

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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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 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 their 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.

FOURTEENTH EPISODE

THE RECKONING.

Pacing up and down his den in the heart of Chinatown, Long Sin was thinking over his bargain with Kennedy to betray the infamous Clutching Hand.

At length he seated himself on a teakwood table still deliberating over the promise he had been forced to make to Kennedy.

Suddenly an idea seemed to strike him. Lifting a little hammer, he struck a Chinese gong on the table at his side. At the same time he leaned over and turned the knob at the side of a large roll-top desk.

A few seconds later a sort of hatchway, covered by a rug on the floor, in one corner of the room, was slowly lifted and Long Sin's secretary, a pale, cadaverous Chinaman, appeared from below. He stepped noiselessly into the room and shuffled across to Long Sin and handed him a letter.

Long Sin scowled, as though something had interfered with his own plans, but tore open the envelope without a word, spreading out on his lap the sheet of paper it contained.

The letter was a typewritten message, all in capitals, which read: "BE AT HEADQUARTERS AT 12. DESTROY THIS IMMEDIATELY."

At the bottom of the note appeared the sinister signature of the Clutching Hand.

Bowing low again, the secretary shuffled across and down again through the hatchway, closing the door as he descended.

Long Sin read the note once more, while his inscrutable face assumed an expression of malicious cunning.

With an air of deliberation he reached for a match and struck it. He had placed the paper in the flame when suddenly he seemed to change his mind. He hastily blew out the match, which had destroyed only a corner of the paper, then folded the note carefully and placed it in his pocket.

A few moments later, with a malignant chuckle, Long Sin rose slowly and left the room.

Meanwhile the master criminal was busily engaged in putting the finishing touches to a final scheme of fiendish ingenuity for the absolute destruction of Craig Kennedy.

He had been at work in a small room fitting up a sort of laboratory, in the mysterious house which now served as his headquarters.

Clutching Hand, at a bench in one corner, had just completed an infernal machine of diabolical cunning, and was wrapping it carefully in paper to make an innocent package.

He was interrupted by a knock at the door. Laying down the bomb he went to answer the summons with a stealthy movement. There stood Long Sin, who had disguised himself as a Chinese laundryman.

"On time—good!" growled Clutching Hand surlily as he closed the door with equal care.

No time was wasted in useless formalities.

"This is a bomb," he went on, pointing to the package. "Carry it carefully. On no account let it slip, or you are a dead man. It must be in Kennedy's laboratory before night. Understand? Can you arrange it?"

Long Sin glanced at the dangerous package, then with an expressive look, replied, "Have no fear. I can do it. It will be in the laboratory within an hour. Trust me."

In Kennedy's laboratory I was watching Craig make some experiments with a new X-ray apparatus.

We were oblivious to the passage of time, and only a call over our speaking tube diverted our attention.

I opened the door and a few seconds later Long Sin himself entered.

Kennedy looked up inquiringly as the Chinaman approached, holding out a package which he carried.

"A bomb," he said, in the most matter-of-fact way. "I promised to have it placed in your laboratory before night."

Kennedy took the bomb and carefully placed it under the wonderful rays, then with the fluoroscope over his eyes studied the shadow cast by the rays on its sensitive screen.

"It's a bomb, sure enough," Craig exclaimed, looking up from it at last to me. "It's timed by an ingenious

and noiseless little piece of clockwork. In there, too. And it's powerful enough to blow us all, the laboratory included, to kingdom come."

As he spoke, and before I could renege with him, he took the infernal machine and placed it on a table where he set to work on the most delicate and dangerous piece of dissection of which I have ever heard.

Carefully unwrapping the bomb and unscrewing one part while he held another firm, he finally took out of it a bottle of liquid and some powder. Then he placed a few grains of the powder on a dish and dropped on it a drop or two of the liquid. There was a bright flash as the powder ignited instantly.

"Just what I expected," commented Kennedy with a nod, as he examined the clever workmanship of the bomb.

One thing that interested him was that part of the contents had been wrapped in paper to keep them in place. This paper he was now carefully examining with a microscope.

As nearly as I could make it out, the paper contained part of a typewritten chemical formula, which read:

TINCTURE OF IODINE

THREE PARTS OF—

He looked up from his study of the microscope to Long Sin.

"Tell me just how it happened that you got this bomb," he asked.

Without hesitation the Chinaman recited the circumstances, beginning with the note by which he had been summoned.

"A note?" repeated Kennedy, eagerly. "Was it typewritten?"

Long Sin reached into his pocket and produced the note itself, which he had not burned.

As Craig studied the typewritten message from the Clutching Hand I could see that he was growing more and more excited.

"At last he has given us something typewritten," he exclaimed. "To most people, I suppose, it seems that typewriting is the best way to conceal identity. But there are a thousand and one ways of identifying typewriting."

"Look, Walter," he remarked at length, taking a fine tipped pencil and pointing at the distinguishing marks as he talked. "You will notice that all the 'T's' in this note are battered and faint as well as just a trifle out of alignment. Now I will place the paper from the bomb under the microscope and you will see that the 'T's' in the scrap of formula have exactly the same appearance."

I strained my eyes to look. Sure enough, Kennedy was right. There was that unmistakable identity between the T's in the formula and the note.

Kennedy had been gazing at the floor, his face puckered in thought as I looked. Suddenly he clapped his hands together, as if he had made a great discovery.

"I've struck it!" he exclaimed, jumping up. "I was wondering where I had seen typewriting that reminds me of this. Walter, get on your coat and hat. We are on the right trail at last."

With Long Sin we hurried out of the laboratory, leaving him at the nearest taxicab stand, where we jumped into a waiting car.

"It is the clue of the battered 'T's,'" Craig muttered.

Aunt Josephine was in the library knitting when the butler, Jennings, announced us.

"Where is—Miss Dodge?" inquired Kennedy, with suppressed excitement as we entered.

"I think she's out shopping, and I don't know just when she will be back," answered Aunt Josephine, with some surprise. "Why? Is it anything important—any news?"

"Very important," returned Kennedy excitedly. "I think I have the best clue yet. Only—it will be necessary to look through some of the household correspondence immediately to see whether there are certain letters. I wouldn't be surprised if she had some—perhaps not very personal—but I must see them."

Kennedy lost no time. He went to a desk where Elaine generally sat, and quickly took out several typewritten letters. One after another he examined them closely, rejecting one after another, until finally he came to one that seemed to interest him.

He separated them from the rest and fell to studying it, comparing it with the paper from the bomb and the note which Long Sin had received from the Clutching Hand. Then he folded the letter so that the signature and the address could not be read by us.

A portion of the letter I recall read something like this:

"This is his contention: MATTER, TRUTH is the only goal and WHETHER is non-existent—"

"Look at this, Walter," remarked Craig, with difficulty restraining himself. "What do you make of it?"

A glance at the typewriting was sufficient to show me that Kennedy had, indeed, made an important discovery.

We stared at each other almost too dazed to speak.

At that moment we were startled by the sudden appearance of Elaine. She entered the room carrying in her arms a huge bunch of roses which she had evidently just received.

The moment she saw Craig, however, she stopped short with a look of great surprise.

Her keen eye had not missed the fact that several of her letters lay scattered over the top of the desk.

"What are you doing with my letters, Mr. Kennedy?" she asked, in an astonished tone, evidently resenting the unceremoniousness with which he had apparently been overhauling her correspondence.

As guardedly as possible, Kennedy met her inquiry, which I could not myself blame her for making.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Dodge," he said, "but a matter has just come up which necessitated merely a cursory examination of some purely formal letters which might have an important bearing on the discovery of the Clutching Hand. Your aunt had no idea where you were, nor when you might return, and the absolute necessity for haste in such an important matter is my only excuse for examining a few minor letters without first obtaining your permission."

She said nothing. At another time such an explanation would have been instantly accepted. Now, however, it was different.

Kennedy read the look on her face and an instant later turned to Aunt Josephine and myself.

"I would very much appreciate a chance to say a few words to Miss Dodge alone," he intimated. "I have had no such opportunity for some time. If you would be so kind as to leave us in the library—for a few minutes—"

He did not finish the sentence. Aunt Josephine had already begun to withdraw and I followed.

For a moment or two Craig and Elaine looked at each other, neither saying a word, each wondering just what was in the other's mind.

Craig cleared his throat, the obvious manner of covering up his emotion.

"Elaine," he said at length, dropping the recent return to "Miss Dodge," for the moment, "Elaine, is there any truth in this morning's newspaper report—of—of you?"

She had dropped her eyes. But he persisted, taking a newspaper clipping from his pocket and handing it to her. Her hand trembled as she glanced over the item:

SOCIETY NOTES.

Dame Rumor is connecting the name of Miss Elaine Dodge, the heiress, with that of Perry Bennett, the famous young lawyer.

The announcement of an engagement between them at any time would not surprise.

Elaine read no farther. She handed back the clipping to Kennedy. As her eyes met his she noticed his expression of deep concern, and hesitated with the reply she had evidently been just about to make.

Still, as she lowered her head, it seemed to give slight confirmation to the truth of the newspaper report.

Kennedy said nothing, but his eyes continued to study her face.

He suppressed his feelings with a great effort then, without a word, bowed and left the room.

"Walter," he exclaimed as he rejoined us in the drawing room, where I was chatting with Aunt Josephine, "we must be off again. The trail follows still farther."

An hour or so later, Elaine, whose mind was now in a whirl from what had happened, decided to make a call on her lawyer and the confidant of her father, Perry Bennett.

As Elaine entered his private office, Bennett rose to greet her effusively and they exchanged a few words.

"I mustn't forget to thank you for those lovely roses you sent me," she exclaimed at length. "They were beautiful, and I appreciated them ever so much."

A moment later Bennett led the conversation around until he found an opportunity to make a tactful allusion to the report of their engagement in the morning papers.

He had leaned over, and now attempted to take her hand. She withdrew it, however. There was something about his touch which, try as she might, she could not like. Was it mere prejudice or was it her keen woman's intuition?

Bennett looked at her a moment, suppressing a momentary flash of anger that had reddened his face, and controlled himself as if by a superhuman effort.

"I believe you really love that man Kennedy," he exclaimed in a tone that was almost a hiss. "But I tell you, Elaine, he is all bluff. Why, he has been after that Clutching Hand now for three months—and what has he accomplished? Nothing!"

He paused. Through Elaine's mind there flashed the contrast with Kennedy's even temper and deferential manner.

Bennett, by another effort, seemed to grip his temper again. He paced up and down the room. Then he changed the subject abruptly, and the conversation was resumed with some constraint.

While Elaine and Bennett were talking Kennedy and I had entered the office.

Craig stopped the boy who was about to announce us and asked for Bennett's secretary instead, much to my astonishment.

The boy merely indicated the door of one of the other private offices, and we entered.

We found the secretary hard at work at the typewriter, copying a legal document. Without a word Ken-

edy at once locked the door.

The secretary rose in surprise, but Craig paid no attention to him. Instead he calmly walked over to the machine and began to examine it.

"Might I ask?" began the secretary. "You keep quiet," ordered Kennedy, with a nod to me to watch the fellow.

"You are under arrest—and the less you say the better for you."

I shall never forget the look that crossed the secretary's face. Was it the surprise of an innocent man?

Taking the man's place at the machine Kennedy removed the legal paper that was in it and put in a new sheet. Then he tapped out, as we watched:

BE AT HEADQUARTERS AT 12. DESTROY THIS IMMEDIATELY. TINCTURE OF IODINE THREE PARTS OF—

This is his contention— MATTER TRUTH is the only goal and WHETHER is non-existent—

"Look, Walter," he exclaimed as he drew out the paper from the machine. I bent over, and together we compared the T's with those in the Clutching Hand letter, the paper from the bomb and the letter which Craig had taken from Elaine's desk.

To Be Continued

AMUSEMENTS

MAJESTIC

To-night, William Gillette, Blanche Bates, Marie Doro in "Diplomacy."

Friday evening, May 20, Christie MacDonald in "Sweethearts." Thursday evening, May 27, Christie MacDonald in "Sweethearts."

COLONIAL

Every afternoon and evening, vaudeville and pictures.

VICTORIA

Motion Pictures.

PHOTOPLAY

Motion Pictures.

REGENT

Motion Pictures.

PALACE

Moving Pictures.

Gillette-Bates-Doro To-night

William Gillette, Blanche Bates, Marie Doro and a deliberately chosen company of brilliant artists will be seen here together in a revival of Victor Sardon's celebrated drama, "Diplomacy," at the Majestic this evening. This is Charles Frohman's most important dramatic offering of the present season. It took no little pains and managerial "diplomacy" to bring about this association of stars. Each of the principal players has been absent from the local stage for some time—Mr. Gillette has not played hereabouts since he appeared in some of his own dramas and comedies; Miss Bates has been too long missing from the local board, and Miss Doro has been playing "Dora," the part that she will enact here, in support of Gerald du Maurier, in London.—Adv.

Christie MacDonald

While "Sweethearts," the opera in which Christie MacDonald is to be seen at the Majestic Thursday evening, May 27, does not depend upon its scenic investiture or costuming for its success, these are notable features of the production. What is perhaps more to the point the company is heralded as one of the best singing organizations which has toured America since the days of the old Bostonians. The company numbers seventy-five and this is said to be the best opera in which Miss MacDonald has appeared. Victor Herbert wrote the music.—Adv.

Final Country Store To-night

The Colonial theatre is going to have the final Country Store of the present season to-night. As was the case last year, the Country Store will be dropped for the summer months. In its stead next week on Wednesday night the Colonial will have the first in a series of try-out nights, in which local acts that feel that they are good enough for the professional stage will compete for \$150 in prizes. A general invitation is extended to all local performers to enter this contest. It may lead the way to permanent work on the stage. The final country store to-night will be a rousing wind-up to one of the best comedy features ever introduced in the Colonial. The regular bill at the Colonial these days is a good mystery, who grows from a small man to a big man while the audience looks on. To-morrow a new bill comes to the Colonial for the balance of the week. It will be headed by the College Girls. Adv.

Victoria Theatre

The musical selections, as announced in our theatre program and played by Prof. McBride and McIntosh, have surely been appreciated, for from all sides we are hearing favorable comment. Giving the high-class motion picture entertainment such as this theatre affords, a series of classical musical numbers are rendered, interspersed, of course, with music that is suitable to or carries out the action idea of the picture. To-day's motion picture bill is one of exceptional merit and is in keeping with our idea to present only the highest possible type of pictures. "The Human Octopus," a two-part K. B. production, that teaches a strong lesson, will be shown to-day, as well as several other equally forceful plays. Adv.

Edward Abeles in "After Five" at the Regent To-day and To-morrow Jesse L. Lasky presents Edward Abeles at the Regent theatre this afternoon and evening, who made his first notable screen success under Lasky's management in "Brewster's Million," in a new photo dramatic comedy with the money motive entitled, "After Five," in five reels. This play, which is the joint work of Cecil B. DeMille and William C. DeMille, finds humor in things and conditions generally associated with tragedy. Remember, citizens of Harrisburg, that the moving

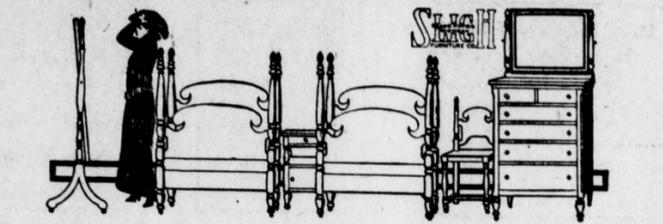
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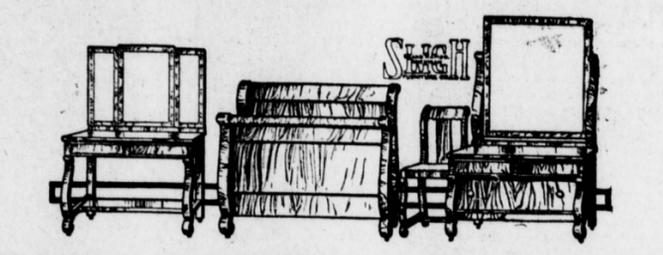
Dependability is everything in furniture buying. It is always a satisfaction to feel that every purchase you make is bona-fide value. We believe it impossible for you to obtain better furniture values than we are offering, or a greater assortment from which to choose. Our values are dollar for dollar all the time. The price plainly marked enables you to choose quickly and wisely.

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This solid Mahogany Four-poster Suite consists of Dresser, Chiffonier, Toilet Table and Bed. The suite for \$169.00. Chairs to match. We have other suites of same style at lower prices.



This Colonial Suite is Solid Mahogany or Mahogany Veneer, or American Walnut and Circassian Walnut at prices you must see to appreciate. We are showing a beautiful four-piece ivory suite with chairs to match. The style of this suite is exceptionally good. Would be a great asset in beautifying your home. Only \$152.50.

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This Fumed Oak Table with magazine pockets at ends. Only \$20.00. See our three-piece suites to match this table. We are showing a large variety of tables and suites in all woods. We are sure we can please you in a living room suite.

These Porch Shades have proved to be the best shade on the market. Let us show you everything for the porch. Crex in all widths and Crex Rugs.

Porch sets in cane seats and back. Reed seats and back and bent wood seats at way-down prices.

Don't miss getting one of the big value Porch Rockers, only \$1.59

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pictures shown in this theatre other cities charge 25c to \$1. This theatre has exclusive service and after showing here will not be shown in any other theatre in this city. It doesn't matter what night you are coming, you will always be pleased. Paramount is the trade-mark of our films. The same word of Paramount applies to our theatre. We do not give you a long, tiresome, disgusting subject. It might not be as long in movies, "but we give you quality." Adv.

\$10,000 COATESVILLE FIRE

Business Block Threatened During Liv- erty Stable Blaze Coatesville, Pa., May 19.—Fire of unknown origin, that started in the haymow, completely gutted Thomas Nash's livery stable and threatened the business block of this town early yesterday morning. Firemen confined the flames to the one building and saved the Speakman hotel and other business houses. The loss is \$10,000, partially covered by insurance. The building was owned by C. N. Speakman. The second floor front was occupied as a paint shop and when the flames reached there the skies were illuminated and the reflection could be seen for miles. Charles Noll, in charge, asleep in the office, was aroused. He ran into the stable and rescued fifteen head of horses. Cutting the halter straps with a whip he drove the horses out of the stable through the flames into the street. While the fire was raging a dozen volunteer firemen, members of the Washington and Brandywine fire companies, went down with a portion of the falling roof. The men were quickly rescued and saved a few bruises were un- hurt.

MAY LOSE VANDERBILT TAX

Will to Be Probated in Newport, Not Here, It Is Said Albany, May 19.—It was reported here last night that the estate of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt will not pay an inheritance tax in New York. The will is to be probated in Newport, and the claim will be made that Newport was Mr. Vanderbilt's home, it is said. The Vanderbilt estate inheritance tax

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