

# 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  
Copyright, 1914, by the Star Company All Foreign Rights Reserved

### CONTINUED

When, a few minutes later, Kennedy and Elaine had approached the fork, their driver had slowed up, as if in doubt which way to go. Craig had stuck his head out of the window, as I had done, and, seeing the crossroads, had told the chauffeur to stop. There stood the hobo.

"Did a car pass here, just now—a big car?" called Craig.

The man put his hand to his ear, as if only half comprehending.

"Which way did the big car go?" repeated Kennedy.

The hobo approached the taxicab suddenly, as if he had a grudge against cars in general.

One question after another elicited little that could be construed as intelligence. If Craig had only been able to see, he would have found out that, with his back toward the taxicab driver, the hobo held one hand behind him and made the sign of the Clutching Hand, glancing surreptitiously at the driver to catch the answering sign, while Craig gazed earnestly up the two roads.

At last Craig gave him up as hopeless. "Well—go ahead—that way," he indicated, picking the most likely road.

As the chauffeur was about to start he stalled his engine.

"Hurry!" urged Craig, exasperated at the delays.

The driver got out and tried to crank the engine. Again and again he turned it over, but somehow it refused to start. Then he lifted the hood and began to tinker.

"What's the matter?" asked Craig, impatiently jumping out and bending over the engine, too.

The driver shrugged his shoulders. "Must be something wrong with the ignition, I guess," he replied.

Kennedy looked the car over hastily. "I can't see anything wrong," he frowned.

"Well, there is," growled the driver. Precious minutes were speeding away as they argued. Finally with his characteristic energy, Kennedy put the taxicab driver aside.

"Let me try it," he said. "Miss Dodge, will you arrange that spark and throttle?"



Kennedy quietly examined the showcase. Elaine, equal to anything, did so, and Craig bent down and cranked the engine. It started on the first spin.

"See?" he exclaimed. "There wasn't anything, after all."

He took a step toward the taxicab.

"Mr. Kennedy—look out!" cried Elaine.

Craig turned. But it was too late. The rough-looking fellow had awakened to life. Suddenly he stepped up behind Kennedy with a blackjack. As the heavy weight descended Craig crumpled up on the ground unconscious.

With a scream, Elaine turned and started to run. But the chauffeur seized her arm.

"Say, bo," he asked of the rough fellow, "what does Clutching Hand want with her? Quick! There's another cab likely to be along in a moment with that fellow Jameson in it."

The rough fellow, with an oath, seized her and dragged her into the taxicab. "Go ahead!" he growled, indicating the road.

And away they sped, leaving Kennedy unconscious on the side of the road, where we found him.

"What are we to do?" asked help-

lessly of Kennedy, when we had at last got him on his feet.

His head still ringing from the force of the blow of the blackjack, Craig stooped down, then knelt in the dust of the road, then ran ahead a bit, where it was somewhat muddy.

"Which way—'which way'?" he muttered to himself.

I thought perhaps the blow had affected him and leaned over to see what he was doing. Instead, he was studying the marks made by the tire of the Clutching Hand cab.

More slowly now and carefully, we proceeded, for a mistake meant losing the trail of Elaine.

We came to another crossroads and the driver glanced at Craig. "Stop!" he ordered.

In another instant he was down in the dirt, examining the road for marks.

"That way!" he indicated, leaping back to the running board.

We piled back into the car and proceeded under Kennedy's direction, as fast as he would permit. So it continued, perhaps for a couple of hours.

At last Kennedy stopped the cab and slowly directed the driver to veer into an open space that looked particularly lonesome. Near it stood a one-story brick factory building, closed, but not abandoned.

As I looked about at the unattractive scene, Kennedy already was down on his knees in the dirt again, studying the tire tracks. They were all confused, showing that the taxicab we were following had evidently backed in and turned several times before going on.

"Crossed by another set of tire tracks!" he exclaimed excitedly, studying closer. "That must have been the limousine, waiting."

Laboriously he was following the course of the cars in the open space, when one word escaped him. "Foot-prints!"

He was up and off in a moment, before we could imagine what he was after. We had got out of the cab, and followed him as, down to the very shore of a sort of cove or bay, he went. There lay a rusty, discarded boiler on the bench, half submerged in the rising tide. At this

Elaine Dodge was inside!

First had come the limousine, with its three bandits, to the spot fixed on as a rendezvous. Later had come the taxicab. As it drove into sight, the three well-dressed crooks had drawn revolvers, thinking perhaps the plan for getting rid of Kennedy might possibly have miscarried. But the taxicab driver and the rough-faced fellow had reassured them with the sign of the Clutching Hand, and the revolvers were lowered.

As they parleyed hastily, the roughneck and the fake chauffeur lifted Elaine out of the taxi. She was bound and gagged.

"Well, now we've got her, what shall we do with her?" asked one.

"It's got to be quick. There's another cab," put in the driver.

"The deuce with that."

"The deuce with nothing," he returned. "That fellow Kennedy's a clever one. He may come to if he does, he won't miss us. Quick, now!"

"See," cried the third. "See that old boiler down there at the edge of the water? Why not put her in there? No one'll ever think to look in such a place."

With a hasty expression of approval, the roughneck picked Elaine up bodily, still struggling vainly, and together they carried her, bound and gagged, toward the water, was small, but they managed, roughly, to thrust her in.

A moment later and they had rolled up a huge boulder against the small entrance, bracing it so that it would be impossible for her to get out from the inside. Then they drove off hastily.

Frantically Elaine managed to loosen the gag. She screamed. Her voice seemed to be bound around by the iron walls as she was herself. She shuddered. The water was rising—had reached her chest, and was still rising, slowly, inexorably.

What was that? Silence? Or was someone outside?

Coolly, in spite of the emergency, Kennedy took in the perilous situation.

The lower end of the boiler, which was on a slant on the rapidly shelving beach, was now completely under water and impossible to get at. Besides, the opening was small, too small.

Kennedy gazed about frantically and his eye caught the sign on the factory:

OXYACETYLENE WELDING CO.

"Come, Walter," he cried, running up the shore.

A moment later, breathless, we reached the doorway. It was, of course, locked. Kennedy whipped out his revolver and several well-directed shots through the keyhole smashed the lock. We put our shoulders to it and swung the door open, entering the factory.

Beside a work bench stood two long cylinders, studded with bolts.

"That's what I'm looking for," exclaimed Craig. "Here, Walter, take one. I'll take the other—and the tubes—and—"

We ran, for there was no time to lose. As nearly as I could estimate it, the water must now be slowly closing over Elaine.

"What is it?" I asked, as he joined up the tubes from the tanks to the peculiar hooklike apparatus he carried.

"An oxyacetylene blowpipe," he muttered back feverishly. "Used for welding and cutting, too," he added.

With a light he touched the nozzle, instantly a hissing, blinding flame-needle made the steel under it incandescent. The terrific heat from one nozzle made the steel glow. The stream of oxygen from the second completely consumed the hot metal.

Kennedy was actually cutting out a huge hole in the still exposed surface of the tank—all around, except for a few inches to prevent the heavy piece from falling inward.

As Kennedy carefully bent outward the section of the tank which he had cut, he quickly reached down and lifted Elaine, unconscious, out of the water.

Gently he laid her on the sand. It was the work of only a moment to cut the cords that bound her hands.

There she lay, pale and still. Was she dead?

Kennedy worked frantically to revive her.

At last, slowly, the color seemed to return to her pale lips. Her eyelids fluttered. Then her great, deep eyes opened.

As she looked up and caught sight of Craig bending anxiously over her she seemed to comprehend. For a moment both were silent. Then Elaine reached up and took his hand.

"Craig," she whispered, "you—you've saved my life!"

Her tone was eloquent.

"Elaine," he whispered, still gazing down into her wonderful eyes, "the Clutching Hand shall pay for this! It is a fight to a finish between us!"

To Be Continued Next Week

FARMER DIES UNDER WAGON

Falls From Seat and Wheels Pass Over His Head

Philadelphia, March 4.—Reeling from the seat of his wagon on Bustleton pike, near Tyson street, last night, James Clarkson, a prosperous farmer of Somerton, fell under the wheels, which passed over his head, crushing his skull and killing him instantly.

His body was taken to the Frankford hospital, where the doctors found that nearly all the bones in his head had been fractured.

**Quickest, Surest Cough Remedy is Home-Made**

Easily Prepared in a Few Minutes. Cheap but Unequaled

Some people are constantly annoyed from one year to the other with a persistent bronchial cough, which is wholly unnecessary. Here is a home-made remedy that gets right at the cause and will make you wonder what became of it. Get 2 1/2 ounces Pinex (50 cents worth) from any druggist, pour into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Start taking it at once. Gradually but surely you will notice the phlegm thin out and then disappear altogether, thus ending a cough that you never thought would end. It also loosens the dry, hoarse or tight cough and heals the inflammation in a painful cough with remarkable rapidity. Ordinary coughs are conquered by it in 24 hours or less. Nothing better for bronchitis, winter coughs and bronchial asthma.

This Pinex and Sugar Syrup mixture makes a full pint—enough to last a family a long time—at a cost of only 54 cents. Keeps perfectly and tastes pleasant. Easily prepared. Full directions with Pinex.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, rich in guspiacol, and is famous the world over for its ease, certainty and promptness in overcoming bad coughs, chest and throat colds.

Get the genuine. Ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces Pinex," and do not accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

### HUNTERS' LICENSES STANDS

Committee Kills Bill Providing for the Repeal of the Law

A committee of members of various sportsmen's associations of the State, representing the Wild Life League, the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, the Pennsylvania Conference on Forestry, Fish and Game and the United Sportsmen met with the Game Committee of the House yesterday afternoon to discuss legislation affecting their interest now before the committee and especially to urge the passage of the bill appropriating the balance of the hunters' license money to the State Game Commission, the measure for which will soon come up for consideration.

The sportsmen persuaded the game committee to recommend unanimously making the seasons for all small game open on October 15 and close on November 30; deer November 1 to November 15, and bear from October 15 to December 15.

The committee also reported favorably the bill permitting the killing of blackbirds when destroying property or creating a nuisance. The committee killed the bill for a game commission in each county and the bill for a repeal of the hunters' license law.

Later a committee of sportsmen, headed by John G. Martin, of this city, had a conference with Governor Brumbaugh and presented their views and obtained from him a promise of active support for the bill placing the hunters' license money in the hands of the State Game Commission. The Governor expressed himself as favoring the creation of a conservation department which should include the fish and game and forestry interests, and also favored the strict enforcement of the game laws.

### AN ICEBERG AT SEA.

One of the Most Awe Inspiring Spectacles in Nature.

There is nothing in nature so imposing and awe inspiring as the iceberg, writes Lacey Amy in the Wide World Magazine. It gives an overpowering sense of relentless force, of dignity and of brilliance.

Beneath the sun's vivid rays or the dark clouds of threatening storm, in the moon's cold beams or dimly through the shadows of moonless night, in calm and tempest—every one of them, from the tiny "growler" to the huge mass of spurs, rouses at first glimpse an awe undiminished by a growing appreciation of its beauty.

Always before one is the thought that but an eighth of the iceberg's bulk shows above the water, the remainder stretching down and down into the blue-green depths and out and out until captives breathe freely only when the horizon is clear of them. Far out in the ocean, with the largest steamers passing swiftly miles inside, they ground upon the bottom in tremendous depths and calmly await the relieving touch of sun and current.

In the wildest seas and strongest gales these frigid mountains float undisturbed. There could be no sea sickness on an iceberg, for its foundations are fathoms below the wave disturbance.

### Land of Opportunity.

Great chances, as you must agree, to Americans are sent.

There any boy may grow to be Provisional president.

—Buffalo News.

### Very Likely.

Patience—Peggy says he always brings sunshine when he calls.

Patience—Is that the reason she always turns down the gas?—Yokkers Intestman.

### It May Be So.

A scientist who has concluded that the main cause of earthquakes is the compression of the earth's crust.

—Of Times.

### FEW FOLKS HAVE GRAY HAIR NOW

Well-known Local Druggist Says Every-body Is Using Old-time Recipe of Sage Tea and Sulphur

Hair that loses its color and lustre, or when it fades, turns gray, dull and lifeless, is caused by a lack of sulphur in the hair. Our grandmother made up a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur to keep her locks dark and beautiful, and thousands of women and men who value that even color, that beautiful dark shade of hair which is so attractive, use only this old-time recipe.

Nowadays we get this famous mixture by asking at any drug store for a 50-cent bottle of "Weyth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which darkens the hair so naturally, so evenly, that nobody can possibly tell it has been applied. Besides, it takes off dandruff, stops scalp itching and falling hair. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; but what delights the ladies with Weyth's Sage and Sulphur is that, besides beautifully darkening the hair after a few applications, it also brings back the gloss and lustre and gives it an appearance of abundance.—Adv.

# SPOT CASH SALE

## Very Special Items to Bring You Here To-morrow

Men's Suits, Worth \$12.50 to \$14.50, . . .	\$3.95
Men's Suits, Worth \$18.50 to \$20.00, . . .	\$6.95
Ladies' Suits, Worth \$15.00, . . . . .	\$2.95
Ladies' Suits, Worth \$25.00, . . . . .	\$4.95
One Lot Children's Fur Sets, . . . . .	.49c
One Lot Fur Muffs, . . . . .	\$1.95

# EDWARD CO.

443 MARKET ST. Corner 5th, Near Entrance Penna. R. R. Station

### WHEN MEN WORE MUFFS.

Likewise Silk Stockings and Plaid Shawls and Capes.

In the good old days about which so many men so dreamily read and profess to reverence, and when men were believed to be more bold and dashing and daring than they are now, the muff was the thing of winter wear for men. It was a regular part of a gentleman's cold weather toilet.

Among Horace Walpole's Christmas gifts to his friend George Montagu, in 1676, were "Anecdotes of Painting," a pamphlet on "Libels," the "Castle of Otranto" and a muff. That was the period of the muff for men. It had been an article of men's apparel for many years before, and men retained the muff for long years afterward. It being cut off when men forsook colored silks and satins, rare laces and jeweled shoe buckles.

It was not so far back in American history that men wore silk stockings—not merely silk socks—and knee garters and fancy garter buckles, and many men walking the streets of Washington today remember when their sex wore brilliant plaid shawls and when the cloth cape, called a "talia," was the height of masculine fashion. Now and then one sees a gentleman of the old school walking along with a gold headed cane and wearing a somewhat moth-eaten, frayed or shiny "talia."—Washington Star.

### ONE PARTRIDGE DINNER, \$800

Two Others Fined at Newburgh, N. Y., Making Total \$1,150

Newburgh, N. Y., March 4.—Partridge dinners came exceedingly high to three of the residents of Balmville, a suburb of this city. Penalties aggregating \$1,150 have been imposed on them by the State Game Department for having violated the law in buying partridge, which is prohibited at all times.

The three offenders were Mrs. F. Delano Hitch, who is active in philanthropic work; Frank V. Barton and Dr. S. A. Waldron. Mrs. Hitch suffered the heaviest penalty, paying \$800.

This is said to be the heaviest fine ever imposed for an offense of that kind in this State. The partridge were sold by Mrs. Chauncey Ferguson for her husband, who shot them. Mrs. Ferguson gave information which led to the imposing of the penalties.

### STAR-INDEPENDENT WANT ADS. BRING RESULTS.

His Trade.

"I have a friend who just marries for money."

"How dreadful!"

"Why so? He's a justice of the peace."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.



### "The By-Word"

The character of a hat will make or mar a man's costume.

"The By-Word," the latest Stetson creation (as illustrated), will please every taste and harmonize becomingly with every cast of features.

# POULTON

5 N. THIRD ST.

Where the Styles Originate.

### AMUSEMENTS

## MAJESTIC THEATRE

WILMER, VINCENT & APPELL, MGRS.

TO-NIGHT—LAST TIME

Engene Walter's Hypnotic Dramatization of John Fox Jr.'s Magnetic Story of the Virginia Hills.

The Trail of the Lonesome Pine

It Leads to a Real Evening's Happiness

PRICES: . . . . . 25c to \$1.50

Saturday, Matinee and Night Mar. 6 SEATS TO-DAY

RICHARD BENNETT'S Co-Workers in

# DAMAGED GOODS

BY E. BRIEUX

PRICES: Mat., 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00; Eve., 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50.

### ORPHEUM

## The Fashion Shop

WITH LIVING MODELS AND SIX OTHER KEITH HITS

NEXT WEEK

# TRIXIE FRIGANZA

### COLONIAL

## VACATION DAYS

A MUSICAL COMEDY SCHOOL ACT AND

# 3 OTHER BIG ACTS

Including

MR. AND MRS. MARK MURPHY

Hours: 12 Noon to 11 P. M.

Saturday 10 A. M. to 11 P. M.

# REGENT

PHILMAGARO-OWNER & MGR.

Film Plays in a Class by Themselves

TO-DAY ONLY—"THE STRAIGHT ROAD," a powerful drama by Clyde Fitch, featuring (LADYS HANSON)—Showing at 12.00, 1.30, 3.15, 5.00, 6.45, 8.30, 10.15, with our usual Daily Change: "Seen From the Gallery" (Comedy), Edison; "A Thorn Among Roses" (Comedy), Edison; "Doc Yak and Santa Claus" (Comedy), Selig.

TO-MORROW ONLY—Harrisburg's Favorite LILLIAN RUSSELL in "WILDFIRE," by George Broadhurst and Geo. V. Hobart. A Shubert Feature with an All Star Support in 5 reels.

ADMISSION, 10c CHILDREN, 5c

### Photoplay To-day

"An Amateur Prodigal"

Two-reel S. & A. Featuring Dainty RUTH STONEHOUSE

"Her Husband's Son"

Two-reel Edison Featuring GERTRUDE McCOY

Special To-morrow—2-act Vitagraph—"TWICE RESCUED."

Free Moving Pictures every evening 7 to 11 p. m., Palace Confectionery, 225 Market street.

Harmony.

Music Teacher—What is your impression of harmony? Smart Student—A freckle faced girl in a polka dot dress feeding a coach dog.—Judge.