

# THE BOOMERANG CLUE

Chapter 48  
"MURDER! POLICE!"

HOW Bobby and Frankie got out of the post office without disgracing themselves neither of them ever knew.

Outside, with one accord, they looked at each other and shook with laughter.

"At the Vicarage—all the time!" gasped Bobby.

"And I looked through four hundred and eighty Evances!" lamented Frankie.

"Now I see why Bassington-french was so amused when he realized we didn't know in the least who Evans was!"

"And of course it was dangerous from their point of view. You and Evans were actually under the same roof."

"Come on," said Bobby. "March-bolt's the next place."

"Like where the rainbow ends," said Frankie. "Back to the dear old home."

"Dash it all," said Bobby. "We must do something about Badger. Have you any money, Frankie?"

Frankie opened her bag and took out a handful of notes.

"Give these to him and tell him to make some arrangement with his creditors, and say that Father will buy the garage and put him in as manager."

"All right," said Bobby. "The great thing is to get off quickly."

"Why this frightful haste?"

"I don't know—but I've a feeling something might happen."

"How awful! Let's go over so quickly."

"I'll settle Badger. You go and start the car."

"I shall never buy that tooth-brush," said Frankie.

Five minutes later they were speeding out of Chipping Somerton. Bobby had no occasion to complain of lack of speed.

Nevertheless, Frankie suddenly said, "Look here, Bobby, this isn't quick enough."

Bobby glanced at the speedometer needle, which was, at the moment, registering eighty, and remarked drily, "I don't see what more we can do."

"We can take an air taxi," said Frankie. "We're only about seven miles from Medeshot airport."

"My dear girl!" said Bobby. "If we do that we'll be home in a couple of hours."

"Good," said Bobby. "Let's take an air taxi!"

The whole proceeding was beginning to take on the fantastic character of a dream. Why this wild hurry to get to Marchbolt? Bobby didn't know. He suspected that Frankie didn't know either. It was just a feeling.

At Medeshot Frankie asked for Mr. Donald King, and an untidy-looking young man was produced who appeared languidly surprised at the sight of her.

"Hello, Frankie," he said. "I haven't seen you for an age. What do you want?"

"I want an air taxi," said Frankie. "You do that sort of thing, don't you?"

"Oh, yes. Where do you want to go?"

"I want to get home quickly," said Frankie.

Five minutes later they were off.

"FRANKIE," said Bobby, "why are we doing this?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," said Frankie. "But I feel we must. Don't you?"

"Curiously enough, I do. But I don't know why. After all, our Mrs. Roberts won't fly away on a broomstick."

"She might. Remember, we don't know what Bassington-french is up to."

"That's true," said Bobby thoughtfully.

It was growing late when they reached their destination. The plane landed them in the Park, and five minutes later Bobby and Frankie were driving into Marchbolt.

They pulled up outside the Vicarage gate, the Vicarage drive not lending itself to the turning of expensive cars.

Then jumping out they ran up the drive.

"I shall wake up soon," thought Bobby. "What are we doing and why?"

A slender figure was standing on the doorstep. Frankie and Bobby recognized her at the same minute.

"Moira!" cried Frankie.

Moira turned. She was swaying slightly. "Oh, I'm so glad to see you. I don't know what to do."

"But what on earth brings you here?"

## LAST RITES HELD FOR JAS. M'ABEE

PHOENIX, March 24.—(Sp.)—The death of James V. McAbee of Phoenix was a severe shock to all his many friends here. Funeral services were held Saturday at 2:30 p. m. at the Peril funeral home in Medford, Rev. W. A. Dawes of the First Baptist church officiating. Interment in the Phoenix cemetery.

Many friends gathered at the funeral home to pay their respects to the deceased and many floral tokens spoke the love and friendship of the friends of the deceased and his bereaved family.

He left to mourn his loss his wife, Mrs. Marguerite McAbee; two daughters, Pauline and Jeanette, and one son, Harold, all at home; his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. McAbee, of Pecos, Texas; one brother, P. J. McAbee, of Eagle Point, Ore.; six sisters: Mrs. B. A. Montgomery, Phoenix, Ore.; Mrs. Donna Craig, El Paso, Texas; Mrs. Jack Blythe, Pecos, Texas; Mrs. W. R. Ellis, Abilene, Texas; Mrs. S. H. Moore, Cross Plains, Texas; and Mrs. J. R. Lynch, Sweetwater, Texas.

Mr. McAbee was born in Callahan county, Texas, July 8, 1895. He was a man of fine Christian qualities, a good neighbor and friend, and will be missed by his many friends.

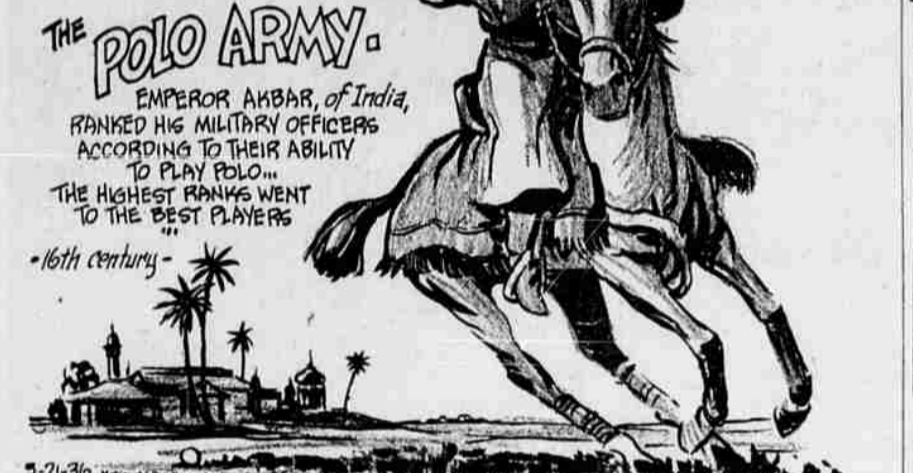
## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

ALMOST A PECK—A SWEET POTAT weighing 14-LB., 3-OZ., WAS GROWN BY D. C. MULOCK, San Gabriel, Cal.

JOSEPH BUNSA—Catholic U., KNOCKED OUT 2 MEN IN THE GAME RING—HIS OPPONENT AND THE REFEREE... Jan. 1936

THERE IS ONLY ONE OFFICIAL COPY OF THE VERSAILLES TREATY—AND IT WAS NEVER SIGNED BY OFFICIALS OF THE GOVERNMENTS INVOLVED...



**THE POLO ARMY**  
EMPEROR AMBAR, of India, RANKED HIS MILITARY OFFICERS ACCORDING TO THEIR ABILITY TO PLAY POLO... THE HIGHEST RANKS WENT TO THE BEST PLAYERS... 16th century

The Versailles treaty is one of the most important international documents of modern history. It ended the World War, changed the map of the world, and set forth conditions under which the victorious powers insisted on peace. Yet, strange as it seems, there is only one official treaty and it was never signed by governmental representatives in their official capacities.

The treaty was signed, to be sure, but the men who signed it did so as individuals and not as official representatives of the governments involved in the treaty. When the treaty was prepared for signatures, seals of the various commissioners were placed on the document. These were personal seals, however, and even President Wilson signed the Versailles treaty merely as Woodrow Wilson, and not as president of the United States. He used the seal of a ring presented to him by the state of California.

The one official treaty is in the archives of the ministry of foreign affairs of France. Copies were distributed to all governments concerned.

Polo is a sport so ancient that no one knows much about its early history. It may have originated in Persia about 2000 years ago, from where it spread through Europe and countries of the East. It is known to have been a popular sport in China in about the sixth century and in India it flourished in the sixteenth century. During the reign of Akbar in India, 1542-1602, polo was so important a game that the emperor selected his soldiers from the ranks of the polo players. The better the player, the better the command he was given in Akbar's fighting forces. No officer could hope to get an important position unless he excelled at the game.

**TAILSPIN TOMMY—Important News From Three-Point!**

OHMY AND SNEETER ARRIVED AT MAZATLAN, AFTER THEIR THRILLING ADVENTURES IN THE ISLAND IN THE SKY AND BORROWED A PLANE FROM THEIR FRIEND, BOB FLOYD, IN WHICH TO FLY HOME IN, BUT JUST AS THEY WING OVER DIABLO CANYON TOWARD THREE-POINT

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Go On From Here

AND WHAT A GETTING IT IS! WITHIN THE WEIRD RAMBLING STONE STRUCTURE, BEN, CRIP AND BRIAR HAVE THIS FAR MET ONLY HASSIM, A SIGANTIC, HAWK-FACED ARAB

THE NEBBS—They're All Alike

## SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



ABOUT ALL THERE IS TO DO THIS TIME OF YEAR IS TO GO OVER TO THE VACANT LOT AND SPECULATE GLOOMILY HOW SOON IT'S GOING TO STOP BEING A LAKE AND BECOME A BASEBALL DIAMOND

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## SMATTER POP—

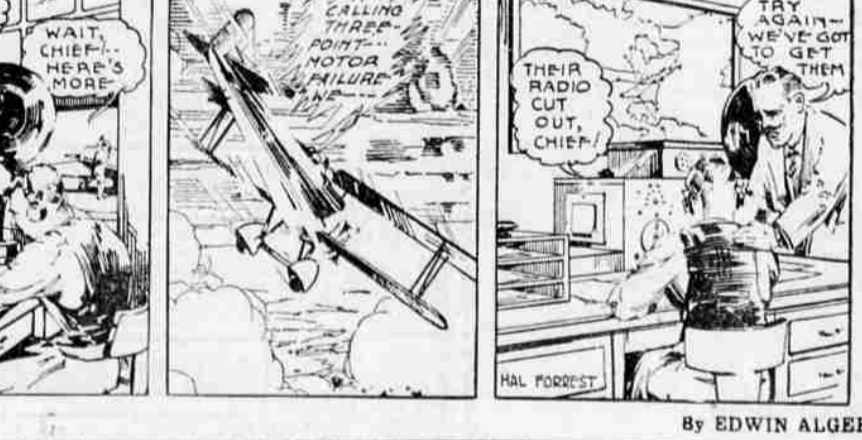
By C. M. PAYNE



WELL, I PUT MY HANDS OVER HIS EYES FROM BEHIND AND I SAYS, GUESS WHO THIS IS? THEN, WHAT? DID HE GUESS RIGHT? OH, YES, HE GUESSED CORRECT! WHO WAS IT?

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## BY HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER

BEN BEARS A LETTER TO DR. KILOVITCH FROM JAREL THORPE, ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE, WHO HAS FURNISHED THE MONEY FOR KILOVITCH'S EXPERIMENTS—HEARING NOTHING FROM KILOVITCH FOR TWO MONTHS, THE MILLIONAIRE COMMISSIONED BEN TO LEARN THE REASON FOR THE SCIENTIST'S SILENCE

BUT, UNBEKNOWNST TO BEN, THE LETTER HAS ALREADY DISAPPEARED! HASSIM, MEANTIME, INTIMATES TO DR. KILOVITCH THAT THE BOYS MAY BE SPIES

STURKING AS YET ONLY A SHADOWY AND SORROWFUL FIGURE IN THE BACKGROUND, IS OLGA KILOVITCH, BEAUTIFUL YOUNG DAUGHTER OF THE SCIENTIST—WHAT DOES SHE KNOW, TO DATE, OF THE TRAGIC HISTORY OF MYSTERY HOUSE?

MAID OF PRINCESS PLUNGES TO DEATH

DR. BARNES TO SPEAK AT ADVENT CHRISTIAN

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Frothing Cat. Inet Works

FLORENCE, Italy, March 24.—(AP)—Maria Stola, the 23-year-old maid of the Grecian Princess Irene and Catherine, committed suicide today in a 200-foot jump from the 600-year-old tower constructed by the old master, Giotto.

In her plunge she carried her violin.

Despite Miss Stola's employment as maid to the sisters of King George of Greece, she had been gaining a reputation as a student of the violin.

Dr. J. F. Barnes, pastor at large of the Advent Christian church, will be with the Medford church of that denomination for five days beginning Wednesday evening, March 25, and continuing over Sunday, the 29th.

There will be services every evening at 7:30, with two services Sunday at the regular preaching hours.

Dr. Barnes is a speaker of splendid ability and will preach along lines of boldness and the victorious life. A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend.

SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES For rent at Lawrence's, Furner Jackson Co. Bank Vault, 8 a. m. to 5:45 p. m. — Longer hours and see me.

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