THE MIDDLE TEMPLE MURDER A Detective Story by J. S. Fletcher

THIS STARTS THE STORY

Frank Spargo, London newspaperman, sees two men peering into the
corner of an alleyway and finds there
amurdered man known as John Marbury. Secretary to a safe deposit
company tells of Marbury reating a
safe 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 Ayimore, M. P., admits to
having taken Marbury to his rooms
in the Temple the night of the murdee after 12 o'clock, and that he
knew him theenty years ago, but will
not tell in what connection he knew
him. Spargo and Rathbury examine
the leather box and discover a child's
photograph and a silver heralisic
device in the liming of the lid. Spargo
makes a trip to Market Mileaster,
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"—Mr. Quarterpage. Spargo shows him the silver
device. He recognizes it as being
one of fifty issued forty years back,
secording the holders special privileges at the race-meetings. "You got
it from London, did you say, sie?"
"From London," answered Spargo.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

AND HERE IT CONTINUES CTHIS young gentleman from London I seems to be in possession of one of our tickets, continued Mr. Quarter-page. "It is—wonderful! But I tell you

and to Miss Quarterpage, a young-old it!"

And this man, sir? Who was he?" the was coming to news, "Is his name choice fare of the season. Mr. Quarterpage, Senior, was as fresh and rosy as a cherub; it was a recention to

meeting was initiated, in the year 1781. They were made in the town by a local They were made in the town by a local allversmith, whose great-great-grandson still carries on the business. The fifty were distributed among the fifty leading burgesses of the town to be kept in their families forever—nobody sere auticipated in those days that our race-meeting would ever be disconrace meeting would ever be discontinued. The ticket carried great privileges. It made its holder, and all members of his family, male and female, free of the stands, rings and paddocks. It gave the holder himself and his cleest at the stands of the right to a sent at the stands of the right to a sent at the stands. The stands of the right to a sent at the stands of the right to a sent at the stands of the right to a sent at the stands of the right to a sent at the stands of the right to a sent at the stands of the right to a sent at the stands of the right to a sent at the stands of the right to a sent at the right to a sent at the stands of the right to a sent at the right to a s

"Then, of course, the families who held the tickets looked upon them as herilooms, to be taken great care of," replied Mr. Quarterpage. "They were dealt with as I dealt with mine—framed on values and lines who have the control of the course and the course and the course are the course and the course are the course and the course are control of the course framed on velvet, and bung up-or

Cosyright, 1928. Fred A. Knopf.

Cosyright, 1928. Up the Public Ledger Co.

THIS STARTS THE STORY

Frank Spargo. London newspaper.

The Dragon, that I could repeat the names of all the families who had the series tickets. So I can. But here'—the old gentleman drew out a drawer and produced from it a parchimate to box. but when official examination is made the box is found to be imply. At the coroner's inquest tichehen Apimore. M. P. admits to aring taken Marbary to his rooms at the Temple the night of the marce after 12 o'clock, and that he may be a spargo. The Temple the night of the marce after 12 o'clock, and that he may be a spargo. The Temple the night of the marce after 12 o'clock, and that he may be a spargo. The Temple the night of the marce after 12 o'clock. The Temple the night of the march may be a small state of the original bolders. The Temple the night of the march may be a small state of the original bolders. The Temple the night of the same of all the families who had one took the greatest care of it. Now. I said last night, over there at the Dragon, that I could repeat the names of all the families who had one took the greatest care of the Now. I said last night, over there at the Dragon, that I could repeat the names of all the families who had one took the greatest care of all the families who had one took the greatest care of all the families who had one took the greatest care of all the said last night.

The Temple the name of all the families who had one took the greatest care of all the said last night.

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The Temple the name of all the said last night.

The T

purse." Every one?" said Sparge, in some "Every one? said Sparge, in some surprise.

"Every one! For as I told you," continued Mr. Quarterpage, "the families are either in the town (we're a conservative people here in Market Milcaster and we don't move far affeld) or they're just outside the town, or they're not far away. I can't conceive how the ticket you have—and it's genuine enough—could ever get out of possession of one of these families, and—"Persons" suggested Sparge "it

"Perhaps." suggested Spargo. "Perhaps." suggested Spargo. "It never has been out of possession. I told you it was found in the lining of a box—that box belonged to a dead man." "A dead man!" exclaimed Mr. Quarterpage. "A dead man! Who could—ah! Perhaps—perhaps I have an idea. Yes—an idea. I remember something now that I had never thought of."

our tickets. Continued Mr. Quarterpsec. "It is—wonderful! But I tell you what, young gentleman from London, if you will do me the honor to breakfast with me in the morning, sir, I will also were will speedily discover who the original holder of that ticket was. My name, sir, is Quarterpage—Benjamin Quarterpage—and I reside at the iyy-evered house exactly opposite this inn, and my breakfast hour is 9 o'clock sharp, and I shall bid you heartlly welcome."

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

Accordingly, at five minutes to nine fast merning, Spargo found himself in an old-fashioned parlor, looking out upon a delightful garden, gay with summer flowers, and being introduced by Mr. Quarterpage, Senior, to Mr. Quarterpage, Junior—a pleasant gentleman unfastened the clasp of his parchment-bound book, and turned over its pages until he came to one whereon was a list of names. He pointed this out to Spargo. "There is the list of holders of the silver tickets at the time the race-meetings came to an end," he said, "If you were acquainted with this town you would know that those are the names of our best-known inhabitants—all, of course, burgesses. There's Lummis, there's Kaye, there's Skene, there's Templeby—the gentlemen you saw last night. All good old town names. They all are—on this list. I know every family mentioned. The holders of that time are many of them dead; but their successors have the tickets, Yes—and now that I think of it, there's only one man who held a ticket when this list was made about whom I don't know anything—at least, anything recent. The ticket. Mr. Spargo, which you've found must have been his. But I thought somebody clse had it." "And this man, sir? Who was he?"

choice fare of the season. Mr. Quarterpage. Senior, was as fresh and rosy as a cherub; it was a revelation to 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 in 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 whither Mr. Quarterpage's revelations would lead him.

"You have no idea, Mr. Spargo." and in this corner of the world. But—aye, here it is—the newspaper who John Maitland was. For some time, sir, he was the best-known man in the place—aye, and in this corner of the world. But—aye, here it is—the newspaper who John Maitland was. For some time, sir, he was the best-known man in the place—aye, and in this corner of the world. But—aye, here it is—the newspaper who John Maitland was, and all about him. Now, I'll easily you would have known who John Maitland was. For some time, sir, he was the best-known man in the place—aye, and in this corner of the world. But—aye, here it is—the newspaper who John Maitland was, and all about him. Now, I'll easily 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. Those fifty silver tickets, my dear sir, were made when our old racemeeting was initiated, in the year 1781. They were made in the town by a local

Saw George Eliot's Ghost

lt gave the bolder himself and his eldest son, if of age, the right to a seat at our grand race banquet—at whick, 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

More About Joshua

That Joshua was a wonder:
He not only stopped the sun.
But he badn't any parents,
For he was the son of Nun. -Boston Evening Transcript.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES "JUDITH, THE FAIR DAMSEL"

the lost week's story Peggy and Billy in a trip to Movicland helped Grooked Nose overcome the Giant Firee Fangs and win the promise of the fair damsel to wed him if he could pain her father's consent.)

thriller.

The song of Crooked Nose brought the fair damsel out upon the porch of har father's farmhouse, but when shall have my daughter, but he who shall have my daughter, but he who fails must never never see her again.'

Saying this the father of the fair damsel drew four packets from his pocket and banded one of these to Crooked Nose to come to her.

'I must go to my lovely bride-to be,' cried Crooked Nose. He leaped balky Sam's back, and Peggy and balky sam's back, an

It lost week's story Peggy and Billy in a trip to Movicland helped Crooked Nose overcome the Giant Fierce Fangs running after them. Balky Sam came to a stop beside the fair damsel to wed him if he could gain 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 earry her away, away until it dropped her softly on a grassy bank in Movieland.

Peggy hew 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 smilling, gentle mouth, had sung his love weags to the fair damsel. And now again she heard the sweet voice of Crooked Nose—the same voice that had drawn her from the big chair and carried her through the air.

A glance toward the dam gliant Fierce Fangs running after them. Balky Sam came to a stop beside the porch where stood the fair damsel and her father. "Ho was a bristly mustache which jerked up and down as he glared at Crooked Nose. "Please, dear father, this gallant wouth with the handsome blue eyes and smilling, tender mouth wishes to marry une." replied the fair damsel. "Indeed, I do, sir, and I crave your "consent," said Crooked Nose, his voice shaking with excitement.

No do I." roared Fierce Fangs. "I want to marry your daughter." "No do I." roared Fierce Fangs. "I want to marry your daughter." "Ho locked up at Fierce Fangs." You look big enough to stand the tests," he said, then he frowned down on Crooked Nose, the dwarf. "But you, frail youth, are too small and puny. You are not strong enough to do what I require." "Ho, he! You want a man of might for your son-in-law. I am he," roared Giant Fierce Fangs, sneering at Crooked Nose. But Crooked Nose stepped bravely forward.

The search of the min fair damsel. He was a bristly mustache which jerked up and frown at her father. "Ho we would wan illing, tender mouth wishes to marry une." replied the fair damsel. "Indeed, I do, sir, and I crave

she saw Red Beard, the motion-picture maker, cranking away on his camera.

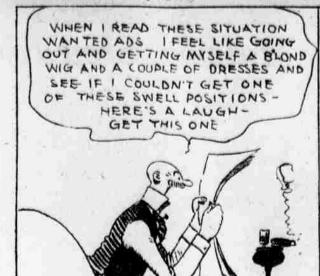
"I have the strength of love.

"So be it, you both shall try," said

"So be it, you both shall try," said

Farmer Strongarm. "He who who





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 -



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



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By Sidney Smith

By C. A. Voight



The Toonerville Trolley That Meets All the Trains

IN THAT HIGH WIND LAST

WEEK A PAIR OF JEFF SUTER'S

OFF THE CLOTHES LINE AND WRAPPED AROUND THE TROLLEY WIRE JUST BEFORE

THE CAR CAME ALONG. THE SKIPPER

FAILED TO NOTICE THE DRAWERS AND

TODAY! JUST THINK HOW

DULL THAT POOR

NO FUN OR ROMANCE OR

NOTHING !

THINGS LIFE IS!

GOT HIS TROLLEY POLE ALL TANGLED UP

IN THEM AND THE CAR OFF THE TRACK TO BOOT.



-:-

-:-

-IT'S TOO WARM IN HERE - I'LL TAKE OFF MY SHAWL -AINT JOME SUMBURN WOMEN RIDICULOUS! THRU HER LACE -COLLAR

-:-

CA. Voight.

The Young Lady Across the Way



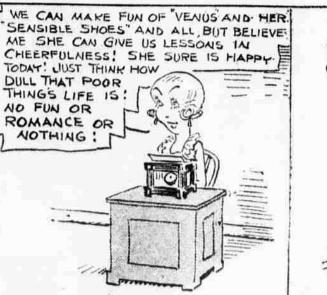
The young lady across the way says she fears the steel companies aren't doing much business just now, they have so many unfilled orders on their books

By Fontaine Fox



thorbers bein took into Demonth Cave troles an miles down into the middle of the easth . Deasly to where the fire ir an got in a best an Pleated on a fink siver where blind firk live on blind where Sea serbents , mebbe an deutfirk an dragons an evrything! Hub? Is pettin a racchorses nack so wonderful slongside of my maw when she done that? Is it or is it set

SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Something Seems to Have Happened to "Venus"



-:-

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

-:-

By Hayward Copyright, 1920, by Public Ledger Co. LOVE! OH ISN'T THAT A WONDERFUL WORD HOW DID CONTINUED

DOROTHY DARNIT-She Means Itching Palms



THE HANDS OF WAITERS WHEN ANY BODY STOPS WHAT KINDS 0

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CHAS MEMANUS 盘

By Chas. McManus