

# The Avenging Parrot

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By Anne Austin, author of 'The Black Pigeon,' 'Rival Wives,' etc

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Good morning, sir," Dundee greeted the little old postman dejectedly. "You've probably heard that Mrs. Emma Hogarth is dead. I'm a detective, and he showed a badge which Strawn had brought him on Sunday to be used in emergency. I understand that you have been delivering a registered letter to Mrs. Hogarth on or about the first of the month for the past five years."

"That's right," the postman nodded. "And I was just saying to myself just as I come up the walk that this is the first time that letter ain't come, regular as the calendar itself."

"What?" Dundee ejaculated. "You're sure the letter didn't arrive? I'm afraid this is serious—"

"No, sir. It ain't here. You can see for yourself," the postman insisted. "First time—no, it ain't the first time, either. I recollect now that one month it didn't come till the third, and the old lady was in an awful stew over it. But it did show up finally, and I reckon it will this time—"

"Probably, but the letter is important," Dundee interrupted. "Mrs. Hogarth's correspondent is undoubtedly a close relative, and we sorely need the name, in order to notify her what has happened here."

"Well, if that's all that's worryin' you," the postman brightened. "I can help you out, my boy. Fact is, I know that lady's name as well as my own. Reckon I ought to, after five years—"

"What is it?" Dundee was sorry to be so impatient, but the old man might ramble on indefinitely.

"Name of Graves—Miss Sally Graves," the postman replied dejectedly. "Address—No. —, West 53rd St., New York City."

"Graves?" Dundee repeated. "Sally Graves? That name sounds familiar—"

"It's a common sort of name," the postman told him mildly. "funny thing—the poor old lady never got letters from anybody else and never wrote to anybody but to this Miss Sally Graves. Always put her letters to Miss Graves in an envelope addressed to me, and I had to take 'em out and mail 'em for herself myself a queer character, that poor Mrs. Hogarth—"

"Yes," Dundee agreed absently, his brow knotted with an effort to remember why that name rang a bell in his memory.

"Yes, sir. A funny character," the postman went on, with almost ghoulish relish. "I've seen some funny things in my time—husbands and wives gettin' secret letters and mail false names at the general delivery, but in all my experience I never did know of a woman being afraid for it to get out that she was writin' to another woman. Well, sir, I'll be moving on. Want to take this mail into the house for me, young feller? Save these old legs of mine a few steps. And don't you worry, that letter'll come along on the next delivery, more'n likely—"

"No!" Dundee almost shouted. "No, it will never come!"

"And pausing only to snatch the bundle of Rhodes House mail from the astonished postman's hand, Bonnie Dundee plucked up the steps into the hall and reached for the phone he was half-sobbing under his breath: "My God! My God!" Into the transmitter he breathed urgently: "Police headquarters! And make it snappy, for heaven's sake!"

"Dundee speaking. Put Lieutenant Strawn on the wire please," he panted.

"Hello, boy! What's up? Have you caught the murderer?" the welcome voice of his chief came banteringly to the excited new detective.

"Listen, chief! I've got to see you right away. Wait for me there, won't you? Something puts an entirely new light on the whole terrible business!"

Ten minutes later, a breathless, hatless young man catapulted into Lieutenant Strawn's small office at police headquarters.

"What's up, Bonnie?" Take it easy, boy, or you'll be passing out with the heat," Strawn urged, as he rose and swung up a chair for his subordinate.

"S. is dead! Murdered!" Dundee panted.

"Who the devil is S.?" Strawn puzzled. "Oh, yes, that dame in the old lady's diary. How do you know she's dead? Nothing in the diary about it—"

"Remember I told you I was going to watch for the postman and get the regular first-of-the-month letter from S.?" Dundee tried to get control of himself. "Well, it didn't come, but the postman was able to tell me who S. is—or was! Sally Graves! Sally Graves of New York City!"

"Graves?" Strawn puzzled. "Does sound familiar—"

"Such is fame, even when you get murdered," Dundee cut in brutally. "Sally Graves was murdered while I was in New York. Let me think—it was—yes, it was on June 2. A Sunday. I remember, because my boat from England docked on Saturday and one of the first things I read in a New York newspaper was the mysterious killing of an equally mysterious young woman—one Sally Graves, living in an old brownstone house on West 53rd street She—"

"Have they caught her murderer?" Strawn asked, almost as excited as Dundee. "I remember it dimly, now, but didn't keep up with it—"

"No, unless they've caught him since I arrived in Hamilton," Dundee assured him eagerly. "But let me tell you all about it, as I remember it from the newspaper accounts."

"Sally Graves was the head milliner in a smart West 57th street hat shop. Had been with the shop for three years, coming to them from the millinery department of a big store. I remember that the papers commented on the fact that she had been extremely reticent about her past; in fact, none of her business associates knew the slightest thing about her, except that she was an excellent designer, and apparently had no friends outside the shop."

"How was she murdered?" Strawn interrupted impatiently.

"Strangled, I suppose—just to make it more hair-raising!"

"No," Dundee retorted reluctantly, but with a grin at his own expense. "Her head was hashed in with a heavy desk lamp, but there were no fingerprints on it—just blood and a few hairs. And there were no fingerprints on anything, except the dead woman's, although the murderer had hacked her one room and kitchen out of apartment. She had the rear half of the second floor in one of those old brownstone fronts, converted into light housekeeping apartments. The police found fresh ashes in the grate, indicating that the murderer had burned all of Sally Graves' papers, for none were found—not even a letter or an advertising circular."

"Any clue as to the murderer?" Strawn demanded.

"Practically none at all. The tenant of the front apartment on the second floor told police that he heard the faint ringing of a doorbell in the rear apartment about 8:30 that Sunday morning. The medical examiner placed the time of death between 8 and 9 o'clock of that morning. The tenant told of hearing a man's voice call out, 'Special delivery for Miss Graves,' but paid no attention. Did not even open his door to look out; no reason why he should spy on his neighbor, of course."

"When he went out for breakfast about 10 minutes later, he says, he heard and saw no one. As a matter of fact, the murderer could not have picked a better time to enter and escape unob-

## SIDE GLANCES



"Dad said he thought I was going to turn out all right." "What does your father do?" "He's a taxidermist."

## Policing Klamath Falls Not Like It Was 20 Years Ago

The following article, taken from the Oregonian, discusses the police situation in Klamath Falls. Keith Ambrose, chief of police, who recently visited Portland, granted the interview:

"The job of being chief of police in Klamath Falls isn't what it used to be before the railroads entered that community, confessed Keith K. Ambrose, who is both chief of police and chief of the fire department. He has lived in Klamath Falls for 22 years, and his absence during that time was when he became a leatherneck during the war and was one of the players on the football team of the Marines. "We get everything in Klamath Falls now," said he. "With the arrival of the railroads came tramps and others who followed the rails."

"Before that it was difficult to get into the Falls, and offenders were strictly local. Then came the highways, which gave access to the Falls. Prior to the building of the highways it was a long, hard trip from Ashland to the Falls or from Lakewood or from Bend, but that has been changed and the people scot in over the state roads. And, as I said, the railroads contribute a type of peace breaker that was foreign to us in the earlier days. So there is always something doing in Klamath Falls, and we have to keep moving."

"Twice a year we have the Indians on our hands. Every six months they receive money from the government, and they are never satisfied to be quiet as long as they have a 10-cent piece left. There is a feud or two among some of the Indian families, and it is necessary to keep an eye on them when the allotment money is distributed, for the Indians do get liquor, and everyone knows what firewater does to an Indian."

"I wonder why Mrs. Hogarth didn't happen to read it in the local papers?" Strawn mused, questioningly. "Wait a minute! We've got a file of the three local papers. I'll look it up."

He returned very shortly. "No wonder she didn't see it. June 2 was the day that passenger plane crashed at our local airport, killing 11 people. Everything else was crowded out of the paper that day, and since they hadn't printed the lead story, the papers here practically ignored it. An obscure New York murder doesn't mean a whole lot in Hamilton, you know—"

"Well, boy?"

"Without triumph," Dundee turned up, didn't he? I wonder what he was looking for. Evidently he failed to find it in his wife's apartment in New York, found her mother's address instead, and came on here to look farther. My God! No wonder Mrs. Hogarth 'dreaded' that he would 'turn up'!"

"Aren't you jumping to conclusions?" Strawn frowned. "In the first place, you don't know that Sally Graves was Mrs. Hogarth's daughter; in the second, you have absolutely no evidence of a connection between the two murders."

"Good Lord!" Bonnie Dundee ejaculated, in a best amazement. "I'll lay you two bets: first, that Sally was Mrs. Hogarth's daughter, and second, that she 'had' turned up! Let's have a look at that trunk of hers. I'll lay you a third wager that we find something in it on which to win at least one of my bets!"

(To Be Continued)

## Simple Pleasant Way To Lose Fat

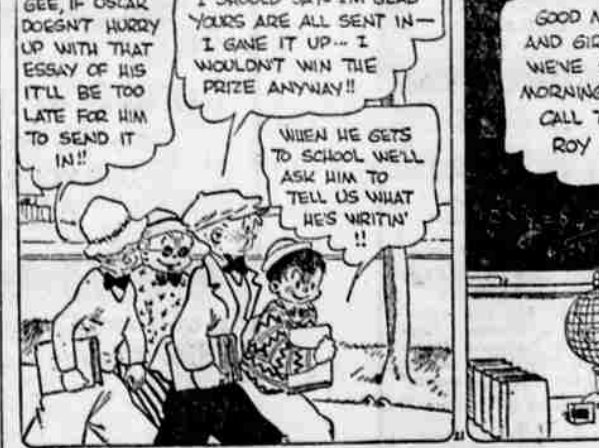
How would you like to lose 15 pounds of fat in a month and at the same time increase your energy and improve your health? How would you like to lose a load of unhealthy fat that you don't need and don't want and at the same time feel better than you have for years? How would you like to lose your double chin and your too prominent abdomen and at the same time make your skin so clean and clear that it will compel admiration? How would you like to get your weight down to normal and at the same time develop that urge for activity that makes work a pleasure and also gain in ambition and keenness of mind? Get on the scales today and see how much you weigh—then get an 85 cent bottle of Kruschen Salts which will last you for 4 weeks. Take one-half teaspoonful in a glass of hot water every morning and when you have finished the contents of this first bottle weigh yourself again. Now you can laugh at the people who pay hundreds of dollars to lose a few pounds of fat—now you will know the pleasant way to lose unsightly fat retaining the contents of Kruschen Salts that your blood, nerves and glands must have to function properly—have presented you with glorious health. After that you'll want to walk around and say to your friends: "One 85 cent bottle of Kruschen Salts is worth one hundred dollars of any fat person's money." Leading druggists America over always get it at Whitman Drug Co.—Adv.

## Quake Rocks Liner Off Halifax Coast

NEW YORK, Nov. 21. (AP)—The earthquake which was felt along the coast from New York to Halifax Monday, shook the liner Olympic, 619 sters out at sea. From stem to stern, her commander reported today on arrival here from Southampton and Cherbourg.

Officers of the Olympic did not know what happen and for a time feared the ship had hit a submerged wreck and perhaps damaged her hull.

## Freckles and His Friends



GEE, IF OSCAR DOESN'T HURRY UP WITH THAT ESSAY OF HIS IT'LL BE TOO LATE FOR HIM TO SEND IT IN!!

I SHOULD SAY—I'M GLAD YOURS ARE ALL SENT IN—I WOULDN'T WIN THE PRIZE ANYWAY!!

WHEN HE GETS TO SCHOOL WE'LL ASK HIM TO TELL US WHAT HE'S WRITIN'!!

GOOD MORNING, BOYS AND GIRLS—NOW THAT MORNING SONGS, WE'LL CALL THE ROLL—ROY OWEN....

## Mom'n Pop



POP IS STILL IN THE HOSPITAL UNDER OBSERVATION AFTER HIS TUMBLE FROM THE AIRPLANE.

NOW, TELL ME JUST HOW YOU FEEL AND WE'LL GET AT THE CAUSE OF THIS TEMPERATURE YOU'RE RUNNING.

MY RIGHT LEG PAINS ME AND—

## HINES TO CUT FIR IN OREGON

Pine Operator Makes Statement But Declines to Disclose Possible Sites.

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 21. (AP)—Edward Hines, Chicago millionaire and head of the Edward Hines Lumber company, which is spending \$5,000,000 on a pine lumber mill project at Burns, Ore., said today his company was contemplating a complete development in one of the large fir

## Given Four Years For Manslaughter

EUGENE, Ore., Nov. 21. (AP)—Ivan Brent, Eugene youth, was sentenced to four years in the state prison, but paroled to Harry Bown, Lane county sheriff, in circuit court here yesterday.

Brent was convicted on involuntary manslaughter in connection with the death of Kenneth Dillard in an automobile accident here last August.

His driver's license was revoked for four years.

## LORD BYNG ILL

LONDON, Nov. 21. (AP)—Lord Byng of Vimy, who is suffering from congestion of the lungs, passed a good night and his progress today was satisfactory.



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PRESENT FRECKLES MFGOOSEY PRESENT ALEK WILSON PRESENT ETHEL SWIN

## Sounds Reasonable



SO YOUR RIGHT LEG PAINS YOU, EH? WELL, WHAT DO YOU EXPECT AFTER FALLING A MILE OUT OF AN AIRPLANE?

—BUT, DOC., MY LEFT LEG FEEL JUST AS FAR AND IT DOESN'T HURT!