

The Exploits of Elaine

A Detective Novel
and
A Motion Picture Drama.



"Care for It?" Repeated Kennedy.
"It Will be One of My Greatest Treasures."

"EXPLOITS OF ELAINE."

The "Exploits of Elaine" was written by Arthur B. Reeve and dramatized into a motion picture play by Charles Goddard. Miss Pearl White, Arnold Daly and Sheldon Lewis take the principal parts in the play as produced by the Pathe Players. One installment of the story is appearing in The Oregonian each Sunday.

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

The New York police are mystified by a series of murders of prominent men. The principal clue to the murders is a 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.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FROZEN SAFE.

Kennedy swung open the door of our taxicab as we pulled up, safe at last, before the Dodge mansion, after the rescue of Elaine from the brutal machinations of the Clutching Hand. Bennett was on the step of the cab in a moment, and together, one on each side of Elaine, they assisted her out of the car and up the steps to the house.

As they mounted the steps, Kennedy called back to me, "Pay the driver, please."

It was the first time I had thought of that. As it happened, I had quite a bankroll with me, and in my hurry, I peeled off a ten-dollar bill and tossed it to the fellow, intending to be generous and tell him to keep the change.

"Say!" he exclaimed, pointing at the clock, "come across—twenty-three, sixty."

Protesting, I peeled off some more bills.

Feeling satisfied this veritable ananias and gorged his dilating appetite for banknotes, I turned to follow the others. Jennings had opened the door immediately. Whether it was that he retained a grudge against me or whether he did not see me, he would have closed it before I could get up there. Elaine and took the steps two at a time.

Elaine's Aunt Josephine was waiting for us in the drawing room, very much worried. The door closed by her exclamation as Elaine excitedly told of the thrilling events that had just taken place.

"And to think they actually—carried you!" she exclaimed, horrified, adding, "And I not!"

"But Mr. Kennedy came along and saved me just in time," interrupted Elaine with a smile. "I was well chaperoned."

Aunt Josephine turned to Craig, gratefully. "How can I ever thank you enough, Mr. Kennedy," she said fervently.

drawer took out a portfolio of large photographs. They were very handsome photographs of herself.

"Much more wonderful than the safe," remarked Craig earnestly. Then, hesitating and a trifle embarrassed, he added, "May I—may I have one?"

"If you care for it," she said, dropping her eyes, then glancing up at him quickly.

"Care for it?" he repeated. "It will be one of the greatest treasures!"

She slipped the picture quickly into an envelope. "Come," she interrupted. "Aunt Josephine will be wondering where we are. She—she's a demon chaperone."

"Good-bye, Mr. Bennett," she murmured, "and I thank you so much for what you have done for me today."

"Good-bye, Mr. Bennett," she murmured, "and I thank you so much for what you have done for me today."

"Good-bye, Mr. Bennett," she murmured, "and I thank you so much for what you have done for me today."

"Good-bye, Mr. Bennett," she murmured, "and I thank you so much for what you have done for me today."

"Good-bye, Mr. Bennett," she murmured, "and I thank you so much for what you have done for me today."

"Good-bye, Mr. Bennett," she murmured, "and I thank you so much for what you have done for me today."

"Good-bye, Mr. Bennett," she murmured, "and I thank you so much for what you have done for me today."

"Good-bye, Mr. Bennett," she murmured, "and I thank you so much for what you have done for me today."

"Good-bye, Mr. Bennett," she murmured, "and I thank you so much for what you have done for me today."

"Good-bye, Mr. Bennett," she murmured, "and I thank you so much for what you have done for me today."

"Good-bye, Mr. Bennett," she murmured, "and I thank you so much for what you have done for me today."

"Good-bye, Mr. Bennett," she murmured, "and I thank you so much for what you have done for me today."

"Good-bye, Mr. Bennett," she murmured, "and I thank you so much for what you have done for me today."



papers that caused him to murder your father?" asked Susie.

Elaine shook her head. "No. Let me show you the new safe I've bought."

"I should think you'd be proud of it," admitted Susie. "I must tell father to get one too."

At that very moment if they had known it, the Clutching Hand, with its sinister, masked face, was peering at the two girls from the other side of the portieres.

Susie rose to go and Elaine followed her to the door. No sooner had she gone than the Clutching Hand came from behind the curtains.

He gazed about a moment, then, moving over to the safe about which the two girls had been talking, stealthily examined it.

He must have heard someone coming, for, with a gesture of hate at the safe itself, as though he personified it, he slipped back of the curtains again.

Elaine had returned, and as she sat down at the desk to go over some papers which Bennett had left relative to settling up the estate the masked intruder stealthily and silently withdrew.

"A package for you, Miss Dodge," announced Michael later in the evening, as Elaine, in her dainty evening gown, was still engaged in going over the papers. He carried it in his hands rather gingerly.

"Mr. Kennedy sent it, ma'am. He says it contains clues, and will you please put it in the new safe for him."

Elaine took the package eagerly and examined it. Then she pulled open the little round door of the globular safe.

"It must be getting cold out, Michael," she remarked. "This package is as cold as ice."

"It is, ma'am," answered Michael, deferentially, with a sidelong glance that did not prevent his watching her intently.

She closed the safe, and with a glance at her watch, set the time lock and went upstairs to her room.

"Someone at the door—Jennings is answering the bell," Michael whispered hoarsely.



"But, Jennings, listen," she persisted.

Jennings did listen. Sure enough, there were sounds, weird, uncanny. He gazed about the room. It was eerie.

Then he took a few steps toward the safe. Marie put out her hand to it and started back.

"Why, that safe is all covered with cold sweat!" she cried with bated breath.

Sure enough, the face of the safe was beaded with dampness. Jennings put his hand on it and quickly drew it away, leaving a mark on the dampness.

"Wh—what do you think of that?" he gasped.

"I'm going to tell Miss Dodge," cried Marie, genuinely frightened.

A moment later she burst into Elaine's room.

"What is the matter, Marie?" asked Elaine, laying down her book. "You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"Ah, but mademoiselle—it's just like that. The safe—if mademoiselle will come down stairs, I will show it you."

Frustrated, but interested, Elaine followed her. In the library Jennings pointed mutely at the new safe. Elaine approached it. As they stood about, new beads of perspiration, as it were, formed on it. Elaine touched it and also quickly withdrew her hand.

"I can't imagine what's the matter," she said. "But—well—Jennings, you may go—and Marie, also."

When the servants had gone she still regarded the safe with the same wondering look, then turning out the light, she followed.

She had scarcely disappeared when, from the portier doorway near by, the Clutching Hand appeared, and, after gazing at them, took a quick look at the safe.

Noislessly Michael of the sinister face moved in and took a position in the center of the room, as if on guard, while Clutching Hand sat before the safe watching it intently.



"Someone at the door—Jennings is answering the bell," Michael whispered hoarsely.

"Confound it!" muttered Clutching Hand, as both moved again behind the heavy velvet curtains.

"I'm so glad to see you, Mr. Kennedy," greeted Elaine unaffectedly as Jennings admitted us.

She had heard the bell and was coming downstairs as we entered. We three moved toward the library and Elaine's room.

Craig strode over to the safe. The cold sweat on it had now turned to icicles.

"The deuce!" he muttered under his breath, stifling his suppressed fury.

We stood looking at the safe. Kennedy was deeply interested, Elaine

standing close beside him. Suddenly he seemed to make up his mind.

"Quick—Elaine!" he cried, taking her arm. "Stand back!"

We all retreated. The safe door, powerful as it was, had actually begun to warp and bend. The plates were bulging. A moment later, with a loud report and concussion the door blew off.

A blast of cold air and flakes like snow flew out. Papers were scattered on every side.

We stood gazing, aghast, a second, then ran forward. Kennedy quickly examined the safe. He bent down and from the wreck took a package, now covered with white.

"This is the package that was sent," cried Elaine.

Taking it in a table cover, he laid it on the table and opened it. Inside was a peculiar shaped flask, open at the top, but like a vacuum bottle.

"A Dewar flask," ejaculated Craig. "As quickly he dropped it."



"This Tells Me Whether I Have Had Any Visitors in My Absence," said Kennedy.

Aunt Josephine nodded acquiescence, and a moment later we all entered the building.

"You—you are very careful since that last warning?" asked Elaine as we approached our door.

"More than ever—now," replied Craig. "I have made up my mind to win."

She seemed to catch at the words as though they were a ray of hope, looking first at him and then away, not displeased.

Kennedy had started to unlock the door, when his supply short.

"See," he said, "this is a precaution I have just installed. I almost forgot in the excitement."

He pressed a panel and disclosed the box-like apparatus.

"This is my seismograph, which tells me whether I have had any visitors in my absence. If the pen traces a straight line, it is all right; but if—hello—Walter, the line is wavy."

"We exchanged a significant glance. "Would you mind—er—standing down the hall just a bit while I enter?" asked Craig.

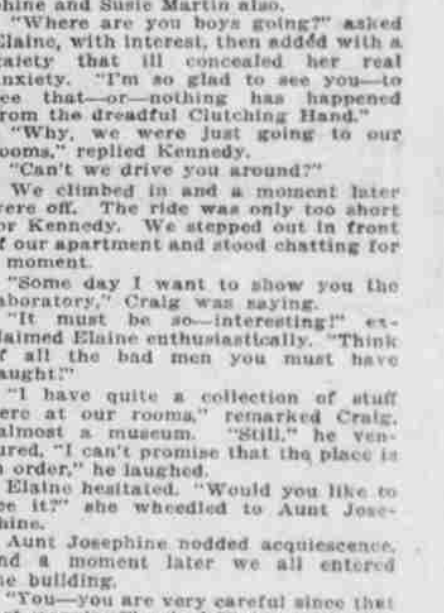
"Be careful," cautioned Elaine. "He unlocked the door, standing off to one side. Then he extended his hand across the doorway. Still nothing happened. There was not a sound. He looked cautiously into the room. Apparently there was nothing."

"It had been about the middle of the morning that an express wagon had pulled up sharply before our apartment."

"Kennedy live here?" asked one of the expressmen, descending with his helper and approaching our janitor, Jens Jensen, a typical Swede, who was coming out of the basement.

Jens growled a surly "Yes—but Mr. Kennedy, he ban out."

"Too bad—we've got this large cabinet he ordered from Grand Rapids. We can't cart it around all day. Can't you let us in so we can leave it?" Jensen muttered. "Wall—I guess it bans all right."



"The Door of the Cabinet Slowly Opened and a Masked Face Peered Around the Room."

stopped in the middle of a remark. He had recognized the car, with a sort of instinct.

At the same moment I saw a smiling face at the window of the car. It was Elaine Dodge.

The car stopped in something less than twice its length and then backed toward us.

Kennedy, hat off, was at the window in a moment. There were Aunt Josephine and Susie Martin also.

"Where are you boys going?" asked Elaine, with interest, then added with a gaiety that ill concealed her real anxiety. "I'm so glad to see you—to see that—or—nothing has happened from the dreadful Clutching Hand."

"Why, we were just going to our rooms," replied Kennedy.

"Can't we drive you around?" We climbed in and a moment later were off. The ride was only too short for Kennedy. We stepped out in front of our apartment and stood chatting for a moment.

"Some day I want to show you the laboratory," Craig was saying.

"It must be so—interesting!" exclaimed Elaine enthusiastically. "Think of all the bad men you must have caught!"

"I have quite a collection of stuff here at our rooms," remarked Craig, "almost a museum. 'Sitting' he ventured, 'I can't promise that the place is in order,' he laughed.

Elaine hesitated. Would you like to see it?" she wheedled to Aunt Josephine.

Aunt Josephine nodded acquiescence, and a moment later we all entered the building.

"You—you are very careful since that last warning?" asked Elaine as we approached our door.

"More than ever—now," replied Craig. "I have made up my mind to win."

She seemed to catch at the words as though they were a ray of hope, looking first at him and then away, not displeased. Kennedy had started to unlock the door, when his supply short. "See," he said, "this is a precaution I have just installed. I almost forgot in the excitement." He pressed a panel and disclosed the box-like apparatus. "This is my seismograph, which tells me whether I have had any visitors in my absence. If the pen traces a straight line, it is all right; but if—hello—Walter, the line is wavy." "We exchanged a significant glance. "Would you mind—er—standing down the hall just a bit while I enter?" asked Craig. "Be careful," cautioned Elaine. "He unlocked the door, standing off to one side. Then he extended his hand across the doorway. Still nothing happened. There was not a sound. He looked cautiously into the room. Apparently there was nothing." "It had been about the middle of the morning that an express wagon had pulled up sharply before our apartment." "Kennedy live here?" asked one of the expressmen, descending with his helper and approaching our janitor, Jens Jensen, a typical Swede, who was coming out of the basement. Jens growled a surly "Yes—but Mr. Kennedy, he ban out." "Too bad—we've got this large cabinet he ordered from Grand Rapids. We can't cart it around all day. Can't you let us in so we can leave it?" Jensen muttered. "Wall—I guess it bans all right." "They took the cabinet off the wagon and carried it upstairs. Jensen opened our door, still grumbling, and they placed the heavy cabinet in the living-room." "Sign here." "You fallers bans a nuisance," protested Jens, signing, nevertheless. Scarcely had the sound of their footsteps died away in the outside hallway when the door of the cabinet slowly opened and a masked face protruded, gazing about the room. "It was the Clutching Hand! From the cabinet he took a large package, wrapped in newspapers. He held it, looking keenly about, his eye rested on Elaine's picture. A moment he looked at it, then quickly at the fireplace opposite. "An idea seemed to occur to him. He took the package to the fireplace, removed the screen and laid the package over the andirons, with one end pointing out into the room. Next he took from the cabinet a couple of storage batteries and a coil of wire. Deftly and quickly he fixed them on the package. Meanwhile, before an alleyway across the street and further down the long block the express wagon had stopped. The driver and his helper clambered out and for a moment stood talking in a few tones, with covert glances at our apartment. They moved into the alley.

(Continued on Page 3.)