

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

SYNOPSIS.

The formation of a partnership as professor and aide in crime science between Craig Kennedy, university chemistry professor, and Walter Jameson, newspaper editor, is followed by their becoming interested in a series of murders by a master criminal who leaves no other clue to his identity than the sign manual of a "Clutching Hand." Elaine Dodge, whose father is one of the latest victims of the mysterious murderer, witnesses the beginning of Kennedy's scientific investigation of the murder.

SECOND EPISODE

The "Twilight Sleep."

Kennedy had thrown himself wholeheartedly into the solution of the mysterious Dodge case.

Far into the night, after the challenge of the forged finger print, he continued at work, endeavoring to extract a clue from the meager evidence—a bit of cloth and trace of poison already obtained from other cases. We dropped around at the Dodge house the next morning. Early though it was, we found Elaine a trifle paler, but more lovely than ever, and Perry Bennett, themselves vainly endeavoring to solve the mystery of the Clutching Hand.

They were at Dodge's desk, she in the big desk chair, he standing beside her looking over some papers.

"There's nothing there," Bennett was saying as we entered.

I could not help feeling that he was gazing down at Elaine a bit more tenderly than mere business warranted.

"Have you found anything?" queried Elaine anxiously, turning eagerly to Kennedy.

"Nothing—yet," he answered, shaking his head, but conveying a quiet idea of confidence in his tone.

Just then Jennings, the butler, entered, bringing the morning papers. Elaine seized the Star and hastily opened it. On the first page was the story I had telephoned down very late in the hope of catching a last city edition.

We all bent over and Craig read aloud: "CLUTCHING HAND" STILL AT LARGE

New York's Master Criminal Remains Undetected—Perpetrates New Daring Murder and Robbery on Millionaire Dodge.

He had scarcely finished reading the brief but alarming news story that followed and laid the paper on the desk when a stone came smashing through the window from the street.

Startled, we all jumped to our feet. Craig hurried to the window. Not a soul was in sight!

He stooped and picked up the stone. To it was attached a piece of paper. Quickly he unfolded it and read:

"Craig Kennedy will give up his search for the 'Clutching Hand'—or die!"

Later I recalled that there seemed to be a slight noise downstairs, as if at the cellar window, through which the masked man had entered the night before.

In point of fact, one who had been outside at the time might actually have seen a sinister face at that cellar window, but to us upstairs it was invisible. The face was that of the servant, Michael.

Without another word Kennedy passed into the drawing room and took his hat and coat. Both Elaine and Bennett followed.

"I'm afraid I must ask you to excuse me—for the present," Craig apologized.

Elaine looked at him anxiously.

"You—you will not let that letter intimidate you?" she pleaded, laying her soft white hand on his arm. "Oh, Mr. Kennedy," she added, bravely keeping back the tears, "avenge him! All the money in the world would be too little to pay—it only—"

At the mere mention of money Kennedy's face seemed to cloud, but only for a moment.

"Till try," he said simply.

Elaine did not withdraw her hand as she continued to look up at him.

"Miss Dodge," he went on, his voice steady, as though he were repressing something, "I will never take another case until the 'Clutching Hand' is captured."

The look of gratitude she gave him would have been a princely reward in itself.

It was some time after these events that Kennedy, reconstructing what had happened, was shown, in a strange way which I need not tire the reader by telling, a Doctor Haynes, head of the Hillside Sanitarium for Women, whose story I shall relate substantially, as we received it from his own lips.

It must have been that same night a distinguished visitor drove up in a cab to our Hillside sanitarium, rang the bell and was admitted to my office.

I am, by the way, the superintendent of the sanitarium, and that night I was sitting in the office with Doctor Thompson, my assistant, in the office discussing a rather inter-

esting case, when an attendant came in with a card and handed it to me. It read simply, "Dr. Ludwig Reinstrom, Coblenz."

"Here's that Doctor Reinstrom, Thompson, about whom my friend in Germany wrote the other day," I remarked, nodding to the attendant to admit Doctor Reinstrom.

I might explain that while I was abroad some time ago I made a particular study of the "Daemmerschlaf"—otherwise, the "twilight sleep"—at Freiburg where it was developed, and at other places in Germany where the subject had attracted great attention.

I was much impressed and had imported the treatment to Hillside.

While we waited I reached into my desk and drew out the letter to which I referred, which ended, I recall: "As Doctor Reinstrom is in America, he will probably call on you. I am sure you will be glad to know him."

"With kindest regards, I am, 'Fraternally yours,

EMIL SCHWARZ, M. D., Director, Lelpic Institute of Medicine."

"Most happy to meet you, Doctor Reinstrom," I greeted the new arrival, as he entered our office.

For several minutes we sat and chatted of things medical here and abroad.

"What is it, doctor," I asked finally, "that interests you most in America?"

"Oh," he replied quickly with an expressive gesture, "it is the broadmindedness with which you adopt the best from all over the world, regardless of prejudice. For instance, I am very much interested in the new 'twilight sleep.' Of course, you have borrowed it largely from us, but it interests me to see whether you have modified it with practice. In fact, I have come to Hillside sanitarium particularly to see it used. Perhaps we may learn something from you."

It was most gracious, and both Doctor Thompson and myself were charmed by our visitor. I reached over and touched a call button and our head nurse entered from a rear room.

"Are there any operations going on now?" I asked.

She looked mechanically at her watch. "Yes, there are two cases, now, I think," she answered.

"Would you like to follow our technique?" I asked, turning to Doctor Reinstrom.

"I should be delighted," he acquiesced.

A moment later we passed down the corridor of the sanitarium, still chatting. At the door of a ward I spoke to the attendant, who indicated that a patient was about to be anesthetized, and Doctor Reinstrom and I entered the room.

There, in perfect quiet, which is an essential part of the treatment, were several woman patients lying in bed in the ward. Before us two nurses and a doctor were in attendance on one.

I spoke to the doctor, Doctor Holmes, by the way, who bowed politely to the distinguished Doctor Reinstrom, then turned quickly to his work.

"Miss Sears," he asked of one of the nurses, "will you bring me that hypodermic needle?"

"You will see, Doctor Reinstrom," I injected in a low tone, "that we follow in the main your Freiburg treatment. We use scopolamin and morphin."

I held up the bottle, as I said it, a rather peculiar shaped bottle, too.

"And the pain?" he asked.

"Practically the same as in your experience abroad. We do not render the patient unconscious, but prevent her from remembering anything that goes on."

Doctor Holmes, the attending physician, was just starting the treatment. Filling his hypodermic, he selected a spot on the patient's arm where it had been scrubbed and sterilized, and injected the narcotic.

"And you say they have no recollection of anything that happens?" asked Reinstrom.

"Absolutely none—if the treatment is given properly," I replied, confidently.

"Wonderful!" ejaculated Reinstrom as we left the room.

Now comes the strange part of my story. After Reinstrom had gone, Doctor Holmes, the attending physician of the woman whom he had seen anesthetized, missed his syringe and the bottle of scopolamin.

Holmes, Miss Sears and Miss Stern all hunted, but it could not be found. Others had to be procured.

I thought little of it at the time, but since then it has occurred to me that it might interest you, Professor Kennedy, and I give it to you for what it may be worth.

It was early the next morning that I awoke to find Kennedy already up and gone from our apartment. I knew he must be at the laboratory, and, gathering the mail, which the postman had just slipped through the letter slot, I went over to the university to see him.

As I looked over the letters to cull out my own one in a woman's handwriting on attractive note paper addressed to him caught my eye.

As I came up the path to the chemistry building I saw through the window that, in spite of his getting there early, he was finding it difficult to keep his mind on his work. It was the first time I had ever known anything to interfere with science in his life.

"Well," I exclaimed as I entered, "you are the early bird. Did you have any breakfast?"

I tossed down the letters. He did not reply. So I became absorbed in the morning paper. Still, I did not neglect to watch him covertly out of the corner of my eye. Quickly he ran over the letters, instead of taking them, one by one, in his usual methodical way. I quite complimented my superior acumen. He selected the dainty note.

A moment Craig looked at it in anticipation, then tore it open eagerly. I was still watching his face over the top of the paper and was surprised to see that it showed, first, amazement, then pain, as though something had hurt him.

He read it again—then looked straight ahead, as if in a daze.

Suddenly he jumped up, bringing his tightly clenched fist down with a loud clap into the palm of his hand.

"By heaven!" he exclaimed, "I—I will!"

He strode hastily to the telephone. Almost angrily he seized the receiver and asked for a number.

"Wh-what's the matter, Craig?" I blurted out eagerly.

As he waited for the number, he threw the letter over to me. I took it and read:

"Professor Craig Kennedy, The University, The Heights, City. Dear Sir:

"I have come to the conclusion that your work is a hindrance rather than an assistance in clearing up my father's death, and I hereby beg to state that your services are no longer required. This is a final decision, and I beg that you will not try to see me again regarding the matter."

"Very truly yours, "ELAINE DODGE."

"That," he said slowly, "is the mark of a hypodermic needle."

As he finished examining Elaine's arm he drew the letter from his pocket. Still facing her he said in a low tone, "Miss Dodge—you did write this letter—but under the influence of the new 'twilight sleep.'"

"Yes—hello, is Miss—oh—good morning, Miss Dodge."

He was hurrying along as if to give her no chance to cut him off. "I have just received a letter, Miss Dodge, tell-

me—"Miss Dodge has just been telling me—"

"Yes," interrupted Craig. "Look, Miss Dodge, this is it."

He handed her the letter. She almost seized it, examining it carefully, her large eyes opening wider in wonder.

"This is certainly my writing and my note paper," she murmured, "but I never wrote the letter!"

Craig looked from the letter to her keenly. No one said a word. For a moment Kennedy hesitated, thinking.

"Might I—er—see your room, Miss Dodge?" he asked at length.

"Why, certainly," nodded Elaine, as she led the way upstairs.

It was a dainty little room, breathing the spirit of its mistress. In fact, it seemed a sort of profanity as we all followed in after her. For a moment Kennedy stood still, then he carefully looked about. At the side of the bed, near the head, he stooped and picked up something which he held in the palm of his hand. I bent over. Something gleamed in the morning sunshine—some little thin pieces of glass. As he tried deftly to fit the tiny little bits together he seemed absorbed in thought. Quickly he raised it to his nose, as if to smell it.

"Ethyli chloride!" he muttered, wrapping the pieces carefully in a paper and putting them inside his pocket.

An instant later he crossed the room to the window and examined it. "Look!" he exclaimed.

There, plainly, were marks of a jimmy which had been inserted near the lock to pry it open.

"Miss Dodge," he asked, "might I trouble you to let me see your arm?"

Wonderingly she did so, and Kennedy bent almost reverently over her plump arm examining it.

On it was a small dark discoloration, around which was a slight redness and tenderness.

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"Yes—hello, is Miss—oh—good morning, Miss Dodge."

He was hurrying along as if to give her no chance to cut him off. "I have just received a letter, Miss Dodge, tell-

me—"Just then the 'Clutching Hand' appeared. He came stealthily through that window, which he had opened. A moment he hesitated, seeing Elaine asleep. Then he tiptoed over to the bed, let us say, and for a moment looked at her, sleeping.

A second later he had thrust his hand into his pocket and had taken out a small glass bulb with a long thin neck. That was ethyl chloride—a drug which produces a quick anesthesia. But it lasts only a minute or two. That was enough. As he broke the glass neck of the bulb—letting the pieces fall on the floor near the bed—he shoved the thing under Elaine's face, turning his own head away and holding a handkerchief over his own nose. The mere heat of his hand is enough to cause the ethyl chloride to spray out and overcome her instantly. He steps away from her a moment and replaces the now empty vial in his pocket.

"Then he took a box from his pocket, opened it. There must have been a syringe and a bottle of scopolamin. Where they came from I do not know, but perhaps from some hospital. I shall have to find that out later. He went to Elaine, quickly jabbing the needle, with no resistance from her now. Slowly he replaced the bottle and the needle in his pocket. He could not have been in any hurry now, for it takes time for the drug to work."

Kennedy paused. Had we known at the time, Michael—be of the sinister face—must have been in the hallway that night, careful that no one saw him. A tap at the door and the "Clutching Hand" must have beckoned him. A moment's parley and they separated—"Clutching Hand" going back to Elaine, who was now under the influence of the second drug.

"Our criminal," resumed Kennedy thoughtfully, "may have shaken Elaine. She did not answer. Then he may have partly revived her. She must have been startled. 'Clutching Hand,' perhaps, was half crouching, with a big ugly blue steel revolver leveled full in her face.

"One word and I shoot!" he probably cried. "Get up!"

"Remember, she must have done so. Your slippers and a kimono, he would naturally have ordered. She put them on mechanically. Then he must have ordered her to go out of the door and down the stairs. 'Clutching Hand' must have followed, and as he did so he would have cautiously put out the lights."

We were following, spellbound, Kennedy's graphic reconstruction of what must have happened. Evidently he had struck close to the truth. Elaine's eyes were closed. Gently Kennedy led her along. "Now, Miss Dodge," he encouraged, "try—try hard to recollect just what it was that happened last night—everything."

As Kennedy paused after his quick recital, she seemed to tremble all over. Slowly she began to speak. We stood awestruck. Kennedy had been right!

The girl was now living over again those minutes that had been forgotten—blotted out by the drug.

And it was all real to her, too—terribly real. She was speaking, plainly in a low tone.

"I see a man—oh, such a figure—with a mask. He holds a gun in my face—he threatens me. I put on my kimono and slippers, as he tells me. I am in a daze. I know what I am doing—and I don't know. I go out with him, downstairs, into the library."

Elaine shuddered again at the recollection. "Ugh! The room is dark, the room where he killed my father. Moonlight outside streams in. This masked man and I come in. He switches on the lights."

"Go to the safe," he says, and I do it—the new safe, you know. Do you know the combination?" he asks me. "Yes, I reply, too frightened to say no."

"Open it then," he says, waving that awful revolver closer. I do so. Hastily he rummages through it, throwing papers here and there. But he seems not to find what he is after and turns away, swearing furiously.

"Hang it!" he cries at me. "Where else did your father keep papers?" I am at a loss. "Do you know the safe?" he asks me. "Yes, I reply, too frightened to say no."

"Open it then," he says, waving that awful revolver closer. I do so. Hastily he rummages through it, throwing papers here and there. But he seems not to find what he is after and turns away, swearing furiously.

"Now, come on," he says, indicating with the gun that he wants me to follow him away from the safe. At the desk he repeats the search. But he finds nothing. Almost I think he is about to kill me. "Where else did your father keep papers?" he hisses fiercely, and threatens me with the gun.

"I am too frightened to speak. But at last I am able to say, 'I don't know!' Again he threatens me. 'As God is my judge, I cry, 'I don't know.' It is fearful. Will he shoot me?"

"Thank heaven! At last he believes me. But such a look of folly I have never seen on any human face before.

"Sit down!" he growls, adding, "at the desk." I do.

"Take some of your note paper—the best." I do that, too.

"And a pen," he goes on. My fingers can hardly hold it.

"Now—write!" he says, and as he dictates, I write—"This" I interjected Kennedy, eagerly holding up the letter that he had received from her.

Elaine looked it over with her drug-laden eyes. "Yes," she nodded, then lapsed again to the scene itself. "He reads it over, and as he does so says, 'Now, address an envelope. Himself he folds the letter, seals the envelope, stamps it, and drops it into his pocket, hastily straightening the desk.

"Now, go ahead of me—again."

leave the room—no, by the hall door. We are going back upstairs. I obey him, and at the door he switches off the lights. How I stand it I do not know. go upstairs mechanically into my own room—and this masked man.

"Take off the kimono and slippers!" he orders. I do that. "Get into bed!" he growls. I crawl in fearfully. For a moment he looks about—then goes out with a look back as he goes. Oh! Oh! That hand—which he raises at me—THAT HAND!"

The poor girl was sitting bolt upright, staring straight at the hall door, as we watched and listened, fascinated.

Kennedy was bending over, soothing her. She gave evidence of coming out from the effect of the drug. I noticed that Bennett had suddenly moved a step in the direction of the door at which she stared.

"By heavens!" he muttered, starting, too. "Look!"

We did look. A letter was slowly being inserted under the door.

I took a quick step forward. That moment I felt a rough tug at my

HOW WOMEN AVOID OPERATIONS

By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Cleveland, Ohio—"My left side pained me so for several years that I expected to have to undergo an operation, but the first bottle I took of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound relieved me of the pains in my side and I continued its use until I became regular and free from pains. I had asked several doctors if there was anything I could take to help me and they said there was nothing that they knew of. I am thankful for such a good medicine and will always give it the highest praise."

—Mrs. C. H. GRIFFITH, 1568 Conant St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Hanover, Pa.—"I suffered from female trouble and the pains were so bad at times that I could not sit down. The doctor advised a severe operation but my husband got me Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I experienced great relief in a short time. Now I feel like a new person and can do a hard day's work and not mind it. What joy and happiness it is to be well once more. I am always ready and willing to speak a good word for the Compound."—Mrs. ADA WILT, 303 Walnut St., Hanover, Pa.

If there are any complications you do not understand write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

AT POINT OF REBELLION

Jimmy Had Reached the Stage of Boyhood When Kissing Became Rather tiresome.

Little Jimmy had reached the conclusion that everybody in the world had kissed him or wanted to badly. He could not help being a boy that all the ladies wanted to pet and bestow their kisses upon. In fact, Jimmy longed for the day when he would have a say so in the matter of being kissed. One day a famous woman came to call upon his mother. Jimmy chanced to enter the parlor and was directed by his mother to come up and see the noted Mrs. So and So. Jimmy knew what was coming, but he could not prevent the occurrence. The visitor took him by the hand and gently gathered him up into her lap, and as she let him down to the floor again she graciously bestowed a kiss upon his pouting lips. Jimmy jumped away from her and began to rub his lips in a vicious manner.

"What, you are not rubbing my kiss off, my little man?" questioned the woman. Jimmy was puzzled for a few moments, then replied: "No, ma'am, I'm just rubbing it in," and then vanished through the door.

WHAT TO DO FOR YOUR ITCHING SKIN

Ecema, ringworm and other itching, burning skin eruptions are so easily made worse by improper treatment that one has to be very careful.

There is one method, however, that you need not hesitate to use, even on a baby's tender skin, and that is the Resinol treatment. Resinol is the prescription of a Baltimore doctor, put up in the form of resinol ointment and resinol soap. This proved so remarkably successful that thousands of other physicians have been prescribing it constantly for 20 years.

Resinol stops itching instantly, and almost always heals the eruption quickly and at little cost. Resinol ointment and resinol soap can be bought at any drugist's and are not at all expensive. Great for sunburn.—Adv.

Skulls as Drinking Cups.

The old Scandinavian sagas represent as among the delights of the immortals the felicity of feasting and drinking to drunkenness from the skulls of the foes they had vanquished on earth. Mandeville goes further, and represents the Guebres as exposing the dead bodies of their parents to the fowls of the air until nothing but the skeletons remained, and preserving the skulls to be used as drinking cups.

The Basis of His Belief.

"How can you say my husband is happy in heaven, and me not there?" "That's what I was thinking about."

Drink Denton's Coffee. Always pure and delicious.

And many a man finds it difficult to make a living because he is practically a dead one.

The General says: "Cut Price" Roofing means "Cut Price" Quality. Trying to save money by purchasing cheap roofing is penny-wise foolishness.

Certain-teed Roofing

This Roofing—Certain-teed—is guaranteed 5, 10 and 15 years for 1, 2 and 3 ply respectively, and this guarantee is backed by the world's largest manufacturers of roofing and building papers. You can save only a few dollars on a cheap roof, but Certain-teed is always best expenditure the end. Buy it from your local dealer.

General Roofing Manufacturing Co. World's largest manufacturers of Roofing

New York City Chicago Philadelphia St. Louis St. Paul Kansas City St. Paul Minneapolis St. Paul

WHEN PRIESTS WORE BEARDS

In Ancient Times It Was a General Custom, Though Now They Are Balded Men.

It is a common belief that the custom of all priests to wear beards, and this remained a practice until the days of the French Revolution when Rome was in the hands of the glory and power. As the beards were no longer worn, or only very rarely, the custom of shaving the heads of the clergy was introduced. There is a tradition that the Romans in a time of war once shaved the beard of St. Peter, but nothing authentic is known concerning this.

Several hundred years later, when the Germanic and Teutonic hordes came down from Germany and overran Rome and Italy, they brought the custom of the beard back among the clergy, and this remained the custom for several centuries. Finally, with the advent of the present high state of civilization and the general custom of not wearing beards, the clergy al-

most to a unit have refused to wear them. There is no direct command to the contrary, but special permission is granted to those who for some reason wish to wear one. Several different orders still wear them, who have numerous parishes over the United States.—Pittsburgh Catholic.

Great Sailor's Superstition.

Nelson, the English naval hero, always carried a horsehoe with him into battle.

HOME RULE IN ISLE OF MAN

Small Dot Off English Coast Is Not Subject to Laws of British Parliament.

The decision of the Manx house of keys not to raise the duties on beer and tea serves to remind her English neighbors that the Isle of Man has a code of laws entirely its own. The island has never been ruled by the laws of England, and although parliament reserves the right to make any im-

perial enactment applicable to the Isle of Man, the privilege is seldom or never exercised, without consultation with the Manx people. These happy islanders have no armed forces to maintain, no income tax, death, estate, or stamp duties to pay, and their customs dues are in most cases on a lower scale than in the United Kingdom.

Manxwomen, too, have special privileges. Every female adult, widow or spinster, in the Isle of Man, whether she be owner, occupier or lodger, has a vote for the house of keys elections.

Every widow enjoys half of her husband's personal estate and has a life interest in his real estate, and she cannot be deprived of this by will. Her written consent must be obtained to all transfers and deeds affecting her husband's property. On the other hand, no married woman can legally possess in her own right either money or property in the Isle of Man; she can have no separate estate unless specially protected before marriage, and can make no will without the leave of her husband.

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