

THE MIDDLE TEMPLE MURDER

A Detective Story by J. S. Fletcher

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Frank Spargo, a young London newspaperman, returning home from his work late one night sees a couple of men peering into the corner of an alleyway. Investigation reveals a murder case...

(AND HERE IT CONTINUES)

"WELL, sir, there was a gentleman came along, down this grand hall that we were sitting in—a tall, handsome gentleman, with a gray beard. He'd no hat on, and he was carrying a lot of paper and documents in his hand, so I thought he was one of the members. And all of a sudden this here man at my side, he jumps up with a sort of start and an exclamation, and—"

Spargo lifted his hand. He looked toward the visitor. "Now, you're absolutely sure about what you heard him exclaim?" he asked. "Quite sure, sir," answered the man. "You are going to tell us what he did exclaim?"

"I'll tell you naught but what I'm certain of, sir," replied Webster. "What he said as he jumped up was 'Good God!' he says, sharp-like—and then he said a name, and I didn't right catch it, but it sounded like 'Damesworth' or 'Paineworth' or something of that sort—one of them there, or very like 'em, at any rate. And then he dashed up to this here gentleman, and laid his hand on his arm—sudden-like. 'And—the gentleman?' asked Spargo, quietly. 'Well, he seemed taken aback, sir. He jumped, then he stared at the man. Then they shook hands. And then, after they'd spoken a few words together like, they walked off, talking. And, of course, I never saw no more of 'em. But when I saw your paper this morning, sir, and that picture in it, I said to myself that the man I saw was in that there hall at the House of Commons! Oh, there no doubt of it, sir!'

CHAPTER VII Mr. Aylmore SPARGO, keenly observant and watchful, felt rather than saw. Breton started; he himself preserved an imperceptible equanimity. He gave a necessary glance at the photograph to which Mr. Webster was pointing. "That's the gentleman—know him anywhere?"

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES THE GIANT OF MOVIELAND

(Peggy, Billy, the Giant of the Woods, and their animal and bird friends explore a charming deserted city where they come upon a wonderful moving picture maker.)

CHAPTER III Red Beard Again PEGGY had no fear of the woeful man as she started forward to comfort him, but the nearer she drew to him the fiercer her courage oozed. The woeful man did not see her at first, but kept on rocking back and forth on his heels as he gave vent to his moans and groans. "Alas and alack, how can I make my moving picture now that all my actors have the measles?" wailed the woeful man. "And if I do not make my picture how can the moving picture manager give his show? And if the moving picture manager can't give his show what will all the men and the women and the boys and the girls do for amusements?"

THE GUMPS—We Have With Us Once More

MOTHER ARRIVED IN STYLE THIS TIME LEAVE IT TO THE GUMPS TO PUT ON THE DOWN SHE WAS MET BY ANDY WITH UNCLE DIM'S BIG LIMOUSINE -



YOU'LL NEVER GET ROUND SHOULDERS CARRYING A GRIP LIKE THAT ANDY



WELL—IT'S ONE OF TWO THINGS— EITHER SHE HAS A TRUNK OR IT'S A SHORT VISIT— THERE ISN'T ENOUGH IN THIS GRIP TO KEEP A PIGEON AWAY FROM HOME TWO NIGHTS IN COMFORT



UP AND DOWN YOU GO—BOUNCE YOU LITTLE ACROBATIC TOOTH BRUSH—YOU'VE GOT MORE ROOM THAN A CLOWN HAS IN BARNUM'S TENT. SHE HAD NO TROUBLE PACKING YOU OLD GRIP—BUT SHE'LL HAVE TO PUT HER FOOT ON YOU TO SHUT YOU ON THE WAY OUT. SHE MAY HAVE TO PUNCHA COUPLE OF NEW HOLES



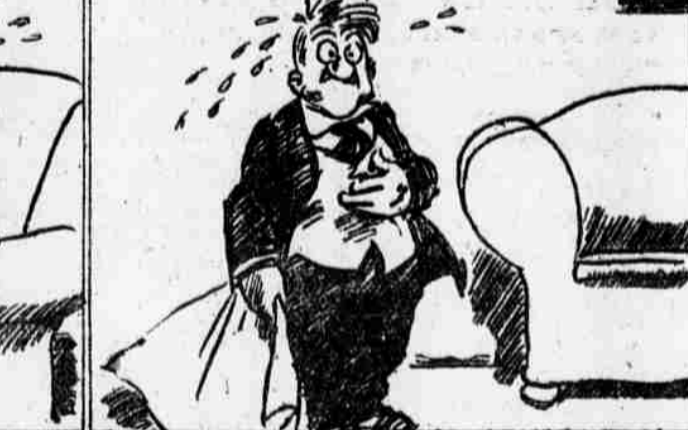
GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT AWAITS MAMA WHEN SHE LEARNS OF UNCLE DIM'S DEPARTURE

PETEY—Perhaps the Doc's Bill (Hic!) Will Cure Him

GEE WHIZ—(HIC)— THESE DARN HICCUPS ARE (HIC) GETTING MY GOAT—HAD 'EM (HIC) ALL DAY NOW—WONDER WHAT I HAD BETTER (HIC) DO—(HIC)



(HIC) THIS IS GETTING SERIOUS—HEARD OF 'EM (HIC) KILLING A FELLOW ONCE GUESS I'D (HIC) BETTER CALL UP THE (HIC) DOCTOR



—SAY 'DOC' I GOT THE (HIC)—(HIC), HICCUPS— THE HIC—HIC—HIC—ER, NO, THAT'S NOT THE (HIC) BUSY SIGNAL 'DOC'—(HIC)—I GOT THE HIC—HICCUPS 'DOC' WHAT CAN YOU DO FOR (HIC) ME?



—OH, THE HICCUPS, PETEY?—ER, WELL, THE BEST THING TO CURE 'EM IS TO GET A GOOD SCARE, YEP, A GOOD SCARE!



—SCARE?(HIC) DARN IT—THAT'S WHY I CALLED YOU (HIC) UP!!

The Young Lady Across the Way



One Has to Learn to Be a Regular Commuter



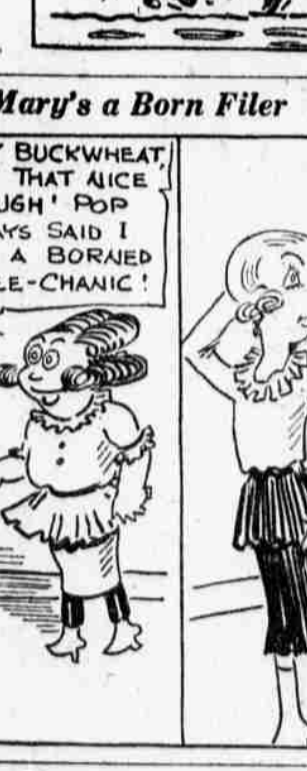
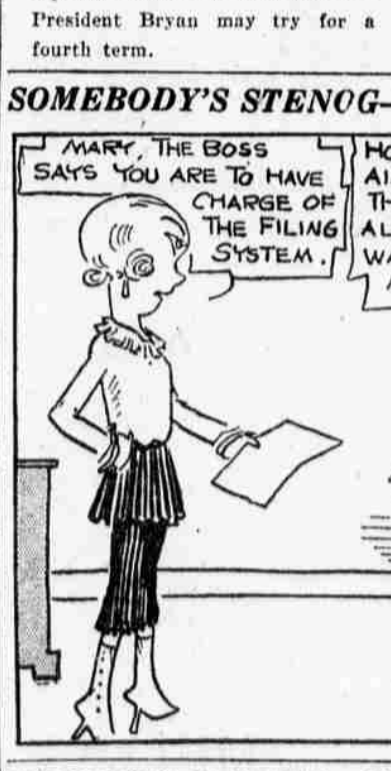
SCHOOL DAYS



The champion



SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Mary's a Born Filer



DOROTHY DARNIT—Why Not Start the Furnace Up?

