

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

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. Elaine is kidnaped by the Clutching Hand, but is rescued by Kennedy, who has discovered her whereabouts through using third degree methods on one of the crooks.

EIGHTH EPISODE

The Hidden Voice.

"Jameson, wake up!"
The strain of the Dodge case was beginning to tell on me, for it was keeping us at work at all kinds of hours to circumvent the Clutching Hand, by far the cleverest criminal with whom Kennedy had ever had anything to do.
I leaped out of bed, still in my pajamas, and stood for a moment staring about. Then I ran into the living room. I looked about, rubbing my eyes, startled. No one was there.
"Hey—Jameson—wake up!"
It was spooky.
"Where—the deuce—are you?" I demanded.
Suddenly I heard the voice again—no doubt about it, either.
"Here I am—over on the couch!"
I scratched my head, puzzled. There was certainly no one on that couch.
A laugh greeted me. Plainly, though, it came from the couch. I went over to it and, ridiculous as it seemed, began to throw aside the pillows.
There lay nothing but a little oblong cushion box, perhaps eight or ten inches square at the ends. In the face were two peculiar square holes, and from the top projected a black disk, about the size of a watch, fastened on a swinging metal arm. In the face of the disk were several perforated holes.
I picked up the strange looking thing in wonder, and from that magic disk actually came a burst of laughter.
"Come over to the laboratory, right away," pealed forth a merry voice. "I've something to show you."
"Well," I gasped, "what do you know about that?"
Very early that morning Craig had got up, leaving me snoring. Cases never wearied him. He thrived on excitement.
He had gone over to the laboratory and set to work in a corner over another of those peculiar boxes, exactly like that which he had already left in our rooms.
Half an hour afterward I walked into the laboratory, feeling a little speechless over the practical joke, but none the less curious to find out all about it.
"What is it?" I asked, indicating the apparatus.
"A vocophone," he replied, still laughing, "the loud speaking telephone, the little box that hears and talks. It talks right out in meeting, too—no transmitter to hold to the mouth, no receiver to hold to the ear. You see, this transmitter is so sensitive that it picks up even a whisper, and the receiver is placed back of those two megaphone-like pyramids."
He was standing at a table, carefully packing up one of the vocophones and a lot of wire.
"I believe the Clutching Hand has been shadowing the Dodge house," he continued thoughtfully. "As long as we watch the place, too, he will do nothing. But if we should seem, ostensibly, not to be watching, perhaps he may try something, and we may be able to get a clue to his identity over this vocophone. See?"
I nodded. "We've got to run him down somehow," I agreed.
"Yes," he said, taking his coat and hat. "I am going to connect up one of these things in Miss Dodge's library and arrange with the telephone company for a clear wire so that we can listen in here, where that fellow will never suspect."
At about the same time that Craig and I sallied forth on this new mission, Elaine was arranging some flowers on a stand near the corner of the Dodge library where the secret panel was in which her father had hidden the papers for the possession of which the Clutching Hand had murdered him.
She had moved away from the table, but, as she did so, her dress caught in something in the woodwork. She tried to loosen it and in so doing touched the little metallic spring on which her dress had caught.
Instantly, to her utter surprise, the panel moved. It slid open, disclosing a strong box.
Elaine took it, amused, looked at it a moment, then carried it to a table and opened it.
Inside were some papers, sealed in an envelope and marked "Limpy Red Correspondence."
"They must be the Clutching Hand papers!" she exclaimed to herself, hesitating a moment, in doubt what to do.

She seized the telephone and eagerly called Kennedy's number.
"Hello," answered a voice.
"Is that you, Craig?" she asked excitedly.
"No, this is Mr. Jameson."
"Oh, Mr. Jameson, I've discovered the Clutching Hand papers," she began, more and more excited.
"Have you read them?" came back the voice quickly.
"No; shall I?"
"Then don't unseal them," cautioned the voice. "Put them back exactly as you found them and I'll tell Mr. Kennedy the moment I can get hold of him."
"All right," said Elaine. "I'll do that. And please get him as soon as you possibly can."
"I will."
"I'm going out shopping now," she returned, suddenly. "But, tell him I'll be right back—right away."
"Very well."
Hanging up the receiver, Elaine dutifully replaced the papers in the box and returned the box to its secret hiding place, pressing the spring and sliding the panel shut.
A few minutes later she left the house in the Dodge car.
Outside our laboratory, leaning up against a railing, Dan the Dude, an emissary of the Clutching Hand, whose dress now greatly belied his underworld "monniker," had been shadowing us, watching to see when we left.
The moment we disappeared, he raised his hand carefully above his head and made the sign of the Clutching Hand. Far down the street, in a closed car, the Clutching Hand himself, his face masked, gave an answering sign.
A moment later he left the car, gazing about stealthily. Not a soul was in sight and he managed to make his way to the door of our laboratory without being observed.
Probably he thought that the papers might be at the laboratory, for he had repeatedly failed to locate them at the Dodge house. At any rate he was busily engaged in ransacking drawers and cabinets, in the laboratory, when the telephone suddenly rang.
An instant he hesitated. Then, dismissing his voice as much as he could to imitate mine, he took up the receiver.
"Hello!" he answered.
His face was a study in all that was dark as he realized that it was Elaine calling. He clenched his crooked hand even more viciously.
"Have you read them?" he asked, curbing his impatience as she unsuspectingly poured forth her story, supposedly to me.
"Then don't unseal them," he hastened to reply. "Put them back. Then there can be no question about them. You can open them before witnesses."
For a moment he paused, then added: "Put them back, and tell no one of my discovery. I will tell Mr. Kennedy the moment I can get him."
Clutching Hand, chief of a moment and then grabbed the telephone again.
"Hello, Dan," he called when he got his number. "Miss Dodge is going shopping. I want you and the other falsers to follow her—delay her all you can. Use your own judgment."
It was what had come to be known in his organization as the "Brotherhood of Falsers." There, in the back room of a low dive, were Dan the Dude, the emissary who had been loitering about the laboratory, a gunman, Dago Mike, a couple of women, slatterns, one known as Kitty the Hawk, and a boy of eight or ten, whom they called Billy.
"All right, Chief," shouted back Dan, their leader, as he hung up the telephone after noting carefully the hasty instructions. "We'll do it—trust us."
With alacrity the Brotherhood went their separate ways.
Elaine had not been gone long from the house when Craig and I arrived there.
"Too bad," greeted Jennings, "but Miss Elaine has just gone shopping and I don't know when she'll be back."
Aunt Josephine greeted us cordially, and Craig set down the vocophone package he was carrying.
"I'm not going to let anything happen here to Miss Elaine again if I can help it," remarked Craig in a low tone, a moment later, gazing about the library.
"What are you thinking of doing?" asked Aunt Josephine keenly.
"I'm going to put in a vocophone," he returned, unwrapping it.
"What's that?" she asked.
"A loud speaking telephone—connected with my laboratory," he explained, repeating what he had already told me, while she listened almost awe-struck at the latest scientific wonder.
He was looking about, trying to figure out just where it could be placed to best advantage, when he approached the suit of armor.
"I see you have brought it back and

had it repaired," he remarked to Aunt Josephine. Suddenly his face lighted up. "Ah—an idea!" he exclaimed. "No one will ever think to look inside that."
"Now, Mrs. Dodge," he said finally, as he had completed installing the thing and hiding the wire under carpets and rugs until it ran out to the connection which he made with the telephone, "don't breathe a word of it to anyone. We don't know whom to trust or suspect."
Elaine's car had stopped finally at a shop on Fifth avenue. She stepped out and entered, leaving her chauffeur to wait.
As she did so, Dan and Billy sidled along the crowded sidewalk.
Dan the Dude left Billy and Billy surreptitiously drew from under his coat a half loaf of bread. With a glance about, he dropped it into the gutter close to the entrance to Elaine's car. Then he withdrew a little distance.
When Elaine came out and approached her car, Billy, looking as cold and forlorn as could be, shot forward. Pretending to spy the dirty piece of bread in the gutter, he made a dive for it, just as Elaine was about to step into the car.
Elaine, surprised, drew back. Billy picked up the piece of bread and with all the actions of having discovered a treasure began to gnaw at it voraciously.
Shocked at the disgusting sight, she tried to take the bread away from him.
"I know it's dirty, miss," whimpered Billy, "but it's the first food I've seen for four days."
Instantly Elaine was full of sympathy. She had taken the food away. That would not suffice.
"What's your name, little boy?" she asked.
"Billy," he replied, blubbering.
"Where do you live?"
"With me mother and father—they're sick—nothing to eat."
He was whimpering an address far over on the East side.
"Get into the car," Elaine directed.
"Gee—but this is swell," he cried, with no fake, this time.
On they went, through the tenement canyons, dodging children and pushcarts, stopping first at a grocer's, then at a butcher's and a delicatessen. Finally the car stopped where Billy directed. Billy hobbled out, followed by Elaine and her chauffeur, his arms piled high with provisions. She was indeed a lovely Lady Bountiful as a crowd of kids quickly surrounded the car.
In the meantime Dago Mike and Kitty the Hawk had gone to a wretched flat, before which Billy stopped. Kitty sat on the bed, putting dark circles under her eyes with a blackened cork. She was very thin and emaciated, but it was dissipation that had done it. Dago Mike was correspondingly poorly dressed.
He had paused beside the window to look out. "She's coming," he announced finally.
Kitty hastily jumped into the rickety bed, while Mike took up a crutch that was standing idly in a corner. She coughed resignedly and he limped about, forlorn. They had assumed their parts, which were almost to the burlesque of poverty, when the door was pushed open and Billy burst in, followed by Elaine and the chauffeur.
"Oh, ma—oh, pa," he cried, running forward and kissing his pseudo parents, as Elaine, overcome with sympathy, directed the chauffeur to lay the things on a shaky table.
Just then the door opened again. All were genuinely surprised this time.

which to record something, "and you miss, are a fool!"
There was no combating Miss Statistix. She overwhelmed all arguments by the very exactness of her personality.
Elaine departed, speechless, properly squelched, followed by her chauffeur.
Meanwhile, a closed car, such as had stood across from the laboratory, had drawn up not far from the Dodge house. Near it was a man in rather shabby clothes and a visored cap on which were the words in dull gold lettering, "Metropolitan Window Cleaning Company." He carried a bucket and a small extension ladder. In the darkened recesses of the car was the Clutching Hand himself, masked as usual. He had his watch in his hand and was giving most minute instructions to the window cleaner about something. As the latter turned to go, a sharp observer would have noted that it was Dan the Dude, still further disguised.
A few moments later, Dan appeared at the servants' entrance of the Dodge house and rang the bell. Jennings, who happened to be down there, came to the door.
"Man to clean the windows," saluted the bogus cleaner, touching his hat in a way quietly to call attention to the words on it and drawing from his pocket a faded written order.

To Be Continued



LLOYD PLANS FOR SCHOOL WIN ON SECRET BOLLOTT
Building at Fifth and Mahantongo Streets Will Cost \$90,000—Werner Objects to Paying \$7,500 for Purchase of an Addition to Site

C. Howard Lloyd was chosen as the architect of the new Tenth ward school house at a meeting of the school directors last evening. The first secret ballot ever taken by the board was polled on this question last evening.
The vote showed five votes for Lloyd's plans and two each for those of C. Harry Kane and Robert E. Williams. On a second ballot Kane was chosen for second prize and will receive \$50 and Williams for third prize and will receive \$25. Director Houtz's motion that the selection of an architect for this work be postponed and that a special meeting be set for this work alone was not seconded. The building will cost \$90,000. The school will be built at Fifth and Mahantongo streets and will be a twelve-room structure with an auditorium to seat 650.
The plot now owned by the board may be enlarged by the purchase of a plot across Reel street from the Harrisburg Realty Company which has promised to close that street if the deal is made. The plot has been offered to the board for \$2,000.
Director Werner presented a resolution providing for the purchase of the plot at a \$7,500. B. F. Ueberger, president of the Realty Company, said the board would be getting the plot cheaper than the cost of the original plot.
Discussing the plans of the company, Mr. Grenier, the producing manager, made the statement that within a few weeks the company intends starting operations for the construction of a large studio in or near Harrisburg. The site for the studio has not been selected as yet but it is hinted that Oberlin will be the town selected for the studio. The main office as well as the commercial department will remain in Harrisburg.
For the next month the camera men and laboratory men will do the finishing for the commercial department. The amateur department, under the direction of R. T. Devlin, is very fine. All work being finished in 24 hours. His department specializes in amateur finishing.
The rooms of the company are very beautifully and artistically arranged. The main reception room is a model of beauty, being furnished in fumed oak, while over the windows are hung green tapestry curtains trimmed in a roman gold. At night the room is very cozy and the lighting effect is soft and restful.
Mr. Grenier said last evening that he intended to employ quite a few local people and has enlisted the services of a number within the last few days. Mr. Grenier plans also to coach many amateurs in directing, writing of scenarios, as well as performing before the camera. Mr. Grenier's experience has been wide in having been technical director with some of the largest-film companies in the country.
Sylvia and Sylvia.
How beautiful Sylvia looked that morning. The clear Virginia sunlight played upon her and her brown hair seemed almost golden. Her great gray eyes, twin stars, looked straight into mine, and I wondered what thoughts they hid. Nearer and nearer I drew to Sylvia, and I could feel her breath, sweet as a clover field in June, on my warm brow. We were alone.
A harsh voice rang out.
"You want to be keener o' that there Sylvia," it said, "cause she kicks was than any cow I ever milked."—Harvard Lampoon.

NEW FILM FIRM
Harrisburg to Have New Movie Studio and Offices at 19 N Third Street
The Avondale Film Manufacturing Company, formerly of Altoona but now located in Harrisburg, have opened their offices and commercial department at 19 North Third street on the second floor.
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By a Sport of Instinct Kennedy Seemed to Recognize the Sounds. "Elaine!" He Exclaimed, Turning Pale.
For a prim, spick and span, middle-aged woman entered.
"I am Miss Statistix, of the organized charities," she announced, looking around sharply. "I saw your car standing outside miss, and the children below told me you were up here. I came up to see whether you were aiding really deserving poor."
She laid a marked emphasis on the word, pursuing up her lips. There was no mistaking the apprehension that these fine birds of prey had of her, either.
"Why—wh—what's the matter?" asked Elaine, fidgeting uncomfortably.
"This man is a gunman, that woman is a bad woman, the boy is Billy the Bread Snatcher," she answered precisely, drawing out a card on

NEWS OF THE SPORTING WORLD

GALAHAD CLUB ORGANIZES

Fourth Reformed Church Will Enter a Strong Team in Allison Hill Amateur League

Members of the Christian Endeavor Society, and their friends of the Fourth Reformed church have organized a recreation club to be known as the "Galahads" and have entered as one of six teams of the Allison Hill Amateur Baseball League.
Manager Fritz, of the baseball club, is confident of placing a winning team on the field and has already arranged for practice games. It is expected that each club of the A. H. A. B. L. will also produce tennis teams and in the very near future a definite schedule will be prepared covering this sport.
The following officers were elected for the coming season: P. D. March, president; Stephen L. Bowers, vice president; Nevim Bowers, secretary-treasurer.
Baseball, manager, Allen Fritz; manager of junior baseball team, William Sterrick; manager of tennis, T. J. Taggart; manager of quoits, Charles Hiller, and manager of hikes, William Maurer.
The following attended the organization meeting and were enrolled as members: Ralph Enck, Russell Jones, William Weirick, T. J. Taggart, Harry Maurer, Allen Fritz, Harry Blecker, Frank Gerioek, Ralph Michener, John Borden, Leslie Folland, Harry Pfeiffer, Eugene Martin, Nevim Bowers, Stephen Bowers, C. E. Martin, Samuel Shearer, Robert Shearer, Charles M. Michener, Charles Erdman, Charles Hiller, Harry McFadden, William Maurer, Edward Malone, Samuel Keeler, Clem Bolan, Frank Bolan, Edward Hiller, Samuel Jones, William Zerbe, William Sterrick, James Bernheisel, William Keck, Harry Johns, P. D. March and R. V. Watts.

PICTURES OF BIG FIGHT CANNOT BE SHOWN HERE

Iron-Clad Federal Statute Which Forbids Inter-State Transportation of Films Will Disappoint Fans Who Stayed at Home
Washington, D. C., April 7.—If there is any ardent American prize fight fan who remained away from Havana, Cuba, in the expectation that he later could witness the Willard-Johnson contest in the movies, he is doomed to disappointment. There is a Federal statute iron clad and without loopholes, which expressly forbids the interstate transportation of fight films. It provides a fine of \$1,000 and a prison sentence of one year at hard labor, or both fine and imprisonment, for each offense.
The law applies with double force to the Willard-Johnson pictures because it forbids the importation of fight films from foreign countries, as well as prohibiting their interstate shipment.
In July, 1912, when the Johnson-Jeffries fight took place at Reno, Nevada, Congress was in session. Many Congressmen and Southern members, especially, were incensed to show the fight in the "movies." The result was that on July 31, which was twenty-seven days after the fight, President Taft approved an act which in effect forever bars the production of prize fights in moving pictures, unless, indeed, the pictures are taken and produced in the same State in which the fight took place. The Federal law can only deal with the matter to the extent that it is "interstate" in its character.
The law, which is section 263 of the revised Federal statutes, says: "That it shall be unlawful for any person to deposit or cause to be deposited in the United States mails for mailing or delivery, or to deposit or cause to be deposited with any express company, or other common carrier for carriage, or to send or to carry from one State or territory of the United States or the District of Columbia to any other State or territory of the United States or the District of Columbia, or to bring or cause to be brought into the United States from abroad, any film or other pictorial representation of any prize fight or encounter of pugilists, under whatever name, which is designed to be used or may be used for purposes of public exhibition."

BIG SEASON FOR METHODISTS

Club Won Thirteen Games and Lost Eight
The close of the season with the Methodist Club basketball team Saturday, showed it to be the best in the history of the club, with thirteen games to their credit, having lost eight. The games lost by the local team were done so only by a close margin, with the exception of Elizabethtown and the York Keystone A. C. Two of the games required extra periods to decide the contest.
The team was captained during the season by Art Winn, center on Central High's team, who also played forward. In field scores he led the team, scoring 63 in 11 games. The other forward position alternated between Fred Rudy and "Bob" Fleck, who done excellent passing. At center Flickinger played quite a game, outjumping his man in the majority of cases.
Flickinger was also high scorer of the season totaling 150 points. Strong defensive work was done by "Bud" Bell and Jack Krepps, who played forward positions holding their opponents down to a small number of goals in the majority of games.
Three players scored more than 100 points during the season. They are Captain Winn, Flickinger and Rudy. The individual records follow:
Player. G. F. G. P. G. P.
Flickinger, C. . . . 20 56 38 150
Winn, F. . . . 17 63 5 131
Rudy, F. . . . 20 44 23 111
Fleck, F. . . . 8 15 9 39
Bell, G. . . . 11 14 3 21
Krepps, G. . . . 19 7 7 33
Crane, F. . . . 7 6 0 12

TO DRAW COLOR LINE

New Champion Will Not Meet a Negro in Future Fights
Havana, April 7.—Jack Ourley, fight promoter, yesterday said Jess Willard would draw the color line in his future ring battles. Ourley said:
"I knew Willard would win. He is the greatest heavyweight of all time. No man on the pugilistic horizon has a chance with him. Willard as yet has not reached the crest of his ability."
"Willard will take a brief rest and then will meet any white fighters. He will draw the color line. The fight was a big success."
"Willard deserves the thanks of the entire white race for his glorious victory, bringing back to the white race the heavyweight championship title."

ALPHAS CLINCH PENNANT

Take One Game From Orpheums, Enough to Win Out
The Alphas clinched their hold on first place in the Casino League last evening by winning the single necessary game from the Orpheums, now second in the race. The match went to the Colonials, who won two of the three games, by 37 pins. The score:
COLONIALS
Jacoby . . . 181 182 246—609
Kruger . . . 170 170 143—485
Weber . . . 163 154 201—518
Trace . . . 236 152 211—599
Black . . . 150 167 215—532
Totals . . . 900 825 1018—2743
ALPHAS
Ennis . . . 181 150 176—507
Kozel . . . 165 189 224—578
Burger . . . 155 161 181—497
Buttorff . . . 214 225 152—591
Morrison . . . 156 180 197—533
Totals . . . 871 905 930—2706

Friendship Team Organizes

The Friendship Fire Company will have a baseball team on the field this season, the nine being organized at a meeting held last evening. Marion Verbeke was chosen manager. Vincent Brown was selected to captain the team and Pat Hylan, the patrol driver, was invited to cover shortstop. The season will open April 17 with the Good Will team.

Brelford A. C. Out Saturday

The members of the Brelford A. C. will practice Saturday afternoon in preparation for the coming baseball season. James Feagan, manager, is completing his schedule.

Allison Company to Have Team

George Drake has been chosen manager of the Allison Fire Company baseball team, which has been recently organized. He is anxious to have managers of other fire companies and fast amateur teams communicate with him at the fire house to arrange games.

Cruel Advice.

"Miss Oldgirl, would you like me to borrow Brother Jack's parrot to keep in your room?"
"Why should I borrow your brother's parrot?"
"Because I heard him say the language that bird uses would make your hair curl."—Baltimore American.

On the Side.

One day we heard a sideshow freak Most bitterly complain:
The broken glass he ate that week Somehow gave him a pane.
—Springfield Union.

HIGH SCORES FOR LOCAL FIVE

Harrisburg Independents Take Two Thirds of Games Played—Defeated Only on Close Margins

Losing but one-third of the games of the season gave the Harrisburg Independents a good showing for the past year having won fourteen games and lost seven. The games lost were dropped only with small margins. Three games, those with the York five, Philadelphia Garnets and the Vincennes, of Philadelphia, required extra periods to decide the contests.
A number of games were played with the Eastern League teams, the Greystock team having taken two from the local five. The record for the season follows:

Table with 2 columns: Team, Wins, Losses, Opponents.

BOWLING RESULTS

CASINO INDEPENDENTS
Superiors win two games, but lose match to Nobles—

Table with 2 columns: Team, Wins, Losses, Opponents.

ENOLA PLANE LEAGUE

Hydroplanes beat Biplanes—

Table with 2 columns: Team, Wins, Losses, Opponents.

BIG OFFER FOR WILLARD

Guarantee of \$20,000 for Ten Rounds with Weirnet
New York, April 7.—Just as soon as John Weismantel, of the Broadway Sporting Club of Brooklyn, heard that Willard had beaten Johnson he sent the following cable to Tom Jones:
"Will give Willard \$20,000 for ten rounds bout with Charley Weirnet on Labor Day at Ebbets Field. Can start more than 30,000. Weirnet matched with Gunboat Smith."
After sending the message Weismantel enthusiastically declared that he was ready to bid for the services of the new champion and that he would be at the depot when the champion and Tom Jones arrived the latter part of this week.
Weirnet, according to Weismantel, is one of the best drawing cards in Brooklyn, having beaten George Rodell, Tom McCarthy and Porky Dan Flynn at his shop.

PENN PLAYERS WIN

Take Interesting Pocket Billiard Match From Schriver's Team
The pocket billiard team of the Penn pool parlor defeated the team of Schriver's pool parlor Monday night in two interesting games. "Billy" Adams and Gordon winning from Simon Pink and Rheam, 100 to 84 and G. Mathis and William Deitzler winning from Gus McWilliams and Percy Schriver, 100 to 53. A return game will be played at the Penn pool parlor, 437 Market street, Friday evening. Adams had a high run of 20 balls.

Dash Blue Ridge League Hopes

Hagerstown, Md., April 7.—Hagerstown fans' hopes of having a Blue Ridge League team here were dashed yesterday when Hagerstown Fair Association put up an unacceptable proposal regarding use of grounds, payment of rental and increased insurance. Underwriters said race must go up if grounds were used for baseball, and the \$447 involved looked too big to the baseball club. President Boyer, of the Blue Ridge League, regards the outlook as hopeless.

St. Andrew's Church Gives Concert

The annual star concert given under the auspices of St. Andrew's Episcopal church, was held in the smaller hall at Chestnut street auditorium last night. The audience was somewhat distracted by the meeting of the local optimists in the larger hall, although a very fine program was rendered.

Proposes Cure For Diabetes

A cure for diabetes consisting chiefly of vegetables and food rare with proteids, was advocated by Dr. Thoms McCrear before the members of the Dauphin County Medical Society last night. Dr. McCrear is professor of medicine in Jefferson Medical College and is a noted authority on such matters.

Minister Elected Town Commissioner

Hagerstown, Md., April 7.—The Rev. Dr. James S. Webster, a Presbyterian minister, was elected an official of Hancock at the annual municipal election, being chosen town commissioner.

DR. KLUGH, Specialist

Physician and Surgeon
Office: 306 Walnut St., Harrisburg, Pa.
Diseases of women and men special. Private, specific, nervous and chronic diseases. General office work. Consultation free and confidential. Medicines furnished. Work guaranteed. Charges moderate. 25 years experience.
DR. KLUGH, the well-known Specialist

See "Exploits of Elaine," Eighth Episode, In Motion Pictures, Victoria Theatre, Saturday, April 10
READ THE STORY IN THE STAR-INDEPENDENT EVERY WEEK

