

The Clinic Murder Mystery

The Story of a Beauty Surgeon who Discovered the Secret of Making White Skins Black, and Black Skins White.

By EDWARD LAWSON

SYNOPSIS

WHAT HAS HAPPENED? Dr. Earl Brown, noted Negro plastic surgeon, is found dead in a little clinic in the rear of his private hospital in Washington, D.C., where he has been conducting experiments alone for several months, shut off from the rest of the world.

His two assistants, Drs. Louis and Hardy, have been on extended vacation trips, and the housekeeper, a young woman named Miss Brandon, is the only authorized person in the house when the murder is committed. The two assistants are expected to return at any time.

According to Miss Brandon's story, she was upstairs in the house about six o'clock in the morning, after having prepared an early breakfast for the doctor, when she heard two shots fired and rushed downstairs in time to see a fleeing figure rush out of the front door. She could not distinguish the features of the man, but believes that he was white.

Immediately she ran to the doctor's laboratory, where she found Brown crawling through the door, two wounds through his chest and blood flowing from his mouth. His strength was completely exhausted, but, though choking, he tried to give the woman some message. But the words were indistinguishable, and the only one which she was able to understand was a name. That name was "Hardy!"

Further investigation by Inspector Frazier from police headquarters revealed that Dr. Brown had an argument with Dr. Hardy on January 4, the very day on which Dr. Hardy had visited the inspector to see whether he could see a threat of police intervention to stop his noted associate from doing something which was against the law. And later it was found that on that very day Dr. Brown changed his will, bequeathing the bulk of his million dollar estate to Dr. Hardy!

An effort is being made to locate Dr. Hardy, and also to obtain a complete copy of the will. Dr. Louis, the noted surgeon's second white assistant, meanwhile returns from his vacation.

Now go on with the story:

**CHAPTER V
DR. LOUIS ARRIVES**

Of all of us there in the living room, Frazier seemed the only one unsurprised by the announcement of the arrival of Dr. Louis. The housekeeper came nervously forward and looked at the inspector.

"Let him in, Miss Brandon," Frazier directed.

A moment later the housekeeper returned to the room, followed by the newcomer. I noticed that he was a fine-looking young man of over average height, blue-eyed and blond haired. He wore a look of semi-amusement as he surveyed the scene.

"What on earth is going on here?" he asked. "Looks like you've got all the cops in the world cluttering up our place. I thought this was a private hospital. What's happened, anyway?"

"Dr. Louis," the inspector cut in.

"this is an investigation of a murder. In that connection we'd like to know where you were about 5:30 this morning—"

"Well!" The doctor's amused smile glinted. "Let's see, as nearly as I can figure it, I was coming down the Washington Boulevard about as fast as the law allows. I've been on a vacation, you know, and was due to get back last night. But my car needed overhauling so badly after these two months of constant usage that I stopped over in New York last night to have that done. But what's this all about? Murder, did you say? Who's been murdered?"

Before Frazier could answer, the blue-uniformed patrolman came into the room again.

"Another doctor, sir," he announced. "This one says his name is Hardy."

"Hardy!" The inspector started. "Well! Well! Suppose you let him in too, Miss Brandon."

The housekeeper accompanied the policeman to the front door and returned in the company of another man who appeared to be about the same age as Dr. Louis, but of slightly different appearance. His eyes and hair were dark, and he wore horn-rimmed glasses. Otherwise, he gave the appearance of being frank, clean-cut, and agreeable.

"Why, Inspector Frazier!" he exclaimed. "What's happened now? There's a policeman out there at the gate, and you here. Where's Dr. Brown?"

"Just a minute," the inspector quieted him. "Dr. Hardy, there's something I've got to ask you, and I'll come right to the point. I want to know, as nearly as you can place it, where you were at about 5:30 this morning."

The doctor thought for a moment. "Why," he said finally, "I was asleep—in Baltimore. I had driven practically all day, hoping to arrive here last night. But between Philadelphia and Baltimore I nearly went to sleep at the wheel, so I decided that it would be best to spend the night in a Baltimore hotel and get an early start this morning. So that's what I did. I left Baltimore at 6 o'clock this morning and came straight here. It's only 7:30 now, so I couldn't have gone anywhere else. But what's this all about, anyway? And where's Dr. Brown?"

The inspector looked sharply at the two faces which were turned to him, both expressing anxiety and mystification.

"Dr. Brown," he said quietly, watching the two men closely as he spoke, "was shot and killed at about 5:30 a.m. this morning in his clinic."

Hardy drew in his breath convulsively. "Lord," he murmured, "I was afraid—"

All amusement left Dr. Louis's face. "Dr. Brown murdered—by whom?"

"We don't know yet," the inspector told him.

"What do you know, then?"

"We know that Miss Brandon here heard two shots this morning and rushed down in time to see a figure fleeing through the front door. Then she went back to the clinic and found Dr. Brown dying, able to utter only one word before he passed out..."

The room was silent for a moment. "What was it he said?" Hardy finally asked.

"One word only," the inspector said, "a name."

"And what was that name?"

"It was—Hardy."

Intense silence held the room. I watched closely and saw that Hardy was standing rooted to the floor, his face holding a dazed look of bewilderment. Louis was a bit calmer. He walked to the window and gazed out into the morning.

Again the inspector's voice broke the silence.

"I'm afraid," he said, "that under the circumstances, your movements will have to be investigated very thoroughly, Dr. Hardy."

"But certainly you can't think that I killed Dr. Brown!" Hardy burst out. "Why, I'm about the last man on earth that could do a thing of that sort. What motive could I possibly have had for such an act?"

"Well," said the inspector, "you admit that you quarreled with Dr. Brown on the fourth of January, don't you?"

"But I told you what that quarrel was about, didn't I? That wasn't any-



"I am afraid that under the circumstances your movements will have to be investigated very thoroughly, Dr. Hardy."

thing really serious."

"Well," the inspector went on, "on that very day the doctor made a will. In that will he left the bulk of his estate, more than a million dollars, to you."

Dr. Louis, standing at the window,

suddenly came to life and turned as though stung.

"What was that you said?" he demanded.

"We just found out about the will," Frazier told him. "Dr. Brown's attorney is going to bring it over this

morning with other papers which were left with him. We've learned what the will contains, though, and we know that it makes Hardy practically the sole heir. That alone is a powerful motive for such a thing as—murder."

The doctor's ironical detachment was suddenly gone, his eyes became twin flames of hate.

"Damn him!" he said softly, fingers clenched. "Damn him!"

CHAPTER VI

DOCTOR BROWN'S DISCOVERY

"Hold that a minute," the inspector commanded sternly. "Now let's see what actually happened here. According to the housekeeper, Dr. Brown retired to his work-rooms in the back-section of the clinic as soon as you

Continued on Page 7



COUSINS OF THE STAGE—Misses Aline Poyas (right) and Alice Thurston (left), dashing chorines of the famous Teddy Blackburn chorus. They never work unless they are together.

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I. C.—A bunion is a dislocation of the joint of the great toe. Wearing a broader toed shoe will sometimes give the joint a chance to right itself.

L. M.—Perfumes are affected by light, heat, and air. Keep good perfume tightly corked, in a cool place, away from the light. Perfume should be used sparingly. A drop behind the ear or at the back of the neck is sufficient.

T. S. W.—A good eye wash may be made with salt and water. Use a teaspoon of table salt to a pint of water. If the eyes are tired, apply 1/2 salt lotion warm with sippets of cotton, after which dash cold water on for its tonic value.

P. D.—You can train the eyelashes to curl up while you brush. Vaseline will promote their growth. Lanolin and cocoa butter are also effective. Warm and apply in liquid form with a small brush.

W. P.—The perspiration remedy is a 23 percent solution of aluminum chloride in distilled water. Apply it every other night until three applications have been made. Then, once a week thereafter.



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