

READ It Here Now—Then SEE It All in Moving Pictures
The Exploits of Elaine A Detective Novel
 AND A Motion Picture Drama
 Presented by This Newspaper in Collaboration
 With the Famous Pathe Players

(Continued from yesterday.)

"Indeed!" he remarked, coolly going back to the reaction.
 "Yes," I cried. "It is a scientific criminal who seems to leave no clues."
 Kennedy looked up gravely. "Every criminal leaves a trace," he said quietly. "If it hasn't been found, then it must be because no one has ever looked for it in the right way."
 Still gazing at me keenly, he added: "Yes, I already knew there was such a man at large. I have been called in on that Fletcher case—he was a trustee of the university, you know."
 "All right," I exclaimed, a little nettled that he should have anticipated me even so much in the case. "But you haven't heard the latest."
 "What is it?" he asked with provoking calmness.
 "Taylor Dodge," I blurted out, "has the man!"
 Kennedy fairly jumped as I repeated the news.
 "How long has he known?" he demanded eagerly.
 "Perhaps three or four hours," I hazarded. Kennedy gazed at me fixedly.
 "Then Taylor Dodge is dead?" he exclaimed, throwing off his acid-stained laboratory coat, which had once been a smoking jacket, and hurrying into his street clothes.
 "Impossible!" I ejaculated.
 Kennedy paid no attention to the objection. "Come, Walter," he urged. "We must hurry before the trail gets cold."
 There was something positively uncanny about Kennedy's assurance. I doubted—yet I feared.
 It was well past the middle of the night when we pulled up in a night-hawk taxicab before the Dodge house, mounted the steps and rang the bell.
 Jennings answered sleepily, but not so much so that he did not recognize me. He was about to bang the door shut when Kennedy interposed his foot.
 "Where is Mr. Dodge?" asked Kennedy. "Is he all right?"
 "Of course he is in bed," replied the butler.
 Just then we heard a faint cry, like nothing exactly human. Or was it our heightened imagination, under the spell of the darkness?
 "Listen!" cautioned Kennedy.
 We did, standing there now in the hall. Kennedy was the only one of us who was cool. Jennings' face blanched, then he turned tremblingly and went down to the library door, whence the sounds had seemed to come.
 He called, but there was no answer. He turned the knob and opened the door. The Dodge library was a large room. In the center stood a big flat-topped desk of heavy mahogany. It was brilliantly lighted.
 At one end of the desk was a telephone. Taylor Dodge was lying on the floor at that end of the desk—perfectly rigid—his face distorted—a ghastly figure. A pet dog ran over, sniffed frantically at his master's legs and suddenly began to howl diabolically.
 Dodge was dead!

That brought his feet on this register set into the floor. As he took the telephone receiver down a flash of light must have shot from it to his ear. It shows the characteristic electric burn.
 "The motive?" I queried.
 Evidently his pockets had been gone through, though none of the valuables were missing. Things on his desk showed that a hasty search had been made.
 Just then the door opened and Bennett burst in.
 As he stood over the body, gazing down at it, repressing the emotion of a strong man, he turned to Elaine, and in a low voice exclaimed: "The Clutching Hand did this. I shall consecrate my life to bring this man to justice!"
 He spoke tensely, and Elaine looking up into his face, as if imploring his help in her hour of need, unable to speak, merely grasped his hand.
 Kennedy, who in the meantime had stood apart from the rest of us, was examining the telephone carefully.
 "A clever crook," I heard him mutter between his teeth. "He must have worn gloves. Not a finger print—at least here."
 "Perhaps I can do no better than to reconstruct the crime as Kennedy later pieced these startling events together.
 Long after I left, and even after Bennett left, Dodge continued working in his library, for he was known as a prodigious worker.
 Had he taken the trouble, however, to pause and peer out into the moonlight that flooded the back of the house, he might have seen the figures of two stealthy crooks crouching in the half shadows of one of the cellar windows, one crook at least masked.
 The masked crook held in his hands carefully the ends of two wires attached to an electric feed, and sending his pal to keep watch outside, he entered the cellar of the Dodge house through a window whose pane they had carefully removed. As he came through the window he dragged the wires with him, and, after a moment's reconnoitering, attached them to the furnace pipe of the old-fashioned hot-air heater, where the pipe ran up through the floor to the library above. The other wire was quickly attached to the telephone where its wires entered.
 Upstairs Dodge, evidently uneasy in his mind about the precious Limpy Red letter, took it from the safe along with most of the other correspondence, and, pressing a hidden spring in the wall, opened a secret panel and placed most of the important documents in this hiding place.
 Downstairs the masked master criminal had already attached a voltmeter to the wires he had installed, waiting.
 Just then could be heard the tinkle of Dodge's telephone, and the old man rose to answer it. As he did so he placed his foot on the iron register, his hand taking the telephone and the receiver. At that instant came a powerful electric flash. Dodge sank on the floor, clutching the instrument, electrocuted. Below, the master criminal could scarcely refrain from exclaiming with satisfaction as his voltmeter registered the powerful current

cover them with a film of natural oils. Then he deliberately pressed them over the statue in several places. It was a peculiar action, and he seemed to fairly gloat over it when it was done and the bust returned to its place, covering the hole.
 As noiselessly as he had come, he made his exit after one last malignant look at Dodge. It was now but the work of a moment to remove the wires he had placed and climb out of the window, taking them and destroying the evidence down in the cellar.
 A low whistle from the masked crook, now again in the shadow, brought his pal stealthily to his side.
 "It's all right," he whispered hoarsely to the man. "Now you attend to Limpy Red."
 The villainous looking pal nodded and, without another word, the two made their getaway in opposite directions.
 When Limpy Red, still trembling, left the office of Dodge earlier in the evening, he had repaired as fast as his shuffling feet would take him to his favorite dive up on Park Row. There he might have been seen drinking with any one who came along; for Limpy had money—blood money—and the recollection of his treachery and revenge must be forgotten and celebrated.
 Had the Bowery "sinkers" not got into his eyes he might have noticed among the late revellers a man who spoke to no one, but took his place nearby at the bar.
 Limpy had long since reached the point of saturation, and lurching forth from his new found cronies he sought other fields of excitement. Likewise did the newcomer, who bore a strange resemblance to the look-out house a scant half hour before.
 What happened later was only a matter of seconds. It came when the hated switch—for goddam hates the informer worse than anything else, dead or alive—had turned a sufficiently dark and deserted corner.
 A muffled thud, a stifled groan followed as a heavy section of lead pipe wrapped in a newspaper descended on the crass skull of Limpy. The wielder of the improvised but fatal weapon permitted himself the luxury of an instant's cruel smile—then vanished into the darkness, leaving another complete job for the coroner and morgue.
 It was the revenge of the Clutching Hand—swift, sure, remorseless.
 And yet it had not been a night of complete success for the master criminal, as any one might have seen who could have followed his sinuous route to a place of greater safety. Unable to wait longer, he pulled the papers he had taken from the safe from his pocket. His chagrin at finding most of them to be blank found only one explanation of foiled any of the men he had seen—Gross, Lacarreal one!
 Kennedy had turned from his futile examination for marks on the telephone. There stood the safe, a moderate sized strong box, but of a modern type. He tried the door. It was locked. There was not a mark on it. The combination had not been tampered with. Nor had there been any attempt to "slop" the safe.
 With a quick motion he felt in his pocket as if looking for gloves. Finding none, he glanced about and seized two pieces of paper from the desk. With them, in order not to confuse any possible finger prints on the bust, he lifted it off.
 I gave a gasp of surprise.
 There, in the top of the safe, yawned a gaping hole, through which one could have thrust his arm!
 "What is it?" we asked, crowding about him.
 "Thermite," he replied laconically.
 "Thermite?" I repeated.
 "Yes—a compound of iron oxide and powdered aluminum invented by a chemist at Essen, Germany. It gives a temperature of over five thousand degrees. It will eat its way through the strongest steel."
 Jennings, his mouth wide open with wonder, advanced to take the bust from Kennedy.
 "No—don't touch it," he waved him off, laying the bust on the desk. "I want no one to touch it—don't you see how careful I was to use the paper, that there might be no question about any clue this fellow may have left on the marble?"
 As he spoke Craig was dusting over the surface of the bust with some black powder. "Look!" he cried suddenly.
 We bent over. The black powder had, in fact, brought out strongly some peculiar, more or less regular, black smudges.
 "Finger prints!" I cried excitedly.
 "Yes," nodded Kennedy, studying them closely. "A clue, perhaps."
 "What—those little marks—a clue?" asked a voice behind us.
 I turned and saw Elaine looking over our shoulders, fascinated. It was evidently the first time she had realized that Kennedy was in the room.
 "How can you tell anything by that?" she asked.
 "Why, easily," he answered, picking up a glass paper weight which lay on the desk. "You see, I place my finger on this weight—so I dust the powder off the mark—so you could see it even without the powder on this glass. Do you see those lines? There are various types of markings—four general types—and each person's markings are different, even if of the same general type—loop, whorl, arch or composite."
 He continued working as he talked.
 "Your thumb marks, for example, Miss Dodge, are different from mine. Mr. Jameson's are different from both of us. And this fellow's finger prints are still different. It is mathematically impossible to find two alike in every respect."
 Kennedy was holding the paper weight near the bust as he talked.
 I shall never forget the look of blank amazement on his face as he bent over closer.
 "My God!" he exclaimed excitedly, "this fellow is a master criminal! He has made stencils or something of that sort on which, by some mechanical process, he has actually forged the hitherto infallible finger prints!"
 I, too, bent over and studied the marks on the bust and those Kennedy had made on the paper weight to show Elaine.
 THE FINGER PRINTS ON THE BUST WERE KENNEDY'S OWN.
 (To be continued next week.)



Craig Kennedy (Arnold Daly) Discovers that the Finger Prints the Murderer Left of the Bust Are Identical with His Own.

"Help!" shouted Jennings.
 Others of the servants came rushing in. There was, for the moment, the greatest excitement and confusion.
 Suddenly a wild figure in flying garments flitted down the stairs and into the library, dropping beside the dead man, without seeming to notice us at all.
 "Father!" shrieked a woman's voice, heart-broken. "Father! Oh—my God—he is dead!"
 It was Elaine Dodge.
 With a mighty effort, the heroic girl seemed to pull herself together.
 "Jennings!" she cried, "call Mr. Bennett—immediately!"
 From the one-sided, excited conversation of the butler over the telephone, I gathered that Bennett had been in the process of disrobing in his own apartment uptown, and would be right down.
 Together, Kennedy, Elaine and myself lifted Dodge to a sofa, and Elaine's aunt, Josephine, with whom she lived, appeared on the scene, trying to quiet the sobbing girl.
 Kennedy and I drew a little away, and he looked about curiously.
 "What was it?" I whispered. "Was it natural, an accident or—murder?" The word seemed to stick in my throat. If it was a murder, what was the motive? Could it have been to get the evidence which Dodge had that would incriminate the master criminal?
 Kennedy moved over quietly and examined the body of Dodge. When he rose his face had a peculiar look.
 "Terrible!" he whispered to me. "Apparently he had been working at his accustomed place at the desk when the telephone rang. He rose and crossed over to it. See!

the work in the fields this spring. The power of the State is conditional upon the productivity of agriculture."
 The question of food supplies in Austria-Hungary is daily becoming more acute, and the Government has confiscated all stores of grain. The shortage of fodder for cattle is greatly increasing the gravity of the situation.
Band Anniversary Concert
 Lebanon, Feb. 19.—Arrangements for the anniversary concert and entertainment by the Perseverance band Tuesday night, March 2, have been placed in the hands of capable committees. The officers of the organization are in charge of the affair, which, including motion pictures, will be given in the Academy of Music.
Accepts Call to Waynesboro Church
 Union, Feb. 19.—The Rev. John Lewis, for a number of years pastor of the Union Presbyterian church, this place, has accepted a call to become the pastor of the Presbyterian church at Waynesboro, and the board of trustees of the church accepted his resignation.

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Cut Out This Reminder

IOWA "DRY" LAW IS PASSED
 Mulct Law Repeal, Restoring Prohibition, Up to Governor
 Des Moines, Ia., Feb. 19.—The Iowa House yesterday passed the Clarkson bill, which repeals the mulct law, effective January 1, 1916, by a vote of 79 to 29.
 The measure already has passed the Senate and will now go to the Governor, who has indicated his intention of signing it. Under its provisions Iowa will return to State-wide statutory prohibition.

LENT BRINGS OUT SLAYER
 Reappears Voluntarily After Five Years to Face Murder Charge
 New York, Feb. 19.—Seized with what he said was an irresistible impulse at the approach of the Lenten season, Frank Madalena abandoned a prosperous business in Steubenville, O., and came to this city yesterday to face a charge of murder, for which he was indicted five years ago. Madalena is accused of shooting and killing Joseph Papa, once his partner, after a quarrel.
 Madalena fled, but was subsequently indicted on a charge of first degree murder. Reaching Steubenville, he engaged in business and prospered. Of late his conscience troubled him, he said yesterday, and the approach of Lent strengthened his impulse to face the murder charge.

CARRIES HIS ASHES HOME
 Bride Will Sprinkle Them at Russian Home of Suicide
 New York, Feb. 19.—Carrying with her the ashes of her husband, who killed himself because he was afraid that some day their love might grow cold, Mrs. S. W. Grote sailed yesterday for Russia on the steamship Hellig Olav. She is on her way to Riga, where, in accordance with the last wishes of her husband, she will sprinkle his ashes on his old homestead.
 Mrs. Grote's husband ended his life last October. He had married Mrs. Grote, a beautiful woman of Swedish birth, two weeks before. There was a report at the time that Grote in wooing her begged her to take him for two weeks only, promising at the end of that time to die and leave his fortune to her. Before sailing Mrs. Grote, with tears in her eyes, denied this story and said that the great love which her husband bore for her was the only reason for his act.
 "He was frightfully jealous," she said. "He loved me so greatly that he could not bear the thought that some day I might cease to love him, and he died when his happiness was greatest."

AMUSEMENTS

THE EXPLOITS OF ELAINE

Will Be Shown First in MOTION PICTURES AT THE **Victoria**

FIRST EPISODE SATURDAY, FEB. 20

Will Be Continued Every Saturday

READ THE STORY in the STAR-INDEPENDENT EVERY WEEK

GAS GUSHER SPOTS TERROR
 People for Miles Around Rush in Awe to 20,000,000-Foot Roarer
 Washington, Pa., Feb. 19.—The Manufacture's Light and Heat Company yesterday brought in a record-breaking gas well, which it is believed will make, when controlled, fully 20,000,000 cubic feet of gas per day. At the present time the well is beyond all control and the roar of the escaping gas can be heard for nearly three miles.
 When the gas first cut loose with a tremendous roar, terror was spread over a wide territory. Word rapidly spread that there had been a big explosion, and people came from miles around. On learning the true cause of the great and continued roar, they stayed to watch the ineffectual efforts of the gas men to check and control the flow of precious fluid.
May Restore Death Penalty
 Olympia, Wash., Feb. 19.—The State Senate Judiciary committee has voted to report favorably the bill to repeal the anti-capital punishment law passed by the 1913 Legislature. Supporters of capital punishment for first degree murder point out that in the last two months ten murders have been committed in King county, which includes Seattle.
Engine Proving Satisfactory
 The large L-1-S type of engine which is now being tried out by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company is proving more satisfactorily than the company is expecting. The engine was brought to Marysville with a heavily loaded train Monday in a period of fifteen hours, and returned Wednesday to Altoona with 120 empty steel cars in a period of nine hours and fifteen minutes.

FASCINATED INTO THEFTS
 Youth's Plea Substantiated By Failure to Market Loot
 Pottsville, Feb. 19.—"I was not forced to steal and didn't want to sell loot for money, but I found that I simply had an obsession for theft," was the confession of Wilbur Geiger, 17-year-old robber, who was arrested some time ago charged with heading a gang of burglars who robbed a large number of houses in this section. Several wagonloads of plunder have been reclaimed by the police.
 Little effort was made by Geiger to sell his loot, and the facts in possession of the police substantiate his declaration that he stole simply because of the fascination it had for him.
Man, 97, Still Active as Worker
 Marietta, Feb. 19.—Jacob Miller, of near town, 97 years old, made eight large clothes racks in his carpenter shop the past two months. His nerve is steady and he works to pass away the time. Levi Longenecker, of Marietta, who is soon 80 years old, is making a table from pieces of wood gathered from all parts of the United States, including several pieces from the prisons of Libby, Danville and Salisbury. Mr. Longenecker has completed within the past five years four tables, which are made of more than 10,000 pieces of wood.



Every ruse, every little trick is employed in the great European war to deceive the enemy. The accompanying photograph shows a bogus 42 centimetre gun mounted on a carriage by the German soldiers to deceive the allied aviators.

FARMERS AUSTRIA'S STAY
 Asked by Government to Cultivate Every Plot of Ground
 Vienna, Feb. 19.—The Austrian Minister of Agriculture has issued an urgent appeal to farmers not to leave a single plot of ground anywhere uncultivated. He declared:
 "Peace depends more than ever upon the work in the fields this spring. The power of the State is conditional upon the productivity of agriculture."
 The question of food supplies in Austria-Hungary is daily becoming more acute, and the Government has confiscated all stores of grain. The shortage of fodder for cattle is greatly increasing the gravity of the situation.