

THE MIDDLE TEMPLE MURDER

A Detective Story by J. S. Fletcher

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MR. ELPHICK laughed slightly and waved his hand. "My good young gentleman!" he said. "You exaggerate your own importance. You approve of modern journalism. You don't hold of some absurd notion that the man John Marbury was in reality one John Maitland, once of Market Street, and you have been trying to frighten Miss Baylis here into—"

"Mr. Elphick," he said, "you are evidently unaware of all that I know. I will tell you what I will do. I will go back to my office, and I will write down what I do know, and give you the true and absolute proofs of what I know, and if you will trouble yourself to read the Watchman tomorrow morning then you, too, will know the truth. Dear me—dear me!" said Mr. Elphick, banteringly. "We are so used to ultra-sensational stories from the Watchman that—but I am a curious and inquisitive one, my good young sir, and I would like to know what it is you do know, eh?"

CHAPTER XXVIII OF Proved Identity SPARGO sat down again in the chair which he had just left, and looked at the two people upon whom his startling announcement had produced such a different effect. And he recognized as he looked at them that they were both frightened, they were frightened in different ways. Miss Baylis had already recovered her composure; she now looked as stern as ever, returning Spargo's look with something of indifferent defiance; he thought he could see that in her mind a certain

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES THE LONG-AGO CHARM

The Wild Geese, flying to the north, bring to Peggy and Billy a charm in the shape of a coin. Billy rubs the charm to see what will happen. BILLY'S first little rub on the curious coin which the King of the Wild Geese had brought from the South seemed to have a funny effect on the weather. The warm spring day suddenly turned to winter cold, then to autumn crispness, then to summer heat. It was as if the seasons were being turned back like a clock. "This made Peggy think of her wrist watch, and she glanced at it. To her surprise the hands were spinning backward so fast she could scarcely see them. "Geeshillikers, we've jumped to the middle of last year," shouted Billy. "Honk! Honk! Honk! You wish to live like the Indian boys of the olden day. Rub, rub the Long-Ago Charm and you shall have your wish." "Honk! Honk! Honk! Princess Peggy said she wanted to rub the wild-geese when all this country belonged to Birdland. Rub, rub the Long-Ago charm and Princess Peggy shall have her wish," honked the Beautiful Blue Goose. Billy looked at Peggy as if to ask her if she should rub the charm. The effects of the first rub had been so astonishing that there was no telling what another rub might do. It might turn time back until they were babies again, or indeed, it might turn time back so far that they would not be here at all. But Peggy noticed that Billy didn't look a day younger than before, neither did Bally Sam, nor the King of the Wild Geese, nor the Beautiful Blue Goose. Apparently the charm had no effect upon their ages. Now Peggy was very eager to see if the charm really could take them back to Indian days as she wished. "You'll

THE GUMPS—Now, Will You Be Good?



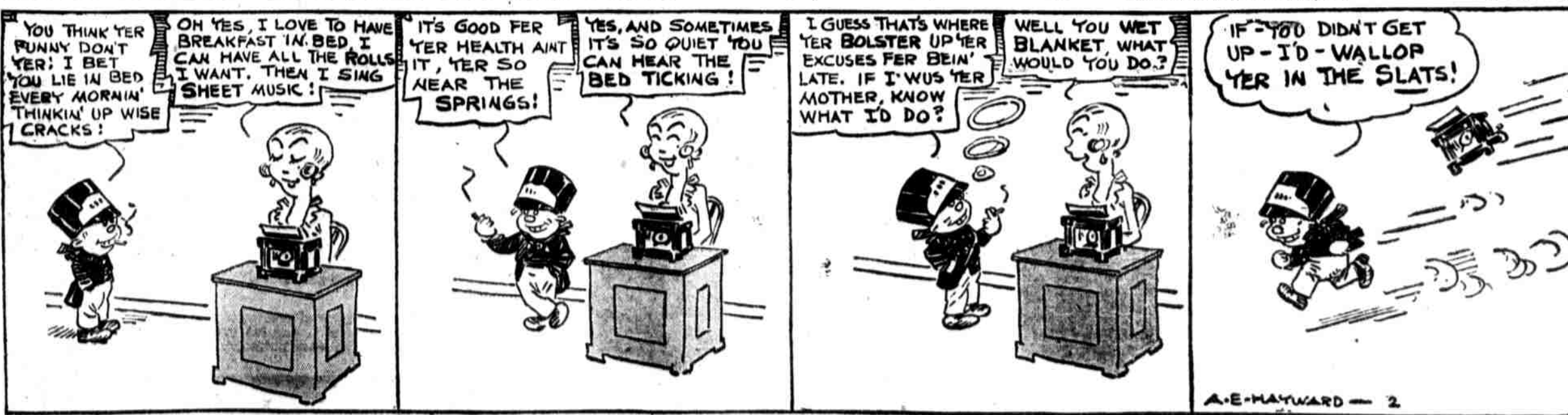
PETEY—Every One He Knew Passed by Just Then



THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY THAT MEETS ALL THE TRAINS—By Fontaine Fox



SOMEBODY'S STENOG—The Last Word Is Not Always Woman's



DOROTHY DARNIT—Soapy Got the Bull's Goat

