

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



In the Devil Worshipers' Den.

Standing before them, he chanted in nasal tones: "The white consort of the great King Chau has been found. It is his will that she now be made his."
As he finished intoning the message Long Sin signalled to two young Chinamen to go into an anteroom. A moment later they returned with Elaine.
Frightened though she was, Elaine made no attempt to struggle, even when they had cut her bonds. She was busy engaged in seeking some method of escape. Her eyes traveled over the place quickly. Apparently there was no means of exit that was not guarded. Long Sin saw her look, and smiled quietly.

"They had carried her up to the date, and now Long Sin faced her and sternly ordered her to kowtow to the gruesome metallic figure."
She refused, but instantly the Chinamen set her arm and twisted it until they had compelled her to fall to her knees.
Having forced her to kowtow, Long Sin turned to the assembled devil dancers.

"With magic and rare drugs," he chanted, "she shall be made to pass beyond, and her body encased in precious gold shall be the consort of King Chau—forever and ever."
He made another sign and several pots and braziers were brought out and placed on the dais beside Elaine. She was by this time completely overcome by the horror of the situation. There was apparently no escape.

"Hold her here," ordered Long Sin to two attendants, as he approached her.
Long Sin held in his hand a small, profusely decorated pot, from which smoke was escaping. As he approached he passed this receptacle under her nose once, twice, three times.

Gradually Elaine fell into unconsciousness.
While Elaine was facing death in the power of the devil worshippers, I had reached the house of Savetsky, next door, with the police, and the place had been quietly surrounded.

"What can I do for you?" asked the man, admitting us.
"My friend, here," I parried, "is in great business trouble. Can your controlling spirit give him advice?"
"I'm sorry," she remarked merely, "but I'm afraid my control is weak and cannot work today."

She took a step toward the door, motioning us to leave. Neither of us paid any attention to that hint, but remained seated as we had been before.
Bennett dropped unconscious, the lights in the darkened room flashed up, and several of the men of the Clutching Hand rushed in.
Quickly the fireplace was turned on its cleverly constructed hinges, revealing the hidden passage.

Before any effective resistance could be made, Elaine and Bennett were hustled through the passage, securely bound, and placed on a divan in a curtained chamber, back of the altar of the devil worshippers.
It was at that moment that I, little dreaming of what had taken place, arrived with Aunt Josephine at the house of the medium.
She answered my ring and admitted us. To our surprise, the séance room was empty.

"Where is the young lady who was here?" I asked.
"Miss Dodge and the gentleman just left a few minutes ago," the medium explained, as we looked about.
She seemed eager to satisfy us that Elaine was not there. Apparently there was no excuse for disputing her word, but, as we turned to leave, I happened to notice a torn handkerchief lying on the floor. It flashed over me that perhaps it might afford a clue.

As I passed it I purposely dropped my hat over it and picked up the hat, securing the handkerchief without attracting Savetsky's attention.
Aunt Josephine was keen now for returning home to find out whether Elaine was there or not. No sooner had she entered the car and driven off than I examined the handkerchief. It was torn. I looked closer. In the corner was the initial "E."

"That was enough. Without losing another precious moment, I hurried around to the nearest police station, where I happened to be known, having had several assignments for the "Star" in that part of the city, and gave an alarm.
The sergeant detailed several roundsmen and a man in plain clothes, and together we returned to the house, laying a careful plan to surround it secretly, while the plain clothes man and I obtained admittance.

Meanwhile the Chinese devil worshippers had again gathered in their sacred temple, and Long Sin, in his princely robe, appeared on the dais.
The worshippers kowtowed reverently to him, while at the back again stood the aged Chinaman, patiently turning his prayer wheel.
Two braziers, or smoke pots, had been placed on the dais, one of which Long Sin touched with a stick, causing it to burst out into dense fumes.

I was and praying over the note, and I had almost called on Elaine when I noticed that the note was blank and I had no idea who had written it.

"Save Expense and Lives
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who knew the innermost secrets of the Chinese quarter and even unknown to the police, there was a dingy tenement house apparently inhabited by hard working Chinamen, but in reality the headquarters of the notorious devil worshippers, a sect of satanists, banded even in the Celestial empire.
The room in which the uncanny rites of the devil worshippers were conducted was a large apartment decorated in Chinese style, with highly colored portraits of some of the devil deities and costly silken hangings. Beside a large dais depended a huge Chinese gong.

On the dais itself stood, or rather sat, an ugly looking figure covered with some sort of metallic plating. It almost seemed to be the mummy of a Chinaman covered with gold leaf. It was thin and shrunken, almost entirely nude, but with a scant drapery of a long Chinese robe hanging from its shoulders.
Into this room came Long Sin attired in an elaborate silken robe. He advanced and kowtowed before the dais with his strange figure and laid down an offering before it, consisting of punk sticks, little dishes of Chinese cakes, rice, a jar of oil and some cooked chicken and pork. Then he bowed and kowtowed again.

At the same time an aged Chinaman carrying a prayer wheel entered the place and, after prostrating himself devoutly, placed the machine on a sort of low stool or tabourette and began turning it slowly, muttering. Each revolution of this curious wheel was supposed to offer a prayer to the god of the nether-world.
A few moments later, Long Sin, who had been kneeling before the metallic figure in deepest reverence, suddenly sprang to his feet. His glazed eyes and excited manner indicated that he had received a message from the lips of the strange idol.

Long Sin struck several blows on the resounding gong and then raised his voice in solemn tones.
"King Chau, the Terrible, demands a consort. She is to be foreign-fair of face and with golden hair."
At the same time, in a room of the adjoining house, the Clutching Hand himself was busily engaged in making the most elaborate preparations for some nefarious scheme which his fertile mind had evolved.
The room had been fitted up as a medium's séance parlor, with black hangings on the walls, while at one side there was a square cabinet of black cloth, with a mandolin lying before it.

Clutching Hand gazed about the room, now and then giving an order or two to make more effective the setting for the purpose which he had in mind.
Finally he nodded in approval and stepped over to the fireplace where logs were burning brightly in a grate.
Pressing a spring in the mantelpiece, the master criminal effected an instant transformation. The logs in the fireplace, still burning, disappeared immediately through the bottom of the brick tiling and a metal sheet covered them. An aperture opened at the back, as if by magic.

Through this opening Clutching Hand made his way quickly and disappeared.
Emerging on the other side of the peculiar fireplace, Clutching Hand pushed aside a curtain which barred the way and looked into the Chinese temple, taking up a position behind the metallic figure on the dais.
The noise of the departing satanists had scarcely died away when Clutching Hand stepped out.
"Follow me," he ordered hoarsely, seizing Long Sin by the arm and leading him away.

They passed through the passageway of the fireplace, and, having entered the anteroom, Clutching Hand began briefly explaining the purpose of the preparations that had been made. Long Sin wagged his head in visible approval.
As Clutching Hand finished, the Chinaman turned to the hardfaced woman who was to act the part of medium and added some directions to those Clutching Hand had already given.
The medium nodded acquiescence, and a moment later left the room to carry out some ingenious plot framed by the master mind of the criminal world.

Elaine was standing in the library gazing sadly at Kennedy's portrait. Thinking over recent events and above all the rebuff over the telephone which she had received, she had received.
A moment later Kennedy entered with a card on a waiter. Elaine took it and saw with surprise the name of her caller.
Madame Savetsky's address.

Through the unlocked door she saw the waiter in the hall. "I have a message from the lady of your father," he said.

"I will call on her," Elaine said, and she had almost called on Elaine when I noticed that the note was blank and I had no idea who had written it.

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tered wildly for a few moments, rolled her eyes and with some convulsive movements pretended to go into a trance.
Suddenly the curtains were pulled aside and Aunt Josephine and Bennett, who had just come in, entered.
"I can do nothing here," exclaimed Savetsky, starting up and looking about severely. "You must come to my séance chamber, where we shall not be interrupted."
"I will," cried Elaine, vexed at the intrusion at that moment. "I must have that message—I must."
"What's all this, Elaine?" demanded Aunt Josephine.

Hurriedly Elaine poured forth to her aunt and Bennett the story of the medium's visit and the promised message from her father in the other world.
Aunt Josephine, who was not one easily to be imposed on, strongly objected to Elaine's proposal to accompany Savetsky to the séance chamber, but Elaine would not be denied. She pleaded with her aunt, urging that she be allowed to go.
"It might be safe for Elaine to go," Bennett finally suggested to Aunt Josephine, "if you and I accompanied her."
All the time the medium was listening closely to the conversation, Elaine looked at her inquiringly. With a shrug, she indicated that she had no objection to having Elaine escorted to the parlor by her friends.

A few moments later, in the Dodge car, Elaine, the medium and her two escorts started for the Chinese quarter.
At the house the medium opened the door with her key and ushered in her three visitors.
Entering the room the medium at once prepared for the séance by pulling down the window shades. Then she seated herself in a chair beside the cabinet and appeared to fall off slowly into a trance.

The room itself was dimly lighted, and the curtains of the cabinet seemed, in the obscurity, to sway back and forth as if stirred by some ghostly breeze.
All of them were now quite on edge with excitement.
Suddenly an indistinct face was seen to be peering through the black curtains, as it were.
The mandolin, as if lifted by an invisible hand, left the cabinet, floated about close to the ceiling, and returned again. It was eerie.

At last a voice, deep, sepulchral, was heard in slow and solemn tones.
"I am Eeko—the spirit of Taylor Dodge. I will give no message until one named Josephine leaves the room."
No sooner had the words been uttered than the medium came writhing out of her trance.
"What happened?" she asked, looking at Elaine.
Elaine reported the spirit's words.

"We can get nothing if your Aunt Savetsky is here," Eeko intoned, insisting that Aunt Josephine must go. "Your father cannot speak while she is present."
Aunt Josephine, annoyed at what she had heard, indignantly refused to go and was deaf to all Elaine's pleadings.
"I think it will be all right," finally acquiesced Bennett, seeing how bent Elaine was on securing the message.
"I'll stay and protect her."
Aunt Josephine finally agreed. "Very well, then," she protested, marching out of the room in a high state of indignation.

She had scarcely left the house, however, when she began to suspect that all was not as it ought to be. In fact, the idea had no sooner occurred to her than she decided to call on Kennedy and she ordered the chauffeur to take her as quietly as possible to the laboratory.

Kennedy had not been in the laboratory all the day after my experience with the acid, and I was impatiently awaiting his arrival. At last there came a knock at the door and I opened it hurriedly. There was a messenger boy who handed me a note. I tore it open. It was from Kennedy and read:

"I shall probably be away for two or three days. Call up Elaine and tell her to beware of a certain Madame Savetsky."
I was and praying over the note, and I had almost called on Elaine when I noticed that the note was blank and I had no idea who had written it.

when the trance was resumed, and in a few minutes there came all sorts of supernatural manifestations. The table beside Elaine began to turn and articles on it dropped on the floor. Violent rappings followed in various parts of the room. Both Elaine and Bennett, who sat together in silence, were much impressed by the marvelous phenomena—not being able to see in the darkness the concealed wires that made them possible.
Suddenly, from the mysterious shadows of the cabinet, there appeared the spirit of Long Sin, whose death Elaine still believed she had caused when Adventures Mary had lived here to the apartment.
Elaine was trembling with fear at the apparition.

From the cabinet ran a thick stream of red, like blood from which she recoiled, shuddering.
Then a dim, ghostly figure, apparently that of Long Sin, appeared. The face was horribly distorted. It seemed to breathe the very odor of the grave.
With arms outstretched the figure glided from the cabinet and approached Elaine. She shrank back further in fright, too horrified even to scream.

At the same moment, the medium drew a vapor pistol from her dress, and as the ghost of Long Sin leaped at Elaine Savetsky darted forward and shot a stream of vapor full in Bennett's face.
Bennett dropped unconscious, the lights in the darkened room flashed up, and several of the men of the Clutching Hand rushed in.
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Before any effective resistance could be made, Elaine and Bennett were hustled through the passage, securely bound, and placed on a divan in a curtained chamber, back of the altar of the devil worshippers.
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"That was enough. Without losing another precious moment, I hurried around to the nearest police station, where I happened to be known, having had several assignments for the "Star" in that part of the city, and gave an alarm.
The sergeant detailed several roundsmen and a man in plain clothes, and together we returned to the house, laying a careful plan to surround it secretly, while the plain clothes man and I obtained admittance.

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As the detective took her again and twisted her arm until she cried out in pain I hastily investigated the wall. She had evidently been attempting to press a button that rang a concealed bell.
What did it all mean?
Elaine, now completely unconscious, was being held by the Chinamen, while her arm was smeared with sticky black material from the cauldron by Long Sin. As the high priest of Satan worked, the devil worshippers kowtowed obediently.
Suddenly the aged Chinaman with the prayer wheel stopped his incessant, impious turning, and, rising, held up his hand as if to command attention.

"This is nonsense," he cried in a loud tone. "Why should our great King Chau desire a white devil? I, a great-grandfather, demand to know."
Shaking with rage, Long Sin ordered the intruder out of the date. But the aged devotee refused to go.
"Throw him out," he ordered his attendants.
For answer, as the two young Chinamen approached, the old Chinaman threw them down to the floor with a quick judicious movement. His strength seemed miraculous for so aged a man.
Furious now beyond expression, Long Sin stepped forward himself. He seized the beard and queue of the intruder. To his utter amazement, they came off!

"With his automatic drawn, before the astonished devil dancers could recover themselves, he succeeded in gaining it and locking the door into the main temple.
Bennett was still lying on the floor tightly bound. With a few deft cuts with a Chinese knife which he had picked up, Kennedy released him.
At the same time Chinamen were trying to batter down the door, Kennedy's last bulwark. It was swaying under their repeated blows.
Kennedy rushed to the door and fired through it at random to check the attack for a few moments.

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ously in all directions and clearing the room.
Instantly Kennedy thought of the fair object of all this noise. He rushed to the divan on which he had placed Elaine. She was slowly returning to consciousness.
As she slowly opened her eyes for an instant, she gazed at Craig, then at Bennett. Still not comprehending just what had happened, she gave her hand to Bennett. Bennett lifted her to her feet and slowly assisted her as she tried to walk away.
Kennedy watched them, more stupefied than if he had been struck on the head by Long Sin.
Voice and detectives were now taking the captured Chinamen away, as Bennett, his arm about Elaine, led her gently out.
A young detective had slipped the bracelets over Long Sin's wrist, and I was standing beside him.

Kennedy, in a daze at the sight of Elaine and Bennett, passed us, scarcely noticing who we were.
As Craig collected his scattered forces, Long Sin motioned to him, as if he had a message to deliver.
Kennedy frowned suspiciously. He was about to turn away when the Chinaman began pleading earnestly for a chance to say a few words.
"Step aside for a moment, you fellows, won't you, please," he asked. "I will hear what you have to say, Long Sin."
Long Sin looked about craftily.
"What is it?" prompted Craig, seeing that at last they were all alone.
Long Sin again looked around.
"Swear that I will go free and not suffer," he whispered, "and I will betray the great Clutching Hand."

Kennedy studied the Chinaman keenly for a moment. Then, seemingly satisfied with the scrutiny, he nodded slowly assent.
As Craig did so, I saw Long Sin lean over and whisper into Kennedy's ear.
Craig started back in horror and surprise.
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