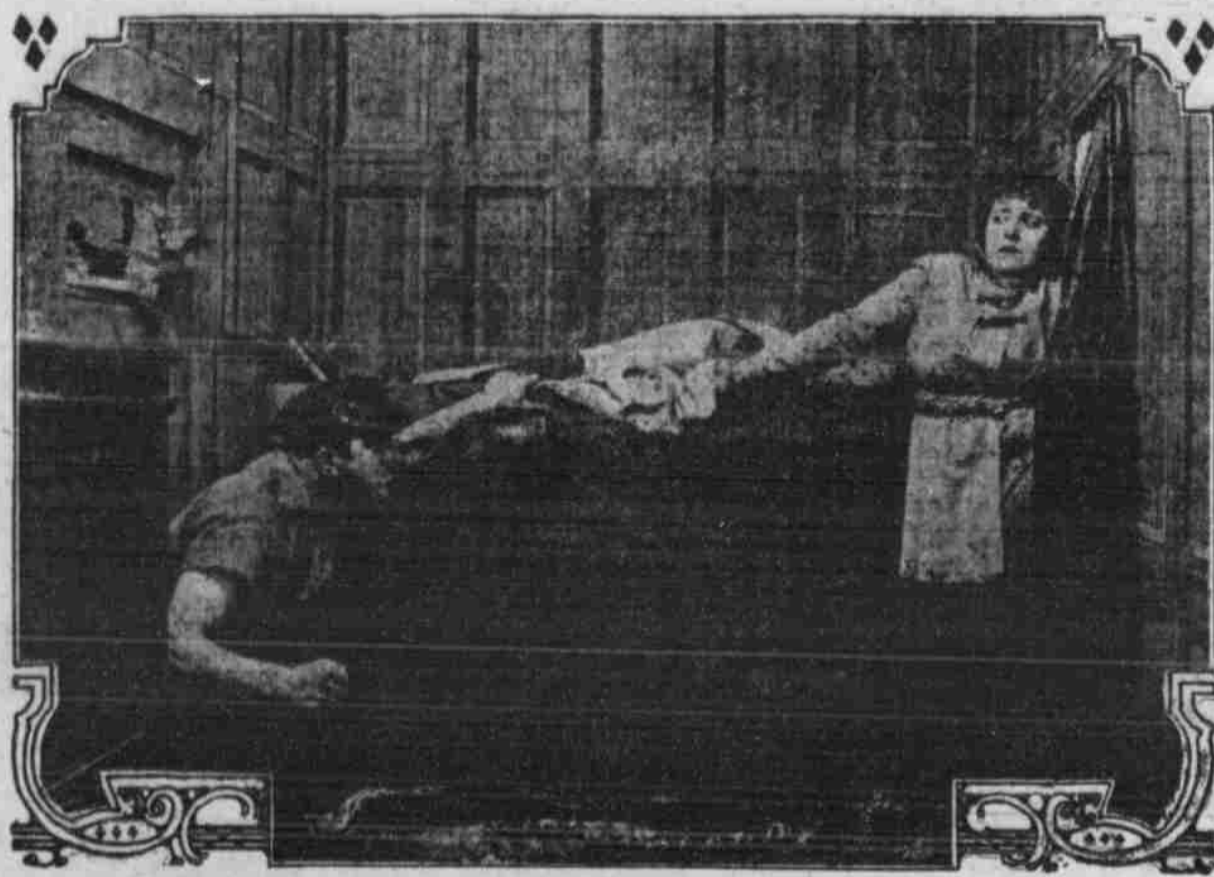


READ It Here Now---Then SEE It All in Moving Pictures THE Exploits of Elaine A DETECTIVE NOVEL AND A MOTION PICTURE DRAMA

Featuring Miss Pearl White... Elaine Dodge Mr. Arnold Daly... 'Craig Kennedy' Mr. Edwin Arden... Wu-Fang



She moved over fearfully, as far away as she could to the porthole.

Everything you read here today you can see in the fascinating Pathe Motion Pictures at the Motion Picture Theaters this week.

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters. The New York police are mystified by a series of murders and crimes. The principal clue to the victims, signed with a "Clutching Hand"...

CHAPTER XXII. A Stern Chase

Wu Fang did not let a night pass after the capture of his most trusted lieutenant, Long Sin, without planning revenge. He moved beyond measure at the success with which Kennedy had protected both Elaine and himself from his machinations...

He moved over fearfully, as far away as she could to the porthole. "What have you got in the bag?" he demanded. "For a moment I felt very uncomfortable. Would he believe me? 'I've got a wireless telephone,' I replied, mustering up all the assurance of which I was capable. 'Someone is ringing the bell.' 'Aw gwan,' he doubted gruffly, more skeptical than ever. 'Tell it to the judge.' 'I tried to laugh it off. But Kennedy kept ringing the bell and by this time a crowd had collected. 'But,' I remonstrated, 'let me show it to you.' 'The officer could not decline, though he was more than ever suspicious. I opened the bag, took out the little wireless telephone box, opened it, and raised the aerial. 'Confound you, Craig,' I called, 'you've almost got me pinched for a red.' 'Say, can that chatter,' began the policeman, looking at me as if he were not sure now but that I was just a plain nut. 'Try it yourself,' I urged, handing him the receiver. He took it gingerly as if it might explode, but his face was a study as he actually heard coming, as if from nowhere, a peal of laughter from Kennedy, followed by an elaborate explanation. 'At least, Walter,' Craig apologized, 'with pride, you must admit now that it works.' 'Oh, it works all right,' I replied, somewhat cooled down. I went the rest of my way unmolested and was finally admitted to the Dodge house by Jennings, who was evidently engaged in instructing a new servant in his duties. 'Good morning, Mr. Jamieson,' Elaine greeted, adding as she caught sight of the 'red.' 'Not going to leave us, are you?' 'No,' I replied. 'I've brought you a present from Craig—a wireless telephone. You see, he says that if you will keep this with you wherever you go, you can always communicate with him.' 'How interesting,' she exclaimed. 'Yes,' I agreed, relating the joke which as I said, I explained the working of the telephone to both Elaine and Aunt Josephine. Out in the Atlantic, tossing over the choppy seas, a dinky old schooner was toasting her way toward New York harbor. The captain, Jack Greger, was a disreputable looking man, as were both his craft and his crew of mixed whites and Chinese. He was a brutal faced man, whose whippers did not imply hireling servitude, but sheer hostility to rumors and the deceptions of life. Greger had come out on deck and stood there glaring off at where the light ought to be. He had just finished scribbling a note on a piece of paper, resting on the after cabin roof, when one of the men reached down from a small wooden cage took a struggling white carrier pigeon. They fastened the note, rolled up in a sort of a quill, to the bird's leg and let the bird loose. It circled up, then, straight as an arrow, darted off landward. 'They'll be glad to know we're safe and so near,' nodded Greger. 'And confound any revenue men that stand between us!' In a room in a tenement Wu Fang and several other Chinamen were seated, talking and smoking. It was not Wu's headquarters, but a poorly furnished place. Outside, a nearby window was a large box which had a small sliding door on the outside, arranged so that it fell almost at a touch, working a little signal flag on the back of the box toward the room in which the Chinamen were seated. Now and then as they talked they would glance at this box. Suddenly there was a flutter of wings outside. A pure white pigeon seemed to glide into the box and, as the sliding door did so, the door automatically shut. It was a cage such as is used for carrier pigeons. The little flag in the room moved and the Chinamen crowded about the box, as Wu opened it, reached in and caught the bird. Carefully he took the message from the bird's foot. As one of them placed the bird in another box and reset the trap Wu unrolled the paper and read: 10 A. M. 25 miles southeast of Sandy Hook. Will drop anchor off Staten Island tonight. 'You will let me know if any later message comes?' directed Wu to one of his men, as a moment later, the Chinese master criminal left the tenement. Cautiously he made his way to the secret entrance to his own apartment. He had scarcely entered when a Chinaman, who had evidently been waiting for him, rose and bowed. It was stop Ling, the proprietor of the opium den. 'Is there any news yet, master?' he asked. 'Yes, Greger is landing your opium tonight. I'll have a girl for him to take back to Shanghai with him where she can be sold.' The opium dealer bowed. 'Be ready at dark tonight,' added Wu as the man left. Kennedy had begun to get closer on the trail of Wu and, having dispatched me to Elaine with the wireless telephone, it occurred to him that he might spend a few hours profitably slouching about Chinatown searching for clues to the serpent. He paused once by an electric light

pole to watch a gangster saunter past. Twice the fellow had walked up and down the street, and Kennedy, after eyeing him narrowly, had fancied that there was something familiar about him, though he could not place him. As the gangster slouched by, he lurched over to the electric light pole and Kennedy felt his hand touched by that of the gangster. He was more than surprised to feel something like a piece of cardboard surreptitiously slipped into his hand and he clutched it. The gangster passed, and as he did so, Kennedy looked after him, then went over and read: 'CAPTAIN JOHN BRANAIRD, U. S. Secret Service.' Written underneath the engraved name was "Follow."

Slowly Craig followed Branaird, entered a saloon by a side door and seated himself in a back room. A moment later, Kennedy slouched in and set down at the same table. Branaird nodded and Craig extended his hand quietly. He looked about. They were alone. 'What brings you down here?' asked Kennedy in a low tone. 'A big shipment of opium is going to be landed tonight and I'm trying to locate the Chinese gang back of it. Think you can help me?' 'Anything to do with that hop joint up the street?' Branaird nodded. Would it prove a clue possibly to Wu Fang? 'I'll help you,' agreed Kennedy. For several minutes they talked laying out a plan. Finally they paid the check and rose to go out. As they reached the side door a Chinaman passed. Kennedy drew Branaird back. 'What's the matter?' whispered the Secret Service man. 'Did you see that Chinaman?' returned Kennedy. 'That's Hop Ling. He runs the opium joint. I think he's worth shadowing.'

Keeping discreetly in the rear of the Chinaman, Kennedy and Branaird followed until Hop passed before a ramshackle tenement. No sooner had he disappeared inside than Craig and Branaird advanced, careful that they in turn were not followed. They entered and went upstairs. At last they came to a door outside which they paused to listen. At least two, perhaps more, Chinamen were talking inside. 'Can you make out what they are saying?' asked Branaird. 'Something about birds,' returned Craig. 'We've got them. There are only two. Let's rush the door.' Together they castiputed themselves at the door and it flew open. Instantly, before the Chinamen could recover from their surprise at the sudden attack, Craig and Branaird were on them. One rushed for a window, smashing it with a chair and trying to get out. Craig seized him and helped corner the other who turned out to be Hop Ling. It was the work of only a moment to snap the bracelets on the two and cover them with a gun. 'What's that?' demanded Branaird, looking at the box in the window, as Kennedy moved over toward it. 'A pigeon trap, I suspect,' Craig replied. 'Let's wait.' They sat there for several minutes. Evidently the Chinese had been waiting for something. Craig felt that waiting might pay. At last he was rewarded by the sound of a flutter outside. A click followed as the little door shut, trapping the pigeon. The signal flag in the room moved. Kennedy looked at it a moment, then carefully opened the door in the back of the trap and seized the bird. From the quill on the leg he took a tightly rolled note and read: 5 P. M. Will be off Van Dori jetty in two hours. Greger. 'In the house, master,' replied the mechanician surlily. 'Wait for me here, then,' nodded Wu. 'Wu Fang came in silently and moved over close to her. He said not a word, but an evil smile spread over his sinister face as she shrank back from him. Meanwhile a yawl had put out from the schooner loaded with cans of the precious contraband drug and had pulled up at the old stone jetty and dock. Chinamen hastily unloaded it and started up to the house laden with the heavy tins. As Wu stood before Elaine, the Chinaman carrying the dope tins entered and began unloading them up in an old closet in the room. At last they finished putting it away. 'All is done, master,' bowed one who seemed to be leader. Wu nodded, then turned to Elaine.

traced our steps to the jetty, Branaird's men carrying the opium. At the dock we loaded our prisoners and the contraband on the cutter. It was plain that, although we had captured the dope, the ship which had brought it had escaped and, worst of all, Wu had again slipped through our fingers. Branaird gave the order and we left the wharf. As we stood gazing from the captured opium to the prisoners, Branaird was visibly elated. 'Shake,' he said laconically to Craig. Just then a buzz, as if a bell had rung, started us. It was so unexpected that I exclaimed, although the next minute I realized that it was from the wireless telephone which Craig had asked me to bring from the laboratory. Kennedy seized the box, opened it hastily, and clapped the little receiver to his ear. 'Hello—hello—yes, this is Craig. Where are you—what?' But at Craig's next words, I myself gasped. 'If you can get a light,' he almost shouted, 'thrust it out of the porthole to guide us. But we'll find you anyway. Keep up your nerve.' 'Branaird—a pair of glasses—quick,' he cried dashing to the bow of the cutter. 'And full speed down the bay.' Briefly, as he swept the horizon ahead, he repeated the tale of Elaine's kidnapping. 'We strained our eyes. 'That's it—Branaird—more speed!' cried Craig at last. Far off, almost out on the ocean, we could see a tiny twinkling light slowly waving back and forth. In her prison, Elaine had talked to Craig, afraid to raise her voice too high. As she heard Kennedy's instructions, she replaced the receiver and rose quickly to her feet from beside the suitcase. She looked about. There was a small lamp suspended from a beam of the deck above. She seized it and ran to the porthole. Back and forth she waved it as far as her arms would permit. As the schooner now slipped along, Greger, who had left the man at the wheel, was gazing off, not particularly happy at the prospect of not touching a port for a long time again. Suddenly he became aware of a peculiar, though slight gleam on the water. He leaned over the rail further. Below, and a bit forward of him, he could catch a glimpse of a light moving along the side of the boat. 'Confound that wench!' he muttered in a sudden fury, turning and seizing up a boat hook lying on deck. Hailing it, he leaned far over the rail. Then he brought the boat hook over suddenly on the lamp, smashing it into a thousand bits as they hissed into the water. Elaine drew back in horror. In her hand was merely the handle of the lamp. It seemed as if her last hope had been blasted. 'Cap'n—look over the stern—to port!' cried one of the men on watch. 'It's a revenue cutter,' growled Greger, lowering his glass after a quick scrutiny of the mysterious craft. 'Crowd on more ball—start the auxiliary motor.' He yelled forth his orders hoarsely. Instantly the deck was in an uproar. For the moment, in their anxiety to escape, they seemed to have forgotten Elaine—all except the Chinaman who had been set to guard her. Silently he drew from his blouse a knife and slipped down the companionway. Elaine heard him pause at the door as he looked again at his knife. Then the lock turned. The door creaked. But she had propped a chair well and it held. The Chinaman at the door redoubled his efforts. He seized a fire axe hanging nearby and attacked the door with that, hacking furiously. One after another, the table, a chest, everything movable, Elaine piled up against the door as it splintered. But it was of no use. She moved over fearfully, as far away as she could to the porthole, and looked at the black water, as she leaned far over, then up at the deck only a few feet above her. The door crashed in. The Chinaman, infuriated, caught just a glimpse of her through the porthole, turned and rushed for the stairway. In the commotion, Elaine had actually come over the rail unobserved. But she

know that she could not be that way long. Just then the maddened face of the Chinaman appeared at the hatch. A moment later his little body wormed itself out on deck. As he came nearer, Elaine retreated further toward Greger. 'Oh, sir,' she pleaded, 'save me! I have done nothing!' Greger, one eye on the approaching revenue cutter, the other on his ship and crew, had not seen her till then. 'Get out of the way,' he growled, roughly pushing her aside. 'Save yourself.' The Chinaman came a step nearer, knife upraised, she fled along the deck. There in the shrouds was a ladder. In desperation, she seized a rung, swung herself around, and started up. Her relentless pursuer followed, hand over hand, clenching the knife in his teeth. There was no escape. A moment she trembled aloft. Then from a crocodile, she jumped, diving far out into the water. The Chinaman followed. Hand over hand he churned the waves after her. We were now nearing a low rakish craft. Though we signalled it, they paid no attention. Instead, we could hear the chug-chug of an auxiliary gas engine. Branaird sent a shot across the schooner's bow. Still it did not stop. Instead, the top masts broke out in spite of the gale and it headed away faster. Another shot flashed out from our gun. This time a spar was carried away, as the searchlight playing on the schooner clearly showed. We were rapidly gaining now. 'Branaird—stop firing—for heaven's sake,' shouted Craig from the bow. 'Look!' We followed his finger as he peered forward tensely. There in the rigging, hanging perilously, was Elaine. She was standing there, holding a Chinaman at bay. Suddenly we saw her draw herself up and deliberately dive into the water. The Chinaman dived also. Hand over hand he went after her. We watched, speechless. Kennedy turned and seized the rapid fire gun, whirling it around and aiming carefully. The Chinaman was a powerful swimmer and was rapidly gaining on Elaine. We could even see the gleam of the knife in the searchlight. Carefully, Craig sighted the gun. The mistake of a hair's breath meant life or death. Not a minute too soon the shot ricocheted over the waves. The Chinaman's arms went up in mute surrender. His head sank below the surface of the water. Instantly, Craig and I were leaning far over the side of the cutter as, with power off, she slipped along, close to that figure swimming in the cold, black water. Neither of us paid any attention to Greger's frantic signals of surrender as Branaird covered the schooner. As we passed, Craig reached over and caught Elaine, lifting her bodily into our boat. 'Oh, Craig!' she gasped, as Kennedy, wrapped his greatcoat about her. 'Branaird—some hot drinks—quick,' he ordered as he carried her, half fainting, to the cabin. 'Thank heaven for the wireless telephone,' he muttered as he worked frantically to bring her around. 'No—it was the inventor—that did it,' she murmured, looking up at him, safe. (To Be Continued.)

The Meeting. It was the first time they had met. Save for a gray, overcast sky, and heavy rain or snow, the day was perfect. He came along rapidly, as was his wont, looking neither to the right nor the left, but gawping at the sky like a rube. Much more slowly she approached from the opposite direction, walking daintily, as usual. She saw him. 'How handsome he is!' she thought. 'How big and bold and strong looking! And how rapidly he moves!' But if he saw her he gave no sign. A little bird hovered in the air far above. 'He seems in such a hurry!' she sighed. And, really, he was going some. It was then, for the first and last time, the little nobby went sailing over a picket fence with a hurt look on her plump face, while the Fast Mail from New York sped onwards—Detroit Free Press.

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