

THE Exploits of Elaine

A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama
Presented by The Omaha Bee in Collaboration with the Famous Pathe Players and the Eclectic Film Co.
Introducing Miss Pearl White, Arnold Daly and "Craig Kennedy"
The Famous Scientific Detective of Fiction.

Written by Arthur B. Reeve

The Well-Known Novelist and the Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Stories

Dramatized into a Photo-Play by Charles Goddard
Author of "The Perils of Pauline"

Cast of Leading Characters in the Motion Picture Reproduction by the Famous Pathe Players

ELAINE DODGE - Miss Pearl White
CRAIG KENNEDY - Mr. Arnold Daly
HARRY BENNETT - Mr. Sheldon Lewis

Everything you read here today you can see in the fascinating Pathe Motion Pictures at the Motion Picture Theaters this week. Next Sunday another chapter of "The Exploits of Elaine" and new Pathe reels.

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.
The New York police are mystified by a series of murders of prominent men. The latest victim of the mysterious assassin is Taylor Dodge, the insurance president. His daughter, Elaine, employs Craig Kennedy, the famous scientific detective, to try to unravel the mystery. One of the criminals steals into Elaine's room at night, puts her under the influence of the twilight sleep drug and forces her to write a letter dismissing Kennedy. This trick fails. Later Kennedy learns of a daring robbery committed by the conspirators in an effort to trap them. Elaine is captured and sealed up in a tank, and is at the point of death when Kennedy accidentally discovers her plight and saves her. In retaliation the criminals make a desperate attempt to kill Kennedy by erecting an ingenious death-trap in his apartment. They then administer a peculiar poison to Elaine, accomplishing this by a remarkable utilization of the wall paper in her room. The poison plot miscarries. But the criminals are persistent. One of them is a woman, named Elaine, and she is forced to submit to the transfusion of blood operation to save the scientist's life. Help reaches her before this experiment becomes dangerous. Enraged at their constant defeats, the conspirators employ two notorious women of the underworld to lure Kennedy and Elaine to their destruction. Kennedy's scientific knowledge proves too much for the assassins. His uncanny work at a critical moment upsetting a carefully laid plan to abduct Elaine.

the shock of his words coming so soon after the terrible occurrence outside. She looked at him, speculatively.
It happened that Kennedy had some artificial flowers on the stand, which he had been using long before in the study of synthetic coloring materials. Before Elaine could recover her tongue he seized them and stuck them into a tall beaker, like a vase. Then he deliberately walked to the window and placed the beaker on the ledge in a most prominent position.
Elaine and Bennett, to say nothing of myself, gazed at him, awe-struck.
"Is there no other way but to surrender?" she asked.
Kennedy mournfully shook his head.
Nothing that any of us could say, not even the pleadings of Elaine herself, could move him. She thought that at 11 o'clock a third innocent passerby might be stricken on the street seemed to move him powerfully.
When, at 11 o'clock, nothing happened, as it had at the other two hours, he was even more confirmed in his purpose. Entreaties had no effect, and late in the morning he succeeded in convincing us all that his purpose was irrevocable. As we stood at the door, mournfully bidding our visitors farewell until the morning, when he had decided to sail, I could see that he was eager to be alone. He had been looking now and then at the peculiar instrument which he had been studying earlier in the day, and I could see on his face a sort of subtle intention.
"I'm so sorry—Craig," murmured Elaine, choking back her emotion and finding it impossible to go on.
"So am I, Elaine," he answered, tensely. "But—perhaps—when this trouble blows over—"
He paused, unable to go on, turned and shook his head. Then with a forced gaiety he bade Elaine and Perry Bennett adieu, saying that perhaps a trip might do him good.
They had scarcely gone out, and Kennedy closed the door carefully, when he turned and went directly to the instrument which I had seen him observing so intently.
Plainly I could see that it was registering something.
"What's the matter?" I asked, non-plussed.
"Just a moment, Walter," he replied, evasively, as if not quite sure of himself. He walked fairly close to the window this time, keeping well out of the direct line of it, however, and there stood gazing out into the street.
A glint, as if of the sun shining on a pair of opera glasses, could be seen from a window across the street.
"We are being watched," he said, slowly turning and looking at the fixed, "but I don't dare investigate lest it cost the lives of more of our associates."
He stood for a moment in deep thought. Then he pulled out a suitcase and began silently to pack it.
Although he had not dared to investigate, we knew that from a building across the street emissaries of the Clutching Hand were watching for our signal of surrender.
The fact was, as we found out later, that in a party furnished room, much after the fashion of that which, with the help of the authorities, we had once raided in the suburbs, there were at that moment two crooks.
One of them was the famous, or rather infamous, Prof. Le Croix, with whom, in a disguise as a doctor, we had already had some experience. When he stole from the Hillside sanitarium the twilight sleep drugs, the other was the young secretary of the Clutching Hand who was endeavoring to transfuse Elaine Dodge's blood to save the life of the crook whom she had shot.
Le Croix gleefully patted a peculiar instrument beside him. Apparently it was a combination of powerful electric arcs, the rays of which were shot through a funnel-like arrangement into a converter apparatus from which the dread power could be released through a tube-like affair at one end. It was his infra-red heat wave, F-ray, engine.
"I told you it would work!" cried Le Croix.
I did not argue any further with Craig about his sudden resolution to go away. But it is a very solemn proceeding to pack up and admit defeat after such a brilliant succession of cases as had been his until we met this master criminal.
He was unshakable, however, and the next morning we closed the laboratory and loaded our baggage, which was considerable, on a taxicab.
Neither of us said much, but I saw a quick look of appreciation on Craig's face as we pulled up at the wharf and saw that Elaine's car was already there. He seemed deeply moved that Elaine should come at such an early hour to have a last word with us.
Our car stopped and Kennedy moved over toward her car, directing two porters, whom I noticed that he chose with care, to wait at one side. One of them was an old Irishman with a limp; the other a wiry Frenchman with a pointed beard.
In spite of her pleadings, however, Kennedy held to his purpose, and as we shook hands for the last time I thought Elaine would almost break down.
Near the gangplank, in the crowd, I noticed a couple of sinister faces watching the ship's officers and the passengers going aboard. Kennedy's quick eye spotted them, too, but he did not show in any way that he noticed anything as, followed by our two porters, we quickly climbed the gangplank.
A moment Craig passed by the rail and



Kennedy Fearing He Will Never Return

waived to Elaine and Bennett, who returned the salute feelingly. I paused at the rail, too, speculatively how we were to get the rest of our baggage aboard in time, for we had taken several minutes saying good-by.
"In there," pointed Kennedy quickly to the porters, indicating our stateroom, which was an outside room. "Come, Walter."
I followed him in with a heavy heart. Outside could be seen the two sinister faces in the crowd watching intently, with eyes fixed on the stateroom. Finally one of the crooks boarded the ship hastily, while the other watched the two porters come out of the stateroom and pause at the window, speaking back into the room as though answering commands.
Then the porters quickly ran along the deck and down the plank to get the rest of the luggage. As they approached the Dodge car, Elaine, Aunt Josephine and Perry Bennett were straining their eyes to catch a last glimpse of us.
The porters took a small, but very heavy box, and, lugging and tugging, hastened toward the boat with it. But they were too late. The gangplank was being hauled in.
They shouted, but the ship's officers waved them back.
"Too late!" one of the deckhands shouted, a little pleased that some one would be inconvenienced for tardiness.
The porters argued. But it was no use. All they could do was to carry the box back to the Dodge car.
Miss Dodge was just getting in as they returned.
"What shall we do with this and the other stuff?" asked the Irish porter.
She looked at the rest of the tagged luggage and the box which was marked:

Craig clapped a Van Dyck beard on my chin.
"I'm so glad," she repeated. "I didn't think you'd—"
She cut the sentence short, remembering her eyes and the photograph as we entered and a deep blush crimsoned her face.
"Mum's the word," cautioned Kennedy. "You must smuggle us out of the house some way."
Kennedy lost no time in confirming the suspicions of his holometer as to the cause of the death of the two innocent victims of the machinations of the Clutching Hand.
Both of them, he had learned, had been removed to a nearby undertaking shop, awaiting the verdict of the coroner. We sought out this shop and prevailed on the undertaker to let us see the bodies.
As Kennedy pulled down the shroud from the face of the first victim he disclosed on the forehead a round dark spot about the size of a small coin. Quickly he moved to the next coffin and, uncovering the face, disclosed a similar mark.
"What is it?" I asked awestruck.
"Why," he said, "I've heard of a certain Viennese, one LeCroix, I believe, who has discovered, or perfected, an infra-red ray instrument which shoots its power a great distance with extreme accuracy and leaves a mark like these."
"Is he in New York?" I inquired anxiously.
"Yes, I believe he is."
Kennedy seemed indispensed to answer more until he knew more, and I saw that he would prefer not being questioned for the present.
"I thank the undertaker for his courtesy and went out.
Meanwhile Elaine had called up Perry Bennett.
"Mr. Bennett," she exclaimed over the wire, "just guess who called on me?"
"Who?" he answered; "I give it up."
"Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Jameson," she called back.
"Is that so?" he returned. "Isn't that fine? I didn't think he was the kind to run away like that. How did it happen?"
Elaine quickly told the story as I had told her.
Had she known it, however, Bennett's valet, Thomas, was at that very moment listening at the portiers intensely interested.
It was not long afterward that a knock sounded at the door of the new headquarters of the Clutching Hand. LeCroix and the secretary were there, as well as a couple of others.
"The Chief!" exclaimed one.
The secretary opened the door, and sure enough, the Clutching Hand entered.
"Well, how did your infra-red rays work?" he asked LeCroix.
"Fine."
"And they're gone?"
"Yes. The flowers were in the window yesterday. Two of our men saw them on the boat."
There came another knock. This time, as the door opened it was Thomas, Bennett's faithful valet, who entered.
"Say," he blurted out the informer, "do you know Kennedy and Jameson are back?"
"Back?" cried the crooks.
"Yes—they didn't go. Changed clothes with the porters. I just heard Miss Dodge telling Mr. Bennett."
Clutching Hand eyed him keenly, then he quickly began volleys orders at the valet and the others. Then, with the secretary and two of the other crooks, he left by another door from that by which he had sent the valet forth.
Leaving the undertaker, Kennedy and I made our way, keeping off thoroughfares, to police headquarters, where, after making ourselves known, Craig made arrangements for a raid on the house across the street from the laboratory, where we had seen the opera glass reflection.
Then, as secretly as we had come, we went out again, letting ourselves into the laboratory, stealthily looking up and down the street. We entered by a basement door, which Kennedy carefully locked again.
Kennedy went over to a cabinet, and from it took out a notebook and a small box. Opening the notebook on the laboratory table he rapidly turned the pages.
"Here, Walter," he remarked. "This will answer your question about the mysterious deadly ray."
I moved over to the table, eager to satisfy my curiosity, and read the notes which he indicated with his finger.
INFRA-RED RAY NOTES.
The pure infra-red which has been developed by LeCroix from the experiments of the Italian scientist, Ulvi, causes, when concentrated by an apparatus perfected by LeCroix, an instantaneous combustion of nonreflecting surfaces. It is particularly deadly in its effect on the brain centers.
It can be diverted, it is said, however, by a sheet composed of platinum backed by asbestos.
Next Kennedy opened the case which he had taken out of the cabinet, and from it he took out the platinum-asbestos mirror, which was something of his own invention. He held it up, and in pantomime showed me just how it would cut the deadly rays.
He had not finished even that when a

peculiar noise in the laboratory itself disturbed him, and he hastily thrust the asbestos-platinum shield into his pocket. Though we had not realized it, our return had been anticipated.
Suddenly, from a closet projected a magazine gun, and before we could move the Clutching Hand himself slowly appeared behind us.
"Ah!" he exclaimed with mock politeness, "so you thought you'd fool me, did you? Well!"
Just then two other crooks, who had let themselves in by the skeleton key through the basement, jumped into the room through that door covering us.
We started to our feet, but in an instant found ourselves sprawling on the floor.
In the cabinet, beneath the laboratory table, another crook had been hidden, and he tackled us with all the skill of an old foot ball player, against whom we had no defense.
Four of them were upon us instantly. At the same time Thomas, the faithful valet of Bennett, had been dispatched by Clutching Hand to commandeer his master's roadster in his absence, and, carrying out the instructions, he had driven up before Elaine's house at the very moment when she was going out for a walk.
Thomas jumped out of the car and touched his hat deferentially.
"A message from Mr. Bennett, ma'am," he explained. "Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Bennett have sent me to ask you to come over to the laboratory."
Unsuspecting, Elaine stepped into "he car and drove off.
Instead, however, of turning and pulling up on the laboratory side of the street, Thomas stopped opposite it. He got out, and Elaine, thinking that perhaps it was to save time that he had not turned the car around, followed.
But when the valet, instead of crossing the street, then went up to a door of a house and rang the bell, she began to suspect that all was not as it should be. "What are you going there for, Thomas?" she asked. "There's the laboratory there."
"But, Miss Dodge," he apologized, "Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Bennett are here. They told me they'd be here."
The door was opened quickly by a look-out of the Clutching Hand, and the valet asked if Craig and Elaine's lawyer were there and before Elaine knew it she was hustled into the dark hallway and the door was banged shut.
Resistance was useless now, and she was hurled along until another door was opened.
There she saw LeCroix and the other crooks.
And, as the door slammed, she caught sight of the fearsome Clutching Hand himself.
She drew back, but was too frightened even to scream.
With a harsh, cruel laugh the super-criminal beckoned to her to follow him and look down through a small trap door.
Unable now to resist, she did so.
There she saw LeCroix and the other had told the truth. Kennedy was standing in deep thought, while I sat on an old box smoking a cigaret—very miserable.
Was this to be the sole outcome of Kennedy's clever ruse, I was wondering. Were we only to be shipwrecked in sight of port?

As the various ineffectual schemes for escape surged through my head I happened to look up and caught a glance of horror on Craig's face. I followed his eyes. There, above us, was Elaine! I saw her look from us to the Clutching Hand in terror. But none of us uttered a word.
"I will now show you, my dear young lady," almost hissed the Clutching Hand at length, "as pretty a game of hide and seek as you have ever seen."
As he said it another trap door near the infra-red machine was opened and a beam of light burst through. I knew it was not that which we had to fear, but the invisible rays that accompanied it, the rays that had affected the holometer. Just then a spot of light showed near my foot, moving about the cement floor until it fell on my shoe. Instantly the leather charred even before I could move.
Kennedy and I leaped to our feet and drew back. The beam followed us. We retreated further. Still it followed, inexorably.
Clutching Hand was now holding Elaine near the door where she could not help seeing, laughing diabolically, while he directed Le Croix and the rest to work the infra-red ray apparatus.
"Please—oh, please—stop!" begged Elaine.
Clutching Hand only laughed with fiendish delight and urged his men on. The thing was getting closer and closer. Suddenly we heard a strange voice ring out above us.
"Police!"
"Where?" growled the Clutching Hand in fury.
"Outside—a raid! Run! He's told them!"
At that door a moment before the look-out suddenly had given a startled stare and a suppressed cry. Glancing down the street he had seen a police patrol in which were a score or more of the strong-arm squad. They had jumped out, some carrying sledge-hammers, others axes.
Almost before he could cry out and retreat to give a warning they had reached the door and the vast resounding blows had been struck.
The look-out quickly had fled and drawn the bolts of a strong inner door, and the police began battering that impediment.
"Instantly Clutching Hand turned to Le Croix at the F-ray machine.
"Finish them!" he shouted.
We were now backed up against a small ell in the wall of the cellar. It was barely large enough to hold us, but by crowding we were able to keep out of the reach of the ray. The ray shot past the ell and struck the wall a couple of inches from us.
I looked. The cement began to crumble under the intense heat.
Meanwhile the police were having great difficulty with the steel bolt-studded door. Still, it was yielding a bit.
"Hurry!" shouted Clutching Hand to Le Croix.
Kennedy had voluntarily placed himself in front of me in the ell. Carefully to avoid the ray, he took the asbestos-platinum shield from his pocket and slid it forward as best he could over the wall to the spot where the ray struck.
It deflected the ray.
But so powerful was it that even that part of the ray which was deflected could be seen to strike the ceiling in the corner, which was of wood. Instantly, before Kennedy could even move the shield, the wood burst into flames.
Above us now smoke was pouring into the room where the deflected ray struck the floor and flames broke out.
"Run!" shouted Clutching Hand, as they opened a secret gate, disclosing a spiral flight of iron steps.
A moment later all had disappeared except Clutching Hand himself. The last door would hold only a few seconds, but Clutching Hand was waiting to take advantage of even that. With a last frantic effort he sought to direct the terrible ray at us. Elaine acted instantly. With all her strength she rushed forward, overturning the machine.
Clutching Hand uttered a growl and slowly raised his gun, taking aim with the butt for a well directed blow at her head.
Just then the door yielded and a police-

man stuck his head and shoulders through. His revolver rang out and Clutching Hand's automatic flew out of his grasp, giving him just enough time to dodge through and slam the secret door in the faces of the squad as they rushed in.
Back of the house Clutching Hand and the other crooks were now passing through a bricked passage. The fire had got so far beyond control by this time that it drove the police back from their effort to open the secret door. Thus the Clutching Hand had made good his escape through the passage which led out, as we later discovered, to the railroad tracks along the river.
"Down there—Mr. Kennedy—and Mr. Jameson," cried Elaine, pointing at the trap which was hidden in the stifle.
The fire had gained terrific headway, but the police seized a ladder and stuck it down into the basement.
Choking and sputtering, half suffocated, we staggered up.
"Are you hurt?" asked Elaine, anxiously, taking Craig's arm.
"Not a bit—thanks to you!" he replied, forgetting all in meeting the eager questioning of her wonderful eyes.
(To be Continued.)

CHAPTER IX. The Death Ray

Kennedy was reading a scientific treatise one morning, while I was banking on the typewriter when a knock at the laboratory door disturbed us.
By some intuition Craig seemed to know who it was. He sprang to open the door, and there stood Elaine Dodge and her lawyer, Perry Bennett.
"Why—what's the matter?" he asked, solicitously.
"Another letter—from the Clutching Hand!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "Mr. Bennett was calling on me when this note was brought in. We both thought we'd better see you at once about it, and he was kind enough to drive me here right away in his car."
Craig took the letter and we both read with amazement.
"Are you an enemy to society? If not, order Craig Kennedy to leave the country by 9 o'clock tomorrow morning. Other wise a pedestal will drop dead outside his laboratory every hour until he leaves."
The note was signed by the now familiar sinister hand, and had added a postscript which read:
"As a token of his leaving, have him place a vase of flowers on his laboratory window today."
"What shall we do?" queried Bennett, evidently very much alarmed at the letter.
"Do?" replied Kennedy, laughing contemptuously at the apparent futile threat. "Why nothing. Just wait."
The day proved uneventful and I paid no further attention to the warning letter. It seemed too preposterous to amount to anything.
We got up as usual the next day, and quite early went over to the laboratory. Kennedy, as was his custom, plunged straightaway into his work and appeared absorbed by it, while I wrote.
"There is something queer going on, Walter," he remarked. "This thing registers some kind of wireless rays—infra-red, I think—something like those that they say that Italian scientist, Ulvi, claims he has discovered and called the 'F-rays'."
"How do you know?" I asked, looking up from my work. "What's the instrument you are using?"
"A bolometer, invented by the late Prof. Langley," he replied, his attention riveted on it.
As I moved over to look at the bolometer, I happened to glance into the busybody and saw that a crowd was rapidly collecting on the sidewalk.
"Look, Craig," I called hastily.
He hurried over to me and looked. We could both see in the busybody mirror a group of excited passersby bending over a man lying prostrate on the sidewalk.
He had evidently been standing on the curbside outside the laboratory and had suddenly put his hand to his forehead. Then he had literally crumpled up into a heap, as he sank to the ground.
The excited crowd lifted him up and bore him away and I turned in surprise to Craig. He was looking at his watch.
It was now only a few minutes past 9 o'clock.
Some time later our door was excitedly flung open and Elaine and Perry Bennett arrived.
"I've just heard of the accident," she cried, tearfully. "Isn't it terrible! What had we better do?"
For a few moments no one said a word. Then Kennedy began carefully examining the bolometer and some other recording instruments he had, while the rest of us watched, fascinated.
Somehow that "busybody" seemed to attract me. I could not resist looking into it from time to time as Kennedy worked.
I was scarcely able to control my excitement when again I saw the same scene enacted on the sidewalk before the laboratory. Hastily I looked at my watch. It was 10 o'clock!
"Craig! I cried. "Another!"
We watched, almost stunned by the suddenness of the thing, until finally, without a word, Kennedy turned away, his face set in tense lines.
"It's no use," he muttered, as we gathered about him. "We're beaten. I can't stand this sort of thing. I will leave tomorrow for South America."
I thought Elaine Dodge would faint at

the shock of his words coming so soon after the terrible occurrence outside. She looked at him, speculatively.
It happened that Kennedy had some artificial flowers on the stand, which he had been using long before in the study of synthetic coloring materials. Before Elaine could recover her tongue he seized them and stuck them into a tall beaker, like a vase. Then he deliberately walked to the window and placed the beaker on the ledge in a most prominent position.
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SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS. VALUABLE. HANDLE WITH CARE!

"Here—pile them in there," she said, indicating the taxicab. "I'll take care of them."
Meanwhile one of our sinister-faced friends had just had time to regain the shore after following us aboard ship and strolling past the window of our stateroom. He paused long enough to observe one of the occupants studying a map, while the other was opening a bag.
"They're gone!" he said to the other, as he rejoined him on the dock, giving a nod of his head and a jerk of his thumb at the ship.
"Yes," added the other crook, "and lost most of their baggage, too."
Slowly the car proceeded through the streets up from the river front, followed by the taxicab, until at last the Dodge mansion was reached.
There Elaine and Aunt Josephine got out, and Bennett stood talking with them a moment. Finally he excused himself for a lawyer, to get to his office.
As he hurried over to the subway, Elaine nodded to the porters in the taxicab. "Take that stuff in the house. We'll have to send it by the next boat."
Then she followed Aunt Josephine while the porters unloaded the boxes and bags. A moment later Aunt Josephine and Elaine went into the library and over to a table. She stood there an instant, then sank down into a chair, taking up Kennedy's picture and gazing at it with eyes filled by tears.
Just then Jennings came into the room ushering the two porters laden with the boxes and bags.
"Where shall I have them put these things, Miss Elaine?" he inquired.
"Oh, anywhere," she answered hurriedly replacing the picture.
Jennings paused. As he did so one of the porters limped forward.
"I've a message for you, miss," he said in a rich Irish brogue with a look at Jennings. "To be delivered in private."
Elaine glanced at him surprised. Then she did so the Irishman limped to the door and drew together the porters.
Then he came back closer to Elaine. A moment she looked at him, not quite knowing from his strange actions whether to call for help or not.
At a motion from Kennedy as he pulled off his wig I pulled off the little false beard.
Elaine looked at us transformed—startled.
"What—what?" she stammered. "Oh—I'm so glad. How?"
Kennedy said nothing. He was thoroughly enjoying her face.
"Don't you understand?" I explained, laughing merrily. "I admit that I didn't, until that last minute in the stateroom on the boat which he didn't come back to wave a last good-bye. But all the care that Craig took in selecting the porters was the result of work he did yesterday, and the insistence with which he chose our traveling clothes had a deep-laid purpose."
She said nothing, and I continued.
"The change was made quickly in the stateroom. Kennedy's man threw on the coat and hat he wore, while Craig donned the rough clothes of the porter and added a limp and a wig. The same sort of exchange of clothes was made by me, and

He had not finished even that when a

The Oldest Old Oaken Bucket.

Gardens in Palestine are found mainly in the environs of the larger towns and owe their existence to springs and cisterns whose precious waters give life to the fruits and flowers, orchards, parks and pleasure grounds which enter into the life of the people. They are carefully tended. Where no running stream exists the water for life upon capacious cisterns which "drink water" from the rain of heaven. They are always carefully enclosed and protected by hedge, walls and ditches, and the traveler is surprised amid the heat and glare of the Syrian sun to enter their pleasant pathways and find retired and shady nooks under emerald-green lawns. Their secluded recesses have always been a favorite resort for purposes of devotion. They are often the gathering place of families and friends and the tokens of peace and security are when a man may sit in safety under his own vine and fig-tree.—The Christian Herald.

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See the Pictures at the Following Theatres

Besse Theatre SOUTH OMAHA Every Wednesday Episode No. 9 March 3	GRAND Theatre 16th and Binney Every Thursday Episode No. 8 March 4
Favorite Theatre 1716 Vinton St. Every Tuesday Episode No. 9 March 2	Gem Theatre 1528 So. 13th St. Today Feb. 28 Best Projection in The City
PARLOR Theatre 14th and Douglas Episode No. 5 March 3	Nicholas Theatre Council Bluffs, Ia. Episode No. 2 March 2
MONROE THEATRE 2555 Farnam St. Every Wednesday—Episode No. 8, March 3	DIAMOND THEATRE 2410 Lake St. Every Tuesday Episode No. 7—March 2
LOTHROP THEATRE 3212 North 24th Street Episode No. 4—Today, Feb. 28	Episode No. 6—March 9 Tuesday. Episode No. 8 and 7—March 7, Sunday. Episode No. 5—March 13, Friday.

FOR BOOKINGS: Write PATHE EXCHANGE, Inc.
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