

THE MIDDLE TEMPLE MURDER

A Detective Story by J. S. Fletcher

Frank Spargo, a young London newspaperman, returning home from work late one night, is attracted by a couple of men peering into the dark corner of an alleyway. Investigation showed a man reclining against a wall, dead, murdered, it seemed. In his pocket he found the name and address, "Ronald Breton, Barrister, King's Bench Walk, Temple, London."

Justify Breton's prognostication. He was obviously a countryman, a tall, loosely built, middle-aged man, yellow hair, blue eyes, who wore a gray trowsers and black coat, and sported a neckerchief in which were several distinct colors. He looked at the splendor and grandeur of the Watchman building, he had removed his hard billycock hat as he followed the boy and ducked his bare head at the two young men as he stepped on to the thick pile of the carpet which made luxurious footing in Spargo's room. His blue eyes, opened to their widest, looked round him in astonishment at the sumptuousness of modern newspaper-office accommodation.

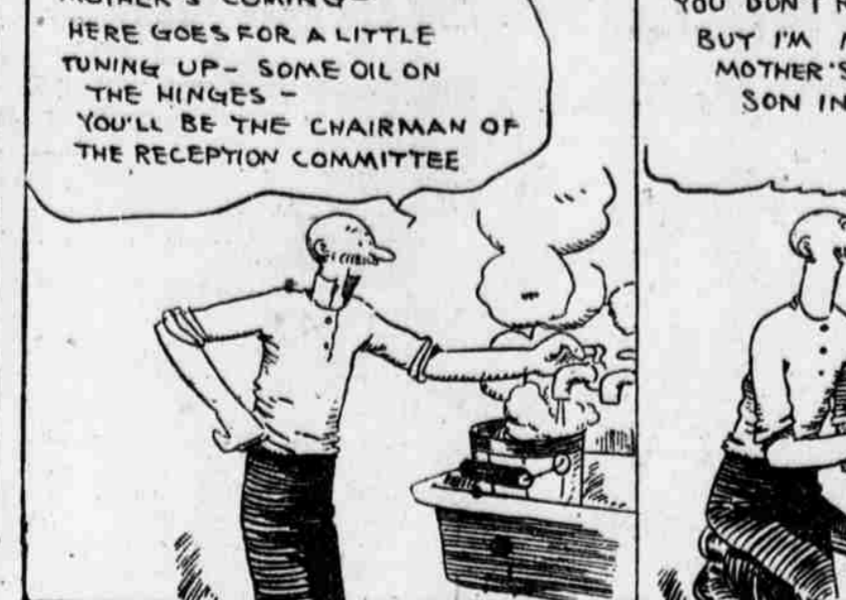
(AND HERE IT CONTINUES)

SPARGO sent a spiral of scented smoke into the air. "I want to know an awful lot," he said. "I'm hungrier for news. I want to know who John Marbury is. I want to know what he did with himself between the time when he walked out of the Anglo-Orient Hotel, alive and well, and the time when he was found in Middle Temple Lane, with his skull beaten in and dead. I want to know where he got that scrap of paper. Above everything, Breton. I want to know what he'd got to do with you!" He gave the young barrister a keen look, and Breton nodded. "Yes," he said. "I confess that's a corker. But I think—"

"Well?" said Spargo. "I think he may have been a man who had some legal business in hand, or in prospect, and had been recommended to me," said Breton. "Not a smiling little aristocratically?" "That's good!" he said. "You had your very first brief—yesterday. Come your fame isn't blown abroad through all the heights yet, my dear?" Breton smiled a little and said: "I'm not intending clients approach—let it strict etiquette for them to approach—barristers through solicitors?" replied Breton, good-humoredly. "Of course, I'm not known a bit, but all the same I've known several cases where a barrister has been approached in the first instance and asked to recommend a solicitor. Somebody who wanted to do me a good turn may have given this man my address."

THE GUMPS—Putting Out the "Welcome" Mat

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PETEY—Fresh Air, Plus Fresh Ice

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THE NEIGHBORHOOD JACK DEMPSEY TACKLED THE NEIGHBORHOOD CARPENTIER

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CAP STUBBS—You Just Can't Account for 'Em

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DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

THE GIANT OF MOVIELAND

By DADDY

(Peggy, Billy, the Giant of the Woods and their animal and bird friends came upon a mysterious, fairy-like city in the rocky hills, and enter it to explore it.)

CHAPTER II

The Wonderful Man

THE gates of the fairy-like mysterious city were of iron and were large. They were locked tight when the Giant of the Woods led Peggy and Billy to them, and though he rattled and shook them he could not open them. Beside the gates was a trumpet and below the trumpet was a sign. The sign read: "If ye would the city charming know, Take ye this trumpet and blow, blow, blow." Peggy took down the trumpet and blew, blew, blew until she was blue in the face but not a sound did she make.

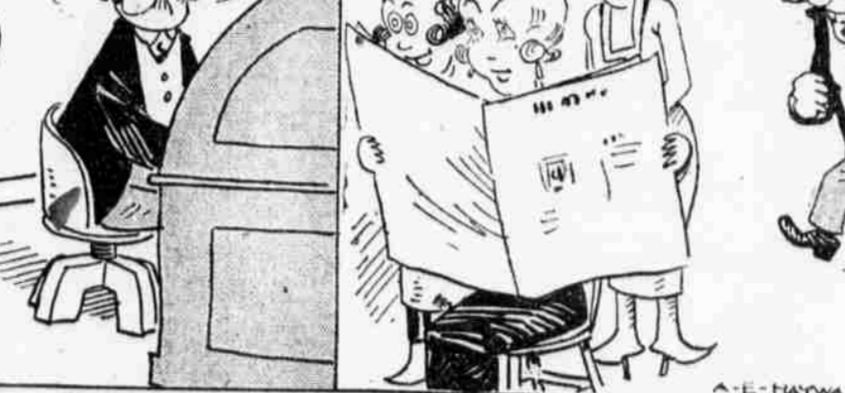
SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER

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DOROTRY DARNIT—He Sings a Different Tune

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THE GIANT OF MOVIELAND

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Peggy read this message aloud, and the Giant of the Woods laid aside the trumpet, and put his shoulder to the gates.

(Tomorrow will be told how they become movie actors and learn the Giant of the Movies.)

He is a man," he said, "and he seems to be filled with me."

CHAS. McMANUS