

# 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 Eclectic 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.

**Synopsis of Previous Chapters.**  
 The New York police are mystified by a series of murders and other crimes. The principal clue to the criminal is the warning letter which is sent the victims, signed with a "clutching hand". The latest victim of the mysterious assassin is Taylor Dodge, the 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.  
 By an ingenious ruse Clutching Hand smuggles into Elaine's home a flask of liquid air which she supposes to be a package of valuable papers. It blows open the safe in which it is placed, but Kennedy arrives in time to prevent the robbery. The detective narrowly escapes death in his apartment when Clutching Hand places a shotgun so that it is fired by the electrical connection formed when Kennedy places his hands on a framed photograph of Elaine.

#### CHAPTER V.

### The Poisoned Room

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ELAINE and Craig were much together during the next few days. Somehow or other, it seemed that the chase of the Clutching Hand involved long conferences in the Dodge library, and even, in fact, extended to excursions into the notoriously crime-infested neighborhood of Riverside Drive, with its fashionable procession of automobiles and go-carts—as far north, indeed, as that desperate haunt known as Grant's Tomb.

More than that, these delvings into the underworld involved Kennedy in the necessity of wearing a frock coat and silk hat in the afternoon, and I found that he was selecting his neckwear with a care that had been utterly foreign to him during all the years previous that I had known him.

It all looked very suspicious to me. But to return to the more serious side of the affair.

Kennedy and Elaine had scarcely come out of the house and descended the steps, one afternoon, when a sinister face appeared in a basement area-way nearby.

The figure was crouched over, with his back humped up almost as if deformed, and his left hand had an unmistakable twist.

It was the Clutching Hand.  
 He wore a telephone inspector's hat and coat and carried a bag slung by a strap over his shoulder. For once he had left off his mask, but in place of it, his face was covered by a scraggly black beard. In fact, he seemed to avoid turning his face full, three-quarters or even profile to anyone, unless he had to do so. As much as possible he averted it, but he did so in a clever way that made it seem quite natural. The disguise was effective.

He saw Kennedy and Miss Dodge and slunk unobtrusively against a railing, with his head turned away. Laughing and chatting, they passed. As they walked down the street, Clutching Hand turned and gazed at them. Involuntarily the menacing hand clutched in open hatred.

Then he turned in the other direction and, going up the steps of the Dodge house, rang the bell.

"Telephone inspector," he said in a loud tone as Michael, in Jennings' place for the afternoon, opened the door.

He accompanied the words with the sign, and Michael, taking care that the words be heard, in case any one was listening, admitted him.

As it happened, Aunt Josephine was upstairs in Elaine's room. She was fixing flowers in a vase on the dressing table for her idolized niece. Meanwhile, Rusty, the collie, lay, half blinking, on the floor.

"Who is this?" she asked, as Michael led the bogus telephone inspector into the room.

"A man from the telephone company," he answered deferentially.

Aunt Josephine, unsophisticated, allowed them to enter without a further question.

Quickly, like a good workman, Clutching Hand went to the telephone instrument and by dint of keeping his finger on the hook and his back to Aunt Josephine succeeded in conveying the illusion that he was examining it.

Aunt Josephine moved to the door. Not so, Rusty. He did not like the looks of the stranger and he had no scruples against letting it be known.

As she put her hand on the knob to go out into the hall, Rusty uttered a low growl, which grew into a full-throated snarl at the Clutching Hand. Clutching Hand kicked at him vigorously, if surreptitiously. Rusty barked.

"Lady," he disguised his voice, "will yer please ter call off the dog? Me and him don't seem to cotton to each other."

Michael put his hand on his face where the Clutching Hand had struck him. Then he waited, muttering to himself. As he thought it over, anger took the place of fear. He slowly turned in the direction of the cellar. Closing both his fists, Michael made a threatening gesture at his master in crime.

Meanwhile, Clutching Hand was standing by the electric meter. He examined it carefully, feeling where the wires entered and left it, and starting to trace them out. At last he came to a point where it seemed suitable to make a connection for some purpose he had in mind.

Quickly he took some wire from his bag and connected it with the electric light wires. Next, he led these wires, concealed, of course, along the cellar floor, in the direction of the furnace.

The furnace was one of the old hot air heaters and he paused before it as though seeking some-

Quickly she called to Marie. "Go—get Aunt Josephine—right away!"

As Marie almost flew down the hall, Elaine, still holding the letter convulsively, pulled herself together and got up, trembling. She almost seized the telephone as she called Kennedy's number.

Kennedy, in his stained laboratory apron, was at work before his table, while I was watching him with intense interest, when the telephone rang.

Without a word he answered the call and I could see a look of perturbation cross his face. I knew it was from Elaine, but could tell nothing about the nature of the message.

An instant later he almost tore off the apron and threw on his hat and coat. I followed him as he dashed out of the laboratory.

"This is terrible—terrible," he muttered, as we hurried across the campus of the university to

"All night," answered Elaine. "I wouldn't think of being without him now."

Kennedy lifted the dog by his front paws. Rusty submitted patiently, but without any spirit.

"May I take Rusty along with me?" he asked finally.

Elaine hesitated. "Surely," she said at length, "only, be gentle with him."

Craig looked at her as though it would be impossible to be otherwise with anything belonging to Elaine.

"Of course," he said, simply. "I thought that I might be able to discover the trouble from studying him."

We stayed only a few minutes longer, for Kennedy seemed to realize the necessity of doing something immediately, and even Dr. Hayward was fighting in the dark. As for me, I gave it up, too. I could find no answer to the mystery of what was the peculiar malady of Elaine.

Back in the laboratory, Kennedy set to work immediately, brushing everything else aside. He began by drawing off a little of Rusty's blood in a tube, very carefully.

"Here, Walter," he said, pointing to the little incision he had made, "will you take care of him?"

I bound up the wounded leg and gave the poor beast a drink of water. Rusty looked at me gratefully from his big, sad brown eyes. He seemed to appreciate our gentleness and to realize that we were trying to help him.

In the meantime, Craig had taken a flask with a rubber stopper. Through one hole in it was fitted a long funnel; through another ran a glass tube. The tube connected with a large U-shaped drying tube filled with calcium chloride, which, in turn, connected with a long open tube with an upturned end.

Into the flask Craig dropped some pure granulated zinc. Then he covered it with dilute sulphuric acid, poured in through the funnel tube.

"That forms hydrogen gas," he explained to me, "which passes through the drying tube and the ignition tube. Wait a moment until all the air is expelled from the tubes."

He lighted a match and touched it to open, upturned end. The hydrogen, now escaping freely, was ignited with a pale blue flame.

A few moments later, having extracted something like a serum from the blood he had drawn from Rusty, he added the extract to the mixture in the flask, pouring it in, also, through the funnel tube.

Almost immediately the pale, bluish name turned to bluish white, and white fumes were formed. In the ignition tube a sort of metallic deposit appeared.

Quickly Craig made one test after another. As he did so I sniffed. There was an unmistakable odor of garlic in the air which made me think of what I had already noticed in Elaine's room.

"What is it?" I asked, mystified.

"Arsenuretted hydrogen," he answered, still engaged in verifying his tests. "This is the Marsh test for arsenic."

I gazed from Kennedy to the apparatus, then to Rusty and a picture of Elaine, pale and listless, flashed before me.

"Arsenic!" I repeated, in horror.

I had scarcely recovered from the surprise of Kennedy's startling revelation when the telephone rang again. Kennedy seized the receiver, thinking evidently that the message might be from or about Elaine.

But from the look on his face and from his manner, I could gather that, although it was not from Elaine herself, it was about something that interested him greatly. As he talked, he took his little notebook and hastily jotted down something in it. Still, I could not make out what the conversation was about.

"Good!" I heard him say finally. "I shall keep the appointment—absolutely."

His face wore a peculiar puzzled look as he hung up the receiver.

"What was it?" I asked, eagerly.

"It was Elaine's footman, Michael," he replied, thoughtfully. "As I suspected, he says that he is a confederate of the Clutching Hand, and if we will protect him he will tell us the trouble with Elaine."

"I considered a moment. 'How's that?' I queried.

"Well," added Craig, "you see, Michael has become infuriated by the treatment he received from the Clutching Hand. I believe he cuffed him in the face yesterday. Anyway, he says he has determined to get even and betray him. So, after hearing how Elaine was, he slipped out of the servant's door and looking about carefully to see that he wasn't followed, he went straight to a drug store and called me up. He seemed extremely nervous and fearful."



Craig Reached Down and Gently Pulled the Collie Into the Room.  
 This is from the Moving Picture Film of "The Exploits of Elaine" by the Famous Pathe Players

slipped it over his head so that the muzzle protected his nose and mouth.

He seemed to work a sort of pumping attachment and from the nozzle of the spraying instrument blew out a cloud of powder which he directed at the wall.

The wall paper was one of those rich, fuzzy varieties and it seemed to catch the powder. Clutching Hand appeared to be more than satisfied with the effect.

Meanwhile, Michael, in the hallway, on guard to see that no one bothered Clutching Hand at his work, was overcome by curiosity to see what his master was doing. He opened the door a little bit and gazed stealthily through the crack into the room.

Clutching hand was now spraying the rug close to the dressing table of Elaine and was standing near the mirror. He stooped down to examine the rug. Then, as he raised his head, he happened to look into the mirror. In it he could see the full reflection of Michael behind him, gazing into the room.

"The scoundrel!" muttered Clutching Hand, with repressed fury at the discovery.

He rose quickly and shut off the spraying instrument, stuffing it into the bag. He took a step or two toward the door. Michael drew back, carefully, pretending now to be on guard.

Clutching Hand opened the door and, still wearing the muzzle, beckoned to Michael. Michael could scarcely control his fears. But he obeyed, entering Elaine's room after the Clutching Hand, who locked the door.

"Were you watching me?" demanded the master criminal, with rage.

Michael, trembling all over, shook his head. For a moment Clutching Hand looked him over disdainfully at the clumsy lie.

Then he brutally struck Michael in the face, knocking him down. An ungovernable, almost insane fury seemed to possess the man as he stood over the prostrate footman, cursing.

"Get up!" he ordered.

Michael obeyed, thoroughly cowed.

"Take me to the cellar, now," he demanded. Michael led the way from the room without a protest, the master criminal following him closely. Down into the cellar, by a back way, they went, Clutching Hand still wearing his muzzle and Michael saying not a word.

Another moment he surveyed his work to see that he had left no loose ends. Then he picked up his bag and moved toward the cellar steps. As he did so, he removed the muzzle from his nose and quietly let himself out of the house.

The next morning, Rusty, who had been Elaine's constant companion since the trouble had begun, awakened his mistress by licking her hand as it hung limply over the side of her bed.

She awakened with a start and put her hand to her head. She felt ill.

"Poor old fellow," she murmured, half dazedly, for the moment endowing her pet with her own feelings, as she patted his faithful shaggy head.

Rusty moved away again, wagging his tail listlessly. The collie, too, felt ill. Elaine watched him as he walked, dejected, across the room and then lay down.

"Why, Miss Elaine—what see so matter? You are so pale!" exclaimed the maid, Marie, as she entered the room a moment later with the morning's mail on a salver.

"I don't feel well, Marie," she replied, trying with her slender white hand to brush the cobwebs from her brain. "I wish you'd tell Aunt Josephine to telephone Dr. Hayward."

"Yes, mademoiselle," answered Marie, deftly and sympathetically straightening out the pillows. Languidly Elaine took the letters one by one off the salver. She looked at them, but seemed not to have energy enough to open them.

Finally she selected one and slowly tore it open. It had no superscription, but it at once arrested her attention and transfixed her with terror.

It read:  
 You are sick this morning. Tomorrow you will be worse. The next day you will die unless you discharge Craig Kennedy.

It was signed by the mystic trademark of the fearsome Clutching Hand!

Elaine drew back into the pillows, horror-stricken.

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I did not like the looks of the thing, and said so. "Craig," I objected vehemently, "don't go to meet him. It is a trap."

Kennedy had evidently considered my objection already.

"It may be a trap," he replied slowly, "but Elaine is dying and we've got to see this thing through."

As he spoke, he took an automatic from a drawer of a cabinet and thrust it into his pocket. Then he went into another drawer and took out several sections of thin tubing, which seemed to be made fast together as a fishing pole is fastened but were now separate, as if ready for travelling.

"Well—are you coming, Walter?" he asked finally—the only answer to my flood of caution.

Then he went out. I followed, still arguing. "If you go, I go," I capitulated. "That's an there is to it."

Following the directions that Michael had given over the telephone, Craig led me into one of the toughest parts of the lower West Side.

"Here's the place," he announced, stopping across the street from a dingy Raines law hotel.

"Pretty tough," I objected. "Are you sure?"

"Quite," replied Kennedy, consulting his note book again.

"Well, I'll be hanged if I'll go in that joint," I persisted.

It had no effect on Kennedy. "Nonsense, Walter," he replied, crossing the street.

(Continued on Page Eleven—Column Three)