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Mr. Arnold Daly..... **"Craig Kennedy"**
 The Famous Scientific Detective of Fiction.
Mr. Edwin Arden..... **Wu-Fang**
 The Chinese Master Criminal

WRITTEN BY ARTHUR B. REEVE
 The Well-Known Novelist and the
 Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Stories
 Dramatized Into a Photo-Play by Chas. W. Goddard,
 Author of "The Perils of Paulina."

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 baffled 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 "stitching 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 "Stitching Hand" to be Elaine's trusted lawyer, Bennett. His identity known, he tries to prevent Kennedy from locating Bennett's fortune that brings new perils to Elaine.

Wu Fang had first decided to kill Elaine, as his revenge for the act of Kennedy, who had prevented him from taking Bennett's wealth. Instead he received from a Chinese coolie a vital containing the African like which carries the deadly recurrent fever. He sends Elaine to her surprise, while Kennedy and Jameson rush from the laboratory to greet Elaine Wu Fang and Long Sin enter and infect the telephone. Later Kennedy and Jameson are near death from the fever, being saved only by Kennedy's discovery of the help of Elaine and a specialist.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Deluge of Death

In an opinion down in a cellar in the heart of Chinatown, Long Sin lay in a bunk, contemplating what form of revenge he might suggest to his master, Wu Fang.

About him were many Chinese, and even white men, all dreaming dreams of the great things they would do, dreams which were dissipated into ashes, even as the drug in the pipes which gave them their shadowy forms.

Hop Ling, the proprietor, was just about to hand Long Sin a pipe with a half-cooked pill when a well-dressed white man entered and stood gazing about. The other occupants of the room eyed him with suspicion and Long Sin, catching sight of him as Hop handed him the pipe, joined in the general scrutiny.

"See, a white devil," he muttered to Hop under his breath, calling his attention to the stranger.

Hop Ling moved forward and accented the newcomer. "Why does the white man visit us?" he asked suavely, though coldly.

"I am Jack Sprague, the aviator," replied the visitor, still looking about. "I smoke the stuff for my nerves. Come across with a pipe, boss."

Hop considered a moment, then at a nod from Long Sin, whose opinion he valued highly, led Sprague over to an empty bunk nearby.

Long Sin continued to eye the stranger critically. Finally as Sprague settled himself, the Chinaman pulled himself out of his bunk and moved to the airman.

"How are you?" greeted Long Sin in English.

It was Sprague's turn now to be suspicious of Long Sin with his sinister face. "You are an aviator?" pursued the Chinaman.

Sprague nodded. "You said it," he replied in laconic slang.

"You fly for money?" inquired Long Sin.

"You bet--enough of it," returned Sprague now interested.

Long Sin squatted down and they talked and smoked. Half an hour later, Jack Sprague, his nerve restored and his curiosity aroused by the promises of Long Sin, accompanied his new friend out of the hop joint.

They passed through the narrow streets of the Chinese quarter and finally entered what looked like a squalid tenement. There Long Sin nodded and whispered to a servant, and a moment later were admitted to an ante-room of Wu Fang, the serpent.

"Master," bowed Long Sin as Wu received him, "I have here a man whom we may use."

Wu nodded graciously to Sprague, while his slave bent down and whispered in his ear in deep gutturals, moving his hands in expressive circles through the air Wu's brow clouded, but at last he seemed to catch the idea.

"You mean, then, that he flies?" he asked.

Long Sin nodded. "Not only does he fly, master," he said, "but from his aeroplane he can drop anything and hit a mark."

He made a motion with spread fingers as though a bomb had been thrown down into the air and had burst.

"Come with me," beckoned Wu to Sprague, as he put on his street clothes to go out.

open. Wu Fang, followed by Long Sin and Sprague, entered.

"Where is Kennedy; is he there?" demanded Wu.

"Yes--see--master," returned the young Chinaman, turning toward the window. They all moved over and took up the field glasses in turn.

"Where has he been today?" queried Wu.

"At the fort on Staten Island with the white girl and a man, Lieutenant Waters. They are coming to the workshop across the street tomorrow to see some western magic with a thing named trodite that explodes."

At the word "explodes," Wu glanced quickly at Sprague.

"I have a plan," he remarked slyly, gathering them all about him and assigning separate parts to each as he outlined it.

That night at the fort all was quiet. In the railroad yards nearby stood a freight train on a siding where it had been drilled late, loaded with a fresh consignment of the new explosive, trodite, from the mills.

A sentry was pacing up and down the cinders beside the train when a very pretty girl made her way along the tracks.

"Can you tell me the way to the trolleys?" she asked.

It was a perfectly simple question. But there was no mistaking the look she gave him. It was Flirty Florie. She did not want the trolley. She wanted to flirt, and she used her eyes effectively.

"Two blocks to the left, madam," the sentry returned, setting his face sternly, for he had a sweetheart quite the equal of Flirty.

"Are you a man?" Flirty taunted, dejected at her failure.

He hesitated, not knowing just what to do, then taking discretion to be the better part of valor, shouldered his musket and resumed his measured tread back and forth, while Flirty with a grimace at him disappeared toward the trolleys.

"I shall be delighted," returned Lieutenant Waters, as they parted.

Just below the gate, on the slope, was a pile of pipes. None of the party noticed, but in one of the pipes, lying flat on its stomach, was a short, underdressed Chinaman, one of the emissaries of Wu Fang, Sing Lee by name. With keen ear he was listening eagerly to all that Kennedy said.

No sooner had Craig and Elaine disappeared than Sing Lee, watching his chance while the sentry's back was turned, crept out of his hiding place and darted behind another shelter further along.

He kept it up until at last he was out of sight of the sentry, shadowing Elaine and Craig.

I was busy pounding out a story for the Star when Craig, having left Elaine at the Dodge house after their visit to the fort, returned to the laboratory.

"Hard at it, I see, Walter," he greeted as he entered, ruffling up his hair playfully.

"Well, I'm glad to see somebody happy," I returned for I had been wrestling hard with the English language and was tired.

He threw off his coat and drew on his acid-stained smock, then went over to the window to take up a test which his trip with Elaine had interrupted.

He went back to the laboratory table where he was holding a steaming tube in the flame of a bunsen burner, while I continued to hammer the keys. As the liquid in the tube boiled up it exhaled a cloud of vapor and instead of withdrawing it he let it boil.

"What's the matter?" I asked, watching him.

"Nothing," he replied absently.

"But I know that he was day dreaming of Elaine."

"Yes," he said, lighting a cigarette. As I struck the match, I happened to glance out the open window. There in the sunlight, I could see what looked like the reflection of a mirror across the street in an empty lot.

"Ouch!" I cried, as the match burned down to my fingers.

"Well?" demanded Craig impatiently at the breaking up of his reverie. "What's the matter with you?"

"Look out of the window, Craig," I cried, excitedly, moving over close to him and taking his arm. "I believe someone is watching us from that empty lot across the street."

"Wait a minute," he cautioned, now thoroughly alive to the situation. "Stoop down. We'd better not be seen looking over."

As we dodged out of the line of vision, Kennedy seized the periscope which he had used often before and put its jointed sections together. On hands and knees we started across the floor until we had come directly under the window.

Craig raised the periscope slowly and gazed through it. There, sure enough, as I had guessed, in the loft of the old warehouse down the street could be seen the reflection of the lenses of a pair of glasses in the sunlight. In surprise we crept back and stood up.

"What is it, do you think?" I asked.

"What shall we do?"

Kennedy did not answer, but continued to revolve the strange thing in his mind.

The fact was that no sooner had Craig entered the laboratory than the same young Sing Lee who had followed his very movement at the fort, came cautiously down the street. He stopped before the laboratory, paused a moment, then went on.

A moment later the young Chinaman had entered the empty loft diagonally across the street from us. Locking the door carefully, he went to the window and cautiously peered out.

Then he went to a cupboard nearby and opened it. From a shelf he took a pair of opera glasses and returned to the window, leveling them at our laboratory and searching intently. There he could see Kennedy at work by the window, starting his experiment.

Sing Lee was still gazing through the glasses out of the window when he heard some one approaching his outside door. A short, a long and a short tap, the secret code, told him that it was his master, the Serpent, himself.

Lee jumped to the door and flung it

stayed in the city to help Lieutenant Waters trace down the robbery at the fort, if possible.

Thus it happened that that afternoon, early, we were leaving the Dodge house--Elaine, Mary Brown, who was in the city, and myself--in the Dodge car.

Elaine was easily reconciled to the banishment now that the weather was fine, and decided to do a little sketching in the country. She had loaded me down with the pleasant burden of her painting kit, sketch box, folding easel, camp chair, and a large and gaudy sun umbrella. Jennings followed us to the car with the luggage.

As we entered the car, we were all too happy at the idea of a holiday to notice that down the street was another young Chinaman, of the same tong as Sing Lee, who had been killed by the trodite bomb. Sam Lee was watching us intently, moving up closer, but always keeping in hiding.

Our father seated ourselves, and Jennings had gone back to the house, when Sam skulked around back of the car and, serpent-like, as was his master, Wu, wriggled over, crouching down in the rear of the top which was down and overhanging the back of the car. There he listened eagerly to our animated conversation.

"Go over the Forty-second Street bridge, Francois," directed Elaine to the chauffeur. "Then we'll tell you just how to strike the best roads to Lakewood."

The young Sam waited to hear no more, but glided quietly up the street, as we shot down along the avenue to the ferry.

It was a delightful ride through the fresh green country and we arrived at Rockledge in good time, not very late in the afternoon.

My father seated myself in the country gentleman type, welcomed us heartily as we drove up.

Rockledge was a handsome estate and the house was one of the show places of Lakewood. Accordingly Elaine lost no time in taking advantage of the recreation in the country which she had promised herself.

I had scarcely set down the art paraphernalia when she announced that she was going to use it right away. For several minutes I stood on the veranda, overlooking the bright green terraces, holding the sketching kit and the umbrella and admiring the view.

"You're starting early," a merry voice called to me.

"It was Mary Brown."

"Yes," I explained. "Elaine wants to get out into the fields and woods, and I'm waiting for her. You haven't seen her--oh--here she is now."

Elaine came tripping gaily out on the porch in the neatest of little sketching costumes.

"Won't you join us?" she asked Mary.

"Thank you, I'm afraid I can't yet. Father has got all tangled up in his accounts and I must help him straighten them out. He always does that when I'm not here to run the house."

"Some parcel," I muttered, opening the gray green and white striped shade. I shouldered it and paraded off with it, while Elaine followed laughing. We walked along slowly, waving back now and then to Mary.

It was the first real holiday I had had for some time, and I was both happy and proud to spend it with Elaine. Only the absence of Kennedy prevented us from having the easiest of times.

"Here," she cried at last, "I'm going to do a landscape. Isn't that bit of hill beautiful? I want you over there--like that."

"Am I a landscape?" I laughed, setting up the easel and sticking the umbrella in the soft earth.

"Not exactly," she laughed, "but I want you to emphasize the beauties of nature--by contrast. Now will you be good?"

I took a pose where she directed, and she started to sketch.

Outside his banjar a rough shed with a runway before it Sprague was standing talking to Wu and Long Sin.

"See how they stick?" he said, taking one of the aeroplane arrows which the unfortunate Sing Lee had stolen from the fort and throwing it down on the runway, where it buried itself in the wood and stuck there, quivering.

"You can imagine what a force gravity gives them when they fall from a height," he went on. "Those grooves keep them always point down, and they are weighted, too. Take a can of them, empty it out. They spread like bird shot. You can't miss. And the one that strikes, well--good night!"

"Master!" interrupted a low voice differently.

It was Sam, who has hurried to the banjar after watching Elaine and the rest of us ride off.

"Well!" demanded Wu.

"The girl, with another, her cousin, has gone with that slave of Kennedy to a place they call Lakewood, across the river."

"The girl, with another, her cousin, has gone with that slave of Kennedy to a place they call Lakewood, across the river."

Wu, Long Sin and Sprague looked at each other significantly a moment. They moved over to the aeroplane before the banjar.

Though they did not know it, Kennedy had not been idle. With the aid of an agency of private detectives which he often employed for routine jobs, as well as the police and some secret service men, he had located and set a watch, with his characteristic thoroughness, on every aeroplane hangar in and about New York.

Even as the two plotters moved over to the aeroplane, one of Craig's detectives lay hidden directly under the runway into which Sprague had been dropping arrows.

Out on the aviation field, in front of the hangar, Sprague had dragged the aeroplane down the runway and there he stopped to explain to Wu and Long Sin the workings of the gyroscope stabilizer, now encased in its aluminum vacuum case, which Schmidt had delivered and Sprague himself had attached to the machine.

"I'll make the flight to Lakewood safely," he remarked, then, tapping the bundle of arrows, confidently, added, "and it won't be long before Elaine and that fellow Jameson are settled, you bet."

Wu had been much interested in the stabilizer, considering how much it added not only to the safety of the machine, but the accuracy in dropping things from it.

"I shall go with you," he said at length laconically.

Sprague hesitated. He had not counted on having a passenger. But he did not dare to say so, or even suggest it.

"Very well," he agreed, quickly. "Two of us will make it twice as certain."

He climbed into the machine and Wu followed.

"Just twist it rapidly," he gave orders to Long Sin and Sam, indicating how to get the propeller. "Then get out of line with the blades. They throw grease and stuff back with terrible force, close up."

They did as he directed and the rapid staccato of the engine whose cylinders struck out like the spokes of a wheel took of the starting. The two Chinamen jumped back.

Quickly and gracefully the aeroplane ran a few feet along the ground, then, like the great mechanical bird that it was, rose lightly in the air and few away--a little speck in the sky.

Kennedy's detective, from his hiding place, had not missed a motion. As the aeroplane disappeared and the two Chinamen left the field, he crawled out and quickly made his way down the road.

Meanwhile, high over the country, Sprague and Wu were flying, easily picking out the general direction of Lakewood. That was easy enough. But to find two particular persons in the country is not an easy job, even for an aviator with a bird's-eye view.

People at Lakewood may still recall the aeroplane that circled again and again over the town and the beautiful estates. Sprague finally located Wellington Brown's, but Elaine was not there and there was no use wasting the precious arrows on any one else. Wu peered about eagerly through a field glass.

"There they are--over on that hillside," he muttered with a low, guttural exclamation.

Sure enough, they could see Elaine under the umbrella quite conspicuously, with myself some feet away.

"Hurry--speed it up," urged Wu of Sprague, indicating the exact spot.

Kennedy had hastened out to the fort before our departure, and there he had met Lieutenant Waters. With some other officers and several soldiers, he went over the scene of the robbery of the car in the freight yards.

As they were examining the freight car, an orderly came running to them. "Is there a Professor Kennedy here?" he asked.

"Yes," spoke up Craig. "I am Mr. Kennedy."

"Some one on the telephone, sir. You can take it at the guard house. He says it's urgent."

Craig hastened across with the orderly. "I've located our man," shouted his detective over the wire, "an aviator named Sprague--a crook and a dope fiend. Somehow they have found out that Miss Dodge has gone to Lakewood with Mr. Jameson. Sprague has just gone in the aeroplane, carrying a bundle of aero arrows, with that Chinaman, Wu Fang. You get the local police in force and surround the hangar. Arrest them if they return. I must get to Lakewood myself."

He hung up the receiver and was about to dash out, when another idea occurred to him.

"Lakewood, 625," he almost shouted at long distance. "Hello--oh, is that Mr. Brown? Is Elaine there? This is Kennedy. Gosh sketching with Jameson? Well, for heaven's sake, find Jameson at once and tell him to keep Elaine under cover until I get there. Good bye."

"Waters," he called, as he hung up the receiver, "have you got car here--a fast one?"

"Yes, I'll get you one--in a minute," returned the lieutenant, hurrying out, followed nervously by Kennedy.

Standing by the entrance was an army automobile in which Waters had mounted an aeroplane gun for scouting about the country after aero spies. He leaped into the car and Craig followed.

"Take the Tottenville ferry. We're going to Lakewood," cried Kennedy. "And let it out."

Down at Lakewood, Mr. Brown, whose placid life was not accustomed to the high pressure under which we had been living, repeated the message to Mary.

"I'm not quite sure what he is talking about," he said doubtfully, still looking at the telephone and rubbing his head. "Where do you think Elaine and Mr. Jameson are?"

"I don't know, but they started that way," pointed out Mary anxiously. "Father, we must find them. Mr. Kennedy would never have telephoned it if it hadn't been important."

Wellington Brown, at last spurred into action by his daughter, hastily ran out of the house.

Elaine had been sketching only a few minutes when we heard a shout below us. There was a heard a peculiar noise. It seemed to come from the sky. It was a noise, which, once heard, was never forgotten. I looked up, but could see nothing.

"There's an aeroplane somewhere about," I exclaimed, now genuinely worried over Kennedy's strange message. "Elaine--please--" I cried, taking her hand and almost dragging her across the field as fast as I could, followed by Brown.

The nearest shelter I could see was a bridge over a small creek and I made for it as rapidly as I could.

We were not a moment too soon. There was the aeroplane, with two men in it. I could not distinguish the faces, but I knew they boded no good.

"Hurry--hurry!" Wu was urging Sprague as he saw us moving across the hillside. "Fly lower--so I can drop these arrows better."

On toward us swept the machine, as Wu urged the driver.

But we had been warned in time. With Elaine and Brown, I reached the place of safety and we crouched down under the stone arch, while far above us, although we could not see, Wu Fang gazed furtively.

"Make the turn and get away behind those trees," he shouted angrily above the deafening noise of the propeller. "Perhaps if they don't see us, they'll come out again."

(Continued on Page Eleven--Col. Three.)

New Exploits of Elaine

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