

THE BOOMERANG CLUE

BY AGATHA CHRISTIE

SYNOPSIS: Although they have no legal power, Bobby Jones and Frankie Derwent know that Roger Bassington-French is the murderer of Miss Carstairs. But Roger has escaped them, leaving them trying to convince the police that the whole thing is not a practical joke. Now Bobby and Frankie are having breakfast at the Chipping Somerton Inn, while their fellow conspirator Badger sleeps peacefully above them. Bobby found a photograph in Roger's cottage which they hope may be a clue.

"All right," said Frankie. "I'll allow you Natural Causes in his case. Any luck with Rose Chudleigh?"

"Yes. After she left the Templetons she went to the north of England to a place, but she's come back and married a man down here whom it seems she's been walking out with for the last seventeen years. Unfortunately she's a bit of a nitwit. She doesn't seem to remember anything about anyone. Perhaps you could do something with her."

Chapter 41 ROSE CHUDLEIGH

A WAITRESS had just approached, bearing toast.

"Do you know who that is?" Frankie asked.

The waitress regarded the photograph. "Now I've seen the gentleman—it's the gentleman who had Tudor Cottage, Mr. Templeton. They've gone away now—somewhere abroad, I believe."

"What sort of man was he?"

"I really couldn't say. They didn't seem down here very often—just week-ends now and then. Nobody saw much of him. Mrs. Templeton was a very nice lady. But they hadn't had Tudor Cottage very long—only about six months—when a very rich gentleman died and left Mrs. Templeton all his money, and they went to live abroad. They never sold Tudor Cottage, though. I think they sometimes lend it to people for week-ends. But I don't suppose with all that money they'll ever come back here and live in it themselves."

"They had a cook called Rose Chudleigh, didn't they?" asked Frankie.

But the girl seemed uninterested in cooks. Being left a fortune by a rich gentleman was what really stirred her imagination. In answer to Frankie's question she replied that she couldn't say, she was sure, and withdrew carrying an empty toast-rack.

"That's all plain sailing," said Frankie. "The Caymans have given up coming here, but they keep the place on for the convenience of the bank."

They agreed to divide the labor as Bobby had suggested. Frankie went off in the Bentley, having smartened herself up by a few local purchases, and Bobby went off in quest of Albert Mere, gardener.

They met at lunch time.

"Well!" demanded Bobby.

Frankie shook her head. "Forgery's out of the question." She spoke in a dispirited voice. "I spent a long time with Mr. Elford—he's rather an old dear. He'd got wind of some of our doings last night and was wild to hear a few details. I don't suppose they get much excitement down here. Anyway, I soon got him eating out of my hand."

"Then I discussed the Savage case—pretended I'd met some of the Savage relations and that they'd hinted at forgery. At that my old dear bristled up—absolutely out of the question! It wasn't a question of letters or anything like that."

"He saw Mr. Savage himself, and Mr. Savage insisted on the will's being drawn up then and there. Mr. Elford wanted to go away and do it properly—you know how they do—sheets and sheets all about nothing—"

"I don't know," said Bobby. "I've never made any wills."

"I have—two. The second was this morning. I had to have some excuse for seeing a lawyer."

"Whom did you leave your money to?"

"You."

"That was a bit thoughtless, wasn't it? If Roger Bassington-French succeeded in bumping you off, should probably be hanged for it!"

"I never thought of that," said Frankie. "Well, as I was saying, Mr. Savage was so nervous and wrought up that Mr. Elford wrote out the will then and there, and the servant and the gardener came and witnessed it, and Mr. Elford took it away with him for safe keeping."

"That does seem to knock out forgery," agreed Bobby.

"I know. You can't have forgery when you've actually seen the man sign his name. As to the other business—murder, it's going to be hard to find out anything about that now. The doctor who was called in has died since. The man we saw last night is a new man. He's been here only about two months."

"We seem to have rather an unfortunate number of deaths," said Bobby.

"Why, who else is dead?"

"Albert Mere."

"Do you think they've all been put out of the way?"

"That seems rather wholesale. We might give Albert Mere the benefit of the doubt—he was seventy-two, poor old man."

"I'll have a go," said Frankie. "I'm rather good with nitwits. Where's Badger, by the way?"

"Good Lord, I've forgotten all about him," said Bobby.

He got up and left the room, returning a few minutes later.

"He was still asleep," he explained. "He's getting up now."

"Well, we'd better go and see the nitwit," said Frankie, rising. "And then I must buy a toothbrush and a nightgown and a sponge and a few other necessities of civilized existence. I was so close to Nature last night that I didn't think about any of them. I just stripped off my outer covering and fell upon the bed."

"I know," said Bobby. "So did I."

"Let's go and talk to Rose Chudleigh," said Frankie.

Rose Chudleigh, now Mrs. Pratt, lived in a small cottage that seemed to be overflowing with china dogs and furniture. Mrs. Pratt herself was a bovine-looking woman of ample proportions, with fish-like eyes and every indication of adenoids.

"You see, I've come back," said Bobby breezily.

Mrs. Pratt breathed hard and looked at them both incuriously.

"You were with her for some time, weren't you?" asked Frankie.

"Were I which, ma'am?"

"With Mrs. Templeton for some time," said Frankie, speaking slowly and clearly.

"I wouldn't say that, ma'am. Only two months."

"Oh! I thought you'd been with her longer than that."

"That was Gladys, ma'am. The house-parlormaid. She was there six months."

"There were two of you?"

"That's right. House-parlormaid she was, and I was cook."

"You were there when Mr. Savage died, weren't you?"

"I beg your pardon, ma'am?"

"You were there when Mr. Savage died?"

"Mr. Templeton didn't die—at least I haven't heard so. He went abroad."

"Not Mr. Templeton—Mr. Savage," said Bobby.

Mrs. Pratt looked at him vacantly.

"The gentleman who left her all the money," said Frankie.

A gleam of something like intelligence passed across Mrs. Pratt's face.

"Oh, yes, ma'am—the gentleman there was the inquest on."

"That's right," said Frankie, delighted with her success. "He used to come and stay quite often, didn't he?"

"I couldn't say as to that, ma'am. I'd only just come, you see. Gladys would know."

"But you had to witness his will didn't you?"

Mrs. Pratt looked blank.

"You went and saw him sign a paper, and you had to sign it too?"

Again the gleam of intelligence. "Yes, ma'am. Me and Albert. I'd never done such a thing before, and I didn't like it. I said to Gladys, 'I don't like signing a paper, and that's a fact,' and Gladys she said it must be all right because Mr. Elford was there and he was a very nice gentleman as well as being a lawyer."

"What happened exactly?" asked Bobby.

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"Who called you to sign your name?" asked Frankie.

"The mistress, sir. She came into the kitchen and said would I go out side and call Albert, and would we both come up to the best bedroom (which she'd moved out of for Mr.—the gentleman—the night before) and there was the gentleman sitting up in bed—he'd come back from London and gone straight to bed—and a very ill-looking gentleman he was. I hadn't seen him before, but he looked something ghastly. And Mr. Elford was there too, and he spoke very nice and said there was nothing to be afraid of and I was to sign my name where the gentleman had signed his, and I did and put 'cook' after it, and the address. And Albert did the same."

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ZULU SULTAN'S NIECE STATES CLAIM TO 12 ISLANDS NEAR BORNEO

MANILA, P. I. (UP) — Princess Dayang-Dayang, niece of the Sultan of Zulu, in a letter addressed to the

United States government, has formally laid claim to twelve small islands near Borneo, over which she proposes to rule.

In full conformity with the Wilsonian doctrine of self-determination, she declares that the inhabitants of these islands, who are Joloans, not only recognize her ownership but desire no one else but her as a ruler.

Notice of her claim also has been sent to Judge Teopisto Guingona, director of the Bureau of Non-Christian Tribes.

The twelve little islands are outside

the boundary of the Philippines as established by the Treaty of Paris, and Judge Guingona does not believe they are a part either of Borneo, as they are outside of the three-mile nautical limit of that island.

Princess Dayang-Dayang asserts the islands were part of the possessions of her mother, the former Sultana of Zulu, and that she has inherited them.

Permanents \$1.00. Easter Special at Cook's Beauty Shop, Hotel Jackson, Phone 61. Mary Cook & Cordia Oswald.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



Commonplace graham bread, sold in thousands of bakeries every day throughout the world, was so despised by bakers when it was first introduced that they led a riot demonstration against Sylvester Graham, the man who introduced it, while he was lecturing on the subject in Boston.

Graham was a diet reformer of almost a century ago. He was a strong vegetarian and claimed first of all temperance could be prevented by a straight vegetable diet. Later he enlarged this claim to state that diseases of all kinds could be cured by going on a vegetable diet.

In 1847 he invented and introduced graham bread—bread made from unbolted flour, and prated it at a series of lectures in Boston. Graham had many followers in his food theories and butchers had long eyed him with disfavour. But when he started his lectures on this new kind of bread, bakers went into action. They stormed the lecture hall in such great numbers, at police were powerless to quell them. Graham's life was probably saved by supporters who quieted the rioting bakers by shovelling lime down on them from the windows of the hall.

At Gettysburg, in Adams county, Pennsylvania, where the most important battle of the Civil War was fought, the entire battlefield has been included in a national park. In the 17-acre cemetery dedicated by President Lincoln in 1863 in his famous address, there are 3629 graves—of them 1630 are of unknown soldiers. Throughout the battlefields are monuments marking sites of particular sections of the battle—500 such monuments have been erected.

Tomorrow: 2000 Flights Before Wright.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Death From the Sky



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Missing Letter



THE NEBBES—The Plotters



NOTHING TO READ



S'MATTER POP—



By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS



BRAIN FOOD IDEA UNDERGOES TESTS

CHICAGO (UP) — The tradition that fish food is a boon to mental faculties may not be so far from the truth, according to experiments conducted at Elgin hospital for the insane. Certain diets materially affect the mental balance of an individual, it was shown.

Psychiatrists affiliated with the hospital experimented for 12 months with various diets and their effects on male patients. One group received a diet heavy in vitamins, A, B-1, B-2 and D, as well as iron, as found in liver extracts and cod liver oil. Another group was given the regular hospital fare.

Intelligence tests at the end of the

CANDLES AT 50 CENTS IN FLOODED CONCORD

CONCORD, N. H., March 20.—(AP) Candles were selling at 50 cents apiece today as this state capital faced at least another night of darkness because of flood conditions.

There was no electric power and no gas. The population of 25,000 could not get out of the city by road or rail. Approximately 400 were homeless as the Merrimack river reached an all time high level.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.