

Coming Stories by
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The Clinic Murder Mystery

Detective Frazier Explains the One Slip that Betrayed the Murderer

By EDWARD LAWSON
CHAPTER XIII
LAST INSTALLMENT
One Little Slip

I glanced nervously at my watch as Frazier droned on. It was five minutes of eleven. My paper had already brought out a morning extra. I knew, and half a dozen correspondents from other sheets were prowling about the place or shoving their way into the living room to listen or to get pictures. I had five minutes before deadline to get my afternoon story in. What a scoop this had proved! No other paper had carried the story or Dr. Brown's murder in their morning editions, and not a single one would have as complete a story as mine that evening.

Frazier noted that I was anxious for him to finish the explanation so that I could get to a telephone, so he talked with less hesitation, knowing now that he was on the right track.

"The whole thing seemed pretty tangled up to me," he admitted, "until we made that experiment and found that smudge of paint on your coat, Eddie. Then when we found a similar smudge on Hardy's coat, that made me almost certain that he was the culprit, although it really didn't prove anything. And I was right in believing that, with the slight exception that the man wasn't Hardy at all, but Brown himself."

"So you see, we were really accusing Brown of his own murder! It must have made him laugh then, because he knew that when Harris, his attorney, showed up with the letter and notes which he had so carefully prepared, he would be absolved."

"And that was just the way things turned out. We got the letter and the notes, which apparently took all the blame off of Hardy and exposed Louis as the blackmailer. Brown didn't care so much about accusing Louis of the murder as he did of protecting himself, but he thought he might as well kill two birds with one stone. It was a great job, and a daring one, and I have to give the man credit."

"But what," I asked anxiously, "was that one slip he made which gave him away? I don't understand that yet."

"Well," replied the inspector, "when the attorney asked him to sign a receipt for those papers, Brown did so, and he did it in Hardy's handwriting. That part of it was almost perfect. But he signed with his right hand! And when Hardy came to me on that Monday—the fourth of January it was—and left me his phone number, I noticed particularly that he was left-handed!"

"Oh," I said in awe, the whole scheme suddenly crashing through my brain.

"So," the inspector continued, "that made me perk up right away. I went back to the clinic and went over it with a couple of men, and by looking closely at the dead man's face I found a number of fine, almost invisible scars which the remodeling process had left. In the operating room we found straps which had held Hardy down while the delicate operations were being carried out, mirrors by which Brown had worked on himself, scraps of paper on which he had practiced Hardy's handwriting, and a large number of mysterious drugs which, when tested on cloth, seemed to have remarkable bleaching power. I put all these things together, and all seemed to fit in with my theory. So right then

and there, I knew that it was Hardy who lay murdered in the clinic, and that Brown, who had murdered him, was in the house.

"I went back to the living room and hunted at my discoveries in such a way that Brown, if the man were really he, could not fail to understand. Remember what I said about a man's right hand never knowing what his left does? And remember my saying that the doctor would have preferred death to trial and imprisonment? Well, I figured that Brown would know, when I sent him out into the hall, that I was giving him one last chance to take the one way out. I believed that he would still be carrying the gun which had killed Hardy, and I was right in all that."

"You see, he had taken Hardy's features, his voice, the color of his skin, his handwriting—everything. But in that one moment of stress he made his single slip—he forgot the fact that his former partner had always been left-handed! It was that little error which crashed his whole scheme—which cost him his life!"

Frazier stopped. The hands of my watch touched eleven, and I jumped up and ran wearily for the phone to give the story to my paper.

"One little slip," was the last thing I heard Frazier say. "Brown might have known that even the best-laid plans go wrong—that there is always some tiny slip which gives the whole thing away. Smart as he was, he hadn't learned yet the one great lesson—that crime doesn't pay—that nobody ever really escapes detection—and that sooner or later even the most brilliant criminal will be forced to pay the price; will be forced to take the one way out."

THE END.

1,100 SEEK TO SHARE ESTATE

NEW YORK.—Mrs. Blanche W. Hoffman, prominent civic worker and political leader of Ossining, N.Y., will be among the 100 claimants to the \$100,000 Wendel fortune when the claims are heard before Surrogate James A. Foley in the court.

Since the death of Ella Wendel, aged spinster and lost of the five daughters of the late John Gottlieb Wendel, on March 17, 1931, more than 1,100 persons have sought to establish kinship to her and share the estate. The list has been narrowed down to about one hundred.

The claimants hail from Mississippi, Alabama, Washington and other sections of the country.

The fortune was left to the Methodist Episcopal institutions, the New York Homeopathic Medical College and Flower Hospital.

Household Hints

If a quart of buttermilk is taken daily, a decided improvement in the complexion will be noticed within a few weeks.

To keep clothing free of moths, pack branches of the arbor vitae in the clothing. The odor is very pleasant and wholesome.

A good luncheon dish can be made by combining scrambled eggs with a border of warm asparagus.

To remove soot from carpets, cover the spots with flour, corn meal, or dry starch. Let this stand for about a half hour and then scrape and brush up. This will remove all the soot spots.

Preachers' 'Children' Grow Up to be Theatrical Stars

Parents Sang 'Hallelujahs,' Children Sing Jazz

Their Papas Were Clergymen!

NOBLE SISSLE—Band leader at Park Central Hotel, musical comedy star, composer.

FATS WALLER—Pianist, composer.

THE WHITMAN SISTERS—performers, producers.

ELOISE UGGINS—Singer in "Rhapsody in Black."

ETTA MOTEN—Musical comedy star, dramatic actress in "Zombie" on Broadway.

That the pious atmosphere of a clergyman's home has no dampening effects on the lives of actors and performers who were reared in that environment is attested to by the heights to which the sons and daughters of ministers have climbed in the entertainment world.

The theatrical field is crowded with entertainers who can look back upon a ministerial parent who frowned on the commercialization of artistic talents.

It is related how Noble Sissle, whose Ambassadors band is one of the best known organizations here and abroad, and is now featured at the Park Central Hotel in New York, was being groomed by his father, who was a Methodist minister, to be an evangelistic singer.

Sissle was born in a parsonage in Indianapolis in 1890, where his father pastored and later moved to Cleveland, where he was active in church work.

Because of his excellent voice it was hoped that he would follow a religious career, and for a while he did sing in churches and help direct the choir in his father's charge. But Jim Europe and the war led his feet into jazzier paths and today he is a leader in the art of syncopation.

Cab Calloway

Cab Calloway was also the son of a choir singer. He was born in Rochester, New York, moving to Baltimore at an early age.

Cab, at one time, was a singer on the junior choir at Bethel A.M.E. Church in Baltimore, under the pastorate of the Rev. C. H. Stepteanu.

He took an active part in the cantatas staged by director of music, W. Llewellyn Wilson, and although he is now a fixture in New York night life, he still is an ardent churchgoer whenever on tour.

It is needless to say that his sister, Blanche, who heads a band of her own, was also heard in a religious atmosphere as was Elmer, who is the toast of Washington, D.C. night life, where he directs his orchestra at the Club Prudhom, the Capital's main stay-up-late place.

Whitman Sisters

The famous Whitman Sisters were also trail blazers in the church and the daughters of a minister in Atlanta, Georgia.

They started their career as pace makers in the theatre by giving concerts in churches, later enlarging their activities to musical comedies. Many stars of the present day owe their start to these girls.

"Fats" Waller, one of New York's best known song writers, is the son of the late Rev. Edward Waller, the former pastor of the Baptist Tabernacle in New York.

Waller has written numerous hits, including, "Ain't Misbehaving," and "Why Am I So Black and Blue?" both of which were featured in "Hot Chocolates."

"My Fate Is In Your Hands," "Squeeze Me," and many others that took the country by storm, are from his pen.

Eloise Uggins, one of the stars of "Rhapsody in Black," is the daughter of a South Carolina minister.

Miss Etta Moten, one of the latest

Baltimore's Mystery Girl



META CASANOVA

Baltimoreans who went to Ford's Theatre last week to get a view of Mr. Ziegfeld's "Follies," were more intent on scanning the faces of the glorified damsels with opera glasses looking for the pretty face of Meta than they were upon the antics of Harry Rich-

man, the star. Meta was a member of the cast when it opened on Broadway some time ago. It could not be learned whether she was a member of the road cast or not. Dr. Frank N. Cardozo, local physician and uncle of the chorine, told the AFRO that members of his family saw her picture in front of the theatre, but she did not visit their home. Three weeks ago, according to reports, Miss Cardozo, as she was known in Washington and Baltimore, was reported out of the "Follies." She was seen in and about Washington in company with the dapper Tommy Williston.

Broadway luminaries, who is now being featured in "Zombie," a Broadway production, is the daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. F. F. Moten, of Kansas City, Missouri. Miss Moten started her career with the Dixie Spiritual Singers.

AFRICANS SAY:

"Africans have much in common with us, as wit and wisdom expressed in their proverbs show. It is time for us to get away from the notion that they are in an inferior and barbaric state. In more than one sense, we Americans are less civilized and more barbaric than they."—C. J. BENDER.

If you are in the company of frogs, then do not ask for a stool (Howl with the wolves).

ADVICE TO LOVERS

Dear Aunt Dilsey:

The boy I love is always "going places" with another girl. He never offers to take me any place. Yet he says he loves me. What shall I do?

R. E. H.

Charlottesville, N. C.

ANSWER—The boy who is really in love always wants to be near the one he adores. If he never takes you out, he is too sure of you. Seek other friends and other interests. Don't always be waiting for him when he comes around.