SYNOPSIS

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Frank Spargo, a young London see spaper man, returning home from his work late one night sees a cauple of men peering into the corner of an allegway. I avestigation reveals a man, dead, murdered, it seemed. In his pocket is found the name "Ronald Breton. Barrister. King's Bench Wolk. Temple, London." Breton asserts he does not know the man. At he holel he registered as John Marky. He received but one visitor, a fill well-dressed man with a gray bord. He paid for whisky and soda from a handful of sovereigns but hadn't a penny piecr on him schen he egg found dead. William Webster wells of sitting next to Marbury while lobying in the House of Commons the night of the murder, and of Marbury's exitement on the appearance of a fall well-dressed mone. Stephen Aylmore, M. P. They left the House tagether. Seeking further information, Spargo-

M. P. They left the House together.
Seeking further information, Spurgo
again visits the hotel keeper. She
thous him a shining piece of stone—a
diamond—found in his room. The
waiter testifies to having seen a number of these "stones" in his room ber of these "stones" in his room while Aylmore was risiting him. Ayl-more admits to having known him a more admits to kaving known him a sumber of years back, but will not tell in what connection he knew him. "You I have something to communicate to Kathbury," thinks Spargo, and sils out for Scotland Yard.

recy. There was a plain writing table and a hard chair or two; a map of

in a fashion which indicated that the detective might consider his question answered in the affirmative.

"Look here," he said. "We settled yesterday, didn't we, that you and I are to consider ourselves partners, as it were, in this job? That's all right," he continued as Rathbury nodded very quietly. "Very well—have you made any further progress?"

Rathbury put his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat and, leaning back in his chair, shook his head.

"Frankly, I haven't," he replied. "Of course, there's a lot being done in the usual official voutine way. We've men out making various inquiries. We're inquiring about Marbury's voyage to England. All that we know up to now is that he was certainly a passenger on a liner which landed at Southampton in accordance with what he told those people at the Anglo-Orient, that he left the ship in the usual way and was understood to take the train to town—as he did. That's all. There's nothing in that. We've cabled to Melbourne for any news of him from there. But I carpotte in the serap of paper bearing Breton's address, but even a Colonial would know that no business was done in the Temple at

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"I've found him," he said. "That's what I wrote that article for—to find him. I knew it would find him. I've hever had any training in your sort of work, but I knew that article would get him. And it has got him.'

Rathbury accorded the journalist a look of admiration.

"Good!" he said. "And—who is he?"

"FII tell you the story," answered Spargo, "and in a summary. This morning a man named Webster, a farmer, a visitor to London, came to me at the office, and said that being at the House of Commons last night he witnessed a meeting between Marbury and a man who was evidently a member of Parliament, and saw them go away together. I showed him an album of photographs of the present members, and he immediately recognized the portrait of one of them as the man in question. I thereupon took the portrait to the Anglo-Grient Hotel—Mrs. Walters also at once recognized it as that of the "I'll tell you the story," answered

Brookminster."
Rathbury expressed his feelings in a sharp whistle. "I know him!" he said. "Of course—I remember Mrs. Walters's description now. But his is a familiar tyre—tall, gray-bearded, well-dressed. Im!—well, we'll have to see Mr. Aylmore at once."

"Tye seen him," said Spargo.
"Naturally! For you see, Mrs. Walters out for Scotland Yard.

(AND HERE IT CONTINUES)

CHAPTER VIII

The Man From the Safe Deposit

CPARGO found Rathbury sitting alone
Dip a small, somewhat dismal apartment, which was chiefly remarkable for the business-like paucity of its furnishings and its indefinable air of segment. The seen him," said Spargo. "Naturally! For you see, Mrs. Walters gave me a bit more evidence. This two runs they found a loose diamond on the floor of Number 20, and after it was found the waiter who took the drinks up to Marbury and his guest that night remembered that when he entered the room the two gentlemen were looking at a paper full of similar objects. So then I went on to see Mr. Alymore. You know young Breton, the barrister?—you met him with me, you remember?

"The young fellow whose name and "The young fellow whose name and address were found on Marbury." re-plied Rathbury. "I remember."

and a hard chair or two; a map of London, much discolored, on the wall; a few faded photographs of eminent bands in the world of crime and a similar number of well-thumbed books of reference. The detective himself, when Spargo was shown in to him, was seated at the table, chewing an unlighted cigar, and engaged in the apparently nimless task of drawing hieroglyphics on seraps of paper. He looked un as the journalist entered and held out his hand. things. Australian diamonds. He went band.

"Well. I congratulate you on what you stack in the Watchman this morning," he said. "Made extra good reading, I thought. They did right to let you tackle that job. Going straight through with it now, I suppose, Mr. Spargo?"

Spargo?"

Spargo dropped into the chair near-test to Rathbury's right hand. He know, and would not him in the way to spargo dropped into the chair hearest to Rathbury's right hand. He
lighted a cigarette and, having blown
out a whiff of smoke, nodded his head
in a fashion which indicated that the
detective might consider his question
Murbury had on kim a quantity of those

in that. We've cabled to Melbourne for any news of him from there. But I expect little from that."

'All right." said Spargo. "And—what are you doing—you, yourself? Because if we're to share facts I must know what my partner's after. Just now you seem to be—drawing."

Rathbury laughed.

"Well, to fell you the truth," he said. "when I want to work things out I come into this room—it's quiet, as you see—and I scribble anything on paper while I think. I was figuring on my next step, and—"Do you see it?" asked Spargo, "Well,—i want to find the man who went with Marbury to that hotel," replied Rathbury. "It seems to me—"Stargo wagged his finger at his fellow—contriver.

"CONTINUED TOMORROW)

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

THE GIANT OF MOVIELAND

(Peggy, Billy, the Giant of the Woods, and their animal and bird friends take the place of a moving-picture troop that has the measles. In making the picture, Peggy enters the castle of the Giant Fierce Fangs.)

CHAPTER V

Billy's Daring Stunts GIANT FIERCE FANGS surely was a fearsome creature. He looked like a monster size cowboy. He had a stringy black mustache, glaring eyes and long, sharp teeth. It was these teeth which gave him his name.

teeth which gave him his name.

"My lovely bride, come to my arms."
roarred Fierce Fange, but Peggy didn't greet his invitation. She turned and scooted. There was only one way to rau, and that was into the castle, Peggy darted through the door and up a circular stairway.

Billy gained the top of the wall and can along it until he came to the castle.

secoeted. There was only one way to run, and that was into the castle. Peggy darted through the door and up a circular stairway.

Fierce Fangs rushed after her, coming up the stairs three at a time. Right behind her he was, with one long arm stretched out to reach her, when the stairway entered a tower room and Peggy dedged through a narrow window out upon the roof of the castle. Fierce tangs as so large he couldn't squeeze through the window, and for a few minutes she was safe.

But Fierce Fangs laughed, he was so since he would get her. He arm back to the courtyard and whirled a long lasso around his head.

The roof of the castle was steep and Peggy earcely dared move for fear of tumbling to the ground. She couldn't iddgs about, and almost before she knew what was going on Fierce Fangs has earn and act the noose of the lasso through the air and around her shoulders.

But where were Billy and the others all this time? When the birds cames exceeding the news that Peggy had been captured by Ginnt Fierce Fangs.

But that dide't stop Billy. He diversiate that dide't stop Billy. He diversiate the ditch and awann to the shallow water under the castle want. The Giant of the Woods Balky Sam and all the animals and birds rushed up the hill, to the custle moat. The Giant of the Woods Balky Sam and all the animals and birds rushed up the hill, to the castle was to be couldn't reach the top of the wall. Bully foot and Johnny Bull followed them, and, quick as casts, like accobats in a circus, they built a pyrand. Balky Sam was at the bottom:

The glash Sank was at the bottom:

The roof of the castle was steep and Peggy on the couldn't reach the couldn't reach the couldn't reach the wall should be couldn't reach the wall should be couldn't reach the wall should be couldn't reach the wall and decided the roop of the wall. Balky Sam was at the bottom:

The roof of the woods swam neroes to join bins. The Giant of the Woods lifted fint the ditch. It was plain he couldn't reach the top of the wall should be peggy on the couldn't

the Giant stood upon him, on the Giant's shoulders was Billy Goat and on Billy Goat's head stood Billy. But even then Billy couldn't reach the top of the wall, though a rope blowing out

of the wall, though a rope blowing out from a beifry windew was only a few feet above his head.

Then Johnny Bull leaped on Balky Sam's back. The Giant tossed Johnny up to Billy, and Billy lifted Johnny unit the bulldog's feeth caught in the rope hanging from the beifry. Johnny Bull took a firm grip, and Billy began to climb up over him. As he grabbed Johnny the rope jerked the chapper of the castle alarm beil and a sharp clang ran through the castle.

By Sidney Smith Copyright, 1920, by The Tribune Co. ... THE GUMPS—One of Andy's Little Tricks THAT CERTANLY WAS A GOOD BOOK - I JUST COULDN'T GO TO SLEEP WINTIL I HAD FINISHED IT. I ATE SUCH A LIGHT HOW I WOULD LIKE A NICE SWIST LIMOUSINE DINNER THIS EVENING ITHINK A SARDINE HOWICH WOULDN'T E SO BAD-L JUST TIP TOE HAS BEEN WORKING GET A SANDWICH BEFORE OVERTIME THIS WEEK. I GO TO BED MOTHER AND DAUGHTER WINE OUT DOING THE TOWN-SHOPPING-MATINEE LUNCHEON AND

MOTHER CAN'T WAIT FOR THE BIG TIMES WHEN also at once recognized it as that of the man who came to the hotel with Marbury, stopped with him a while in his room, and left with him. The man is Mr. Stephen Aylmore, the member for Brookminster."

Details also at once recognized it as that of the comes Back

COMES BACK

PETEY—He Always Was Contrary By C. A. Voight -:--:-SAY! - (HIC) , (HIC) Copyright N. Y. Tribu - OH DEAR AUNTIE- THE -THAT'S IT, SHEAK _ LET'S WHATS THE IDEA (HIC) UP BEHIND HIM BEST THING WE CAN DO 13 THINK - THOSE BLAME HICCUPPS TO SCARE HIM, THE DOCTOR SAYS - THAT WILL AND SHOOT OFF UP SOME-HAD STOPPED AND THE REVOLVER SCHEME STARTED EM (HIC) CURE HIS HICCOUGHS AGAIN'

> The Young Lady Across the Way The young lady across the way says it must be rather hard ou

EVERYTHING TODAY -

President Wilson to have all his regular business and politics besides to look after when he's not at all well and she supposes he's mighty glad to have Mr. Bryan's help in his political work



"CAP" STUBBS-Not a Manner



By Hayward SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Punishment -:-*;* OH DEAR! I'M SORRY I WHY DID YOU QUIT? IT FLOW IF THAT'S A-VOICE DON'T SING FOR THE PRISONERS GENT-LY DID THE PRISONERS IM A SOUSA IN THE PENITENTIARY ANY SWEE-EET COMPLAIN IT WASN'T & FLOW BAND ! MORE! THE POOR BOYS! GENT-LEE AFTON -IN THEIR SENTENCE? I USED TO SING FOR THEM TEVERY SUNDAY -

