

THE BOOMERANG CLUE

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

SYNOPSIS: Bobby Jones and Frankie Derwent are extracting information from Moira Nicholson which will solve their mystery. Moira's husband, Roger Bassington-French, murdered Alan Carstairs. Frankie is a guest at the Bassington-Frenches, and Bobby is pretending to be a waiter. Her classmate, Bill, there is the master of the changed photograph which still points toward Roger. Moira asks, unexpectedly, why they don't ask Roger himself about it.

Chapter 25
FRESH START

FOR a moment the bold simplicity of the question quite took their breaths away. Both Frankie and Bobby started to speak at once.

"That's impossible —" began Bobby, just as Frankie said, "That would never do."

Then they both stopped dead as the possibilities of the idea sank in.

"You see," said Moira eagerly, "I do understand what you mean. It does seem as though Roger must have taken that photograph. But I don't believe for one moment that he pushed Alan over. Why should he? He didn't even know him. They'd only met once—at lunch down here. They'd never come across each other in any way. There's no motive."



Frankie.

"Then who did push him over?" asked Frankie bluntly.

A shadow crossed Moira's face. "I don't know," she said constrainedly. "Look here," said Bobby. "Do you mind if I tell Frankie what you told me? About what you're afraid of?"

Moira turned her head away. "If you like. But it sounds so melodramatic and hysterical. I can't believe it myself this minute."

And indeed the bald statement, made unemotionally in the open air of the quiet English countryside, did seem curiously lacking in reality.

Moira got up abruptly. "I really feel I've been terribly silly," she said, her lip trembling. "Please don't pay any attention to what I said, Mr. Jones. It was just—nerves. Anyway, I must be going now. Good-bye."

She moved rapidly away. Bobby sprang up to follow her, but Frankie pushed him firmly back.

"Stay there, idiot, leave this to me."

She went rapidly off after Moira. She returned a few minutes later.

"Well," queried Bobby anxiously. "That's all right. I calmed her down. Now that you're not hampered by her being here, tell me all about it."

BOBBY did so. Frankie listened attentively. Then she said:

"It fits in with two things. First of all, I came back just now to find Nicholson holding both Sylvia Bassington-French's hands—and didn't he look daggers at me?"

"What's the second thing?" asked Bobby.

"Oh, just an incident. Sylvia described how Moira's photograph had made a great impression on some stranger who had come to the house. Depend upon it, that was Carstairs. He recognizes the photograph. Mrs. Bassington-French tells him that it is a portrait of a Mrs. Nicholson, and that explains how he came to find out where she was. But you know, Bobby, I don't see yet where Nicholson comes in."

"You think it was he and not Bassington-French? Rather a coincidence if he and Bassington-French should both be in Marchmont on the same day."

"Well, coincidences do happen. But

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

THOMAS DE QUINCEY'S WORST HABIT WAS HIS GREATEST ASSET—NARCOTIC ADDICTION MADE POSSIBLE HIS FIRST GREAT SUCCESS—CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER! —1821—

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE—INVENTOR OF THE TELEGRAPH—PAINTER BY PROFESSION—HE BECAME INTERESTED IN ELECTRICITY AS A HOBBY!

TWILIGHT ALWAYS COMES WITH DAWN—BUT DAWN IS NOT ALWAYS AT TWILIGHT...

My dear, your little friend may be an emotional scaremonger who likes to exaggerate, but supposing that her husband really wants to get rid of her and marry Sylvia Don't you realize that in that case Henry Bassington-French is in mortal danger too? At all costs, we've got to prevent his being sent to the Grange. And at present, Roger Bassington-French is on Nicholson's side."

"Good for you, Frankie," said

PRESIDENT HARRISON
GAVE AN INAUGURAL ADDRESS LONGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER PRESIDENT...
HE HELD OFFICE ONLY ONE MONTH, THE SHORTEST TERM OF ANY U. S. PRESIDENT!

Strange as it seems, the United States president who served the shortest term in office, gave an inaugural address longer than that of any president before him or since. President William Henry Harrison's address upon taking office was 8778 words long. Yet Harrison was in office only one month. He died on April 4 following his inauguration on March 4.

Washington, by contrast, gave an inaugural address only 134 words long when he took office for his second term.

Samuel F. B. Morse, inventor of the electric telegraph code, was not an electrician, inventor, or even experimenter by profession. He was an artist, accomplished in sculpture and especially in portrait painting. He had a fondness for leisurely study of natural philosophy and chemistry, but long before he added electricity to his hobbies and before science, rather than art, became his chief occupation, Morse was so successful at portraits that he could not meet the demand for his work.

He attained some eminence as a professor of the literature of the arts of design at the University of the City of New York and in 1824 he organized what is now the National Academy of Design. He was its first

president, holding the office for 16 years.

His studies in electricity were probably prompted by his friendship with Prof. J. Freeman Dana, who lectured on the electro-magnet at the university. In 1832, at the age of 41 and with a successful art career already well rounded out, he conceived the idea for the Morse telegraph. For years after its perfection he vainly sought financial support—but when it was given him by the U. S. government, and the value of his invention was proven, governments and organizations throughout the world heaped honors on the inventor.

Tomorrow: Taste Where There Is No Taste.

WRIGLEY'S RELIEVES A DRY AND SMOKEY THROAT

BEFORE AFTER

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM THE FLAVOR LASTS

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Crip's Hunch

HOW LONG'S IT GOIN' TO TAKE US TO GET TO THIS PLACE?

ABOUT A DAY AND A HALF—WE'VE GOT TO GO ON FOOT THE LAST FIFTEEN MILES—

I S'POSE THIS GUY, DOC KILOWITCH, WILL ROLL DOWN THE RED PLOSH CARPET TO GREET US WHEN HE KNOWS OLD MAN THORPE SENT US, EH?

I HOPE SO, BUT I GUESS WE'LL KNOW SOON ENOUGH WHEN WE GET THERE—

SAY, YOU AIN'T HOLDIN' NOTHIN' BACK, ARE YOU, BEN?

OF COURSE I'M NOT—I'VE TOLD YOU EVERYTHING MR. THORPE TOLD ME—WHY?

I DON'T KNOW, ONLY I GOT A FUNNY FEELIN' ABOUT THIS WHOLE TRIP, BEN—

THE NEBBS—Dropping the Pilot

HERE'S A CERTIFIED CHECK FOR THE BALANCE OF THE DEAL WE MADE FOR HOTEL.

I'M KEEPING MR. SLIDER TEMPORARILY AT LEAST UNDER THE SAME ARRANGEMENTS—HE HAS AN OPTION ON ALL THE NEW PROPERTY ON THE HIGHWAY WHICH THIS HOTEL MAY NEED.

WHATSOEVER YOU DO WITH SLIDER DON'T TELL ME, I GET RABIES WHEN I HEAR HIS NAME.

MONSIEUR NEBS, WHAT AM I TO DO? I O'DAISE MORE EVERY DAY BUT IT EES NOT ENOUGH WIT BISS NEW ROAD. WHY YOU JUST CAN'T TAKE CARE OF ZE CUSTOMERS!

YOU'LL HAVE TO SEE MR. AMBLE, HE'S THE BOSS HERE NOW—WHEN THINGS GET GOOD I'M OUT PEERING THROUGH THE WINDOW.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

THE BOYS DID A GOOD BUSINESS DURING THE HEAVY THAW BY FURNISHING BOXES ON WHICH TO CROSS THE BIG PUDDLE AT THE STATION, THE LAST BOX NEVER BEING PUT IN PLACE UNTIL THE CUSTOMER HAD PAID HIS NICKEL

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S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE

LET THEM PEOPLE ALONE!

WHO DO YA THINK YA ARE?

WHAM! LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YA!

WHO'S YA SOCK?

MUSSOLINI!

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—"A Break!"

TOMMY AND SKETTER, ACCOMPANIED BY THE FUGITIVE PRINCE, CALTUMAC, RIGHTFUL HEIR TO THE THRONE OF AZTECO, WERE TRAILING THE GOLDEN GIRL TO THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN, WHEN,

LIE DOWN!

G-GOLLY! THEY GOT TH' WHOLE ARMY AFTER US!

TH' DARN DOUBLE-CROSSER! YOU SHOULD HAVE SHOT HIM, TOM!

HIGHYAH!

LOOKS AS IF WE ARE SOLD OUT--

IT'S A BREAK, SKETTER! THESE WARRIORS ARE FRIENDS OF CALTUMAC.

HO-CAY! QUETZAL-COATL!

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MOTT SATISFIED WITH HOUSE SEAT

EUROPE, Feb. 6.—(AP)—Congressman James W. Mott is "quite satisfied" with his seat in the house and has refused to consider becoming a Townsend candidate for senator, ruling against Senator Charles L. McNary, the Register-Guard learned today.

Charles Payne, member of the first congressional district advisory board, revealed today that he had sent a telegram to Congressman Mott, sounding him out on the proposition of a "promotion" from the house to senate. In his reply Congressman Mott declared:

"Your inquiry whether I would consider promotion is very flattering but I am quite satisfied for the present with my seat in the house. There is a great deal of work to do here for Oregon which I already have under way and I want to complete it."

Townsend himself in this state have expressed dissatisfaction with McNary following his failure to state unequivocally his stand on the Townsend plan. His answer to the query as to how he stood on the plan was greeted with boos and jeers when it was read at the Townsend district convention here recently.

TALENT UNIT TO GIVE PLAY NEXT TUESDAY

TALENT, March 6.—(AP)—The extension unit of Talent will give a play, "The Old Maid," in the city hall Tuesday, March 10, at 8 p. m. "Kate" will be an old and wretched games and music will be enjoyed. A small admission will be charged. "All are invited, especially children and widows," according to the announcement.