

The White Cockatoo
by Mignon G. Eberhart

SYNOPSIS: Jim Sundeen and the detective, David Lorn, have convinced themselves that an attempt to secure the hotel by means of which Sue Tully must prove her right to a share of her father's millions lies at the bottom of the two murders and two attempts on Sundeen's life that have shattered the peace of a small French hotel. Sundeen searches the hotel and finds only five finger prints on a window. But as he passes Sue's room he hears movement behind the door and he can see Sue in the lobby!

The priest's coat and hat were gone from his room, but nothing else. The obvious inference was that he had managed to escape—exactly how, no one knew, for the police said no one had passed that way, and Paul, in the kitchen, with another policeman, was equally sure he'd not gone that way. He had gilded past me in the corridor and turned the corner and vanished from the haunts of men.

Chapter 32
BLACK SHADOW

IT WAS perhaps the maid, on a legitimate errand. It could only be Marianne or the priest or Lorn; all others were accounted for. But I must know who was moving about in that room.

A little back toward the north corridor again was the small niche where I'd seen Lorn and Sue talking that first day of his arrival. I quietly retraced my steps toward it. The place was silent and deserted; the red carpet looked dim and faded in the half light; the heavy curtain near me smelled of dust.

I scarcely shifted my eyes from the spot where, if the door opened, it must swing outward. It opened only a little at first, as if to permit a reconnoitering glance along the corridor, then more fully. Something slid out and obscured my view of the closing door. I had no time to make sure I was concealed by the curtain, for the swift black shadow bore swiftly down upon me—and in another second it had gilded silently past me.

It was Father Robart, of course. He did not see me, and I remembered what Lorn had said and did not intercept him as I longed to do.

He was walking swiftly, silently, his head bent and his red beard flaming. Afterwards I tried to think whether he'd carried anything in

FOR I was the last one to have seen him—or at least the last who admitted seeing him—which fact did not improve my standing with the police. But with his escape, naturally, the tide of suspicion turned strongly his way, and it was

not even necessary to tell the police of the reasons for my own suspicions regarding the man. Altogether it was near midnight before things settled down. Lorn and I finished talking—a talk that was eager enough but that went in circles of baffled surmise and could come to no out-and-out conclusions—and finally went upstairs again. We stopped at Sue's door and told her simply that the priest had escaped, and I thought from the look on her face that perhaps she had not believed in the man after all and was relieved to know he was gone.

"I'll take the revolver you promised to lend me now," I said to Lorn. "Very well." He looked and I think was reluctant. "But don't do anything rash with it. I've got it here in my pocket."

But with the revolver making a comfortable little sag in my pocket and the knowledge that the gilded black presence of the priest was no longer haunting the dim corridors of the place I had thought things would be better. I was never more mistaken in my life.

With the knowledge I now have I understand why that night was the worst night I spent in Armens, bar none. Then I only know that it was cold and uneasy and terribly long. Sleeplessness was until that night almost unknown to me. That night sleep was out of the question.

I smoked, I read an old magazine that turned up in the table drawer. I paced the floor. I spent a long time making notes of the ugly business and trying to draw some conclusion from them—but rose finally, stiff and cold and cramped, and crumpled up the laborious notes and threw them into the ashes where they smoldered and smoldered, while I stood watching them, and at last fell into brown flakes without once bursting into honest flame.

Yes, it was a long and cold and strangely horrible sort of night. Morning, however, brought news.

Morning, however, brought news. (Copyright, 1933, Mignon G. Eberhart)

Sundeen learns more about the murdered Lorna, tomorrow.

BONUS SEEKING VETERANS SPLIT

WASHINGTON, May 12—(AP)—The ranks of the bonus-seeking army

of 1933 were swelled rapidly today, but they were split into two antagonistic camps, one shelterless and the other housed by the government. A motley band of veterans, followers of Harold Houckrod, had temporary headquarters at a vacant lot within a stone's throw of the capitol dome. The shadows of their camp fire last night danced against the windows of the house office building.

Today they were ordered by police to evacuate before sundown. Ten miles away, at Fort Hunt, Virginia, scores of army tents housed about 300 other former soldiers who were given a piping hot breakfast and cigarettes by their host, the Roosevelt administration. Real estate or insurance—Leave it to Jones. Phone 798.

MELLON INCOME TAX RETURNS ARE PROBED

WASHINGTON, May 12—(AP)—Attorney General Cummings said today that in response to charges made by Representative McFadden (R., Pa.) the income tax returns of Andrew Mellon, former secretary of the treasury and ambassador to Great Britain, were being investigated by the department of justice.

Leather Purse or Sockete Candy for Mother's day, May 14—East Side Pharmacy.

Portland, Ore., May 12—(AP)—Police detectives and federal agents announced today they confiscated narcotics valued at between \$13,000 and \$15,000 when they "moved in" on Portland's Chinatown last night in a surprise maneuver. Six Chinese were arrested.

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



DIFFICULT DECISIONS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Evidence Of Pirate Treasure!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



BOUND TO WIN—Both Parties Puzzled

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—The Symptoms

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



LAND 37 SALMON AT SAVAGE DAM

taken at Savage Rapids dam Wednesday afternoon, the river having cleared enough for the salmon fishing. The second largest fish of the season was landed by William Adler of Burbank, Cal., and weighed 43 pounds. The catch was taken from a pier on a brass spinner, according to Gibson.

Rainbow Gilbeon of Weavku Inn, on Rogue river, telegraphed the Mail Tribune today that 37 salmon were

SALEM, May 12—(AP) The Maupin State bank was opened today for 10 per cent withdrawals, after being closed since the banking moratorium.



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