY LANGUAGE THAT HER HEAD IS GOING AROUND SO FAST SHE CAN'T NOTICE NOthin'!

I DON'T SAY I ALWAYS TREATED HER THE BEST BUT I ALWAYS SAID TRUE WORDS TO HER—THERE AINT NOBODY COULD MEAN ALL THE PETTY WORDS HE SAYS TO HER—SINCE SHE'S GOIN' WITH HIM SHE'S GOT SO MUCH RED PAINT ON THAT IF SHE HAD WHEELS, SHE'D BE A FIRE ENGINE—WELL, WHO CARES?!—PHOOEY!—IT DON'T MEAN NOthin' TO ME!!

POOR MAX HAD IT ALL HIS OWN WAY UNTIL LITTLE PENNY HAPPENED ALONG.

WE DON'T THINK HE'S SO DESPERATELY IN LOVE WITH EMMA—IT'S HIS PRIDE THAT'S HURT

4-24

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BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

NOW I'M GOING TO LET YOU TAKE HECTOR FOR A STROLL, BUT DON'T GO NEAR THE ZOO. HE MIGHT GET INTO A FIGHT WITH THE LIONS.

LOOK AT THAT POOR SOUP-HOUND HE CERTAINLY LOOKS UNHAPPY.

HUM! BUT HE AINT LOST HIS SENSE OF HUMOR.

TAKE ME HOME, GALVIN—IT'S BAD ENOUGH TO HAVE PEOPLE LAUGHIN AT YOU, BUT WHEN YOU GIT THE HORSE LAUGH FROM A DOG, IT'S TIME TO QUIT.

4-24

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some glint of jewels, cocked his head knowingly on one side, made a kissing sound with his tongue, and sidled toward the hand nearer him.

"YOUR Mr. Lorn managed to get me out," I said. "It was good of you to send him."

Philanthropist Dies. TACOMA, Wash., April 24.—(AP)—Mrs. J. P. Weyerhaeuser, wife of one of the founders of the Weyerhaeuser Timber company, with extensive timber holdings and mill properties in the Pacific Northwest, died suddenly here last night. She was widely known for her philanthropies.

A WORLD OF FLAVOR
WRIGLEY'S
KEPT RIGHT IN CELLOPHANE

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