# Exploits Elaine

### A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama

Presented by Th. Imaha Bee in Collaboration with the Famous Pathe Players and the Eclectic Film Co.

Intro-ducing 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 Pamous Pathe Players

ELAINE DODGE - - Miss Pearl White CRAIG KENNEDY - - Mr. Arnold Daly HARRY BENNETT - Mr. Sheldon Lewis

Dude.

They were Flirty Florrie and Dan the

"Now, I want you to get Kennedy," he

said. "The way to do it is to separate

"All right, Chief, we'll do it," they re

"I've rigged it so that you'll reach him

They nodded eagerly as he told them

Clutching Hand had scarcely left wher

Plirtle Florrie began by getting pub-

ished in the papers the story I had seen.

The next day she called my up from

the suburban house. Having got me to

promise to see her, she had scarcely

turned from the telephone when Dan the

Dan was carrying a huge stag head

with a beautiful branched pair of antiers,

Under his arm was a coil of wire which

he had connected to the inside of the

"There," he said, unscrewing one of the

beautiful brown glass eyes of the stag.

Back of it could be seen a camera shut-

ter. Dan worked the shutter several

"One of those new quick shutter cam-

Then he ran a couple of wires along the

moulding, around the room and into a

closet, where he made the connection

with a sort of a switchboard on which a

button was marked, "SHUTTER" and

"Now, Flirty." he said, coming out of

the closet and pulling up the shade which

let a flood of sunlight into the room,

you see I want you to stand here—then,

"That must be Jameson," she cried.

With a last look, Dan went into the

Perhaps half a hour later. Clutching

Hand himself called me up on the tele-

phone. It was he-not the Star-as I

She said no more, but imprinted a deep,

passionate kiss on Kennedy's mouth,

"I-I'll look into the case," he said,

He was plainly embarrassed and has-

Kennedy had no more than shut the

might have been poisoned, it is true, but

fact that on the way downtown that aft-

ernoon he stopped at Martin's on Fifth

some solitaire, the finest Martin had in

It must have been about the time he

decided to stop at Martin's that the

MISS FLORENCE LEIGH,

30 Prospect Avenue.
As he handed Elaine the card, she

looked up from the book she was reading

Elaine moved into the drawing room,

portieres for her and passing through the

room quickly where Flirty Florrie sat

gazing at Elaine, apparently very much

There was a short pause. The woman

"It is embarrassing," she said finally,

but, Miss Dodge, I have come to you

"Yes," she continued, "you do not know

it, but Craig Kennedy is infatuated with

you." She paused again, then added, "But

Elaine stared at the woman. She was

"There is the ring." Flirtie Florrie

Elaine frowned, but said nothing. Her-

"There's the proof," Florrie said simply,

Elaine looked with a start. Sure enough,

were passionately kissing.

Elaine looked at her nonplussed

dazed. She could not believe it.

ered tale that had caught my ear.

the switch. "WIND FILM."

do your little trick. Get me?"

Just then the bell rang.

closet and shut the door.

learned only too late.

skepticism he felt.

It was just like this."

times in succession.

osculatory assault.

engraved the name

was the first to speak.

to beg for my love."

he is engaged to me.

He frowned.

'Now-get to your corner."

"I get you, Steve," she laughed.

times to see whether it was all right.

Dude walked in from the next room.

"He's coming," she said.

eras," he explained.

Kennedy and Elaine-see?"

the subtle plan.

through Jameson, understand?"

Everything you read here today two of his emissaries, an attractive young you can see in the fascinating Pathe woman and a man.

Motion Pictures at the Motion PictThey were Flirty Florrie and Dan the ure Theaters this week. Next Sunanother chapter of "The Exploits of Elaine" and new Pathe reels.

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

The New York poince are mysuffed by a series of murders of prominent men. The latest victim of the mysterious assassinis Taylor Dodge, the insurance president. His daughter, Elaine, employs Craig Kennedy, the famous scientific detective, to try to unravel the mystery. One of the criminals steads into Elaine's room at night, puts her under the influence of the twilight sleep drug and forces her to write a letter dismissing Kennedy. This trick falls. Later Kennedy learns of a daring robbery planned by the conspirators. In an effort to trap them Elaine is cabtured and sealed up in a tank, and is at the point of death when Kennedy accidentally discovers her plight and saves her. In retalisation the criminals make a desperate attempt to kill Kennedy by erecting an ingenious death-trap in his apartment. They then administer a peculiar poison to Elaine, accomplishing this by a remarkable utilization of the wall paper in her room. The poison plot miscarries. But the criminals are persistent. One of them is seriously wounded by Elaine, and she is forced to submit to the transfusion of blood operation to save the secondrel's life. Help reaches her before this experiment becomes dangerous. Entaged at their constant defeats, the conspirators employ two notorious women of the underworld to lure Kennedy and Elaine to their destruction. Kennedy's scientific knowledge proves too much for the assassins. He employs a vocophone in a queer inanner, its uncanny work at a critical moment upsetting a carefully laid plan to abduct Elaine. The criminals introduce the death ray and puzzle Kennedy; but he soon counteracts its destructive influence.

CHAPTER X.

### The Kiss of Death

Assignments were given out on the Star one afternoon, and I was standing talking with several other reporters, in the busy hum of typewriters and clicking telegraphs.

'What do you think of that?" asked one of the fellows. "You're something of a scientific detective, aren't you?" Without laying claim to such a distinction, I took the paper and read: THE POISONED KISS AGAIN.

hree More New York Women Report Being Kissed by Mysterious Stranger— Later Fell Into Deep Unconsciousness— What Is it?

I had scarcely finish, when one of the copy boys, dashing past me, called: "You're wanted on the wire, Mr. Jame-

I hurried over to the telephone and answered.

A musical voice responded to my hurried hello, and I hastened to adopt my most polite tone

"Is this Mr. Jameson?" asked the voice. "Yes," I replied, not recognizing it.

"Well, Mr. Jameson, I've heard of you on the Star, and I'v just had a very strange experience. I've had the pol-sa good deal taken aback by the sudden soned kiss."

The woman did not pause to catch my explamation of astonishment, but went "It was like this: A man ran up to backing away. There—there may be some me on the street and kissed me-and-1 scientific explanation-but-er"don't know how it was-but I became unconsciouss-and I didn't come to for an tened to make his adjeux. hour-in a hospital-fortunately. I don't know what would have happened if it dorr before Dan, with a gleeful laugh, hadn't been that someone came to my burst out of the closet and flung his own assistance, and the man fled. I thought arms about Florrie in an embrace that the Star would be interested." "Say," I exclaimed, hurrying over to none the less real for that,

the editor's desk, "here's another woman | How little impression the thing made on the wire who says she has received on Kennedy can be easily seen from the the poisoned kins." Suppose you take that assignment."

the editor answered, sensing a possible avenue, and bought a ring-a very hand-I took it with alacrity, figuring out the the shop,

quickest way by elevated and surface to reach the address. The conductor of the trolley indicated Dodge butler, Jennings, admitted a young

Prospect avenue, and I hurried up the lady who presented a card on which was street until I came to the house, a neat, unpretentious place. Looking at the address on the card first to make sure, 1 rang the bell

I must say that I could scarcely criti- and took it. cise the poisoned kisser's taste, for the woman who had opened the door cer- Jennings springing forward to part the tainly was extraordinarily attractive.

"And you really were-put out by a kiss?" I queried, as she led me into a waiting. Flirty Florrie rose and stood nest sitting room.

"Absolutely—as much as if it had been embarrassed, even after Jennings had by one of these poisoned needles you gone. read about," she replied confidently, hastening on to describe the affair volubly. "l'll clear this thing up," I said con-"My friend, Craig Kennedy, the scientific detective, is coming out

"Good! That fellow who attacked me ought to be shown up. All women may not be as fortunate as I."

We waited patiently. Her story certainly was remarkable. She remembered every detail up to a certain point-and then, as she said, all was blankness." The bell rang and the woman hastened to the door, admitting Kennedy.

added, indicating a very impressive paste "Hello, Walter," he greeted. head was in a whirl. She could not be-This is certainly a most remarkable case, Craig," I said, introducing him, and lieve. Although Florrie was very much

telling briefly what I had learned. embarrassed, she was quite as evidently 'And you actually mean to say that very much wrought up. Quickly she a kins had the effect"reached into her bag and drew out two photographs, without a word, handing

Just then the telephone interrupted. "Yes," she reasserted quickly. "Excuse them to Elaine. Elaine took them reluctantly. She answered the call. "Oh-why-

yes, he's here. Do you want to speak to choking a sob. him? Mr. Jameson, it's the Star." "Confound it!" I exclaimed, "isn't that there was the next living room in the victously with his foot when a policeman like the old man-dragging me off this house on Prospect avenue. In one pic-appeared, story before it's half finished in order to ture Plorrie had her arms over Kennedy's "Hey, y get another. I'll have to go. I'll get this shoulders. In the other, apparently, they there?" he shoulded. story from you, Craig."

The day before, in the suburban house, the table.

chief.

followed her.

most seized the photographs and hurried thought the place occupied. into the library where she could be alone. There she stood gazing at them-doubt. wonder and fear battling on her plastic

Just then she heard the bell and Jennings in the hall. She shoved the photographs away from

her on the table. "How are you this afternoon?" greeted Elaine gayly.

Plaine had been too overcome by what about without discovering a thing. had just happened to throw it off so easily, and received him with studied coolness.

She picked up the two photographs. "What have you to say about those?" he asked cuttingly.

carelessly on the table and dropped into he had heard something. chair, his head back in a burst of laughter.

this afternoon-told me he had discovered of the wall nearby, while Craig slipped one of those poisoned kiss cases you have into a similar angle. read about in the papers. Think of it-all We waited a moment. Nothing hap-

low us in.

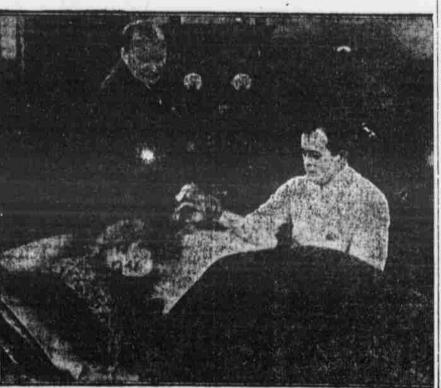
Florrie had broken down completely and We climbed into the window. There was weeping softly into a lace handker- was the same living room we had seen the day before. But It was now bare She moved toward the door. Elaine and described. Everything was gone ex- bly dark. He reached out and felt a piece to us. kept an old broken chair. Craig and I of cloth. Anxiously he pulled on it. Then "Jennings-please see the lady to the were frankly amazed at the complete and he reached further into the darkness. sudden change, and I think the police-Back in the drawing room Elaine si- man was a little surprised, for he had

"Come on," cried Kennedy, beckoning

Quickly he rushed through the house, There was not a thing in it to change the deserted appearance of the first floor. At last it occurred to Craig to grope his way down cellar. There was nothing there, either, except a bin, as innocent of coal as Mother Hubbard's cupboard was of food. For several minutes we hunted

Kennedy had been carefully going over the place, and was at the other side of the cellar from ourselves when I saw him stop and gaze at the floor. He was not at him in despair. It was impossible. looking, apparently, so much as listening. I strained my ears, but could make out Kennedy, quite surprised, took them and nothing. Before I could say anything he ooked at them. Then he let them fall raised his hand for silence. Apparently

"Hide," he wispered suddenly to us. Without another word, though for the "Why-that was what they put over on life of me I could make nothing out of it, Walter," he said. "He called me up early I pulled the policeman into a little angle



Kennedy Revives Elaine by His Latest Electric Marvel.

I had scarcely got out of the house, as elaborate business—just to get me wh that to pull a concealed camera! Such an | pened. Had he been seeing things, I wen-Craig told me afterwards, when Flirty they could fake this thing. I supp.

Kennedy said nothing, but listened intently, perhaps betraying in his face the "You see," she said, still voluble and nedy, how scientific inquiry into 'the slowly opened. eager to convince him, "I was only walking on the street. Here-let me show you. poisoned kiss' could necessitate this sort of thing.

ingly.

"But," he began, trying to explain. "No buts," she interrupted.

clinging closely to him. Before Kennedy could draw away, Dan, in the closet, had pressed the button and the switch several "Then you believe that I"-"How can you, as a scientist, ask me to headgers. "Th-that's very realistic,' gasped Craig,

loubt the camera?" she insinuated, very coldly, turning away. Kennedy rapidly began to see that it seemed to escape and penetrate even to us

impatience, "if my word is not to be interference. taken-I-I'll"-

He had seized his hat and stick. Elaine did not deign to answer. Then, without a word, he stalked out of the door.

I saw that what he needed chiefly was to be let alone, and he went back to his chair, dropping down into it and banging his fists on the table. Under his breath loosed a small volley of bitter expletives. Then he jumped up.

"By George-I will," he muttered. I poked my head out of the door in time to see him grab up his hat and coat and dash from the room, putting his coat on as he went.

"He's a nut today!" I exclaimed to my-

self. Though I did not know yet of the quarrel, Kennedy had really struggled with himself until he was willing to put his pride in his pocket and had made up his

mind to call on Elaine again. As he entered he saw that it was really of no use, for only Aunt Josephine was

in the library. "Oh, Mr. Kennedy," she said innocently enough, "I'm so sorry she isn't There's been something troubling her and she won't tell me what it is. But she's gone to call on a young wo-

man, a Florence Leigh, I think." "Florence Leigh!" exclaimed Craig with start and a frown. "Let me use your

I had turned my attention in the laboratory to a story I was writing, when heard the telephone ring. It was Craig. Without a word of apology for his rudeness, which I knew had been purely absent-minded, I heard him say: "Walter, meet me in half an hour outside that Florence Leigh's house."

He was gone in a minute, giving me scarcely time to call back that I would.

Half an hour later I was waiting near the house in the suburbs to which I had enough to get through, but he managed been directed by the strange telephone to grope along it. He came at last to call the day before. I noticed that it the main viaduct, an old stone-walled was apparently deserted. The blinds were sewer, as murky a place as could well closed and and a "To Let" sign was on be imagined, filled with the foulest sewer

bustling along. He led the way around the side of the

"Hey, you fellows-wast are you doing Craig paused a second, then pulled his

bouse to a window, and, with a powerful and I watched our prisoner in the cellar grasp, wrenched open the closed shut- by the tube. I looked anxiously at my ters. He had just smashed the window watch.

Elaine slowly laid the photographs on card from his pocket. "Just the man I want," he parried,

dered.

they've put some one up to saying she's see a square piece in the floor, perhaps phone, while we worked madly to bring five feet in diameter, slowly open up as Elaine back. Elaine was not so lightly affected though on a pivot. Beneath it we could But," she said severely, repressing her make out a tube-like opening, perhaps out-stretched her arms, trying to induce emotion, "I don't understand, Mr. Ken- three feet across, with a covered top. It respiration again. So busy was I that

The weird and sinister figure of a man appeared. Over his head he wore a pecu- lessly he picked up the old chair in the She pointed at the photographs accus- Har helmet with hideous glass pieces over room and with it raised was approaching the eyes and tubes that connected with a Kennedy to knock him out. tank which he carried buckled to his back. As he slowly dragged himself out

Quickly he closed down the cover of the tube, but not before a vile effluvium was far more serious than he had at in our hiding places. As he moved tor-"Very well," he said with a touch of and we followed with a regular foot ball

It was the work of only a moment for us to subdue and hold him, while Craig ripped off the helmet.

It was Dan the Dude What's that thing?" I puffed, as I helped Craig with the headgear. "An oxygen helmet," he replied, "There must be air down in the tube that cannot

be breathed." He went over to the tube. Carefully he opened the top and gazed down, starting back a second later, with his face puck-

ered up at the noxious odor. "Sewer gas," he ejaculated, as he slammed the cover down. Then he added to the policeman. "Where do you suppose it comes from?"

"Why," replied the officer, "the St. James viaduct-an old sewer-is somewhere about these parts." Kennedy puckered his face as he gazed

at our prisoner. He reached down quickly and lifted something off the man's coat. "Golden hair," he muttered. "Elaine's!"

A moment later he seized the man and shook him roughly. "Where is she-tell me?" he demanded.

The man snarled some kind of reply, refusing to say a word about her. "Tell me," repeated Kennedy.

"Humph!" snorted the prisoner more close-mouthed than ever. Kennedy was furious. As he sent the

man reeling away from him, he seized the oxygen helmet and began putting it There was only one thing to doto follow the clue of the golden strands of hair.

Down into the pest hole he went, his head protected by the oxygen helmet. As he cautiously took one step after another down a series of iron rungs inside the hole, he found that the water was up to his chest. At the bottom of the perpendicular pit was a narrow, low passageway leading off. It was just about big "Hello, Walter," cried Craig at last, in the swirling, bubbling water that swept past, almost up to his neck.

The minutes passed as the policeman "Craig!" I shouted at last, unable to

control my fears for him. No answer. What to do? To go down arter him seemed out of the question By this time Craig had come to a small, open chamber, into which the viaduct the Clutching Hand had been talking to "Really-I-don't know anything about much to the policeman's surprise. "There widened. On the wall he found another

The gas was terrible.

As he neared the top of the ladder he hands. came to a shelf-like aperture in the sewer chamber, and gazed about. It was horri-There was Elaine, unconscious, apparently dead.

He shook her, endeavoring to wake her p. But it was no use. In desperation Craig carried her down

the indder. With our prisoner, we could only look helplessly around. Again and again I looked at my watch as the minutes!

lengthened. Suppose the oxygen gave "By George, I'm going down after him," cried in desperation. "Don't do it," advised the policeman

You'll never get out." One whiff of the horrible gas told me that he was right. I should not have been able to go fifty feet in it. I looked for and two attendants. "Listen," said the policeman, straining

his cars. There was, indeed, a faint noise from the black depths below us. A rope alongside the rough ladder began to move, as though some one was pulling it taut. He

"Craig! Craig!" I called. "Is that you?" No answer. But the rope still moved. Perhaps the helmet made it impossible

for him to hear. He had struggled back in the swirling urrent almost exhausted by his helpless with an air of desperate determination. urden. Holding Elaine's head above the surface of the water and pulling on the it he took a large coll and attached it to rope to attract my attention, for he could a storage battery, dragging the peculiar neither hear nor shout, he had taken a apparatus near Elaine's couch. turn of the rope about Elaine. I tried pulling on it. There was something heavy wires. The doctor watched him in silent on the other end, and I kept on pulling. At last I could make out Kennedy dimly mounting the ladder. The weight was the unconscious body of Elaine, which he the Nantes Ecole de Medicin steadled as he mounted the ladder. I "Why-yes," answered the de tugged harder and he slowly came up.

Together, at last, the policeman and I reached down and pulled them out. We placed Elaine on the cellar door, as comfortably as was possible, and the policeman began his first-aid motions for

resuscitation. "No-no!" cried Kennedy. "Not heretake her up where the air is fresher." With his revolver still drawn to overwe the prisoner, the policeman forced him to aid us in carrying her up the rickety flight of cellar steps. Kennedy followed quickly, unscrewing the oxygen helmet as he went.

In the deserted living room we deposited our senseless burden, while Kennedy, the helmet off now, bent over her. "Quick-quick!" he cried to the officer.

'An ambulance!" "But the prisoner," the policeman indi-

"Hurry-hurry; I'll take care of him," arged Craig, seizing the policeman's pistol and thrusting it into his pocket.

'Walter help me." He was trying the ordinary methods of resuscitation. Meanwhile the officer had hurried out.

Again and again Kennedy bent and for the moment I forgot our prisoner. But Dan had seen his chance. Noise

Before I knew it myself Kennedy had

heard him. With a half instinctive mo-I could wonder only at the outlandish tion he drew the revolver from his pocket and almost before I could see it, had shot the man. Without a word he returned the gun to his pocket and again bent over Elaine, without so much as a look

all this. It-it doesn't concern me. Please is something crooked going on here. Foi- series of iron rungs, up which he climbed, jat the crook, who sank to the floor, were to make no noise, he led dropping the chair from his nerveless the other room.

Already the policeman had got an ambulance, which was now tearing along

Frantically Kennedy was working. A moment he paused and looked at me

ambulance, and a doctor and two attend- paratus. ants hurried up to the door. Without a word the doctor seemed to appreciate the patting the Leduc apparatus with his gravity of the case.

He finished his examination and shook his head. "There is no hope-no hope," he said

slowly. Kennedy merely stared at him. But the

rest of us instinctively removed our hats. Kennedy gazed at Elaine, overcome. Was this the end? It was not many minutes later that Kennedy had Elaine in the little sitting room off the laboratory, having taken

Elaine's body had been placed on a couch, covered by a blanket, and the shades were drawn. The light fell on her pale face.

her there in the ambulance, with the doc-

Aunt Josephine had arrived, stunned, and a moment later, Perry Bennett. As I looked at the sorrowful party Aunt Josephine rose slowly from her position on her knees, where she had been weeping silently beside Elaine, and pressed her hands over her eyes, with every indication of faintness

Meanwhile Kennedy, beside the couch, turned away and opened a cabinet. From To an electric socket Craig attached

wonder. "Doctor," he asked slowly, as worked, "do you know of Prof. Ledue of

"Why-yes," answered the doctor, "but what of him?" "Then you know of his method of electrical resuscitation."

"Yes-but--" he paused, looking apprehensively at Kennedy. Craig paid no attention to his fears, but, approaching the couch on which Elaine lay, applied the electrodes. "You see," he explained, with forced calmness, "I apply the anode here-the cathode

The ambulance surgeon looked on excitedly as Craig turned on the current, applying it to the back of the neck and to the spine.

there.

For some minutes the machine worked. Then the young doctor's eyes began to bulge. "My heavens!" he cried under his

breath; "Look!" Elaine's chest had slowly risen and on his work, applied himself with redoubled efforts. The young doctor looked

on with increased wonder. "Look! The color in her face! See her lips!" he cried. At last her eyes slowly fluttered open

just the galvanic effect of the current? his ear to her heart. His face was a is ready. After its use the hair dries study in astonishment. The minute sped rapidly with uniform color. Dandruff,

To us outside, who had no idea what tirely disappear. Your hair will be so was transpiring in the other room, the flutfy that it will look much heavier minutes were leaden-footed. Aunt Jo- than it is. Its lustre and softness will sephine, weak but now herself again, was also delight you, while the stimulated sitting nervously.

Just then the door opened.

I shall never forget the look on the young ambulance surgeon's face as he murmured under his breath: "Come here Investors with money read the Real the age of miracles is not past-look!" Estate ads in The Bee. Advertise your Raising his finger to indicate that we property for a quick sale.

Kennedy was bending over the couch Elaine, her eyes open now, was gazing up at him, and a wan smile flitted over

her beautiful face Kennedy had taken her hand, and as he heard us enter, turned half way to us while we stared in blank wonder from Just then, outside, we could hear the Elaine to the weird and complicated ap-

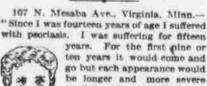
> "It is the life current," he said simply other hand.

(To Be Continued.)

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until it refused to leave at

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March 11

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