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By Sidney Smith

THE MIDDLE TEMPLE MURDER

A Detective Story by J. S. Fletcher

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The Scrap of Gray Paper

AS A rule, Spargo left the Watchman's office at 2 o'clock. The paper had been gone to press. There was nothing left for him to do after he had passed the column for which he was responsible...

There was nothing very remarkable about the dead man's face. It was that of a man of apparently sixty to sixty-five years of age; plain, even homely of feature, clean-shaven, except for a fringe of white whisker, trimmed after the fashion of the day...

Spargo hesitated. He had had a stiff night's work, and until his encounter with Driscoll he had cherished warm anticipations of the evening which would be laid out for him at his rooms, and of the bed into which he would subsequently tumble...

Driscoll looked up at the inspector with a quick jerk of his head. "I know this man," he said. "The inspector showed new interest. 'What, Mr. Breton?' he asked. 'Yes, I'm on the Watchman, you know, subeditor. I took an article from him the other day—article on 'Ideal Sites for Campers-Out.' He came to the office about it. So this was in the dead man's pocket?'"

Spargo picked up the scrap of gray paper and looked closely at it. It seemed to him to be the sort of paper that is found in hotels and in clubs; it had been torn roughly from the sheet. "What," he asked meditatively, "what will you do about getting this man identified?"

The newcomer glanced at Spargo, and then at the inspector. The inspector nodded at Spargo.

THE GUMPS—On With the Dance

TO NIGHT—IT'S THE WHITE CAT—THE RUBBER ON THE OLD ROLL—SNAPPED AGAIN AND UNCLE BIM HAS TOLD JOE SPARGO TO SPREAD A FEED FIT ONLY FOR KINGS

ARE YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO DANCE ANDY? WELL IT'S MY NIGHT NICE OF YOU ANY NIN IS CERTAINLY A MARVELOUS DANCER

OH! LOOK AT PAPA AND MAMA—EVERYTIME PAPA TURNS AROUND HE LIFTS THAT RIGHT FOOT IN THE AIR LIKE AN OLD SPAINIED HORSE—SEE THAT BIG GUY THERE—HE'S GOT NO PLACE ON A CROWDED FLOOR WITH THOSE FEET—HE HAS TO STAND SIDWAYS ON THE CURBSTONE WHEN HE'S WAITING FOR A STREET CAR TO KEEP THE WAGONS OFF HIS FEET

WHAT HAVE WE HERE? GET YOURSELF A LAUGH—THIS IS A MARRIED COUPLE ALL RIGHT—THEY'RE NOT LYING TO EACH OTHER—THEY'RE TELLING THE TRUTH ABOUT THEIR DANCING—THEY'RE WAY OUT OF STEP—THEIR FEET CAN'T EVEN GET ALONG

PETEY—The Landlord Almost Got His Just Deserts

—SH—PETEY DEAR, SISTER SYLVIA HAS A GENTLEMAN CALLER OH, THE POOR GUY.

—IT SEEMS TO ME SOMETHING OUGHTER BE DONE TO RESCUE THE UNFORTUNATE—US MEN OUGHTER STAND TOGETHER—SHE'LL PROPOSE TO HIM IN A MINUTE

—I'M GOING TO CALL YOU CLARENCE—I FEEL AS THO I'VE KNOWN YOU FOR AGES—

—WHY DIDN'T I KEEP QUIET—IT'S THE LANDLORD—

—JUST IN TIME

The Young Lady Across the Way

IF I DONT FIND IT RIGHT AWAY IT'S LIABLE TO DROP THROUGH ONE OF THESE HOLES IN THE FLOOR

YE GUS! NOT A SERVICE!

LAST WEEK THE SKIPPER DROPPED A HALF DOLLAR IN THE STRAW WHICH IS ABOUT TWO FEET DEEP ON THE CAR FLOOR AND THE CAR WAS HELD UP FOR 20 MINUTES.

THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY SAYS HALF-SOLED SHOES ALWAYS LOOK BAD, BUT THEY HAVE A WAY NOW OF REPLACING THE ENTIRE SOLAR SYSTEM SO NEATLY THAT IT LOOKS LIKE NEW.

The Toonerville Trolley That Meets All the Trains

I DON'T FEEL GOOD MA—Mebbe I GO TO SCHOOL! ALLRIGHT DEAR!

YOU FEEL WELL ENOUGH TO HELP ME WITH TH' DISHES DON'T YOU DEARIE!

THEN YOU CAN USE TH' SITTING ROOM!

AND THIS AFTERNOON YOU CAN HELP ME A LOT MORE!

I FEEL BETTER NOW MA—I GUESS I BETTER GO TO SCHOOL!

SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER—She Does Today's Strip All by Herself

HEY BOSS! GET BUSY! WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING TODAY!

GOODNIGHT! THE CHIEF HAS SOMETHING IN HIS EYE AND I HAVE TO DRAW MYSELF TODAY!

TE-HEH-HEH-HEH-HEH! GOLLY—I CAN'T STAND IT ON THE RIBS—OH GEE--!

THERE! WELL I GOT INTO PRINT ANYHOW AND I PROBABLY SAVED THE CHIEF'S JOB FOR HIM TOO! NOT THAT I'LL GET ANY CREDIT FOR IT!

DOROTHY DARNIT—Modesty Is Not Her Middle Name

GEE SOAPY, YOU LOOK LIKE YOU WAS PROMISED SOMETHING AND THEN HAD TO GIVE IT BACK

AW THERE AIN'T NO USE TELLIN YOU THE CAUSE OF MY SADNESS

THE MIDDLE TEMPLE MURDER (Continued)

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(CONTINUED TOMORROW)