THE MIDDLE TEMPLE MURDER THE GUMPS-Fore!

A Detective Story by J. S. Fletcher

Copyright, 1980, Pred A. Knopf.

Ex-CONVICT. He was sentenced, at Market Milcaster Quarter, Sessions in autumn, 1891, to ten years penal servitude for embeszling the bank's money to the tune of over 200,000 pounds. Served his term at Dartmoor. Went to Australia as soon, or soon after, he came out. That's who Marbury was Maitland. Dead—certain!

Rathbury still stared at his caller.

Rathbury still stared at his caller.

Go on!" he said. "Tell all about it. Spargo. Let's hear every detail. I'll tell you all I know after. But what I know a nothing to that."

Spargo told him the whole story of his adventures at Market Milcaster, and the detective listened with rapt attenthed the start of the was in business in hearly "Where were you born?"

"Both of us at San Gregorio, which is in the San Jose province of Argentina, north of Montevideo."

"Your father was in business there?"

"He was in business in hearly mineteen."

"Both of us at San Gregorio, which is in the San Jose province of Argentina, north of Montevideo."

"He was in business there?"

"He was in business in hearly mineteen."

tion. Yes," he said at the end. "Yes—I don't think there's much doubt about that. Well, that clears up a lot, doesn't

Spargo yawned.

Yes, a whole slate full is wiped off there. he said. "I haven't so much interest in Marbury, or Maitland now. My interest is all in Aylmore."

Bathury nodded.

Sparge.

"You think you could get something there?" asked Rathbury.

"Look here!" said Sparge. "I don't believe for a second Aylmore killed Marbury. I believe I shall get at the truth by following up what I call the Maitland trail. This Miss Baylis must know something—if she's alive. Well, now I'm going to report at the office. Keep in touch with me, Rathbury. He went on then to the Watchman office, and as he got out of his taxicab at its door another cab came up and

at its door another cab came up and set down Mr. Aylmore's daughters.

CHAPTER XXII

The Blank Past TESSIE AYLMORE came forward to

father keeps up that mystery about the past."

"That," said Evelyn, quietly, "is exactly what Ronuld says, Jessie. But we can't make our father speak, Mr. Spargo. That he is as innocent as we are of this terrible crime we are certain, and we don't know why he wouldn't answer the questions put to him at the inquest. And—we know no more than you 'Low or any one knows, and though I haze begged my father to speak, he won't say a word. We suy his danger: Ronald—Mr. Breton—told us, and we implored him to tell everything he knew about Mr. Marbury. But so far he has simply laughed at the idea so far he has simply laughed at the idea that he had anything to do with the

Perhaps you'll have to save your fa-ther from the consequences of his own—shall we say obstinacy? Now, look here, between ourselves, how much do claimed. you know about your father's past?" The two sisters looked at each other bury was an ex-convict. and then at Spargo. "Nothing." said the elder.

'Absolutely nothing!"

"Answer a few plain questions." said Spargo. 'I'm not going to print your replies, nor make use of them in sny way: I'm only asking the questions with a desire to help you. Have you any relations in England?" "None that we know of." replied Exelyn.

"CONTINUED TOMORROW)

"Nebody you could go to for informa-tion about the past?" asked Spargo. "No-nebody!"

Sparge drummed his fingers on his blotting-pad. He was thinking hard. "How old is your father?" he asked

suddenly.

"He was fifty-nine a few weeks ago," answered Evelyn.
"And how old are you, and how old is your sister?"

"I am twenty, and Jessie is nearly nineteen."

"Your father was in business there?"

"He was in business in the export trade, Mr. Spargo. There's no secret about that. He exported all sorts of things to England and to Franceskins, hides, wools, dried salts, fruit. That's how he made his money."

"You don't know how long he'd been there when you were horn?"

there when you were born?"

"No."
"Was he married when he went out there?"
"No. he wasn't. We do know that. interest in Marbury, or Maitland now.
My interest is all in Aylmore."

Rathbury nodded.

'Yes.' he said. "The thing to find out is—who is Aylmore, or who was he twenty years ago?"

'Your people haven't found anything out, then?' asked Spargo.

'Nothing beyond the irreproachable history of Mr. Aylmore since he returned to this country a very rich man some ten years since.' auswered Rathsoury, smiling. "They've no previous dates to go on. What are you going to do next. Spargo?"

'Seek out that Miss Baylis," replied Spargo.

'No. he wasn't. We do know that. He's told us the circumstances of his marriage, because they were romantic. When he sailed from England to Buenos Aires he met on the steamer a young lady who, he said, was like himself, relationless and nearly friendless. She was going out to Argentina as a governess. She and my father fell in love with each other, and they were married in Buenos Aires soon after the steamer arrived."

'My mother died before we came to England. I was eight years old, and Jessie six, then."

have had a career of some sort in this country. Have you never heard him peak of his boyhood? Did he never talk of old times, or that sort of thing?"

"I never remember hearing my father neak of our period entrangement to his

JESSIE ATLMORE, came forward to meet Spargo with ready confidence; speak of any period antecedent to his marriage." replied Evelyn.

meet Spargo with ready confidence; the elder girl hung back diffidently.

"May we speak to you?" said Jessie.

"We have come on purpose to speak to you. Evelyn didn't want to come, but I made her come."

Spargo shook hands silently with Evelyn Aylmore and motioned them both to follow him. He took them straight upstairs to his room and before he addressed them.

"I've only just got, back to town," he said abruptly. "I was sorry to hear the news about your father. That's what's brought you here, of course. But the afford I can't do much."

"I told you that we had no right to trouble Mr. Spargo, Jessie," said Evelyn Aylmore. "What can he do to help us?"

I assie shook her head impatiently.

Speak of any period antecedent to his marriage," replied Evelyn.

"I once asked him a question about his childhood." said Jessie. "He answered that his carly days had not been very happy ones, and that he had done his best to forget them. So I never asked him anything again." "So that it really comes to this," remarked Spargo. "You know nothing whatever about your father, his family, his fortunes, his life, beyond what you yourselves have observed since you were able to observe? That's about it, isn't it?"

"I should say that that is exactly it." answered Evelyn.

"Just so," said Spargo. "And therefore, as I told your sister the other day, the public will say that your father has some dark secret behind him, and that Marbury had possession of it, and that

trouble Mr. Spargo, Jessie, said Evelyn Aylmore. "What can be do to help us?"

Jessie shook her head impatiently, "The Watchman's about the most powerful paper in London, isn't it?" she said. "And isn't Mr. Spargo writing all these articles about the Marbury case? Mr. Spargo, you must help us!"

Spargo sat down at his desk and began turning over the letters and papers which had accumulated during his absence.

"To be absolutely frank with you," he said, presently, "I don't see how anybody's going to help, so long as your father the public will say that your father has some, dark secret behind him, and that Marbury had possession of it, and that your father killed him in order to silence him. That isn't my view. I not only believe your father to be absolutely innocent, but I helieve that he knows no more than a child unborn of Marbury's murder, and I'm doing my best to find out who that murderer was. By the by, since you'll see all about it in tomorrow morning's Watchman, I may as well tell you that I've found out who Marbury really was. He—

At this moment Spargo's door was onened and in walked Ronald Breton. He shook his head at sight of the two sisters.

he must have?"
"Oh, well!" said Spargo. "Perhaps murder, or could be arrested for it, and now he's locked up." said Spargo in his usual matter-of-fact fash. Spargo in his usual matter-of-fact fash. ion. "Well, there are people who have it is. For example, as I was just tellio be saved from themselves, you know, ing these young ladies. I myself naw discovered who Marbury really was

Breton started. "You have? Without doubt?" he ex-"Without reasonable doubt. Mar-

Spargo watched the effect of this sud-den announcement. The two girls said the showed no sign of astonishment or of unusual curiosity; they received the news with as much unconcern as if Spargo had told them that Marbury was a famous musician. But Ronald

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

THE FLYING FROGS

(In this story Peggy and Billy pay springtime visit to Birdland.) CHAPTER I

me mouths of the fishes so they will ente when we go fishing; blow the chill ent of the river so we can go swimming. Blow, South Wind, blow!"

"Hee-haw, blow South Wind, blow!"

"Hee-haw, blow South Wind, blow!"

"Blow sweetness into the tender new grass; blow strength into all growing things; blow strength into all growing things; blow strength into all growing things; blow frolick-some fun into man and beast! Blow, South Wind, blow!"

Balky Sam kicked up his heels as if he were already filled with frolick-aume fun.

"Hee-haw, I like the spring," he brayed, grinning from ear to car. "It makes me want to prance, and if there is a boy and a girl around who'd like to grance with me, they'd better climb on my back in a hurry, for I can't stay still long when that jolly South Wind is blowing."

There was a boy, and a girl, too, who wanted to prance with Balky Sam, and it took only a jiffy for Billy and l'eggy to climb on his back. Then, bounding and leaping like a deer, Balky Sam pranced away across the fields and mot been hidden away in holes or hollows. Some of the mests had been all torn to pieces by the winter tempests and some had been badly damaged.

"But the birds will not mind that, said Billy to Peggy. "They like to build cozy, new nests each year."

Peggy's eyes were cagerly roving about the woods, for she was hoping that some of the birds might have come back from the South a bit early. Suddenly she caught Billy by the arm and pointed ahead.

"See! Some of the birds have come had been badly damaged.

"But the, birds will not mind that, said Billy to Peggy. "They like to build cozy, new nests each year."

Peggy's eyes were cagerly roving about the woods, for she was hoping that some of the birds and out the woods, for she was hoping that some of the birds was hoping that some of the birds was true and pointed ahead.

"See! Some of the birds have come had been badly damaged.

"Suddenly she caught Billy by the arm and pointed ahead.

"She h-h-h-h-h!" he warned. "Those are not our birds. They are some set an

Sam praneed away across the fields and incadows. On he raced past streams the strange creatures.)

By DADDY and ponds made big with snow water. On, on, until he came to the woods

of Birdland. 'Hurrah! we will visit the birds."

CHAPTER I

Balky Sam Goes Prancing

SPRING had come. For days the South Wind home from their winter sleep in Dixieland."

"Not yet. It takes a long time to come from the South, and this is only water and run away to river and lake, and now a soft wind was blowing from the south.

Person turned her face to the wind for them."

Peggy turned her face to the wind and let it play with her hair.

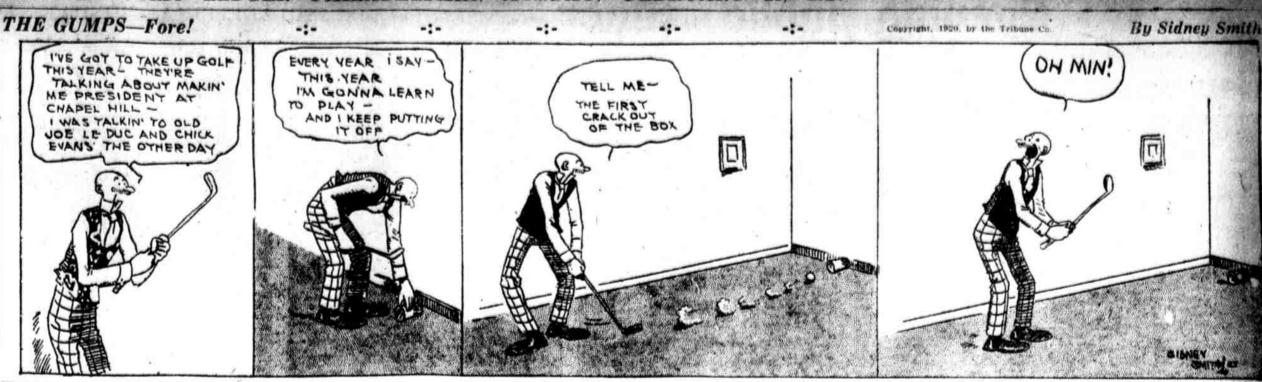
"Blow. South Wind, blow." she sits; blow the birds back to their mests; blow the flowers out of their winter sleep; blow the leaves upon the trees; blow the joy of awakening time into our hearts. Blow. South Wind, blow!" joined in the voice of Billy Belgium. "Blow the wetness out of the ground so we can play baseball; blow hunger into the ween we go tishing; blow the chill out of the river so we can go swimming. Blow. South Wind blow!" South Wind.

Hand and see if their nests are ready for them.

Birdland's trees were just beginning to stretch themselves after their winter snooze. The leaves had not come forth, but the buds were showing, and the hark, which had been a frozen gray during the cold weather, was getting back its summer color as the sap flowed upward. Here and there among the bushes were pussy-willows, their fluffy tails swelling under the touch of the warm South Wind.

With the trees bare of leaves, it was easy to see the last year's nests that had not been hidden away in holes or hollows. Some of the nests bad been

(Tomorrow more will be told about





- ONE SEES SO MANY WELL KHOWH PEOPLE HERE AT PALM BEACH - THAT GIRL OVER -THERE IS HIS SISTER- SHE'S ONE OF THE SEASON'S MOST POPULAR DEBUTANTES.



By C. A. Voight

The Young Lady Across the Way | ANOTHER PERIL OF THE PROHIBITION LAW

By FONTAINE FOX

SCHOOL DAYS



The young lady across the way says the past and the present are safe, but we can't tell a thing about what's going to happen to us in the retrospect.





SOMEBODY'S STENOG-He Should Carry a Harp and Wear a Halo

-:-

-:-

...

Copyright 1920, by Public Ledger Co

By Hayward





SOME STYLE! 0.0





DOROTHY DARNIT-The Chimpanzee Was Insulted

WERE GOIN NO I SHALL ALL RIGHT PERCY. COME ON TO THE PARK WAIT UNTIL IF YOU WANT TO DO CHILDREN DO YOU WANT YOU RETURN SOME EMBROIDERY TO GO WITHUS? LEND YOU SOME



