

# READ It Here Now---Then SEE It All in Moving Pictures

## A DETECTIVE NOVEL AND A MOTION PICTURE DRAMA

Presented by This Newspaper in Collaboration With the Famous Pathe Players.

Featuring  
**Miss Pearl White**..... **Elaine Dodge**  
**Mr. Arnold Daly**..... **"Craig Kennedy"**  
The Famous Scientific Detective of Fiction.  
**Mr. Edwin Arden**..... **Wu-Fang**  
The Chinese Master Criminal  
**WRITTEN BY ARTHUR B. REEVE**  
The Well-Known Novelist and the Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Stories  
Dramatized into a Photo-Play by Chas. W. Goddard, Author of "The Perils of Pauline."

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.

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**Synopsis of Previous Chapters.**  
The New York police are busy with a series of murders and other crimes. The principal clue to the criminals is a warning letter, which is the victim's, signed with a "clutching hand." The latest victim of the mysterious assassin Taylor Dodge, the wealthy insurance president, his daughter, Elaine, employed Craig Kennedy, the master criminal, to try to unravel the mystery. What Kennedy accomplishes is told by his friend, Jennings, a Chinaman, who is enraged at the determined effort which Elaine and Craig Kennedy are making to put an end to his crimes. The Clutching Hand, as this strange criminal is known, resorts to all sorts of the most diabolical schemes to put them out of the way. Each chapter of the story tells of a new plot against the lives and the safety of this pretty girl and himself from death. In a certain sense, the master criminal leaves a clue in the form of a type-written letter. Through this Kennedy penetrates his disguise and the master criminal is killed in his efforts to escape. The Clutching Hand turns out to be none other than Elaine's own lawyer, Bennett, a man long trusted by her father and fashionable society in general. After Bennett's death, Jennings, who had been employed by him in some of his criminal operations, learns that the master criminal's identity was Elaine's own father, and his efforts to locate the treasure bring more peril to Elaine and stirs Kennedy to greater achievements in detective skill.

### CHAPTER XVII. The Ring and the Treasure

Not a clue had been left by the kidnappers when they had so mysteriously spirited Elaine away from the apartment of Wu Fang. She had disappeared as completely as if she had vanished into thin air.  
Kennedy was frantic. Wu and Long Sin themselves seemed to have vanished, too. Where they held her, what had happened to her, was a sealed book. And yet, no move of hers was made, no matter how secret, that it did not seem to be known to them. It was as though a weird, uncanny eye glared at us, watching everything.  
Craig neglected no possibility in his eager search. He even visited the little house in the country which Elaine had given to Aunt Tabby, and spent several hours examining the collapsed subterranean chamber in the vain hope that it might yield a clue. But it had not.  
It was half filled with debris from above where the pillars had given away that night when she had nearly lost our lives. Still, there was enough room in what remained of the cavern so that we could move about.  
Kennedy had even dug away some of the earth and rock in the hope of discovering some trace of the strange visitor whom we had suspected. It had been here, also, he had found nothing.  
It was maddening. What might at any moment be happening to Elaine—and he powerless to help her?  
Unhappily, he was forced to the conclusion that not only Elaine's amazing disappearance, but the tragic succession of events which had preceded it, had been caused, in some way, by the curiously engraved ring which Aunt Josephine had taken from her.  
Craig had taken possession of the mysterious ring himself, and now, forced back on this sole clue, it had occurred to him that if the ring were so valuable, other attempts without doubt, be made to get possession of it.  
I came into the laboratory, one afternoon, to find Kennedy surrounded by jeweler's tools, hard at work making an exact copy of the ring.  
"What do you think of it, Walter?" he asked, holding up the replica.  
"Perfect," I replied, admiringly. "What are you going to do with it?"  
"I can't say yet," answered Kennedy, solemnly. "but if I understand these Chinese criminals at all, I know that the only way we can ever track them is through some trick. Perhaps the replica will suggest something to us later."  
He placed the copy in a velvet-lined box closely resembling that in which the real ring lay, and dropped both into his pocket.  
"Let's see if Aunt Josephine has received any word," he remarked abruptly, putting on his hat and coat, and nodding to me to follow.  
Kennedy and I were not the only visitors to the subterranean chamber where it had seemed that the clue to the Clutching Hand's millions might be found.  
It was as though that hidden, watching eye followed us. The night after our own unsuccessful search, Wu Fang, accompanied by Long Sin, made his way into the cavern.  
As they flashed their electric bull-eyes about the place, they could see readily that we had already been digging there.  
We examined the safe which had been broken into, while Long Sin repeated his experiences there.  
"And you say there was nothing else in it?" demanded Wu.  
"Nothing but the ring which they got from me," replied Long Sin, ruefully.  
"Strange—very strange," ruminated Wu, still regarding the empty strong box.  
Long Sin was now going over the walls of the cavern minutely, his close-set, bony black eyes examining every square inch of it.  
A sudden low guttural exclamation caused Wu to turn quickly. Long Sin had discovered, back of the debris, a small strong slot, cut into the rock. Above it were some peculiar marks.  
Wu hurried over to his handman, and



There Were Disclosed to Our Astonished Eyes the Hidden Millions of the Clutching Hand.

was running his finger. "This is Mrs. Dodge, isn't it?" he asked, pointing with his pencil to the entry with the address following it. There seemed to be no name of a shipper.  
"Yes," she replied, dubiously. "But I don't understand it. Wait just a moment."  
She went to the library door. "Mr. Kennedy," she said, "may I trouble you and Mr. Jennings a moment?"  
We followed her into the hall, and there stood gazing at the mysterious gift, while she related its recent history.  
"Why not set it up in the library?" I suggested, seeing that the expressions were getting restive at the delay. "If there is any mistake they will send for it soon. No one ever gets anything for nothing."  
Aunt Josephine turned to the expressions and nodded. With the aid of Jennings they carried the vase into the library, and there it was uncrated, while Kennedy continued to question the man with the book, without eliciting any further information than that he thought it had been recognized from another express company. He knew nothing more than that it had been placed on his wagon, properly marked and prepaid.  
When Kennedy rejoined us the vase was being completely uncrated. Aunt Josephine stared at it, and grumbling a bit, the expressions left. Then we stood, unpolished by the curious gift.  
Craig walked around the vase, looking at it critically. I had a feeling of being watched, one of those sensations which psychologists tell us are utterly baseless and unfounded. I was glad I had not said anything about it when he tapped the vase with his cane, then struck the can down the long, narrow neck, working it around as well as he could. The neck was so long and so narrow, however, that his stick could not fully explore the inside of the vase, but it seemed to me to be quite empty.  
"Well, there's nothing in it, anyhow," I ventured.  
I had spoken too soon. Kennedy withdrew his cane, and on the ferrule, adhering as though by some sticky substance, was a note. Kennedy pulled it off and unfolded it, while we gathered about him.  
"Maybe it's from Elaine," cried Aunt Josephine, grasping at a straw.  
"We read it," we said.  
Dear Aunt Josephine:  
This is a token that I am unharmed. Have Mr. Kennedy give the ring to the man at the city for some purpose. Williams avenue at midnight tonight and they will surrender me to him.  
P. S.—Have him come alone or my life will be in danger.  
We looked at each other in amazement. "I thought something like this would happen," remarked Craig, who had been "Oh," cried Aunt Josephine, "it's too good to be true."  
"Well do it," exclaimed Kennedy quickly, "only this is the ring that we'll give."  
He drew from his pocket the replica of the ring which he had made and showed it to Aunt Josephine. Then he drew from another pocket the real ring, replacing the replica.  
"Here's the real one," he said in a low tone. "Guard it as you would guard your life."  
She took the ring, almost fearfully. It seemed as if nothing but misfortune had followed it. Still, she realized that it was necessary that she should take care of it, if the plan was to work.  
"And, oh, Mr. Kennedy," she implored, as we rose to go, "please get back my little girl for me."  
Craig clasped her hand. "I'll try my best," he replied fervently, patting her shoulder to cheer her up, as she sank into a chair.  
Aunt Josephine was worn out with the sleepless nights of worry since Elaine's disappearance. After we had gone, she tried to eat dinner, but found that she had no appetite.  
All the evening she sat in the library, with a book at which she stared, though she scarcely read a page. However, as the hours lengthened, she found herself nodding through sheer exhaustion.  
It was getting late and her thoughts were still on Elaine. At the desk in the library she was examining the curious ring, which she had taken from her jewel case, thinking of the terrible train of events that had followed it.  
Although she had intended to sit up until she received some word from Kennedy that night, the long strain had told on her and in spite of her worry about Elaine, she decided, at length, to retire. She replaced the ring in the case, locked the case, and turned out the lights.  
"Good night, Jennings," she said, as she passed the faithful old butler in the hall.  
"Good night, ma'am," he replied, pausing on his rounds to see that the doors and windows were locked.  
Aunt Josephine, clasping the jewel case

from the finger post that pointed each way to Williams and Brownlee avenues.  
Late that night Kennedy left his apartment prepared to follow the instructions in the note which had been so strangely delivered in the vase.  
As he climbed into a roadster he tucked the robe most carefully into a corner under the leather seat.  
"For heaven's sake, Craig," I gasped from under the robe, "let me have a little air."  
I had taken my place under the robe before the car was driven up in front of the apartment, lest some emissary of Wu-Fang might be watching to see that there was such a trick.  
"You'll get air enough when we get started, Walter," he laughed back under his breath, apparently addressing the engine.  
Kennedy was a hard driver when he wanted to be, and enough was at stake tonight to make him drive hard. He whizzed along in the roadster, and I was indeed glad enough to huddle up under the robe.  
We had reached a point in the suburbs which was deserted, and I did not recognize a thing when he pulled up by the side of the road with a jerk. I peered through a crease in the corner of the robe and saw him slide out from under the wheel and stand by the side of the car, looking up and down. Ahead of us the road curved sharply, and I had no idea what was there, though Kennedy seemed to know the place.  
A moment later he pulled the robe partly off me, and bent down as though examining the batteries on the side of the car.  
"Get out on the other side in the shadow of the car, Walter," he whispered, hoarsely. "Go down the road a bit—only cut in and keep under cover. This is Williams avenue. You'll see a big rock. Hide behind it. Ahead of you see Brownlee avenue. Be prepared for anything. I shall have to trust the rest to you. I don't know myself what's going to happen."  
I slid out and went along the edge of the road, as Craig had directed, and finally crouched behind a huge rock, feeling as much tension as if I had been a boy playing at wild west. Only this might at any moment develop into the reality of a wild far east.  
After a moment, to give me a chance, Craig himself left the car pulled up close by the side of the road and went ahead on foot. At last he came to the cross roads just around the bend, where, in the moonlight, he could read the signs: "Williams avenue" and "Brownlee avenue." He stood there a moment, then glanced at his watch, which registered both hands approaching the hour of twelve. He gazed about at the deserted country. Had the appointment been a hoax after all, a scheme to get him away from the city for some purpose?  
Suddenly, at his feet in the dust of the road something heavy seemed to drop. He looked about quickly. No one was in sight.  
He reached down and picked up a little Chinese figure. Tapping it with his knuckle, he examined it curiously. It was hollow.  
From the inside he drew out a piece of paper. He strained his eyes in the moonlight and managed to make out:  
The serpent is all-wise and his fang is fatal. You have signed the white girl's death warrant.  
Beneath the serpent warning was stamped the serpent of Wu Fang.  
It was not a hoax, and Kennedy stood there a moment, gazing about in tense anxiety. Had the uncanny eye observed his every action? Was it staring at him now in the blackness?  
Meanwhile, I had made my way stealthily, peering into the bushes and careful not even to step on anything that would make a noise and was now, as I have said, crouched behind the big rock to which Craig had directed me. I heard him go along the road and look about cautiously, but could hear and see nothing else.  
I had begun to wonder whether Kennedy might not have made a mistake when, suddenly, from behind the shadow of another rock ahead of me, but toward Brownlee avenue, I saw the tall, gaunt figure of a man rise in the moonlight, almost as if it had sprung from the very earth.  
My heart gave a leap as he quickly turned his right arm and hurled something as far as he could in the direction

that Kennedy had taken. If it had been a bomb, followed by an explosion, I would not have been surprised. But no sound followed as the figure dropped back, as if it had been a writhing.  
I stole out from my own hiding place in the shadow of my rock and darted quickly to the shelter of a bush nearer the figure.  
The figure was no writhing. It turned to steal away. I remembered Kennedy's stinging words. If the man ever gained the darkness of a clump of woods, just beyond us, he was as good as safe. Ten was the time to act.  
I leaped at him and he went down, rolling over and over in the underbrush and stubble. We fought fiercely, but I could not seem to get a glimpse of his face, which was muffled.  
He was powerful and stronger than I and after a tough tussle he broke loose. But I had succeeded nevertheless. I had delayed him just long enough. Kennedy heard the sound of the struggle and was now crashing through the hedge at the crossroads in our direction.  
I managed to pick myself up, just as Kennedy reached my side, and together, we followed the retreating figure as it made its way among the shadows. Across the open space before us we followed him and at last saw him dive into an old barn.  
A moment later we followed hotfoot into the barn. As we entered we could hear a peculiar grating noise, as though a door was sprung on its rusty hinges. The front door was open. Evidently the man had gone through and closed the back door.  
We threw ourselves against the back door, but it did not yield. There was no time to waste and we turned to rush out again by the way we had come. Just as the front door was slammed shut.  
The man had trapped us. He had left both doors open, had run through, braced the back door, then had rushed around outside just in time to brace the front door also.  
We could hear his feet crunching the dry leaves and twigs as he went around the side of the barn again. Together we threw ourselves against the front door, but, although it yielded a little, he had barred it so that it would resist our united strength for some time.  
Again and again we threw ourselves against it. It was horribly dark in there, except for an oblong spot where the moonlight streamed in through a window. Suddenly the pale silver of the moonlight on the floor reddened.  
The man had struck a match and thrown it into a mass of oil-soaked straw and gunpowder which protruded through one of the weather-beaten boards near the floor.  
It was only a matter of a second or so now when the fire swept into the barn itself. There was no beating it out. Some of the floor with oil, it seemed as though the whole place burst into a sudden blaze of tinder. Outside we could hear foot steps rapidly retreating toward the shelter of the clump of woods.  
For a second I looked dismayed at the rapidly mounting flames.  
"A very pretty situation," I forced with a laugh. "But I hope he doesn't think we'll stay here and burn with a perfectly good window in full view."  
I took a step forward toward the window, but before I could take another Kennedy yanked me back.  
"Don't think for a moment that he overlooked that," he shouted.  
Craig looked around hastily. In a corner, just back of us, was a long pole. He snatched it up and moved cautiously toward the window, keeping the pole as level as possible as he endeavored to get a leverage on the ash. The flames were mounting faster and higher, lapping up everything.  
"Keep back, Walter," he muttered, "just as far as you can."  
He had scarcely raised the window, a fraction of an inch when an old rusty heavy anvil and a bent, worn plowshare crashed down to the floor directly over the spot where I should have been if he had not dragged me away. I started back against. Nothing had been over looked to finish us off.  
"I think you may try it safely now, all right," smiled Kennedy, coolly.  
We climbed out of the window, not an instant too soon, from the raging inferno about us.  
Having gained the clump of woods the gaunt figure had paused long enough to

## New Exploits of Elaine

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