THE MIDDLE TEMPLE MURDER A Detective Story by J. S. Fletcher

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The Scrap of Gray Paper

S A rule, Spargo left the Watchman A office at 2 o'clock. The paper had be world. then gone to press. There was nothing for him, recently promoted to a subfor him, recently to do after he had passed of a man of apparently sixty to sixtyof a man of apparently sixty to sixtydivership, to do after he had passed
editorship, to do after he earlies began
elber as a matter of fact he could have
sphere last he generally hung
had clatter. But he generally hung
had clatter. But he generally hung
had elber, until 2 o'clock came. On
habot, trifling, until 2 o'clock came. On
habot, trifling, the morning of the 22d of
this occasion, the stopped longer than
lame. 1912. he stopped longer
had the point of the jaw. The only
remarkable thing about it was that it
was much lined and seamed; the wrimlale and the point of the jaw. The only
remarkable thing about it was that it
was much lined and seamed; the wrimless was man, you would have said to
yourself, has led a hard line and weathred storm, mental as well as physical.
Driscoll nudged Spargo with a turn
of his clow. He gave him a wink.

"Better come down to the deadhouse,"
Why?" asked Spargo.
"They I'l go through the column for which he was respon-

loriscoll, studied and the catalance of the gabout him. Further away another policeman appeared, sauntering. Driscell raised an arm and signaled; then, turning, he saw Spargo. He moved a step or two toward him. Spargo saw

le paused and made a grimace as if at the memory of some unpleasant thing. Driscoll nodded comprehendingly. "And so you went along and looked?" he suggested. "Just so—just to see who it belonged to, as it might be." "Just to see—what there was to see," agreed the porter. "Then I saw there was blood. And then—well, I nade up the lane to tell one of you chaps."

"Best thing you could have done," and Driscoll. "Well, now then—""
The little procession came to a halt at the entry. The entry was a cold and formal thing of itself; not a nice place to lie dead in, having glazed white the for its walls and concrete for its theoring; something about its appearance in that gray morning air suggested to Spargo the idea of a mortuary. And that the man whose foot projected over the step was dead he had no doubt; the limpness of his pose certified to it.

For a moment none of the four men anoved or spoke. The two policemen unconsciously stuck their thumbs in their helts and made play with their langers; the porter rubbed his chin thoughtfully—Spargo remembered afterward the rasping sound of this action; he himself put his hands in his pokets and began to jingle his money and his keys. Each man had his own thoughts as he contemplated the piece of human wreckage which lay before and his keys. Each man had his own thoughts as he contemplated the piece of human wreckage which lay before

'You'll notice," suddenly observed

case to identity.

Spargo picked up the scrap of gray paper and looked closely at it. It seemed to him to be the sort of paper that is found in hotels and in clubs: it had been ton roughly from the sheet.

"What," he asked "meditatively. "what will you do about getting this man identified?"

The inspector strugged his shoulders. "On usual thing."

the wall.

Over the white glaze of the tiles are twhich it and the shoulder toward which it and the shoulder toward which it had sunk were crushed there were spots and stains of blood. The behalf there were spots and stains of blood. The control of the tiles the were spots and stains of blood. The control of the tiles were spots and stains of blood. The control of the tiles were spots and stains of blood. The control of the tiles were spots and stains of blood. The control of the tiles were spots and stains of blood. The control of the tiles are the tiles were spots and stains of blood. The control of the tiles are the tiles

get the inspector here," he And the doctor and the ambu-Dend-ain't he?" Driscoll bent down and put a thumb the hand which lay on the pave-

"As ever they make 'em," he remark-laconically, "And stiff, too. Well,

argo waited until the inspector ar-i waited until the hand-ambulance . More policemen came with it More policemen came with it: boved the body for transference to ortany, and Spargo then saw the man's face. He looked long and y at it while the police arranged mas, wondering all the time who that he gazed at, how he rame to end, what was all the place and what was the place of the police are transferent to the police are the police and the place of the police are the police ar

was some professionalism in Spargo's curiosity, but there was also a natural lislike that a fellow-being should have seen so unceremoniously smitten out of

There was nothing very remarkable about the dead man's face. It was that five years of age; plain, even homely of

moreover, the old instinct for getting news began to assert itself.

"All right," he said. "I'll go along with you."

cell raised an arm and signaled; then, turning, he saw Spargo. He moved a step or two toward him. Spargo saw pews in his face.

"What is it?" asked Spargo.

Driscoll jerked a thumb over his shoulder, toward the partly open door of the lane. Within, Spargo saw a man hastily donning a waistcoat and jacket.

"He says," answered Driscoll. "him, there—the porter—that there's a man lying in one of them entries down the lane, and he thinks he's dead. Likewise, he thinks he's murdered."

Spargo echeed the word.

"But what makes him think that?"

Was put there. That's what I say," Spargo turned and saw that the porter

Spargo echoed the word.

Spargo echoed the word.

But what makes him think that?'

Le asked, peeping with curiosity beyond Driscoll's burly form. "Why?"

"He says there's blood about him," answered Driscoll. He turned and slanced at the oncoming constable, and then turned again to Spargo. "You're a newspaper man, sir?" he suggested.

"I am," replied Spargo.

"You're a newspaper man, sir?" he suggested.

"I am," replied Spargo.

"You're a newspaper man, sir?" he suggested.

"I am," replied Spargo.

"You're and carried there," said the porter. "In somebody's chambers, may be. I've known of some queer games in our bit of. London! Well—he never came in at my lodge last night—I'll stand to that. And who is he, I should like to know? From what I see of maper about. At least, there may be."

Spargo made no answer.

He continued to look down the lane, wondering what secret it held, until the other policeman came up. At the

be something to write pieces in the super about. At least, there may be," Soargo made no answer.

He continued to look down the lane, wondering what secret it held, until the other policeman came up. At the same moment the porter, now fully clothed, came out,

"Come on!" he said shortly. "I'll show you."

I briscoll murmured a word or two to the newly arrived constable, and then turned to the porter.

"How came you to find him, then?" he asked.

The porter jerked his head at the door which they were leaving.

"I heard that door slam," he replied, ignitably, as if the fact which he mentioned caused him offense. "I know I did! So I got up to look around. Then—well, I saw that!"

He raised a hand, pointing down the lane. The three men followed his outstreiched finger. And Spargo then saw a man's foot, booted, gray-socked, prounding from an entry on the left hand. "Sticking out there, just as you see it how," said the porter. "I ain't buched it. And so—"! If a paused and made a grimace as if at the memory of some unpleasant thing. Briscoll nodded comprehendingly.

His First Brief
SPARGO looked up at the inspector
with a quick jerk of his head. "I
know this man." he said.

Driscoll, speaking in a hushed voice,
"You'll notice that he's lying there in
a queer way—same as if—as if he'd
been put there. Sort of propped up
trainst that wall, at first, and had slid
down, like."

Sources of the bear of the description of the description

Suargo was taking in all the details the professional eye. He saw at his the body of an elderly man; the re was turned away from him, crushed against the glaze of the wall, but jidged the man to be elderly because 2ray hair and whitening whisker; "Spargo picked up the scrap of gray against the glaze of the wall, but it may afford some clothed in a good, well-made to the scrap of gray was clothed in a good, well-made to the scrap of gray the

Driscoll, taking a hand out of his bointed a finger at them.

beens to me," he said slowly, as to me as how he's been struck a frem behind as he came out of That blood's from his nose— bed out as he fell. What do you also will be tradesman out for a stroll, and who gave the inspector a sidelong nod as he approached his desk, at the same time approached his desk, at the sa extending his hand toward the scrap of paper which Spargo had just laid down.

maper which Spargo had just laid down.
"I'll go along to King's Bench Walk
and see Mr. Breton," he observed, looking at his watch. "It's just about ten
—I caresay he'll be there now."
"I'm going there, too," remarked
Spargo, but as if speaking to himself.
"Yes, I'll go there."
The newcomer gigneed at Spargo, and The newcomer glanced at Spargo, and

then at the inspector. The inspector nodded at Spargo. (CONTINUED TOMORROW)

The continuation of "The Daughter of Two Worlds" will be found elsewhere in this fame.

THE GUMPS—On With the Dance

O NIGHT - IT'S THE WHITE CAT -THE RUBBER ON THE OLD ROLL SNAPPED AGAIN AND UNILE BIM HAS TOLD JOE SPAGAY TO SPREAD A FEED FIT ONLY FOR KINGS MELL IT'S MGHTY NICE OF YOU ANDY VELL IT'S MGHTY SURE YOU

A MARVELOUS DON'T WANT DANCER GO ANEAD ANDY? AND DANCE I'LL WATCH

THE DANCERS? EVERY BODY DANLING DIFFERENTLY- THERE'S THE DREAMER- THEN THE WILD RUSSIAN DANCER THEN THE FELLOW WHO THINKS A
ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSSHE STAYS IN ONE PLACE ALL THE TIME . IF IT'S AS MUCH WORK AS IT LOOKS

..:-

-:-

OH! LOOK AT PAPA AND MAMA - EVERYTIME PAPA TURNS AROUND HE LIFTS THAT RIGHT FOOT IN THE AIR LIKE AN OLD SPAYINED HORSE- SEE THAT BIG GUY THERE -HE'S GOT NO PLACE ON A CROWDED FLOOR WITH THOSE FEET -HE HAS TO STAND SIDEWAYS ON THE CURBSTONE WHEN HE'S WAITING OFF HIS FEET

By Sidney Smith Copyright, 1920, by Tae Tribune Co. OH! WHAT HAVE WE HERE? GET YOURSELF A LAUGH-THIS IS A MARRIED COUPLE ALL RIGHT - THEY'RE NOT LYING TO EACH OTHER -THEY'RE TELLING THE TRUTH ABOUT THEIR DANUNG -STEP-THEIR FEET CAN'T EVEN GET ALONG

By C. A. Voight

PETEY—The Landlord Almost Got His Just Deserts

POOR GUY

-IT SEEMS TO ME SOMETHING OUGHTER BE DONE TO RESCUE GOING TO THE UNFORTUNATE -CALL YOU CLARENCE US MEN OUGHTER - I FEEL STAND TOGETHER -AS THO SHELL PROPOSE TO YOU FOR HIM IN A AGES -MINUTE ER



C.A.VOIILO - JUST IN TIME

-:-

The Young Lady Across the Way

-SH - PETEY DEAR,

A GENTLEMAN CALLER

SISTER SYLVIA HAS



The young lady across the way says half-soled shoes always look bad, but they have a way now of replacing the entire solar system so neatly that it looks like new.

The Toonerville Trolley That Meets All the Trains By Fontaine Fox IF I DONT FIND IT RIGHT AWAY IT'S LIABLE TO DROP THROUGH ONE OF THESE HOLES IN THE YE GOUS! FLOOR SERVICE! LAST WEEK THE SKIPPER DROPPED A HALF DOLLAR IN THE STRAW WHICH IS ABOUT TWO FEET DEEP ON THE CAR

FLOOR AND THE CAR WAS HELD

UP FOR 20 MINUTES.



SOMEBODY'S STENOG-She Does Today's Strip All by Hersself





By Hayward Convertable 1990 by Public Ladger Co. THERE! WELL I GOT INTO PRINT ANYHOW AND I PROBABLY SAVED THE CHIEFS JOB FOR HIM TOO! NOT THAT I'LL GET ANY CREDIT FOR IT! A-E-HATWARD - 19

EDWINA B

DOROTHY DARNIT-Modesty Is Not Her Middle Name



