

THE MIDDLE TEMPLE MURDER

A Detective Story by J. S. Fletcher

THIS STARTS THE STORY
Frank Spargo, London newspaper man, returning home from work sees a man peering into a corner of an alleyway and finds a murdered man. In his pocket is found the name "Ronald Breton, Barrister, King's Bench. He does not know the man, but he has registered as "John Marbury" at his hotel...

AND HERE IT CONTINUES
"WELL, you know what I mean," said Breton. "London's an ant-hill, isn't it? One human ant more or less doesn't count. This man Marbury must have gone about a pretty tidy lot during those six hours. He'd ride on a taxi—almost certain. He'd get into a taxi—almost certain. He'd get into a taxi—almost certain..."

Spargo made no answer. They entered the office, to be shown into a room where were already assembled Mr. Myerst, a gentleman who turned out to be the chairman of the company, and the official of whom Rathbury had spoken. In another moment Spargo heard the chairman explaining that the company possessed duplicate keys to all safes and vaults of the proper authorities those present would now proceed to the safe recently tampered by the late John Marbury and take out the property which he himself had deposited there...

Spargo suddenly looked up. "What?" he said. "The man who touched his forehead respectfully as the heads of the procession entered. Myerst set the box on the table; the man made a musical jingle of keys; the other members of the procession gathered round. "As we naturally possess no key to this box," announced the chairman in grave tones, "it becomes our duty to employ professional assistance in opening it. Jobson!"

He waved a hand, and the man of the keys stepped forward with alacrity. He examined the lock of the box with a knowing eye; it was easy to see that he was anxious to fall upon it. While he considered matters, Spargo looked at the box. It was pretty much what it had been described to him as being: a small, square box of old cowhide, very strongly made, much worn and scratched. It was fastened with a handle projecting from the lid, and having the appearance of having been hidden away somewhere for many a long day. There was a click, a spring, Jobson stepped back. "That's it, if you please, sir," he said.

The chairman motioned to the high official. "If you would be good enough to open the box, sir," he said. "Our duty is now concluded. The high official laid his hand on the lid of the other men gathered round with craning necks and expectant eyes. The lid was lifted; somebody sighed deeply. "I'm in," somebody pushed his own head and eyes nearer. "The box was empty!"

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES BATTLE OF THE GIANTS

CHAPTER II
The New Kitchen Maid
PEGGY didn't a bit like the fix she was in. It was exciting riding a fiery steed on the fiery steed. It was exciting riding a fiery steed on the fiery steed. It was exciting riding a fiery steed on the fiery steed...

THE GUMPS—Button, Button, Who's Got the Button?

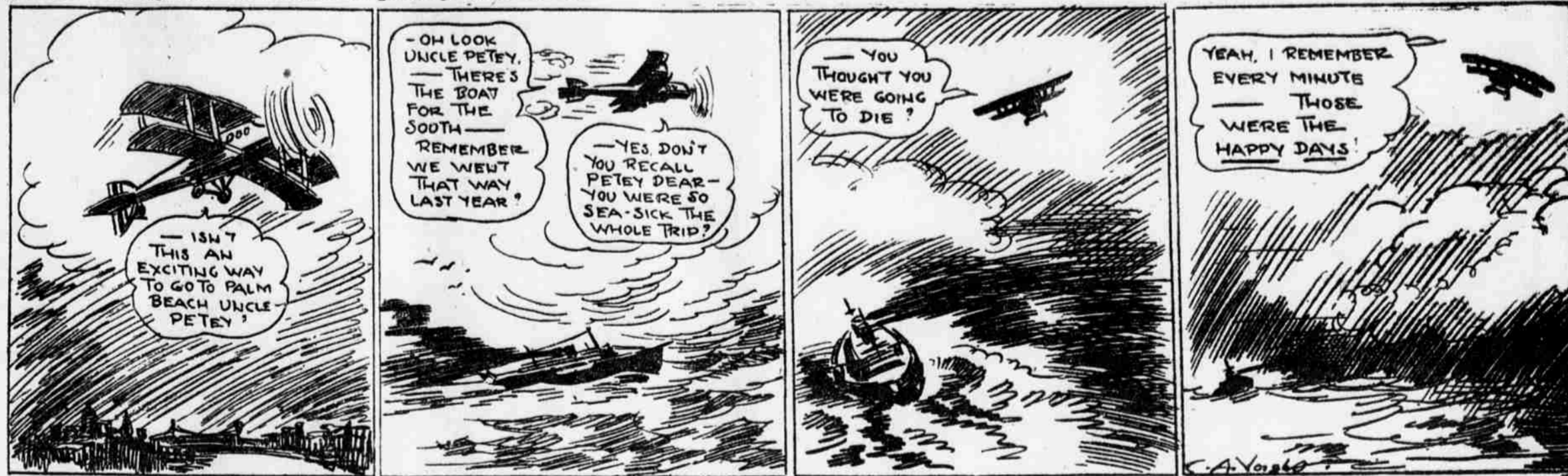
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By Sidney Smith



PETEY—Compared to This, Everything Was Great

By C. A. Voight



The Young Lady Across the Way

VERNON McNUTT WRAPPED HIS WOOL SCARF AROUND HIS GIRLS MUFF AND SAVED HIS TOP HAT

By Fontaine Fox

"CAP" STUBBS—Rotten Luck!

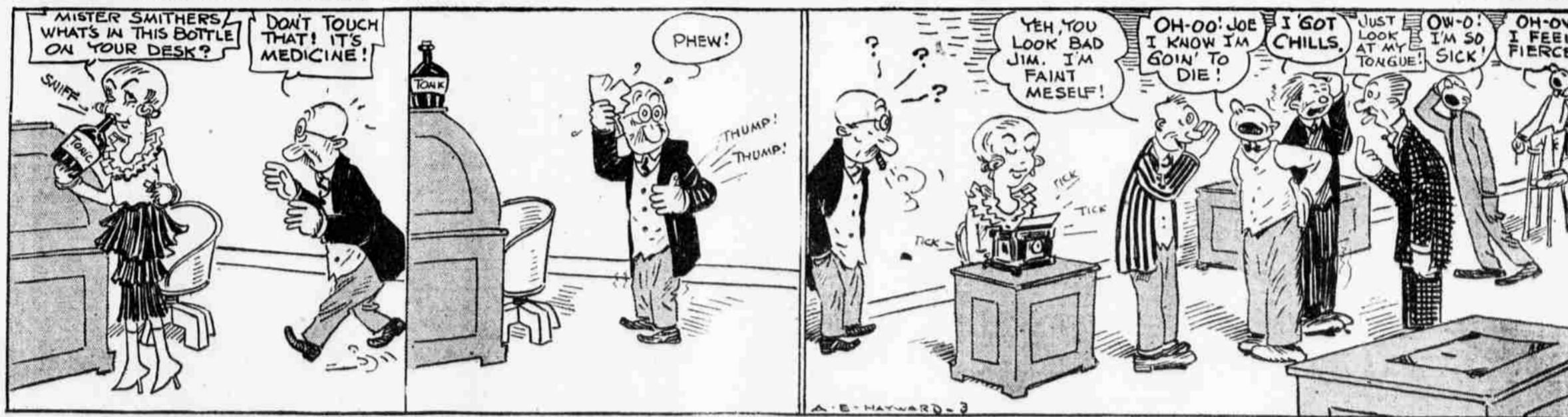
By Edwina



SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Somebody Talked

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DOROTHY DARNIT—She Didn't Have Much to Work On

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