

THE BOOMERANG CLUE

BY AGATHA CHRISTIE

EXCUSE ME! Much to the disappointment of Lady Frances Derwent, the request over the body which Bobby Jones and Dr. Thomas found at the bottom of a cliff indicated that the man simply had fallen over. It is identified by a Mrs. Cayman as Alexander Peckard, her brother. The verdict of the jury is that the whole thing is an accident, and Bobby's only puzzle is that Mrs. Cayman looks as if she like the photograph he had seen in the dead man's pocket. Frankie declares she was disappointed there was no murder done.

Chapter Seven SNUBBED

"WHAT bloodthirsty instincts you have, Frankie," Bobby said. "I know. It's probably atavism (however do you pronounce it?—I've never been sure). Don't you think so? I'm sure I'm atavistic. My nickname at school was Monkey Face."

"Do monkeys like murder?" queried Bobby.

"You sound like a correspondence in a Sunday paper," said Frankie. "Our correspondents' views on this subject are solicited."

"You know," said Bobby, reverting to the original topic, "I don't agree with you about the female Cayman. Her photograph was lovely."

"Touched up, that's all," interrupted Frankie.

"Well, then, it was so much touched up that you wouldn't have known them for the same person."

"You're blind," said Frankie. "The photographer had done all that the art of photography could do, but it was still a nasty bit of work."

"I absolutely disagree with you," said Bobby coldly. "Anyway, where did you see it?"

"In the local 'Evening Echo.'"

"It probably reproduced badly."

"It seems to me you're absolutely batty," said Frankie crossly. "Over a painted-up raddled hussy—yes, I said hussy—like the Cayman."

"Frankie," said Bobby, "I'm surprised at you. In the Vicarage drive, too. Semi-holy ground, so to speak."

"Well, you shouldn't have been so ridiculous."

There was a pause, then Frankie's sudden fit of temper abated.

"What is ridiculous," she said, "is to quarrel about the damned woman. I came to suggest a round of golf. What about it?"

"O. K., Chief," said Bobby happily.

THEY set off amicably together, and their conversation was of such things as slicing and pulling and how to perfect a chip shot onto the green.

The recent tragedy passed quite out of mind until Bobby, holding a long putt at the eleventh to halve the hole, suddenly gave an exclamation.

"What is it?"

"Nothing. I've just remembered something."

"What?"

"Well, these people, the Caymans—they came round and asked if the fellow had said anything before he died—and I told them he hadn't."

"Well?"

"And now I've just remembered that he did."

"Not one of your brightest mornings, in fact."

"Well, you see, it wasn't the sort of thing they meant. That's why, I suppose, I didn't think of it."

"What did he say?" asked Frankie curiously.

"He said: 'Why didn't they ask Evans?'"

"What a funny thing to say. Nothing else?"

"No. He just opened his eyes and said that—quite suddenly—and then died, poor chap."

"Oh, well," said Frankie, turning it over in her mind, "I don't see that you need worry. It wasn't important."

"No, of course, not. Still I wish I'd just mentioned it. You see, I said he'd said nothing at all."

"Well, it amounts to the same thing," said Frankie. "I mean it isn't like 'Teli Glayds I always loved her, or 'The will is in the walnut bureau, or any of the proper romantic Last Words there are in books."

"You don't think it's worth while writing about it to them?"

"I shouldn't bother. It couldn't be important."

"I expect you're right," said Bobby and turned his attention with renewed vigor to the game.

But the matter did not really dismiss itself from his mind. It was a small point, but it fretted him. He felt very faintly uncomfortable about it. Frankie's point of view was he felt sure, the right and sensible one. The thing was of no importance—let it go.

But his conscience continued to reproach him faintly. He had said that the dead man had said nothing. That wasn't true. It was all very

trivial and silly, but he couldn't feel quite comfortable about it.

FINALLY that evening on an impulse he sat down and wrote to Mr. Cayman.

Dear Mr. Cayman: I have just remembered that your brother-in-law did actually say something before he died. I think the exact words were "Why didn't they ask Evans?" I apologise for not mentioning this in the morning, but I attached no importance to the words at the time and so, I suppose, they slipped my memory.

Yours truly,
ROBERT JONES

On the next day but one he received a reply.

Dear Mr. Jones: Your letter of 6th instant to name. Many thanks for repeating my poor brother-in-law's last words so unobtrusively in spite of their trivial character. What my wife hoped was that her brother might have left her some last message. Still, thank you for being so conscientious.

Yours faithfully,
LEO CAYMAN

Bobby felt snubbed.

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Belshazzar Feast Evangelistic Topic Nazarine Church

Evangelist Mrs. Edith Clark was given a responsive hearing Sunday night at the Church of the Nazarene when she spoke on "The Feast of Death." Drawing her message from Belshazzar's Feast, she said:

"In the infancy of the human race God was compelled to take toll, but not before He had heralded warning long and insistent; but notwithstanding, when the cup of iniquity was full, the great flood took its toll with shipwrecked humanity."

"God will soon be compelled to take toll again. The cup of iniquity in our day is filling fast, but God is not without His warning agencies to prepare you for the 'Upper-taker,' when the surge of destruction will catch in its meshes the unprepared."

This week the Clark Radio Singers are beginning a series of prophetic messages on the second coming of Christ, when the newspaper and the Bible will be read together.

Tuesday night Mrs. Clark speaks on "Signs of an on-coming storm."

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

FALL ON SKIIS NEAR
FATAL FOR YOUNGSTER
SEATTLE, Wash., Feb. 11.—(UP)—Fred Bassett, 19-year-old high school student, was recovering today from exposure suffered when he narrowly escaped death while skiing at Snoqualmie summit.

He was buried head first in five feet of snow, after falling down a hill. He was unable to extricate himself and was near suffocation when rescued by his cousin, Norman Piene, 18.

Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



FRED PERLEY WRECKED THE WOMEN'S CLUB ANNUAL MID-WINTER TEA PARTY, WHEN, HAVING VOLUNTEERED TO COLLECT THE NECESSARY CUPS AND SAUCERS FROM AROUND THE NEIGHBORHOOD, HE SLIPPED ON THE ICE

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THERE ARE 3 RURAL FREE DELIVERY ROUTES IN NEW YORK CITY...

THE 3 MOST COMMON NUMERAL SYSTEMS ARE ALL BASED ON FINGERS AND TOES!

QUINARY (5) SYSTEM—
DECIMAL (10) SYSTEM—
AND VIGESIMAL (20) SYSTEM

THE WORD "BLITTER" COMES FROM THE GREEK FOR "COW"

LOLLY—
the Italian composer
SUFFERED A FATAL INJURY WHILE LEADING MUSIC IN CELEBRATION OF KING LOUIS XIV'S RECOVERY FROM AN ILLNESS!
-1687-

found in the pure form in Sarawak. When men began to count, they counted like children—on their fingers. The finger-counting is the basis of our present decimal numeral system. Ten is the basis of our system—ten as represented by the fingers on both hands.

Strange as it seems, however, other numeral systems have been developed similarly. There is the quinary system, using five as the basis, which was developed from counting the fingers on one hand. This system is a native language in South America. Elsewhere it has been combined with other systems.

A widely used and highly developed system includes both the fingers and toes in its basis—the number being 20. In this, the vigesimal system, our 5 equals "one hand," our 10 is "two hands," while 11 is "one at the foot," and 20 is the "whole man."

This system is found in many places—throughout Australia, in India and Africa, among Eskimos and California Indians, and in Central America, where it was developed by the Aztecs and Mayans.

In January, 1687, after King Louis XIV recovered from a serious illness, a special Te Deum was composed in celebration by Jean Baptiste Lully, Italian composer. Lully, in conducting his song of thanks, accidentally struck his foot with his baton. An infection developed, necessitating amputation of his leg. He died a few days later.

Tomorrow: Fame at the Hip of a Coin.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Superstitious Mountain!

SENOR, EET EES HERE I FIN THOSE AEROPLANO WING--

GREAT GUNS! THAT MOUNTAIN! IT SEEMS TO REACH CLEAR TO HEAVEN!

DERECHO! THOSE MOUNTAIN-VER'IGH--NO MAN DARE CLIMB EET--BECAUSE OF... SKY DEVILS...

SKY DEVILS? SOUNDS LIKE NATIVE SUPERSTITION TO ME--

SENOR, ON THESE MOUNTAIN TOP ARE FIENDS WHO FEED ON HUMAN BEINGS! MANY OF MY AMIGOS AVE BEEN TAKEN BY THEM--

GOSH! I THINK I'VE GOT A HOT TIP! ROW ME BACK TO QUANTOCO QUICK!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Searching for Crip!

LIGTEN, BRIARIE, I CAN'T TAKE YOU--THOSE DOGS WOULD TEAR YOU TO PIECES!

PLUNGING BLINDLY INTO THE FOREST, THROUGH WHICH ECHOED THE BARKS OF THE ONCOMING DOGS, BEN CALLED LOUDLY FOR CRIP! HE KNEW NO TIME COULD BE LOST IF HE WERE TO SAVE THE BOY!

GOSH WAS THAT BEN? WHY, IT MUST BE!

HERE I AM, BEN, OVER THIS WAY!

CALL THE DOGS BACK, PETE! THERE'S NO ONE ON THE ISLAND!

THE DOGS'LL COME BACK WITHOUT CALLING IF THERE ISN'T--

THE NEBBS—I Feel Better Now

YOU'RE A NICE GUY--A VERY NICE GUY!! IF YOU GOT WHAT I WISHED YOU'D BE RESTIN' IN PEACES!!

YOU GO OUT AND BUY ALL THE PROPERTY AROUND YOUR HOTEL TO KEEP SOMEBODY ELSE FROM MAKIN' A LIVIN'-- I KNOW IT'S YOU WHO DID IT-- YOU CAN'T FOOL ME, YOU GOT A KIND FACE ONLY IT AIN'T THE RIGHT KIND!

WELL, THAT'S SOME SATISFACTION! HE THINKS I'VE GOT THE OPTIONS-- IF I CAN TOSS A BIT OF MISERY IN THAT SELF-CENTERED BULL-HEAD'S LIFE I HAVEN'T LIVED IN VAIN!

FIND WRECKAGE OF HELMS PLANE

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 11.—(AP)—Wreckage of the army pursuit plane of Lieut. John T. Helms, army aviator missing a month, was reported today by Capt. George H. Hays, pilot of the Transcontinental Transport.

Helms was the father of Toby Wing, movie actress. He disappeared on a flight from San Francisco to March Field.

Capt. Hays after observing the plane wreckage on his westbound flight early today, landed the transport here and then took off in another plane. Finding over the scene he reduced back positive identification of the missing army ship.

SMATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE

IT APPEARS OUR LITTLE HERO WAS VERY FOND OF ANIMALS--

HEH, HEH! JUS' LIKE ME!

I LIKE CHICKEN, TOO!

WHO THA HECK IS TALKIN' ABOUT EATING ME!

NOW THAT WE HAVE THAT STRAIGHTENED OUT, WE'LL GO ON WITH THE STORY

OKE!

"Hand Made" Lace Peddlers Working This Way Is Word

PORTLAND, Ore., Feb. 11.—(AP)—Margaret Williamson—member of the notorious Williamson gang, nationally known peddlers of fake "hand made" lace and "emulgated turp"—pleaded guilty to a charge of vagrancy in the Portland police court today. She had been arrested on a warrant signed by Lyle L. Jann, manager of the Portland Better Business Bureau, after attempting to sell factory-made lace as "petaline hand-made Irish linen."

Municipal Judge Lang sentenced the Williamson woman to six months, but suspended sentence on the provision that the entire gang immediately leave the state.

Because this group is believed heading south, the Portland Better Business Bureau warns authorities of the cities located on highways leading to California to be on the lookout for this crew.

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