

The White Cockatoo

by Mignon G. Eberhart

SYNOPSIS: As a sequel to three murders and a wilderness of incredible horrors, the student finds someone hiding in the wardrobe of Sue Tally's room. But the person escapes, leaving the situation as before—with Sue holding off Francis Tally, her brother, by sheer courage in his demand that she produce the token which will identify her beyond question, and establish her right to share their father's huge estate. Sweeney, determined to aid Sue, searches the storerooms of the French hotel in which the tragedies have occurred, and finds there an elevator recently used. He returns to the used part of the hotel.

Chapter 45

THE TOKEN AGAIN

PAUL'S white cap was bending over a steaming kettle. For a moment the chef didn't see me, as I was still in the little passage outside the kitchen and outside the area of light. I think, however, as I turned away he caught just a glimpse of the motion, for I heard behind me a kind of howl, something dropped and clattered, and there was a sound of hissing steam.

It was not at all difficult to get into the priest's room. I would have liked learning more about the missing token from Sue before I searched that room, but as it developed it was not necessary, and I wanted, of course, to take advantage of the opportunity at once.

For I found the token. Although it was in a large degree accident that I found it. I had approached the heavy window curtains and was drawing them back to get more light in the room when one of my fingers slid somehow through the thick chenille cords of the enormous tassel hanging from the red rope that controlled the curtains. And in slipping ran upon something that was not soft chenille and was not tassel.

I worked very cautiously, there in

claim in the presence of witnesses. Or—he had not known it for what it was.

My back had been, foolishly, turned to the door. I don't know whether it was some sound or rustle or whether it was only that strange age-old instinct that tells us when eyes are watching us. At any rate, I was suddenly aware of it, and I whirled and clutched for Lorn's revolver. The door which I had closed was open.

It was open and gently moving and revealing about six decreasing inches of blackness.

I lunged toward it and was in the corridor, but there was nothing but dim walls and blank doors to be seen. I went back into the room, closing the door firmly. I returned to the position where I'd examined the scrap of paper and saw with some dismay that the door itself



was completely visible to me from a mirror opposite. I, then, and the thing I'd held in my hands had been clearly visible from the door.

AFTER a moment I folded the token and slid it into the little cylindrical chamber where lead is stored in my pencil, and let myself cautiously into the corridor. Sue



The chef didn't see me.

to the gathering darkness, pulling at the thing carefully to extract it from the large bell-shaped tassel. It was a jaggedly triangular piece of paper—a thin piece with small print. And the instant my eyes fell on the print I knew I had found Sue's token. It was a torn half of the chapter about love in first Corinthians.

As I glanced at the page I saw a word here, a word there, that made suddenly bits of old and familiar phrases and automatically finished themselves in my mind—"with the tongues of men and—" "tinkling cymbal," "and toward the bottom," "face to face; now I know in part"—"and the greatest of these. . ."

THAT was why Sue had said what she'd said. Had said it so faintly, with such an effect of casualness, while she'd watched Francis so carefully.

And—it recurred to me with significant force—Francis had not finished her quotation. Had looked faintly puzzled and baffled. Had, so far as I could see, failed entirely to catch its meaning.

The token itself surprised me, for somehow I had expected it to be some kind of jewelry—I don't know why. It was, however, remarkably efficacious—simple, easily hidden and preserved, and practically impossible for anyone who discovered its secret to duplicate owing to the necessity for duplicating not only the edition of the Bible from which the leaf had been torn, but the jagged edge where it was torn and with whose words the matching half in Francis's possession must exactly coincide.

But I had no time, then, to speculate. For the implications of Francis's refusal to recognize Sue's one offer at compromise were important. He had either failed to recognize it purposely, not desiring to do so, thus tacitly conceding Sue's

gone out of business.

An early check by a merchant approached informed the bureau of the misrepresentation and other merchants were immediately instructed to be on the lookout for the impostor and assured that the credit bureau is still operating.

OLD-TIME CABIN APPLIGATE BURNS

APPLIGATE, May 27—(Sp.)—The

last of Little Applegate's old-time log houses that marked the old pioneer life, burned to the ground Friday noon when it caught fire in the attic and was ablaze before the owners, Mr. and Mrs. Ancil Gilson, discovered it. The two-story log structure was built over 36 years ago by J. Hartman now of Jacksonville. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kilenhammer lived on the place at

that time. The fire was discovered by Mrs. Bob Pullum, who was there caring for Mr. and Mrs. Gilson, both being ill with the flu. Mr. Gilson's sister, Mrs. Hattie Logan of Jacksonville, was visiting there. Besides the house, the cooler, woodshed and smokehouse also burned to the ground. Very little was saved from the house, although the neighbors

saved the meat from the smokehouse. The house was covered by insurance. An instant, accurate credit report may be obtained from the Southern Oregon Credit Bureau while your customer waits. Are you looking for a "Wearable" Hose? Try the 75c and 81 ones at ETHELWYN B. HOFFMANN'S

Accident Law for Commercial Autos

E. H. Thomas of the Industrial Accident commission, who was a visitor here yesterday, stated that a change in the industrial accident commission law has been made, and will become effective June 9. The new law provides that all taxi-

cabs, transportation trucks, stage lines, special delivery, or any motor vehicle hauling property or persons, is automatically subject to the law. Those not wishing to be in this group, must have written rejections into the commission office at Salem not later than June 8. Broken windows glazed by Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

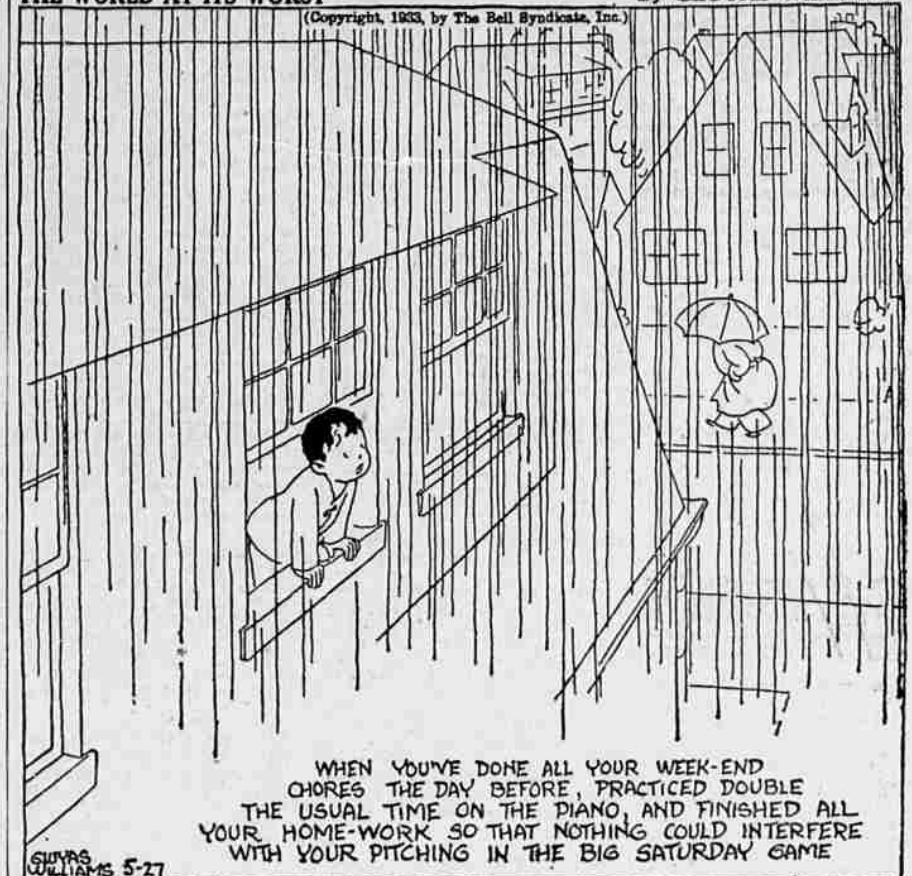
S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Scarlet Menace!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



BOUND TO WIN—A Faulty Memory!

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—Some Mistake

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



Dun Racketeer in Valley Reported

A new type of racketeer was reported in Medford yesterday. His aim was to gain accounts from local merchants, through the claim that the Southern Oregon Credit Bureau had

after every meal
WRIGLEY'S

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