

THE BOOMERANG CLUE

BY AGATHA CHRISTIE

SYNOPSIS: Lady Frances Derwent has bought an old car, and is planning to smash it against the wall of Merroway Court, pretend to be killed, and thus gain admission to the home of Bassington-French. Lady Frances thinks Bassington-French has something to do with a certain mysterious murder, and with an equally inexplicable attempt on Bobby Jones' life. Bobby is helping with the "accident," as it is known about, at a dinner-party of Franke's.

Chapter 16 SUCCESS

"I'm made up pale," explained Franke. "Ready for the concussion. You don't want me to be carried into the house blooming with health."

"How wonderful women are!" said Bobby appreciatively. "You look exactly like a sick monkey."

"I think you're very rude," said Franke. "Now then I shall go and prospect at the gate into Merroway Court. It's just this side of the bulge. There's no lodge fortunately. When George waves his handkerchief and I wave mine, you start her off."

"Right," said Bobby. "I'll stay on the running board to guide her until the pace gets too hot and then I'll jump off."

"Don't hurt yourself," said Franke anxiously.

"I shall be extremely careful not to. It would complicate matters to have a real accident on the spot of the faked one."

"Well, start off, George," said Franke.

George nodded, jumped into the second car and ran slowly down the hill. Bobby and Franke stood looking after him.

"You'll look after yourself, won't you, Franke?" said Bobby with sudden gruffness. "I mean—don't go doing anything foolish."

"I shall be all right. Most circumstances. By the way, I don't think I'd better write to you direct. I'll write to George or my maid or someone or other to pass on to you."

"I wonder if George is going to be a success in his profession?"

"Why shouldn't he?"

"Well, he doesn't seem to have acquired a chatty bedside manner yet."

"I expect that will come," said Franke. "I'd better be going now. I'll let you know when I want you to come down with the Bentley."

"I'll get busy with the moustache. So long, Franke."

They looked at each other for a moment and then Franke nodded and began to walk down the hill.

George had turned the car and then backed it round the bulge.

FRANKE disappeared for a moment, then reappeared in the road waving a handkerchief. A second handkerchief waved from the bottom of the road at the turn.

Bobby put the car into third gear, then standing on the footboard he released the brake. The car moved grudgingly forward—impeded by being in gear. The slope, however, was sufficiently steep. The engine started. The car gathered way. Bobby steadied the steering wheel. At the last possible moment he jumped off. The car went on down the hill and crashed into the wall with considerable force. All was well—the accident has taken place successfully.

Bobby saw Franke run quickly to the scene of the crime and plop down amid the wreckage. George in his car came round the corner and pulled up.

With a sigh Bobby mounted his motorcycle and rode away in the direction of London.

At the scene of the accident things were busy.

"Shall I roll about in the road a bit?" asked Franke. "To get myself dusty."

"You might as well," said George. "Here, give me your hat."

He took it and inflicted a terrific dent on it. Franke gave a faint anguished cry.

"That's the concussion," explained George. "Now then, lie doggo just where you are. I think I heard a bicycle bell."

Sure enough, at that moment, a boy of about seventeen came whirling round the corner. He stopped at once, delighted with the pleasurable spectacle that met his eyes.

"Ooer!" he ejaculated. "as there been an accident?"

"No," said George sarcastically. "The young lady ran her car into the wall on purpose."

Accepting, as he was meant to do, this remark as irony rather than the simple truth which it was, the boy said with rolish, "Looks bad, don't she? Is she dead?"

"Not yet," said George. "She must be taken somewhere at once. I'm a doctor. What's this place in here?"

"Merroway Court. Belongs to Mr. Bassington-French. He's a J.D., he is."

"She must be carried there at once," said George authoritatively. "Here, leave your bicycle, and lend me a hand."

ONLY too willing, the boy propped his bicycle against the wall and came to assist. Between them George and the boy carried Franke up the drive to a pleasant, old-fashioned-looking manor house.

Their approach had been observed, for an elderly butler came out to meet them.

"There's been an accident," said George curtly. "Is there a room I can carry this lady into? She must be attended to at once."

The butler went back into the hall

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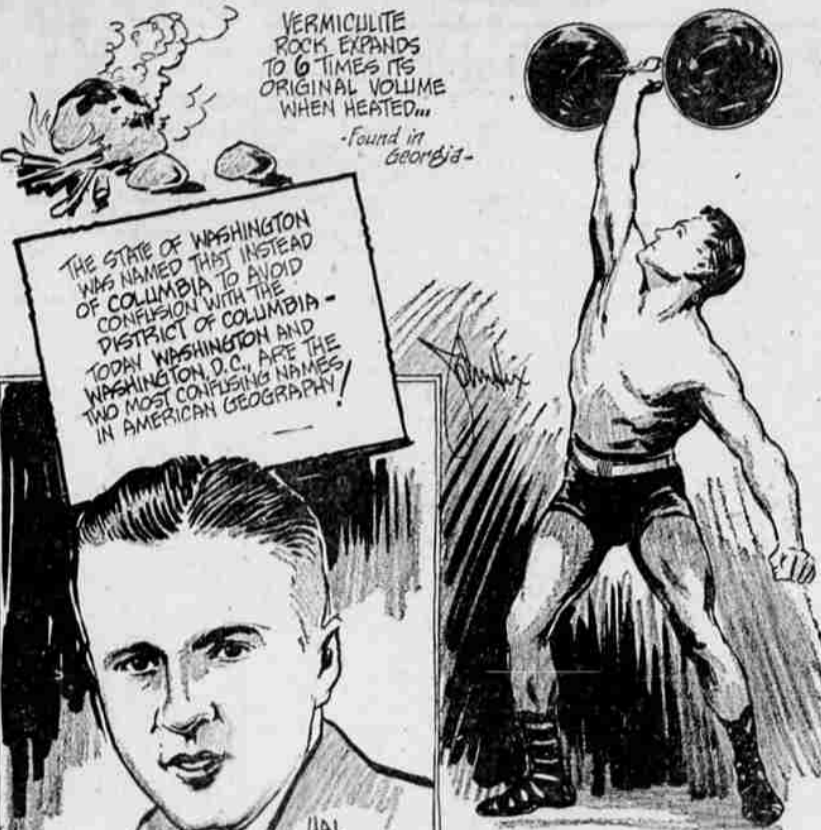
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STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



It takes more work to lift a feather than to hold a 300-lb. weight overhead with one arm!

Work, according to the scientific point of view, is done when a force acts against resistance to produce motion in a body. When you lift something you produce motion in a body (whatever you lift) against a resistance (gravity). But when you hold something stationary overhead you do no work because you produce no motion, despite the fact that the pull of gravity is acting on the body that you are holding.

Work is done when you lift a feather; no work is done when you hold a heavy weight overhead. Likewise a bridge piling does no work in supporting the bridge; a table leg does no work in supporting the table.

Probably the two most confusing geographic names in the United States are the state of Washington and Washington, District of Columbia. Strange as it seems, the state was so named to avoid confusion with the nation's capital. When "Columbia" was proposed as the name for the new state, this name was overruled on the ground that a state called Columbia would be confused with the federal District of Columbia. So they named the state Washington instead, and ever since then people have been getting the state and the capital city mixed up.

Strange as it seems, Hal Styles' championship as the fastest talking human is a result of his inability at one time to speak at all. During a trip in Arctic waters, Styles suffered a mysterious malady which rendered him voiceless. When he recovered he became especially interested in voice, and developed his until he can speak 450 words a minute.

Tomorrow: Left-Handed Railroad.

In many districts of Texas and Oklahoma, the 1935 pecan crop was the largest in years.

FOR UNIFORM FLAVOR AND QUALITY, TRY WRIGLEY'S

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM

THE FLAVOR LASTS

THE STANDARD OF QUALITY

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



FRED PERLEY WAS PRETTY MORFIFIED AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE COUNTRY CLUB WHEN HE ROSE TO READ HIS TREASURER'S REPORT AND DISCOVERED THAT OWING TO HIS WIFE'S HAVING SENT HIS TUXEDO TO BE PRESSED THAT AFTERNOON IT WAS NO LONGER IN HIS POCKET

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'SMATTER POP— By C. M. PAYNE



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Has an Idea!



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IF HE'S KING OF THIS CRAZY COUNTRY—WOT'S HE DOIN' IN THIS SECRET SUBWAY? HE CAME HERE TO HIDE BECAUSE HIS BROTHER, THE EMPEROR, SEEKS TO KILL HIM. IT'S A BREAK FOR US, SKEETS!—LISTEN, WILL YOU TRANSLATE TO THIS ERR-PRINCE WHAT I SAY?



By EDWIN ALGER

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Tragedy!



By Zev Jerome Williams

WE'RE TOO LATE—SON—WED BETTER RUN FOR OUR OWN LIVES, NOW— THE BOAT'S THIS WAY, MR. THORPE— GOOD! THERE'S A RAFT IN THE COVE— WE CAN USE THAT ALSO—



By EDWIN ALGER

PIN BALL LICENSE FIXED IN ASHLAND

ASHLAND, Feb. 21. — (AP) — The Ashland city council, unanimously accepting the suggestions of a special committee, Tuesday night clamped down on pinball games in the city limits by attaching an annual license fee on each machine. Theaters, card rooms, billiard halls, and bowling alleys were also affected by the move.

In placing the fees, the council pointed out that the move was made not only for the purpose of raising revenue, but to enable the city fathers to keep an eye on such equipment. An annual fee of \$50 was placed on all machines using 10 or less balls, with the fee to be \$25 yearly for those employing over 10 balls.

In addition to the levy on each machine, each distributor will be called upon to pay a fee of \$100 year-

Cousins United by Musical Laughter

MACON, Ga., Feb. 21. — (AP) — The musical laugh of Mrs. Lewis Harper served to unite her with a cousin she hadn't seen in 25 years.

Mrs. Harper laughed aloud as she rode in a train with a friend. Several seats away a woman rose quickly, looked around and recognized the ivory one as her kinswoman.

SETTLEMENT AVERTS MEXICO S. P. STRIKE

MEXICO CITY, Feb. 21. — (AP) — A strike scheduled to start at noon on the Southern Pacific railway of Mexico was called off early today when employees and officials of the company reached an agreement on the demands of the workers.

The terms of the settlement were not immediately disclosed.

THE NEBBES—The Newly Rich



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By SOL HESS