

# Exploits of Elaine

(Continued from Page Ten.)

tached them to the furnace pipe of the old-fashioned hot-air heater, where the pipe ran up through the floor to the library above. The other wire was quickly attached to the telephone where its wires entered.

Upstairs Dodge, evidently uneasy in his mind about the precious Limpy Red letter, took it from the safe, along with most of the other correspondence, and pressing a hidden spring in the wall, opened a secret panel and placed most of the important documents in this hiding place.

Downstairs the masked master criminal had already attached a voltmeter to the wires he had installed, waiting for just then could be heard the tinkle of Dodge's telephone and the old man rose to answer it. As he did so he placed his foot on the iron register, his hand taking the telephone and the receiver. At that instant came a powerful electric flash. Dodge sank on the floor clutching the instrument, electrocuted. Below, the master criminal could scarcely refrain from exclaiming with satisfaction as his voltmeter registered the powerful current that was passing.

A moment later the criminal slid silently into Dodge's room. Carefully putting on rubber gloves and avoiding touching the register, he wrenched the telephone from the grasp of the dead man, replacing it in its normal position. Only for a second did he pause to look at his victim as he destroyed the evidence of his work.

Minutes were precious. First Dodge's pockets, then his desk engaged his attention. There was left the safe.

As he approached the strong box the master criminal took two vials from his pockets. Removing a bust of Shakespeare that stood on the safe he poured the contents of the vials in two mixed masses of powder, forming a heap on the safe, into which he inserted two magnesium wires.

He lighted them, sprang back, hiding his eyes from the light and a blinding rush of flame, lasting perhaps, ten sec-

onds, poured out from the top of the safe. It was not an explosion, but just a dazzling, intense flame that sizzled and crackled. It seemed impossible, but the glowing mass was literally sinking, sliding down into the cold steel. At last it burned through—as if the safe had been of tinder!

Without waiting a moment longer than necessary the masked criminal advanced again and actually put his hands down through the top of the safe, pulling out a bunch of papers. Quickly he thrust them all, with just a glance, into his pocket.

Still working quickly he took the bust of the great orator, which he had removed, and placed it under the light. Next, from his pocket he drew two curious stencils, as it were, which he had apparently carefully prepared. With his hands, still carefully gloved, he rubbed the stencils on his hair, as if to cover them with a film of natural oils. Then he deliberately pressed them over the statue in several places. It was a peculiar action, and he seemed to fairly float over it when it was done and the bust returned to its place, covering the hole.

As noiselessly as he had come, he made his exit after one last malignant look at Dodge. It was now but the work of a moment to remove the wires he had placed and climb out of the window, taking them and destroying the evidence down in the cellar.

A low whistle from the masked crook now again in the shadow, brought his pal stealthily to his side.

"It's all right," he whispered hoarsely to the man. "Now you attend to Limpy Red."

The villainous looking pal nodded and, without another word, the two made their getaway, safely, in opposite directions.

When Limpy Red, still trembling, left the office of Dodge earlier in the evening he had repaired as fast as his shambling feet would take him to his favorite dive up on Park Row. There he might have been seen drinking with anyone who came along, for Limpy had

money—blood money—and the recollection of his treachery and revenge must both be forgotten and celebrated.

Had the Bowery "sinners" not got into his eyes he might have noticed among the late revellers a man who spoke to no one, but took his place nearby at the bar.

Limpy had long since reached the point of saturation, and lurching forth from his new found cronies he sought other fields of excitement. Likewise did the newspaper, who bore a strange resemblance to the look-out who had been stationed outside at the Dodge house a scant half hour before.

What happened later was only a matter of seconds. It came when the hated switch—for goodness hates the informer—was turned a sufficiently dark and deserted corner.

A muffled thud, a stifled groan followed as a heavy section of lead pipe wrapped in a newspaper descended on the crass skull of Limpy. The wielder of the improvised but fatal weapon permitted himself the luxury of an instant's cruel smile—then vanished into the darkness, leaving another complete job for the coroner and morgue.

It was the vengeance of the Clutching Hand—swift, sure, remorseless. And yet it had not been a night of complete success for the master criminal, as anyone might have seen who could have followed his sinuous route to a place of greater safety. Unable to wait longer, he pulled the papers he had taken from the safe from his pocket. His chagrin at finding most of them to be blank found only one explanation of foiled fury—that menacing clutching hand—the real one.

Kennedy had turned from his futile examination for marks on the telephone. There stood the safe, a moderate-sized strongbox, but of modern type. He tried the door. It was locked. There was not a mark on it. The combination had not been tampered with. Nor had there been any attempt to "saw" the safe.

With a quick motion he felt in his pocket as if looking for gloves. Finding

none, he glanced about and seized two pieces of paper from the desk. With them, in order not to confuse any possible finger prints on the bust, he lifted it off.

"I have a guess of surprise.

There, in the top of the safe, yawned a gaping hole, through which one could have thrust his arm!

"What is it?" we asked, crowding about him.

"Thermit," he replied laconically.

"Yes—a compound of iron oxide and powdered aluminum, invented by a chemist at Essen, Germany. It gives a temperature of over 5,000 degrees. It will eat its way through the strongest steel."

Jennings, his mouth wide open with wonder, advanced to take the bust from Kennedy.

"No—don't touch it," he waved him off, laying the bust on the desk. "I want no one to touch it—don't you see how careful I was to use the paper, that there might be no question about any clue this fellow may have left on the marble?"

As he spoke, Craig was dusting over the surface of the bust with some black powder.

"Look!" exclaimed Craig suddenly.

"We bent over. The black powder had, in fact, brought out strongly some peculiar, more or less regular, black smudges.

"Finger prints!" I exclaimed excitedly.

"Yes," nodded Kennedy, studying them closely. "A clue—perhaps."

"What—those little marks—a clue?" asked a voice behind us.

I turned and saw Elaine looking over

our shoulders, fascinated. It was evidently the first time she had realized that Kennedy was in the room.

"How can you tell anything by that?" she asked.

"Why, easily," he answered, picking up a glass paper weight which lay on the desk. "You see, I place my finger on this weight—so. I dust the powder from the mark—so. You could see it even without the powder on this glass. Do you see those lines? There are various types of markings—four general types—and each person's markings are different, even if of the same general type—loop, whorl, arch or composite."

He continued working as he talked.

"Your thumb marks, for example, Miss Dodge, are different from mine. Mr. Jameson's are different from both of us. And this fellow's finger prints

are still different. It is mathematically impossible to find two alike in every respect."

Kennedy was holding the paper weight near the bust as he talked.

I shall never forget the look of blank amazement on his face as he bent over closer.

"My God!" he exclaimed excitedly. "This fellow is a master criminal! He has made stencils or something of the sort on which, by some mechanical process, he has actually forged the hitherto infallible finger prints!"

I, too, bent over and studied the marks on the bust and those Kennedy had made on the paper weight to show Elaine.

The finger prints on the bust were Kennedy's own.

(Continued Next Sunday.)



—and having read the first part of the story—you won't be content until you've read the rest. Every Sunday on the same page you'll find it. And when the story comes to life!

Beginning Tomorrow in the Best Theatres.



# THE EXPLOITS OF ELAINE



Arnold Daly The Artist-actor, plays "Craig Kennedy"

Pearl White Stunning, lovable, Pearl White, who played "Pauline," will be "Elaine"

## See it at the Following Theaters

- Favorite Theater, Omaha 1716 Vinton St., Jan. 5th
- Grand Theater, Omaha 16th and Binney Sts., Jan. 12th
- Gem Theater, Omaha 1258 S. 13th St., Jan. 17th
- Parlor Theater, Omaha 2555 Farnam St.
- Diamond Theater, Omaha 2514 Cuming St.
- Hippodrome Theater, Omaha 2514 Cuming St.
- Besse Theater, South Omaha, Jan. 6th
- Lyric Theater, Columbus, Neb. Auditorium, Norfolk, Neb.
- Royal Theater, Fullerton, Neb., Feb. 12th
- Olympic Theater, Sioux City, Ia.
- Palace Theater, Cedar Rapids, Ia.
- Palace Theater, Waterloo, Ia.
- Palace Theater, Des Moines, Ia.
- Lyric Theater, Boone, Ia.

### SINGS AT TEMPLE ISRAEL ON TUESDAY EVENING.



Lena Ellsworth Dale

the sun shines through the clouds. The expression, Love Folks, Just Folks, is characteristic and partly explains the multitude of friends and admirers which welcome her everywhere.

January 25 Gluck-Zimbalist joint recital under the management of Miss Hopper.

### Mail Box Charged With Electricity Astonishes Many

Gags and old jokes brought out annually for use on April 1 were rivaled Friday when the thawing ice put one over on that part of the public which had letters to mail at the iron post box at Twenty-fourth and Leavenworth streets.

Suddenly a man was seen flying through space immediately after pulling down the lid to insert a letter. One or two curious observers thought he had seen something inside to cause his sudden flight and they investigated. Each underwent the same experience. Thereupon a crowd gathered to await the next who came with a letter to mail.

The melted ice had created a conductor from poorly insulated wires higher up the pole on which the mail box is attached, keeping the box electrically charged. It became necessary finally for a patrolman to disperse the crowd by having the electric leakage repaired.

### Council to Hear Final Protests Monday Morning

City commissioners will meet Monday to hear the last of the protests against the issuance of saloon licenses. Practically all of the licenses have now been granted.

Only one new location was granted a permit by the city council—42 South Thirteenth street. This followed a hearing at which it developed that the holder of one saloon license at that intersection had been compelled to vacate the building he had rented. He was given a license to operate just across the street from his old location.

The council refused one license—the wholesale concern of J. P. Rousser, who represented a Peoria brewing company.

### TEMPLE ISRAEL SISTERHOOD TO GIVE CONCERT TUESDAY

A concert will be given Tuesday evening by the Sisterhood of Temple Israel. Among those who will give numbers are Lena Ellsworth Dale, Vernon C. Bennett, Mrs. Louise Zabriskie and Sigmund Landsberg.

The program will be in two parts. The regular meeting of the sisterhood will be held Monday afternoon.

## MUSIC

By HENRIETTA M. REES. AT THE END of the old year and the beginning of the new, when one pauses to take a long breath before plunging with increased energy into his special line of work, it is a good chance to take a backward glance over the musical season.

This glance is always interesting, particularly this year, when our season has presented many little points that are not according to our customary course? The European war has had its share of influence in making these changes. We have not had the regular subscription course usually offered by Miss Hopper, but in spite of this, we have had about as many as we usually have up to this time of the year. We have missed a few whom we should have had were things serene abroad, but it is not too late yet for interesting surprises to take place. We have had a great many more local recitals than ever before, this also due to the war, for many of the young musicians we have heard would not have been in Omaha under other circumstances.

We have had several of the customary local recitals, some of which are annual events, and more of these are to follow in the near future. Of pupils' recitals there have been about an average number for this season, although for the most part these have been of the informal order. We have already had a short season of grand opera, under unusual circumstances, both as to price and management, a season which was a decided success from every viewpoint. We have had the Redpath series, which has contained, among other numbers, some creditable musical events, at an unusually low admission fee.

Altogether the musical season has been the busiest which the writer has experienced since her association with The Bee, and it is gratifying to note that with few exceptions, when an inhuman hour or had weather conditions prevailed, these musical events have been well attended, and by an attentive and appreciative audience.

It would have been interesting last week if one could have dropped in to the Boston Symphony concert which happened upon Christmas day. Dr. Muck presented orchestral numbers from Bach's Christmas oratorio, and from the Christmas oratorio of Liszt's "Christus," the music dealing with practically the same portion of the story of the Nativity; the "Shepherd's Music," from the Bach work, usually known as the "Pastorale," and the "March of the Three Kings," from the Liszt number. Horatio T. Parker in reviewing them draws out the immense contrast in the character and point of view of the two masters, as shown in the treatment of the subject. The Bach music was the music of simple human vision, and simple human emotions, while Liszt's comes from the romantic world, full of the rich opulence of churchly panoply that is evidenced in the paintings of the Renaissance masters.

If you heard what a commendable thing the Boyd theater management has inaugurated for Tuesday nights? This is their "society" night, and Manager Burgess conceived the idea of a novelty for entertainment between the acts. Nothing could be more suitable than music. But did Manager Burgess write cast to some vaudeville looking agency and draw the Yell Brothers' trio, Bawl and Scream in their latest medley of popular melodies, or the celebrated Miss Howl, the world's sweetest singer or any of those numerous folk, whose singing only a piece of india-rubber ras-time of hard moral tone could survive? Oh, my no, that was not the novelty at all. Instead through an Omaha Lyceum agency, he engaged several of the city's young singers and pianists, who have really had musical training and who have been heard frequently in recital and concert work. Mr. Burgess deserves congratulations for this unique experiment, which will undoubtedly prove popular and form a pleasing contrast to the plays presented.

Rudolph Ganz, pianist, who has arranged the following splendid program

### WILL PLAY AT Y. W. C. A. THURSDAY EVENING.



Rudolph Ganz

for his concert to be given at the Young Women's Christian association auditorium on next Thursday evening, will probably be the only really celebrated piano player to visit Omaha this season, and the event has aroused much interest. That all students may share equally in the benefit of this concert, Miss Hopper has arranged so they can buy tickets through their teachers at 10 per cent below the regular sale price and hear this celebrated artist at a half or one-third the price of a lesson—and a real lesson it is certain to be. Mr. Ganz will play:

1. Chaconne..... Bach-Busoni
2. (a) Sonata in D minor.....Haydn Allegro con brio-Largo molto. Sostituito-Preto ma non troppo. (b) Sonata in F minor (op. 27).....Beethoven Allegro assai-Andante con moto. Adagio ma non troppo.
3. (a) Fantasy in F minor.....Chopin (b) Nocturne in F sharp major, Chopin (c) Waltz in A flat.....Chopin
4. (a) Etude-Caprice from op. 10.....Ganz (b) Etude pensive (Pensive Spinner).....Ganz (c) Serenade.....Bianchi (d) "The Girl With Flaxen Hair".....Debussy
5. (a) Sonata in G major.....Kotzebue (f) Sonnetto del patarca No. 12.....Liszt (g) Rakoczy March.....Liszt

Giovanni Scambati, one of the foremost of Italian composers, particularly of symphonic and piano music, recently passed away in Rome. His compositions are scholarly, and show the handwork of the sincere and thoughtful artist.

### Musical Notes.

A recital concert will be given Tuesday evening, January 5, 1915, at the Temple Israel, Park avenue and Jackson street, by Lena Ellsworth Dale, soprano; Vernon C. Bennett, organ; Mrs. Louise Zabriskie, violin; and Sigmund Landsberg, pianist. Mrs. Dale will sing numbers from Tschalkowskii, Strauss, Schumann and other well known writers. She will sing one group with the organ, including a new sacred song, "The Lord Is My Shepherd," by Thomas J. Kelly of the Y. W. C. A., and the program will close with Massenet's Elegie with violin obligato. Mr. Bennett will present a sonata by Beethoven, and a group including German, French and American numbers. Mr. Landsberg will accompany and he and Mrs. Zabriskie will present his sonata for violin and piano.

A piano recital will be given by Junior and intermediate pupils of Mr. and Mrs. August M. Borglum at the Schmolzer and Mueller piano company auditorium, 1213 Farnam street, Saturday evening, January 9, 1915, at 8 o'clock. Those taking part are Bernard Hanighan, Elizabeth W. Faffourah, Natalie Anderson, George Paul Borglum, John Clarke, Donna McDonald, Josephine Platner, Helen Smith, Margaret Wattle, Louise Clarke, Jean Palmer, Elizabeth Austin, May Hamilton, Ann Axtell, Dorothy Larlow and Helen Beckel.

January 15 Carrie Jacobs Bond will be heard in a recital of her own compositions at the North Side Christian church. Carrie Jacobs-Bond's songs tell the story of life with a reflection of wholesome philosophy. Often in her verses there's a heartbreak, but just as often