

# The White Cockatoo

by Mignon G. Eberhart

**SYNOPSIS:** A peaceful hotel in Southern France suddenly has become a madhouse—a straggler is murdered, Jim suddenly is shot at in the dark, an abductor almost makes away with Sue Tally, Sue, Sundeau, and the detective, David Lorn, believe it all is part of a plot to steal the money by means of which Sue must claim her share of her father's millions. Then as Marcel, the porter, is about to tell Sundeau why he thinks Sue is in danger, Marcel is murdered. The murderer escapes in the elevator, and the police suspect Sundeau, although the murderer also sniped 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 Lohse 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 wall 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 conclusive as arrest. And it was true, too, that I was their principal suspect; was, indeed, their only suspect, but the doctor told them flatly that there was no need of taking me to jail just then.



threaten that fat cook into serving Father Robart'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 Lovschlem do it."

"Lovschlem!" She had given me a glance that held a kind of derisive scorn and shrugged her shoulders and repeated: "Lovschlem! 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 Lovschlem had in his whole great hulking body.

But there was no clue leading to her. And as to that, there was only Lovschlem'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 empty room. That Father Robart's alibi was as false as his red beard looks. And at the last that Sue Tally

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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, Sundeau," he said.

The scent of a ghostly cigarette drifts into Sundeau's room, tomorrow.

## ILLNESS OF PIERCE HELD NOT SERIOUS

PORTLAND, May 4.—(AP)—A special dispatch to the Journal today

from Washington, D. C., stated that Dr. George W. Calver, capital physician has "denied emphatically" reports that the illness of Representative Walter M. Pierce of Oregon is more serious than heretofore stated in the announcements of physicians. Pierce suffered an attack of indigestion last Thursday in the house office. Dr. Calver has been attending him.

## SEWAGE PLANT VOTED BY BAKER RESIDENTS

BAKER, May 4.—(AP)—Baker voters yesterday authorized construction

of a sewage disposal plant at an estimated cost of \$104,123.50 and the relaying of water mains on Broadway at a cost of \$13,676.33 in a special election.

Phone 542. Write mail away your refuse. City Sanitary Service. PERMANENTS—\$1.50, \$2.50, \$4, \$5.50. Rowman's. Phone 57.

## DEDICATE MOTHER DAY TO WELFARE EFFORTS

WASHINGTON, May 4.—(AP)—President Roosevelt by proclamation

today called for observance of mother's day May 14, urging that everything be done this year "for relief and welfare of mothers and children who may be in need of the necessities of life."

Don't extend credit to Mr. New Customer until you find out from the Southern Oregon Credit Bureau how he paid the other fellows.

## S'MATTER POP—



## TAILSPIN TOMMY—"Warm" On The Trail Of Pirate Treasure!



## THE FAMILY ALBUM—REARRANGEMENT



## By GUYAS WILLIAMS

## BOUND TO WIN—Hope!



## By EDWIN ALGER



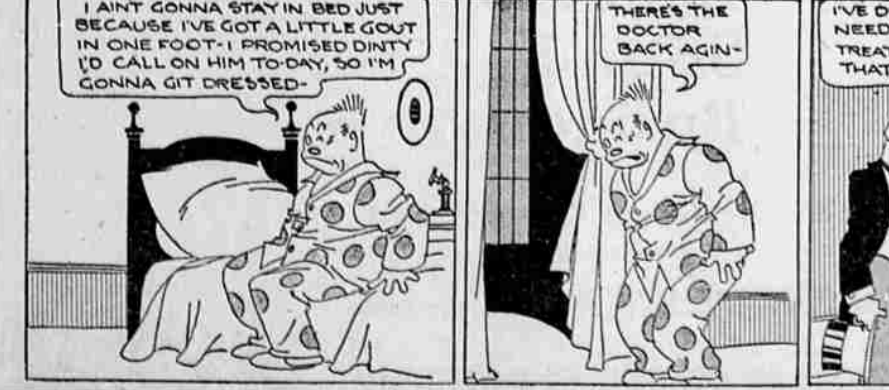
## THE NEBBS—The Gold Digger



## By SOL HESS



## BRINGING UP FATHER



## By George McManus



## MISSING TOT VICTIM OF AUTO IS BELIEF

OSCEOLA, N. H., May 4.—(AP)—Belief that two-year-old Sarah Walker, missing since Monday, was dead was felt by many persons as hundreds of residents searched for the child today.

Sheriff James Welch said he believed an automobile had accidentally run down the child and the occupants of the car had hidden the body through fear of prosecution for the accident.

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