

# 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**



"Elaine was kidnaped—in the armor," Cried Kennedy.  
 This is from the Moving Picture Film of "The Exploits of Elaine" by the Famous Pathe Players.

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 of prominent men. The principal clue to the murderer 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, Jamison, a newspaper man. The Clutching Hand band attempt a daring robbery of a jewelry store, but are foiled by Kennedy. The criminals kidnap Elaine and leave her to drown inside a steel tank. Craig Kennedy arrives in the nick of time to save her.

as comfortably as possible under the circumstances in the rear seat, while his pals started the car off with a jerk in the hurry of escape.  
 Jennings, having hastily slipped his trousers on over his pajamas, came running down the hall, while Marie, frightened, came in the other direction. Aunt Josephine appeared a few seconds later, adding to the general excitement.  
 "What's the matter?" she asked, anxiously.  
 "A burglar, I think," exclaimed Elaine, still holding the gun in her hand. "Someone tried to get into my window."  
 "My gracious," cried Aunt Josephine, in alarm.

**CHAPTER VI**  
**"The Vampire"**

Copyright, 1915, by the Star Company.  
 All Foreign Rights Reserved.

**K**ENNEDY went the next day to the Dodge House, and, as usual, Perry Bennett, Elaine's lawyer, was there in the library with Elaine, still going over the Clutching Hand case in their endeavor to track down the mysterious master criminal.

Bennett seemed as deeply as ever in love with Elaine. Still, as Jennings admitted Craig it was sufficiently evident by the manner in which Elaine left Bennett and ran to greet Craig that she had the highest regard for him.

"I've brought you a little document that may interest you," remarked Kennedy, reaching into his pocket and pulling out an envelope.

Elaine tore it open and looked at the paper within.

"Oh, how thoughtful of you!" she exclaimed in surprise.

It was a permit from the police made out in her name allowing her to carry a revolver.

A moment later, Kennedy reached into his coat pocket and produced a little automatic which he handed to her.

"Thank you," she cried eagerly.

Elaine examined the gun with interest, then, raising it playfully at Bennett.

"Oh, no, no!" exclaimed Kennedy, taking her arm quickly and gently, deflecting the weapon away.

"You mustn't think it is a toy. It explodes at a mere touch of the trigger—when that safety ratchet is turned."

Bennett had realized the danger and had jumped back, almost mechanically. As he did so, he bumped into a suit of mediæval armor standing by the wall, knocking it over with a resounding crash.

"I beg pardon," he ejaculated, "I'm very sorry. That was very awkward of me."

Jennings, who had been busy about the portieres at the doorway, started to pick up the fallen knight. Some of the pieces were broken, and the three gathered about as the butler tried to fit them together again as best he could.

"Too bad, too bad," apologized Bennett profusely. "I really forgot how close I was to the thing."

"Oh, never mind," returned Elaine, a little crestfallen. "It is smashed alright—but it was my fault, Jennings, send for someone to repair it."

She turned to Kennedy. "But I do wish you would teach me how to use this thing," she added, touching the automatic gingerly.

"Gladly," he returned.

"Won't you join us, Mr. Bennett?" asked Elaine.

"No," the young lawyer smiled. "I'm afraid I can't. You see, I had an engagement with another client and I'm already late."

He took his hat and coat and, with a reluctant farewell, moved toward the hallway.

A moment later Elaine and Craig followed, while Jennings finished restoring the armor as nearly as possible as it had been.

It was late that night that a masked figure succeeded in raising itself to the narrow ornamental ledge under Elaine's bedroom window.

Elaine was a light sleeper, and besides, Rusty, her faithful colie, now fully recovered from the poison, was in her room.

Rusty growled and the sudden noise awakened her.

Startled, Elaine instantly thought of the automatic. She reached under her pillow, keeping very quiet, and drew forth the gun that Craig had given her. Stealthily concealing her actions under the covers, she levelled the automatic at the figure silhouetted in her window and fired three times.

The figure fell back.

Down in the street below the assistant of the Clutching Hand who had waited while Taylor Dodge was electrocuted, was waiting as his confederate, "Pitts Slim"—which indicated that he was both wiry in stature and libellous in delegating his nativity—made the attempt.

As Slim came tumbling down, having fallen back from the window above mortally wounded, the confederate lifted him up and carried him out of sight hurriedly.



Holding His Hand Over Elaine's Mouth to Prevent Her Screaming, He Snatched the Revolver Away Before She Could Fire It.  
 This is from the Moving Picture Film of "The Exploits of Elaine" by the Famous Pathe Players.

"where will this thing end?"  
 Elaine was doing her best now to quiet the fears of her aunt, and the rest of the household.

"Well," she laughed, a little nervously, "now that it was all over, I want you all to go to bed and stop worrying about me. Don't you see I'm perfectly able to take care of myself? Besides, there isn't a chance now, of the burglar coming back. Why, I shot him."

"Yes," put in Aunt Josephine, "but—"

Elaine laughingly interrupted her, and playfully made as though she were driving them out of her room, although they were all very much concerned over the affair. However, they went finally, and she locked the door.

"Rusty," she called. "Down, there!"

The intelligent colie seemed to understand. He lay down by the doorway, his nose close to the bottom of the door, and his ears alert.

Finally Elaine, too, retired again.

Meanwhile the wounded man was being hurried to one of the hang-outs of the mysterious Clutching Hand, an old-fashioned house in the Westchester suburbs. It was a carefully hidden place, back from the main road, surrounded by trees, with a driveway leading to it.

The car containing the wounded "Pitts Slim" drew up, and the other two men leaped out of it. With a hurried glance about, they unlocked the front door with a pass-key and entered, carrying the man.

Indoors was another emissary of the Clutching Hand, a rather studious looking chap.

"Why, what's the matter?" he exclaimed as the crooks entered his room supporting their half-fainting, wounded pal.

"Slim got a couple of pills," they panted as they laid him on a couch.

"How?" demanded the other.

"Trying to get into the Dodge house. Elaine did it."

Slim was, quite evidently, badly wounded and was bleeding profusely. A glance at him was enough for the studious-looking chap. He went to a secret panel, and, pressing it down, took out what was apparently a secret house telephone.

In another part of this mysterious house was the secret room of the Clutching Hand, himself, where he hid his identity from even his most trusted followers. It was a small room lined with books on every conceivable branch of science that might aid him, and containing innumerable little odds and ends of paraphernalia that might help in his nefarious criminal career.

His telephone rang and he took down the receiver.

"Pitts Slim's been wounded, badly, chief," was all he wanted to hear.

With scarcely a word he hung up the receiver, then opened a table drawer and took out a full face mask. Next he went to a nearby bookcase, pressed another secret spring, and a panel opened. He passed through, the mask adjusted.

Across, in the larger, outside study, another

panel opened and the Clutching Hand, all crouched up, transformed, appeared. Without a word he advanced to the couch on which the wounded crook lay, and examined him.

"How did it happen?" he asked at length.

"Miss Dodge shot him," answered the others, "with an automatic."

"That Craig Kennedy must have given it to her!" he exclaimed with suppressed fury.

For a moment the Clutching Hand stopped to consider. Then he seized the regular telephone.

"Dr. Martin?" he asked, as he got the number he called.

Late as it was, the doctor, who was a well-known surgeon in that part of the country, answered from an extension of his telephone near his bed.

The call was urgent, and apparently from a man, which he did not feel he could neglect.

"Yes; I'll be there—in a few moments," he yawned, hanging up the receiver and getting out of bed.

Dr. Martin was a middle-aged man, one of those medical men in whose judgment one instinctively relies. From the brief description of the hemorrhage which the Clutching Hand had cleverly made over the wire he knew that a life was at stake. Quickly he dressed and went out to his garage back of the house to get his little runabout.

It was only a matter of minutes before the doctor was speeding over the now deserted suburban roads, apparently on his errand of mercy.

At the address that had been given him he drew up to the side of the road, got out and ran up the steps to the door. A ring at the bell brought a sleepy looking man to the door, in his trousers and nightshirt.

"How's the patient?" asked Dr. Martin, eagerly.

"Patient?" repeated the man, rubbing his eyes. "There's no one sick here."

"Then what did you telephone for?" asked the doctor peevishly.

"Telephone? I didn't call up any one. I was asleep."

Slowly it dawned on the doctor that it was a false alarm, and that he must be the victim of some practical joke.

"Well, that's a great note," he growled, as the man shut the door.

He descended the steps, muttering harsh language at some unknown trickster. As he climbed back into his machine and made ready to start, two men seemed to rise before him as if from nowhere.

As a matter of fact, they had been sent there by the Clutching Hand and were hiding in a nearby cellarway until their chance came.

One man stood on the running board, on either side of him, and two guns yawned menacingly at him.

dark house. Half a mile, perhaps, down the road, they halted and left the car beside the walk.

Dr. Martin was too surprised to marvel at anything now, and he realized that he was in the power of two desperate men. Quickly they blindfolded him.

It seemed an interminable walk, as they led him about to confuse him, but at last he could feel that they had taken him into a house and along passageways, which they were making unnecessarily long in order to destroy all recollection that they could.

Finally he knew that he was in a room in which others were present. He suppressed a shudder at the low, menacing voices.

A moment later he felt them remove the bandage from his eyes, and, blinking at the light, he could see a hard-faced fellow, pale and weak, on a blood-stained couch. Over him bent a masked man and another man stood near by, endeavoring by improvised bandages to stop the flow of blood.

"What can you do for this fellow?" asked the masked man.

Dr. Martin, seeing nothing else to do, for he was more than outnumbered now, bent down and examined him.

As he rose, he said, "He will be dead from loss of blood by morning, no matter if he is properly bandaged."

"Is there nothing that can save him?" whispered the Clutching Hand hoarsely.

"Blood transfusion might save him," replied the doctor. "But so much blood would be needed that whoever gives it would be liable to die himself."

Clutching Hand stood silent a moment, thinking, as he gazed at the man who had been one of his chief reliance. Then, with a menacing gesture, he spoke in a low, bitter tone:

"She who shot him shall supply the blood."

A few quick directions followed to his subordinates, and as he made ready to go he muttered, "Keep the doctor here. Don't let him stir from the room."

Then, with the man who had aided him in the murder of Taylor Dodge, he sallied out into the blackness that precedes dawn.

It was just before early daybreak when the Clutching Hand and his confederate reached the Dodge house in the city and came up to the back door, over the fences. As they stood there, the Clutching Hand produced a master key and started to open the door. But before he did so he took out his watch.

"Let me see," he ruminated. "Twenty minutes past 4. At exactly half past, I want you to do as I told you—see?"

The other crook nodded.

"You may go," ordered the Clutching Hand.

As the crook slunk away, Clutching Hand stealthily let himself into the house. Noiselessly he prowled through the halls until he came to Elaine's doorway.

He gave a hasty look up and down the hall. There was no sound. Quickly he took a syringe from his pocket and bent down by the door. Inserting the end under it, he squirted some liquid through which vaporized rapidly in a wide, fine stream of spray. Before he could give an alarm, Rusty was overcome by the noxious fumes, rolled over on his back and lay still.

Outside, the other crook was waiting, looking at his watch. As the hand slowly turned the half hour he snapped the watch shut. With a quick glance up and down the deserted street, he deftly started up the rain pipe that passed near Elaine's window.

This time there was no faithful Rusty to give warning, and the second intruder, after a glance at Elaine, still sleeping, went quickly to the door, dragged the insensible dog out of the way, turned the key and admitted the Clutching Hand. As he did so he closed the door.

Evidently the fumes had not reached Elaine, or, if they had, the inrush of fresh air revived her, for she waked and quickly reached for the gun. In an instant the other crook had leaped at her. Holding his hand over her mouth to prevent her screaming, he snatched the revolver away before she could fire it.

In the meantime the Clutching Hand had taken out some chloroform, and, rolling a towel in the form of a cone, placed it over her face. She struggled, gasping and gagging, but the struggles grew weaker and weaker and finally ceased altogether.

When Elaine was completely under the influence of the drug, they lifted her out of bed, the chloroform cone still over her face, and quietly carried her to the door, which they had opened stealthily.

Downstairs they carried her until they came to

the library with its new safe, and where they placed her on a couch.

At an early hour an express wagon stopped before the Dodge house and Jennings, half dressed, answered the bell.

"We've come for that broken suit of armor to be repaired," said a workman.

Jennings let the men in. The armor was still on the stand and the repairers took armor, stand and all, laying it on the couch, where they wrapped it in the covers they had brought for the purpose. They lifted it up and started to carry it out.

"Be careful," cautioned the thrifty Jennings. Rusty, now recovered, was barking and sniffing at the armor.

"Kick the mutt off," growled one man. The other did so, and Rusty snarled and snapped at him. Jennings took him by the collar and held him as the repairers went out, loaded the armor on the wagon, and drove off.

Scarcely had they gone, while Jennings straightened out the disarranged library, when Rusty began jumping about, barking furiously. Jennings looked at him in amazement as the dog ran to the window and leaped out.

He had no time to look after the dog, though, for at that very instant he heard a voice calling, "Jennings, Jennings!"

It was Marie, almost speechless. He followed her as she led the way to Miss Elaine's room. There Marie pointed mutely to the bed.

Elaine was not there.

There, too, were her clothes, neatly folded, as Marie had hung them for her.

"Something must have happened to her," wailed Marie.

Jennings was now thoroughly alarmed. Meanwhile the express wagon outside was driving off, with Rusty tearing after it.

"What's the matter?" cried Aunt Josephine, coming in where the footman and the maid were arguing what was to be done.

She gave one look at her bed, the clothes and the servants.

"Call Mr. Kennedy!" she cried in alarm.

"Elaine is gone—no one knows how or where," announced Craig, as he leaped out of bed that morning to answer the furious ringing of our telephone bell.

It was very early, but Craig dressed hurriedly, and I followed as best I could, for he had the start of me, tieless and collarless.

When we arrived at the Dodge house Aunt Josephine and Marie were fully dressed. Jennings let us in.

"What has happened?" demanded Kennedy breathlessly.

While Aunt Josephine tried to tell him, Craig was busy examining the room.

"Let us see the library," he said at length. Accordingly down to the library we went. Kennedy looked about. He seemed to miss something.

"Where is the armor?" he demanded.

"Why, the men came for it and took it away to repair," answered Jennings.

Kennedy's brow clouded in deep thought. Outside we had left our taxi waiting. The door was open and a new footman, James, was sweeping the rug, when past him flashed a dishevelled hairy streak.

We were all standing there still as Craig questioned Jennings about the armor. With a yelp Rusty tore frantically into the room. A moment he stopped and barked. We all looked at him in surprise. Then, as no one moved, he seemed to single out Kennedy. He seized Craig's coat in his teeth and tried to drag him out.

"Here, Rusty—down, sir, down!" called Jennings.

"No; Jennings, no," interposed Craig. "What's the matter, old fellow?"

Craig patted Rusty, whose big brown eyes seemed mutely appealing. Out of the doorway he went, barking still. Craig and I followed, while the rest stood in the vestibule.

Rusty was trying to lead Kennedy down the street.

"Wait here," called Kennedy to Aunt Josephine, as he stepped with me on the running board of the cab. "Go on, Rusty; good dog!"

Rusty needed no urging. With an eager yelp he started off, still barking, ahead of us, our car following. On we went, much to the astonishment of those who were on the street at such an early hour.

It seemed miles that we went, but at last we came to a peculiarly deserted looking house. Here Rusty turned in and began scratching at the door. We jumped off the cab and followed.

The door was locked when we tried it, and from inside we could get no answer. We put our shoulders to it, and burst it in. Dusty gave a leap forward with a joyous bark.

We followed more cautiously. There were pieces of armor strewn all over the floor. Rusty sniffed at them and looked about, disappointed, then howled.

I looked from the armor to Kennedy in blank amazement.

"Elaine was kidnaped—in the armor," he cried.

He was right. Meanwhile, the armor repairers had stopped at last at this apparently deserted house, a strange sort of repair shop. Still keeping it wrapped in blankets, they had taken the armor out of the wagon and now laid it down on an old broken bed. Then they had unwrapped it and taken off the helmet.

There was Elaine!

She had been stupefied, bound and gagged. Piece after piece of the armor they removed, finding her still only conscious.

"Sh! What's that?" cautioned one of the men. They paused and listened. Sure enough, there was a sound outside. They opened the window cautiously. A dog was scratching on the door, endeavoring to get in. It was Rusty.

"I think it's her dog," said the man, turning. "We'd better let him in. Someone might see him." The other nodded and a moment later the door opened and in ran Rusty. Straight to Elaine he went, starting to lick her hand.

"Right—her dog," exclaimed the other.

(Continued on Page Nine, Column Three.)