

# 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 Dely

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 mysterious deaths. 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. One of the criminals steals 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. The trick fails, however, because of a daring robbery planned by the conspirators. In an effort to trap them Elaine is captured and sealed up in a tank, and at the point of death when Kennedy accidentally discovers her plight and saves her. In retaliation 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 assassin's life. Help reaches her before this experiment becomes dangerous. Entrapped 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 manner. His uncanny work at a critical moment saves Elaine and she plans to about 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.

Three More New York Women Report Being Kissed and Poisoned. 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. Jameson."

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've just had a very strange experience. I've had the poisoned kiss."

The woman did not pause to catch my explanation of astonishment, but went on: "It was like this: A man ran up to me on the street and kissed me—and I don't know how it was—but I became unconscious—and I didn't come to for an hour—in a hospital—fortunately. I don't know what would have happened if it hadn't been that someone came to my assistance, and the man fled. I thought the Star would be interested."

"Say," I exclaimed, hurrying over to the editor's desk, "here's another woman on the wire who says she has received the poisoned kiss."

"Suppose you take that assignment," the editor answered, sensing a possible story.

I took it with alacrity, figuring out the quickest way by elevated and surface to reach the address.

The conductor of the trolley indicated Prospect avenue, and I hurried up the street until I came to the house, a neat, unpretentious place. Looking at the address on the card first to make sure, I rang the bell.

I must say that I could scarcely criticize the poisoned kiss's taste, for the woman who had opened the door certainly was extraordinarily attractive.

"And you really were put out by a kiss?" I queried, as she led me into a neat sitting room.

"Absolutely—as much as if it had been by one of those poisoned needles you read about," she replied confidently, hastening on to describe the affair volubly.

"I'll clear this thing up," I said confidently. "My friend, Craig Kennedy, the scientific detective, is coming out here."

two of his emissaries, an attractive young woman and a man.

They were Flirtie Florrie and Dan the Dude.

"Now, I want you to get Kennedy," he said. "The way to do it is to separate Kennedy and Elaine—see?"

"All right, Chief, we'll do it," they replied.

"I've rigged it so that you'll reach him through Jameson, understand?"

They nodded eagerly as he told them the subtle plan.

Clutching Hand had scarcely left when Flirtie Florrie began by getting published 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 Dude walked in from the next room.

"He's coming," she said.

Dan was carrying a huge stag head with a beautiful branched pair of antlers. Under his arm was a coil of wire which he had connected to the inside of the head.

"There," he said, unscrewing one of the beautiful brown glass eyes of the stag. Back of it could be seen a camera shutter. Dan worked the shutter several times to see whether it was all right.

"One of those new quick shutter cameras," he explained.

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 the switch, "WIND FILM."

"Now, Flirtie," 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, do your little trick. Got me?"

"I get you, Steve," she laughed. Just then the bell rang.

"That must be Jameson," she cried. "Now—get to your corner."

With a last look, Dan went into the closet and shut the door.

Perhaps half an hour later, Clutching Hand himself called me up on the telephone. It was he—not the Star—as I learned only too late.

I had scarcely got out of the house, as Craig told me afterwards, when Flirtie Florrie told all over again the embroidered tale that had caught my ear.

Elaine said nothing, but listened intently, perhaps betraying in his face the skepticism he felt.

"You see," she said, still voluble and eager to convince him, "I was only walking on the street. Here—let me show you. It was just like this."

She said no more, but imprinted a deep, passionate kiss on Kennedy's mouth, clinging closely to him. Before Kennedy could say a word, Dan, in the closet, had pressed the button and the switch several times in succession.

"That—that's very realistic," gasped Craig. A good deal taken aback by the sudden ocular assault.

"I'll look into the case," he said, backing away. There—there may be some scientific explanation—but—er—"

He was plainly embarrassed and hastened to make his adieu.

Kennedy had no more than shut the door before Dan, with a gleeful laugh, burst out of the closet and flung his own arms about Florrie in an embrace that might have been poisoned, it is true, but none the less real for that.

How little impression the thing made on Kennedy can be easily seen from the fact that on the way downtown that afternoon he stopped at Martin's on Fifth avenue, and bought a ring—a very handsome solitaire, the finest Martin had in the shop.

It must have been about the time he decided to stop at Martin's that the Dodge butler, Jennings, admitted a young lady who presented a card on which was engraved the name

MIS FLORENCE LEIGH.

As he handed Elaine the card, she looked up from the book she was reading and took it.

Elaine moved into the drawing room, Jennings springing forward to part the room quickly where Flirtie Florrie sat waiting. Flirtie Florrie rose and stood gazing at Elaine, apparently very much embarrassed, even after Jennings had gone.

There was a short pause. The woman was the first to speak.

"It is embarrassing," she said finally, "but, Miss Dodge, I have come to you to beg for my love."

"Yes," she continued, "you do not know it, but Craig Kennedy is infatuated with you." She paused again, then added, "But he is engaged to me."

Elaine stared at the woman. She was dazed. She could not believe it.

"There is the ring," Flirtie Florrie added, indicating a very impressive paste diamond.

Elaine frowned, but said nothing. Her head was in a whirl. She could not believe. Although Flirtie was very much embarrassed, she was quite as evidently very much wrought up. Quickly she reached into her bag and drew out two photographs, without a word, handing them to Elaine. Elaine took them reluctantly.

"There's the proof," Florrie said simply, choking a sob.

Elaine looked with a start. Sure enough, there was the neat living room in the house on Prospect avenue. In one picture Florrie had her arms over Kennedy's shoulders. In the other, apparently, they were passionately kissing.

Elaine slowly laid the photographs on the table.

"Really—I don't know anything about all this. It—it doesn't concern me. Please—go."

Florrie had broken down completely and was weeping softly into a lace handkerchief.

She moved toward the door. Elaine followed her.

"Jennings—please see the lady to the door."

Back in the drawing room Elaine almost seized the photographs and hurried into the library where she could be alone. There she stood gazing at them—doubt, wonder and fear battling on her plastic features.

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?" he greeted Elaine sadly.

Elaine had been too overcome by what had just happened to throw it off so easily, and received him with stolid coolness.

She picked up the two photographs.

"What have you to say about those?" she asked cuttingly.

Kennedy, quite surprised, took them and looked at them. Then he let them fall carelessly on the table and dropped into a chair, his head back in a burst of laughter.

"Why—that was what they put over on Walter," he said. "He called me up early this afternoon—told me he had discovered one of those poisoned kiss cases you have read about in the papers. Think of it—all

in something crooked going on here. Follow us in."

We climbed into the window. There was the same living room we had seen the day before. But it was now bare and deserted. Everything was gone except an old broken chair. Craig and I were frankly amazed at the complete and sudden change, and I think the policeman was a little surprised, for he had thought the place occupied.

"Come on," cried Kennedy, beckoning us on.

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 about without discovering a thing.

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 looking, apparently, so much as listening. I strained my ears, but could make out nothing. Before I could say anything he raised his hand for silence. Apparently he had heard something.

"Hide," he whispered suddenly to us.

Without another word, though for the life of me I could make nothing out of it, I pulled the policeman into a little angle of the wall nearby, while Craig slipped into a similar angle.

We waited a moment. Nothing happened.

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series of iron rungs, up which he climbed. The gas was terrible.

As he neared the top of the ladder he came to a shelf-like aperture in the sewer chamber, and gazed about. It was horribly dark. He reached out and felt a piece of cloth. Anxiously he pulled on it. Then he reached further into the darkness.

There was Elaine, unconscious, apparently dead.

He shook her, endeavoring to wake her up. But it was no use.

In desperation Craig carried her down the ladder.

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 out?

"By George, I'm going down after him," I 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 at him in despair. It was impossible.

"Listen," said the policeman, straining his ears.

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 gazed down.

"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 current almost exhausted by his helpless burden. Holding Elaine's head above the surface of the water and pulling on the rope to attract my attention, for he could neither hear nor shout, he had taken a turn of the rope about Elaine. I tried pulling on it. There was something heavy 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 steadied as he mounted the ladder. I 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 here—take her up where the air is fresher."

With his revolver still drawn to overawe the prisoner, the policeman forced him to aid us in carrying her up the risky 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 indicated.

"Hurry—hurry! I'll take care of him," urged 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, seeking the nearest telephone, while we worked madly to bring Elaine back.

Again and again Kennedy bent and out-stretched her arms, trying to induce respiration again. So busy was I that for the moment I forgot our prisoner.

But Dan had seen his chance. Noiselessly he picked up the old chair in the room and with it raised was approaching Kennedy to knock him out.

Before I knew it myself Kennedy had heard him. With a half instinctive motion 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

at the crook, who sank to the floor, dropping the chair from his nerveless hands.

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

Frankly Kennedy was working. A moment he paused and looked at me—hopeless.

Just then, outside, we could hear the ambulance, and a doctor and two attendants hurried up to the door. Without a word the doctor seemed to appreciate the 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 her there in the ambulance, with the doctor and two attendants.

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.

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, with an air of desperate determination, turned away and opened a cabinet. From it he took a large coil and attached it to a storage battery, dragging the peculiar apparatus near Elaine's couch.

To an electric socket Craig attached wires. The doctor watched him in silent wonder.

"Doctor," he asked slowly, as he worked, "do you know of Prof. Ledue of the Nantes Ecole de Medicine?"

"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 there."

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

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# EXPLOITS of ELAINE

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