

# 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 and other crimes. The principal clue to the criminal is the warning letter which is sent to the victims, signed with a "clutching hand." The latest victim of the mysterious assassin is Taylor Dodge, the insurance president. His daughter, Elaine, employs Craig Kennedy, the famous scientific detective, to try to unravel the mystery. What Kennedy accomplishes is told by his friend Jameson, a newspaper man. Enraged at the determined effort which Elaine and Craig Kennedy are making to put an end to his crimes, the Clutching Hand, as this strange criminal is known, resorts to all sorts of the most diabolical schemes to put them out of the way. Each chapter of the story tells of a new plot against their lives and of the way the great detective uses all his skill to save this pretty girl and himself from death.

## TWELFTH EPISODE

### THE BLOOD CRYSTALS.

"On your right is the residence of Miss Elaine Dodge, who is pursuing the famous master criminal known as the Clutching Hand."

The Barker had been grandiloquent in pointing out the residences of noted New Yorkers as the big sight-seeing car lumbered along through the streets.

No one had paid any attention to the unobtrusive Chinaman who sat inconspicuously in the middle of the car. He was Mr. Wong Long Sin, but no one saw anything particularly mysterious about an Oriental visitor, more or less, viewing New York city.

Wong was of the mandarin type, with long, drooping mustache, well dressed in American clothes, and conforming to the new customs of an Occidentalized China.

Anyone, however, who had been watching Long Sin would have seen that he showed much interest whenever any of the wealthy residents of the city were mentioned. The name of Elaine Dodge seemed particularly to strike him. He listened with subtle interest to what the Barker said and looked keenly at the Dodge house.

The sight-seeing car had passed the house, when he rose slowly and motioned that he wanted to be let off. The car stopped, he alighted and slowly rambled away, evidently marveling greatly at the strange customs of these uncouth Westerners.

Elaine was going out when she met Perry Bennett almost on the steps of the house.

"I've brought you the watch," remarked Bennett. "Thought I'd like to give it to you myself."

He displayed the watch which he himself had bought a couple of days before for her birthday. He had called for it himself at the jeweler's, where it had now been regulated.

"Oh, thank you," exclaimed Elaine. "Won't you come in?"

They had scarcely greeted each other when Long Sin strode along. Neither of them, however, had time to notice the quiet Chinaman who passed the house, looking at Elaine sharply out of the corner of his eye. They entered and Wong disappeared down the street.

"Isn't it a beauty?" cried Elaine, holding it out from her as they entered the library, and examining it with great appreciation. "And, oh, do you know, the strangest thing happened yesterday! Sometimes Mr. Kennedy acts too queerly for anything."

She related how Craig had burst in on her and Aunt Josephine and had almost torn the other watch off her wrist.

"Another watch?" repeated Bennett, amazed. "It must have been a mistake. Kennedy is crazy."

"I don't understand it, myself," murmured Elaine.

Long Sin was revolving some dark and devious plan beneath his impassive Oriental countenance. He was no ordinary personage. In fact, he was astute enough to have no record. He left that to his tools.

This remarkable criminal had established himself in a hired apartment down town.

Long Sin, now in rich Oriental costume, was reclining on a divan smoking a strange-looking pipe and playing with two pet white rats. Each white rat had a gold band around his leg, to which was connected a gold chain about a foot in length, and the chains ended in rings which were slipped over Wong's little fingers. Ordinarily he carried the rats up the capacious sleeve of each arm.

A little Chinese girl, also in native costume, entered and bowed deferentially.

"A Miss Mary Carson," she lisped in soft English.

"Let the lady enter," waved Long Sin, with a smile of subtle satisfaction.

The girl bowed again and silently left the room, returning with a handsome, very well-dressed white woman.

It would be difficult to analyze just what the fascination was that Long Sin exercised over Mary Carson. But as the servant left the room, Mary bowed almost as deferentially as the little Chinese girl. Wong merely nodded in reply.

After a moment he slowly rose and took from a drawer a newspaper clipping. Without a word he handed it to

Mary. She looked at it with interest, as one woman always does at the picture of another pretty woman. It was a newspaper cut of Elaine, under which was:

"ELAINE DODGE, THE HEIRESS, WHOSE BATTLE WITH THE CLUTCHING HAND IS CREATING WORLD-WIDE INTEREST."

"Now," he began at last, breaking the silence, "I'll show you just what I want you to do."

He went over to the wall and took down a curious long Chinese knife from a scabbard which hung there conspicuously.

"See that?" he added, holding it up. Before she could say a word he had plunged the knife, apparently, into his own breast.

"Oh!" cried Mary, startled. She expected to see him fall. But nothing happened. Wong laughed. It was an oriental trick knife, in which the blade telescoped into the handle.

"Look at it," he added, handing it to her.

Long Sin took a bladder of water from a table near by and concealed it under his coat. "Now, you stab me," he directed.

Mary hesitated. But he repeated the command and she plunged the knife gingerly at him. It telescoped. He made her try it over, and she stabbed him more resolutely. The water from the bladder poured out.

"Good!" cried Long Sin, much pleased. "Now," he added, seating himself beside her, "I want you to lure Elaine here."

I had been amusing myself by rigging up a contrivance by which I could make it possible to see through, or, rather, over, a door.

Kennedy, who had been busy at the other end of the laboratory, happened to look over in my direction. "What's the big idea, Walter?" he asked.

It was, I admit, a rather cumbersome and clumsy affair.

"Well, you see, Craig," I explained, "you put the top mirror through the transom of a door and—"

Kennedy interrupted with a hearty burst of laughter. "But suppose the door has no transom?" he asked, pointing to his own door.

I scratched my head thoughtfully. I had assumed that the door would have a transom. A moment later Craig went to the cabinet and drew out a tube about as big around as a putty blower and as long.

"Now, here's what I call my delectoscope," he remarked. "None of your mirrors for me."

"I know," I said somewhat nettled, "but what can you see through that

room. There Mary looked at the motionless body on the floor and recoiled, horrified.

Elaine noticed some spots on her hands, and, seeing that they were stained by the blood of Long Sin, wiped the spots off on her handkerchief, dropping it to the floor.

"Ugh!" exclaimed a guttural voice behind them.

It was the servant who had come in.

"You—kill him—with knife?" insinuated the Chinese.

Elaine was dumb. The servant did not wait for an answer, but hastily opened the hall door.

To Elaine it seemed that something must be done quickly. A moment and all the house would be in uproar.

Instead, he placed his finger on his lips. "Quick—no word," he said, leading the way to the hall door, "and—oh, you must not leave that—it will be a clue," he added, picking up the bloody handkerchief and pressing it into Elaine's hand.

They quickly ran out into the hall. "Go—quick!" he urged again, "and hide the handkerchief in the bag. Let no one see it!"

He shut the door. As they hurried away Elaine breathed a sigh of relief. They had reached the street. Afraid to run, they hurried as fast as they could until they turned the first corner.

To Be Continued

FINDS GEMS IN SHOE

Shoemaker Returns Jewels When Owner Returns to Shop

Lancaster, May 5.—When examining a pair of shoes a woman brought to his shop for repairs, Ralph Ciccone found in one of them a chamois bag in which was \$60 in cash, two diamond rings and a diamond brooch worth \$400.

An hour later the owner of the shoes returned for them and was startled when the contents of the shoes were handed to her. She said she must have dropped the bag, which, curiously enough, fell into the shoe. She refused to give her name.

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"You see, Miss Dodge," began Mary, "We're getting up this movement to help the Belgians and we have splendid backing. Just let me show you some of the names on our committee."

She handed Elaine a list. "I've just been sent to see if I cannot persuade you to join the committee and attend a meeting at Mrs. Rivenston's," she went on.

"Why—er," considered Elaine, thoughtfully, "er—yes. It must be all right with such people in it."

"Can you go down with me now?" "Just as well as later," agreed Elaine.

They went out together, and as they were leaving the house a man who had been loitering outside looked at Elaine, then fixedly at her companion.

No sooner had they gone than he sped off to a car waiting around the corner. In the dark depths was a sinister figure, the master criminal himself. The watcher had been an emissary of the Clutching Hand.

"Chief," he whispered eagerly, "you know Adventurous Mary? Well, she's got Elaine Dodge in tow!"

"The deuce!" cried Clutching Hand. "Then we must teach Mary Carson, or whoever she is working for, a lesson. No one shall interfere with our affairs. Follow them!"

Elaine and Mary had gone downtown, talking animatedly—walking down the avenue toward Mrs. Rivenston's apartment.

Meanwhile, Wong Sin, still in his Chinese costume, was explaining to another male servant just what he wished done, pointing out the dagger on the wall and placing the bladder under his jacket. A box of opium was on the table, and he was giving most explicit directions. It was into such a web that Elaine was being unwittingly led by Mary.

Entering the hallway of the apartment, Mary rang the bell. The servant opened the door and Elaine and Mary entered. He closed the door and almost before they knew it was gone into the back room.

Elaine gazed about it in trepidation. But before she could say anything, Mary, with a great show of surprise, exclaimed, "Why, I must have made a mistake. This isn't Mrs. Rivenston's apartment. How stupid of me."

They looked at each other a moment. Then each laughed nervously, as together they started to go out of the door. It was locked!

Quickly they ran to another door. It was locked also.

Just then the Chinaman entered and stood a moment gazing at them. They turned and Elaine recoiled from him. Wong bowed.

"Oh, sir," cried Mary, "we've made a mistake. Can't you tell us how to get out?"

"No speke Englis," he said, gliding out again from the room and closing the door.

Elaine and Mary looked about in despair.

"What shall we do?" asked Elaine. Mary said nothing, but with a hasty glance discovered on the wall the knife which Wong had already told her about. She took it from its scabbard. As she did so the Chinaman returned with a tray on which were queer drinks and glasses.

At the sight of Mary with the knife he scowled blackly, laid down the tray, and took a few steps in her direction. She brandished the knife threateningly; then, as if her nerve failed her, fainting, letting the knife fall carefully on the floor so that it struck on the handle, and not on the blade.

Wong quickly caught her as she fainted and carrying her out of the room, banged shut the door. Elaine followed in a moment, loyally to protect her supposed friend, but found that the door had a snap lock on the other side.

She looked about wildly, and in a moment Wong reappeared. As he advanced slowly and insinuatingly, she drew back, pleading. But her words fell on seemingly deaf ears.

She had picked up the knife which Mary had dropped, and when at last Wong maneuvered to get her cornered and was about to seize her, she nerved herself up and stabbed at him resolutely.

Wong staggered back—and fell. As he did so, he pressed the bladder which he had already placed under his coat. A dark red fluid, like blood, oozed out all over him and ran in a pool on the floor.

Elaine, too horror-stricken at what had happened even to scream, dropped the knife and bent over him. He did not move. She rose quickly and ran through the now open door. As she did so, Wong seemed suddenly to come to life. He raised himself and looked after her, then with a subtle smile sank back into his former assumed posture on the floor.

When Elaine reached the other room she found Mary there with the Chinese servant who was giving her a glass of water. At the sight of her, the servant paused, then withdrew into another room farther back. Mary, now apparently recovering from her faintness, smiled wanly at Elaine.

"It's all right," she murmured. "He is a Chinese prince who thought we were callers."

At the reassuring nod of Mary toward the front room, Elaine was overcome.

"I—I killed him!" she managed to gasp.

"What?" cried Mary, starting up and trembling violently. "You killed him?"

"Yes," sobbed Elaine. "He came at me—he had the knife—I struck at him."

The two girls ran into the other

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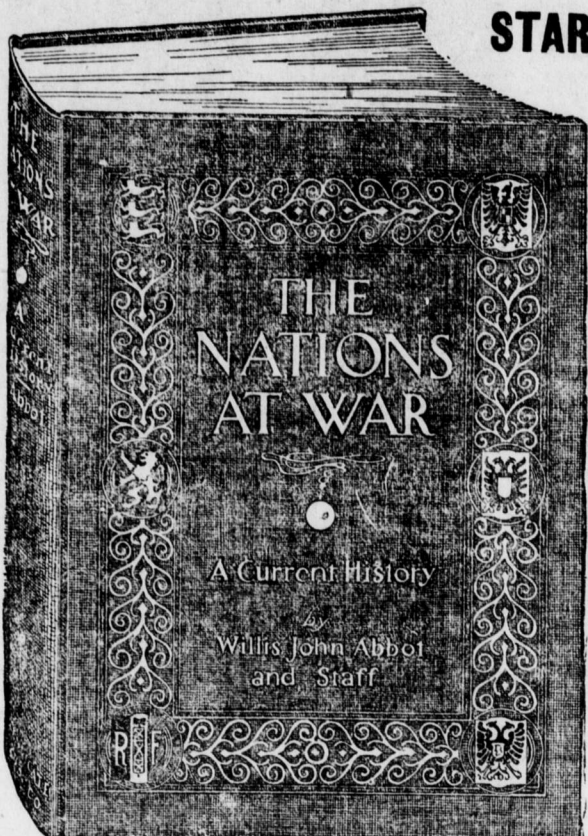
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### ACQUITTED OF MOVIE RIOT

Editor and Minister, Negroes, Go Free in a Boston Court

Boston, May 5.—William M. Trotter, editor of a weekly newspaper, and the Rev. Aaron Fuller yesterday in Municipal court, were adjudged not guilty of inciting a riot on April 17 in connection with a display of moving pictures dealing with the Southern reconstruction period. Both are negroes. The judge expressed the opinion that the ticket seller at the theatre was partly responsible for the disturbance, because of alleged discrimination in the sale of tickets. Trotter was fined \$20 for an assault on a policeman.

### Insane Man Attacks Wife

Shamokin, May 5.—Peter Lacuska grew violently insane at his home in Hickory Ridge yesterday and attacked his wife. Neighbors overpowered him. He was removed to the Danville insane asylum. His wife is in a serious condition.

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### PUTS BAN ON HAND BRAKES

Decision, If Upheld, May Mean Heavy Loss to Railroads

Richmond, Va., May 5.—The Federal Circuit Court of Appeals yesterday unanimously affirmed a decision of the Federal District court constraining the safety appliance act so as to make it unlawful for a railroad to require brakemen to use common hand brakes to control the speed of trains.

Washington, May 5.—Experts of the Interstate Commerce Commission say the decision of the Circuit Court at Richmond yesterday is one of the most important in many years. It supported by the United States Supreme Court it will result in cutting down accidents now laid to the hand brake, which last year killed 586 men and injured 16,053. It may force the railroads, especially on high grades, to cut down the length of their trains.

### BLAKELEY WANTS DIVORCE

Pittsburgh Graft Case Prosecutor Alleges He Has Been Deserted

Pittsburgh, May 5.—The law office romance of ex-District Attorney William A. Blakeley, who gained a country-wide reputation for his prosecution of the councilman's graft cases several years ago, has been shattered.

Blakeley yesterday filed suit for divorce, accusing his wife, formerly Mrs. George Whitney Stephenson, Jr., beautiful society leader, with desertion.

In the winter of 1913 Blakeley, as counsel for Mrs. Stephenson, got a divorce for her and then assumed the management of her financial affairs. In July, 1913, word came from New York that Blakeley and the former Mrs. Stephenson had been married in the Little Church Around the Corner, only a few witnesses being present at the ceremony. There have been rumors recently of trouble and Mrs. Blakeley has been traveling abroad.

Mrs. Blakeley before her marriage to Stephenson, member of the now defunct brokerage firm of Whitney & Stephenson, was Miss Marguerite Botsford, whose father, now dead, was one of the best known steel men in this section of the country. He was secretary-treasurer for years of the Pittsburgh Malleable Iron Company. Blakeley is 48 and his wife 20 years younger.

### JOHN D. NOW OWNS TWO LAKES

Buys 105 Acres and Water Rights, Paying \$100,000

Tarrytown, N. Y., May 5.—John D. Rockefeller added 105 acres to his estate by acquiring the John Webber property at Tarrytown Heights. Mr. Rockefeller owns the watershed to the north of Tarrytown lakes, and by purchasing the Webber land he owns the south side, so that in effect the two lakes are a part of his estate.

His plans for the property have not been disclosed. It contains valuable timber and quarries. The price paid is said to have been more than \$100,000.

Mr. Rockefeller walked over and carefully surveyed the lakes before closing the deal.

### GIVEN \$20,000 FOR SCALP

Sixteen-year-old Girl Wins Jury's Sympathy in Her Suit

New York, May 5.—Mary Haynes, 16 years old, of Brooklyn, yesterday was awarded \$20,000 before Supreme Court Justice Kelby for the loss of her entire scalp and four feet of beautiful brown hair, in her \$50,000 damage suit against Cook & Co., dyemakers. Some of the jurors wept when the girl removed her wig and showed the bare, scarred scalp from which her hair had been torn by a shaft.

The jury also gave the girl's father \$1,000 for loss of her services. The accident occurred August 14, 1913, in the company's Brooklyn plant.

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## See "Exploits of Elaine," Twelfth Episode,

In Motion Pictures, Victoria Theatre, Saturday, May 8

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