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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 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 mystified by a series of murders and other crimes. The principal clue to the criminals is a warning letter, which is sent the victims, signed with a "clutching hand." The latest victim of the mysterious assassin is Taylor Dodge, the wealthy insurance president. His daughter, Elaine, employs Craig Kennedy, the famous scientific detective, to unravel the mystery. What Kennedy accomplishes is told by his friend, Jameson, a newspaper man.
 Each chapter deals with a new plot against the lives of Kennedy and Elaine, but each time the marvelous skill of Kennedy, aided by the marvelous skill of Kennedy. At last Kennedy discovers the "Clutching Hand" to be Elaine's trusted lawyer, Bennett. He identifies Kennedy, 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 poison which will suspend animation for months. In this suspended state, Kennedy sees Bennett and supposes him dead. It is the cunning display by these Chinese criminals in preventing Kennedy from locating Bennett's fortune, that bring new perils to Elaine.
 Elaine receives a box of roses which at first she believes are from Kennedy. He has planned to take the lives of both Kennedy and Aunt Josephine. To carry out this plot he has hidden in the apartment. The secret information he obtains in this way help him almost to succeed, when he is captured by Kennedy, who traps him and captured his trusted lieutenant, Long Sin.

CHAPTER XXII

Work of the Hidden Wire

Elaine sat in the library reading one morning, when her maid, Marie, entered, carrying a long pastboard box, tightly tied.
 "Some flowers for you, Miss Elaine, I think," she said, handing the box to her mistress.
 There was no quicker way to reach Elaine's heart than through flowers, and her surprise and pleasure at the gift showed quickly in her face as she took the package.
 Marie left the room, and Elaine, after contemplating for a moment in keen anticipation what she thought first was a gift from Craig Kennedy, opened the box. There lay a splendid bunch of long-stemmed red and white roses.
 Nestling in the green leaves was a little white note. She picked it up expectantly and tore it open.
 Instantly, however, her face blanched. Instead of a billet doux, it was the most fearsome threat yet which the average Chinese master criminal, Wu-Fang, had sent in his vengeful vendetta which he had sworn on account of the loss of the Clutching Hand's millions.
 Elaine had scarcely time to exclaim at its dire meaning, when Kennedy himself entered.
 "Good morning," he greeted cheerily, then out the greeting short as he caught the horrified expression on her pretty face.
 "Why--what's the matter?"
 Elaine was too terrified even yet to speak. All she could do was to hand him the note.
 "The first victim shall be Craig Kennedy or your aunt. You may choose. Place the red roses in the window for your lover, the white for the silver-haired one."
 As he finished reading the note, his face could not conceal the alarm he felt, not for himself, but for Elaine at whom the thing ultimately pointed.
 "Wh--what shall I do?" she appealed.
 Craig did not answer directly. He selected some from the bunch of red roses and hastily stuck them in a vase and placed the vase on the window sill.
 "Don't worry," he reassured her. "Just trust me. I'll see this thing through. Goodbye--and be very, very careful."
 Elaine stood gazing at him a moment as he left the house, then turned and almost ran up to her room to think it all over.
 Outside the Dodge house, the dirty, bent cripple looked about cautiously out of the corner of his eye. He had caught sight of a mendicant officer bearing down on him. There on the window sill of the library was a vase of red roses. Hastily he shuffled off on his way.
 As fast as his supposedly bent body could straighten itself safely out, he hurried down-town with one idea--to reach the secret apartment of Wu-Fang, the serpent.
 Wu, Long Sin, and several other Chinamen were gathered about a table on which was a long oblong oak box. In the cover which was open were fastened on the inside two flat spools of silver-covered wire. At each end of the box was placed an ordinary storage battery, and in a compartment between, besides switches and connections, were what looked like six sets of headgear, much resembling those worn by wireless operators.
 "This," said Wu, holding up a little black disc about as large as a watch, with a dozen or so little perforations in its face, "is the white devil's little mechanical eavesdropper--the detector--the ear in the wall. By its aid we shall learn all about our enemies, where to strike, when to--"



Nestling in the Green Leaves was a Threatening Message from Wu-Fang.

avenue when he happened to see a face in the crowd which interested him.
 It was that of the woman who had posed as Elaine--Innocent Inez. He paused a moment as she went by and gazed after her. She had not seen him. This was too good an opportunity to miss. He turned and followed.
 A moment later she entered the subway and Kennedy did also, taking an inconspicuous place in the crowd on the platform. She changed to a local, then got out and walked up Park Row until at last she came to Chatham Square. All the time Craig was warily following.
 There in the shadow of the elevated she swung about and entered Chinatown, passing down the narrow street until she came to a typical chop suey joint, the Mandarin. She entered, seated herself and ordered a bowl of tea.
 Inez had not been there long before she attracted the attention of Sam Yee, the proprietor, who came over and sat down, while the two conversed in low tones.
 "Is the master in?" she whispered.
 "No," he replied, "but Long Sin is in the other place."
 A short time afterward, as they still talked, Kennedy after passing outside the chop suey joint, decided to enter.
 While Inez and Sam were engaged in earnest conversation, he sat down at a table nearby with his back to them, and ordered some tea and chop suey.
 As nearly as he could make out, there was a room somewhere which was at least one headquarters of Long Sin, if not Wu himself. But it was too risky to remain. They might recognize him and he was alone. He had had one such experience which had pretty nearly ended in disaster for himself. He finished drinking his tea, paid his bill and quietly went out.
 Around on Park Row again, he stopped in a drug store where there was a telephone booth and called up the agency whose operatives he had frequently employed on routine matters like shadowing.
 "Can you send Chase down here immediately?" he asked, giving the address of the drug store.
 "It was only a matter of a few minutes before Chase joined Kennedy and together they went back to Chinatown. Craig explained to him in a low voice just what it was he wanted done.
 With final parting instructions the young operative entered the restaurant and seated himself, while Kennedy withdrew to a place of greater safety, confident in Chase's watchful eyes.
 The operative furtively watched Inez and Sam talking until finally she rose and went out by the street door. Chase had already paid his bill so as to be ready to leave at any time and he followed just at the moment when she turned abruptly on the street and entered a doorway that led up in the same building, only outside.
 Chase paused and thought a moment. What was up there? Should he follow? Inez had, in the meantime, come to a doorway at the head of a flight of stairs. There she had given the secret rap--a long and abrupt tap.
 Long Sin opened the door. "Good morning, mistress," he smiled slyly, as he admitted her.
 It did not take Chase long, however, to make up his mind.
 He entered the dark, ill-smelling hallway and mounted the steps cautiously, careful not to make them creak. He paused at each door until he was sure that there was no one on the other side. At one, however, he could hear low voices. He listened a moment, then tried the knob softly. The door was locked. Carefully he put his foot on the knob and raised himself up by gripping the transom just far enough to peer over.
 There were Inez and Long Sin talking earnestly as Inez removed her wraps while Long Sin laid out a couple of opium pipes and cooked two pills of the precious stuff with practiced hand.
 Chase let himself about as softly as he had pulled himself up and got away without being seen.
 Kennedy returned to the apartment after dispatching Chase on his mission and there he met him as soon as I was through down at the "Star" office.
 "We were talking over our plans when there came a sudden knock at the door. Craig opened it. It was Chase.
 "I've found the hangout," he cried excitedly. "It's over that restaurant. You go in by the side entrance and upstairs. I got as far as the door of the den, saw Long Sin and that girl getting ready for an opium fix."
 "Fine work, Chase," complimented Craig, seizing the receiver. "Hello--police

headquarters? Connect me with the Elizabeth street station, please."
 He waited impatiently. "Sergeant," he shouted, "this is Kennedy, Craig Kennedy. You remember I dropped in there a few minutes ago and told you I was on the trail of something. Well, I've got it. The place is over the Mandarin."
 While he hurried downtown the police were being detailed for the raid and the patrol wagon was waiting for the squad.
 We drove up in a taxicab just as the wagon swung around the corner. Almost as soon as we, the police were at the side door. Two of them rushed the Mandarin and arrested the tacturn proprietor. The rest battered down the door. It crashed in and up the stairs we dashed.
 "This door--this one!" pointed out Chase.
 It also was locked, but it was the work of only a minute to batter it down. We broke through into the room, ready for anything, man or devil.
 It was bare.
 Wu-Fang had already plugged in the six receivers of the detectorphone and though we did not know it, was eagerly listening with the others down in the cellar as Kennedy gave his orders for the raid. Not a word escaped their ears. What one of them could not understand another managed to catch and repeat.
 "Tom," muttered Wu, "you must get down there at once."
 Tom Ling had already heard what Craig planned and needed no urging. He hurried downstairs with a speed that would have done credit to an accidental hustler.
 Wu-Fang had outwitted us and saved both Long Sin and Inez by the marvelous little eavesdropper.
 It was some time after Kennedy left the Dodge house that Elaine returned to the library, still thinking about the note which she had received with the flowers.
 As she entered she hardly noticed that both Marie and Jennings were there.
 She had scarcely awakened from her day dream in which she was walking, as it were, when her quick eye caught sight of the vase of red roses on the window sill. For the moment she was almost unable to speak in her fear and anger at seeing this direct invitation for attack on Craig. She ran to the window, seized the flowers, and dashed them to the floor.
 "Who put those flowers there?" she demanded of the astonished butler and maid.
 Neither of them, naturally knew a thing about it. Nor did Aunt Josephine, who happened to pass through the room at the moment.
 "Oh, I must see him--I must," cried Elaine, excitedly, as she hurried out for her wraps. "Who knows what may have happened?"
 We returned to our apartment, chagrined, after our flat failure to capture either Long Sin or even evidence against Wu. It was not so much Craig feared the ridicule of the regular police, though that was not pleasant. It was the mere fact that he had been outwitted. It worried him.
 Chase protested that he had actually seen Long Sin and Inez in the room, and we could not help believing him. Though it looked as though we had been leading a wild goose hunt, we felt sure that it had not been so. The birds had simply flown. But how had they found out? Surely the police had not tipped them off. And yet how had there been time for a warning to get to them?
 As we entered the apartment, Craig dropped into a chair, scowling to himself. I watched him in gloomy sympathy. Suddenly his face brightened.
 "What do you think they--"
 He cut me short with his finger on his lips, pantomiming silence. Instead of answering me he wrote on a slip of paper and handed it to me:
 "There must be a detectorphone in this room. Talk about the weather--anything--while I locate it."
 Craig went over to his desk and took out a small piece of apparatus which seemed to consist of two sets of coils, placed on the ends of a magnet bar. I moved over close while he fixed the apparatus for action.
 At one point he stopped and moved the instrument vertically up along the wall.
 "That's a gas pipe," he scrawled on a pad nearby.
 "What's the instrument?" I wrote under a thumb.
 "New apparatus to find pipes electrically," he returned, still writing. "I

thought I could apply it to find wires and transmitters."
 He adjusted the thing again. Later, I may say, he explained it all to me. It was a special application of the well known induction balance principle. One set of coils received an alternating current; the other was connected with the little telephone. He established a balance so that the telephone was silenced when the device came near metal piping or wire, the balance was disturbed and he heard a sound.
 Suddenly he paused and his face wrinkled. He stooped down and made a mark with a pencil on the baseboard. There, back of that board, I knew, must be hidden the little mechanical eavesdropper. As I followed him, I impetuously reached down and attempted to pull out the board and expose the thing which his detectorphone detector had traced. But he seized my arm with a warning gesture in time to prevent me.
 It was at that moment that Elaine's car stopped outside the apartment. She had not found us at the laboratory and now had come here.
 As Craig was carefully putting back into his desk the detectorphone detector, our door was flung open and Elaine burst in.
 "Oh," she cried with an eager sigh of relief at seeing Kennedy all right, as she almost ran toward him, "I'm so glad you--"
 She stopped short as Craig motioned to her to be silent. She did not understand and for a moment stopped nonplussed as he picked up a pencil and began to write on a pad instead of meeting her advance. The thing which his detectorphone detector had traced. But he seized my arm with a warning gesture in time to prevent me.
 An instant later her mobile face looked up at him in wonder as she read:
 "Every word we say is being over-listened through a detectorphone in the wall. Don't be surprised at anything I say."
 Then he walked deliberately over to the wall near which the instrument was concealed and leaned down to insure his words being heard distinctly by those listening.
 "I am going over to the laboratory for an hour," he said in a loud distinct tone. "Jameson, will you escort Miss Dodge home?"
 "Why, certainly," I replied with alacrity.
 A moment later we all left the room chattering in forced tones about a hundred inconsequential things. Craig bantered the door.
 But before we left he reached into his pocket and took out the flask and atomizer which I had seen him place there. He poured the contents of the flask on the rug, distributing it evenly. He replaced both flask and atomizer in his pocket.
 I accompanied Elaine to her car and we drove away while Kennedy left the apartment on foot.
 Downstairs, Wu-Fang had been listening at the other end of the detectorphone.
 As Craig moved about the room hunting for the transmitter, Wu seemed to scent trouble, though he heard nothing. His very silence was enough to alarm him. Still nothing happened.
 Wu's interest revived as Long Sin entered and reported how the raid had gone wrong. At a nod from Wu he took his place at the Big Six.
 Their attention was soon at fever heat, when Elaine entered our rooms. Wu, Long Sin, and the others listened breathlessly. As Craig told us what to do they looked at each other knowingly. This was the chance they sought.
 The Chinamen waited until they heard us go out, then all but one removed the receivers from their ears.
 "See whether they really go," directed Wu to one of the number, who glided out and up the cellar steps, part way.
 In hiding, the man watched me hand Elaine into the car and gazed after Kennedy some minutes, then dropped back again into the cellar to report to Wu.
 "They have all gone, Master," he bowed.
 "Good," Wu exclaimed, smiling his subtle sinister smile as he handed Long Sin a vial and a key. "You understand?"
 "Yes, Master," nodded Long Sin with an evil leer.
 He hastily climbed the stairs from the cellar to our apartment. For a few seconds he stood on the rug as he inserted the skeleton key in the lock. Then swinging the door open cautiously, he en-

tered. He looked about a minute. This apartment was empty.
 Slowly Long Sin walked over to the table and began examining the articles on it. Finally he picked up Kennedy's pipe and again his inscrutable face lighted with diabolical joy.
 He took the vial quickly from his pocket and with a small soft brush painted the mouthpiece of the pipe with the liquid from the vial.
 He laid the pipe down as he found it and beat a hasty retreat.
 We had scarcely time to drive to Elaine's home when a message reached us from Kennedy directing us to return and meet him several squares below our apartment.
 We did so immediately. There was Kennedy with Chase and three or four policemen.
 "In ten minutes I want you to raid the apartment," he said, looking at his watch. "I'm going in there now."
 In spite of the pleadings of Elaine he walked off around the corner in the direction of our quarters.
 He entered the building and, as he opened his own door, drew a gun, kicking the door open and retreating a step.
 No one was there and he went in.
 Craig looked about a moment. On the surface nothing had been disturbed. He went through the bedrooms. Nothing was disturbed there.
 Slowly he went back again to the doorway, all the time careful not to step on the rug. Starting near it he began spraying the floor with the atomizer.
 It was one of his own inventions which he called a "photo-mat."
 As the spray fell on the carpet and hardwood it developed Long Sin's footprints exactly.
 Carefully, Kennedy followed them as the chemicals brought them out. Long Sin had not walked around the room much, evidently, as Craig advanced slowly along the floor, still spraying. As each step came out it was apparent that Long Sin had done little else but go to the table and then leave.
 Craig looked at the table a moment. There seemed to be nothing on it that would attract a man of Long Sin's talents. Mechanically, Craig picked up his pipe lying there and looked at it contemptuously. He sniffed at the mouthpiece. There was a peach stone smell. Then he took up a magnifying glass and examined it.
 "Cyanide," he muttered to himself under his breath, laying the pipe down gingerly.
 For a moment he thought, then a sudden impulse seemed to seize him. His mind was made up. He moved over closer to the marked baseboard. Suddenly he uttered a sharp cry.
 "Hello--central! Help! Help! I'm poisoned!"
 At the same time he struck the wall a blow as though he were falling.
 Down in the cellar the six Chinamen looked at each in unfeigned delight as they heard the call for help and the thud followed by suppressed groans and cries.
 Quickly Wu pulled the detectorphone receiver off his head.
 "Here--take this," he ordered Long Sin, handing him a paper which he drew from under his blouse.
 Long Sin took it and looked at it with a smile of satisfaction. He understood. On the paper was drawn Wu's sign of the serpent with fangs striking viciously and victoriously.
 Beckoning to another of the Chinamen, Long Sin went out and upstairs.
 Meanwhile, Craig, who had been listening at the door expecting some such incursion, heard Long Sin approaching. He seated himself in a chair, sprawling out rigidly, eyes closed.
 Without waiting, Long Sin and his servant entered stealthily. The Chinamen stood in the doorway and Long Sin slowly crept over to Kennedy's chair.
 As he reached down to pin the sign of the serpent on Kennedy's apparently lifeless body, Craig seemed to come to life. He seized Long Sin and they struggled fiercely, while, Craig, freeing one hand, whipped out his automatic and fired sideways at the Chinaman in the doorway.
 The Chinaman fell, lay there a moment, then raised himself up and with fast-fading strength managed to crawl out of the doorway and down the hall.
 It was a death grapple between Craig and the wily Long Sin. At last they had

each other face to face. But it was unequal. Short and sharp came the move. Craig had in his pocket a newly invented pair of handcuffs which snapped automatically over first one, then the other of Long Sin's bony wrists. Then he pressed the bracelets tighter until even Long Sin winced.
 As Craig stood panting over his prisoner, the wounded Chinaman staggered downstairs until he almost fell into the cellar.
 "Master," he gasped. "He is alive!"
 The mere hint of Kennedy's name was as though some word of black magic had been spoken to them. The three other Chinamen fell back as if in fear of an unseen power.
 Wu, white with anger, raised his hand, and they cowered still.
 "If anyone else there with him?" demanded Wu.
 The wounded Chinaman had only strength to nod his head in the negative. "Then there is time yet," ground out Wu furiously. "Follow me."
 Craig was still bending over Long Sin making sure of his capture when he heard the scurry of footsteps outside.
 It was Wu and his servants. Craig rushed to the door but did not in time to close it.
 Instantly his gun spat a fatal dab of smoke and fire at the foremost Chinaman, who dropped. Craig seized the next on-rushing Oriental and flung him over his head, butting him like a human battering ram directly into Wu.
 Craig's onslaught had been fiercer and more unexpected than the Chinamen had bargained for. They recoiled. Kennedy instantly slammed the door on Wu and the rest.
 They recovered in a few seconds and returned to the attack, battering against the door. It swayed and creaked with the weight of the Chinamen pushing against it. While Kennedy plugged away blindly with his gun through the panels.
 As the ten minutes ended, I gave the signal to the driver. The police crowded in with us and we shot around the corner and up the street. In front of the apartment we could see and hear now that shots were being fired off. Were we in time?
 We dashed upstairs. As we came down the hall, we caught a glimpse of Wu-Fang and his underlings at our door. They had almost broken through.
 They were too late to get Kennedy. But we were too late to get them.
 Wu knocked out the foremost policeman and dashed down the hallway with another after him. He managed to gain the roof, and slamming the door up there, braced it on the other side. Then, crossing the roofs, he succeeded in reaching another apartment and escaping.
 "Craig," I shouted, pulling on the battered but still locked door. "This is Walter."
 The door opened and we piled into Kennedy's room.
 There sat Long Sin, at last manacled and bound, sullen, in a chair.
 Elaine breathed a sigh of relief as she seized both of Kennedy's hands.
 "You--you got him at last!" she cried.
 "Yes," he answered, caressing her hand gently, "but there is still the master criminal."
 (TO BE CONTINUED.)



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