

THE MIDDLE TEMPLE MURDER

A Detective Story by J. S. Fletcher

THIS STARTS THE STORY Frank Spargo, London newspaper man, was seen peering into the corner of an alleyway and finds there a murdered man known as John Marbury. Secretary to a safe deposit company tells of Marbury retaining a copy and depositing in it a small leather box, but when official examination is made the box is found to be empty. At the coroner's inquest Stephen Spinoza, M. P., admits to having taken Marbury to his rooms in the Temple the night of the murder after 12 o'clock, and that he knew him twenty years ago, but will not tell in what connection he knew Marbury. Spargo and Rathbury examine the leather box and discover a child's photograph and a silver heraldic device in the lining of the lid. Spargo makes a trip to Market Miltchester, carrying with him the silver piece and photograph. At the Yellow Dragon, where he puts up, he falls in with a youthful buck of ninety. Quarterpage. Spargo shows him the silver piece. He recognizes it as being one of fifty issued forty years back, according to the holders special privileges of the race-meetings. You got it from London, did you say, sir? From London, answered Spargo.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

THIS young gentleman from London seems to be in possession of one of our tickets," continued Mr. Quarterpage. "It is wonderful! But I tell you what, if you will do me the honor to breakfast with me in the morning, sir, I will show you my racing books and papers and we will speedily discover who the original holder of that ticket was. My name, sir, is Quarterpage—Benjamin Quarterpage—and I reside at the ivy-covered house exactly opposite this inn, and my breakfast hour is 9 o'clock sharp, and I shall bid you heartily welcome."

Spargo made his best bow. "Sir," he said, "I am greatly obliged by your kind invitation and shall consider it an honor to wait upon you to the moment."

Accordingly, at five minutes to nine next morning, Spargo found himself in an old-fashioned parlor, looking out upon a delightful garden, gay with the summer flowers, and being introduced by Mr. Quarterpage, Senior, to Mr. Quarterpage, Junior—a pleasant gentleman of sixty, always referred to by his father as something quite juvenile—and to Miss Quarterpage, a young-old lady of something a little less elderly than her brother, and to a breakfast table bountifully spread with all the choice fare of the season. Mr. Quarterpage, Senior, was as fresh and rosy as a cherry, and to a breakfast Spargo to encounter so old a man who was still in possession of such life and spirits, and of such a vigorous and healthy appetite.

Naturally, the talk over the breakfast table ran on Spargo's possession of the old silver ticket, upon which subject it was evident Mr. Quarterpage was still exercising his intellect. And Spargo, who had judged it well to enlighten his host as to who he was, and had exhibited a letter with which the editor of the Watchman had furnished him, told how it was the exercise of his journalistic duties he had discovered the ticket in the lining of an old box. But he made no mention of the Marbury matter, being anxious to see first what Mr. Quarterpage's revelations would lead him.

"You have no idea, Mr. Spargo," said the old gentleman, when, breakfast over, he and Spargo were closeted together in a little library in which were abundant evidences of the host's taste in sporting matters; "you have no idea of the value which was attached to the possession of one of those silver tickets there is mine, as you see, securely framed and just as securely fastened to the wall. These fifty silver tickets, my dear sir, were made when our old race-meeting was initiated, in the year 1781. They were made in the town by a local silversmith, whose great-grand-uncle still carries on the business. The fifty were distributed among the fifty leading burghesses of the town to be kept in their families forever—nobody was permitted to give them away, and the ticket carried great privileges. It made its holder, and all members of his family, male and female, members of the stands, rings and paddocks. It gave the holder himself and his eldest son, if of age, the right to a seat at our grand race banquet—at which, I may tell you, Mr. Spargo, royalty itself has been present in the good old days. Consequently, as you see, to be the holder of a silver ticket was to be somebody."

"And when the race-meeting fell through?" asked Spargo. "What then?" "Then, of course, the families who held the tickets looked upon them as heirlooms, to be taken good care of, and dealt with as I dealt with mine—framed on velvet, and hung up—"

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES "JUDITH, THE FAIR DAMSEL" By DADDY

In last week's story Peggy and Billy on a trip to Fovieland helped Crooked Nose overcome the Giant Fierce Fangs and win the promise of the fair damsel to wed him if he could win her father's consent.

The Lover's Tests PEGGY heard a voice calling to her from afar. It was a singing voice—a voice that seemed to draw her from the big chair in which she was dozing and to carry her away, away until it dropped her softly on a grassy bank in Fovieland.

Peggy knew at once where she had landed. It was at the edge of the woods from which Crooked Nose, the dwarf with the handsome blue eyes and smiling, gentle mouth, had sung his love songs to the fair damsel. And now Crooked Nose—the same voice that had drawn her from the big chair and carried her through the air.

A glance toward the bushes showed her Crooked Nose himself, looking fair and dandy. Beside him was Billy Bally Sam, and grouped around were Billy Bally Sam, Johnny Dull, Billy Gout and the Mids.

In addition to the sound of Crooked Nose's voice, Peggy heard a clicking and clattering. Looking to one side she saw Red Beard, the motion-picture man, cranking away on his camera. She wondered what kind of photoplay he was making—a funny picture or a thriller.

The song of Crooked Nose brought her father's farmhouse, but when she was to mount her prancing horse, as from the house and stopped her. He would not let her go and she waved to Crooked Nose to come to her.

"I must go to my lovely bride-to-be," cried Crooked Nose. He leaped to Billy Sam's back, and Peggy and Billy Sam just time to mount after him, when the army music sped away. Behind him they could hear thumping feet,

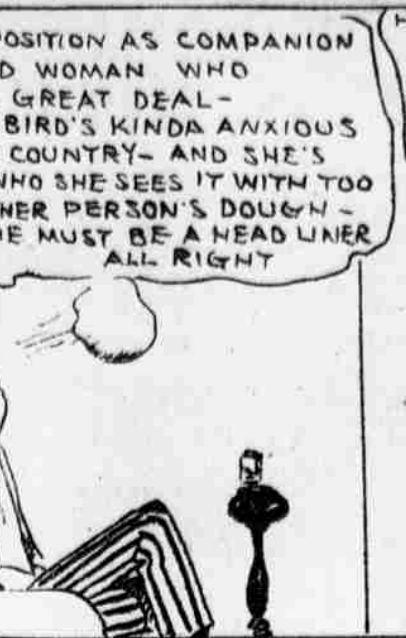
THE GUMPS—O, Min!



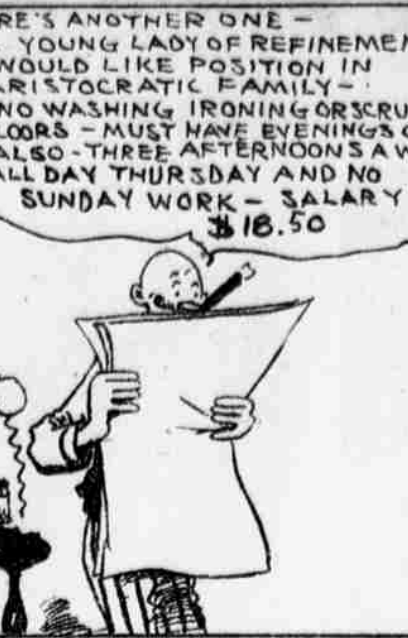
WHEN I READ THESE SITUATION WANTED ADS I FEEL LIKE GOING OUT AND GETTING MYSELF A BLOND WIG AND A COUPLE OF DRESSES AND SEE IF I COULDN'T GET ONE OF THESE SWELL POSITIONS—HERE'S A LAUGH—GET THIS ONE



WANTED—POSITION AS COMPANION TO A REFINED WOMAN WHO TRAVELS A GREAT DEAL—THIS OLD BIRD'S KINDA ANXIOUS TO SEE THE COUNTRY—AND SHE'S PARTICULAR WHO SHE SEES IT WITH TOO—WITH THE OTHER PERSON'S DOUGH—SHE MUST BE A HEAD LNER—ALL RIGHT



HERE'S ANOTHER ONE—A YOUNG LADY OF REFINEMENT WOULD LIKE POSITION IN ARISTOCRATIC FAMILY—NO WASHING IRONING OR SCRUBBING FLOORS—MUST HAVE EVENINGS OFF—ALSO—THREE AFTERNOONS A WEEK ALL DAY THURSDAY AND NO SUNDAY WORK—SALARY \$18.50



OH MIN!



SIDNEY SMITH

PETEY—Here's Where Petey Gets Back at Her



I THINK THAT'S A JILLY FAD—PAINTING PICTURES ON ONE'S PET ANIMAL OR SOMETHING



PETEY—LOOK—IT HAS REACHED PALM BEACH—LOOK!



OF ALL THE SILLY THINGS—



IT'S TOO WARM IN HERE—I'LL TAKE OFF MY SHAWL—AIN'T SOME WOMEN RIDICULOUS!



SUNBURN THRU HERE—LACE—COLLAR.

By C. A. Voight

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she fears the steel companies aren't doing much business just now, they have so many unfilled orders on their books.

The Toonerville Trolley That Meets All the Trains



IN THAT HIGH WIND LAST WEEK A PAIR OF JEFF SUTER'S HEAVY UNDER DRAWERS BLEW OFF THE CLOTHES LINE AND WRAPPED AROUND THE TROLLEY WIRE JUST BEFORE THE CAR CAME ALONG. THE SKIPPER FAILED TO NOTICE THE DRAWERS AND GOT HIS TROLLEY POLE ALL TANGLED UP IN THEM AND THE CAR OFF THE TRACK TO BOOT.

SCHOOL DAYS



You understand the English language, don'tcha? Did I say anything about your new's seen? Some blind fish in a cave? What the get to do with what I eat you—if you like? I know personally a man what owns a genuine race horse an did he ever go right out onto the race track an observe right out onto the race track on the bands an did the man let him set in the neck an did he was advising an get his pretious neck or did he not? Did your father ever do that or didn't he? Just answer me!

SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER—Something Seems to Have Happened to "Venus"



WE CAN MAKE FUN OF "VENUS" AND HER "SENSIBLE SHOES" AND ALL, BUT BELIEVE ME SHE CAN GIVE US LESSONS IN CHEERFULNESS! SHE SURE IS HAPPY TODAY! JUST THINK HOW DULL THAT POOR THING'S LIFE IS! NO FUN OR ROMANCE OR NOTHING!

LOVE! OH ISN'T THAT A WONDERFUL WORD!



VENUS, WHAT MAKES YOU SO HAPPY TODAY? YOU LOVE TO SING, DON'T YOU!

By Hayward

More About Joshua

That Joshua was a wonder! But not only stopped the sun, but he had a pair of pants. For he was the son of Nuu. Boston Evening Transcript.

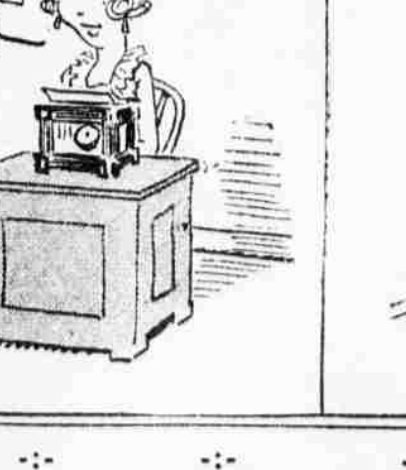
DOROTHY DARNIT—She Means Itching Palms



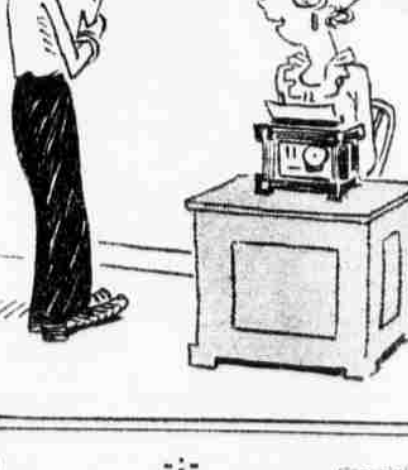
WHAT BUILDING IS THAT OVER THERE? THAT'S THE PALM'S HOTEL



WHAT DO THEY CALL IT THE PALM'S FOR? I DON'T SEE ANY PALM TREES AROUND



IM NOT SURE—

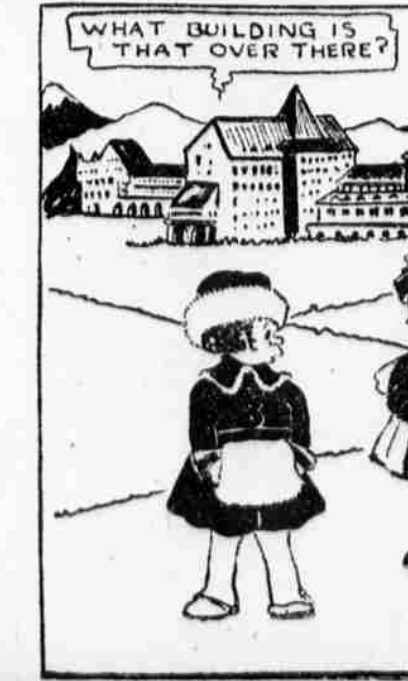


BUT I THINK ITS BECAUSE WHEN ANYBODY STOPS THERE THEY SEE PALMS



WHAT KINDS OF PALMS?

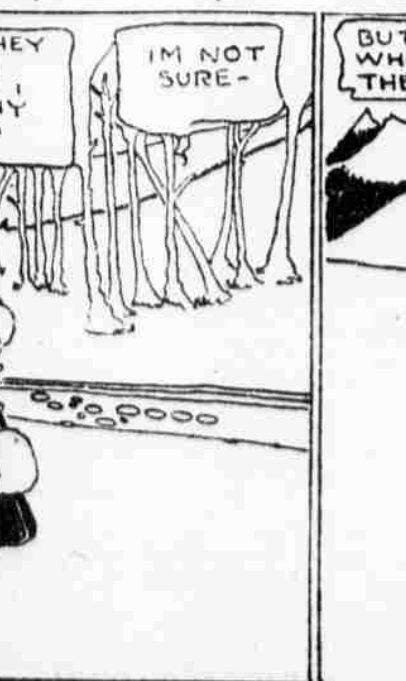
By Chas. McManus



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