

The White Cockatoo

by Mignon G. Eberhart

SYNOPSIS: No sooner a solution of the two murders that have occurred in their small French hotel, and the two attempts on his own life, Jim Sunden confers with David Lorn, a detective. They agree the clues are part of an elaborate scheme which Jim must solve before the time of her father's huge fortune. Lorn and Sunden separate, and after making sure no guests are abroad in the house Sunden searches it carefully. Suddenly he discovers that he is being stealthily followed.

pot winding past blank doors. Nothing.

And, as it proved, those ghostly little fingerprints had never a need to be photographed and ticketed and carefully documented.

They served their purpose wholly in their own ghostly fashion and added their own small link to the gradually accumulating sequence of the chain that was so strangely woven and was in the end so dreadfully like a noose.

The incident of the door had finally convinced me of the folly of lingering unarmored about those dark stretches of halls and untenanted rooms, and I returned speedily to the second floor and to my own room.

Once there, in the welcome light with the shutters open to their fullest, I convinced myself once and for all that the clumsy, enormous wardrobe was merely an enormous, clumsy wardrobe and nothing else, and that there was no secret or hidden entrance to my room.

With an aching shoulder I emerged into the corridor. It was dusk by that time, and I had an impression of lights in the court below.

I knew, now, the general plan of the hotel; I knew the locations of the various tenanted rooms; all on the second floor. I had not, it is true, penetrated the storerooms in the wing below my own room; the time had been too short.

I knew that the switch box was exactly where Mrs. Byng had told me it was, and that she could scarcely have failed to recognize Sue.

I knew that the priest's room was off an intersecting corridor not far from the angle where I'd caught a disturbing glimpse of a moving shadow on the previous night.

And I knew about the fingerprints which I had not destroyed.

BESIDE me was the door into the White Salon. I had opened the door, I remembered, in the darkness of the night when the odor of tobacco smoke had roused me. I opened it again and stepped inside.

The shutters were closed, and in the dusk I could see little. I found and pressed the switch, but there was no hub in the high, ornate crystal chandelier.

As my eyes adjusted themselves to the gray gloom, however, I could make out objects—carved armchairs and sofas, and a heavy gilt mirror above a large fireplace, and in one corner a great piano that loomed up darkly, so large that there was a sort of cavern of shadow under it.

The piano, undoubtedly, its dark unyieldingness and the look of waiting that an old piano always has—as if it were patiently waiting for the hands that had once touched it—gave the last touch of morose somberness to the room.

I went out hurriedly, closing the door sharply behind me to shut in that waiting piano and those waiting chairs, and I wished the dimly cavernous White Salon with its musty air and its silence were at a happier distance from my own room.

Momentarily I paused in the long narrow corridor with its closed doors on one side and its glass wall on the other to look, down into the court and over the whole sweep of surrounding windows and encircling walls.

Lights were on in the lobby. The light was already waning under the entrance arch, and thus above the gate that was not yet closed. Two policemen were in the court, huddled under their capes and leaning against the inner wall, which sheltered them to some degree from the wind.

Lovachem and Grethe were in the lobby. I could see into the parlor, since the light was shining there and the window facing the court yet unshuttered; Mrs. Byng and Sue were still there.

I turned and walked along the north corridor, turned into the main section of the hotel, and started again toward the corridor running to the elevator.

The whole upstairs was silent and deserted and unbelievably empty. My footsteps made no sound on the carpeted corridor. Thus it was, I suppose, that as I passed the closed door to Sue's room I distinctly heard someone moving about beyond it.

And it could not be Sue, because I had just seen her sitting there in the parlor.

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Sunden makes a startling discovery, tomorrow.

PRINCE DUCKS WHEN YOUTH HURLS STONE

MANCHESTER, Eng., May 11.—A large stone was thrown at Prince George at Ecos today as he was on his way in an automobile to the Manchester airport. The stone, thrown

Can't Milk in Demand.

HILLSBORO, Ore., May 11.—(AP)—A rush of business has put the Carnation milk condensary here three weeks behind in its orders, according to C. T. Richardson, manager of the plant.

BOTTLE MESSAGE FOUND ON BEACH

GOLD BEACH, Ore., May 11.—(AP)—A bottled message, purporting to

have been cast in the sea by a couple stranded on an island in the Hawaiian group, was picked up on the beach near here today by Ralph Hooker. An attempt was being made to establish its authenticity. The message said: "On an island situated approximately 90 miles south-southwest of the largest island of the Hawaiian group will be found Getrude Atkinson and George Har-

vestones, who left Honolulu August 16, 1931, in a 16-foot canoe, and got out of sight of land. It is now exactly two weeks since we left Honolulu and we have seen no ships. As this is our only bottle, if found, please give to the proper authorities. With cheerful hopes, Getrude and George." Broken windows glazed by Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

4 FOREST CAMPS FOR COOS COUNTY

MARSHFIELD Ore., May 11.—(AP)—A new payroll of about \$50,000 a

month for Coos county was believed probable, as the result of the announcement here today by forest officials that four, and possibly five, conservation camps will be established on federal, state and private forests in this county. Two camps already have been definitely announced for the state lands of northern Coos county, and two or three others are expected to be set

up in other sections of the county. Each camp will have a superintendent, an assistant, 20 foremen and 200 workers, in addition to engineers, clerks and road locators. WASHINGTON, May 10.—(AP)—The interstate commerce commission today approved reconstruction loans totaling \$23,900,000 to the Southern Pacific company.

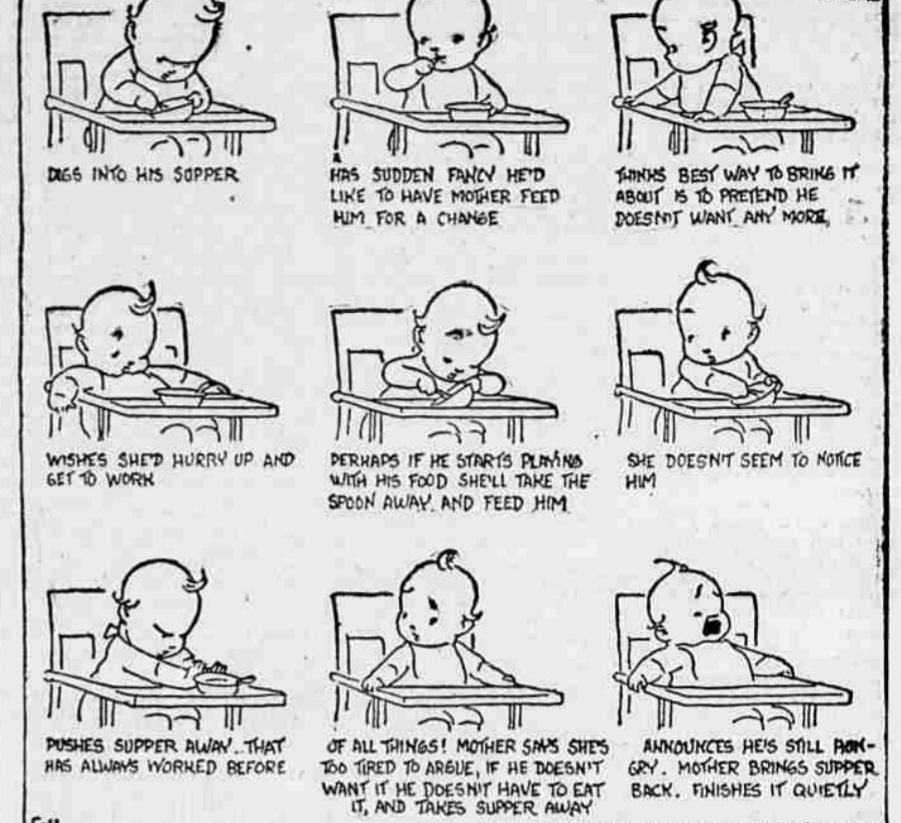
S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



SELF-SERVICE

By GUYAS WILLIAMS



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Departed Treasure—if Any!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



BOUND TO WIN—The Mysterious George Abell

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—Fickle Emma

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManur



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