

THE BOOMERANG CLUE

BY AGATHA CHRISTIE

SYNOPSIS: Frankie Derwent is determined that a chap named Bassington-French pushed another chap, identified as Alexander Pritchard, over a cliff to his death. With the assistance of Bobby Jones, her friend, she has faked an accident and has gotten herself into the house of Henry Bassington-French. She learns from Henry's wife that Roger, whom Frankie suspects, will be along shortly. And now she is worried because Henry Bassington-French seems to be too nervous and excitable at times.

Chapter 11 ENTER ROGER

NOT that Henry was always like that. Later that evening, at dinner, he showed out in quite a new light. He joked, laughed, told stories, and was, for a man of his abilities, quite brilliant. Too brilliant, Frankie felt. The brilliance was just as unnatural and out of character.

As for the brother, Frankie looked forward to seeing him with eager interest. According to her and to Bobby, the man was a murderer. She was going to meet a murderer face to face.

She felt momentarily nervous. Yet, after all, how could he guess? How could he, in any way, connect her with a successfully accomplished crime?

Frankie saw a tall, slender young man of something over thirty with very pleasant eyes. Although she could see what Bobby meant by saying he ought to have a monocle and a toothbrush moustache, she herself was more inclined to notice the intense blue of his eyes. They shook hands.

He said: "I've been hearing all about the way you tried to break down the park wall."

"I'll admit," said Frankie, "that I'm the world's worst driver. But I was driving an awful old rattler. My own car was laid up, and I bought a cheap one second-hand."

"He was rather sweet," agreed Frankie. Tommy arrived at this moment and flung himself upon his uncle with squeals of joy.

"I don't think so." A constrained note was in her voice. "He isn't feeling awfully well today, I imagine. Then she said impulsively, "Oh, Roger, I'm glad you're back!"

After tea, Roger played tennis with his nephew. Frankie watched them, her mind in a turmoil. Surely this wasn't the sort of man to push people over cliffs! This charming young man couldn't be a cold-blooded murderer!

STRANGELY enough, she received confirmation of this theory no later than the following day, and it came from Roger.

They had been playing a single at tennis against each other and, sitting afterwards sipping iced drinks, had been talking about various indifferent subjects.

CCC MAN TO PAINT FORESTRY SIGNS
CAMP ROND — (Sp.) — Enrollee Paris Nagelrod, member of company 2523, CCC, Camp Agness, Ore., has been placed on detached service with company 1095, Camp Rand, and will be employed by the Sixigou national forest as a sign painter. He will be stationed at the Grants Pass side camp, operated by Camp Rand.

Roger—speaking this time in an entirely different tone of voice. "Lady Frances, I'm going to do a rather peculiar thing. I've known you less than twenty-four hours, but I feel instinctively that you're the one person I can ask advice from."

"Advice?" said Frankie surprised. "Yes, I can't make up my mind between two different courses of action." He paused. He was leaning forward, swinging a racquet between his knees, a light frown on his forehead. He looked worried and upset.

"How does he get hold of it?" inquired Frankie practically. "I think it comes to him by post. Have you noticed that he is particularly nervous and irritable some days at tea-time?"

FRANKIE nodded thoughtfully. "Why exactly are you telling me this?" she asked. "Because I don't know what to do about Sylvia," he said simply.

"It's a fact. There are ways, of course, if Henry would only consent to go in for a cure—there's a place actually near here. Run by a Dr. Nicholson."

"I'm terribly lazy about tennis," said Sylvia. "We must ask the Nicholsons over one day. She's very fond of a game. Why—what is it?" She had caught the glance the other two had exchanged.

WORLD-WIDE NOVENA AGAIN AT MONTREAL
MONTREAL, Que., Feb. 24.—(Sp.)—Following a tradition that dates back to 1928, there will be again this year a novena world-wide novena at Saint Joseph's Oratory here, March 10 to 18.

WORLD-WIDE NOVENA AGAIN AT MONTREAL
MONTREAL, Que., Feb. 24.—(Sp.)—Following a tradition that dates back to 1928, there will be again this year a novena world-wide novena at Saint Joseph's Oratory here, March 10 to 18.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



FRIDAY 13
ARTHUR WEST COMMITTED MURDER ON FRIDAY— WAS CONVICTED ON FRIDAY— AND SENTENCED TO DIE ON FRIDAY— APPEAL WAS DENIED ON FRIDAY— AND HE WAS HANGED ON FRIDAY THE 13TH... HE WALKED UP 13 STEPS TO THE GALLOWES AND WAS PRONOUNCED DEAD 13 MINUTES LATER.
—San Quentin Penitentiary, Cal., Dec. 13, 1935—



THE LAZY LARCH— A GROWING, HEALTHY LARCH TREE LEANING AT AN ANGLE OF MORE THAN 45°...
Nittany, Pa.

of lower animals accounts for its colorlessness, and the presence of other substances in its place accounts for the variety of blood colors that can be found among invertebrate animals.

On Friday, December 13, last year, Arthur D. West, climbed 13 steps to the top of the scaffold at San Quentin penitentiary, California, to pay with his life for a murder that he had committed. Just 13 minutes after the trap was sprung, West was declared dead.

The strange sequence of 13's and Fridays that ran through his crime and conviction began on a Friday in October, 1934, when West killed a fellow soldier. A jury found him guilty of first degree murder—requiring the verdict on Friday. A week later, on Friday, he was sentenced to die—the execution was ordered to take place on the third Friday in April, 1935. West's attorneys appealed, but on Friday, September 27, the supreme court of the state denied the appeal. West was re-sentenced to hang on Friday, December 13. This sentence was carried out.

Strange as it seems, not all animals have red blood. A great many lower forms of animal life have colorless blood, and others have blood of various colors. The blood of many species of butterflies is yellow, and that of some marine worms is greenish. Lack of haemoglobin in the blood

WRIGLEY'S IS ALWAYS REFRESHING!

BUCKINGHAM'S Ice Cream Candy and Party Specials The Great 43¢ 50 Central

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

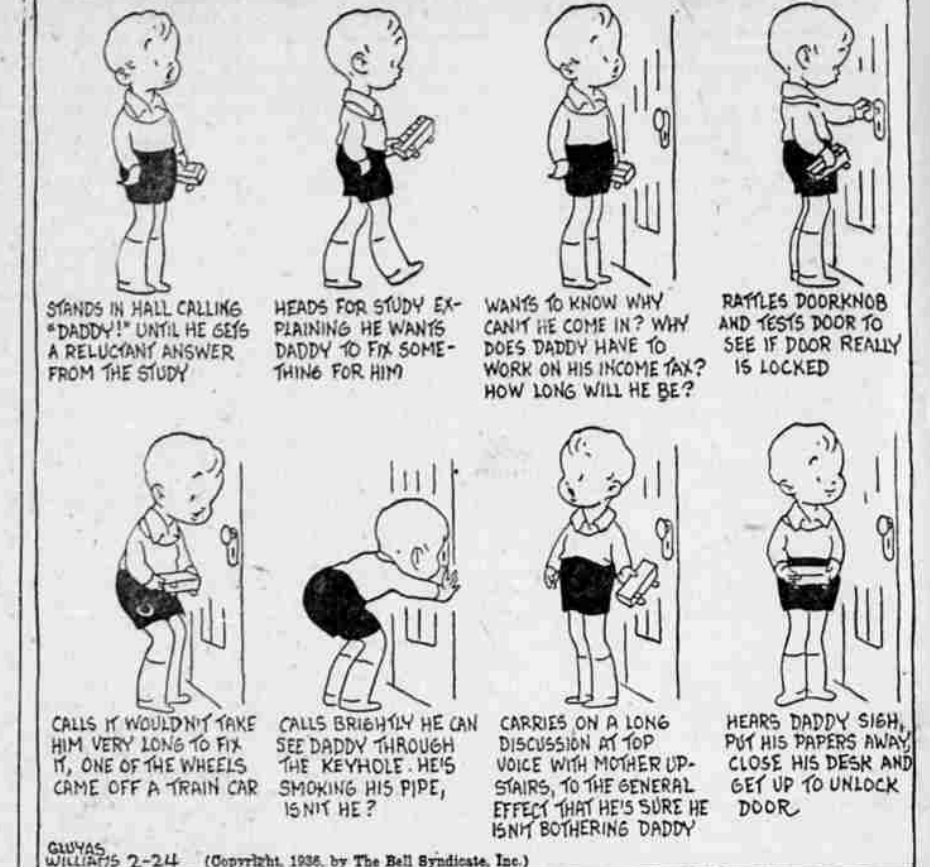
THE PERFECT GUM

THE FLAVOR LASTS

THE STANDARD OF QUALITY

LOCKED DOOR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



GUUYAS WILLIAMS 2-24 (Copyright, 1936, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



2-19



(Copyright, 1936, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Takes a Chance!



© 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

THE NEBB—The Mediator

By SOL HESS



© 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Some Offer!



© 1935, by Jay Jerome Williams

WORLD-WIDE NOVENA AGAIN AT MONTREAL



© 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

THE NEBB—The Mediator



© 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

WORLD-WIDE NOVENA AGAIN AT MONTREAL



© 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.