

THE MIDDLE TEMPLE MURDER

A Detective Story by J. S. Fletcher

Copyright, 1920, Fred A. Hooper.
THERE ain't no danger of me being
get into trouble along of that
"Cause I ain't a-going to say a word—no, not
a thousand pounds! Me never
been in no trouble of any sort,
nor—though a poor man."

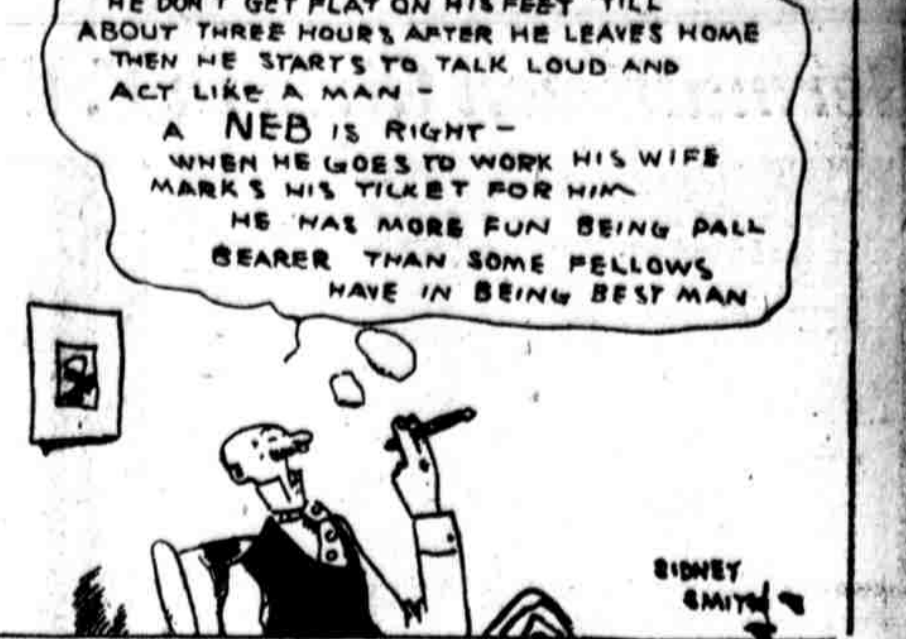
THE GUMPS—Speaking of Nebs!



PETEY—Step to the Head of the Class



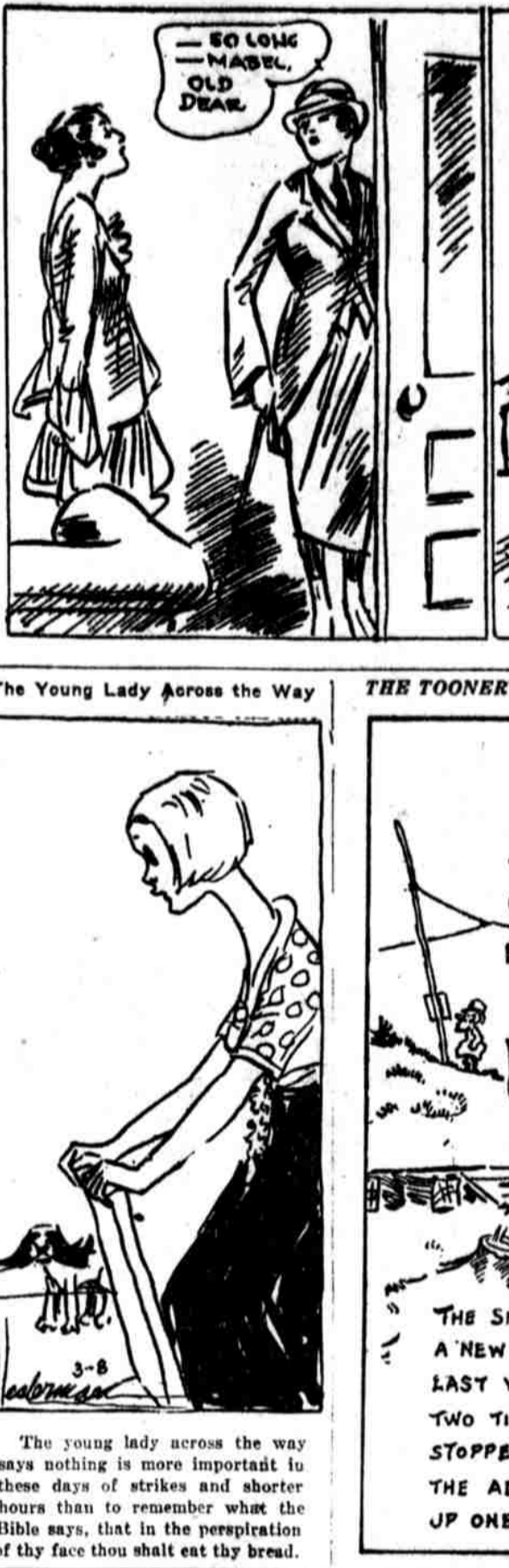
THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY



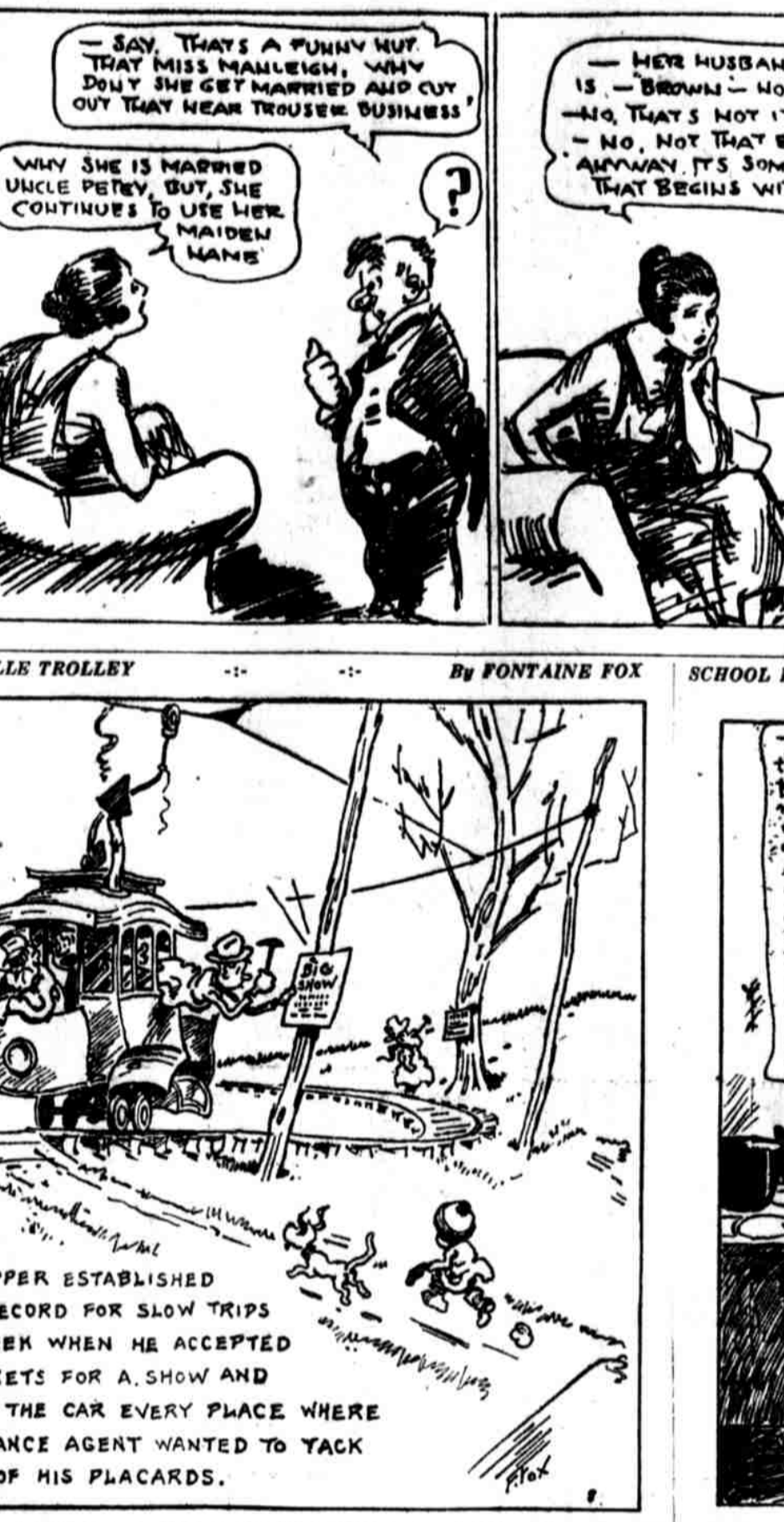
CHAPTER XXXII
The Contents of the Coffin

THERE traveled down together to
Market Micaester late that afternoon
Bretton, the officials from the
house of, he stated with the order for
the opening of the Chamberlayne grave,
and a solicitor acting on behalf of the

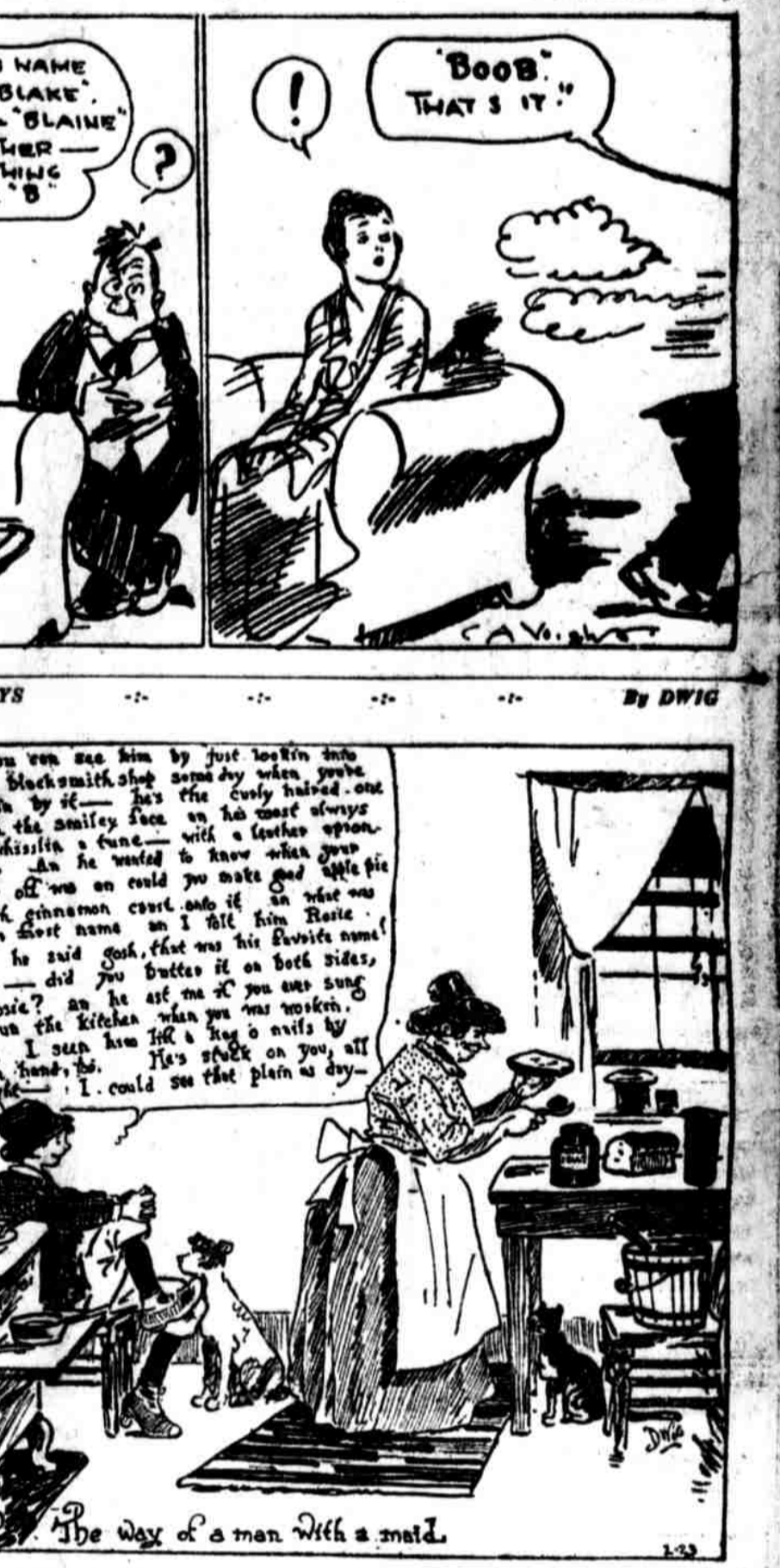
SOMEBODY'S STENOG—"Venus" Seems to Have Hit the Nail on the Head



DOROTHY DARNIT—And It's Only Monday Now



DREAMLAND ADVENTURES
THE MEDICINE MAN



DREAMLAND ADVENTURES
THE MEDICINE MAN

In last week's story the Wild
Tribes gave Peggy and Billy a charm
which took them back to the long ago
when all America was a forest and
only Indians lived there. They saved
Chief Eagle Feather and his braves
from being burned at the stake by
Red Dog's savages.

SOMEBODY'S STENOG—"Venus" Seems to Have Hit the Nail on the Head

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By Hayward
LATE AGAIN CUTE?
YOU MUST THINK
YOU'RE WORKING
IN A BANK!

DOROTHY DARNIT—And It's Only Monday Now

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By Chas. McManus
WHAT DO YOU
WANT MISTER?

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