# THE MIDDLE TEMPLE MURDER

A Detective Story by J. S. Fletcher

Frank Spargo, a young London newspaperman, returning home from his work late one night sees a couple newspaperman, returning nome from his work late one night sees a couple of men peering into the corner of an alleyway. Investigation reveals a man, dead, murdered, it seemed. In his pocket is found the name "Ronald Breton, Barrister, King's Bench Walk, Temple, London." Breton esserts he does not know the man. At the hotel where he stopped he registered as "John Marbury." He received but one visitor, a tall well-dressed man. He ordered whisky and sods and paid for it from a handful of sovereigns, but he hadn't a penny piece on him when he was found dead. He had just arrived from Australia. Spargo bends every energy to dispove the purderer and supply his paper with the news. William Webster tells him of being in company with Marbury the night of the murder. "Tell me what happened," said Spargo.

### (AND HERE IT CONTINUES)

WELL, sir, there was a gentleman 'But-how of But-how of this grand hall his daughters?' hat we were sitting in-a tall, handsome gentleman, with a gray beard. He'd ne hat on, and he was carrying a lot of paper and documents in his hand, so I thought he was happen 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 keenly at his visitor.

"Now, you're absolutely sure about what you heard him exclaim?" he asked. "Quite sure about it? Because I see you are going to tell us what he did you are going to tell us what is did exclaim."

"I'll tell you naught but what I'm certain of. sir," replied Webster, certain of. sir, "replied Webster, certain of. sir," replied Webster, certain of. sir, "replied Webster, certain of. sir," replied Webster, certain of. sir, "replied Webster, certain of. sir," replied Webster, certain of. sir," replied Webster, certain of. sir, "replied Webster, certain of. sir," replied Webster, certain of. sir, "replied Webster, certain of. sir," replied Webster, certain of. sir, "replied Webster, certain of. sir," replied Webster, certain of. sir, "replied Webster, certain of. sir," replied Webster, certain of. sir," replied Webster, certain of. sir, "replied Webster, certain of. sir," replied webster, certain of. sir," re ome gentleman, with a gray beard. He'd

keenly at his visitor.

"Now, you're absolutely sure about what you heard him exclaim?" he asked, "Quite sure about it? Because I see you are going to tell us what he did exclaim."

where Mr. Aylmore is always to be found at 12 o'clock. At the A. and P.—the Atlantic and Pacific Club, you know, in St. James's. If you like, I'll go with you."

Spargo glanced at the clock and laid down the relephone.

"All right," be said. "Elever o'clock now. I'll neet you outside the A. and P. at exactly noon."

"All right," be said. "Elever o'clock now. I've something to do. I'll meet you outside the A. and P. at exactly noon."

"I'll be there," agreed Becton. He made for the door, and with his hand on his arm—sudden like."

"And—the gentiemau?" asked Spar-

"And—the gentlemaw?" 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 his morning, sir, and that picture in t. I said to myself 'That's the man I at next to in that there hall at the louse of Commons! Oh, there no oubt of it, sir!"
"And supposing you saw a photo."

Spargo rose, and going over to a spargo rose, and going over to a spargo rose, and going over to a spargo stingers went instinctively to one of a number of books of reference which stood on his desk; they turned which stood on his desk; they turned with practical swiftness to a page over

which stood on his desk; they turned with practiced swiftness to a page over which his eye ran just as swiftly. He read aloud:

"There is a full set of photographs of the present House of Countons here," said Spargo.
"Now, pick out the one you saw. Take your time—and be sure."

He left his caller turning over the labum and went back to Breton.

Oful, felt, rather than saw, Breton start: he himself preserved an imper-arbable equanimity. He gave a mere once at the photograph to which Mr

"Oh!" he said. "That he?"
"That's the gentleman, sir," replied Yebster. "Done to the life, that is. to difficulty in recognizing of that, Mr.

Spargo."
"You're absolutely sure?" demanded 'Spargo. "There are a lot of men in the House of Commons, you know, who wear beards and many of the beards But Webster wagged his head. "That's him, sir!" he repeated.

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SYNOPSIS

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got in your paper. Can't say no more, sir."

"Very good," said Spargo. "I'm much obliged to you. I'll see Mr. Aylmore. Leave me your address in London, Mr. Webster. How long do you remain in town?"

"My address is the Beachfront Hotel, Bloomsbury, sir, and I shall be there for another week," answered the farmer. "Hope I've been of some use, Mr. Spargo. As I says to my wife—"Spargo cut his visitor short in polite fashion and bowed him out. He turned to Beton, who still stood staring at the album of portraits.

"There!—what did I tell you?" he said. "Didn't I say I should get some news? There it is."

Breton nodded his head. He seemed thoughtful.

"Yes," he agreed. "Yes, I say, Spargo!"

"Well?"

"Well?"

"Mr. Alymore is my prospective father-in-law, you know."

"Well?"
"Mr. Alymore is my prospective father-in-law, you know."
"Quite aware of it. Didn't you in-troduce me to his daughters—only yesterday?"
"But—how did you know they were his daughters."

"Instinct-intuition," he answered.

sat next to in that there hall at the House of Commons! Oh, there no doubt of it, sir!"

"And supposing you saw a photograph of the tall gentleman with the gray beard?" suggested Spargo. "Could you recognize him from that?"

"Make no doubt of it, sir," answered Mr. Webster. "I observed him particular."

swered Mr. Webster. "I observed him particular."

and ming over to a Spargo singers went instinctively to

"Now, pick out the sale of the "t see—""

sudden exclamation from the ner interrupted Breton's remark.

This is him, sir!" answered Mr. ster. "That's the gentleman—

w him anywhere!"

Innished. Now we'll make another."

Going over the album of photographs
Spargo deftly removed that of Mr. Aylmore, put it in an envelope and the envelope in his pocket and, leaving the office, hailed a taxicab and ordered it.

Webster. "That's the gentleman—know him anywhere!"
The two young men crossed the room. The farmer was pointing a stubby finger to uphotograph, beneath which was written Stephen Aylmore, Esq., M. P. for Brookminster.

CHAPTER VII

Mr. Aylmore

PARGO, keenly observant and watch-fell, felt, rather than saw. Breton

The farmer was pointing a stubby finger to take him to the Anglo-Orient driver to take him to take for the Anglo-Orient driver to take him to take for the Anglo-Orient driver to take him to take for the Anglo-Or

"Have you seen him, since?" naked

Spargo.
"Not since." replied Mrs. Walters.
"No—and I was wondering if he'd be
"No—and I was wondering if he paused coming round, because—' she paused there and looked at Spargo with particular enquiry—''You're a friend of his, aren't you?' she asked. "I suppose you know as much as he does—about this?"

"He and I," replied Spargo, with easy confidence, "are working this case together. You can tell me anything you'd tell him."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

## DREAMLAND ADVENTURES THE GIANT OF MOVIELAND

(Peggy, Billy, the Gient of the Woods, and their animal and bird friends explore a charming deserted city where they come upon a wooful man who proves to be a moving-picture maken.) ture maker.)

### CHAPTER III Red Beard Again

DEGGY had no fear of the woeful man as she started forward to comfort in, but the nearer she drew to him to faster her courage oozed away. The

"I'll be the faithful friend." volunter him, but the nearer she drew to him the faster her courage occad away. The worlul man did not see her at first, but kept on recking back and forth on his seels as he gave vert to his means and groans.

"Alas and slack, how can I make my noving picture now that all my actors have the measles?" walled the worful man. "And if I do not make my picture how can the moving-picture manager can't 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 amusement? Alas and alack, where can I get other actors?"

Peggy stepped forward.

"Peggy stepped forward.

"Peggy stepped forward.

"Peggy stepped forward.

The woeful man looked up quickly and his eyes bulged with surprise. too, and she would have run away if hilly and the Giant of the Woods hadn't been right behind her. And she was surprised because the woeful man was tone other than Red Beard, the brother of Blue Beard, whom she had met in previous adventures.

Red Beard saw the look of fear come had her eyes bulged with surprised because the woeful man was tone other than Red Beard, the brother of Blue Beard, whom she had met in previous adventures.

Red Beard saw the look of fear come had her eyes and he spoke up quickly.

"Nay, do not be afraid of me." he had met in the past as the wicked Red Beard. "How did he make the other players catch the measles?" asked Billy.

"Why, he scared 'em so they ran away and dashed into the right how you had saw you dashed him the past as the wicked Red Beard. "How did he make the other players catch the measles?" asked Billy.

"Why, he scared 'em so they ran away and dashed into the right how you had the measles?" asked Billy.

"Why, he scared 'em so they ran away and dashed into the right how you had the measles?" he would have rein him. That's why I was so would have rein him the past as the wicked Red Beard. "How did he make the other players catch the measles? and dery the awful right row. The light for the

Red Beard stopped groaning and a look of hope came into his eyes.

"I need a beautiful heroine, a brave hero who can do stunts, and a strong, faithful friend," he said.

"I'd like to be a lovely heroine like Mary Pickford," Peggy cried.

"I can do stunts like Douglas Fairbanks," declared Billy cagerly. "I'll be the hero."

e the hero. "I'll be the faithful friend," volun-teered the Giant of the Woods, "And here is Balky Sam, the army

THE GUMPS—We Have With Us Once More

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



CEE WHIZ - (HIC) -

THESE DARN HICCUPPS

ARE (HIC) GETTING MY

GOAT- HAD EM (HIC)

(HIC) DO- (HIC)

ALL DAY HOW- WOHDER

WHAT I HAD BETTER

YOU'LL NEVER SHOULDERED DAUGHTER! CARRYINGA MAMA GRIP LIKE THAT ANDY DID TAHW YOU BRING ME GRANDMA?

(HIC) THIS IS GETTING

SERIOUS - HEARD OF EM

GUESS I'D (HIC) BETTER

CALL UP THE (HIC) DOCTOR

(HIC) KILLING A FELLOW DICE



UP AND DOWN YOU GO - BOUNCE WELL- IT'S ONE OF TWO THINGS YOU LITTLE ACROBATIC TOOTH BRUSH- YOU'VE GOT MORE ROOM THAN A CLOWN HAS IN SHE HAD NO TROUBLE PACKING YOU OLD GRIP - BUT SHE'LL HAVE TO PUT HER FOOT ON YOU TO SHUT MAY HAVE TO PUNCHA COUPLE OF NEW HOLES SIDNEY

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GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT AWAITS MAMA WHEN SHE LEARNS UNCLE BIM'S DEPARTURE

By C. A. Voight

By Sidney Smith

Spargo laughed as he sat down to his PETEY-Perhaps the Doc's Bill (Hic!) Will Cure Him

- SAY DOC" I GOT THE (HIC) - (HIC), HICCUPPS -THE HIC-HIC-ER.



- OH THE HICCOUGHS, PETEY ?- ER, WELL, THE BEST THING TO GET A GOOD SCARE, YEP, A GOOD SCARE! SCARE! (HIC) DARN IT- THAT'S CAUED YOU (HIC) UP!

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she hears some talk that ex-President Bryan may try for a By Fontaine Fox | SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG





SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Mary's a Born Filer



