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Genuine BLACK AND WHITE COMPLEXION POWDER

"Hardy!" He was simply trying to tell of your misdeed, that was all!"

**CHAPTER VIII
NEW EVIDENCE**

The two glared at each other savagely, but Frazier, who had been watching them closely and letting them accuse each other for what he might learn, sprang between them and pushed them apart.

"That's enough of that—you two," he said firmly. "We'll never get anywhere this way. We've got to have facts to work on, and we'll never get facts until you two calm down and stop calling each other names."

The two retreated, still muttering. "Now!" said the inspector. "Let's get these things straightened out." He sat down in an armchair in one corner of the room and lit another cigar. Every face in that room was turned intently upon him as he sat and thought.

Finally he spoke. "We've established a number of things beyond dispute," he said. "The first is that Dr. Brown was using his skill to remold the faces and to change the complexions of escaped criminals, in the back of that clinic. Second, we have the fact that you, Hardy, discovered what was going on and you threatened to expose Brown. Whether you did this with the idea of making him stop, as you tell us, or to extract money from him, we still don't know.

Third, and this seems to be the most curious fact of all, directly after you had quarreled with him on January 4, he went directly to his lawyer and made a will leaving all he possessed to you. Now the question is: Why did he do that? Was it, as Hardy claims, because of gratitude for his bringing him to his senses, or was it because Hardy forced him to? That's one thing we'll have to answer before we're through.

Next, there's the accusation that you, Dr. Louis, were blackmailing Brown. We can't say anything definite about this until we have more evidence, since Hardy makes the assertion and you deny it. So that's something else to be determined.

Fifth, Hardy tells us that Brown feared for his life because of a threat made on him by a black-maller. This seems to be borne out pretty well by the fact that the doctor for the past two months shut himself up in the clinic. He must have feared some very real danger.

And last, we have the fact that Brown was shot this morning. He was evidently murdered as he came out of the back section of his clinic for the meal that Miss Brandon had left for him, so evidently the person who killed him must have been familiar, more or less, with his personal habits. Miss Brandon heard the shot and saw the figure running out of the door. She could not distinguish who it was, but could only say that she believed it to be a white man. She hurried to the doctor and heard him, clutching his wounds and dying, utter one word—Hardy!"

"Now the greatest question of all so far, is this—was he trying to say that Hardy had shot him, or was he merely calling on Hardy for help in his hour of trouble?"

Frazier's clear statement of the conflicting web of facts seemed to clear the atmosphere for all of us. We listened with intense interest as he went on.

"Now the most tangible clue we have as to who the murderer is, is Miss Brandon's glimpse of him as he went through the door. We'd better look into that angle of the case first of all. Maybe if we acted out that little scene, Miss Brandon might be able to remember more about it than before. Are you willing to help me?"

"Sure," said Hardy. Louis, smiling cynically, said: "Think she can spot us by our run, don't you. But what's the difference? It's all right with me."

They rose and went through the hallway toward the front door. Frazier halted them and addressed the housekeeper.

"Now, Miss Brandon," he said, "it was through this door, wasn't it that you saw the figure vanish?"

The woman nodded, trembling. "Yes, sir," she said weakly.

"All right," said Frazier. "You stand right here then."

He placed the woman just inside the door, then turned to Dr. Hardy. "Now, doctor," he said, "I want you to stand over here, and when I clap my hands, I want you to run through the hall and out of this door just as

fast as you can. You watch him closely, Miss Brandon, as he does it."

"But," interrupted the housekeeper, "the man whom I saw wore a coat, and hat—"

"That's right too," Frazier muttered. "Here, Eddie, lend me your coat a minute."

I pulled off my coat and handed it to the inspector. He gave it to Hardy, who put it on. My hat followed, then all was ready. Frazier clapped his hands and instantly Hardy leaped through the door and along the walk toward the open gate. A minute later he came back into the house, smiling a little.

"Well," he grinned, "did you learn anything from that?"

"What about it, Miss Brandon? Did the running shape you saw look anything like that?"

The woman seemed doubtful. "It was something like that, sir," she admitted, "but I'm afraid I could never swear it was anyone; the shape was so indistinct and all."

"Well, we might as well try it with somebody else," the inspector grunted. He started to help Hardy out of my coat.

Suddenly he stopped short, grasping Hardy's arm.

"What's this?" he demanded, suddenly alert.

I looked sharply. There on the arm of my overcoat was a smear of fresh green paint. "Was this here before?" he asked me.

"No, sir," I replied. "I'm sure it wasn't. I just had the coat cleaned a couple of days ago, and unless I brushed into something on the way up here, I don't know where it could have come from."

Hardy supplied the information. "The paint on this door's wet," he said suddenly. "I brushed into it, running out. Maybe that was what did it, you see."

Miss Brandon nodded quickly. "Oh yes, sir," she said. "You remember there was a smudge of it on my dress too, where I had done the same thing."

"Did the person you saw running this morning brush against the door like that?" Frazier inquired.

"Why I believe he did," the woman replied. "It's pretty narrow, as you can see, and a person running through it in a hurry would be sure to brush against one side or the other with his coat. There were wet paint signs there, of course, but those couldn't be seen in the dark."

"O.K.," grunted the inspector. "Now let's go back inside." He went straight to the rack where the coats of both Hardy and Louis hung. He grasped Louis's light-colored coat first and examined it carefully. There was no stain. Then he reached for Hardy's darker fleece coat, and as he spread it out in his arms, there came from all of us an involuntary sigh.

For on the coat's left sleeve, between the elbow and the shoulder, there was a thing smear of paint!

And still we don't know who it was that killed Dr. Brown! Well, Inspector Frazier will be on the trail for further clues next week. Don't miss the fifth thrilling installment of this story in next week's edition of this paper.



SCOUT MASTER. — A. J. Taylor, of Greensboro, N.C., assistant to the commander of Boy Scouts of America.

800 Haitians Spilt Blood to Bring U.S. Freedom, Says Bellegarde

Minister Lauds Frederick Douglass, Great Marylander, at Mu-So-Lit Club.

WASHINGTON, D.C. — Proclaiming Frederick Douglass as one of humanity's greatest benefactors, and comparing the injustices which he suffered with those of Haiti, where he once represented the U.S. government, Monsieur Dantes Bellegarde, minister of Haiti, paid tribute to the late abolitionist before the Mu-So-Lit Club, in celebration of his birthday and that of Abraham Lincoln.

Senator James E. Watson (Rep., Ind.) who was to have been present, sent his regrets.

Dean Kelly Miller talked on Lincoln, and Dr. Emmett J. Scott, on Haiti.

Mu-so-lit pins were presented to Dr. Daniel Renfro, Dr. A. M. Curtis, George H. Murray, Dr. J. Hayden Johnson, Dr. C. Sumner Wormley, Robert A. Pelham, and Walter J. Singleton, former club presidents.

After thanking Mr. Grant Lucas, president of the club, for his selection, M. Bellegarde, who was elected to honorary membership, said in part:

"I am proud to belong to the race of which Frederick Douglass was one of the finest examples. I have the honor, also, of representing my country in the United States as he had the honor of representing his country in Haiti. But the consideration which lends to my presence a symbolic value is the fact that between the individual life of Frederick Douglass and the life and development of the Haitian nation, there is a similarity truly astonishing."

Haiti, Douglass Compared

The minister related how Douglass came up from slavery, and in the midst of extraordinary obstacles, raised himself to the highest summits of human intelligence. "He fought with his whole soul for the elevation of his race as well as himself," said M. Bellegarde. "He surmounted all the obstacles which color prejudice, all kinds of hostility, the most arrogant scorn, and the most shocking injustices had heaped upon his pathway. But never was there a

place in his heart for hate. He fought the wrong of the oppressor, but he did not hate him.

"The essential aim of his great service was the union and alliance of men of all races, of all religions, for peace and progress. But he knew and he taught that this alliance could be established only by equality and friendship among men."

Here, M. Bellegarde related the birth of the Haitian independence on January 1, 1804, the condemnation of human slavery, and the recognition of equality of races by the entry of the black people into the society of nations. He said further:

Died at Yorktown

"Haiti gave her support generously to other peoples in their struggles for liberty. While she was still a French colony under the name of Santo Domingo she sent 800 of her sons to fight for the independence of the United States. The blood of these heroes stained the battlefields of Savannah and Yorktown.

"In 1816 she assisted in the emancipation of the Spanish colonies in America by giving to Simon Bolivar, arms, munitions, money, and men.



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Embarrassing Moments

Send your Embarrassing Moments to the Editor and it will be published.

Claimed Her Own

One day while shopping with my boy friend, a clerk looked at him as though to wait on him. I, being waited on by another clerk and not thinking, grabbed my friend's arm and said, "he's mine."

The store was crowded, and to say I was embarrassed is putting it mildly. I meant to say, "he's with me." We are engaged now, but I hear about it often. A. B.

Stood Alone

Recently I was a visitor at the church my cousin attends. Every one stood to sing a hymn. I did not have a program and was busy sewing. Imagine my embarrassment at the end of the hymn to discover the congregation kneeling and that I was the only one standing. R. G. S.

Showing Off the Bargains

For the last two years I have been trading with a certain grocer. However, recently I decided to try another grocer who advertised lower prices. I did so and was nearly home when I remembered that I had forgotten to purchase one article. It had begun to rain, and not wishing to walk all the way back, I stopped in at my regular grocer's store.

He eyed the large grocery bag in my arms suspiciously, and I hastily explained that it contained empty ginger ale bottles which I was returning to the drug store. I tried to get a firmer grip on the heavy bag, when suddenly there was a ripping sound towards the bottom of it, and various cans and packages of vegetables showered down onto the floor.

And did I blush as the grocer got another bag and gathered up my bargains? O. K.