

# THE BOOMERANG CLUE

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

Chapter 42  
EVANS!

"I WENT down to Gladys," the cook continued, "all of a tremble and said I'd never seen a gentleman look so like death, and Gladys said he'd looked all right the night before, and that it must have been something in London that upset him."

"He'd gone up to London very early before anyone was up. And then I said about not liking to write my name to anything, and Gladys said it was all right because Mr. Elford was there."

"And Mr. Savage—the gentleman—died when?"

"Next morning as ever was, ma'am. He shut himself up in his room that night and wouldn't let anyone go near him, and when Gladys called him in the morning he was all stiff and dead, and a letter propped up by his bedside—To the Coroner," it said. Oh, it gave Gladys a regular turn! And two months later Mrs. Templeton told me she was going abroad to live. But she got me a very good place up north with big wages, and she gave me a nice present and everything. A very nice lady, Mrs. Templeton."

Frankie rose.

Suddenly she stopped.

"Bobby," she said, "if you're staying in a house with two servants which do you tip?"

"The house-parlormaid, of course," said Bobby, surprised. "One never tips a cook. One never sees her, for one thing."

"No, and she never sees you. At most she might catch a glimpse of you if you were there for some time. But a house-parlormaid waits on you at dinner and calls you and hands you coffee."

"What are you getting at, Frankie?"

"They couldn't have Evans witnessing that will—because Evans would have known that it wasn't Mr. Savage who was making it."

"Good Lord, Frankie, what do you mean? Who was it then?"

**BASSINGTON-FRENCH**, of course! Don't you see, he impersonated Savage! I bet it was Bassington-French who went to that doctor and made all that fuss about having cancer. Then the lawyer is sent for—a stranger who doesn't know Mr. Savage but who will be able to swear that he saw 'Mr. Savage' sign that will, and it's witnessed by two people, one of whom hadn't seen him before and the other an old man who was probably pretty blind and who prob-



"Well," she said, "it's been very nice to hear all this." She slipped a note out of her purse. "You must let me leave you a—er—little present. I've taken up so much of your time."

"Well, thank you kindly, I'm sure, ma'am. Good day to you and your good gentleman."

Frankie blushed and retreated rather rapidly. Bobby followed her after a few minutes.

"Well," he said, "we seem to have got at all she knows."

"Yes," said Frankie. "And it hangs together."

"So we come back to the old problem—what on earth are Bassington-French & Co. so afraid of our discovering?"

"Nothing strikes you as odd particularly?"

"No, I don't think so—or at least only one thing. Why did Mrs. Templeton send out for the gardener to come and witness the will, when the house-parlormaid was in the house? Why didn't they ask the parlormaid?"

"It's odd your saying that, Frankie," said Bobby.

His voice sounded so queer that Frankie looked at him in surprise.

"Why?"

"Because I stayed behind to ask Mrs. Pratt for Gladys name and address."

"Well?"

"The parlormaid's name was Evans."

FRANKIE gasped.

"Oh, Bobby," we're getting there at last!"

"The same thing must have struck Carrstairs. And moreover I believe he came to Wales for that reason. Gladys Evans is a Welsh name—Evans was probably a Welsh girl. He might have been following her to Marchbolt. And someone was following him—and so he never got to her."

"Why didn't they ask Evans?" said Frankie. "There must be a reason. With a couple of maids in the house, why send out for a gardener?"

"Perhaps because both Chudleigh and Albert Mere were chumps, whereas Evans was rather a sharp girl."

"It can't be only that, Mr. Elford was there and he's quite shrewd."

ably had never seen Savage either. Now do you see?"

"But where was the real Savage all that time?"

"Oh, he arrived all right, and then I suspect they drugged him and put him in the attic, perhaps, and kept him there for twelve hours while Bassington-French did his impersonation stunt. Then he was put back in his bed and given chloral, and Evans finds him dead in the morning."

"My God, I believe you've hit it, Frankie!" said Bobby. "But one thing we must do. Find Evans."

Frankie frowned. "That's going to make it even more difficult."

"How about the post office?" suggested Bobby.

They were just passing it. Frankie darted inside and bought a book of stamps, commented on the weather and then said:

"But I expect you always have better weather here than we do. I live in Wales—Marchbolt. You wouldn't believe the rain we have."

The young woman behind the counter said that last Bank Holiday it had rained something cruel.

Frankie said, "There's someone in Marchbolt who comes from this part of the world. I wonder if you know her. Her name was Evans—Gladys Evans."

The young woman was quite unsuspecting.

"Why, of course," she said. "She was in service here. At Tudor Cottage. But she didn't come from these parts. She came from Wales, and she went back there and married—Roberts her name is now."

"That's right," said Frankie. "You can't give me her address, I suppose?"

"Well, now," the other replied, "I believe I can. Wait a minute now." She went away and rummaged in a corner. Presently she returned with a piece of paper in her hand.

"Here you are," she said, pushing it across the counter.

Bobby and Frankie read it together:

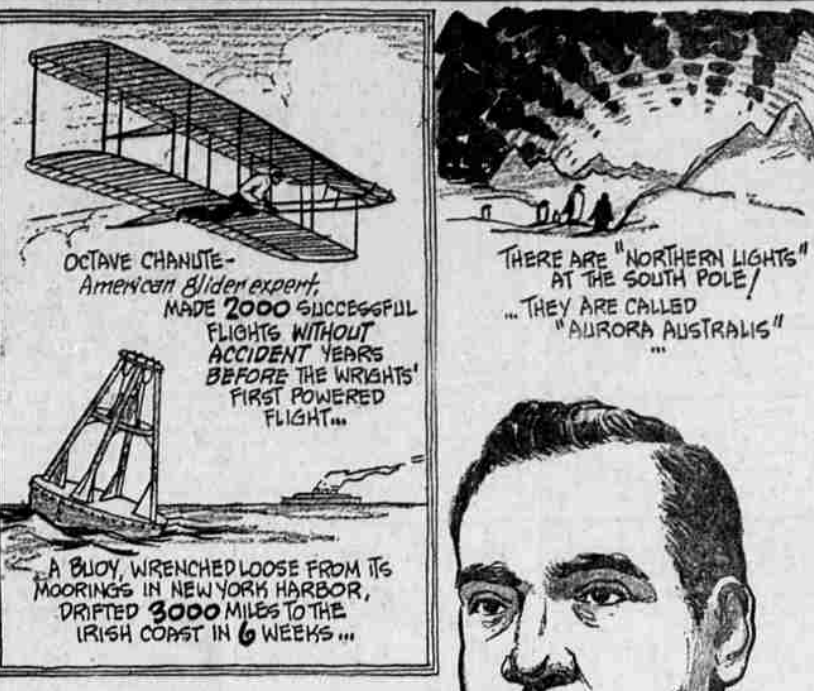
Mrs. Roberts, The Vicarage, Marchbolt, Wales.

(Copyright 1935-36, Agatha Christie)

Death from an odd quarter haunts Bobby and Frankie to-morrow.

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



**OCTAVE CHANUTE—American glider expert, MADE 2000 SUCCESSFUL FLIGHTS WITHOUT ACCIDENT YEARS BEFORE THE WRIGHTS' FIRST POWERED FLIGHT...**

**THERE ARE "NORTHERN LIGHTS" AT THE SOUTH POLE! ... THEY ARE CALLED "AURORA AUSTRALIS" ...**

**A BUOY, WRENCHED LOOSE FROM ITS MOORINGS IN NEW YORK HARBOR, DRIFTED 3000 MILES TO THE IRISH COAST IN 6 WEEKS ...**



**ENRICO CARUSO**  
WAS THE 18TH SON OF HIS PARENTS... EVERY ONE OF THE FIRST 17 CHILDREN DIED IN INFANCY!

Enrico Caruso, great Italian tenor, was the eighteenth son of his father—and the first one to reach manhood. The seventeen brothers before him all died in infancy. After Enrico's birth, three more children were born in the family—two boys and a girl. The first boy died in infancy. The second, Giovanni, was the only one who outlived Enrico. His sister, Assunta, reached adulthood, but she died before her famous brother.

In 1896, years before the first powered airplane built by the Wright brothers took off for its epoch-making flight over the sand dunes near Kitty Hawk, N. C., another American was making successful glider flights by the score. Octave Chanute was America's first great glider expert.

He did not make his first flight until he was 64 years old, but in subsequent experimentation and practice, he logged more than 2000 glider flights without a single accident. Chanute improved vastly on the gliders then in use, both in principle and practice of construction. He provided his glider with wings that could be moved fore and aft for longitudinal and lateral control. He also provided a rudder in the rear. As an engineer he excelled in building great strength into his gliders without making them too heavy for successful flight.

Chanute's first glider was a five-winged affair, later models were reduced to three, then two wings. His famous bi-plane glider employed methods of wing bracing that are still used by airplane designers.

Tomorrow: The Unsigned Treaty.

The 13th Curse.  
SANDPOINT, Idaho, March 23.—(AP)—Injuries received Friday the 13th in a logging accident were fatal today to Nels Olson.

Use Mail Tribune want ads

**WRIGLEY'S HAS A SMOOTH FLAVOR**

**WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM**

**THE FLAVOR LASTS**

## KIN APART 35 YEARS UNITED IN TAXICAB

**NORTON, Kas.—(UP)—**Mrs. Fannie Tadlock, Salina, Kas., and John Steele, Linwood, Kas., rode several hundred miles as strangers on the same bus.

When they reached their destination only one taxicab was available, so Steele offered to share it with Mrs. Tadlock, saying he was going to the T. J. Ward home.

"That's where I'm going," the woman said.

"My name is John Steele," the man said in introducing himself.

"That was my name before I was married," she replied.

Subsequent conversation revealed they were brother and sister and had not seen each other for 35 years.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

## PENNY SAVINGS HELP 47 NEEDY FAMILIES

**SIMCOE, Out.—(UP)—**Because Alderman Joseph Church believed in looking after the pennies, 47 families on relief here were supplied with a large roast of beef and two loaves of bread each.

Last year when Church took office he installed a large glass barrel in the municipal building. Every time he had pennies he deposited them, and had his friends and callers do the same. When he opened the barrel after a year he found 1980 coppers and spent the money on the food for relief families.

**WINDOW GLASS—**We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Ironbridge Cabinet Works.

## EVEN DIVISION

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS  
(Copyright, 1936, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.) 3-23

BEAMS AS HE SEES THAT DESSERT IS ONE OF HIS FAVORITES—CANNED CHERRIES

EATS ONE, SMACKING LIPS

SODDENLY EYES SISTER'S PLATE SUSPICIOUSLY

COUNTS HIS CHERRIES

LEANS OVER AND COUNTS CHERRIES IN HER SAUCER.

REPORTS TO MOTHER SHE'S GOT ONE MORE THAN HE HAS AND IT DOESN'T SEEM FAIR

SISTER HAS MEANWHILE BEEN CONDUCTING A POLL OF HER OWN, AND CLAIMS SHE HAS TWO LESS. COUNTS HIS OVER AGAIN

ARGUMENT BEGINS TO GET HEATED, EACH ACCUSING THE OTHER, AND DENYING OF NOT COUNTING THOSE THEY'D EATEN

MOTHER COUNTS AND REPORTS THAT HE HAD ONE CHERRY LESS BUT MORE JUICE, AND MEAL ENDS IN PERFECT PEACE

## SMATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE

NUTHIN' DOIN'! YOU ATE YOUR PIE, DIDN'T YOU?

YEAH, BUT—

I DIDN'T REALIZE WHAT I WAS DOIN'!

POP, I LEAVE IT TO YOU! COULD ANYBODY BE ABSENT-MINDED ABOUT PIE?

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## TAILSPIN TOMMY—So Near to Rescue—And Yet—

By HAL FOREST

JUST AS PANCHO'S PLANE SOARED INTO THE AIR, BEARING TOM, SKEETS AND THE GOLDEN GIRL AS PASSENGERS AN EARTHQUAKE AND VOLCANIC ERUPTION SIMULTANEOUSLY OCCURRED. THE PLANE NARROWLY ESCAPED THE FLYING ROCKS THROWN UP BY THE DISTURBANCE.

2452

NO NEED FOR BOB AND HARRY TO DROP BOMBS NOW—LOOK!

"NATURE—HAS DESTROYED THE 'ISLAND IN THE SKY'—"

AND—I AM NO LONGER—THE GODDESS OF THE SUN—BUT JUST JUNE GRANT?

YES! YOUR FATHER WROTE IN HIS DIARY OF A GREAT TREASURE—HERE'S ALL THAT WE COULD SALVAGE BUT IT'S YOUR HERITAGE

TOMMY!—JUST GOT A RADIO MESSAGE—FROM THREE-POINTS—IT'S VERY IMPORTANT!

HAL FOREST

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Seeds of Suspicion

By EDWIN ALGER

HOW DO YOU KNOW, OH DOCTOR, THAT THESE TWO FLEDGLINGS ABOVE—

TUT, TUT, MY LOYAL FRIEND—I KNOW THAT I OVERHEARD THEM SAY, THROUGH AN DETECTOR MICROPHONE—

—THAT JABEZ THORPE SENT THEM HERE—WHAT NONSENSE HE HAD IN MIND, I DO NOT KNOW, NOR DO I CARE—I SHALL FIND OUT, THEN POLITELY SEND THEM ON THEIR WAY—

BUT, DOCTOR, YOU AND I ARE ON THE VERGE OF DISCOVERIES THAT WILL ASTOUND THE WORLD! HOW FATAL IT WOULD BE, NOW, IF OUR PLANS WERE REVEALED—SURELY THORPE MUST HAVE GIVEN THE LADS SOME IDENTIFICATION—

—A LETTER, PERHAPS—

A LETTER? OF COURSE HE WOULD—I SHALL ASK THEM—

(Copyright, 1935, by Jay Jerome Williams)

## THE NEBBS—Let's Go

By SOL HESB

WELL, I'M ALL SET... HERE'S MY WARDROBE ALL CLEANED AND PRESSED—LOOKS BRAND SPANKED NEW!

WELL, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH GETTING AWAY TOMORROW?

DO YOU THINK I CAN GO AWAY WITHOUT SOMETHING NEW TO WEAR? I HAVEN'T HAD A NEW DRESS FOR SIX MONTHS

YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED TO ASK YOUR WIFE TO GO AWAY WITH NOTHING BUT OLD STYLE CLOTHES!

I AM ASHAMED, MORTIFIED, SUBDUED—I'M ASHAMED OF MY IGNORANCE TO AGREE TO THIS TRIP—IT COSTS MORE TO LOAD YOU THAN TO SHIP YOU!!

G. A. Carlson