

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
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Cast of Leading Characters in the Motion Picture Production 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 of prominent men. 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. This trick fails. Later Kennedy discovers of a daring robbery planned by the conspirators. In an effort to trap them Elaine is captured and sealed in a tank, and is 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 does not succeed, 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 second's life. Help reaches her before this experiment becomes dangerous. Enraged 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 clever manner, is quickly work at a critical moment upsetting a carefully laid plan to abduct Elaine. The criminals increase the death ray and pursue Kennedy, but he soon counteracts its destructive influence. Elaine is trapped and left to die in a sewer chamber, where Kennedy finds her. With the aid of his electric marvel he revives her, after medical science had failed.

CHAPTER XI. "A Birthday Present."

With the ominous foreboding of his Clutching Hand extended, the Master Criminal emphasized his instructions to his minions. They were all seated in a fairly large, but dimly lit room, in which were several chairs, a rickety table and, against the wall, a roll-top desk, on the top of which was a telephone.

"Now," went on Clutching Hand, "I want you, Slim, to follow them. See what they do—where they go. It's her birthday. Something's bound to occur that will give you a lead. All you've got to do is to use your head. Get me?"

Slim rose, nodded, picked up his hat and coat and squirmed out on his mission, like the snake that he was.

It was as Clutching Hand had said. Elaine's birthday. She had received many calls and congratulations, innumerable costly and beautiful tokens of remembrance from her countless friends and admirers. In the conservatory of the Dodge house Elaine, Aunt Josephine and Susie Martin were sitting disconcerting not only the happy occasion, but, more, the many strange events of the last few weeks.

"Oh, Mr. Bennett," cried Elaine. "How you startled us!"

Susie Martin had been wondering whether, now that Bennett was here, she were not de trop, as she looked at her wrist watch mechanically. As she did so an idea occurred to her.

"Why not one of these?" she cried impulsively, indicating the watch. "Father has some beautiful at the shop."

"Oh, good," exclaimed Elaine, "how sweet!"

"So that strikes your fancy?" he asked. "Then let's all go to the shop. Miss Martin will personally conduct the tour, and we shall have our pick of the finest stock."

A moment later the three young people went out and were quickly whirled off down the avenue in the Dodge town car.

It was too easy a party to notice a sinister figure following them in a cab. But as they entered the fashionable jewelry shop, Slim, who had alighted, walked slowly down the street.

In the laboratory, Kennedy was working over an oblong oak box, perhaps eighteen inches in length and half as high. In the box it could be seen, besides other apparatus, two good sized spools of fine wire.

"What's all that?" I asked inquisitively. "Another of the new instruments that scientific detectives use," he responded, scarcely looking up, "a little magnetic wizard, the telegraphone."

"Which is?" I prompted. "Something we detectives might use to take down and 'can' telephone conversations and other such conversations. When it is attached properly to a telephone, it records everything that is said over the wire."

"How does it work?" I asked, much mystified. "Well, it is based on an entirely new principle, in every way different from the phonograph," he explained. "As you can see, there are no discs or cylinders, but these spools of extremely fine steel wire. The record is not made mechanically on a cylinder, but electro-magnetically on this wire."

"How?" I asked, almost incredulously. "To put it briefly," he went on, "small portions of magnetism, as it were, are imparted to fractions of the steel wire as it passes between two carbon electric magnets. Each impression represents a sound wave. There is no apparent difference in the wire, yet each particle of steel undergoes an electro-magnetic transformation by which the sound is indelibly imprinted on it."

"Then you scrape the wire just as you shave records to use it over again?" I suggested. "No," he replied. "You pass a magnet over it and the magnet automatically records the record. Rust has no effect. The record lasts as long as the steel lasts."

He had scarcely finished testing the telegraphone when the laboratory door opened and a clean-cut young man entered. "Kennedy, I know, had found that the routine work of the Clutching Hand case was beyond his limited time and had retained this young man, Raymond Chase, to attend to that."

Just now what worried Craig was the situation with Elaine and I fancied that he had given Chase some commission in connection with that.

"I've got it, Mr. Kennedy," greeted Chase with quiet modesty. "Good," responded Craig heartily. "I knew you would."

"Got what," I asked a moment later. "Kennedy nodded for Chase to answer. 'I've located the new residence of Flirty Florrie,'" he replied.

I saw what Kennedy was after at once. Flirty Florrie and Dan the Dude had caused the quarrel between himself and Elaine. Dan the Dude was dead. But Flirty Florrie might be forced to explain it.

Elaine had returned home. Alone, her thoughts naturally went back to what had happened recently to interrupt a friendship which had been the sweetest in her life.

"There must be some mistake," she murmured pensively to herself, thinking of the photograph Flirty had given her. "Oh, why did I send him away? Why didn't I believe him?"

There was his picture. She had not taken that away. As she looked at it, a wave of feeling came over her. Mechanically, she put out her hand to the telephone.

She was about to take off the receiver, when something seemed to stay her hand. She wanted him to come to her.

And, if either of them had called the other just then, they would have probably crossed wires.

Craig's eye fell on the telegraphone, and an idea seemed to occur to him. "Walter, you and Chase bring that thing along," he said a moment later.

He paused long enough to take a badge from the drawer of a cabinet, and went out. We followed him, lugging the telegraphone.



Kennedy Tears the Deadly Watch From Elaine's Arm

Slim apologized. He had succeeded so easily that he had thought to take a little time to "meet up" with an old pal whom he ran across, just out of prison.

"Yes, sir," he replied hastily; "well, I went over to the Dodge house, and I saw them finally. I followed them into a jewelry shop. That lawyer bought her a wrist watch. So I bought one just like it. I thought perhaps we could—"

"Give it to me," growled Clutching Hand, seizing it the moment Slim displayed it. "And don't butt in—see?"

From the capacious desk the master criminal pulled a set of small drills, vices and other jeweler's tools and placed them on the table.

"There," he exclaimed at last, holding the watch up where they could all see it. "See?"

He pulled out the stem to set the hands and slowly twisted it between his thumb and finger. He turned the hands until they were almost at the point of 3 o'clock. Then he held the watch out where all could see it.

They bent closer and strained their eyes at the little second hand, ticking away merrily.

As the minute hand touched three, from the back of the case, as if from the casing itself, a little needle, perhaps a quarter of an inch, jumped out. It seemed to come from what looked like merely a small insect in the decoration.

"You see what will happen at the hour of three?" he asked. "No one said a word, as he held up a vial which he had drawn from his pocket. On it they could read the label, "Ricinus."

"One of the most powerful poisons in the world," he exclaimed. "Enough here to kill a regiment."

"I've set my invention to go off at 3 o'clock," he concluded. "Tomorrow forenoon—it will have to be delivered early—and I don't believe we shall be troubled any longer by Miss Elaine Dodge," he added venomously.

Calmly he wrapped up the apparently innocent engine of destruction and handed it to Slim.

"See that she gets it in time," he said sternly. "I will, sir," answered Slim, taking it gingerly.

Flirty Florrie had returned that afternoon, late, from some expedition on which he had been sent.

Ranking in her heart was the death of her lover, Dan the Dude. For, although in her sphere of crookedness they were neither married nor given in marriage, still there is a brand of loyalty that higher circles might well copy. Sacred to the memory of the dead, however, she had one desire—revenge.

Thus, when she arrived home she went to the telephone to report and called a number, 404 Greenwich.

"You know—what I mean." "Yes, the trick will be pulled off at 3 o'clock."

"Good! Good-by, and thank you!" "Good-by."

Kennedy stopped the machine and I looked at him blankly. "She called up Greenwich 404 and was told that the trick would be pulled off at 3 o'clock today," he ruminated.

"What trick?" I asked. "He shook his head. 'I don't know. That is what we must find out. I hadn't expected a tip like that. What I wanted was to find out how to get at the Clutching Hand.'

He paused and considered a moment, then moved to the telephone. "There's only one thing to do, and that's to follow out my original scheme," he said energetically. "Information, please."

"Where is Greenwich 404?" he asked a moment later. "The minutes passed. 'Thank you, sir,' he cried, writing down on a pad an address on the West Side, near the river front. Then, turning to me, he exclaimed, 'Walter, we've got him at last!'

Kennedy and I came at last to the place on the West Side where the crooked streets curved off.

"That's the place, all right," whispered Kennedy with satisfaction. He hurried to a telephone booth, where he called several numbers. Then we returned to the laboratory, while Kennedy quickly figured out a plan of action. I knew Chase was expected there soon.

From the table he picked up the small coil over which I had seen him working and attached it to the bell and some batteries. He replaced it on the table, while I watched curiously.

"A selenium cell," he explained. "Only when light falls on it does it become a good conductor of electricity. Then the bell will ring."

Just before making the connection he placed his hat over the cell. Then he lifted the hat. The light fell on it and the bell rang. He replaced the hat and the bell stopped. It was evidently a very peculiar property of the substance selenium.

Just then there came a knock at the door. I opened it. "Hello, Chase," greeted Kennedy. "Well, I've found the new headquarters all right—over on the West Side."

Kennedy picked up the selenium cell and a long coil of fine wire, which he placed in a bag. Then he took another bag, already packed, and, shifting them between us, we hurried downtown.

Near the vacant lot, back of the new headquarters, was an old broken down house. Through the rear of it we entered.

I started back in astonishment as we entered and found eight or ten policemen already there. Kennedy had ordered them to be ready for a raid, and they had dropped in one at a time without attracting attention.

"Well, men," he greeted them, "I see you found the place all right. Now, in a little while Jamison will return with two wires. Attach them to the bell which I will leave here. When it rings, raid the house. Jamison will lead you to it. Come, Walter," he added, picking up the bags.

had taken his hat off and placed it carefully on the table and was now waiting. Suddenly a noise at the door startled him. He listened. Then he backed away from the door and drew a revolver.

As the door slowly opened there entered another figure, hat over his eyes, collar up, a handkerchief over his face, the exact counterpart of the first.

For a moment each glared at the other. "Hands up!" shouted the first figure, hoarsely, moving the gun and closing the door with his foot.

The newcomer slowly raised his crooked hand over his head, as the blue steel revolver gaped menacingly.

With a quick movement of the other hand the first sinister figure removed the handkerchief from his face and straightened up.

It was Kennedy! "Come over to the center of the room!" ordered Kennedy.

Clutching Hand obeyed, eyeing his captor closely. "Now lay your weapons on the table," he tossed down a revolver.

The two still faced each other. "Take off that handkerchief!" It was a tense moment. Slowly Clutching Hand started to obey. Then he stopped. Kennedy was just about to thunder, "Go on," when the criminal calmly remarked, "You've got me, all right, Kennedy, but in twenty minutes Elaine Dodge will be dead!"

There was no fake about that. Kennedy frowned menacingly. If he killed Clutching Hand, Elaine would die. If he fought he must either kill or be killed. If he handed Clutching Hand over Elaine was lost. He looked at his watch. It was twenty-five minutes of three.

What a situation! He had caught a prisoner he dared not molest—yet.

"What do you mean—tell me!" demanded Kennedy, with forced calm. "Yesterday Mr. Bennett bought a wrist watch for Elaine," the Clutching Hand said quietly. "They left it to be regulated. Mine was delivered to her today."

"A likely story!" doubted Kennedy. "For answer, the Clutching Hand merely pointed to the telephone. Kennedy reached for it.

"One thing," interrupted the Clutching Hand. "You are a man of honor."

"Yes, yes. Go on." "If I tell you what to do, you must promise to give me a fighting chance."

"Ten, yes." "Call up Aunt Josephine, then. Do just as I say."

Covering Clutching Hand, Kennedy called a number. "This is Mr. Kennedy, Mrs. Dodge. Did Elaine receive a present of a wrist watch from Mr. Bennett?"

"Yes," she replied, "for her birthday. It came this forenoon."

Kennedy hung up the receiver and faced the Clutching Hand, puzzled as the latter said:

"Call up Martin, the jeweler." Again Kennedy obeyed. "Has the watch purchased for Miss Elaine Dodge been delivered?" he asked the clerk.

"No," came back the reply. "The watch Mr. Bennett bought is still here being regulated."

A moment Kennedy thought. Here was a quandary. "No," he shouted, seizing the telephone. Before Kennedy could move, clutching Hand pulled the telephone wires with almost superhuman strength from the junction box.

"In that watch," he hissed, "I have set a poisoned needle in a spring that will be released and will plunge into her arm at exactly 3 o'clock. On the needle is ricinus!"

Craig advanced, furious. As he did so Clutching Hand pointed calmly to the clock. It was twenty minutes of three!

With a mental struggle Kennedy controlled his loathing of the creature before him.

"All right—but you'll hear from me—sooner than you suspect," he shouted, starting for the door.

Then he came back and lifted his hat, hiding as much as possible the selenium cell, letting the light fall on it.

"Only Elaine's life has saved you." With a last threat he dashed out. He halted a cab returning from some steamship wharves not far away.

"Quick!" he ordered, giving the Dodge address on Fifth avenue. Minute after minute the police and I waited. Was anything wrong? Where was Craig?

Just then a tremor grew into a tinkle, then came the strong burr of the bell. Kennedy needed us.

With a shout of encouragement to the men I dashed out and over to the house. Meanwhile Clutching Hand himself had approached the table to recover his weapon and had noticed the queer little selenium cell. He picked it up and for the first time saw the wire leading out.

"The deuce!" he cried. "He's planned to get me anyhow!"

At the desk he paused and took out a piece of cardboard. Then, with a heavy black-marking pencil, he calmly printed on it, while he battered at the barricaded door, a few short feet away.

He laid the sign on the desk, then on another piece of cardboard, drew crudely a hand with the index finger pointing. This he placed on a chair, indicating the desk.

Just as the swaying and bulging door gave way, Clutching Hand gave the desk a pull. It opened up his getaway.

He closed it with a sardonic smile in our direction, just as the door crashed in. We looked about. There was not a soul in the room, nothing but the selenium cell, the chairs, the desk.

"Look!" I cried, catching sight of the index finger, and going over to the desk. "We rolled back the top. There on the flat top was a sign:

Dear Blockheads: Kennedy and I couldn't wait. Yours as ever.

Then came that mysterious sign of the Clutching Hand.

In the next house Clutching Hand had literally come out of an upright piano into the room corresponding to that he had left. Hastily he threw off his handkerchief, slouch hat, old coat and trousers. A neat striped pair of trousers replaced the old, frayed and baggy pair. A new shirt, then a sporty vest and a frock coat followed.

At the door of the new headquarters, a few seconds later, I stood with the police. "Not a sign of him anywhere," growled one of the officers.

"Nearly three. Auntie—just a couple of minutes," she said. "Just then there came the sounds of feet running madly down the hallway. They jumped up, started.

Kennedy, his coat flying, and hat jammed over his eyes, had almost bowled over poor Jennings in his mad race down the hall.

"What?" demanded Elaine haughtily. "What's—"

Before she knew what was going on Craig hurried up to her and literally ripped the watch off her wrist, breaking the beautiful bracelet.

He held it up, gingerly. Elaine was speechless. Was this Kennedy? Was he possessed by such an inordinate jealousy of Bennett?

As he held the watch up, the second hand ticked around and the minute hand passed the meridian of the hour.

A vicious sharp needle gleamed out—then sprang back into the filigree work again.

"Well," she gasped again, "what's the meaning of this?" "Craig gazed at Elaine in silence. Should he defend his rudeness, if she did not understand. She stamped her foot, and repeated the question a third time.

"What do you mean, sir, by such conduct?" Slowly he bowed.

"I just don't like the kind of birthday presents you receive," he said, turning on his heel. "Good afternoon." (To be continued.)

The Asylum's Advantage.
 At the orphan asylum the children Mrs. Hathaway, who had selected an infant for adoption, suddenly showed repitance.

"Will I have to keep the baby, if it doesn't suit my husband?" she asked hesitatingly.

"Of course you won't have to keep it," responded the accommodating matron. "You can bring the kid back and exchange it any time. We're not arbitrary, like the stork."—Judge.

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