

THE MIDDLE TEMPLE MURDER

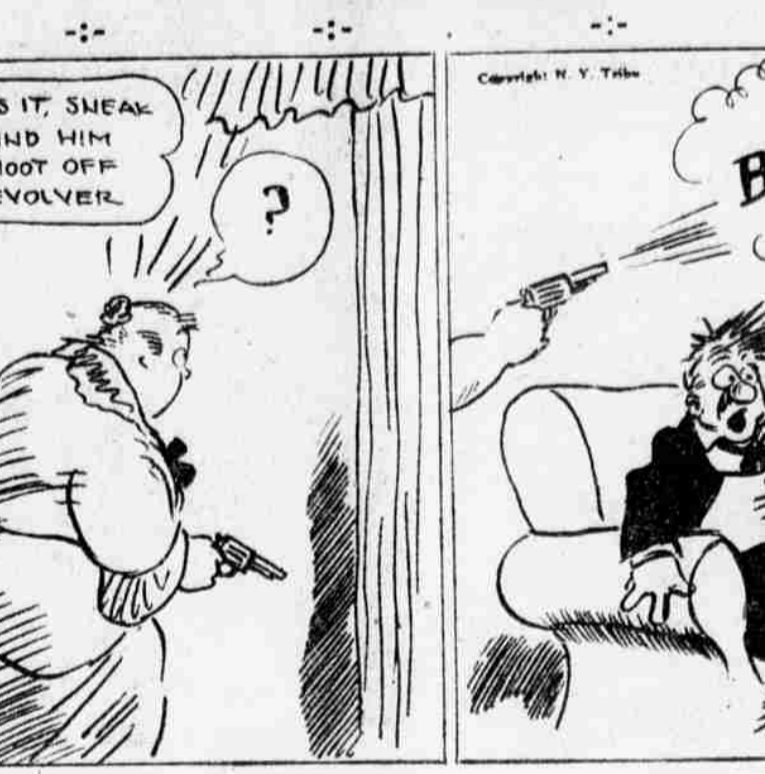
A Detective Story by J. S. Fletcher
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SYNOPSIS
Frank Spargo, a young London newspaper man, returning home from his work late one night sees a couple of men entering into the corner of an alleyway. Investigation reveals a man, dead, murdered, it seemed. In his pocket is found the victim's watch. Breton, a reporter, says he does not know the man. At the hotel he registered as John Marbury. He received a man with a gray beard. He paid for whiskey and soda and a handful of sovereigns but didn't pay a penny piece on him when he was found dead. With a letter, a note of sitting next to Marbury while talking in the House of Commons the night of the murder, and of Marbury's attention on the appearance of a tall well-dressed man—Frank Aylmore, a visitor to London, came to the office, and said that being at the House of Commons last night he witnessed the murder of 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-Orient Hotel—Mrs. Walters 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.

CHAPTER VIII
The Man From the Safe Deposit
SPARGO found Rathbury sitting alone in a small, somewhat dismal apartment, which was chiefly remarkable for the business-like paucity of its furnishings and its indefinable air of seclusion. There was a plain writing table and a hard chair or two; a map of London, much discolored, on the wall; a few faded photographs of eminent hands in the world of crime and a similar number of well-thumbed books of reference. The detective himself, when Spargo was shown in, was seated at the table, chewing an unlighted cigar, and engaged in the apparently aimless task of drawing hieroglyphics on scraps of paper. He looked up as the journalist entered and held out his hand. "Well, I congratulate you on what you stuck to 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 dropped into the chair nearest to Rathbury's right hand. He lit a cigarette and, having blown a puff of smoke, nodded his head 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 routine way. We've been 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 Angle unobserved? We've made every inquiry, and we can't trace him in any way as regards that movement. There's a clue for his going there in the scrap of paper bearing Breton's address, but even a Colonial would know that no business was done in the Temple at midnight, eh?" "Well," said Spargo. "I've thought of one or two things. He may have been one of those men who like to wander around at night. He may have seen—well, he would see—plenty of lights in the Temple at that hour; he may have walked in and out, either. But if Marbury was murdered for the sake of what he had on him—how did he meet with his murderer or murderers in there? Criminals don't hang about Middle Temple Lane."

THE GUMPS—One of Andy's Little Tricks



PETEY—He Always Was Contrary



THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY



THE SMITHS, WHO WERE GENERALLY SUPPOSED TO HAVE BURIED A LARGE QUANTITY OF LIQUOR IN THEIR YARD



"CAP" STUBBS—Not a Manner



DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

THE GIANT OF MOVIELAND
By DADDY
(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. "My lovely bride, come to my arms!" roared Fierce Fangs, but Peggy didn't accept his invitation. She turned and scooted. There was only one way to run, and that was into the castle. Peggy dashed 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 dodged through a narrow window upon the roof of the castle. Fierce Fangs was so large he couldn't squeeze through the window, and for a few minutes was as far as he could get. But Fierce Fangs laughed, he was so sure he would get her. He ran back to the courtyard and whistled a long lasso around his head. The roof of the castle was steep and Peggy scarcely dared move for fear of tumbling to the ground. She couldn't judge about, and almost before she knew what was going on Fierce Fangs had seized 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 came screaming the news that Peggy had been captured by Giant Fierce Fangs, Billy, the Giant of the Woods, Billy Sam, Billy Goat and Johnny Bull followed up the hill to the castle moat. The drawbridge was raised, and so they couldn't get across. But that didn't stop Billy. He dived into the ditch and swam to the shallow water under the castle wall. Then the Giant of the Woods swam across to join Billy. The Giant of the Woods lifted Billy on his shoulders, but even then Billy couldn't reach the top of the wall. Splash! Splash! Billy Sam, Billy Goat and Johnny Bull followed them, and, quick as cats, like acrobats in a circus, they built a pyramid. Billy Sam was at the bottom;

SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER—Punishment



DOROTHY DARNIT—The Dark Has No Terrors for Dorothy Now



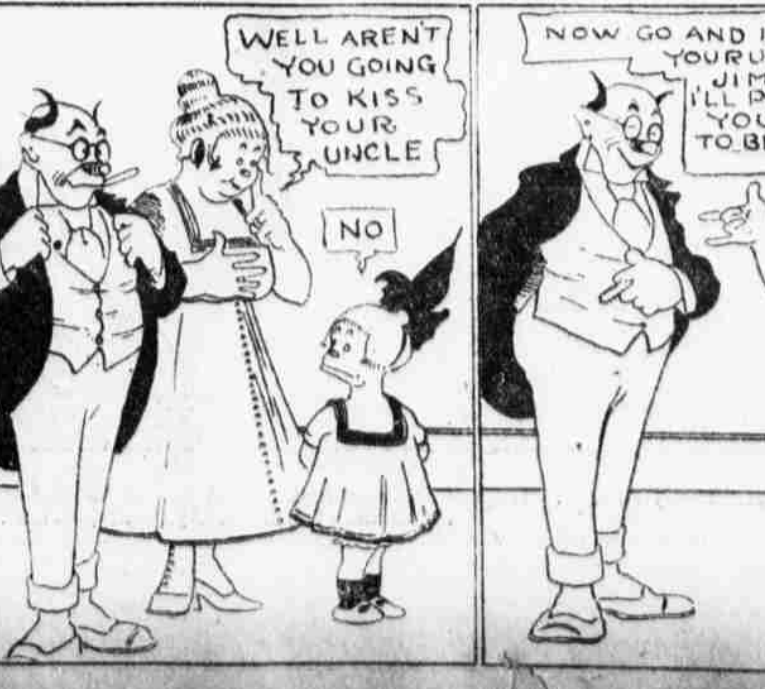
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