

# 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 Electric 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.

(Copyright, 1915, by the Star Co. All Foreign  
 Rights Reserved.)

### Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

The New York police are mystified by a series of murders and other crimes. The principal clue to the criminals is a warning letter which is sent the victims, signed with a "clutching hand." The victims of the mysterious assassin are Taylor Dodge, the wealthy insurance president. His daughter, Elaine, employs Craig Kennedy, the famous scientific detective, to try to unravel the mystery. What Kennedy accomplishes is told by his friend, Jameson, a newspaper editor. Entraced at the determined effort which Elaine and Craig Kennedy are making to put an end to his crimes, the Clutching Hand, as this strange criminal is known, resorts to all sorts of the most diabolical schemes to put them out of the way. Each chapter of the story tells of a new plot against their lives and of the way the great detective uses all his knowledge to save his pretty girl and himself from death. Finally, Long Sin, a Chinese criminal, bargains with Kennedy to betray the infamous Clutching Hand. Later the Clutching Hand summons Long Sin to assist in a plot to betray Long Sin to the police. Kennedy's new clue, the Elaine visits her lawyer, Bennett, Kennedy also visits her lawyer's secretary, without his knowledge, to compare type-written letters. Bennett, on seeing Kennedy, attempts to kill Elaine. Kennedy saves her and discovers by the Clutching Hand. Bennett, found out now, offers Long Sin part of his fortune. Long Sin, who had been hiding in a place of his millions, Long Sin to carry out the plan. Kennedy and Elaine, however, discover the body of Bennett, whom he declares poisoned himself. Thinking Bennett dead, Kennedy now tries to locate his assailant.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### Grip of the Chinese Devil

Rescued by Kennedy at last from the terrible incubus of Bennett's persecution in his double life of lawyer and master criminal, Elaine had, for the first time in many weeks, a feeling of security. Now that the strain was off, however, she felt that she needed rest and a chance to recover herself, and it had occurred to her that a few quiet days with Aunt Tabby, who was a little girl, could do her a world of good. She had sent for Aunt Tabby, yet the solicitation of the experiences through which she had just gone still hung over her. She could not resist thinking and reading about them as she sat one morning with the faithful Rusty in the conservatory of the Dodge house. I had told the story at length in the Star, and the hearing over it had caught her eye. It read:

#### THE CLUTCHING HAND IS DEAD

Double Life Exposed by Kennedy

Perry Bennett the Famous Young Lawyer Takes Poison—Craig Kennedy Now on Trail of Master Criminal's Hidden Millions.

As Elaine glanced down the column Jennings announced that Aunt Tabby, as she loved to call her old friend, had arrived and was now in the library with Aunt Josephine.

With an exclamation of delight Elaine dropped the paper and, followed by Rusty, almost ran into the library.

Aunt Tabby was a stout, elderly, jolly-faced woman, precisely the sort whom Elaine needed to watch over her just now.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you," cried out Elaine, as she literally flung herself into her aunt's arms. "I feel so unstrung, I thought that if I could just run off for a few days with you and Joshua in the country, where no one would know, it might make me feel better. You have always been so good to me, Marie! Are my things packed? Very well, then get my wraps."

Her maid left the room.

"Here your soul, mothered Aunt Tabby, stroking her soft, golden hair, "I'm always glad to have you in that fine house, you brought me. And, faith, Miss Elaine, the house is a splendid place to rest in, but I don't know what the matter with it lately. Joshua says it's haunted."

"Haunt?" repeated Elaine, in amused surprise. "Why, what do you mean?"

Marie entered with the wraps before Aunt Tabby could reply, and Jennings followed with the baggage.

"Now for a look ride in the good fresh air," sighed Elaine, as she leaned back on the cushions of the Dodge limousine and patted Rusty, while the butler stowed away the bags.

The air certainly did, if anything, lighten the beauty of Elaine, and at last she arrived at Aunt Tabby's, tired and hungry.

The car stopped and Elaine, Aunt Tabby and the dog got out. There, waiting for them, was "Uncle" Joshua, as Elaine playfully called him, a former gardener of the Dodge, now a plain, honest countryman on whom the city was fast encroaching, a jolly old fellow, unharmed by the world.

Aunt Tabby's was an attractive, small house, not many miles from New York, yet in the general line of suburban rest.

Kennedy and I had decided to bring Bennett's papers and documents over to the laboratory to examine them. We were now engaged in going over the great mass of material which he had collected in the hope of finding some clue to the stolen millions which he must have amassed as a result of his villainy. The table was almost black.

A knock at the door told us that the expressman had arrived and a moment later he entered, delivering a heavy box.

Kennedy signed for it and started to unpack it.

I was hard at work when I came across a large manila envelope, carefully sealed, on which were written the figures "71-00000." Too excited ever to exclaim, I tore the envelope open and examined the contents.

Inside was another envelope. I opened that. It contained merely a blank piece of paper!

With characteristic skill at covering his tracks, Bennett had also covered his money. Puzzled, I turned the paper over and over, looking at it carefully. It was a large sheet of paper, but it showed nothing.

Kennedy had by this time finished unpacking the box and was examining a bottle which he had taken from it.

"Come here, Walter," he called at length. "Eye see anything like that?"

"I can't say," I confessed, getting up to go to him. "What is it?"

"Bring a piece of paper," he added.

I went back to the desk where I had been working and looked about hastily. My eye fell on the blank sheet of paper which I had taken from Bennett's envelope, and I picked it up from the basket.

"Here's one," I said, handing it to him. "What are you doing?"

Kennedy did not answer directly, but began to treat the paper with the liquid from the bottle. Then he lighted a Bunsen burner and thrust the paper into the flame. The paper did not burn!

"A new system of fireproofing," laughed Craig, enjoying my astonishment.

He continued to hold the paper in the flame. Still it did not burn.

"See," he went on, withdrawing it and starting to explain the properties of the new fireproofing.

He had scarcely begun when he stopped in surprise. He had happened to glance at the paper again, bent over to examine it more intently and was now looking at it in surprise.

I looked also. There, clearly discernible on the paper, was a small part of what looked like an architect's drawing of a fireplace.

Craig looked up at me, nonplussed. "Where did you say you got that?" he asked.

"It was a blank piece of paper among Bennett's effects," I returned, as mystified as he, pointing at the littered desk at which I had been working.

Kennedy said nothing, but thrust the paper back again into the flame. Slowly the heat of the burner seemed to bring out the complete drawing of the fireplace.

We looked at it, even more mystified. "What is it, do you suppose?" I queried.

"I hardly," he replied slowly, "that it was drawn with sympathetic ink. The heat of the burner brought it out into sight."

What was it about?

Elaine had gone to bed that night at Aunt Tabby's in the room which her old nurse had fixed up especially for her. It was a very attractive little room with mainly white curtains and covers and for the first time in many weeks Elaine slept soundly and fearlessly.

Downstairs, in the living room, Rusty also was asleep, his nose between his paws.

The living room was in keeping with everything at Aunt Tabby's, plain, neat, homelike. On one side was a large fireplace that gave to it an air of quiet hospitality.

Suddenly Rusty woke up, his ears pointed at this fireplace. He stood a moment, listening, then with a bark of alarm he sped swiftly from the living room, up the stairs at a bound until he came to Elaine's room.

Elaine felt his cold nose at her hand and stirred, then awoke.

"What is it, Rusty?" she asked, mindful of the former days when Rusty gave warning of the Clutching Hand and his cronies.

Rusty wagged his tail. Something was wrong.

Elaine followed him down to the living room. She went over and lighted the electric lamp on the table, then turned to Rusty.

"Well, Rusty," she repeated almost as if he were human. She had no need of repeating the question. Rusty was looking straight at the fireplace.

Elaine listened. Sure enough, she heard strange noises. Was that Aunt Tabby's "Haunt"? Whatever it was it sounded as if it came up from the very depths of the earth.

She could not make out just what it sounded like. It might have been something striking a piece of iron, a bolt, with a sledge.

What was it?

She continued to listen in wonder, then ran to her Aunt Tabby's bedroom door, on the first floor, and knocked.

Aunt Tabby woke up and shook Joshua. "Aunt Tabby! Aunt Tabby!" called Elaine.

"Yes, my dear," answered the old nurse, now fully awake and straightening her night cap—"Joshua!"

Together the old couple came out into the living room, still in their nightclothes, Joshua yawning sleepily.

"Listen!" whispered Elaine.

There was the noise again. This time it was more as though some one were beating a rat-tat-tat with something on a rock. It was weird, uncanny, as all stood there, some knowing where the strange noises came from.

"It's the haunt!" cried Aunt Tabby, trembling a bit. "For three nights now we've been hearing these noises."

Finally Joshua went to a table drawer and opened it. He took out a huge, murderer-looking revolver.

"Here, Miss Elaine," he urged, pressing



The Whole Roof of the Secret Chamber Fell with a Crash

It on her. "Take this—keep it near you."

The noises ceased at length, as strangely as they had begun.

Half an hour later they had all gone back to bed and were asleep. But Elaine's sleep now was fitful, a constant procession of faces flitted before her closed eyes.

Suddenly she woke with a start and stared into the semi-darkness. Was that face real, or a dream face? Was it the hideous helmeted face that had dragged her down into the sewer once? That man was dead. Who was this?

She stared at the bedroom window, noting the huge revolver tightly. There, vague in the night light, appeared a figure. Surely that was no dream face of the oxygen helmet. Besides, it was not the same helmet.

She sat bolt upright and fired, point-blank at the window, shivering the glass. A second later she had leaped from the bed, switched on the light and was running to the sill.

Downstairs Aunt Tabby and Uncle Joshua had heard the shot. Joshua was now wide awake. He rushed to the door, followed by Aunt Tabby, he hurried to Elaine.

"Why—what was it?" he asked, puffing at the exertion of running upstairs.

"I saw a face—at the window—with some kind of a thing over it," gasped Elaine. "It was like one I saw once before."

Uncle Joshua did not wait to hear any more. With the gun pointed ahead of him, ready for instant action, he ran out of the room and into the garden, beneath Elaine's window.

He happened to look down at the ground. Before him was a small box. He picked it up. "Here's something, though," he said.

Joshua went back into the house.

"What is it?" asked Elaine, as she rejoined the women.

She took the curious little box and unfastened the cover. As she opened it she drew back. There in the box was a little ivory figure of a man, all hunched up and shrunken, a hideous figure. She recoiled from it—it reminded her too much of the Chinese devil-wood she had seen—and she dropped the box.

For a moment all stood looking at it in horrified amazement.

It was the afternoon following the day of our strange discovery of the fireplace done up sympathetic ink on the apparently blank sheet of paper in Bennett's effects, when the speaking tube sounded and I answered it.

"Why—it's Elaine!" I exclaimed.

Kennedy's face showed the keenest pleasure at the unexpected visit. "Tell her to come right up," he said quickly.

I opened the door for her.

"Why—Elaine—I'm awfully glad to see you," he greeted, "but I thought you were rusticated."

"I was; but, Craig, it seems to me that wherever I go something happens," she returned. "You know, Aunt Tabby said there were haunts. I thought it was an old woman's fear—but last night I heard the strangest noises out there, and I thought I saw a face at the window—a face in a helmet. And when Joshua went out, this is what he found on the ground under the window."

She handed Kennedy a box, a peculiar affair, which she touched gingerly and only with signs of the greatest aversion.

Kennedy opened it. There, in the bottom of the box, was a little ivory figure of a man. He looked at it curiously a moment.

"Let me see," he murmured, still regarding the sign. "The house you bought for Aunt Tabby once belonged to Bennett, didn't it?"

Elaine nodded her head. "Yes, but I don't see what that can have to do with it," she agreed, adding with a shudder, "Bennett is dead."

Kennedy had taken a piece of paper from the desk where he had put it away carefully. "Have you ever seen anything that looks like this?" he asked, handing her the paper.

Elaine looked at the plan carefully, as Kennedy and I scanned her face. She glanced up, her expression showing plainly the wonder she felt.

"Why, yes," she answered. "That looks like Aunt Tabby's fireplace in the living room."

Kennedy said nothing for a moment. Then he seized his hat and coat.

"If you don't mind," he said, "we'll go back there with you."

"Mind?" she repeated. "Just what I had hoped you would do."

New York did not know of the arrival of Wu, Pang, the mysterious, yet, by dawn in the secret recesses of Chinatown, in the streets that are desolate and dark, the Oriental crows knew—and trembled.

Thus it happened that Long Sin was not permitted to enjoy even the forestage of Bennett's spolia, which he had forced from him after his weird transformation into his real self, the Clutching Hand, when the Chinaman had given him the poisoned draught that had put him into his long sleep.

He had obtained the paper showing where the treasure amassed by the

Clutching Hand was hidden, but Wu Pang, his master had come.

The night following his arrival Wu Pang was reclining on a divan, when his servant announced that Long Sin was at the door.

"Have you brought the map with you?" asked Wu, as Long Sin entered.

Long Sin bowed low again, and drew from under his coat the paper which he had obtained from Bennett. "For a moment the two, master and slave in guise, bent over, closely studying it."

At one point on the map Long Sin's bony finger paused over a note which Bennett had made:

"Beware poisoned gas upon opening apartment."

"And you think you can trace it out?" asked Wu.

"Without a doubt," bowed Long Sin.

Suddenly he half turned, raised his arm and dashed something to the earth, much as a child explodes a toy torpedo. I fully expected that it was a bomb; but, as a moment later I found that Kennedy and I were still unharmed, I knew that it must be some other product of this devilish genius.

The thickest and most impenetrable smoke seemed to pervade the narrow cavern.

"A Chinese smoke bomb!" muttered and coughed Kennedy, as he retreated a minute, then with renewed vigor endeavored to penetrate the dense and opaque fumes.

When managed to go ahead still, but the intruder had exploded one after another of his peculiar bombs, always keeping ahead of the smoke which he created, and we found that under its cover he had made good his escape, probably reaching the entrance of the cave in the underbrush.

At the other end of the passageway, up in the living room of the cottage, the draught had carried large quantities of the smoke. Elaine, Aunt Tabby and Joshua, coughing and choking, saw it and opened a window, which seemed to cause a current of air to sweep through the whole length of the passageway and helped to clear away the fumes rapidly.

Long Sin, meanwhile, had started to work his way through the bushes to reach the waiting car, with Wu, then he paused and listened. Hearing no sound, he replaced the helmet, which he had taken off.

Pursuit was now useless for us. With

He was working furiously to take advantage of the fifteen minutes or so before the next car would pass.

The tunnel had been widened out at this point into a small subterranean chamber. It was dug out of the earth and the roof was roughly propped up, most of the weight being borne by one main wooden prop which, in the dampness, had now become old and decayed.

On one side it was evident that Long Sin had already been at work, digging and drilling through the earth and rock. He had some so far now that he had disclosed what looked like the face of a small safe set directly into the rock.

As he worked, he would stop from time to time and consult the map. Then he would take up drilling again.

He had now come to the point on which Bennett had written his warning. Quickly he opened the bag and took the oxygen helmet, which he adjusted carefully over his head. Then he set to work with redoubled energy.

It was that drill as well as his pounding on the rock which had so alarmed Elaine and Aunt Tabby the night before and which now had been the signal for Kennedy's excursion of discovery.

As I spoke my hand loosened a piece of rock that jutting out and before I knew it there was a crash.

"Confound it, Walter," exclaimed Kennedy.

Down the passageway the figure was now thoroughly on the alert, starting with his goggle-like eyes into the blackness in our direction. It was not the roof above him that was unsafe. He was watched, and he did not hesitate a minute to act.

He seized the bag and picked his way quickly through the passage as if thoroughly familiar with every turn of the walls and roughness of the floor.

We were discovered and if we were to accomplish anything it was now or never. Kennedy dashed forward and I followed close after him.

We were making much better time than our strange visitor and were gaining on him rapidly. Nearer and nearer we came to him, for in spite of his familiarity with the cavern he was hampered by the outlandish headgear that he wore.

It was only another instant when Kennedy would have laid his hand on him.

Suddenly he half turned, raised his arm and dashed something to the earth, much as a child explodes a toy torpedo. I fully expected that it was a bomb; but, as a moment later I found that Kennedy and I were still unharmed, I knew that it must be some other product of this devilish genius.

The thickest and most impenetrable smoke seemed to pervade the narrow cavern.

"A Chinese smoke bomb!" muttered and coughed Kennedy, as he retreated a minute, then with renewed vigor endeavored to penetrate the dense and opaque fumes.

When managed to go ahead still, but the intruder had exploded one after another of his peculiar bombs, always keeping ahead of the smoke which he created, and we found that under its cover he had made good his escape, probably reaching the entrance of the cave in the underbrush.

At the other end of the passageway, up in the living room of the cottage, the draught had carried large quantities of the smoke. Elaine, Aunt Tabby and Joshua, coughing and choking, saw it and opened a window, which seemed to cause a current of air to sweep through the whole length of the passageway and helped to clear away the fumes rapidly.

Long Sin, meanwhile, had started to work his way through the bushes to reach the waiting car, with Wu, then he paused and listened. Hearing no sound, he replaced the helmet, which he had taken off.

Pursuit was now useless for us. With

revolvers drawn we crept back along the passageway until we came again to the chamber itself. There, on the floor, lay a bag of tools, opened, as though somebody had been working with them.

"Caught red-handed!" exclaimed Kennedy, with great satisfaction.

He looked at the tools a minute and then at the electric drill, and finally an idea seemed to strike him. He took up the drill and advanced toward the safe. Then he turned on the current and applied the drill.

The drill was of the very latest design and it went quickly through the steel. But beyond that there was another thin steel partition. This Kennedy tackled next.

The drill went through and he withdrew it.

Instantly, the most penetrating and nauseous odor seemed to pervade everything. Kennedy cried out. But his warning was too late. We staggered back, overcome by the escaping gas, and fell to the ground.

Long Sin, with his oxygen helmet on again, had returned to the passageway and was now stealthily creeping back.

He came to the chamber and there discovered us lying on the ground overcome. He bent down, and to his great satisfaction, saw that we were really unconscious.

Quickly he moved over to the safe and pried open the last thin steel plate.

Inside was a small box. He picked it up and tried to open it, but it was locked. There was no time to work over it here, and he took it under his arm and started to leave.

He paused a moment to look at us, then took out a piece of paper and a pencil and on the paper wrote, "Thanks for your trouble."

Beneath it was signed by his special stamp—the serpent's head, mouth open and fangs showing.

Long Sin looked at us a moment, then a subtle smile seemed to spread over his face. At last he had us in his power.

He drew out a long, wicked-looking Chinese knife and stuck it through the note.

Then he felt the edge of the knife. It was keen.

In the sitting room, Elaine, Aunt Tabby and Joshua had been listening intently at the fireplace, but heard nothing.

"I can't stand it any longer," cried Elaine. "I'm going down there to see what has become of them."

Aunt Tabby and Joshua tried to stop her, but she broke away from them and went down the ladder. Rusty leaped after her.

Joshua tried to follow, but Aunt Tabby held him back.

Elaine was now making her way as rapidly as she could through the tunnel, with Rusty beside her.

It was just as Long Sin had raised his knife that the sound of footsteps alarmed him.

He paused and leaped to his feet.

There was no time for either to retreat. He started toward Elaine and seized her roughly.

Back and forth over the rocky floor they struggled. As they fought, she with frantic strength, he craftily, he backed her slowly up against the prop that upheld the roof.

The whole roof of the chamber fell with a crash, earth and stone overwhelming Elaine and her assailant.

By this time Joshua had left the house, and had gone out into the garden to get something to pry open the fireplace door.

Of a sudden, to his utter amazement, a few feet from him, it seemed as if the very earth sank in his garden, leaving a yawning chasm.

He looked, unable to make it out. Before his very eyes a strange figure,

the figure of Long Sin in his oxygen helmet, appeared, struggling up as if by magic, from the very earth, shaking the debris off himself, as a dog would shake off the water after a plunge in a pond.

By this time Joshua was digging furiously. Rusty, too, seemed to understand. He threw back the earth with his paws, helping with every ounce of strength in his little body.

At last the spade turned up a bit of cloth.

"Elaine," Aunt Tabby cried out again. She was in a sort of little pocket, protected by the fortunate formation of the earth as it fell, yet almost suffocated; weak, but conscious.

Aunt Tabby rushed up as Joshua laid down the spade and lifted out Elaine.

They were about to carry her into the house, when she cried weakly, but with all her remaining strength:

"No—no—Dug! Craig—Walter!" she managed to gasp.

Rusty, too, was still at it. Joshua fell to again. Man and dog worked with a will.

"There they are!" cried Elaine, as