

The Exploits of Elaine

A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama

By ARTHUR B. REEVE
The Well-Known Novelist and the
Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Stories

Presented in Collaboration With the Pathé Players and the Eclectic Film Company
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CONTINUED SYNOPSIS.

The New York police are mystified by a series of murders of prominent men. The principal clue to the murderer is the warning letter which is sent to the victims, signed with a "clutching hand." The latest victim of the mysterious assassin is Taylor Dodge, the insurance president. His daughter, Elaine, employs Craig Kennedy, the famous scientific detective, to try to unravel the mystery. What Kennedy accomplishes is told by his friend, Jameson, a newspaper man.

THIRD EPISODE

The Vanishing Jewels.
Banging away at my typewriter the next day, in Kennedy's laboratory, I was startled by the sudden, insistent ringing of the telephone near me.

"Hello," I answered, for Craig was at work at his table, trying still to extract some clue from the slender evidence thus far elicited in the Dodge mystery.

"Oh, Mr. Kennedy," I heard an excited voice over the wire reply, "my friend, Susie Martin, is here. Her father has just received a message from that Clutching Hand and—"

"Just a moment, Miss Dodge," I interrupted. "This is Mr. Jameson."

"Oh!" came back the voice, breathless and disappointed. "Let me have Mr. Kennedy—quick."

I had already passed the telephone to Craig and was watching him keenly as he listened over it.

He motioned to me for a pad and pencil that lay near me.

"Please read the letter again, slowly, Miss Dodge," he asked, adding, "there isn't time for me to see it—just yet. But I want it exactly. You say it is made up of separate words and type cut from newspapers and pasted on note paper?"

I handed him paper and pencil.

"All right, now, Miss Dodge, go ahead."

As he wrote he indicated to me by his eyes that he wanted me to read it to him.

Sturtevant Martin, Jeweler,
No. 729 1/2 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Sir—As you have failed to deliver the \$10,000, I shall rob your main diamond case at exactly noon today.

"Thank you, Miss Dodge," continued Kennedy, laying down the pencil.

"Yes, I understand perfectly—signed by that same Clutching Hand. Let me see," he pondered, looking at his watch. "It is now half-past eleven. Very well. I shall meet you and Miss

Martin at Mr. Martin's store directly."

It lacked five minutes of noon when Kennedy and I dashed up before Martin's and dismissed our taxicab.

A remarkable scene greeted us as we entered the famous jewelry shop. involuntarily I drew back. Squarely in front of us a man had suddenly aimed a revolver and leveled it at us.

"Don't!" cried a familiar voice. "That is Mr. Kennedy!"

Just then, from a little knot of people, Elaine Dodge sprang forward with a cry and seized the gun.

Kennedy turned to her, apparently of half so much concern about the automatic that yawned at him as about the anxiety of the pretty girl who had intervened. The too eager plain-clothes man lowered the gun helplessly.

Sturtevant Martin was a typical society business man, quietly but richly dressed.

In the excitement I glanced about hurriedly.

Directly in front of me was a sign tacked up on a pillar, which read: "This store will be closed at noon today. Martin & Co."

All the customers were gone.

From the other side Martin, followed by the police and the detectives, burst in.

"Fire!" cried one of the policemen, leaping back to turn in an alarm from the special apparatus upstairs.

All except Martin began beating out the flames, using such weapons as they already held in their hands to batter down the door.

To Martin there was one thing paramount—the jewels.

In the midst of the confusion, Elaine, closely followed by her friend, Susie, made her way fearlessly into the stifling of smoke down the stairs.

"There are your jewels, Mr. Martin," cried Kennedy, kicking the precious burlap bag with his foot as if it had been so much ordinary merchandise, and turning toward what was in his mind the most important thing at stake—the direction taken by the agents of the Clutching Hand.

"Thank heaven!" ejaculated Martin, fairly pouncing on the bag and tearing it open. "They didn't get away with them—after all!" he exclaimed, examining the contents with satisfaction.

Evenly were moving rapidly.

The limousine had been standing innocently enough at the curb near the corner, with the taxicab close behind it.

Less than ten minutes after they had entered, three well-dressed men came out of the vacant shop, apparently from the tailor's above, and climbed leisurely into their car.

As the last one entered, he half turned to the taxicab driver, hiding from passers-by the sign of the Clutching Hand, which the taxicab driver returned in the same manner. Then the big car whirled up the avenue.

All this we learned later from a street sweeper who was at work near by.

Down below, while the police and detectives were putting out the fire, Kennedy was examining the wall of the cellar, looking for the spot where the crooks had escaped.

"A secret door!" he exclaimed, as he panned after tapping along, the wall to determine its character. "You can see how the force of the explosion has loosened it."

Sure enough, when he pointed it out to us, it was plainly visible. One of the detectives picked up a crowbar and others, still with the hastily selected implements they had seized to fight the fire, started in to pry it open.

As it yielded Kennedy rushed his way through; Elaine, always utterly fearless, followed. Then the rest of us went through.

There seemed to be nothing, however, that would help us in the cellar next door, and Kennedy mounted the steps of a stairway in the rear.

The stairway led to a sort of store room, full of barrels and boxes, but otherwise characterless. When I arrived Kennedy was gingerly holding up the smocks which the crooks had worn.

"We're on the right trail," commented Elaine as he showed them to her, "but where do you suppose the owners are?"

Craig shrugged his shoulders and gave a quick look about. "Evidently they came in from and went away by the street," he observed, hurrying to the door, followed by Elaine.

On the sidewalk he gazed up the avenue, then catching sight of the street cleaner, called to him.

"Yes, sir," replied the man, stolidly, looking up from his work. "I see three gentlemen come out and get into an automobile."

"Which way did they go?" asked Kennedy.

For answer the man jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the general direction uptown.

With keen glance, Kennedy strained his eyes. Far up the avenue he could discern the car threading its way in and on, among the others, just about disappearing.

A moment later Craig caught sight of the vacant taxicab and looked his finger at the driver, who answered promptly by cranking his engine.

"You saw that limousine standing here?" asked Craig.

"Yes," nodded the chauffeur, with a show of alertness.

"Well, follow it," ordered Kennedy, jumping into the cab.

"Yes, sir."

Craig was just about to close the door when a slight figure flashed past us and a dainty foot was placed on the step.

"Please, Mr. Kennedy," pleaded Elaine, "let me go. They may lead to my father's slayer."

She said it so earnestly that Craig could scarcely have resisted if he had wanted to do so.

Just as Elaine and Kennedy were moving off I came out of the vacant store, with Bennett and the detectives.

"Craig!" I cried. "Where are you going?"

Kennedy stuck his head out of the window, and I am quite sure that he was not altogether displeased that I was not with him.

"Chasing that limousine," he shouted back. "Follow us in another car."

A moment later he and Elaine were gone.

Bennett and I looked about.

"There are a couple of cabs—down there," I pointed out at the other end of the block. "I'll take one, you take the other."

Who, besides Bennett, went in the other car I don't know, but it made no difference, for we soon lost them. Our driver, however, was a really clever fellow. Far ahead now we could see the limousine drive around a corner, making a dangerous swerve. Kennedy's cab followed, skidding dangerously near a pole.

But the taxicab was no match for

the powerful limousine. On uptown they went, the only thing preventing the limousine from escaping being the fear of pursuit by traffic police if the driver let out speed. They were content to manage to keep just far enough ahead to be out of danger of having Kennedy overhaul them. As for us, we followed as best we could, on uptown, past the city line, and out into the country.

There Kennedy lost sight altogether of the car he was trailing. Worse than that, we lost sight of Kennedy. Still we kept on blindly, trusting to luck and common sense in picking the road.

I was peering ahead over the driver's shoulder, the window down, trying to direct him, when we approached a fork in the road. Here was a dilemma which must be decided at once, rightly or wrongly.

As we neared the crossroad I gave an involuntary exclamation. Beside the road, almost on it, lay the figure of a man. Our driver pulled up with a jerk and I was out of the car in an instant.

There lay Kennedy! Someone had blackjacked him. He was groaning and just beginning to show signs of consciousness as I bent over.

"What's the matter, old man?" I asked, helping him to his feet.

He looked about dazed a moment, then seeing me and comprehending, he pointed excitedly, but vaguely.

"Elaine!" he cried. "They've kidnaped Elaine!"

What had really happened, as we learned later from Elaine and others, was that when the crossroads was reached the three crooks in the limousine had stopped long enough to speak to an accomplice stationed there, according to their plan for a getaway. He was a tough-looking individual who might have been hobnobbing to the city.

To Be Continued

A TRAINLOAD OF WOUNDED GERMANS HOMEWARD BOUND

Geneva, Via Paris, March 3, 10.15 A. M.—The first trainload of maimed German prisoners of war who are to be exchanged for wounded French soldiers arrived here from Lyons, homeward bound, at 9.15 o'clock last night. The special glided slowly into the station between lanes of Swiss troops. The cars were immediately boarded by Red Cross nurses in their uniforms of white who distributed gifts of oranges, chocolate and other delicacies among the sufferers, relieving their French co-workers of the responsibility of caring for the prisoners.

Swiss government physicians went rapidly through the train but found that none of the 249 Germans aboard required medical attention. All of them seemed cheerful and contented. They accepted gratefully the gifts showered upon them. There was no demonstration as the public was excluded from the station while the special was there.

Most of the Germans had been crippled by the loss of a leg or an arm and many of them had lost two limbs. They paid tribute to the kind treatment they had received in French hospitals but all declared they would be glad to reach home. After a long stop the train left for Schaffhausen, at the northernmost point in Switzerland, where it will pass the train carrying incapacitated French prisoners on their way home.

IT PAYS TO USE STAR- INDEPENDENT WANT ADS.

Sunday School Class to Give Play
"How a Girl Keeps a Secret" is the title of a play to be given by the Sunday school class taught by Mrs. Bricker, at the Curran Heights Methodist Episcopal church, to-morrow night at 8 o'clock. Admission will be by ticket, which will be on sale at the door for ten cents.

Sportsmen Seeking Charter

The Log House Game Association formed by local sportsmen for the protection and propagation of game birds, animals and fish, and the acquiring of land for that purpose, has filed an application for a perpetual charter in the office of Pruthony Hollar. The officers are Harvey E. Kuapp, president; Edward G. Nisley, of Penbrook, vice president; Alfred Johnson, secretary, and Joseph Shisler, treasurer.

Nevada Easy Divorce Law to Stand

Reno, Nev., March 3.—Governor Boyle's final attempt to obtain a referendum on the easy divorce law has been rejected by the Legislature, and as a result there can be no change in the measure by a vote of the people within the next two years.

New Amusement Park for Lebanon

Lebanon, March 3.—Lebanon county may have a new amusement park this summer. It will be located along the Ephrata and Lebanon street railway line, about fifteen miles out of this city. The park is to be known as Mt. Springs Park and will comprise thirty-three acres.

Boy Breaks Leg

While playing near his home last night Earl Deagy, 15 years old, 436 South Cameron street, fell and broke his left leg. The youth was taken to the Harrisburg hospital, where the fracture was treated.

Mummers to Hold Banquet

At a meeting of the Mummers' Association held at police headquarters last night plans were discussed for a banquet. The date will be decided upon at a meeting April 7. On the finance committee are Clarence O. Backenstoss, chairman; Thomas J. Keesey, William Orr, Robert Buck, Sr., and J. Grant Hoffman. The committee for the banquet consists of William Orr, Robert Buck, Sr., and H. M. Brooks.

City Officials of Cumberland, Md., Must Go to Jail

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Three Men Sought to be Paid \$800 to Secure Favorable Action on a Claim of about \$8,000 Held Against the City by a Contractor.

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Grip Leads to Death

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Mrs. Kennedy Had Been ill for about five days, and her condition was serious for only a very short time before her death. Grip, with complications, was given as the cause. She was the widow of the late Jacob Kennedy and before marriage she was Miss Rachel Rebecca Kinter, a daughter of Jacob and Elizabeth Kinter. She was the last member of her family.

Dr. Thomas E. R. Miller Dies

Hagerstown, Md., March 3.—Dr. Thomas E. R. Miller, 71 years old, former member of the Maryland Legislature and extensive land owner in Frederick county, dropped dead in his office at Lewistown. During the Civil war he served in hospitals of the Eighth Army Corps under General Wallace. He was a Republican and served as Pension Examiner under President Harrison. For three years he was County Health Officer. He was one of the promoters of the Washington, Frederick and Gettysburg Railroad, which was absorbed by the Hagerstown and Frederick Railway.

Lake Over Central Hotel

Waynesboro, March 3.—Messrs. Morris and Peyton V. Harbaugh, well-known men of this place, will become proprietors of the Central Hotel, Public Square, March 15.

They have secured a lease of the hotel property through John McCorney, the present proprietor, and will make application at once for the transfer of

Former Burgess Celebrates Birthday

Marietta, March 3.—Ex-Chief Burgess John Kugle, yesterday celebrated his 69th birthday anniversary. He is enjoying good health. Mr. Kugle served in the Civil war with distinction, and is one of the few guards left of the body of Jefferson Davis, when he lay in State, being attached to Dupont's battery. He is the father of a large family, and twenty-three grandchildren are in the clan.

People Ask Us

What is the best laxative? Years of experience in selling all kinds leads us to always recommend

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as the safest, surest and most satisfactory. Sold only by us, 10 cents. George A. Gorgas.

Richard Bennett's Co-workers to Present

"DAMAGED GOODS" AT MAJESTIC SATURDAY

The attraction at the Majestic Saturday, matinee and night, will be "Damaged Goods," the most widely discussed drama which has been produced on the American stage in two decades, not only on account of the sensational features attending its first production in

New York City but also on account of the startling frankness with which it discusses a subject that has been taboo in the theatre for centuries. The very frankness of the dramatist, however, disarms the criticism of those who customarily attack the stage on account of the suggestiveness with which sex

problems are usually discussed. In "Damaged Goods," the author, Eugene Brieux, one of the forty immortal of the French Academy, takes up the weapons of truth against the shame of innuendo and against the great conspiracy of silence concerning the fundamental facts of life.—Adv.

See "Exploits of Elaine," Third Episode,

In Motion Pictures, Victoria Theatre, Saturday, March 6

READ THE STORY IN THE STAR-INDEPENDENT EVERY WEEK

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Quick Relief for Coughs, Colds and Hoarseness. Clear the Voice—Fine for Speakers and Singers. 25c.

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That Cough Cancelled

If a cough or cold has made an engagement with you, you had better cancel it quickly.

There is no room or even a temporary welcome for any cough or cold—when you use

Tar, Tolu and White Pine Cough Syrup

25c

Forney's Drug Store

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She Darkened Her Gray Hair

A Kansas City Lady Darkened Her Gray Hair and Stimulated Its Growth by a Simple Home Process

She Tells How She Did It

A well-known resident of Kansas City, Mo., who darkened her gray hair by a simple home process, made the following statement: "Any lady or gentleman can darken their gray or faded hair, stimulate its growth and make it soft and glossy with this simple recipe, which they can mix at home. To half pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, 1 small box of Barbo Compound and 1/4 oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be purchased at any drug store at very little cost. Apply to the hair every other day until the gray hair is darkened sufficiently, then every two weeks. This mixture re-Heves scalp troubles and is excellent for dandruff and falling hair. It does not stain the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. It will make a gray haired person look 10 to 20 years younger."—Adv.

KEPT FROM THEIR LAWYER

Los Angeles Murder Defendants Not Allowed to Meet Attorney

Los Angeles, March 3.—David Caplan and M. A. Schmidt, who have been held to answer murder charges in connection with the destruction of the "Times" building here in 1910, will demand separate trials, according to H. H. Appel, retained as attorney for them by Anton Johannsen, general organizer for the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America. Appel expects to have associated with him several attorneys familiar with the trials of the McNamara brothers.

Caplan and Schmidt have not been allowed since their arrival here last week to confer with their attorney or to talk with each other.

VOTES FOR COMMISSION RULE

New Brunswick Changes Form of Government After Tax Rate Jump

New Brunswick, N. J., March 3.—The city of New Brunswick adopted the commission form of government yesterday by a vote of 2,584 to 1,765. The total vote was about 80 per cent. of that cast last November. The proposal was carried in each of the six wards. A special election to choose the five commissioners will be held on April 6.

The proposal first came before the voters in 1911 and was beaten by 1,226 votes. In 1913 it was beaten again, but by only 57 votes.

The tax rate jumped twenty points to 2.59 this year, and is credited with having turned the scales.

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