

# 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

Copyright, 1914, by the Star Company All Rights Reserved

### 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 really accomplishes is told by his friend, Jameson, a newspaper man. After many fruitless attempts to put Elaine and Craig Kennedy out of the way, the Clutching Hand is at last found to be none other than Perry Bennett, Elaine's lawyer, and the man she is engaged to marry. Both get into the den of one of his Chinese criminals. The Chinaman forces Bennett the secret of the whereabouts of \$7,500.00. Then he gives the lawyer a position which will suspend animation for months. Kennedy reaches Bennett's side just after he has lost consciousness.

### TWENTY-THIRD EPISODE

#### THE TELL-TALE HEART.

Elaine had dropped in one afternoon to see Kennedy at the laboratory. Craig was working over a straight-backed chair which stood close to the wall. On the arms were short straps, apparently to fasten down the arms of the sitter.

As they chatted, Elaine watched Craig curiously, examining the chair and especially the left arm, on which was placed a metal disk in such a way that the wrist of anyone sitting in the chair could be strapped in contact with it. Finally Kennedy attached a pair of electric wires from beneath the chair arm, connecting with the disk, and running down one of the legs, thence through a crack in the floor to the back room of the laboratory.

"What is it?" asked Elaine. "It looks like a death chair." "Scarcely as bad as that," laughed Kennedy, taking up a large clock-faced dial which had a single hand evidently intended to be swung round by some force through the graduated scale on its face. "This is the sphygmograph—a scientific 'third degree,'" he explained, indicating both the chair and the dial. "It reads a person's thoughts and feelings through the pressure of the blood."

I was on my way from the Star office when I happened to spy a face in the crowd that seemed familiar. It was of a Chinaman, and, although I could not just place him, I knew that I had seen him somewhere before. I decided to play detective.

Not many minutes before, down in that secret den in which the serpent Wu concocted his villainies, that worthy had been at work again, tireless. With subtle satisfaction, he had held in his hand, which was carefully gloved in rubber, a small glass tube, perhaps three-quarters of an inch in diameter.

In the tube was a minute but almost priceless particle of that strange element, radium. For a moment Wu regarded it, then took up a handkerchief that lay before him. Already he had ripped a stitch or two from the seam in the hem. He slipped the little radium tube into the hem of the handkerchief.

"Here," he said gruffly to a servant. "Take this letter and the other thing to Inez. You know the address." On upstair he went until he came to a rather ordinary looking apartment house. He went in without discovering that I was following.

I glanced about. No one was watching me. Then, to be sure that I would recognize the house, I noted it by marking a small cross with a pencil on the stonework of the steps. I did not know at the time, but I found out later that upstairs the messenger rapped at a door which was marked with a small cross.

The maid opened the door into the hallway and admitted the messenger. Inez took the note and the lead case, waving to the maid to leave her. Then she tore open the note and read: "Have her bind the inclosed over her eyes. If in place three minutes, blindness will result in a few days."

"Tell the master I shall have it done as he directs," she said to the Chinaman as she followed him to the door.

Inez turned and went into the back room, her boudoir, where the maid was waiting. She brought out from a closet a rather gaudy yellow dress, a tambourine, a headress and some other materials.

"Now, I want you to put this on," she instructed the maid. "Here in this box I have a handkerchief which I want you to use. Tie it over her eyes and keep it there—three minutes at least; longer if you can."

As I looked at the house outside it immediately occurred to me to tell Craig what had happened, and I sought the nearest telephone booth and called the laboratory. Elaine had just gone when I called up, and I told my story as having seen and trailed the messenger and marked the house.

As I turned away at my end of the line Kennedy hastened to join me. I returned to the apartment, bent on carrying out Craig's orders. To my surprise, when I rang the bell, the door was opened by a colored maid. I had not expected to get in at all, but this seemed easy.

The maid brought me a chair, and I took it. I did not notice, however, that she was careful to place it in a particular spot with the back to the wall.

I laid my hat and gloves on the table. As I did so, one glove must have dropped on the floor in an inconspicuous place by the leg of the table. I sat down while the maid left me for a moment to call her mistress. In my best detective manner I gazed about the room, endeavoring to extract some clue. I was about to examine the room more closely when I heard someone coming and restrained my interest in the surroundings. Inez entered, and I rose.

"Where do you sit down?" she asked, with exaggerated politeness. "For what am I indebted to you for this visit?" "Well," I replied, "perhaps you recall the last time we met."

Inez stood by the table, listening to me. I thought a bit mockingly. As I spoke her hand moved to the edge of the table. Suddenly, before I knew it, the room swam before my eyes and all was blackness.

Inez had moved her hand over and had pressed a secret knob. A bar in the wall just beside my head had sprung out, striking me a terrific blow and knocking me out.

The maid, who had run in, and Inez lifted me up, unconscious, and carried me into the back room. It was scarcely five minutes after that Kennedy came to the entrance to the apartment. There, he noted the mark which I had made. He had just decided to go in, when he heard a noise. It was Cissy, arrayed in all her glory, going out, with a parting word of instruction from Inez. He drew back into the angle of the hall.

I was still unconscious, and Inez was standing over me when she heard the tinkle of the bell. Craig unconsciously took the very chair in which I had been sitting and sat down nonchalantly. A she saw him, she had given a little gasp.

As Craig watched her keenly, however, he was able to discover that, underneath her calm exterior, she was very nervous and excited. "Well?" demanded Kennedy with an enigmatical smile. "You didn't expect to see me again—so soon, did you?"

Inez seemed to be overcome for the moment. She rose and moved over to the table. "Wait a minute," interrupted Kennedy. "Come back and sit down. I have something to say to you."

Nervously her hand gripped the table and moved along toward the secret knob. Kennedy noticed it, but he had not moved his chair from the position in which it had been placed for me. At that moment, though, his eye fell on my glove, which I had inadvertently dropped on the floor. He reached down and picked it up. As he did so the bar in the wall flew out, just missing his head as he bent over.

Seeing that her scheme had failed, Inez made a dash for the door. Kennedy sprang to his feet and seized her. Elaine, on her return from the laboratory, had gone to the conservatory of the Dodge house, and there was busy herself pruning the rose bushes.

Once she happened to glance up at the end nearest the street. She could see a strolling gypsy going by, and the gypsy, apparently, had spied her through the open window. "Good afternoon, mistress," greeted the gypsy coming up to the fence. "Wouldn't you like to have me read your fortune?"

Elaine was lonesome. She looked the gypsy over, and the picturesqueness of the woman appealed to her. Laughingly, she consented, and the gypsy entered. The gypsy took Elaine's hand and looked at it carefully. "You are in danger from a powerful Oriental criminal," announced the gypsy at last.

Elaine was, to say the least, impressed. "He is a very dangerous man," went on the gypsy. "And that is not all," the gypsy hinted. "In darkness I could make you see the vision of your persecutor and his den."

She nodded knowingly at Elaine, and at the same time from a fold of her dress drew out the lead case, managed to open it and took out the handkerchief. Above the table she twisted it into a flat band. "Let me show you," she said, handing the handkerchief to Elaine. "This that over your eyes."

Elaine was sitting with her own handkerchief in her hand, but she turned quickly. When she faced the gypsy again she had a bandage flat over her eyes. "Now, mistress, try—let yourself go," urged the gypsy. "Let me guide your mind. I will show you."

Elaine did try to put herself in the frame of mind the gypsy wanted.

"Do you see anything?" she asked. "Not yet," returned Elaine. "Try—let yourself go—forget this room, forget time," urged the gypsy. "Jennings," cried Aunt Josephine, "seize that woman!" As Jennings approached her, the gypsy suddenly developed a remarkable strength. She gave him a shove that sent him reeling. His foot caught on the edge of the fountain and he staggered a minute, unable to recover his balance, then, with a great splash, fell in. The gypsy turned and fled through the palms, Elaine and Aunt Josephine following her.

She ran as far as she could, coming up to the glass wall that formed the inner end of the conservatory. Further retreat was impossible. She seized a little rustic chair and dashed it through the glass. Cautiously, she managed to make her way through the opening she had broken. Jennings had, by this time, picked himself out of the fountain and, dripping, joined Elaine and Aunt Josephine in the chase. Out in the garden at last, the gypsy dropped down behind a thick bush.

At that moment a cab pulled up furiously before the house, and Kennedy leaped out and rushed in. The gypsy had gained just time enough. If she had gone on Kennedy might have seen her.

The others were, apparently, looking for her in every direction except the right one. She saw her chance. Stealthily she managed to slip out of the garden by the back way. As Kennedy dashed down the hall and into the library he met Elaine's maid, Marie, as pale as a ghost. "For heaven's sake, Marie," he panted, "where are they all?"

"In the conservatory, sir," she pointed. "Didn't you hear the glass break?" "Glass?" he repeated, running ahead of her now. Kennedy came upon Elaine, Aunt Josephine and Jennings still vainly searching about, just as they lost track of the gypsy.

"Where did she go—that way?" asked Jennings. "Hang the gypsy," interrupted Craig. "Let her go—you missed her anyway. But, Elaine—tell me—what happened?" Aunt Josephine reached down and picked up the handkerchief she had torn from Elaine's eyes. "She found it over her eyes," she explained to Craig.

Kennedy examined the handkerchief closely. Evidently he was looking for something concealed in it and did not find it. Perplexed, he looked first from Elaine then to Aunt Josephine. Are you looking for the gypsy's handkerchief?" Elaine asked finally, seeing his astonishment. Then she stooped and picked up another handkerchief from the floor. "Here it is. It didn't look very clean, so when she wasn't looking I dropped it and used my own."

Kennedy was speechless with relief. He took the other handkerchief and rapidly ran his hand over it. At last he came to a little hard lump in the hem. He ripped it open. There was the little tube of radium! "You're lucky," he exclaimed. "If you had had that tube over your eyes it would have done its work in a few minutes. You might not feel it for some time, but you would have been blinded at least in a few days, if not hours."

Both Elaine and Aunt Josephine were overcome as they thought of the peril from which Elaine had been so narrowly rescued. Even Kennedy could not restrain a shudder. For the moment he forgot even about Inez. Then, suddenly, he recollected. "Oh, by the way," he exclaimed, "I've had Walter take a woman over to the laboratory. He must be there by this time. I wish that you would get your things on and go over with me. I think that you can help me get something out of her. She's as cool, calm and calculating as a sphinx. But I have a scheme that may lead us at last to this devilish Chinaman."

Elaine motioned to Marie and, when the maid returned, hurried into her coat and hat. It was only a few minutes

after Kennedy had discovered that Elaine was safe that they started from the Dodge house. Left alone with Inez, I began to follow out Kennedy's instructions. "Come," I menaced with the gun. "Get your hat on. I want you to go with me. One word on the way and I'll have you arrested at once. Otherwise, you may get a chance."

I did not know it at the time, but just as we were about to start and were moving toward the door, the gypsy, breathless and fagged, reached the hallway of the apartment. She was about to go in when she heard Inez and myself going out. She dropped back into the convenient shelter which Kennedy had used before, and when we came out we did not see anyone in the hall. As we disappeared, she emerged and cautiously followed us.

In spite of my fears Inez went without a scene to the laboratory. We entered it, at least, not knowing that a pair of black eyes watched every movement. The fake gypsy saw us go in, then hastily came out of a doorway into which she had slipped and hurried downtown.

It was not long after I arrived, however, that Kennedy and Elaine joined me at the laboratory. Kennedy had evidently carefully prepared just what he intended to do. Quickly he forced Inez into the chair which he had already shown Elaine, and fastened the straps about her arms.

"Walter, will you and Elaine go into the next room?" he asked as he finished securing the woman. A moment later he followed carrying the dial of the sphygmograph. He fastened it to the concealed wires that connected with the arms of the chair, describing to us in a whisper the action of the strange little instrument which by blood pressure read not only the disease of the heart, but even the secret emotions.

He had purposely left the door between the front and back rooms ajar, but he did not intend that Inez should hear this explanation. "We know that Wu Fang's headquarters are on Pell street," he concluded to us in his muffled tone. "The sphygmograph will tell us the number, if we ask her the right questions. She may keep silent, but she cannot conceal her feelings from this instrument."

Already, although we did not know it, the gypsy had gone straight to Wu Fang's apartment. We had been getting Our Shouts Seemed to Give Elaine Redoubled Strength



Our Shouts Seemed to Give Elaine Redoubled Strength

something concealed in it and did not find it. Perplexed, he looked first from Elaine then to Aunt Josephine. Are you looking for the gypsy's handkerchief?" Elaine asked finally, seeing his astonishment. Then she stooped and picked up another handkerchief from the floor. "Here it is. It didn't look very clean, so when she wasn't looking I dropped it and used my own."

Kennedy was speechless with relief. He took the other handkerchief and rapidly ran his hand over it. At last he came to a little hard lump in the hem. He ripped it open. There was the little tube of radium! "You're lucky," he exclaimed. "If you had had that tube over your eyes it would have done its work in a few minutes. You might not feel it for some time, but you would have been blinded at least in a few days, if not hours."

Both Elaine and Aunt Josephine were overcome as they thought of the peril from which Elaine had been so narrowly rescued. Even Kennedy could not restrain a shudder. For the moment he forgot even about Inez. Then, suddenly, he recollected. "Oh, by the way," he exclaimed, "I've had Walter take a woman over to the laboratory. He must be there by this time. I wish that you would get your things on and go over with me. I think that you can help me get something out of her. She's as cool, calm and calculating as a sphinx. But I have a scheme that may lead us at last to this devilish Chinaman."

Elaine motioned to Marie and, when the maid returned, hurried into her coat and hat. It was only a few minutes

after Kennedy had discovered that Elaine was safe that they started from the Dodge house. Left alone with Inez, I began to follow out Kennedy's instructions. "Come," I menaced with the gun. "Get your hat on. I want you to go with me. One word on the way and I'll have you arrested at once. Otherwise, you may get a chance."

I did not know it at the time, but just as we were about to start and were moving toward the door, the gypsy, breathless and fagged, reached the hallway of the apartment. She was about to go in when she heard Inez and myself going out. She dropped back into the convenient shelter which Kennedy had used before, and when we came out we did not see anyone in the hall. As we disappeared, she emerged and cautiously followed us.

In spite of my fears Inez went without a scene to the laboratory. We entered it, at least, not knowing that a pair of black eyes watched every movement. The fake gypsy saw us go in, then hastily came out of a doorway into which she had slipped and hurried downtown.

It was not long after I arrived, however, that Kennedy and Elaine joined me at the laboratory. Kennedy had evidently carefully prepared just what he intended to do. Quickly he forced Inez into the chair which he had already shown Elaine, and fastened the straps about her arms.

"Walter, will you and Elaine go into the next room?" he asked as he finished securing the woman. A moment later he followed carrying the dial of the sphygmograph. He fastened it to the concealed wires that connected with the arms of the chair, describing to us in a whisper the action of the strange little instrument which by blood pressure read not only the disease of the heart, but even the secret emotions.

He had purposely left the door between the front and back rooms ajar, but he did not intend that Inez should hear this explanation. "We know that Wu Fang's headquarters are on Pell street," he concluded to us in his muffled tone. "The sphygmograph will tell us the number, if we ask her the right questions. She may keep silent, but she cannot conceal her feelings from this instrument."

Already, although we did not know it, the gypsy had gone straight to Wu Fang's apartment. We had been getting Our Shouts Seemed to Give Elaine Redoubled Strength

something concealed in it and did not find it. Perplexed, he looked first from Elaine then to Aunt Josephine. Are you looking for the gypsy's handkerchief?" Elaine asked finally, seeing his astonishment. Then she stooped and picked up another handkerchief from the floor. "Here it is. It didn't look very clean, so when she wasn't looking I dropped it and used my own."

Kennedy was speechless with relief. He took the other handkerchief and rapidly ran his hand over it. At last he came to a little hard lump in the hem. He ripped it open. There was the little tube of radium! "You're lucky," he exclaimed. "If you had had that tube over your eyes it would have done its work in a few minutes. You might not feel it for some time, but you would have been blinded at least in a few days, if not hours."

Both Elaine and Aunt Josephine were overcome as they thought of the peril from which Elaine had been so narrowly rescued. Even Kennedy could not restrain a shudder. For the moment he forgot even about Inez. Then, suddenly, he recollected. "Oh, by the way," he exclaimed, "I've had Walter take a woman over to the laboratory. He must be there by this time. I wish that you would get your things on and go over with me. I think that you can help me get something out of her. She's as cool, calm and calculating as a sphinx. But I have a scheme that may lead us at last to this devilish Chinaman."

Elaine motioned to Marie and, when the maid returned, hurried into her coat and hat. It was only a few minutes

after Kennedy had discovered that Elaine was safe that they started from the Dodge house. Left alone with Inez, I began to follow out Kennedy's instructions. "Come," I menaced with the gun. "Get your hat on. I want you to go with me. One word on the way and I'll have you arrested at once. Otherwise, you may get a chance."

I did not know it at the time, but just as we were about to start and were moving toward the door, the gypsy, breathless and fagged, reached the hallway of the apartment. She was about to go in when she heard Inez and myself going out. She dropped back into the convenient shelter which Kennedy had used before, and when we came out we did not see anyone in the hall. As we disappeared, she emerged and cautiously followed us.

In spite of my fears Inez went without a scene to the laboratory. We entered it, at least, not knowing that a pair of black eyes watched every movement. The fake gypsy saw us go in, then hastily came out of a doorway into which she had slipped and hurried downtown.

It was not long after I arrived, however, that Kennedy and Elaine joined me at the laboratory. Kennedy had evidently carefully prepared just what he intended to do. Quickly he forced Inez into the chair which he had already shown Elaine, and fastened the straps about her arms.

"Walter, will you and Elaine go into the next room?" he asked as he finished securing the woman. A moment later he followed carrying the dial of the sphygmograph. He fastened it to the concealed wires that connected with the arms of the chair, describing to us in a whisper the action of the strange little instrument which by blood pressure read not only the disease of the heart, but even the secret emotions.

He had purposely left the door between the front and back rooms ajar, but he did not intend that Inez should hear this explanation. "We know that Wu Fang's headquarters are on Pell street," he concluded to us in his muffled tone. "The sphygmograph will tell us the number, if we ask her the right questions. She may keep silent, but she cannot conceal her feelings from this instrument."

Already, although we did not know it, the gypsy had gone straight to Wu Fang's apartment. We had been getting Our Shouts Seemed to Give Elaine Redoubled Strength

something concealed in it and did not find it. Perplexed, he looked first from Elaine then to Aunt Josephine. Are you looking for the gypsy's handkerchief?" Elaine asked finally, seeing his astonishment. Then she stooped and picked up another handkerchief from the floor. "Here it is. It didn't look very clean, so when she wasn't looking I dropped it and used my own."

Kennedy was speechless with relief. He took the other handkerchief and rapidly ran his hand over it. At last he came to a little hard lump in the hem. He ripped it open. There was the little tube of radium! "You're lucky," he exclaimed. "If you had had that tube over your eyes it would have done its work in a few minutes. You might not feel it for some time, but you would have been blinded at least in a few days, if not hours."

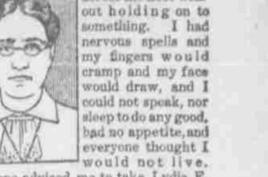
Both Elaine and Aunt Josephine were overcome as they thought of the peril from which Elaine had been so narrowly rescued. Even Kennedy could not restrain a shudder. For the moment he forgot even about Inez. Then, suddenly, he recollected. "Oh, by the way," he exclaimed, "I've had Walter take a woman over to the laboratory. He must be there by this time. I wish that you would get your things on and go over with me. I think that you can help me get something out of her. She's as cool, calm and calculating as a sphinx. But I have a scheme that may lead us at last to this devilish Chinaman."

Elaine motioned to Marie and, when the maid returned, hurried into her coat and hat. It was only a few minutes

## THOUGHT SHE COULD NOT LIVE

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Unionsville, Mo.—"I suffered from a female trouble and I got so weak that I could hardly walk. I had nervous spells and my fingers would cramp and my face would draw, and I could not speak, nor sleep to do any good, had no appetite, and everyone thought I would not live."



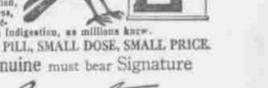
Some one advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I had taken so much medicine and my doctor said he could do me no good so I told my husband he might get me a bottle and I would try it. By the time I had taken it I felt better. I continued its use, and now I am well and strong."

"I have always recommended your medicine ever since I was so wonderfully benefited by it and I hope this letter will be the means of saving some other poor woman from suffering."—Mrs. MARTHA SEAVEY, Box 1144, Unionsville, Missouri.

The makers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have thousands of such letters as that above—they tell the truth, also they could not have been obtained for love or money. This medicine is no stronger—it has stood the test for years. 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.

## Don't Persecute Your Bowels

Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal, harsh, unmerciful. Try CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.



Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowels. Care Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache and indigestion, as well as nervousness. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

WALTON E. COLLIER, Wash. D.C. Sole Agent. High end references. Best results.

## PATENTS

LOUNGERS HAVE NEW GAME

What is Known as Shoe Poker is Amusing the Idle Young Men of New York.

Have you taken a hand at shoe poker? Its a merry little pastime, and, thanks to several shoe designers running riot this summer, it's likely to prove one of our best known outdoor sports for the season.

Just at present shoe poker parties are confined to the idle young men who make the corners of Broadway in the theatrical district look busy. Every hand is a jackpot, and each player is entitled to five shoes. The game is played after this fashion:

The first player elects to choose the shoes worn on the first five women to pass the corner. The second player the next five, and so on. If the first five women who pass the corner are wearing the regulation lace-up the front shoes the player has a straight. If the second group of five women all chance to have on boots of the same color—white, black, champagne or any one of the dozen or so various colors that are worn this season—the second player calls a flush and naturally beats the straight.

If, in the third group of five female shoe wearers, there are two pairs lacing up the front and three lacing up the side, that's a full house, and the third hand beats both the other hands. Because of the variety of design in female boot toggery this year there are a surprising number of combinations that can be made, and shoe poker has, for the time at least, made the corner sports forget all about white horses, red-haired girls and automobile poker.—New York World.

A Cook's Tour. "I saw your touring car speeding toward the station this morning. Who was the young lady in it?" "That was our cook."

"What! And you sent her to the station in your big machine?" "Surest thing you know. We didn't want to take any chances on her missing the eight o'clock train to town. So long, old man. I've got to go and see a doctor about my indigestion."

Becoming Bald. "Mamma, I want a new hairbrush." "Why, Tommie?" "Because my old one is getting bald."

The Cure. June—Aren't you just crazy about hats? Ann—Not since I married you.

Used Force. Lady—Have you a good reference Bridget—Poine! Oi held the poker over her till I got it!

## GET MONEY AFTER 63 YEARS

Grandchildren of Indian Claimants Soon to Have It From the Government.

According to Representative Albert Johnson of Washington, this claim of the Chinooks against the United States was always a plain claim, and yet it took 63 years, four sets of lawyers and indefatigable labor to settle it. According to Mr. Johnson, the United States agreed to give the Chinooks some land in place of the land they had previous to 1851. The Chinooks agreed, but later accepted an offer of money instead of land. That was in 1851. One whole tribe of the Chinooks has died out since that time and none of them ever got any of the money, although the United States got the lands. Says Representative Johnson: "The old chiefs are gone, their children are nearly all dead, and in most cases the money goes in small amounts to their grandchildren. The official correspondence in regard to these claims makes a stack of manuscript four feet high. If the time of all the Indian office employees who have devoted time to these cases could be computed as the time of one clerk at \$1,000 a year, I have not a doubt that the clerk could have been employed every day since 1851, which would make a total of \$63,000 clerk hire to settle a debt of \$84,500."

Plant in Hate Killed Man. Blue rockets show fear, and the deadly nightshade is full of hatred. Both of these are plants, but that does not prevent them from declaring merciless war on all animal life. The blue rocket perfume carries one of the deadliest of poisons. One-sta-

teenth of a grain shot from its poison pistol has proved fatal to man. "Give this plant the semimolecular system possessed by the carnivorous plants, and it would be more dangerous than the cholera," said Prof. Henry G. Walters, head of the plant research bureau at Langhorrie. The professor, who maintains that plants have memories and are capable of love, believes also that there are plants which exercise all the emotions of humanity.—Philadelphia Dispatch to New York Sun.

Bargain Instinct. Mrs. Flatbush—I'm sorry our children are all grown up. Mr. Flatbush—What a funny idea! "Well, you know, I saw baby carriages today marked down from \$5 to \$1.91."

Looking Ahead. Mr. Bacon—The population of the earth at the present rate of gain will be about 4,000,000,000 in the year 2014. Mrs. Bacon—Too bad, for I do hate crowds so.