

The White Cockatoo

by Mignon G. Eberhart

SYNOPSIS: Sue Tully, Jim Sundeen and the detective David Lorn band together to trap the person who murdered the doctor in the corridor of their hotel the person who shot five times at Sundeen and the man who tried to abduct Sue. They believe the three incidents are part of an attempt to secure the fortune, with which Sue must prove her title to a share in her father's fortune. But what worries Sundeen most is a fear that perhaps Sue is not playing quite square.

Chapter 22
SOUNDS IN THE DARK
The wind whirled about the hotel and banged the loose shutter, and I said rather heavily:
"Then, again, there's the identity of the murdered man. His knowing the secret way into the hotel—"
"If you mean that the Lovschlems had something to do with my— with that affair, you are quite wrong," said Sue warmly, with an air of defence.
"They have been very kind to me. They were kind to my mother. I— I feel sure it was not the Lovschlems."
"Very well," I said. "But I saw Madame Lovschlem, remember, at the moment when she first saw the murdered man. And she said to Lovschlem: 'So, you've killed him.'"
"That really means nothing, however," Sue returned. "She might

that the priest had a—
"ouch of—"
"Stomach-ache," said Sue rapidly. "And rang for Marcel and Marcel brought him hot water and brandy and stayed with him an hour."
"Exactly," said the detective. "And further," said Sue, "I let your story of why you had gone to the lobby and stumbled upon the murdered man pass last night because I honestly didn't know what to do, and I could see that you believed in me at the moment. It's true I shrank from telling about that attempted abduction."
"The police would never believe the thing as it stands. But I can see now that I made a mistake, and I'm going to tell them the truth about it at once. I can give you a complete alibi, Mr. Sundeen, and I intend to do so."
"You know, said Lorn in a bored way, "there's no need for this discussion. I was about to remind you that those alibis are of practically no importance. In view of the recent discovery, I mean. The poison."

He was right, of course. After a moment Sue rose. "It's late," she said wearily. "And we seem to be getting nowhere. It was a dreadful night, and it's been a crazy day, and if the wind doesn't stop blowing for a while tonight I shall go quite out of my head." She paused and smiled a little wryly and said: "When shall we three meet again?"

"When the hurly-burly's done," I said absently.
"Tomorrow," said Lorn prosaically. "I don't wish to be over-encouraging, Mr. Sundeen, but I really think you've given me something to go on. You are sure you've forgotten nothing?"
"There was one of something that looks like wax or rubber, and a brown leaf," I said thoughtfully. "I've got them here."

We all looked at the shriveled leaf and the bit of hard wax in the palm of my hand, but they were only a leaf and a scrap of reddish brown.
Lorn finally shrugged and dismissed them.
"Nothing, probably," he said. "I'll keep them in mind, however."

As the glow fell to ashes, I slept.



As the glow fell to ashes, I slept.

LARGEST STILL IN FORMER MANSION

HEMPSTEAD, L. I., May 1.—(AP)—Through the portals of the old Belmont mansion, which once opened only to admit society's bluest bloods, eight federal agents passed early today.

They came out with eight prisoners and the announcement that they had captured the largest alcohol still ever found in the New York area. They found the 27-room house, once owned by the late Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, social distastors at the turn of the century, had been converted into a huge distillery. Its distinctive feature was a polished still, built to turn out 3000 gallons of molasses alcohol daily, running into 19-barrel vats set on parquet floors among 10-foot plate mirrors.

Their eight prisoners, the agents announced, were mere employees of a leading alcohol dealer who was not named.

NEW LOOKOUT WILL SCAN APPLGATE

APPLGATE, May 1.—(Sp1)—One more lookout will be added to the

Applegate's list this year when the building is completed on Anderson Butte. N. C. White of Medford and Ranger L. C. Port of the Star ranger station on Big Applegate were in that vicinity last week surveying for the location of the lookout which is to be completed by July 1. The new construction, which will take the place of the secondary lookout that has been erected at Anderson Butte

through the summer months for the past two years, will be built on top of a 30-foot tower.
Short Line Mail Loot
SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, April 29.—(AP)—Three bandits held up two mail clerks as they were sorting mail on an Oregon Shortline train here late last night and escaped with a sack of registered mail.

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



SHOE LACE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Call From The Wild



BOUND TO WIN—Startling Things!

By EDWIN ALGER



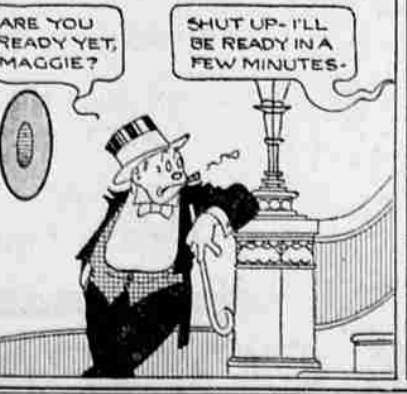
THE NEBBS—Good Advice

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



have thought it was some robber he'd killed. She would of course be alarmed if he had acted so impulsively.
"You may be right, of course," I continued, meeting Sue's eyes. "But it looks to me more as if she knew the murdered man and Lovschlem knew him. And why did Madame Lovschlem try to replace the dagger in the clock under my very eyes and suggest that we keep any knowledge of it from the police?"
"Did she do that?" said Lorn.
"She did," I said. Lorn made no comment, and Sue finally said thoughtfully, but very stubbornly. It seemed to me:
"Perhaps Madame only wanted to keep the hotel out of as much scandal as was possible. And she thinks you didn't do it, Mr. Sundeen."
"Nice of her, I'm sure," I said, exasperated.
Her eyes flared darker again, but Lorn intervened.

"YOU evidently don't know, Mr. Sundeen, that the police have gone quite thoroughly into the matter of alibis. The Lovschlems say they were within sight of each other and were actually talking when the bell rang and Lovschlem heard it. Marianne, the maid, says she was sound asleep, and the police had to bang on the door of her room."
"Where is her room?" I interrupted to ask.
"On the second floor back toward the service stair. It was the same with Mrs. Byng. The priest says Marcel had been with him up to a moment or two before Madame Lovschlem knocked on the door of his room and begged him to come to the dead man. Marcel agrees.

scenes at the lake, some good footage of the finish of the ski races, the ski jumps and other winter sports. Some interesting shots of the crowd at the lake and government camp also are included.
Be correctly coseted
By ETHELWYN B. HOPPMANN
Sixth and Holly

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