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THE EXPLOITS OF ELAINE

A DETECTIVE NOVEL AND A MOTION PICTURE DRAMA

Presented by This Newspaper in Collaboration With the Famous Pathe Players.

Featuring
Miss Pearl White.....**Elaine Dodge**
Mr. Arnold Daly.....**"Craig Kennedy"**
Mr. Edwin Arden.....**Wu-Fang**
 The Famous Scientific Detective of Fiction.
 The Chinese Master Criminal
WRITTEN BY ARTHUR B. REEVE
 The Well-Known Novelist and the
 Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Stories
Dramatised into a Photo-Play by Chas. W. Goddard,
 Author of "The Perils of Pauline."

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.

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 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 latest victim of the mysterious assassin is 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 man. Each chapter deals with a new plot against the lives of Kennedy and Elaine, but each time the master criminal is defeated by the marvelous skill of Kennedy. At last Kennedy discovers the Clutching Hand to be the famous lawyer, Bennett. His identity known, he flees to the den of a Chinese criminal, who had assisted him in many of his criminal operations. After the Chinaman forces Bennett to tell the secret of his wealth, he gives him a poison which will suspend animation for months. In this unconscious state, Kennedy sees Bennett and supposes him dead. It is the cunning displayed by these Chinese criminals in preventing Kennedy from locating Bennett's fortune, that bring new perils to Elaine. Wu-Fang kidnaps Elaine, believing she has the cryptic ring which will open the vault to Bennett's wealth. Kennedy makes a duplicate ring to free Wu-Fang or Elaine's release, but his plan fails. Wu-Fang enters Elaine's home concealed in a huge vase, recovers the real ring. Later he opens the vault, but is prevented from carrying away \$7,000,000 worth of jewelry by the unexpected arrival of Kennedy and Jameson. The Clutching Hand's wealth now in his possession, he turns to the task of finding Elaine.

The Deadly Germs

CHAPTER XVII.
 Elaine was still in the power of Wu-Fang. Kennedy had thwarted the Chinese master criminal in his search for the millions amassed by the Clutching Hand. But any joy that might have derived from this triumph was completely obscured by the fear that Wu might wreak some diabolical vengeance on Elaine. Nor were Kennedy's fears unfounded. Wu and Long Sin had scarcely reached the secret apartment back of the deceptive exterior of the Chinatown tenement, when the subtle Chinaman began to contemplate his revenge.

Long Sin was smoking a Chinese pipe, reeling after their hurried flight, while Wu, the tireless, was seated at a table at the other end of the room. At last Wu-Fang took up a long Chinese dirk from the table before him, looking at it intently, felt its edge. It was keen and the point was sharp. He rose and deliberately walked across to a door leading into a back room.

On a couch lay Elaine and with her, as a guardian, was Weepy Mary whom the Clutching Hand had used to lure her to the church where the faked record of her father's marriage was supposed to be. Indeed, though Wu had lost the Clutching Hand's millions, he had seen his chance and had fallen heir to what was left of Bennett's criminal organization.

As Wu, the serpent, entered and advanced slowly toward Elaine, she eyed him with a look of intense fear. He stopped before him in deadly fear. He stepped back without a word and his menacing eye seemed to read her very thoughts.

Slowly he drew from under his robe the Clutching Hand's ring, held it up to the light and gazed significantly at Elaine. She shrank back even further, as far as the divan would permit.

It was a critical moment. Just then Long Sin entered. "One of the 5,000,000 waits outside," he reported simply, with a bow.

Out in the front room, just a moment before, a knock at the door had disturbed Long Sin, and a Chinese servant had announced a visitor. Long Sin had waved to the servant to usher him in and a poorly clad coolie had entered.

He bowed at Long Sin, and then, "Where is the master?" he had asked. Long Sin had not hesitated to speak. With a mere wave of his hand, he indicated that he would be the bearer of the message, and had followed Wu through the door of the back room.

So almost by chance, Wu was interrupted in the brutal vengeance which had first come to him. He checked the knife and, still without a word, went back into the main room, giving a nod to Weepy Mary to guard Elaine closely.

Wu eyed the coolie until the newcomer could almost feel the master's penetrating gaze, although his head was bowed in awe. Quickly the coolie thrust his hand under his blouse and drew forth a package. With another bow, he advanced.

"For your enemies, on master," he said, handing the package over to Wu. For the first time since the loss of the treasure, Wu-Fang seemed to take an interest in something other than revenge. The coolie started to open the package, removed the paper wrapper, and then a silk wrapping inside. Finally he came to a box, from which he drew a leather pouch, each operation conducted with greater care as it became evident that the contents were especially precious in some way. Then he took from the pouch a small vial.

Almost speechless, seized her by both hands. For a few seconds none of us could speak. Then followed a veritable flood of eager conversation. I watched Elaine carefully; in fact, we all did, for she seemed, in spite of the excitement of her return, to be almost a complete nervous wreck from the terrible experiences she had undergone.

"Won't you come and stay with me a few days up in the country, dear?" urged Mary at last. Elaine thought a moment, then turned to Aunt Josephine.

"Yes," considered her aunt. "I think it would do you good. Still she hesitated, then shyly looked at Kennedy and laughed. "You, too, Craig, must be fagged out," she said frankly. "Come up there with us and take a rest."

Kennedy smiled. "I shall be delighted," and accepted promptly. "You, too, Mr. Jameson," she added, turning to him.

I hesitated a moment and Kennedy tried to catch my eye. I was just about to speak when he brought his head down sharply on his toes. I looked at him again and caught just the trace of a nod of his head. I saw that I was to drop.

"No," thank you," I replied. "I'm afraid I'd better not go. Really, I have too much work staring at me. I can't get away—but it's a very kind of you to think of asking me."

We chatted, then left a few moments so that Kennedy could pack. Around the corner from the laboratory, as we dashed out, had been, as I have said, Wu-Fang and Long Sin looking out from the limousine. No sooner had we disappeared across the campus than their driver started up the car and they sped around to our apartment.

Cautiously they alighted and walked down the street. Then making sure they were not observed, they entered and mounted the stairs to our doorway. Long Sin was stationed down the hall on guard while Wu-Fang drew from his pocket a blank key, a file and a candle. He lighted the candle and held the key in its flame until it was covered with soot.

Then he inserted the key in the keyhole, turned it and took the key out. Working quickly now, he examined the key sharply. In the soot were slight scratches indicating where it stuck and preventing the turning of the key. He filed the key, trying it again and again. Finally he finished and opened the door. Beckoning Long Sin, he entered our rooms.

Finally his eye rested on the telephone. It seemed to suggest an idea to him and he crossed the hall with a key, unlocked the receiver on the hook, he unscrewed the case which held the diaphragm, while with his clever fingers he held the rest of the instrument intact.

Then he removed from his pocket the vial which the coolie had given him and placed its contents on the diaphragm. He quickly now he replaced the receiver, and, having finished their work, Long Sin and Wu-Fang stealthily crept out.

A second time, as we approached our apartment after the visit to Elaine, we were too excited to notice the limousine in which were Wu and Long Sin. But no sooner had we entered the door than we left the car with a final word of instruction from his master.

Upstairs, in the apartment, Kennedy began hurriedly to pack, and I helped him as well as I could. We were in the midst of it when the telephone rang and I answered it.

"Hello!" I called. There was no response. "Hello, hello!" I repeated, raising my voice. Still there was no answer. I worked the hook up and down, but could get no reply. Finally, disgusted, I hung up.

A moment later, I recall now, it seemed to me as though I had been struck a pin into the lobe of my ear. Still, I thought nothing of it in the excitement of Kennedy's departure, and went to work again to help him pack.

We had scarcely got back to work, when the telephone jangled again, and a second time I answered it. "Is Mr. Kennedy there?" came back a strange voice.

I handed the instrument to Craig. "Hello," he called. "Who is this?" No response. "Hello, hello," he shouted, working the hook as I had done and, as in my case, there was still no answer.

"Some crank," he exclaimed, jangling the receiver in disgust and returning to his packing. Neither of us noticed anything of it at the time, but now I recall that I did see Kennedy once or twice press the lobe of his ear as though something had hurt it.

We did not know until later that in a pay station down the street our arch enemy, Long Sin, had been calling us up and then, with a wicked smile, refusing to speak to us.

It was about a week later that I came home one night from the Star, feeling done up. Whatever it was, a violent fever seemed to have come on me suddenly. I thought nothing of it, at first, because I had the most intense, shivering, excruciating pains in my limbs, and delicious headache. I recall, too, that I felt a peculiar soreness on the ear. It was all like nothing I had ever had before.

Indeed the next morning when I woke up, I felt a lassitude that made it quite hard enough even to lounge about in my bath robe. Finally, feeling no better, I decided to see a doctor; I put on my clothes with a decided effort and went out.

"Here—look on this paper," he cried. "From the telephone—"

He had risen and was handing the paper to the scientist when his weakness overcame him. He fell flat on his face on the floor and dropped the paper, spilling the contents.

Godowski, now thoroughly alarmed, bent over Craig. But the delirium had overcome Kennedy, too.

Unable to make any sense out of Craig's broken wanderings, Godowski lost no time in taking samples of our blood. Then he hurried away to his laboratory in his car. As he did so, however, Long Sin leaped into a taxi cab which was waiting and followed.

In Godowski's laboratory, where he was studying tropical diseases, the bacteriologist set to work at once to confirm his own growing suspicions.

From a monkey, which he drew there for experimental purposes, he drew off some blood samples. Then, with the aid of his assistant, he took the blood samples he had obtained from the monkey's blood, under the microscope, seemed full of rather elongated wriggling germs of a peculiar species. In and out they made their way among the blood corpuscles such like a dart aimed at life itself.

Then he took the samples of our blood. In this way the same germs—carried by that gruesome tick—"The spiroillum!" he muttered. "They are infected with African recurrent fever. The only remedy is atoxyl, administered intravenously, after the manner of Prof. Ehrlich's famous '66'."

Godowski had rung the call bell hastily for a messenger, when Long Sin, who had managed stealthily to creep up to the doctor's laboratory window, scowled through at the action—then moved away.

While his assistant gathered the apparatus, the doctor wrote: "Miss Anne Septix, 301 West—10th Street: Please go at once to the apartment of Craig Kennedy, —Clarendon Avenue. Surgical case. GODOWSKI, M. D."

The boy arrived finally and the doctor gave him a generous tip to hurry with the note.

He had not turned the corner, however, when Long Sin appeared. Subtly he played on the boy's cupidity to get him to deliver a note of his own, even offered to deliver the boy's note for him. The flash of a five-dollar bill made the rest easy.

As the boy disappeared on a fake errand, Long Sin, with the real note hurried downtown, smiling wickedly.

"They have discovered the fever, master," he reported in the den. "Wu is besting himself with rage. Before he could speak, however, Long Sin spread out Godowski's message. "But I have this," he added.

It took merely a glance to suggest to Wu a new plan of action. He rose and moved quickly into the back room. "Come," he ordered Weepy Mary. "You must dress up as a nurse—immediately. Quickly she donned one of the numerous disguises, while Wu planned his campaign."

"Here," he directed when she was ready, handing her a little vial. "You must infect every instrument the doctor uses on Kennedy and Jameson—see?"

She nodded, and a moment later was on her way uptown.

Meanwhile Godowski himself had arrived at our apartment, much to the relief of our friend Johnson, and was unpacking his instruments. Quickly he improvised two operating tables, and placed one on each. Then, with his assistant, he put on his white robe, mask, gloves and other precautions for asepsis, setting out the apparatus for the intravenous administration of the drug that would kill the spiroillum.

Godowski was busy with the atoxyl, mixing it in a normal salt solution. He would drop in a few drops of an acid, thus a few drops of alkaline solution, so as to keep the mixture neutral. Finally, he poured the solution into a container to the bottom of which was attached a long tube. This container he raised high over our heads, clamping the tube.

Then he fastened a tiny needle to the end of the tube, so that it could be inserted in our arms, catching skillfully a vein—very difficult piece of work in which he excelled. The liquid would then flow by the force of gravity from the container down through the tube, through the hollow needle and into the vein where it would act on the germs of the fever.

"Look!" he said, turning to his microscope. He took some blood from a test tube in our electric incubator and placed a drop on a slide. It was some of the blood infected by the germs carried by the tick.

"That is how our blood looked—before the new nurse arrived," he smiled, while Elaine looked at it in horror.

Then he pricked his arm and let a drop smear on another slide. "Now look at that—perfectly normal," he added.

"Oh—I'm so glad," she exclaimed radiantly. "Normal—thanks to you. You saved us. You were just in time," cried Craig taking both her hands in his.

(To be Continued.)

TERRIBLE BREAKING OUT ON HEAD

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When my little daughter was two years old she had a terrible breaking out on her head which annoyed her a great deal. It came in yellow blisters which would break and run and where the master would go it would break out again. It itched and burned. She would scratch and cry all night. The trouble spread very fast. It gave her great distress and caused her hair to fall out.

I applied various remedies without receiving any benefit. At last with little help I began the use of Cuticura Soap as a shampoo and then applied the Cuticura Ointment. In one week her trouble was all gone and she has never been bothered since. (Signed Mrs. Lucy B. Utley, June 26, 1914.)

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