

The Exploits of Elaine

By **ARTHUR B. REEVE**
The Well-Known Novelist and the Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Stories

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 (Conclusion of Episode One)

From the one-sided, excited conversation of the butler over the telephone, I gathered that Bennett had been in the process of disrobing in his own apartment uptown, and would be right down.

Together, Kennedy, Elaine and myself lifted Dodge to a sofa and Elaine's maid, Josephine, with whom she lived, appeared on the scene, trying to quiet the sobbing girl.

Kennedy and I withdrew a little way, and he looked at me curiously.

"What was it?" I whispered. "Was it a natural accident, or—murder?"

The word seemed to stick in my throat. If it was a murder, what was the motive? Could it have been to get the evidence which Dodge had that would incriminate the master criminal?

Kennedy moved over quietly and examined the body of Dodge. When he saw his face had a peculiar look.

"Terrible!" he whispered to me. "Apparently he had been working at his accustomed place at the desk when the telephone rang. He rose and crossed over to it. See! That brought his foot on this register left into the floor. As he took the telephone receiver down a flash of light must have shot from it to his ear. It shows the characteristic electric burn."

"The motive?" I queried.

"Tridentally his pockets had been gone through, though none of the valuables were missing. Things on his desk show that a hasty search has been made."

Just then the door opened and Bennett burst in.

As he stood over the body, gazing down at it, repressing the emotions of a strong man, he turned to Elaine, and in a low voice exclaimed: "The Clutch Hand did this. I shall consecrate my life to bring this man to justice!"

He spoke tensely, and Elaine, looking up into his face, as if imploring his help in her hour of need, unable to speak, merely grasped his hand.

Kennedy, who, in the meantime, had stood apart from the rest of us, was examining the telephone carefully.

"A clever crook," I heard him mutter between his teeth. "He must have worn gloves. Not a finger print—at least here."

Perhaps I can do no better than to reconstruct the crime as Kennedy later pieced these startling events together.

Long after I had left and even after Bennett left, Dodge continued working in his library, for he was known as a prodigious worker.

Had he taken the trouble, however,

or lounge telephone, and the man rose to answer it. As he did so he placed his foot on the iron register, his hand taking the telephone and the receiver. At that instant came a powerful electric flash. Dodge sank on the floor, clutching the instrument, electrocuted.

A moment later the criminal slid silently into Dodge's room. Carefully putting on rubber gloves and avoiding touching the register, he wrenched the telephone from the grasp of the dead man, replacing it in its normal position. Only for a second did he pause to look at his victim as he destroyed the evidence of his work.

Minutes were precious. First Dodge's pockets, then his desk engaged his attention. There was left the safe.

As he approached the strong box, the master criminal took two vials from his pocket. Removing a bust of Webster that stood on the safe, he poured the contents of the vials in two mixed masses of powder, forming a heap on the safe, into which he inserted two magnesium wires.

He lighted them, sprang back, hiding his eyes from the light, and a blinding rush of flame, lasting perhaps ten seconds, poured out from the top of the safe.

It was not an explosion, but just a dazzling, intense flame that sizzled and crackled. It seemed impossible, but the glowing mass was literally sinking, sinking down into the cold steel. At last it burned through—as if the safe had been of tinder!

Without waiting a moment longer than necessary, the masked criminal advanced again and actually put his hands down through the top of the safe, pulling out a bunch of papers. Quickly he thrust them all, with just a glance, into his pocket.

Still working quickly, he took the bust of the great orator, which he had removed, and placed it under the light. Next, from his pocket he drew two curious stencils, as it were, which he had apparently carefully prepared. With his hands, still carefully gloved, he rubbed the stencils on his hair, as if to cover them with a film of natural oils. Then he deliberately pressed them over the statue in several places. It was a peculiar action, and he seemed to fairly gloat over it when it was done and the bust returned to its place, covering the hole.

As noiselessly as he had come, he made his exit after one last malignant look at Dodge. It was now but the work of a moment to remove the wires he had placed and climb out of the window, taking them and destroying the evidence down in the cellar.

A low whistle from the masked crook, now again in the shadow, brought his next step—his side.

SOME MINOR WAR NEWS FROM EUROPE

LITTLE STORIES FROM THE FRONT THAT ARE COMING IN THROUGH THE CAPITALS OF THE NATIONS NOW FIGHTING EACH OTHER—SOME ARE TRIVIAL, BUT ALL ARE INTERESTING AT THIS TIME.

United Press Service
 LONDON, Jan. 31.—(By mail to New York)—Among the many and elusive rumors that have gained widespread by these war times was the story that Lieutenant-colonel George Cornwallis West, formerly husband of Lady Randolph Churchill, and now married to Mrs. Patrick Campbell, had been detected selling official secrets to Germany and had been shot as a spy. The yarn started about the alleged transfer of Russian troops through England to the firing line in France, and it lived even longer than that famous canard. In fact, there were many who believed it even until today, when a firm of solicitors wrote to the newspapers:

"Lieutenant-Colonel George Cornwallis West, who has been in continuous command since September of one of the battalions of the Royal Naval Division which were present at Antwerp, has been much annoyed and feels justly indignant at persistent rumors which have been going around to the effect that he has been 'shot as a spy.' Colonel West desires to say that he is still alive and well."

Advertised List
 The following unclaimed mail matter advertised on the 18th day of February, 1918, will be sent to the Dead Letter office at Washington, D. C., on the 27th of February.

Day, Fred R.
 Garrard, Robert
 Harris, O. A.
 Hauptman, G. P.
 Jensen, Jack E.
 Jensen, John
 Laughlin, Jack
 Plummer, C. W.
 Roff, Guy
 Robertson, R. R.

A charge of one cent will be made on all letters delivered from this list. In calling for letters please say "advertised." W. A. DELZELL, P.M.

NISH, (Serbia), Jan. 26.—(Via Rome, by mail to New York)—Captain Wukitehewich of the artillery has just been given the cross of the order of Karageorgewitch for his brilliant exploits during the recent hasty retreat of the Austrian army from Servian territory. Unable to

proceed with his artillery on account of the impossible condition of the roads, the captain ordered the horses unhooked and the guns abandoned. Mounting the gunners on the horses they pursued the fleeing Austrians and took from them their artillery, which they at once turned against them. When again the Austrians were too far way to be reached by their own artillery and it was equally impossible to proceed over the muddy roads, the Austrian guns were in turn abandoned, the gunners mounted on the horses and the Austrians pursued till a frost battery was taken and turned against them. The captain continued the maneuver until the last Austrian soldiers had crossed the Trina and Servia was free of the invaders.

"Put on another Squeegie"

One of the strongest proofs of tire value is the desire of the man who has been using tires of a certain kind to have others of the same kind put on his car when he needs new ones.

The man who says, "Put on another Squeegie" when he drives his car into the garage, registers the highest possible endorsement of Diamond Tires.

Read this letter from a Tire Dealer:



Oakland, Cal., Nov. 24, 1914.

"Our customers are more than satisfied with the service they are getting from Diamond Tires, and some of the reports of mileage received are wonderful. The best evidence of this is the fact that we seldom have to solicit repeat orders. They come to us voluntarily. 'Put on another Squeegie' is generally their first greeting on entering the store, and they leave with a smile, feeling that their trouble is over for a long time, and each a Diamond booster."

"RECORD TIRE COMPANY,
 'Per A. J. Donovan."

In addition to the extraordinary mileage and freedom from trouble that you get in Diamond Squeegie Tread Tires, you can now buy them at the following "FAIR-LIST" PRICES:

Size	Diamond Squeegie	Size	Diamond Squeegie
30 x 3	\$ 9.45	34 x 4	\$20.35
30 x 3 1/2	12.00	36 x 4 1/2	22.70
32 x 3 1/2	14.00	37 x 5	33.90
33 x 4	20.00	38 x 5 1/2	46.00

PAY NO MORE

Put on Diamond Squeegie Tires

Southern Oregon Auto Company, Agents
 1400 MAIN

Here's a Pill That Will

Did you ever go on a visit and have the difference in atmosphere, combined with the change of food, spoil that visit? Did you suffer from headaches, become nervous and irritable, lose appetite, have stomach trouble and have your sleep broken?

WHEN YOU GO AWAY AGAIN BE SURE YOU CARRY WITH YOU A SUPPLY OF

NYAL'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

They are handy to carry, easily taken and will quickly remove all unpleasantness. Prompt, but gentle in their action, they stimulate the liver to renewed activity, cleanse the system of waste matter, increase the appetite and aid digestion.

BE SURE YOU TAKE THEM WITH YOU

UNDERWOOD'S PHARMACY
 Corner Main and Seventh KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON

Late Market Quotations

LOCAL PRICES FOR PRODUCE, POULTRY, MEATS AND LIVESTOCK—PORTLAND AND SAN FRANCISCO LIVESTOCK QUOTATIONS

(The following figures are those paid for the commodities enumerated, by local merchants and markets.)

Vegetables
 Potatoes, per cwt.—Good whites, \$1.25 cash; other grades from \$1.00 down.
 Onions, per cwt., \$2.00.
 Beets, turnips, carrots and parsnips, per lb. 1 1/2c.

Butter and Eggs
 Butter—Ranch, 30c per lb. cash or trade.
 Eggs—Per doz. 22 1/2c cash; 25c trade.

Poultry
 Hens, per dozen \$5.50 @ 7.00
 Fryers, per doz. \$5 @ \$6
 Rooster, old, per lb. 8c

Dressed Meats
 Pork, per lb. 8c @ 9c
 Veal, per lb. 10c @ 11c
 Lamb, per lb. 12c
 Mutton, per lb. 10c

Cured Meats
 Shoulder, per lb. 12 1/2c
 Bacon, per lb. 18 @ 20c
 Ham 17 @ 18c

Grains, Etc
 Oats, per cwt. \$1.25
 Wheat, per cwt. \$2.25

Livestock
 Steers, per lb. 6c @ 6 1/2c
 Cows 5c @ 5 1/2c
 Stock hogs, per lb. 6c @ 6 1/2c
 Hogs, per lb. 6c
 Veal, per lb. 6 1/2c @ 7c
 Mutton, per lb. 5c @ 6 1/2c

Sheep—Mined 4.75 @ 5.50
 Lamb—Prime 7.75 @ 8.50
 Choice 7.25 @ 7.75
 Medium 6.75 @ 7.25

PORTLAND LETTER
 There was a good run in the cattle division the first part of the week. Prices breaking somewhat on heavy stuff. Some pulp fed steers brought \$8.00. Good demand for all classes.

Only a fair run of hogs. Buyers paid a slightly lower price than the previous week. Prime hogs are quoted at \$7.20 to \$7.30. There were several loads sold Monday at \$7.35, but there has not been any sold since at that price. All eastern markets are weak.

Sheep house transactions were made quickly. There was some very good stuff on the market which brought top prices. Prime lambs, \$8.00; ewes, \$6.00; yearling wethers, \$7.00. Demand good.

Notice Inviting Proposals to Purchase City of Klamath Falls Improvement Bonds

Sealed proposals will be received by the undersigned until Monday, the 5th day of March, 1918, at the hour of 8 o'clock p. m., of said day, at the city hall, in the city of Klamath Falls, Oregon, (and at such time and place all proposals received will be opened), for the purchase of \$19,040.76 city of Klamath Falls, Oregon, coupon improvement bonds, payable ten years from date of issue, bearing a rate of interest not to exceed 6 per cent per annum, interest payable semi-annually, principal and interest payable at the office of the city treasurer or at the Fiscal Agency of the state of Oregon, in New York, principal and interest payable in gold coin of the United States of America. Said bonds will be issued in denominations not exceeding \$500.00 each, and numbered from 1 to —, inclusive. Said bonds are authorized by Ordinance No. 349, of the city of Klamath Falls, Oregon, for the purpose of providing funds to pay the cost of improving Third street, from Main street to California avenue, including intersections. Said bonds will be sold to the highest bidder, for cash, and for no less than their par value and accrued interest.

Each proposal to purchase said bonds must be accompanied by a check for 5 per cent of the amount of the proposal, certified by some responsible bank, payable to the order of the undersigned.

Proposals must be indorsed "Proposals to Purchase Third Street Improvement Bonds."

The council of said city reserves the right to reject any and all bids. Said bonds will contain a provision to the effect that the city reserves the right to take up and cancel such bond, upon payment at any time of the face value, with accrued interest to date of payment, at any semi-annual coupon period, at or after one year from the date of such bond or bonds.

A. L. LEAVITT,
 Police Judge of the city of Klamath Falls, Oregon.
 Dated at Klamath Falls, Oregon, February 5th, 1918. 2-5-2-2.

SAN FRANCISCO MARKET
 Steers—No. 1, weighing 950 to 1,150 lbs. 7 @ 7 1/2c lb.; 1,150 to 1,180 lbs. 6 1/2 @ 6 1/2c; second quality, 6 1/2 @ 6 1/2c.

Cows, and heifers—No. 1, 6 @ 6 1/2c; second quality, 5 @ 5 1/2c.

Bulls and stags—Good, 4 @ 5c; fair, 3 1/2 @ 4c.

Calves—Light weight, 9 @ 9 1/2c; medium, 8 @ 8 1/2c; heavy 6 @ 7c.

Yearling lambs, 7 1/2 @ 7 1/2c.

Sheep—Wethers, 6 1/2 @ 6 1/2c; ewes 5 1/2 @ 5 1/2c.

Hogs—Hard grain fed, weighing 100 to 225 lbs., 7 @ 7 1/2c; 225-300, 6 1/2; undesirable hogs, 5 @ 6c.

PORTLAND LIVESTOCK MARKET

Cattle
 Steer—Prime light \$7.50 @ \$8.00
 Choice 7.25 @ 7.50
 Medium 6.85 @ 7.25
 Cows—Prime 6.50 @ 6.75
 Choice 6.00 @ 6.50
 Medium 5.75 @ 6.00
 Heifers—Prime 5.75 @ 6.50
 Good 5.50 @ 5.75
 Bulls—Prime 4.75 @ 6.00
 Stags—Prime 6.00 @ 6.50
 Choice 5.50 @ 6.00
 Calves—Prime 6.00 @ 8.50

Hogs
 Prime light, 175-225 lbs. 6.65 @ 7.00
 Choice light, 140-175 lbs. 6.50 @ 6.75
 Light, 90-140 lbs. 6.50 @ 6.75
 Rough, 275 lbs. up 6.25 @ 6.50

Sheep
 Wethers—Best yearling. 6.85 @ 7.00
 Ewes—Best 5.75 @ 6.00



The Criminal Slid Silently into Dodge's Room.

to pause and peer out into the moonlight that flooded the back of his house, he might have seen the figures of two stealthy crooks crouching in the half shadows of one of the cellar windows, one crook, at least, masked.

The masked crook held in his hands carefully the ends of two wires attached to an electric feed, and, sending his pal to keep watch outside, he entered the cellar of the Dodge house through a window, whose pane they had carefully removed. As he came through the window he dragged the wires with him, and, after a moment's reconnoitering, attached them to the furnace pipe of the old-fashioned hot-air heater, where the pipe ran up through the floor to the library above. The other wire was quickly attached to the telephone where its wires entered.

Upstairs Dodge, evidently uneasy in his mind about the precious Limpy Red letter, took it from the safe along with most of the other correspondence and, pressing a hidden spring in the wall, opened a secret panel and placed most of the important documents in this hiding place.

Downstairs the masked master criminal had already attached a voltmeter to the wires he had installed, waiting for the time when he could be sure

"It's all right," he whispered hoarsely to the man. "Now you attend to Limpy Red."

The villainous looking pal nodded, and without another word, the two made their getaway, safely, in opposite directions.

When Limpy Red, still trembling, left the office of Dodge earlier in the evening, he had repaired as fast as his shambling feet would take him to his favorite dive up on Park Row.

Had the Bowers "sinkers" not got into his eyes he might have noticed among the late revelers a man who spoke to no one, but took his place near by at the bar.

Limpy had long since reached the point of saturation and lurching forth from his new found cronies he sought other fields of excitement. Likewise did the newcomer, who bore a strange resemblance to the lookout who had been stationed outside at the Dodge house a scant half hour before.

What happened later was only a matter of seconds—and waiting until the hated snitch—for gamblers hated the informer worse than anything else dead or alive—had turned a sufficiently dark and deserted corner.

A muffled thud, a stifled groan followed as a heavy section of lead pipe

THE FINGER PRINTS ON THE BUST WERE KENNEDY'S OWN.
 (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Card of Thanks
 We wish to express our most heartfelt thanks to all those who so kindly assisted us in our sad bereavement. Especially are we grateful to friends and neighbors for their beautiful floral offerings; to Rev. E. E. Richards; to the members of the choir and all others whose generous efforts helped to make the blow less difficult to bear.

Mrs. Robert Alexander and family, and sisters and brothers.

Herald want ads get results.
 Insurance that pays, as pays on time. See Chilcote, 625 Main St.

The Herald, delivered at your door, office, or home, 50c a month.