

# THE BOOMERANG CLUE

**SYNOPSIS:** So far as Frankie knows, Bobby Jones can tell Dr. Nicholson is the most likely candidate for the murderer of Alon Corstair. Now, there is something to be said in favor of his also being the murderer of Henry Bassington-French — although Bobby and Frankie decide after thought that Henry's death is probably suicide, due to his unwillingness to endure Dr. Nicholson's drug cure. In any case some very disquieting people named Guyman, who apparently live in London, seem likely to hold the key. And Dr. Nicholson's wife Moira must be taken into account from her possibly murderous husband.

Chapter 33  
**MOIRA DISAPPEARS**

Now, where were we? Oh, yes, rescue of Moira. You'd better bring the car round at half-past ten. I'll drive over to the Grange, ask for Moira, and, if Nicholson's there when I see her, I'll remind her of her promise to come and stay with me and carry her off then and there."

"Excellent, Frankie, I'm glad we're not going to waste any time. I've a horror of another accident happening."

"Half-past ten, then," said Frankie.

By the time she got back to Merroway Court it was half-past nine. Breakfast had just been brought in, and Roger was pouring himself out some coffee. He looked ill and worn.

Frankie paused, and then explained her plans for departure.

"I suppose you'll have to go," said Roger resentfully. "The inquest's on Friday. I'll let you know if you're wanted for it. It all depends on the Coroner."

Bobby brought the car round at half-past ten. Frankie's luggage was brought down. She said good-bye to Tommy and left a note for Sylvia. The Bentley drove away.

They covered the distance to the Grange in a very short time. Frankie had never been there before, and the big iron gates and the overgrown shrubbery depressed her spirits.

They drove up to the front door and Bobby got down and rang the bell. It was not answered for some minutes. Finally a woman in nurse's kit opened it.

"Mrs. Nicholson?" said Bobby. The woman hesitated, then withdrew into the hall and opened the door wider. Frankie jumped out of the car and passed into the house. The door closed behind her. Quite irrationally she felt afraid — as though she were here, in this sinister house, a prisoner.

"Nonsense!" she told herself. And, shaking off the ridiculous feeling, she followed the nurse upstairs and along a passage. The nurse threw open a door and Frankie passed into a small sitting-room faintly furnished with cheerful chintzes and flowers in vases.

About five minutes passed and then the door opened and Dr. Nicholson came in.

"Good-morning," she said.

"Good-morning, Lady Frances. You have not come to bring me bad news of Mrs. Bassington-French, I hope?"

"She was still asleep when I left," said Frankie.

"Poor lady. Her own doctor is, of course, looking after her?"

"Oh, yes." She paused, then said, "I'm sure you're busy. I mustn't take up your time. Dr. Nicholson, I really called to see your wife."

Was it only a fancy, or did the pale-blue eyes behind the strong glasses harden ever so slightly?

"That was very kind."

"I want to persuade her to come to me for a visit. She's practically promised to."

Frankie smiled again.

"Why, now, that's really very kind of you, Lady Frances—very kind indeed. I'm sure Moira would have enjoyed that very much."

"WOULD HAVE?" asked Frankie sharply.

Dr. Nicholson smiled. "Unfortunately my wife went away this morning."

"Went away?" said Frankie blankly. "Where?"

"Oh, just for a little change. Occasionally Moira feels she must have a little excitement and then off she goes."

"You don't know where she has gone?" said Frankie.

"London. I imagine. Shops and theatres. You know the sort of thing."

"I am going up to London today," she said lightly. "Will you give me her address?"

"She usually stays at the Savoy," said Dr. Nicholson.

He held the door open and Frankie found herself shaking hands with him and being ushered to the front door.

**TOURIST ASSOCIATION WILL PLAN PUBLICITY**

SEATTLE, Wash., March 12—(AP)—Ray W. Clark, president of the Pacific Northwest Tourist association, announced a meeting of directors on Saturday at Spokane to complete plans for "telling the world about the Pacific northwest" this summer.

"I look to see uniform action on the part of the 12 western states to publicize the west as a large unit during the next two years," Clark said.

"The result of the one and a half year activity of the Pacific Northwest association has attracted the attention of our friends in California and I am quite sure an all-western advertising program will be started, possibly this fall."

**GARLIC AND ONIONS AID TO LONG LIFE**

PLACERVILLE, Cal., March 12.—(AP) Frank Coster never worries and he eats plenty of onions and garlic, he said today in commenting on his 100th birthday. His father lived to be 127.

Eyes sparkling and clear, despite the hardships of a century, Coster is holding open house for hundreds of friends at Pilot Hill, half way between Lake and Auburn on the Mother-Lode highway. His five sons are all here to help him entertain.

At 96, George Isaac Hughes of New Bern, N. C., is enjoying life with his family—Mrs. Hughes, 28, and their one-year-old son, Franklin Roosevelt Hughes.

## YACHTS TO END REIGN OF TERROR

Portland, Ore., March 12.—(P) V. P. Mitchell, postmaster and sole law-enforcing officer of Yachats, mid-way on the Oregon coast line, confirmed reports of rovelyst and boisterous terrorism there over the week-end.

Cincinnati police tagged 647 autos in one day for parking violations. Use Mail Tribune want ads.

He petitioned Governor Charles H. Martin and Superintendent of State Police Charles Pray for a state police officer at Yachats to prevent further disorders.

Some new residents of the area come into town on paydays and raise havoc, Mitchell said.

"I know of one case where a fellow mixed gasoline and milk and seemed to get an awful kick out of it," he related. "Others drank 'ragged heat' and wood alcohol, and they simply tried to tear up the town."

## Portland Cinches Drunken Drivers

PORTLAND, Ore., March 12.—(P) Drunken driving in Portland doesn't pay, court records indicate.

Seventeen of 20 arrested this year on drunken driving charges have been convicted in municipal court. Deputy District Attorney Clarence A. Porta said today.

Only one was acquitted. One died before going to trial and the other paid a penalty on a lesser charge when a jury disagreed.

## READING ALOUD



FLATTERS VISITOR BY ASKING WOULD SHE READ HIM A STORY FROM HIS BOOK

## By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



VISITOR CHANGES HER GLASSES. CLEARS HER THROAT, PUTS ON HER BEST READING-ALoud VOICE AND BEGINS

## By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



ANNOUNCES POLITELY BUT FIRMLY HE DOESN'T LIKE THAT STORY, WOULD SHE READ A DIFFERENT ONE, PLEASE

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



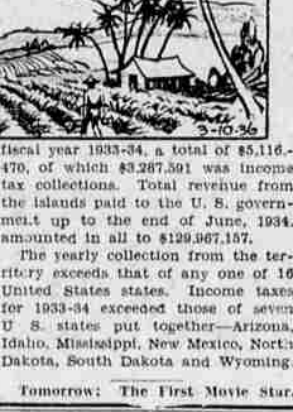
A PIECE OF COTTON THREAD WAS THE FILAMENT IN EDISON'S FIRST SUCCESSFUL INCANDESCENT LIGHT... IT BURNED 45 HOURS!



A TURNIP WEIGHING 16 LB., 9 OZ.—WAS GROWN NEAR CABOOL, MO.,—1934—



PALESTRINA—Italian composer, WAS NAMED AFTER THE TOWN IN WHICH HE WAS BORN—PALESTRINA, NEAR ROME...



HAWAII PAYS MORE FEDERAL TAXES THAN 7 OF THE UNITED STATES COMBINED

The modern electric light that we use today has a glowing filament of tungsten, a metal that retains its solidity at temperatures up to 3200 degrees Centigrade. Most bulbs are filled with nitrogen gas. Not so long ago, however, electric lights had carbon filaments, and even quite recently the practice of exhausting virtually all of the air from the bulbs was followed.

Strange as it seems, the first successful electric light had a piece of cotton thread for a filament. Edison perfected the light by carbonizing a piece of thread and using it instead of the platinum filament that had been used in experimental lights of that time. For years after his first successful light—it burned the amazing time of 45 hours—carbon was used for all electric lights. At least one widely-followed method used Edison's old idea of carbonizing cotton thread in the making of filaments.

Internal revenue tax records of the United States show that Hawaii paid into the federal treasury during the

fiscal year 1933-34, a total of \$5,116,470, of which \$3,267,591 was income tax collections. Total revenue from the islands paid to the U. S. government up to the end of June, 1934, amounted in all to \$129,967,187.

The yearly collection from the territory exceeds that of any one of 10 United States states. Income taxes for 1933-34 exceeded those of seven U. S. states put together—Arizona, Idaho, Mississippi, New Mexico, North Dakota, South Dakota and Wyoming.

Tomorrow: The First Movie Star.



VISITOR READS SNATCHES FROM FIVE OTHER STORIES, ALL OF WHICH HE VEIGES, ASKING FOR THE ONE ABOUT THE GIANT WHO ATE PEOPLE



VISITOR BEING UNABLE TO FIND IT, HE GETS POSSESSION OF BOOK, SPRAWLS OVER HER LAP AND LOCATES IT FOR HER



VISITOR READS THE STORY OF THE GIANT, DISCOVERING AT THE END THAT HER AUDIENCE HAS WANDERED OFF SOME TIME AGO

## S'MATTER POP—By C. M. PAYNE



## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy—Just in Time



## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Gone Again!



## THE NEBBS—The New Manager



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