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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
 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 mystified by a series of murders and other crimes. The principal clue to the criminals is a warning letter, which is sent to the victims signed with a "clutching hand." The latest victim of the mysterious assassin is Taylor Dodge, the cunning insurance president. His daughter, Elaine, employs Craig Kennedy, a famous scientific detective, to try to unravel the mystery. What Kennedy accomplishes is told by his friend, Jamison, a newspaper man.
 Each chapter deals with a new plot against the lives of Elaine and Elaine, but each time the master criminal is defeated by the marvelous skill of Kennedy. At last Kennedy discovers the Clutching Hand to be Elaine's trusted lawyer, Bennett. His identity known, he flees to the den of a Chinese criminal, who had assisted him in many of his criminal operations.
 After the Chinaman forces Bennett to tell the secret hiding place of his stolen wealth, he gives him a portion which will sustain him for months. In this unconscious state, Kennedy sees Bennett and supposes him dead. The Clutching Hand, however, is still at large, and is plotting to obtain with difficulty, Wu's attempt to destroy Kennedy's laboratory and with Bennett he follows Elaine and Jamison to Lakewood and is about to kill both by throwing scorpions down on them, when they are saved by Kennedy.

CHAPTER XX
The Test of Fire
 Wu Fang sat at a table in his apartment, hidden behind the squat and balconied exterior of a Chinatown tenement. Before him were a glass dish and a bottle which contained several sticks of phosphorus immersed in water, and a small capillary glass tube.
 For a moment, however, he had laid aside the strange paraphernalia and was writing a note. As he finished he tapped a bell and a Chinese servant appeared in answer.
 "Take this letter to that white woman, Inez," directed Wu, adding, "Give it to her yourself--and if she is there, return with her."
 The servant bowed and Wu returned to work on the curious machine he was devising.
 He had completed his labors, when his trusted lieutenant, Long Sin, entered.
 "For what did the master summon me?" asked Long Sin, deferentially.
 "Come here," beckoned Wu. "Behold this!"
 With a pair of tweezers, he seized a small stick of the phosphorus under water and slowly brought it to the surface. Almost instantly the dangerous element burst into flame, giving off a dense white smoke.
 "Here I have a capillary tube, as the white devil call it in their science," went on Wu, pointing out the glass tube. "By carefully bending it and arranging the outlet of the water, I can set a fire anywhere at any time I choose."
 For a moment he let the water drip off slowly, drop by drop, to show how he could control the scientific arson by means of spontaneous combustion.
 Even while he was showing the devilish invention to Long Sin, his servant had sought the elaborately furnished apartment of the white woman to whom the note had been addressed.
 She was an attractive young woman, known in the demi-monde as Innocent Inez. Except for a certain coarseness, she strongly resembled Elaine, both in features and figure.
 Inez turned languidly as her colored maid ushered in the servant of Wu. She took the note, and read it with interest. Anything that broke the ennui of existence appealed to her just now.
 "Walk," she said with a sudden accession of energy, nodding at the same time to her negro maid to bring her hat and coat. "I will go with you."
 Thus a few minutes later, Inez entered the secret den of Wu Fang.
 "Ah--this is the young woman," introduced Wu to Long Sin.
 Long Sin looked her over critically and nodded approval, while Wu with an American tape measure carefully measured Inez, talking now in English to her, now in Chinese to Long Sin.
 Carefully planning each detail down to the smallest possibility of error, Wu Fang and Long Sin completed their arrangements and finally, with Inez left the apartment. On the street an automobile was waiting at the curb, while not far away two toughs from the neighborhood stood.
 As the Chinamen and the depraved woman came out, Wu beckoned to the waiting ruffians. "Come--get in--live!" he ordered.
 They climbed into the car and the five criminals whirled rapidly uptown.
 Kennedy had often been amused at my never having a match when I needed it and it had occurred to him to devise a very novel cigarette lighter for my benefit.
 It was simple enough, consisting of a small battery connected by small wires to one of a pair of cut links. One link had in its face a very fine wire, only a fraction of an inch long. To the link Craig had soldered the wires from the battery and arranged them so that they ran up under his coat sleeve through the armhole of his vest to the battery which he carried in his vest pocket.
 He had just completed his work when

the receiver, but not answering. Instead, she hung up and wedged the telephone bell with a piece of paper so that it would not ring at all.
 She was about to move away from the desk, when Elaine entered the library.
 "Didn't I hear the telephone ring?" she asked.
 Inez was quick. "Yes," she replied, "my former mistress telephoned that she is sending my trunk today."
 "Oh, very well," smiled Elaine, passing on through the library with an encouraging nod to the girl.
 Inez had killed two birds with one stone. Not only had she dissipated suspicion about the interrupted call, but she had laid the foundation for the delivery of a trunk which at that moment she knew Wu and Long Sin were preparing and packing.
 It was a large trunk and in it the two Chinamen were packing a chair, as well as the phosphorus machine.
 "Once Mistress Inez induces Elaine to sit in this chair," observed Wu tapping it significantly as he closed the trunk, "half our work is completed."
 Uptown Inez, always on guard, was watching for the safe arrival of the trunk, when she saw a messenger boy coming up the steps of the house.
 Perhaps, it flashed over her, it was some message from Kennedy. She must get it, whatever it was.
 Without hesitating a moment, she slipped back into the library while the boy was still at the door and wrote a note of her own at the desk. She had thought out beforehand just what plan she was to adopt and the note read:
 Dear Miss Dodge:
 The ladies of the First Baptist church will send a collector for our rummage sale this afternoon. I thank you for whatever you can give him.
 Yours truly, MISS ELLA BURNS,
 Secretary, Women's Guild.
 Inez read over the note she had written herself as the messenger boy continued ringing the bell impatiently. Then she hurried into the hall to open the door.
 The boy came in and Inez took the note he had brought, signing Elaine's name for it in his book. She had noted not a moment too soon, for Elaine had heard the bell and was now coming downstairs herself.
 "Was it anything for me, Inez?" she asked.
 Inez deftly palmed the letter and substituted the note she had written. "Yes, ma'am," she replied, handing Elaine the faded note.
 "I didn't know about the rummage sale before," she commented, as she went into the library, "but I guess I'll have to give them something."
 She sat down for a moment to look over the new fashion magazine. Outside in the hallway Inez was reading the note which the messenger boy had brought with the warning postscript by Kennedy underneath. She knew, as she destroyed it, that it was only a part of Wu's subtle plan to alarm Kennedy and start him on a false scent.
 It was not many minutes later that the bell rang again and this time Jennings answered the door, disclosing the expression with a heavy trunk.
 "Oh, I guess that's my trunk," Inez exclaimed. "I have it taken up to the attic out of the way."
 The men carried the big trunk upstairs into the attic, a large room full of trunks, some old furniture and a great many old dresses hanging up. As they set it down, she signed the receipt for it and the expression dimpled downstairs.
 First she took up the stairs which Wu had devised and placed it near the clothes hanging up. Next she removed the phosphorus mechanism and placed it in the shadow back of the chair, piling up some excelsior and other dry stuff over and around it.
 Having completed her work, she looked around. There was one old hat which she had already taken care of, and she hid it behind the hanging clothes so that the new chair was the only apparent seat in the room.
 Inez had scarcely completed her arrangements when it occurred to Elaine, down in the library, that she had done nothing yet about the letter from the Women's Guild.
 "I wonder what there is upstairs that I can give them," she thought as she read the letter. "I think I'll see."
 She started up just as Inez was leaving. The adventuress quickly slipped behind a door, letting Elaine pass her, without being seen.
 In the attic, Elaine started to take down and examine several dresses for the rummage sale, laying them aside one by one. While Elaine was engaged in gathering together what she thought had been asked for charity, Inez softly stole back to the door and peered through the keyhole.
 An attic is always a place that calls up memories of the past and Elaine soon began to think of things that were suggested by one another of the discarded dresses. Besides, some of them were scarcely worth sending anyway. She sat down, absent, in the chair to think it over.
 Suddenly a secret spring released a set of bands that automatically and swiftly clamped over Elaine's arms and about her body and neck, holding her in a grip of steel. At the same time a vapor bulb in the back of the chair shot out its smothering fumes rendering her unconscious.
 Elaine was caught in a trap.
 Inez in silent exultation opened the attic door just a trifle. Then her slender hand reached in and took the key from the inside, shut the door and locked it from the outside.
 Stealthily Inez crept downstairs from the attic and into Elaine's room. There, taking care that neither Marie nor Aunt Josephine were about, she opened the closet and took out the dress, coat and hat which Elaine had worn when she was kidnapped by Wu, and stuffed them into a suitcase. Inez closed the suitcase quickly, threw on her own hat and coat and left the house, unobserved.
 Half an hour later she entered the optum joint on Mott street, where the usual number of smokers were dreaming under the influence of their favorite pipe.
 "Is the master here?" she asked of Hop Sing, the proprietor.
 Deferentially he pointed to a back room

recovering a bit from the effects of the vapor. She moved her head from side to side, but had not yet regained consciousness.
 Still as the minutes lengthened she began to breathe more regularly as the stupefying effects of the vapor wore off and was just beginning to move her head in the first unconscious endeavors to grasp at consciousness.
 It must have been just about at this point that, following Kennedy's instructions, I arrived at Elaine's house.
 As Jennings led me into the library, I was met by Aunt Josephine.
 "Craig has gone off on a clue," I explained, "and has asked me to drop in to see how things are. Is Elaine all right?"
 "Why, I haven't seen her for an hour or more," answered Aunt Josephine. "I think she must have gone out. Won't you sit down?"
 There was nothing else to do. On the chance that she might come back, I sat down, considerably worried now, about the note and her absence.
 Upstairs, if we had only known it, Elaine had now regained consciousness. Worse than that, the time was up for the water to drain off from the phosphorus.
 As the last drop was siphoned off the vessel by the capillary tube, the deadly element seemed to burst into flames and white fumes. Instantly the dry tinder-like excelsior and other stuff caught fire.
 Elaine stared--fascinated. Helpless in the chair, gripped by the strong arms, she could scarcely move.
 She screamed. But who would hear her off here in the attic, with the heavy door locked?

On the other side of the door to the back room of the optum joint, Wu Fang, the terrible, and his slave, Long Sin, whispered in low tones, while Long Sin eagerly fingered a murderous knife.
 "Master, let me finish him."
 Long Sin begged the boon, almost pleadingly. Wu thought a minute, then shook his head.
 "Wait," he denied. "The fire is just starting. It is better that he should know that the white girl is dying than that he should die first."
 Helpless, tied to the post which was designed after some of those exquisite tortures devised by the subtle oriental mind, Kennedy had not ceased struggling to free himself, though without avail. All he could do was to move his arms just a bit.
 Suddenly an idea occurred to him. He gazed down at his hands and wrists. Suppose they were not free? Was there no way to use them?
 Slowly he turned his arm around until the outside of his wrist pressed on a rope. Then he drew his wrist arm tight to his side, still with his upper arm pressing on the rope.
 His heart fairly leaped. It worked. The cuff link which he had devised as a cigarette lighter as a joke on me was burning the rope.
 He had now a bit more freedom, could move his forearm to another of the things that bound him. He pressed the glowing bit of wire on the cuff link to a new place on the rope. Again and again he tried, each time raising just a little more freedom of motion.
 Then he pulled at the weakened rope, as he had before in his futile struggles. They broke.
 Just on the other side of the door he could hear the low buzz of the argument still as Long Sin urged Wu to allow him to kill Kennedy.
 "Very well, then," Wu at last agreed, looking at his watch and nodding to Long Sin and the others, who sprang forward.
 Free from his bonds, Kennedy had been standing a second wondering how to escape from the room. Just then he heard footsteps outside. Quickly he replaced the ropes about him, so that they looked as if he were still bound by them.
 The door opened and Wu and Long Sin entered, each with a knife, while behind them were three other Chinamen.
 Wu advanced. Slowly he raised his knife to strike.
 "The white girl is slowly being burned to death," he hissed, brandishing the knife. "The allotted time is spent."
 As he poised the knife in fiendish glee, Kennedy leaped forward from his loosened bonds and knocked him to the floor.

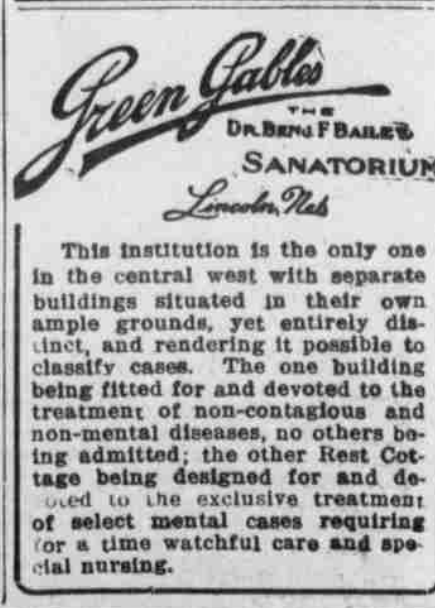
So unexpected was the assault that before he knew it, Long Sin was also sprawling beside his master.
 Craig seized the only weapon at hand, a tabourette, and brought it down with smashing blows on the heads of the other astounded and unnerved Chinaman.
 Out in the optum joint the others, at least those not too overcome by the dope, crowded forward. But with their minds clouded, they were no match for Craig as he rushed at them unawares, wielding his improvised weapon with wide sweeps mercilessly, right and left, endowed in his desperation with superhuman strength.
 Followed by the others in the back room, now recovered from their momentary surprise, he made his way to the door. Once on the street, even in Chintown, he was safe.
 But it was not his own safety now that had nerved up his strength to escape from the unescapable.
 Was he in time?
 "I think I had better go back to the laboratory and wait for Craig," I said at last to Aunt Josephine, after waiting for a time that seemed like hours. "Please let me know the moment you hear from Elaine."
 I was just about to turn from the foot of the steps leading to the Dodge house, when a taxicab came dashing up almost to the sidewalk, urged on by some maniac inside. Imagine my surprise to see Craig, wild and disheveled leap out. "Is Elaine here--safe?" he demanded. "She isn't home," I managed to reply. "Are you sure?" he repeated. "Did you search?"
 He uttered a sudden cry, pointing up at the roof.
 "Look!" he gasped, horrified.
 I stared in blank amazement. Smoke was pouring out of the attic windows in dense black columns, lighted by an angry flame.
 "Fire!" shouted Kennedy, dashing instantly into the house.
 As we mounted the stairs now we could hear muffled screams from the attic.
 Smoke was pouring out from under the door and even through the keyhole. Jennings had heard Kennedy's call and was now dashing up after us with a fire extinguisher. Back of him came Aunt Josephine and Elaine's maid, Marie, screaming for help.
 We tried the door. It was locked.
 "Help--the fire is scorching me--quick--I can't move!"
 It was Elaine's voice, almost smothered by the stifling inside.
 "Walter!" panted Craig. "Now--both together!"

Like a human battering ram we went through that door. A sheet of flame shot out at us with the draught. But Kennedy stopped for nothing.
 There was Elaine in a chair which the devilish mind of Wu Fang had devised to imprison her while the flames licked out her beauty and life. Instantly Craig understood and acted.
 "Carry her out," he cried, gasping for breath himself.
 Together we seized the chair and its precious burden. Not a moment too soon. We set the chair down outside in the hall, ourselves scorched and blistered.
 It was as though Craig had accepted the challenge of the fiery monster. He seized the extinguisher from Jennings and attacked the flames from which we had borne Elaine, while I pulled down old clothes to smother them.
 By this time Jennings, Marie and Aunt Josephine had succeeded in unfastening Elaine as our sudden onslaught with chemicals and force brought the fire demon under control.
 "Are you--all right?" gasped Craig, stooping over Elaine as she leaned back half-fainting in his arms.
 "Are you?" she murmured in her fear for him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)
 Shipments Near 200 Mark.
 Within the last month the production at the plant of the Cola Motor Car company has been growing by leaps and bounds. The last week found the shipments over the 150 mark with every evidence of the 200 mark being reached the following week.

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