

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

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 is 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 disclaiming Kennedy's trick fall. Kennedy learns Kennedy learns Kennedy robbery planned by the conspirators. In an effort to trap them Elaine is captured in a room and is at the point of death when Kennedy accidentally discovers her plight and saves her. In retaliation she is forced to submit to the transfusion of blood operation to save the accused's life. Help reaches her before this operation is completed. Enraged at their constant defects, 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 quiet manner, its uncanny work at a critical moment upturning a carefully laid plan to abscond with Elaine. The criminals introduce the death ray and puzzle Kennedy, but he soon counteracts its destructive influence. Elaine is trapped and left to die in a sewer chamber, where Kennedy finds her and with the aid of an electric marvel he revives her, after medical science had failed. A wrist watch, with a poisoned needle, to the next instrument employed by the criminals to destroy Elaine, the quick wit of the detective baffles the plot.

The Charity Contribution CHAPTER XII.

ON YOUR right is the residence of Miss Elaine Dodge, who is pursuing the famous master criminal known as the Clutching Hand.

The Barker had been grandiloquently pointing out the residences of noted New Yorkers as the high sight-seeing car lumbered along through the streets. The car was filled with people, and he plied his megaphone as though he were on intimate terms with all the city's notables.

No one had paid any attention to the unobtrusive Chinaman who sat inconspicuously in the middle of the car. He was Mr. Wong Long Sin, but no one saw anything particularly mysterious about an Oriental visitor, more or less, viewing New York.

Any one, however, who had been watching Long Sin would have seen that he showed much interest whenever any of the wealthy residents of the city were mentioned. The name of Elaine Dodge seemed particularly to strike him. He listened with subtle interest to what the Barker said and looked keenly at the Dodge house.

This remarkable criminal had established himself in his apartment downtown. It was furnished in rather elegant American style, but he had added to it some most valuable Oriental curios which gave it a fascinating appearance.

Wong Sin, now in rich Oriental costume, was reclining on a divan smoking a strange-looking pipe and playing with two pet white rats. Each white rat had a gold band around his leg, to which was connected a gold chain about a foot in length, and the chains ended in rings which were slipped over Wong's little fingers. Ordinarily he carried the pets up the capacious sleeve of each arm.

A little Chinese girl, also in native costume, entered and bowed deferentially. "A Miss Mary Carson," she whispered in soft English.

It would be difficult to analyze just what the fascination was that Long Sin exercised over Mary Carson. But as the servant girl left the room Mary bowed almost as deferentially as the little Chinese girl. Wong merely nodded in reply. "Now," he began at last, breaking the silence, "I'll show you just what I want you to do."

He went over to the wall and took down a curious, long, Chinese knife from a scabbard which hung there conspicuously. "See that?" he asked, holding it up.

Before she could say a word he had plunged the knife, apparently, into his own breast.

"Oh!" cried Mary, startled.

She expected to see him fall. But nothing happened. Wong laughed. It was an oriental trick knife, in which the blade telescoped into the handle.

"Look at it," he added, handing it to her.

Long Sin took a bladder of water from a table near by and concealed it under his coat. "Now, you stab me," he directed.

Mary hesitated. But he repeated the command, and she plunged the knife gingerly at him. It telescoped. He made her try it over, and then she stabbed him more resolutely. The water from the bladder poured out.

"Good!" cried Long Sin, much pleased. "Now," he added, seating himself beside her, "I want you to lure Elaine here."

I had been amusing myself by rigging up a contrivance by which I could make it possible to see through, or rather, over, a door. The idea had been suggested to me by the cytoscopes which physicians use in order to look down one's throat, and I had calculated that by using three mirrors placed at proper angles I could easily reflect rays down to the level of my eye.

Kennedy, who had been busy at the other end of the laboratory, happened to

look over in my direction. "What's the big idea, Walter?" he asked.

"Well, you see, Craig," I explained, "you put the top mirror through the transom of a door and—"

Kennedy interrupted with a hearty burst of laughter. "But suppose the door has no transom?" he asked, pointing to our own door.

I scratched my head, thoughtfully. I had assumed that the door would have a transom. A moment later Craig went to the cabinet and drew out a tube about as big around as a putty blower and as long.

"Now, here's what I call my 'detectoscope,'" he remarked. "None of your mirrors for me."

"That," he explained, "is what is known as a fish-eye lens—a lens that looks through an angle of some 180 degrees, almost twice that of the widest angle I know of."

Elaine was playing with Rusty when Jennings brought in a card on which was engraved the name, "Miss Mary Carson," and underneath in pencil was written, "Belgian Relief Committee."

"How interesting," commented Elaine, rising and accompanying Jennings back into the drawing room. "I wonder what she wants."

"Very pleased to meet you, Miss Carson," she greeted her visitor.

"You see, Miss Dodge," began Mary, "we're getting up this movement to help the Belgians, and we have splendid backing. Just let me show you some of the names on our committee."

She handed Elaine a list, which read:

- BELGIAN RELIEF COMMITTEE.**
- Mrs. Warburton Fish.
 - Mrs. Hamilton Bookman.
 - Mrs. C. August Mohr.
 - Mrs. Belmont Livingston.
 - Mrs. Rupert Solway.

"I've just been sent to see if I cannot persuade you to join the committee and attend a meeting at Mrs. Livingston's," she went on.

"Why—er," considered Elaine, thoughtfully, "er—yes. It must be all right with such people in it."

"Can you go down with me now?"

"Just as well as later," agreed Elaine.

Elaine and Mary had gone downtown, talking animatedly, walked down the avenue toward Mrs. Livingston's apartment.

Entering the hallway of the apartment, Mary rang the bell.

The servant opened the door and Elaine and Mary entered. He closed the door, and almost before they knew it was gone into the back room.

Elaine gazed about it in trepidation. But before she could say anything, Mary, with a great show of surprise, exclaimed: "Why, I must have made a mistake! This isn't Mrs. Livingston's apartment. How stupid of me!"

Then they went to the windows. Behind the curtains they were barred and looked out on a blank brick wall in a little court.

"Oh!" cried Mary, wringing her hands, stricken in mock panic. "Oh, I'm so frightened. This may be the den of Chinese white slavers!"

Just then the Chinaman entered and stood a moment, gazing at them. They turned and Elaine recoiled from him. Wong bowed.

"Oh, sir," cried Mary, "we've made a mistake. Won't you tell us how to get out?"

"No speke Englis," he said, gliding out again from the room and closing the door.

Elaine and Mary looked about in despair.

"What shall we do?" asked Elaine.

Mary said nothing, but with a hasty glance discovered on the wall the knife which Wong had already told her about. She took it from its scabbard. As she did so the Chinaman returned with a tray on which were queer drinks and glasses.

At the sight of Mary with the knife he scowled blackly, laid the tray down and took a step in her direction. She brandished the knife threateningly; then, as if her nerve failed her, fainted, letting the knife fall carefully on the floor so that it struck on the handle and not on the blade.

Wong quickly caught her as she fainted and carried her out of the room, banging shut the door. Elaine followed in a moment, loyal, to protect her supposed friend, but found that the door had a snap lock on the other side.

She looked about wildly, and in a moment Wong reappeared. As he advanced slowly and insignificantly she drew back, pleading. But her words fell on seemingly deaf ears.

She had picked up the knife which Mary had dropped, and when at last Wong maneuvered to get her cornered and was about to strike her she nerved herself up and stabbed at him resolutely.

Wong staggered back—and fell.

As he did so he pressed the bladder which he had already placed under his coat. A dark red fluid, like blood, oozed out all over him and ran in a pool on the floor.

Elaine, too horror-stricken at what had happened even to scream, dropped the knife and bent over him. He did not move. She rose quickly and ran through the now open door. As she did so Wong seemed suddenly to come to life. He raised himself and looked after her, then with a smile sank back into his former assumed posture on the floor.

When Elaine reached the other room she found Mary there with the Chinese servant, who was giving her the glass of water. At the sight of her the servant passed, then withdrew into another room further back. Mary, now apparently re-



Elaine Telling Kennedy of Her Experience With the Chinaman.

covering from her faintness, smiled weakly at Elaine.

"It's all right," she murmured. "He is a Chinese prince who thought we were callers."

At the reassuring nod of Mary toward the front room, Elaine was overcome. "I—I killed him!" she managed to gasp.

"What?" cried Mary, starting up and trembling violently. "You killed him—"

"Yes," sobbed Elaine. "He came at me—I had the knife—I struck at him—"

The two girls ran into the other room. There Mary looked at the motionless body on the floor and recoiled, horrified.

"Ugh!" exclaimed a guttural voice behind them.

It was the servant, who had come in. Even his ordinarily impassive oriental face could not conceal the horror and fear at the sight of his master lying on the floor in a pool of gore. Elaine was now more frightened than ever, if that were possible.

They quickly ran out into the hall.

"Go—quick!" he urged again, "and hide the handkerchief in the bag. Let no one see it!"

He shut the door. As they hurried away Elaine breathed a sigh of relief.

Meanwhile in the front room Long Sin was on his feet again, brushing himself off and mopping up the blood.

"It worked very well, sam," he said to the servant.

"Very well," nodded Mary, as she left him, "I will do as you say—trust me."

It was not much later, then, that Elaine received a second visitor from Mary. "Show her in, Jennings," she said to the butler, nervously.

Indeed, she felt sorry that every eye must be upon her. Even Jennings would know of her guilt soon.

Anxiously, therefore, Elaine looked at her visitor.

"Do you know why the servant allowed us to leave the apartment?" whispered Mary with a glance about fearfully, as if the walls had ears.

"No—why?" inquired Elaine anxiously.

"He's a tong man who has been chosen to do away with the Prince. He followed me, and says you have done his work for him. If you will give him \$10,000 for expenses he will attend to hiding the body."

Here, at least, was a way out.

"But do you think that is all right? Can he do it?" asked Elaine eagerly.

"Do it! Why those tong men can do anything for money. Only one must be careful not to offend them."

Mary was very convincing.

"Yes, I suppose you are right," agreed Elaine, finally. "I had better do as you say. It is the safest way out of the trouble. Yes, I'll do it. I'll stop at the bank now and get the money."

They rose and Mary preceded her, eager to get away from the house. At the door, however, Elaine asked her to wait while she ran back on some pretext.

In the library she took off the receiver of the telephone and quickly called a number.

Our telephone rang in the middle of our conversation on blood crystals, and Kennedy himself answered it.

"We must have a record time in getting to the Coste. It was an ornate place, where merely to breathe was expensive. We entered, and by some excuse Kennedy contrived to get past the vigilant bell-boys. We passed the telephone switch-board and entered the elevator, getting off at the fifth floor.

With a hasty glance up and down the corridor, to make sure no one was about, Kennedy came to Room 59, then passed to the next, 51, chatting the door with a skeleton key. We entered and Craig locked the door behind us. It was an ordinary hotel room, but well furnished. Fortunately it was unoccupied.

Quietly Craig went to the door which led to the next room. It was, of course, locked also. He listened a moment carefully. Not a sound. Quickly, with an explanation of satisfaction, he opened that door also and went into 59.

"Watch here, Walter," he directed. "Let me know at the slightest alarm."

Craig had already taken the brace and bit through the wall in room 51, selecting a spot behind a picture of a Spanish dancer—a spot directly back of her snapping

black eyes. He finished quickly and in series the 'detectoscope' so that the lens fitted as an eye in the picture. The eye-piece was in Room 51. Then he started to brush up the pieces of plaster on the floor.

"Craig," I whispered hastily, as I heard an elevator door, "someone's coming!"

He hurried to the door and looked. "There they are," he said, as he saw Elaine and Mary rounding the corner of the hall.

Across the hall, although we did not know it at the time, in Room 54, already Wong Sin had taken up his station, just to be handy. There he had been with his servant, playing with his two trained rats.

Wong placed them up his capacious sleeves and carefully opened the door to look out. Unfortunately he was just in time to see the door of 59 open and dis-closure.

Kennedy mounted a chair and applied his eye to the 'detectoscope. Just then Mary and Elaine entered the next room, Mary opening the door with a regular key.

"Won't you step in?" she asked.

Elaine did so and Mary hesitated in the hall. Wong had slipped out on noiseless feet and taken refuge behind some curtains. As he saw her alone he beckoned to Mary.

"There's a stranger in the next room," he whispered. "I don't like him. Take the money and as quickly as possible get out and go to my apartments."

At the news that there was a suspicious stranger about, Mary showed great alarm. Everything was so rapid now that the slightest hesitation meant disaster. Perhaps by quickness even a suspicious stranger could be fooled, she reasoned. At any rate, Wong Sin was successful. She had better trust him.

Mary followed Elaine into the room, where she had seated herself, and locked the door.

"Have you the money there?" she asked.

"Yes," nodded Elaine, taking out the package of bills which she had got from the bank during the half hour delay.

All this we could see by gazing alternately through the 'detectoscope.

Elaine handed Mary the money. Mary counted it slowly. At last she looked up.

"It's all right," she said. "Now, I'll take this to that tong leader. He's in a room just across the hall."

She went out.

Kennedy, at the 'detectoscope, was very excited as this went on. He now jumped off the chair on which he had been standing and rushed to the door to head her off.

To our surprise, in spite of the fact that she could turn the key in the lock, it was impossible to open it!

It was only a moment that Craig paused at the door. The next moment he burst into 59, followed closely by me. With a scream, Elaine was on her feet in an instant.

There was no time for explanations, however.

He rushed to the door to go out, but it was locked—somehow on the outside. The skeleton key would not work, at any rate.

He shot the lock and dashed out calling back, "Walter, stay there—with Mary!"

Mary had just succeeded in getting on the elevator as Kennedy hurried down the hall. The door was closed and the car descended. He rang the push button furiously, but there was no answer. Had he got so far in the chase only to be outwitted?

He dashed back to the room with us and jerked down the telephone receiver. "Hello—hello—hello!" he called.

No answer.

There seemed to be no way to get a connection. What was the matter?

He hurried down the hall again.

No sooner had Elaine and Mary actually gone into the room than Wong and his servants stole out of 54, across the hall. Somewhere they had obtained a strong but thin rope.

Quickly and silently Wong tied the handle of door 51, in which we were, to the handle of 54, which he was vacating. As both doors opened inward and were opposite, they were virtually locked.

Then Wong and his servant hurried down the hallway to the elevator.

Down in the hotel lobby, with his follower, the Chinaman paused before the telephone switchboard.

He was listening eagerly and also watching an indicator that told the number of the rooms which called, as they flashed into view.

Just as a call from 59 flashed up, Wong slipped the rings off his little fingers and loosened the white rats on the telephone switchboard itself.

With a shriek the telephone system of the Coste went temporarily out of business.

The operators fled to the nearest chairs, drawing their skirts about them.

There was the greatest excitement among all the women in the corridor. Such a display of hostility was never contemplated by even the most daring cost-tumers.

Kennedy had succeeded in finding the alcove of the floor clerk in charge of the fifth floor. There on his desk was an instrument having a stylus on the end of two arms, connected to a system of magnets. It was a teleautograph.

"Unconsciously Craig pushed the clerk out of his seat and sat down himself. It was a last chance, now that the telephone was out of commission.

Downstairs in the hotel office, where the excitement had not spread to every one, was the other end of the electric long-distance writer.

It started to write, as Kennedy wrote, upstairs:

"House detectives—quick—hold woman with blue chatelaine bag, getting out of elevator!"

The clerks downstairs saw it and shouted above the din of the rat-baiting: "McCann—McCann!"

The clerk had torn off the message from the teleautograph register and handed it to the house man, who pushed his way to the desk.

In the meantime Wong Sin had recovered his precious and useful pets. Life in the Coste had assumed something of its normal aspect, and Craig had succeeded in getting an elevator.

It was just as Mary was led in, threatening and pleading in turns, that he stepped off in the lobby.

There was, however, still just enough excitement to cover a little pantomime. Wong Sin had been about to slip out of a side door, thinking all was well, when he caught sight of Mary being led back. She had also seen him, and began to struggle again.

Quickly he shook his head, indicating for her to stop. Then slowly he secretly made the sign of the Clutching Hand at her. It meant that she must not snitch.

She obeyed instantly, and he quietly disappeared.

"Here," cried Kennedy, "take her up in the elevator. I'll prove the case."

With the house detectives and Kennedy, Mary was hustled into the elevator and whisked back as she had escaped.

In the meantime I had gathered up what stuff we had in the room we had entered and had returned with Kennedy's bag.

"What-what's it all about?" inquired Elaine excitedly.

I tried to explain.

Just then, out in the hall, we could hear loud voices, and that of Mary above the rest. Kennedy, a man who looked like a detective, and some bellboys were leading her toward us.

"Now—not a word of who she is in the papers, McCann," Kennedy was saying, evidently about Elaine. "You know, it wouldn't sound well for La Coste. As for that woman—well, I've got the money bag. You can take her off—make the charge."

As the house man left with Mary I handed Craig his bag. We moved toward the door, and as we stood there a moment with Elaine, he quietly handed over to her the big roll of money.

She took it with surprise still written in her big blue eyes. "Oh—thank you—I might have known it was only a blackmail scheme," she cried eagerly.

Craig held out his hand and she took it quickly, gazing into his eyes. Craig bowed politely, not quite knowing what to do under the circumstances.

If he had been less of a scientist he might have understood the look on her face, but with a nod to me, he turned and went.

As she looked first at him, then at the paltry ten thousand in her hand, Elaine stamped her little foot in vexation.

"I'm glad I didn't say anything more," she cried. "No—no—he shall beg my pardon first—there."

(To be Continued.)

A Blotter that Failed.

When the Prussians entered Paris after Waterloo, Blucher endeavored for revenge to destroy the Pont d'Iena, but the charge of gunpowder failed to explode. He persisted despite the protest of Talleyrand and the threat of Louis XVIII to go and stand on the bridge himself—a threat not carried into effect. But the second charge only damaged a pile, and before vandalism could go further Wellington came up and his vigorous protest made the Prussian general desist.—Springfield Republican.

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