

THE BOOMERANG CLUE

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

SYNOPSIS: Frankie Derwent has maintained all along that Pritchard, the man Bobby Jones found dying at the foot of a cliff near Marchbolt, was pushed over. And until Bobby was nearly killed by being slipped a grain of morphine in a bottle of beer, he counted her theory. But Frankie and the morphia have convinced Bobby at last, and now the two are in Bobby's hospital room trying to discover what Bobby could know that would justify an attempt on his life.

Chapter 10
AMATEUR SLEUTHS
"YOU'VE not annoyed a malevolent chemist lately, have you?" asked Frankie.
"Why a chemist?" Bobby inquired.
"Free access to morphia, of course."
"Well, I haven't annoyed anybody at all that I know of, excepting my clergyman father."
"And you haven't got any enemies that you know of?"
Bobby shook his head.
"Well, there you are," said Frankie triumphantly. "It must be the man who was pushed over the cliff. What do the police think?"
"They think it must have been a lunatic."
"Nonsense. Lunatics don't wander about with unlimited supplies of morphia looking for odd bottles of beer to put it into. No, somebody

"Like 'The Third Bloodstain,'" said Bobby, remembering one of his favorite works of fiction.
"Yes, and in real life too—Smith and his wife, and Armstrong and other people."
"Well, but Frankie, what on earth is it I'm supposed to have seen?"
"That, of course, is the difficulty," admitted Frankie. "I agree that it can't have been the actual pushing, because you would have told about that. It must be something about the man himself. Perhaps he had a birthmark or double-jointed fingers or some strange physical peculiarity."
"Your mind is running on Dr. Thornadyke, I see. It couldn't be anything like that because whatever I saw the police would see as well."
"So they would. That was an idiotic suggestion. It's very difficult, isn't it?"
"It's a pleasing theory," said Bobby. "And it makes me feel important. But all the same, I don't believe it's much more than a theory."
"I'm sure I'm right," Frankie rose. "I must be off now. Shall I come and see you again tomorrow?"
"Oh, do. The arch chatter of the nurses gets very monotonous. By the way, you're back from London very soon?"
"My dear, as soon as I heard about

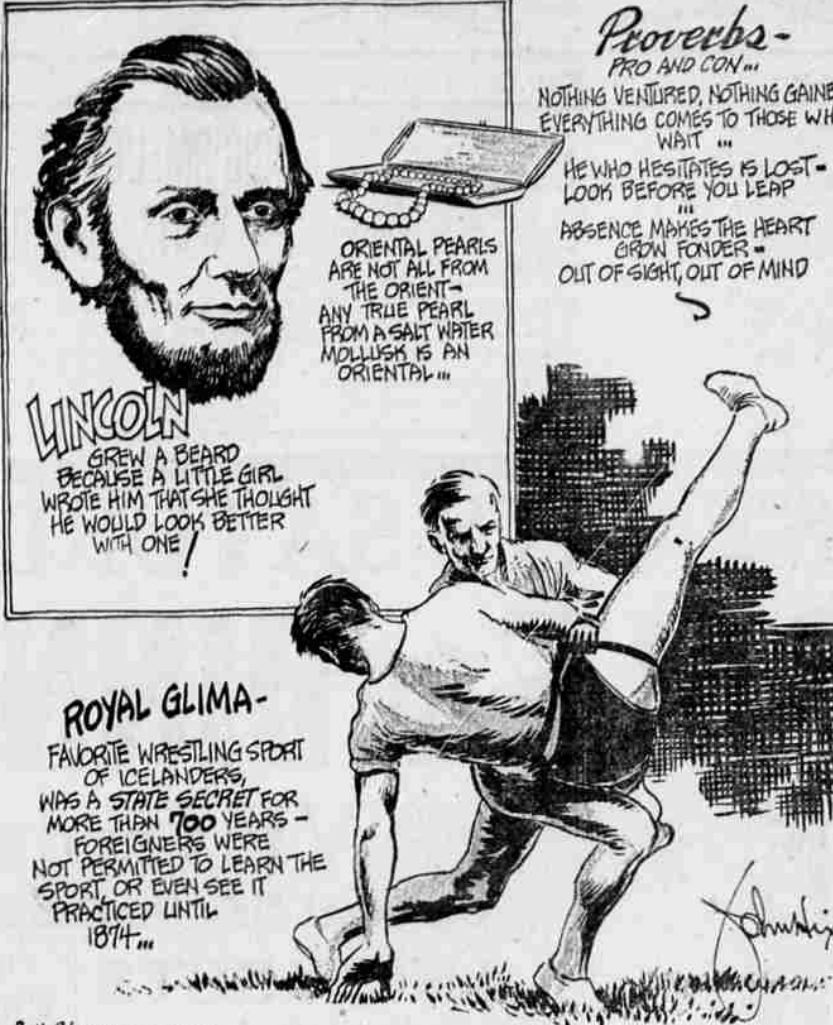


"And you haven't any enemies you know of?"
"I don't know whether morphia is so very romantic," said Bobby remissly.
"Well, I'll come tomorrow. Do I kiss you or don't I?"
"It's not catching," said Bobby encouragingly.
"Then I'll do my duty to the sick thro' roughly." She kissed him lightly. "See you tomorrow."
The nurse came in with Bobby's tea as she went out.
"I've seen her pictures in the paper often. She's not so very like them, though. And of course I've seen her driving about in her car. Not a bit haughty, is she?"
"Oh, no," said Bobby. "I should never call Frankie haughty."
"I said to the head nurse, I said, she's as natural as anything. Not a bit stuck-up. She's just like you or me, I said."
Dismissing violently though silently from this view, Bobby returned no reply.
His eye was caught by the vases of lilies. Pricely sweet of Frankie to bring him all these flowers, and of course they were lovely, but he wished it had occurred to her to bring him a few detective stories instead. He cast his eye over the table beside him. There was a novel of Ouida's and a copy of "John Halifax, Gentleman," and in a week's "Marchbolt Weekly Times" he picked up "John Halifax, Gentleman."
After five minutes he put it down. To a mind nourished on "The Third Bloodstain," "The Case of the Murdered Archduke," and "The Strange Adventure of the Florentine Dancer," Mrs. Mulock Cratke's "John Halifax" somehow lacked pep. With a sigh he picked up last week's "Weekly Times."
A moment or two later he was pressing the bell beneath his pillow with a vigor which brought a nurse into the room at a run.
(Copyright 1935-36, Agatha Christie)
Frankie and Bobby puzzle over a very suspicious circumstance, tomorrow.

ROYAL GLIMA—
FAVORITE WRESTLING SPORT OF ICELANDERS WAS A STATE SECRET FOR MORE THAN 700 YEARS—FOREIGNERS WERE NOT PERMITTED TO LEARN THE SPORT, OR EVEN SEE IT PRACTICED UNTIL 1874...

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



PROVERBS—
PRO AND CON...
NOTHING VENTURED, NOTHING GAINED
EVERYTHING COMES TO THOSE WHO WAIT...
HE WHO HESITATES IS LOST—
LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP...
ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER...
OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF MIND

ORIENTAL PEARLS ARE NOT ALL FROM THE ORIENT—ANY TRUE PEARL FROM A SALT WATER MOLLUSK IS AN ORIENTAL...

LINCOLN GREW A BEARD BECAUSE A LITTLE GIRL WROTE HIM THAT SHE THOUGHT HE WOULD LOOK BETTER WITH ONE!

ROYAL GLIMA—
FAVORITE WRESTLING SPORT OF ICELANDERS WAS A STATE SECRET FOR MORE THAN 700 YEARS—FOREIGNERS WERE NOT PERMITTED TO LEARN THE SPORT, OR EVEN SEE IT PRACTICED UNTIL 1874...

2-11-36
Like Japan's more effective Judo, Iceland's national form of wrestling was long preserved as a national secret and all foreigners were forbidden to witness its performance or learn its technique. Not until 1874 did Iceland permit glima wrestling to be put on in public exhibitions where it could be seen by non-Icelanders. The ban had been in effect since about 1100; the secret was kept for nearly eight centuries.

In recent years the glima has been filmed for news reels, and in 1929 a band of Icelanders toured Europe giving exhibitions of the picturesque form of wrestling.

In glima wrestling the contestants wear a small harness about their waists and thighs. Each contestant grasps his opponent's harness with both hands at the waist. Standing face to face, then, the wrestlers attempt to throw each other off balance. With a quick turning movement a successful wrestler will sometimes turn his opponent end over end in throwing him.

Strange as it seems, Oriental pearls are not necessarily those produced in the Orient. The term now is applied to any true pearl from a salt water mollusk. At one time it was a term applied to pearls of a certain class, and before that "orientals" were only those pearls which came from Ceylon, Arabia, the Red Sea, and other places which produced pearls of a characteristic mellow luster.

Tomorrow: Lincoln, Winner with Less Than 40% of the Votes.

In 1782 the North Carolina assembly passed an act requiring residents of Bladen county to attend church and other public meetings and to take their guns and six rounds of ammunition with them.

The University of California plans to offer a course in television in its extension division.

WATCH YOUR STEP!
ONLY WRIGLEY'S HAS THE GREEN SPEAR ON THE PACKAGE

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM

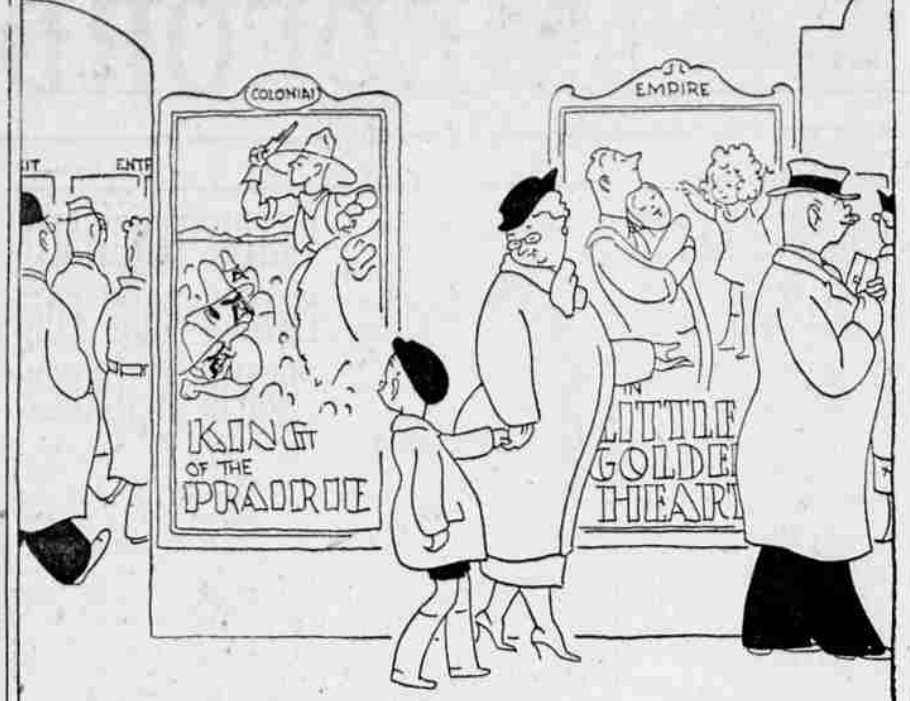
THE FLAVOR LASTS

THE STANDARD OF QUALITY

DANGER! MEN AT WORK

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



YOUR PARENTS PASS UP A PERFECTLY GOOD WESTERN THRILLER IN FAVOR OF A PICTURE IN WHICH A DEAR LITTLE CHILD SCATTERS SUNSHINE FOR SEVEN REELS

2-14
(Copyright, 1936, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)
GLUYAS WILLIAMS

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



M'NARY CENSURED BY MAHONEY FOR STAND

KLAMATH FALLS, Feb. 14.—(AP)—Mayor Willis E. Mahoney, candidate for the Democratic nomination to the United States senate, today censured Senator McNary for his stand on the Townsend pension plan.

Mahoney said the senator's message to the state Townsend meeting in Eugene was "without conviction."

"There is no neutral corner in the Townsend issue," the mayor said in a letter mailed to McNary.

"A man is either for it or against it."

The mayor is making a strong bid for the support of the Oregon Townsend clubs.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

SEVEN MILLION GIFT TO NORTHWESTERN U.

EVANSTON, Ill., Feb. 14.—(UP)—A \$7,000,000 gift to Northwestern university from the estate of Roger Deering, heir to the Deering farm machine fortune who died February 2 at Phoenix, Ariz., was announced today by President Walter Dill Scott of the university.

The gift was the largest single bequest made to an institution of higher learning since 1892, when the late George Eastman, kodak magnate, left \$14,000,000 to the University of Rochester.

Air lines in the United States employ 197 young women as hostesses.

The tailor shop of President Andrew Johnson still stands in Greene county, Tennessee.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—An Opening—And a Menace!

By HAL FORREST



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Running For It!

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—Strangers

By SOL HESS

