

THE BOOMERANG CLUE

BY AGATHA CHRISTIE

SYNOPSIS: The sinister Dr. Nicholson has committed a crime. Frankie Sprague, who has been out of the city for some time, has returned to London for a visit. Part of the plot Frankie and her friend Bobby Jones used to be connected with a couple named Coymen, and these Frankie has tried to trace, and failed. Bobby has remained in the country, near both the Basington-french place and Dr. Nicholson. Roger Basington-french was originally a suspect in Frankie's case. The suicide of Roger's father Henry followed. A lion tamer's murder, Frankie has not been so sure.

Chapter 34 LAW OFFICE

FRANKIE walked down towards the Park feeling rather depressed and wondering what on earth she was going to do next. These fruitless meditations were interrupted by a sharp and violent squall of rain.

Frankie hurriedly preserved a favorite hat by hurrying into the Tube which was close at hand. She took a ticket to Piccadilly Circus and bought a couple of papers at the bookstall.

She read desultory snippets here and there, and then of Sir John Milkington's convalescence after his yachting accident on the "Astradora," the famous yacht which had belonged to the late Mr. John Savage. In particular, Was she an un-



"There, see for yourself."

lucky boat, the story asked. The man who had designed her had met with a tragic death—Mr. Savage had committed suicide—Sir John Milkington had just escaped death by a miracle.

Frankie lowered the paper, frowning in an effort of remembrance. Twice before, the name of John Savage had been mentioned—once by Sylvia Basington-french when she was speaking of Alan Carstairs, and once by Bobby when he was repeating the conversation he had had with Mrs. Rivington.

Alan Carstairs had been a friend of John Savage's. Mrs. Rivington had had a vague idea that Carstairs' presence in England had something to do with the death of Savage. Savage had—what was it—he had committed suicide because he thought he had cancer.

Supposing—supposing Alan Carstairs had not been satisfied with the account of his friend's death? Supposing he had come over to inquire into the whole thing? Supposing that here, in the circumstances surrounding Savage's death, was the first act of the drama that she and Bobby were acting in?

"It's possible," thought Frankie. "Yes, it's possible."
Then an idea struck her—his will. If there had been something suspicious about the way he met his death, his will would give a possible clue. She jumped up and left the train. Five minutes' walk brought her to the office of Messrs. Sprague, Sprague, Jenkinson & Sprague.

MR. SPRAGGE was exceedingly genial. It was rumored that Mr. Sprague knew more creditable secrets about noble families than any other man in London.

"This is a pleasure indeed, Lady Frances," he said. "Do sit down."
Then Mr. Sprague removed his pince-nez from his nose and became more definitely the legal guide and adviser.

"And now, Lady Frances," he said, "what is it gives me the pleasure of seeing you?"
"I want to look at a will," said Frankie. "And I don't know where you go and what you do. But there is some place where you can pay a shilling, isn't there?"

"Somerset House," said Mr. Sprague. "But what will it be? I think I can probably tell you anything you want to know about—er—wills in your family."
"It isn't a family will," said Frankie.

"No!" said Mr. Sprague. And so strong was his almost hypnotic power of drawing confidences out of his clients that Frankie, who had not meant to do so, succumbed to the manner and told him.

"I wanted to see the will of Mr. Savage—John Savage."
"In-deed." A very real astonishment showed in Mr. Sprague's voice. "Really, I do not know what to do. Perhaps, Lady Frances, you can give me your reasons for wanting to see that will?"

"No," said Frankie slowly. "I'm afraid I can't."
It struck her that Mr. Sprague looked actually worried.

"I really believe," said Mr. Sprague, "that I ought to warn you." "Warn me?" said Frankie.

"Yes, I would not for the world have you involved in any questionable business."
Frankie merely stared at him inquiringly.

"A piece of information has just come to my knowledge," continued Mr. Sprague. His chest swelled with indignation. "I have been impersonated, Lady Frances. Deliberately impersonated. What do you say to that?"

But for just one pan-stricker minute Frankie could say nothing at all.

At last she stammered, "How did you find out?"

It was not at all what she meant to say. Mr. Sprague would have been no lawyer had he failed to perceive that the words contained an admission.

"So you know something of this business, Lady Frances?"

Frankie paused, drew a deep breath and said, "The whole thing is really my doing, Mr. Sprague."
"How did this come about?" he asked.

"It was just a joke," said Frankie weakly. "We—we wanted something to do."
"Oh! you Bright Young People—you Bright Young People!" he murmured, wagging a forefinger. "What trouble you land yourselves in!"

"I think you're too marvelous, Mr. Sprague," said Frankie earnestly. "I feel really terribly ashamed."
"No, no, Lady Frances, said Mr. Sprague paternally.

"Oh, but I do, I suppose it was the Rivington woman—what exactly did she tell you?"

"I think I have the letter here, I opened it only half an hour ago."
Frankie held out a hand, and Mr. Sprague put the letter into it with the air of one saying: "There, see for yourself what your foolishness has led you into."

DEAR MR. SPRAGGE (Mrs. Rivington had written):
It's really too stupid of me, but I've just remembered something that might have helped you. The day I was called on by Alan Carstairs mentioned that he was going down to a place called Chipping Somerton. I don't know whether this will be any help to you? I was so interested in what you told me about the Maltravers case.

EDITH RIVINGTON.
"Was Alan Carstairs a client of yours?" Frankie demanded excitedly.

Frankie delightedly discovers a brand new lead. Tomorrow.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

PEACH COMES FROM THE LATIN FOR PERSIAN APPLE

THE BIG DIPPER IS SLOWLY TURNING UPSIDE DOWN— IN 100,000 YEARS IT WILL BE COMPLETELY REVERSED...

PARIS AND LONDON ARE LOCATED ON THE SAME LAKE— ON CHRISTMAS ISLAND...

James J. CORBETT—
World's heavyweight champion,
WAS THE FIRST MOTION PICTURE STAR!
THOMAS A. EDISON WAS THE CAMERAMAN, DIRECTOR, AND PRODUCER...
—1889—

3-11-36

On Christmas Island, a tiny coral isle 1200 miles from Honolulu, there is a large lagoon used by seaplanes as a landing place. On one side of the lagoon is Paris and on the other side is London—two tiny settlements whose total population is about 100 coconut plantation workers, mostly Tahitians of French nationality.

Christmas Island claims to be the only place on earth where milled lumber and high grade gasoline are free to all who can use these products. The lumber washed ashore from a wrecked freighter in 1908, and was piled high on the beach by natives who have not yet found use for all of it. The gasoline was cached there for the use of Charles Ulm on his attempted flight to Australia which resulted in his death. The three gasoline motor trucks now on the island have found this a plentiful supply.

Strange as it seems, James J. Corbett, then heavyweight boxing champion of the world, was also the first motion picture star of all time. He was hired by young Thomas A. Edison to fight six rounds with Pete Courtney of Trenton, N. J. Edison was his own cameraman, director, and producer of the screen's then greatest picture. Prior to that the motion pictures had to content themselves with shots of animals, inanimate objects and perhaps a few acrobats doing routine stunts.

Corbett agreed to fight for \$5,000. He appeared five full rounds with Courtney; then knocked him out in the sixth. All the while Cameraman Nelson ground away at his big, clumsy picture camera.

Tomorrow: Natural Born Fighter.

Brazil's federal council for foreign commerce is studying creation of an officially directed monopoly to plant and export tobacco.

3-11-36

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
THE FLAVOR LASTS

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



FRED PERLEY, THINKING HE HEARD THE 8:15 COMING, STARTED A GENERAL STAMPEDE THE OTHER MORNING WHICH GOT HIS NEIGHBORS TO THE STATION JUST IN TIME TO SEE A FREIGHT TRAIN GO BY

3-13 (Copyright, 1936, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE

POP, IT IS TERRIBLE COLD OUTSIDE!

WELL, CLOSE THE WINDOW!

H-M-M!

IT DIDN'T DO A BIT OF GOOD!

WHAT THA DING DING?

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Prince Caltumac in Danger!

JUST WHEN TEXCOMAC, HIGH PRIEST, WAS ABOUT TO PLUNGE THE SACRIFICIAL KNIFE INTO THE BREST OF THE GOLDEN GIRL, TOMMY FIRED HIS LAST BULLET, REALIZING THAT WITH THE DEATH OF TEXCOMAC—THE LAST CHANCE OF ESCAPE FROM THE 'SKY ISLAND' WOULD BE LOST—

A THUNDERBOLT FROM THE GODS!

AND PRINCE CALTUMAC TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THIS OPPORTUNITY

YEAH, MY PEOPLE—A THUNDERBOLT FROM QUETZALCOATL, WHO ACKNOWLEDGES ME AS THY RIGHTFUL KING AND WHO FROWNS UPON HUMAN SACRIFICES—

BUT THE EMPEROR—

SLAY HIM!

2444

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—No Mistake About It!

YA MEAN THE ROCKET ABSOLUTELY DISAPPEARED IN THE SKY?

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED SON—

WHEW!

BEN, D'YA THINK THIS BIRD IS GLIPPIN' US SOME BALONEY?

NO, I DON'T, CRIP—

WELL, BOYS, I'M GOIN' ON—I GURE HOPE YOU'LL HEED MY WARNIN'—

HE MUSTA SEEN THE GUY WE'RE GOIN' TO VISIT, EH? DOC KILOVITCH—THE SCIENTIST?

THERE ISN'T ANY DOUBT ABOUT IT, CRIP—

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THE NEBBS—My Friend

YOU OLD FOX! SO ANGUS AMPLE WAS YOUR AGENT—AND YOU PUT UP THE MONEY TO BUY MY HOTEL!

WHY NOT? I WANTED TO KEEP YOU HERE

WELL, HERE'S YOUR CHECK BACK—ALL BUT THE \$10,000 YOU PAID FOR THE MORTGAGE— I'LL GIVE YOU THAT JUST AS SOON AS I CAN GET IT TOGETHER

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO PAY A DIME ON THAT MORTGAGE—THAT'S A PRESENT TO YOU— HERE IS ONE TIME I'VE GOT A CHANCE TO REPAY YOU FOR THE MANY NICE THINGS YOU'VE DONE FOR ME

3-10

ASTAIRE TIRES OF JOB WITH GINGER

NEW YORK, March 13.—(AP)—The World-Telegram said today that Fred Astaire, song and dance star of the movies, is dissatisfied with a new contract said to provide him with \$4,000,000.

The R-K-O studios, the World-Telegram story said, offered Astaire and Ginger Rogers \$8,000,000 for eight pictures together. First of Astaire's obligations, the story said, is the continued partnership between himself and Miss Rogers.

He is quoted as saying this unvaried pairing of their talents will weaken their box office value.

He also objects to constant work.

the newspaper said, and wants from six to eight months off that he might visit his sister Adele, Lady Cavendish in Ireland.

ALBANY, Ore., March 13.—(AP)—A passing automobile ran over and seriously injured Roy Wells of Portland while he was repairing a tire by the roadside near Shedd on the Pacific highway today.

More than 25,000,000 persons in Asia, Africa, the islands of the Pacific and the East Indies received medical treatment last year in 13,900 Catholic hospitals and dispensaries.

When Jim Simpson of Ottawa, Tenn., lost his job in 1931, he converted his garage into a brooder, his barn into a chicken house and finally made a living from the sale of chickens and eggs.

Brazil's manganese exports were 2,300 tons in 1934, but in 1935 rose to 3,612.

By SOL PRESS