

Gossip About Music and Musicians

By HENRIETTA REES.

THE MEMBERSHIP of the Mendelssohn choir of Omaha is now busy with its annual work of securing pledges for the coming series of concerts with the Chicago Symphony orchestra and the question on every hand is "Have you signed the pledge?"

Songsters Who Are Members of the Creighton Glee Club



PHOTO BY SANDBERG & BITNER

The Creighton Varsity Glee club, under the direction of Prof. Bock, will stage its fifth annual concert at the Brandeis theater February 3. The club recruited

from all departments of the university, has been hard at work since early in September in preparation for this appearance. Great enthusiasm is displayed

among the students in pushing the concert. Reserved seats will be placed on sale at Beaton's drug store February 1.

The concert will be staged entirely by the students this year, as it is thought this form of entertainment will prove

more popular than the custom of featuring a star, with the club occupying the background.

OPERATIC STAR TO APPEAR IN CONCERT HERE.



Louise Le Baron

ary 4, at 4 o'clock. The program is as follows: Rameau—(Sarabande). (The Three Hands). MacDowell Prelude—(From Suite Bergamasque). Moonlight. Chopin—(No. 3, No. 2—Caprice). Beethoven—(Op. 10, No. 2—Caprice). Beethoven—(Op. 27, No. 2—Andante). Liszt—(A. H. W. No. 3—Chopin). Orpheus—(From Firebird Tales). Etude—(Arabian Harp). Etude—(Butterfly). Etude—(No. 3). Etude—(King's Fall)—Chopin.

Musical Notes. Plymouth congregational church will dedicate its new pipe organ February 2 with a recital by Mr. Ben Stanley, organist, assisted by the Misses Madras West, violinist, and Eloise West, organist, and Mr. Charles Brown, baritone. The program is made up of the following representative numbers for the organ, containing selections from Gullmunt, Beethoven and the celebrated large by Handel, and violin and vocal numbers chosen with care and taste. Among other interesting organ numbers will be a Nocturne by Mr. Stanley.

A grand recital by pupils of August M. Borghini will be given at the Schmoller & Mueller auditorium. The program will be given by Misses Eleanor Lear, Etie Dawson, Florence Peterson and Grace Baule.

At the Social Settlement concert which will be given in the near future, Mrs. C. J. Will play two groups of piano compositions, one entirely from Chopin, Mrs. A. I. Root will sing a group of Schumann songs and other numbers. Miss Helen Sommers will be heard in well chosen selections for the violin and Miss Harriet Metis will sing a group of American songs.

Plymouth Congregational Organ Dedicated Tuesday. Plymouth Congregational church will have the formal opening of the new organ Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock, with Ben Stanley as organist, assisted by Miss Madras West, violinist; Miss Eloise West, organist, and Charles C. Brown, baritone.

It Will Believe Backache. Apply Sloan's Liniment to your back, pain gone almost instantly. Don't rub, it penetrates. 25c. All druggists.—Advertisement.

The Exploits of Elaine

(Continued from Page Ten.)

Reluctantly I followed and we entered the place.

"I want a room," asked Craig as we were accosted by the proprietor, comfortably clad in a loud checked suit and striped shirt sleeves. "I had one here once before—forty-nine, I think."

"Fifty—I began to correct. Kennedy trod hard on my toes.

"Yes, forty-nine," he repeated. "The proprietor called a stout negro porter, waiter and bell-hop, all combined in one, who led us upstairs.

"Forty-nine, sah," he pointed out, as Kennedy dropped a dime into his ready palm.

The negro left us, and as Craig started to enter, I objected. "But, Craig, it was fifty-nine, not forty-nine. This is the wrong room."

"I know it," he replied. "I had it written in the book. But I want forty-nine now. Just follow me, Walter."

Nervously I followed him into the room.

"Don't you understand?" he went on. "Room forty-nine is probably just the same as fifty-nine, except perhaps the pictures and furniture, only it is on the floor below."

He gazed about keenly. Then he took a few steps to the window and threw it open. As he stood there he took the parts of the rods he had been carrying and fitted them together until he had a pole some eight or ten feet long. At one end was a curious arrangement that seemed to contain lenses and a mirror. At the other end was an eye-piece, as nearly as I could make out.

"What is that?" I asked as he completed his work.

"That? That is an instrument something on the order of a miniature submarine periscope," Craig replied, still at work.

I watched him, fascinated at his resourcefulness. He stealthily thrust the mirror end of the periscope out of the window and up toward the corresponding window upstairs. Then he gazed eagerly through the eye-piece.

"Walter—look!" he exclaimed to me.

I did. There, sure enough, was Michael, pacing up and down the room. He had already preceded us. In his scared and stealthy manner he had entered the furnished room for gentlemen only. There he had sought a room, fifty-nine, as he had said.

As he came into the room, he had looked about, overcome by the enormity of what he was about to do. He looked the door. Still, he had not been able to avoid gazing about fearfully, as he was doing now that we saw him.

Nothing had happened. Yet he brushed his hand over his forehead and breathed a sigh of relief. The air seemed to be stifling him and already he had gone to the window and thrown it open. Then he had gazed out as though there might be some poky peril in the very air.

He had now drawn back from the window and was considering. He was actually trembling. Should he flee? He whistled softly to himself to keep his shaking fingers under control. Then he started to pace and down the room in nervous impatience and irresolution.

As I looked at him nervously walking to and fro, I could not help admitting that things looked safe enough and all right to me. Kennedy folded the periscope up and we left our room, mounting the remaining flight of stairs.

In fifty-nine we could hear the measured step of the footman. Craig knocked. The footstep ceased. Then the door opened slowly and I could see a cold blue automatic.

"Look out!" I cried.

Michael in his fear had drawn a gun. "It's all right, Walter," he added to me. The sun dropped back into the footman's pocket. We entered and Michael again looked the door. Not a word had been spoken by him so far.

Next Michael moved to the center of the room and, as I realized later, brought himself in direct line with the open window. He seemed to be overcome with fear at his betrayal and stood there breathing heavily.

"Prof. Kennedy," he began, "I have been so mistreated that I have made up my mind to tell you all I know about this Clutching Hand."

Suddenly he drew a sharp breath and both his hands clutched at his own breast. He did not stagger and fall in the ordinary manner, but seemed to bend at the

knees and wail and literally crumple down on his face.

We ran to him. Craig turned him over gently on his back and examined him. He called. No answer. Michael was almost pulseless.

Quickly Craig tore off his collar and bared his breast. For the man seemed to be struggling for breath. As he did so, he drew from Michael's throat, a small, sharp-pointed dart.

"What's that?" I ejaculated, horror-stricken.

"A poisoned blow-gun dart, such as is used by the South American Indians on the upper Orinoco," he said slowly.

He examined it carefully.

"What is the poison?" I asked.

"Curari," he replied simply. "It acts on the respiratory muscles, paralyzing them, and causing asphyxiation."

The dart seemed to have been made of a quill with a very sharp point, hollow, and containing the deadly poison in the sharp-pointed end.

"Look out!" I cautioned, as he handled it.

"Oh, that's all right," answered casually. "If I don't scratch myself, I am safe enough. I could swallow the stuff and it wouldn't hurt me—unless I had an abrasion of the lip or some internal cut."

Kennedy continued to examine the dart until suddenly I heard a low exclamation of surprise from him. Inside the hollow quill was a thin sheet of tissue paper, tightly rolled. He drew it out and read:

To know me is DEATH. Kennedy—Take warning.

Underneath was the inevitable Clutching Hand sign.

"I rushed to our feet. Kennedy rushed to the window and alarmed it shut, while I seized the key from Michael's pocket, opened the door and called for help.

A moment before, on the roof of a building, across the street, one might have seen a bent, skulking figure. His face was copper colored and on his head was a thick thatch of matted hair. He looked like a South American Indian, in a very dilapidated suit of cast-off American clothes.

He had slipped out through a doorway leading to a flight of steps from the roof to the hallway of the tenement. His fatal dart sent on its unerring mission with a precision born of long years in the South American jungle, he concealed the deadly blow-gun in his breast pocket with a cruel smile, and like one of his native venomous serpents, wormed his way down the stairs again.

My outcry brought a veritable battalion of aid. The hotel proprietor, the negro waiter and several others dashed upstairs, followed shortly by a portly policeman, peering at the exertion.

"What's the matter here?" he panted. "Ye're all under arrest!"

Kennedy quietly pulled out his card case and taking the policeman aside showed it to him.

"We had an appointment to meet this man in that Clutching Hand case, you know. He is Miss Dodge's footman," Craig explained.

Then he took the policeman into his confidence, showing him the dart and explaining about the poison. The officer stared blankly.

"I must get away, too," hurried on Craig. "Officer, I will leave you to take charge here. You can depend on me for the instant."

The officer nodded.

"Come on, Walter," whispered Craig, eager to get away, then adding the one word, "Elaine!"

I followed hastily, not slow to understand his fear for her.

Nor were Craig's fears groundless. In spite of all that could be done for her, Elaine was still in bed, much weaker now than before. While we had been gone, Dr. Hayward, Aunt Josephine and Marie were distracted.

More than that, the Clutching Hand had not neglected the opportunity, either.

Suddenly, just before our return, a stone had come hurtling through the window, without warning of any kind, and had landed on Elaine's bed.

Below, as we learned some time afterwards, a car had drawn up hastily and the evil-faced crook whom the Clutching Hand had used to rid himself of the informer, "Lumpy Red," had leaped out and hastily hurried the stone through the window, as quickly leaping back into the car and whisking away.

Elaine had screamed. All had reached for the stone. But she had been the first to seize it and discover that around it was wrapped a piece of paper on which

was the ominous warning, signed as usual by the Hand:

Michael is dead. Tomorrow you.

"Oh, Mr. Kennedy," he said slowly. Elaine had sunk back into her pillows, paler than ever from this second shock, while the others, as they read the note, were overcome by alarm and despair at the suddenness of the thing.

It was just then that Kennedy and I arrived and were admitted.

"Oh, Mr. Kennedy," cried Elaine, handing him the note.

Craig took it and read. "Miss Dodge," he said, as he held the note out to me, "you are suffering from arsenic poisoning—but I don't know yet how it is being administered."

He gazed about keenly. Meanwhile, I had taken crumpled note from him and was reading it. Somehow, I had leaped against the wall. As I turned, Craig happened to glance at me.

"For heaven's sake, Walter," I heard him exclaim. "What have you been up against?"

He fairly leaped at me and I felt him examining my shoulder where I had been leaning on the wall. Something on the paper had come off and had left a mark on my shoulder. Craig looked puzzled from me to the wall.

"Arsenic!" he cried.

He whipped out a pocket lens and looked at the paper. "This heavy, fuzzy paper is fairly loaded with it, powdered," he reported.

I looked too. The powdered arsenic was plainly discernible. "Yes, here it is!" he continued, standing absorbed in thought. "But why did it work so effectively?"

He sniffed as he had done before. So

did I. There was still the faint smell of garlic. Kennedy paced the room. Suddenly, pausing by the register, an idea seemed to strike him.

"Walter," he whispered, "come down cellar with me."

"Oh! Be careful," cried Elaine, anxious for him.

"I will," he called back.

As he flashed his pocket bulb's-eye about, his gaze fell on the electric meter. He paused before it. In spite of the fact that it was broad daylight, it was running. His face puckered.

"They are using no current at present in the house," he ruminated, "yet the meter is running."

He continued to examine the meter. Then he began to follow the electric wires along. At last he discovered a place where they had been tampered with and tapped by other wires.

"The work of the Clutching Hand!" he muttered.

Eagerly he followed the wires to the furnace and around to the back. There they led right into a little water tank. Kennedy ranked them out. As he did so he pulled something with them.

"Two electrodes the villain placed there," he exclaimed, holding them up triumphantly for me to see.

"Yes," I replied, dubiously, "but what does it all mean?"

"Why, don't you see? Under the influence of the electric current the water was decomposed and gave off oxygen and hydrogen. The free hydrogen passed up the furnace and combining with the arsenic in the wall paper formed the deadly arsenuretted hydrogen."

He cast the whole improvised electrolysis apparatus on the floor and dashed up the cellar steps.

"I've found it!" he cried, hurrying into Elaine's room. "It's in this room—a deadly gas—arsenuretted hydrogen."

He tore open the windows.

"Have her moved," he shouted to Aunt

Josephine. "Then have a vacuum cleaner go over every inch of wall, carpet and upholstery."

Standing beside her, he breathlessly explained his discovery. "That wall paper has been loaded down with arsenic, probably Paris green or Schweinfurth green, which is arsenorettite of copper. Every minute you are here you are breathing arsenuretted hydrogen. The Clutching Hand has cleverly contrived to introduce the nascent gas into the room. That acts on the arsenic compounds in the wall paper and hangings and sets free the gas. I thought I knew the smell the moment set a whiff of it. You are slowly being poisoned by minute quantities of the deadly gas. This Clutching Hand is a diabolical genius. Think of it—poisoned wall paper!"

No one said a word. Kennedy reached down and took the two Clutching Hand messages Elaine had received. "I shall want to study these notes, more, too," he said, holding them up to the wall at the head of the bed as he flashed his pocket lens at them. "You see, Elaine, I may be able to get something from studying the ink, the paper, the hand writing!"

Suddenly both leaped back, with a cry. Their faces had been several inches apart. Something had whizzed between them and literally impaled the two notes on the wall.

Down the street, on the roof of a carriage house, back of a neighbor's, might have been seen the uncouth figure of the shabby South American Indian crouching behind a chimney and gazing intently at the Dodge house.

As Craig had thrown open Elaine's window and turned to Elaine the figure had crouched closer to the chimney.

Then with an uncanny determination he slowly raised the blow-gun to his lips. I jumped forward, followed by Dr. Hayward, Aunt Josephine and Marie. Kennedy had a peculiar look as he pulled out from the wall a blow-gun dart similar in every way to that which had killed Michael.

"Craig!" gasped Elaine, reaching up and laying her soft white hand on his arm in undisguised fear for him, "you—you must give up this chase for the Clutching Hand!"

"Give up the chase for the Clutching Hand?" he repeated in surprise. "Never! Not until either he or I is dead!"

"There was both fear and admiration mingled in her look, as she reached down and patted her dainty shoulder encouragingly.

(Continued Next Sunday.)

Not a Scarecrow.

A certain Chicago business man has had a great deal of trouble with his

scarecrow, a number of whom have from time to time evinced a disposition "to soldier."

On one occasion when this gentleman, in company with his brother, was visiting the farm of a friend in southern Illinois the two observed a scarecrow standing in a distant field.

"Since it isn't moving," observed the brother, "it must be a scarecrow."

"That isn't a scarecrow," said the other, after a long gaze at the figure. "That's a man working by the day."—Lippincott's Magazine.

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Gray, faded hair, though no disgrace, is a sign of old age, and as we all desire a youthful and attractive appearance, get busy at once with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur and look years younger.—Advertisement.

EXPLOITS of ELAINE

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