

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 Pathe 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 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. Clutching Hand tries to kill Elaine by means of a diabolical device which generates a poison in the wall paper of her room that is deadly to breathe for any length of time. Again Kennedy's scientific knowledge is brought into play just in season to save the heroine from death.

SIXTH EPISODE

"The Vampires."
Kennedy went the next day to the Dodge house, and, as usual, Perry Bennett, Elaine's lawyer, was there in the library with Elaine, still going over the Clutching Hand case in their endeavor to track down the mysterious master criminal.
Bennett seemed as deeply as ever in love with Elaine. Still, as Jennings admitted Craig, it was sufficiently evident by the manner in which Elaine left Bennett and ran to greet Craig that she had the highest regard for him.

"I've brought you a little document that may interest you," remarked Kennedy, reaching into his pocket and pulling out an envelope.
Elaine tore it open and looked at the paper within.
"Oh, how thoughtful of you!" she exclaimed in surprise.
It was a permit from the police made out in her name allowing her to carry a revolver.

A moment later, Kennedy reached into his coat pocket and produced a little automatic which he handed to her.
"Thank you," she cried, eagerly.
Elaine examined the gun with interest, then, raising it, pointed it playfully at Bennett.
"Oh, no, no!" exclaimed Kennedy, taking her arm quickly and gently, deflecting the weapon away. "You mustn't think it is a toy. It explodes at a mere touch of the trigger—when that safety ratchet is turned."

Bennett had realized the danger and had jumped back, almost mechanically. As he did so, he bumped into a suit of medieval armor standing by the wall, knocking it over with a resounding crash.
"I beg pardon," he ejaculated, "I'm very sorry. That was very awkward of me."
Jennings, who had been busy about the portieres at the doorway, started to pick up the fallen knight.
"Too bad, too bad," apologized Bennett profusely. "I really forgot how close I was to the thing."
"Oh, never mind," returned Elaine, a little crestfallen, "it is smashed all right—but it was my fault. Jennings, send for someone to repair it."

It was late that night that a masked figure succeeded in raising itself to the narrow ornamental ledge under Elaine's bedroom window.
Elaine was a light sleeper, and, besides, Rusty, her faithful collie, now fully recovered from the poison, was in her room.
Rusty growled and the sudden noise awakened her.
Startled, Elaine instantly thought of the automatic. She reached under her pillow, keeping very quiet, and drew forth the gun that Craig had given her. Stealthily concealing her actions under the covers, she leveled the automatic at the figure silhouetted in her window and fired three times.
The figure fell back.

Down in the street below, the assistant of the Clutching Hand who had waited while Taylor Dodge was electrocuted, was waiting as his confederate, "Pitts Slim"—which indicated that he was both wily in stature and libelous in delegating his nativity—made the attempt.
As Slim came tumbling down, having fallen back from the window above mortally wounded, the confederate lifted him up and carried him out of sight hurriedly.

Elaine, by this time, had turned on the lights and had run to the window to look out. Rusty was barking loudly.
In a side street near by stood a waiting automobile, at the wheel of which sat another of the emissaries of the Clutching Hand. The driver looked up, startled, as he saw his fellow hurry around the corner carrying the wounded "Pitts Slim." It was the work of just a moment to drop the wounded man, as comfortably as possible under the circumstances, in the rear seat, while his pals started the car off with a jerk in the hurry of escape.

Jennings, having hastily slipped his trousers on over his pajamas, came running down the hall, while Marie, frightened, came in the other direction. Aunt Josephine appeared a few seconds later, adding to the general excitement.
"What's the matter?" she asked, anxiously.
"A burglar, I think," exclaimed Elaine, still holding the gun in her

hand. "Someone tried to get into my window."
"My gracious!" cried Aunt Josephine, in alarm, "Where will this thing end?"
"Well," Elaine laughed, a little nervously, now that it was all over, "I want you all to go to bed and stop worrying about me. Don't you see I'm perfectly able to take care of myself? Besides, there isn't a chance now of the burglar coming back. Why, I shot him."
"Yes," put in Aunt Josephine, "but —"

Elaine laughingly interrupted her and playfully made as though she were driving them out of her room.
"Rusty!" she called. "Down, there!"
The intelligent collie seemed to understand. He lay down by the doorway, his nose close to the bottom of the door, and his ears alert.
Finally Elaine, too, retired again. Meanwhile the wounded man was being hurried to one of the langouts of the mysterious Clutching Hand.

The car containing the wounded "Pitts Slim" drew up, and the other two men leaped out of it. With a hurried glance about they unlocked the front door with a pass key and entered, carrying the man.
Indoors was another emissary of the Clutching Hand, a rather studious-looking chap.
"Why, what's the matter?" he exclaimed as the crooks entered his room supporting their half-fainting, wounded pal.
"Slim got a couple of pills," they panted as they laid him on a couch.
"How?" demanded the other.
"Trying to get into the Dodge house, Elaine did it."

Slim was, quite evidently, badly wounded and was bleeding profusely. A glance at him was enough for the studious-looking chap. He went to a secret panel and, pressing it down, took out what was apparently a secret house telephone.
In another part of this mysterious house was the secret room of the Clutching Hand himself, where he hid his identity from even his most trusted followers.
His telephone rang and he took down the receiver.
"Pitts Slim's been wounded, badly, chief," was all he waited to hear.
With scarcely a word he hung up the receiver, then opened a table drawer and took out a full face mask. Next he went to a nearby bookcase, pressed another secret spring, and a panel opened. He passed through; the mask adjusted.

Across, in the larger outside study, another panel opened, and the Clutching Hand, all crouched up, transformed, appeared. Without a word he advanced to the couch on which the wounded crook lay, and examined him.
"How did it happen?" he asked at length.
"Miss Dodge shot him," answered the others, "with an automatic."
"That Craig Kennedy must have given it to her!" he exclaimed with suppressed fury.
For a moment the Clutching Hand stopped to consider. Then he seized the regular telephone.
"Doctor Martin?" he asked, as he got the number he called.

Late as it was, the doctor, who was a well-known surgeon in that part of the country, answered from an extension of his telephone near his bed.
The call was urgent, and apparently from a family which he did not feel that he could neglect.
Doctor Martin was a middle-aged man, one of those medical men on whose judgment one instinctively relies.
It was only a matter of minutes before the doctor was speeding over the now deserted suburban roads, apparently on an errand of mercy.
At the address that had been given him he drew up to the side of the road, got out and ran up the steps to the door. A ring at the bell brought a sleepy man to the door, in his trousers and nightgait.
"How's the patient?" asked Doctor Martin, eagerly.

"Patient!" repeated the man, rubbing his eyes. "There's no one sick here."
Slowly it dawned on the doctor that it was a false alarm, and that he must be the victim of some practical joke.
"Well, that's a great note," he growled, as the man shut the door.
He descended the steps, muttering harsh language at some unknown trickster. As he climbed back into his machine and made ready to start two men seemed to rise before him as if from nowhere.
As a matter of fact they had been sent there by the Clutching Hand, and were hiding in a nearby cellarway until their chance came.

One man stood on the running board, on either side of him, and two guns yawned menacingly at him.
"Drive ahead that way!" muttered one man, seating himself in the runabout with his gun close to the doctor's ribs.
The other kept his place on the running board, and on they drove in the

direction of the mysterious, dark house. Half a mile, perhaps, down the road, they halted and left the car beside the walk.
Doctor Martin was too surprised to marvel at anything now, and he realized that he was in the power of two desperate men. Quickly they blindfolded him.
It seemed an interminable walk, as they led him about to confuse him, but at last he could feel that they had taken him into a house and along passageways, which they were making unnecessarily long in order to destroy all recollection that they could. Finally he knew that he was in a room in which others were present.

A moment later he felt them remove the bandage from his eyes, and, blinking at the light, he could see a hard-faced fellow, pale and weak, on a blood-stained couch. Over him bent a masked man and another man stood near by endeavoring by improvised bandages to stop the flow of blood.
"What can you do for this fellow?" asked the masked man.
Doctor Martin, seeing nothing else to do, for he was more than outnumbered now, bent down and examined him.

As he rose, he said, "He will be dead from loss of blood by morning, no matter if he is properly bandaged."
"Is there nothing that can save him?" whispered the Clutching Hand hoarsely.
"Blood transfusion might save him," replied the doctor. "But so much blood would be needed that whoever gives it would be liable to die himself."
Clutching Hand stood silent a moment, thinking, as he gazed at the man who had been one of his chief reliance. Then, with a menacing gesture, he spoke in a low, bitter tone: "She who shot him shall supply the blood."

A few quick directions followed to his subordinates, and as he made ready to go he muttered, "Keep the doctor here. Don't let him stir from the room."
It was just before early daybreak when the Clutching Hand and his confederate reached the Dodge house in the city and came up to the back door, over the fences. As they stood there the Clutching Hand produced a master key and started to open the door. But before he did so he took out his watch.
"Let me see," he ruminated. "Twenty minutes past 4. At exactly half past I want you to do as I told you—see!"
The other crook nodded.
"You may go," ordered the Clutching Hand.

As the crook slunk away Clutching Hand stealthily let himself into the house, noiselessly he prowled through the halls until he came to Elaine's doorway.
He gave a hasty look up and down the hall. There was no sound. Quickly he took a syringe from his pocket and bent down by the door. Inserting the end under it, he squirted some liquid through, which vaporized rapidly in a wide, fine stream of spray. Before he could give an alarm Rusty was overcome by the noxious fumes, rolled over on his back and lay still.
Outside, the other crook was waiting, looking at his watch. As the hand slowly turned the half-hour he snapped the watch shut. With a quick glance up and down the deserted street, he deftly started up the rain pipe that passed near Elaine's window.

This time there was no faithful Rusty to give warning, and the second intruder, after a glance at Elaine, still sleeping, went quickly to the door, dragged the insensible dog out of the way, turned the key and admitted the Clutching Hand. As he did so he closed the door.
Evidently the fumes had not reached Elaine, or, if they had, the inrush of fresh air revived her, for she waked and quickly reached for the gun. In an instant the other crook had leaped at her. Holding his hand over her mouth to prevent her screaming, he snatched the revolver away before she could fire it.
In the meantime the Clutching Hand had taken out some chloroform, and rolling a towel in the form of a cone, placed it over her face.
When Elaine was completely under the influence of the drug they lifted her out of bed, the chloroform cone still over her face, and quietly carried her to the door, which they had opened stealthily.

Down stairs they carried her until they came to the library with its new safe where they placed her on a couch.
At an early hour an express wagon stopped before the Dodge house and Jennings, half-dressed, answered the bell.
"We've come for that broken suit of armor to be repaired," said a workman.
Jennings let the men in. The armor was still on the stand and the repairers took armor, stand and all, laying it on the couch, where they wrapped it in the covers they had brought for the purpose. They lifted it up and started to carry it out.
"Be careful," cautioned the thrifty Jennings.
Rusty, now recovered, was barking and sniffing at the armor.
"Kick the mutt off," growled one man.

The other did so, and Rusty snarled and snapped at him. Jennings took him by the collar and held him as the repairers went out, loaded the armor on the wagon, and drove off.
Scarcely had they gone, while Jennings straightened out the disarranged library, when Rusty began jumping about, barking furiously. Jennings

looked at him in amazement as the dog ran to the window and leaped out. He had no time to look after the dog, though, for at that very instant he heard a voice calling, "Jennings, Jennings!"
It was Marie, almost speechless. He followed her as she led the way to Miss Elaine's room. There Marie pointed mutely to the bed.
Elaine was not there.
There, too, were her clothes, neatly folded, as Marie had hung them for her.
"Something must have happened to her!" wailed Marie.
Jennings was now thoroughly alarmed.

To Be Continued

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BOWLING RESULTS

CASINO LEAGUE

Orpheus win close contest—ORPHEUMS

Ross	188	202	150	540
Rottis	142	157	171	470
W. A. Miller	172	188	188	548
Beck	163	171	168	502
Wilson	201	186	183	570
Totals	866	904	860	2630

SENATORS

Montgomery	183	162	195	540
Goumley	197	142	129	468
Stigelman	144	183	171	498
Kobb	184	207	156	547
Ibach	170	177	202	549
Totals	878	865	853	2596

P. R. R. Y. M. C. A. LEAGUE

Easy for the Bisons—EAGLES

Bitner	157	186	181	524
Hartzell	169	136	142	447
Paul	124	161	157	442
Askin	119	133	167	419
Diller	157	224	175	556
Totals	726	840	822	2388

BISONS

Ford	221	157	203	581
Churd	150	164	135	449
Davis	159	148	138	445
Miller	171	202	185	558
Hostetter	179	170	160	509
Totals	880	841	821	2542

AT THE CASINO

Schmidt brothers defeat Harrisburg Baking Co.—HARRISBURG BAKERY

Hinnenkamp	125	82	104	311
Smith	121	89	97	307
Ogden	98	92	95	285
Frarryday	84	75	84	243
Totals	428	338	380	1146

SCHMIDT'S

Storm	96	99	93	288
Balsbaugh	109	82	112	303
Zudrell	96	96	81	273
Plank	92	111	101	304
Totals	393	388	387	1168

SMOKERS' LEAGUE

Even Stevens defeat King Oscar by 88 pins—EVEN STEVENS

Brenner	143	45	130	418
Wallace	164	128	190	482
Totals	307	273	320	900

KING OSCARS

Gibson	142	150	153	445
Woodward	107	125	135	367
Totals	249	275	288	812

COUNSELLORS TOP TAROS BY 32 PINS—TAROS

Troup	128	152	147	427
Cunningham	90	91	72	253
Totals	218	243	219	680

COUNSELLORS

Cunkle	94	112	132	338
Seaborn	130	115	129	374
Totals	224	227	261	712

ENOLA PLANE LEAGUE

Biplanes faster than Monoplanes—MONOPLANES

A. M. King	119	154	122	395
Winn	150	157	186	493
Totals	269	311	308	888

BIPLANES

Branyan	153	87	126	366
Brenner	142	150	201	493
Totals	295	237	327	859

Slight margin for Hydroplanes—DIRIGIBLES

A. J. King	133	129	103	365
Rosenberry	127	70	123	320
Totals	260	199	226	685

HYDROPLANES

Richardson	169	132	174	474
Bitner	92	124	121	337
Totals	261	256	295	811

PENNSY MEET DELAYED

Date Changed From April 10th to April 17th
The indoor track meet of the Pennsylvania Railroad Young Men's Christian Association, which was to be held in Chestnut street auditorium, this city, April 10, has been postponed until April 17. The change was made yesterday when secretaries from a number of associations throughout the State held a meeting in the rooms of the local association.
It was also announced that the Tyron band has been secured to furnish the music for the occasion.

McCreath Defeats Whipperman

McCreath won from Whipperman by the score of 100 to 72 in the Commonwealth pool tournament last evening. Carl defeated Snyder by the score of 100 to 59. Slabaugh and Cleckner will settle tournament honors Thursday night.

SPORTS

SIX TEAMS ENTER HILL BASEBALL ORGANIZATION

Fast Amateur Teams to Play Twilight Games During Season—Howard Mengel, of the Reading Railway Club, is President

For the first time in many seasons Harrisburg is to have a city baseball league, the Allison Hill Amateur Baseball League having organized with six teams as follows: Hick-A-Thrift, Inersal, Albion A. A., Galahad Club, Reading Athletic Association and Eagle Athletic Club.
The league will play strictly amateur ball and all contests will be played during the evening leaving the clubs to schedule other attractions for Saturdays. Three such games will be played each week. The season will run from early in May until September. The grounds of the Reading Railway Club and one at Fifteenth and Herr streets will be used. Officers were elected as follows:
Howard Mengel, of the Reading Athletic Association, president; Benjamin Whitman, of the Hick-A-Thrifts, vice president, and Louis Jenkins, a former Central High athlete and member of the Bethany Boys' Club, secretary and treasurer.
Committees to report at the next meeting of the league have been appointed as follows:
Rules—A. H. Fritz, chairman; A. E. Atkinson, W. F. Stroup, H. F. Stebbins, George Bacon and Morris Cleary.
Schedule—Benjamin Whitman, chairman; Charles Pattison, George Bacon, L. A. Sanders, Earl Stonesifer and W. W. Sterrick.
Grounds—Earl Stonesifer, Charles Pattison and W. W. Sterrick. Louis Jenkins will act as a member of all three committees.

The following representatives attended the meeting: Hick-A-Thrifts, A. E. Atkinson and Benjamin Whitman; Inersal, W. F. Stroup and L. S. Landis; Albion, H. F. Stebbins and Charles E. Pattison; Galahad, A. H. Fritz and Paul D. Marsh; Reading, Howard Mengel and George Bacon; Eagles, Morris Cleary and J. E. Stonesifer.

"WILD BILL" DONOVAN SUED

Savannah, Ga., March 24.—William E. Donovan, manager of the New York Yankees, was served with notice here yesterday that a suit for divorce had been instituted against him at Reno, Nev., by Mrs. Helen Stephens Donovan. He did not receive the bill of complaint simply the summons, and the charge on which the divorce is asked is not yet known to the Yankee manager. It is understood, however, that desertion is the charge.
Donovan and Miss Helen Stephens were married in March, 1905, at Windsor, Ont., where the bride was a noted beauty and very prominent in society. Donovan at that time was a member of the pitching staff of the Detroit American League team and was generally regarded as a star.
Mrs. Donovan left Philadelphia in September, 1913, and the New York manager has never seen or heard from her since that time. She has been living since that time with relatives at Reno, which fact explains why the action was brought at the noted divorce city. Donovan is allowed forty days to make appearance in answer to the summons, but he announced yesterday that he did not plan to contest the suit.

YORK WILL MEET TECH

Fast Scholastic Game in Chestnut Street Hall To-night
Tech High will meet York High, claimants of the Eastern Pennsylvania scholastic basketball championship, this evening in the Chestnut street auditorium. It will be a lively battle as York will bring 200 rooters up for the game.
Melville and McCurdy will start the game at forward for the local team. Yoder, who has been out of game for more than a month on account of an injury, will likely get back in the game for a short time. The scrub teams of the two schools will play a dual contest. Dancing will follow the games.
The lineup:
Tech: York.
Melville: F. Wiest
Yoder: F. Eichelberger
Emanuel: C. Greenawald
Beck: G. Kraber
Scheffer: G. Shetter

LANCASTER HERE SATURDAY

Fast Independent Five to Meet Harrisburg
The Harrisburg Independents will meet the strong Lancaster five on Saturday night in Chestnut street auditorium. This game should prove an interesting one as Lancaster has an unusually strong team.
On account of the rivalry between the two towns a large crowd of Lancaster rooters will come along and plenty of excitement and fast basketball will be seen. The game will be called at 8 o'clock and will be followed by the usual dance.

CENTRAL TRACK TEAM

Begin Practice for Penn Relays on Thursday
Practice of the Central High school track men for the Penn Relays, which will be held on Franklin Field, Philadelphia, April 24-25, will be started Thursday afternoon at 3.45 o'clock on Island Park. A meeting was held in the school assembly hall yesterday and enthusiasm for the season was stirred by Faculty Athletic Advisor Saul and Captain Bingham, who spoke.
Coach E. A. Kirkpatrick will have a job getting the track men in shape for the spring meets. Few of last year's stars are in school and most of the track men will be out for their first time this season.

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LANCASTER IN THE RUNNING

Objects to Independents Being in Line for Championship
To the Sporting Editor:
An article published in the Philadelphia "Public Ledger" of March 21st states that the Harrisburg Independent basketball team is in a fair way to claim the basketball championship of East Pennsylvania. A record of the team is given, but no mention is made of the game played at Lancaster December 1, when the Independents were defeated by the Lancaster five by the score of 36 to 23. The Lancaster tossers have also had a great record this season, having played 40 games, scoring 1,807 points against opponents' 1,468. They have defeated such teams as Harrisburg Independents, Philadelphia Garnets, Maryland State Champions, of Baltimore; Vincome, of Philadelphia (twice); Olivets, of Reading (twice); Camden, Eastern League; St. Elizabeths, of American League, of Philadelphia; Hazleton Professionals, Harrisburg P. R. Y. M. C. A.; Senecas, of Pottstown, and Jasper, of Eastern League. Jasper was defeated by 19 points.
When it comes to claiming the basketball championship of East Pennsylvania, we think Lancaster is right in line and entitled to make a claim for the championship.

LAYS BLAME TO PLAYERS

Hard Times in Baseball World Holding Up Magnates
Chicago, March 24.—The Chivington, president of the Association, does not agree with plan of arbitration proposed by Pultz, president of the Baseballers' Fraternity, for settling the ball war.
"Pultz is talking from the viewpoint of Chivington said tonight. Unsettled business conditions combined with the ball war forced all leagues in the country to adopt a policy of retrenchment and player limits have been set and I do not think it is an extension to say one-third of the players in the country will be without employment this season.
All this is due to the stand by the players last season. We Federal League as a club and Fraternity to back them up of their demands, the menities that cannot be allowed if it is to prosper.
Repeated jumping has caused the patrons of baseball, for the club owners must suffer. To protect themselves the club owners must expenses."

STEELTON HIGH TO PLAY

Second Game With Central High Friday Night
The Steelton High school five which defeated the local Central High five in Steelton by three points several weeks ago will meet the local team in a return game in the Chestnut street auditorium Friday night. This is the start of Central's final rush toward the close of the season.
Monday they will meet Tech High at Chestnut street and Wednesday evening Allentown at this place.

KLING WITH FEDERALS

Veteran Slated to Succeed Stovall Kansas City Manager
Kansas City, Mo., March 24.—Insistent rumors which were underlain here that John G. Kling, former world's champion Cub catcher, signed a contract to catch for and manage the Kansas City Federal League club, in case the court wills the view, which now seems certain.
Kling announced a month ago he wanted to play in this, his hometown. He said he wanted to buy American Association club here, failed to meet Owner Tebeau's test. According to his close friends, Federal backers induced him to sign for one year at a reported salary of \$10,000. The deal will be announced at a Federal League banquet here tonight.
George T. Stovall, former manager in very bad with the local Federal backers, and it would not be surprising if he were succeeded by Kling.

GERDES HONORED AT CHICAGO

Paul W. Gerdes, a former Central High school basketball star, was elected captain of the Freshman team of the University of Chicago yesterday. He was awarded class numerals for work on the Freshman team this season.

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See "Exploits of Elaine," Sixth Episode, In Motion Pictures, Victoria Theatre, Saturday, March 27
READ THE STORY IN THE STAR-INDEPENDENT EVERY WEEK