

The White Cockatoo

by Mignon G. Eberhart

SYNOPSIS: The drama that has called the old French hotel suddenly comes to a focus when Francis Tally demands that his sister Sue produce the token that is to identify her to him—for they have not met since childhood, and Sue's inheritance hangs by that thread. Sue's token has been stolen; the "blat" Francis superbly, however, in the background are three murders, and a tangle of purposes still a mystery. Sue's staunch supporter, Jim Sundean, suddenly is accused by Francis' detective, David Lorn, that danger also threatens him.

Chapter 42 SURPRISE FOR LORN

LORN did not even look at me to see what I thought of his warning. It was, he continued at once: "Mr. Tally doesn't seem to want me. I'll just go take a look at this very opportunely robbed safe."
"Wait," I said quickly. "I've got the link between Stravsky and Lovschlem."
"What?" This time I did succeed in getting his full attention. "One that will hold water with the police?"
"Well—perhaps not," I said, thereby losing at least three-fourths of his interest.
"What then?" he inquired with an effect of languor.

he heaped coals on my head. He said slowly: "I'm afraid I must warn you, Sundean, to be—most circumspect in your behavior."
I was struck by the undercurrent of meaning in his voice. I had the feeling you have when, walking in deep woods, you see the brush near you waver silently with the passage of a stealthy and unseen body. It is a strangely sinister and primitive kind of chill that it gives you, and I felt it then, looking at Lorn and hearing his slow words.
"Well," I said, "what do you mean?"
"I hadn't intended to tell you. Don't try to leave the hotel tonight, Sundean, and above all things, make no suspicious movement, for it will be as much as your life is worth."
"What on earth are you driving at?"
"The police found your fingerprints on the electric switch in the White Salon. They argue that because you tried to turn on the light it must have been right when you touched it. Ergo—One of his slight baffling shrugs finished it.

THINGS about me were suddenly rather dim. It was true: I had touched it and tried to turn on the light late the previous afternoon.



"We both know that Sue's willful."

"The night of my arrival someone came to this hotel, registered below my name, and was shown to a room. Then he vanished. Even his name was removed from the register. Who was that man if it wasn't Stravsky?"
"How do you know that?"
"I don't know it," I said, "if you mean by that can I prove it on strength of the evidence we now have. But it's the logical conclusion."

"Indeed," he said dryly. "And from what do you draw your logical conclusion?"
I told him briefly, watching the parlor door and keeping half an ear for any untoward sound. He did look faintly more impressed when I'd finished, although he pointed out at once that I was building up a supposition on strength merely of a missing ink blot and Marcel's few scattered words anent the soiled towels in a supposedly vacant room.

"It fits," I said stubbornly.
"No," he denied me rather sadly. "It doesn't fit. It isn't in the least conclusive. It does, however, provide a line of investigation."

"WELL, it ought to be of some value to you, then," I said. "I hope you don't mind my saying that it seems to me you need a few more lines of investigation. And also—" I rounded out my cigarette with a quick motion and got to my feet, where I stood looking down at him—"Miss Tally is not out of danger. We both know that she's willful; she may refuse to show her brother her token until he shows his own. They may both be afraid of traps, and the thing may be deadlocked for a little time."
"And Miss Tally, until she is accepted completely by her brother, is in greater danger than she ever was. The arrival of her brother has forced the climax. I hope you'll remember that."
Lorn rose too. He gave me a singularly long and strange look.
"Don't worry, Sundean," he said. "I'll remember that."
And that was all the satisfaction I had.

Just before my last glimpse of the priest, I remembered it all too perfectly. Lorn was watching me, not in a way that flickered over my face, I said as nonchalantly as I could contrive:
"I suppose they are preserving the clue for the Paris detectives?"
"Why, yes—naturally. I don't wish to alarm you, Sundean, but it is nothing to regard lightly."
"I'm not regarding it lightly," I said. "I'm looking to you to get me out of it."
"Well—I'll do my best, of course," he replied a bit gloomily. "But I do wish you wouldn't go out of your way to leave clues."
"Look here, Lorn—who's the murderer? You must know by this time. Or you must have some notion. You've had days to do it. And it's a shocking situation."
"One can't hurry about such things," warned Lorn pessimistically. "One must be very sure of every fact. Must prove as one goes. One can't safely leap to conclusions in your own startling fashion. But there's one thing I must tell you, Sundean. I'd prefer telling Miss Tally directly. But I can't quite do that under the circumstances. So—I'll tell you."

"Well?"
He paused, arranging his words; there was no shadow of feeling or expression in those cloudy dark eyes. He said finally:
"I think it might be as well for Miss Tally to delay concluding the negotiations for perhaps a day or two."
"What do you mean?"
"What I say. No more, no less."
I did not say that at the moment Sue had no intention of concluding negotiations, no matter how much she longed to do so.

"Tally's your employer," I said musingly. "You don't quite trust him. Your reason for distrust isn't strong enough to permit your going openly against your employer and warning Miss Tally not to trust him. Yet you warn me, knowing I shall tell her."
"You've said too much, Lorn, not to say more."
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Sue and Francis quarrel, Monday, over their inheritance.

RELIEF AND CURE FOR INSANE NEED

PORTLAND, May 4.—(AP)—Construction through public works funds

of a \$250,000 state psychopathic hospital on a site to be donated by the University of Oregon medical school at Portland, is proposed by Dr. Richard B. Dillehunt, dean of the medical school.
In urging the matter in a communication to reconstruction finance corporation committee, Dr. Dillehunt explained that "in the light of modern conceptions and new knowledge

concerning disorders of the mind, we should discontinue the addition of custodial places to house our ever-increasing numbers of so-called insane, and begin at the other end—that of prevention, relief and cure—at least of those with reasonable probability of improvement."
Fender and body repairing. Prices right. Brill Sheet Metal Works.

MODIFY VETERANS' PENSION SLASHES

WASHINGTON, May 24.—(AP)—All honorably discharged war veterans

who have received disabilities resulting directly from war time service are to be continued as service connected cases "unless clearly unwarranted."
This means, Veteran Administrator Hines said today, that an honorably discharged veteran with the requisite war time service who is suffering from a disability of 10 per cent degree incurred during such service, not

the result of misconduct, may be assured of a pension.
An additional order issued modifies the more marked reductions in ratings, covering gunshot wounds, arrested tuberculosis, and severe forms of disability.
Be prepared to take advantage of the bargains at the coming Land Auction Sale.

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeeter's Already Found His Treasure!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



BOUND TO WIN—Ben's Elation

By EDWIN ALGER



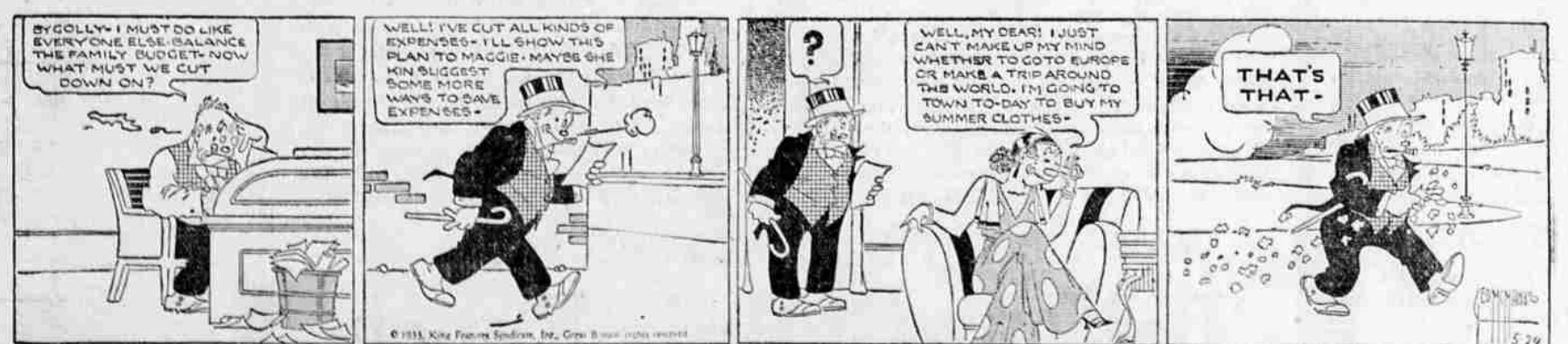
THE NEBBS—Good-Bye And Good Luck

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



Pioneer Newport Woman Succumbs
NEWPORT, Ore., May 24.—(AP)—Mrs. Mary Case, 86, one of the founders of the town of Newport, died here today.

She and her husband, Captain Samuel Case, homesteaded here in 1869. In 1867 they established Ocean House, the first hotel here and widely known as a pioneer hostelry.
Phone 542. Will haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

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