

The Exploits of Elaine

A Detective Noyl 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 Electric Film Company
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CONTINUED

On the other side of the portiere Michael and Clutching Hand waited. Then, in the general confusion, Clutching Hand slowly disappeared, felled. "Where did this package come from?" asked Kennedy of Jennings suspiciously.

Jennings looked blank. "Why," put in Elaine, "Michael brought it to me." "Get Michael," ordered Kennedy. "A moment later he returned. "I found him, going upstairs," reported Jennings, leading Michael in. "Where did you get this package?" shot out Kennedy. "It was left at the door, sir, by a boy, sir."

Question after question could not shake that simple, stolid sentence, Kennedy frowned. "You may go," he said finally, as if reserving something for Michael later. A sudden exclamation followed from Elaine as Michael passed down the hall again. She had moved over to the desk, during the questioning, and was leaning against it.

Inadvertently she had touched an envelope. It was addressed, "Craig Kennedy."

Craig tore it open, Elaine bending anxiously over his shoulder, frightened. We read:

"YOU HAVE INTERFERED FOR THE LAST TIME. IT IS THE END."

Beneath it stood the fearsome sign of the Clutching Hand!

The warning of the Clutching Hand had no other effect on Kennedy than the redoubling of his precautions for safety. Nothing further happened that night, however, and the next morning found us early at the laboratory.

We walked down the street when a big limousine shot past. Kennedy stopped in the middle of a remark. He had recognized the car, with a sort of instinct.

At the same moment I saw a smiling face at the window of the car. It was Elaine Dodge.

The car stopped in something less than twice its length and then backed toward us.

Kennedy, hat off, was at the window in a moment. There were Aunt Josephine and Susie Martin, also.

"Where are you boys going?" asked Elaine, with interest, then added with a gasp that ill concealed her real anxiety, "I'm so glad to see you—to see that—er—nothing has happened from the dreadful Clutching Hand."

"Why, we were just going up to our rooms," replied Kennedy.

"Can't we drive you around?"

We climbed in and a moment later were off. The ride was only too short for Kennedy. We stepped out in front of our apartment and stood chatting for a moment.

"Some day I want to show you the laboratory," Craig was saying.

"It must be so interesting!" exclaimed Elaine very enthusiastically. "Think of all the bad men you must have caught!"

Elaine hesitated. "Would you like to see it?" she wheedled of Aunt Josephine.

Aunt Josephine nodded acquiescence, and a moment later we all entered the building.

"You—you are very careful since that last warning?" asked Elaine as we approached our door.

"More than ever—now," replied Craig. "I have made up my mind to win."

Kennedy had started to unlock the door, when he stopped short.

"See," he said, "this is a precaution I have just installed. I almost forgot in the excitement."

He pressed a panel and disclosed the boxlike apparatus.

"This is my kinograph, which tells me whether I have had any visitors in my absence. If the pen traces a straight line, it is all right; but if—hello—Walter, the line is wavy."

We exchanged a significant glance. "Would you mind—er—standing down the hall just a bit while I enter?" asked Craig.

"Be careful," cautioned Elaine. He unlocked the door, standing off to one side. Then he extended his hand across the doorway. Still nothing happened. There was not a sound. He looked cautiously into the room. Apparently there was nothing.

It had been about the middle of the morning that an express wagon had pulled up sharply before our apartment.

"Mr. Kennedy live here?" asked one of the expressmen, descending with his helper and approaching our janitor, Jens Jensen, a typical Swede, who was coming up out of the basement.

Jens growled a surly, "Yes—but Mr. Kannady, he bane out."

"Too bad—we've got this large cabinet he ordered from Grand Rapids. We can't cart it around all day. Can't you let us in so we can leave it?"

Jensen muttering: "Well—I guess it bane all right."

They took the cabinet off the wagon

and carried it upstairs. Jensen opened our door, still growling, and placed the heavy cabinet in the living room. "Sign here."

"You fallers bane a nuisance," protested Jens, signing nevertheless. Scarcely had the sound of their footfalls died away in the outside hall—



It Was the Clutching Hand.

way when the door of the cabinet slowly opened and a masked face protruded, gazing about the room.

It was the Clutching Hand!

From the cabinet he took a large package wrapped in newspapers. As he held it, looking keenly about, his eye rested on Elaine's picture. A moment he looked at it, then quickly at the fireplace opposite.

An idea seemed to occur to him. He took the package to the fireplace, removed the screen and laid the package over the andirons with one end pointing out into the room.

Next he took from the cabinet a couple of storage batteries and a coil of wire. Deftly and quickly he fixed them on the package.

Meanwhile, before an alleyway across the street and further down the long block the express wagon had stopped.

Having completed fixing the batteries and wires, Clutching Hand ran the wires along the molding on the wall overhead, from the fireplace until he was directly over Elaine's picture. Skillfully he managed to fix the wires, using them in place of the picture wires to support the framed photograph until it hung very noticeably askew on the wall.

The last wire joined, he looked about the room, then noiselessly moved to the window and raised the shade.

Quickly he raised his hand and brought the fingers slowly together. It was the sign.

Off in the alley, the express driver and his helper jumped into the wagon and away it rattled.

Jensen was smoking placidly as the wagon pulled up the second time.

"Sorry," said the driver sheepishly, "but we delivered the cabinet to the wrong Mr. Kennedy."

He pulled out the inevitable book to prove it.

"Wall, you bane fine fallers," growled Jensen, puffing like a furnace, in his fury. "You cannot go up again."

"We'll get fired for the mistake," pleaded the helper.

"Just this once," urged the driver, as he rattled some loose change in his pocket. "Here—there goes a whole day's tips."

He handed Jens a dollar in small change.

Still grumpy, but mollified by the silver, Jens let them go up and opened the door to our rooms again. There stood the cabinet, as outwardly innocent as when it came in.

Lugging and tugging they managed to get the heavy piece of furniture out and downstairs again, loading it on the wagon. Then they drove off with it, accompanied by a parting volley from Jensen.

In an unfrequented street, perhaps half a mile away, the wagon stopped. With a keen glance around, the driver and his helper made sure that no one was about.

"Such a shaking up as you've given me!" growled a voice as the cabinet door opened. "But I've got him this time!"

It was the Clutching Hand.

Craig gazed into our living room cautiously.

"I can't see anything wrong," he said to me as I stood just beside him. "Miss Dodge," he added, "will you and the rest excuse me if I ask you to wait just a moment longer?"

Elaine watched him, fascinated. He

Cocoon Oil Makes a Splendid Shampoo

If you want to keep your hair in good condition, the less soap you use the better. Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and is very harmful. Just plain mulifid cocoon oil (which is pure and entirely greaseless), is much better than soap or anything else you can use for shampooing, as this can't possibly injure the hair.

Simply moisten your hair with water and rub it in. One or two teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, and cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly. The lather rinses out easily, and removes every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves it fine and silky, bright, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get mulifid cocoon oil at most any drug store. It is very cheap, and a few ounces is enough to last everyone in the family for months.

FUR SEALS AND OTHER LIFE ON THE PRIBILOF ISLANDS

Secretary of Commerce Submits Report to Congress on Conditions Existing Since Law Went Into Effect to Protect American Herd

Washington, D. C., March 12.—On February 17 the Secretary of Commerce transmitted to the Speaker of the House of Representatives a report of the scientific assistants of the Bureau of Fisheries on the "Fur Seals and Other Life on the Pribilof Islands in 1914," sending with it the following communication to the Speaker:

"I transmit herewith for the information of Congress a report of Wilfred H. Osgood, Edward A. Preble and George H. Parker, scientific assistants of the Bureau of Fisheries, on the fur seals and other life on the Pribilof Islands in 1914.

"When the present Administration took charge it found in full force and vigor the existing law providing for a closed season for the seal herd belonging to the United States on the Pribilof Islands. This law was approved August 24, 1912, effective immediately, and will expire by its own limitation August 24, 1917.

"The department has felt that it had two duties in this important matter. The first was to enforce the law in letter and in spirit, and this has been done. The second was to ascertain from unprejudiced and dispassionate sources the effects of the law and to inform Congress about them as fully as possible. This is now done.

"In view of the sharp controversy that has existed on the subject of the fur seal herd, it was deemed necessary that the persons selected by the Bureau of Fisheries as scientific assistants to study this problem should be persons who were free from all previous connection with the subject, but who were qualified by training and experience to determine and present the facts. It was required also that they should be severally qualified to carry on as separate individuals the particular lines of scientific study necessary to a full understanding of the problem.

"Under these circumstances, the president of the National Academy of Sciences, the secretary of the Smithsonian Institution and the Secretary of Agriculture were requested to make nominations of persons who might be temporarily employed for the purpose. The National Academy of Sciences nominated Prof. George H. Parker, of Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.; the secretary of the Smithsonian Institution nominated Wilfred H. Osgood, of the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago, Ill., and the Secretary of Agriculture nominated Edward A. Preble, of the Bureau of Biological Survey, Department of Agriculture. The three persons named were selected by the Department of Commerce and employed by the Bureau of Fisheries as temporary scientific assistants, and were instructed to proceed to the Pribilof Islands, there to ascertain the facts and to submit them to the department for transmission to Congress. Full details are found in the attached report.

"As Great Britain, through the Dominion of Canada, and Japan are financially interested in the American seal herd under the terms of the treaty abolishing pelagic sealing, these countries also of their own motion arranged to send representatives to the Pribilof Islands in 1914, and two experts from Canada and one from Japan visited the islands while our own inquiry was progressing. The facts concerning this matter appear in full in the report.

"The report is accompanied by three large traced maps of the Pribilof Islands, of which blue prints have been taken for the records of the department, and by 21 smaller maps illustrating the report in detail.

"The purpose of the department has been to provide Congress with an unbiased statement of the actual facts to assist it in the preparation of such further legislation, if any, as it may deem wise to enact. It is my earnest hope that this has been accomplished."

Exhibit Nearly Ready
The State's exhibit for the Panama-Pacific exposition now being prepared by the Health Department will soon be ready to be sent west, and will be in charge of one of the division heads.

MR. DYSPEPTIC!
YOU CAN NOW EAT
A Rip-Roaring, Rich Meal if You'll Take a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet After It

Don't Take Our Word For It. Let Us Send You a Free Sample to Prove It
All you stomach sufferers whom food has cowed and who walk to your meals as though you were about to enter the arena of Nero, here is a message that will make you glad.

A startled cry from Elaine caused us to turn. She was standing directly before her shattered picture where it hung awry on the wall. The heavy charge of buckshot had knocked away large pieces of paper and plaster under it.

"Craig!" she gasped. He was at her side in a second. She laid one hand on his arm, as she faced him. With the other she traced an imaginary line in the air from the level of the buckshot to his head and then straight to the infernal thing that had lain in the fireplace.

"And to think," she shuddered, "that it was through me that he tried to kill you!" "Never mind," laughed Craig easily, as they gazed into each other's eyes, drawn together by their mutual peril, "Clutching Hand will have to be cleverer than this to get either of us—Elaine!"

To Be Continued Next Week

EASTER OUTFITTING **GREAT SALE** **EASTER OUTFITTING**
OF NEW
Spring Suits for Men and Women, Ladies' Coats, Dresses and Hats,
At Prices and Qualities That Challenge All Competition

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If You Have It If You Want It

MECHANICSBURG
John H. Ritter Died Yesterday at the Age of 92 Years
Special Correspondence.
Mechanicsburg, March 12.—John H. Ritter died yesterday morning at his home on East Main street, aged 92 years. His death was due to the infirmities of age. While he was an invalid for several years he was not seriously ill until a short time previous to his death. He is survived by his wife and two daughters, Mrs. M. M. Daugherty and Mrs. W. J. Pittman. Mr. Ritter came to this place with his family from Philadelphia about twenty-five years ago and was connected with the tailoring establishment of E. W. Hurst and later with M. H. Spahr and W. H. White. Funeral will be held tomorrow. No services will be held here. His body will be taken to Philadelphia on the 11.06 a. m. train where services will be held and interment made.

The play given on Wednesday evening by the High school netted the school \$67.52. The play was given to pay the debt on the school Victoria which was \$12.50. It is not decided yet what disposition will be made of the surplus, but may be invested in Victrola records.

Last evening some of the friends of Miss Blanche Beistline gave her a surprise. After having been up town she returned to her home on East Locust street, accompanied by a friend. When they entered the house they were greeted by the merry shouts of Miss Beistline's friends, who had assembled in her absence. The rooms were decorated in green and gold. The evening was spent in music and games. Toothsome refreshments were served. The party was a complete surprise to the hostess but was enjoyed by her no less than by her guests.

Robert H. Bucher, of Pittsburgh, is the guest of her sisters, the Misses Bucher, West Main street. Mr. Bucher came to attend the funeral of the Rev. George Norcross, which was held in Carlisle yesterday. Dr. Norcross was a former pastor of Mr. Bucher.

Yesterday morning H. S. Moore was taken suddenly ill at his home on West Cooper street. A physician was called who pronounced it vertigo. At this writing he is much improved.

Mrs. Daniel Ilgenfritz returned to her home in New Kingston to-day after spending a week in this place the guest of her sister, Mrs. Mary Shugart, West Green street.

G. C. Smith, of Camp Hill, was a visitor here yesterday.

Mrs. E. Rankin Houston has returned from a visit of several weeks to relatives in Newport and Harrisburg.

Miss Mary Hunt, of McAllisterville, spent yesterday here.

HOLMES SEEDS
PRICES THE SAME AS BEFORE THE WAR

Prices have not been advanced on account of the European War. Our importations were made early last fall, on contracts signed before the war broke out; which enables us to offer the same low prices that prevailed a year ago.

Tested Seeds of "Known Vitality and Purity" are the kinds to sow. We have them—read the evidence:

South Lima, New York, Dec. 3, 1915.
Holmes Seed Company, Harrisburg, Pa.:
Gentlemen: We are making up a seed list for next year's use, posting our members where good seeds can be had, and at what price. The writer bought some of your seed last year and I wish to say to you that it was the best strain I had, and I had tried from ten different houses. I wish you would quote us price from same stock you shipped me last year if you have any left over. Also quote us on your new seed, if strain is good.

Very truly yours,
HENRY-GREFFRATH,
Pres. N. Y. State Vegetable Growers' Association,
Horseheads, N. Y., Mar. 22, 1915.

Holmes Seed Co., Harrisburg, Pa.:
Dear Sirs—I have watched the most gratifying results obtained from your seeds in this section, both on my own fields and my neighbors. Your seeds are the best I have ever used and are gaining many friends in this section, as they are true to name and show the highest germination. Wishing you success, I remain,
Yours truly,
BENJ. MANNING,
Waikeman, Ohio, Dec. 8, 1914.

C. S. Clark, noted corn grower, writes:
Gentlemen—Replying to your favor of the 7th inst., will say that the party who grew your Delicious Sweet Corn for us, could not recommend the quality of it high enough. He said it was the finest Sweet Corn he had ever tasted.

Yours truly,
C. S. CLARK.

Be Sociable. Call and get acquainted. Everything for the Garden, Lawn and Farm, including Implements of all Descriptions.

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106 and 108 South Second St.
2 Doors Below Chestnut
Open Saturday Evening. Bell phone 68—Cumberland 76

DUNCANNON
Athletic Association Will Enter Team in Dauphin-Perry League
Special Correspondence.
Duncannon, March 12.—The brotherhood of the M. E. church held a social and entertainment in the Sunday school room of the church last evening. The Duncannon Athletic Association met Wednesday evening and decided to enter a baseball team in the Dauphin-Perry League. Charles Hiltner has been elected manager. George Wahl, umpire; Samuel Michener, scoreman.
Miss Olive Hayes, of New Bloomfield, was the guest of Mrs. Frank Steele over Sunday.
Public sales are the order of the day in the suburban districts.

CURTIN
Charles Klingner Moves to Farm Owned by J. D. Hartman
Special Correspondence.
Curtin, March 12.—Isaac Werner, of Millersburg, who spent a few days

See "Exploits of Elaine," Fourth Episode, In Motion Pictures, Victoria Theatre, Saturday, March 13 READ THE STORY IN THE STAR-INDEPENDENT EVERY WEEK

Free Trial Coupon
F. A. Stuart Co., 150 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich., send me at once by return mail, a free trial package of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.
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