

# The White Cockatoo

by Mignon G. Eberhart

**SYNOPSIS:** Sue Tully confides to Jim Sanderson that she has in her possession a token which will enable her to share her father's huge fortune, and that she believes the man murdered in the hotel corridor near Sanderson's door had some connection with her claim. Sanderson is suspected of the murder, and David Lorn, a detective and by Sue's brother, to investigate her claim has helped her. Sue shows Sanderson a letter she has from Francis.

## Chapter 19

### SUE'S HELPLESS STATE

FRANCIS' letter began rather coolly: "My dear Madame: I glanced at Sue. She smiled into my eyes, but there was a determined look about her face and a spark of anger in her eyes; I guessed that brother Francis' reluctance had had its share in molding her determination to prove herself. I went back to the letter, reading it slowly.

"My dear Madame, Mr. Lorn's report has been favorable. However, I think it advisable that I and my lawyer visit you in order to make further inquiries. You will kindly await our arrival in Armenia, which may be somewhat delayed owing to pressing business matters. Of course, you understand that our projected trip to see you does not bind me in any way to grant your claim. While, as I say, my detective's report has been favorable, still there is one matter in particular to be satisfactorily proved.

"You will understand that my sister's portion of the estate, if she is still alive and can prove her identity beyond a shadow of a

no recollections of each other. It would be natural, too, for him to be a little prejudiced against me. And then, besides, he did send the detective. That's something."

"That's something," I agreed dryly. I rose to give her the letter. Her hand approached mine, and I took it and the other in mine, as I had there in the corridor only an hour or so before. I said clumsily: "You must let me help you." The words were trite, but she understood what I'd meant and not managed to say.

SHE said, "Thank you," and looked at me, and the something leaped from our eyes and communicated and merged while I stood there looking down at her. It lasted only a few seconds, but it seemed a long time before I dropped her hands and turned abruptly to the mantel and stood leaning against it.

"And now," said Sue, slipping the letter under the lace again—I thought it too lovely and sweet a place for such a thing, and she must have read something in my eyes, for she flushed a little and buttoned her black coat tightly again. "And now you understand. At least, you understand most of it."

"Your mother kept the token for you?" I asked.

"Yes. Mother took mine and kept



I went back to the letter.

doubt, is considerable, and since the whole matter has been left in my hands to act at my discretion, I feel deeply responsible.

"I must add a word to the effect that, if you actually prove to be Sue Tully, having in your possession every means of proving this to my complete satisfaction, in this case I must warn you to take no one into your confidence. Owing to my father's indiscreet action we have been troubled with several impostors, and it is not out of the question that you are in danger yourself.

"With this in mind, I am sending Mr. Lorn again to Armenia. He will remain there and is under orders from me to give you every possible protection, which under the circumstances is, I think, really more than you can expect from me. I trust that you will reciprocate by allowing my wishes in the matter. Which are, I repeat, to await our arrival at Armenia and to take no one into your confidence."

"I was all typed, even to the 'Yours truly, Francis Tully,' although he had placed very intricately interwoven initials below the typed signature.

She was watching me thoughtfully.

"Your brother Francis," I said slowly, "appears to be a somewhat canny sort of person. Not overeager, perhaps, to welcome his sister."

"Her eyes lit.

"Then you do believe I'm what I say I am?"

"Why—see here, do I look as if I doubted it?"

She shook her head slowly. "No," she said smiling, and her eyes shined. "No, you look as if you believed it." Her voice trembled a little. "It hasn't been very pleasant for me, you know. But I quite understand why he writes like that. He's got to be cautious."

"He's cautious enough," I said briefly. "One might even call him overcautious."

I wondered if Francis had exactly pleasurable anticipation of giving up half his fortune to his sister. I didn't, of course, say all this, but Sue read my look. She said:

"You must remember that he's been troubled with impostors, and that he has not even seen me since I was a baby. We have practically

it for me and later told me why my father had given it to me. She was fair according to her views."

"Is it possible that your mother, before her death, told anyone else of it?"

She frowned.

"That's something, of course, that I've wondered about for the last two or three weeks. I've felt—apprehensive. Oh—except for the abduction, I've thought my room was searched—at least, things seemed to have moved themselves mysteriously about."

"It was searched," I said grimly. "Look here, why don't you go to Paris? I'll go with—that is, I'll go at the same time. Go to a good hotel and wait for your brother there."

"I'd thought of that," she said quietly. "But Francis would never believe that I'm Sue Tully if I turned up in another place. He seems—unusually suspicious already."

"What about these records—marriages and birth and all that—are they, too, in a safe place?"

"Oh, quite," she said at once. "They are in the safe in Lovschlem's office."

"In Lovschlem's safe?" I cried incredulously.

"Why, yes," she said, looking at me in a puzzled way. "Why not? They—Grethe and Marcus Lovschlem have been very kind to me. They have been almost my only friends. They and—well, Marcel. The porter, you know. He's been kind in many, many small ways. And the Lovschlems did everything they could for my mother."

"Do they know anything of all this?"

"Lovschlem isn't prepossessing," she said, sensing the suspicion in my tone, "but I think he means well. However, I have told them very little about it."

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Sue's tangled problem is further complicated, tomorrow.

## OBSERVANCE EGG WEEK ADVOCATED

SALEM, April 27.—(AP)—Observance by the people of Oregon of national egg week May 1 to 7 was asked today by Governor Julius L. Meier, who reminds that the egg industry brings into the state \$6,000,000 annually.

His statement read: "As governor of a state where the poultry industry occupies an important place, I am glad to call the attention of the people of Oregon from May 1 to 7 to national egg week.

"Let us therefore give eggs and poultry products a prominent place in our household program, not only May 1 to 7, but throughout the entire year."

## NED HARRELL TO BE NAVY AIRMAN

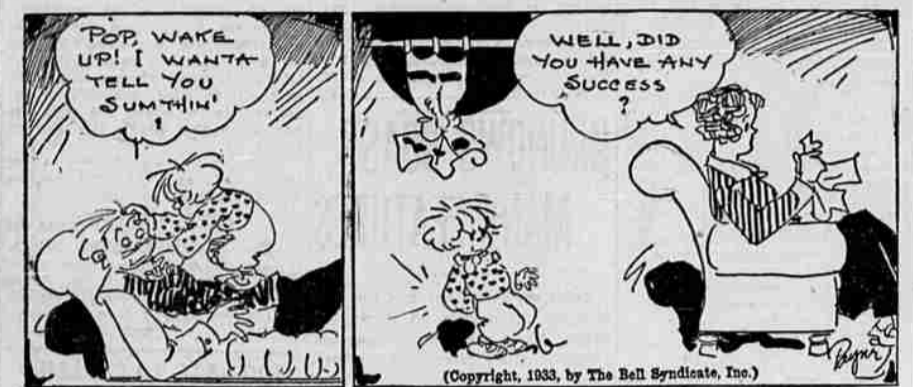
News has been received here from Ned Harrell, son of Joe E. Harrell,

announcing that he will soon be leaving San Diego, where he is stationed with the United States navy, for Pensacola, Florida, where he will enter the air service. He will be leaving on the navy transport, Claremont, May 10.

A letter from his brother, Benny, who will soon graduate from West Point, states that he will spend his summer furlough, following graduation, in Oregon. He expects to be located at Randolph field, Texas. Both boys are former students of the Medford high school and have many friends in Medford.

## S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



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## THE FAMILY ALBUM--PUTTING THE CAR AWAY

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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## TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Treasure Hunters Make Camp!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



## BOUND TO WIN—Ben Starts To Work

By EDWIN ALGER



## THE NEBBS—References, Please

By SOL HESS



## BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



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

**AGE SAVES JUSTICE ON LARCENY CHARGE**

PENDLETON, April 27.—(AP)—J. S. West, 70, former justice of the peace at Herminston, who last week was sentenced to one year in prison for larceny of public funds, was today granted a parole by Circuit Judge Calvin Sweet. The court extended the parole because of West's age and his reputed ill health. He was convicted of having withheld about \$1,500 in justice court fees.

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**Lonesome Bird Pecks At Glass**

SALEM, April 27.—(AP)—Lonesomeness was blamed by Conrad Breiter for the "shadow boxing" of a wee junco which has been pecking at its reflection in a window at his farm near here almost steadily for three weeks.

Breiter opines that the severe winter claimed many birds, causing the bereaved partners to be attracted to their own reflections.