

THE Romance of Elaine

A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama

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Featuring

Miss Pearl White Elaine Dodge
Mr. Lionel Barrymore Marcius Del Mar

WRITTEN BY ARTHUR B. REEVE

The Well-Known Novelist and the Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Stories

Dramatized into a Photo-Play by Chas. W. Goddard, Author of "The Perils of Pauline," "The Exploits of Elaine."

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters

After the finding of Wu Fan's body and Kennedy's disappearance, a submarine appears the following morning on the bay. A man plunges overboard from it and swims ashore. It is the man of the "Craig Kennedy" story. His mission is to obtain information of Kennedy's whereabouts. He is the man who was seen at the entrance of the tunnel. At the Dodge home he soon wins the confidence of Elaine. Later she is warned by a little old man to be on her guard. Del Mar, this warning came just in time to prevent Del Mar from carrying out his plans. Elaine gives a masquerade ball. Del Mar attends. Neither he nor his domino girl can locate the torpedo. A gray friar warns Elaine and her friends of the danger. A desperate battle follows, in which the old man destroys the torpedo. Jameson is captured by Del Mar's men while on his way to mail a letter to the United States secret service. Elaine rescues him. Lieutenant Woodward and his friend attend a party given at the Dodge home, at which Del Mar is present. Unknowingly Del Mar drops a note which gives Elaine a clue. In her attempt to prevent his cutting the Atlantic cable she is discovered and made a prisoner on the boat, which is completely covered by Woodward and the old man of mystery. Jameson arrives in a hydro-aeroplane just in time to save Elaine from drowning.

A Little Hunting Party

Del Mar made his way cautiously along the bank of a little river at the mouth of which he left the boat, after escaping from the little steamer. Quite evidently he was worried by the failure to cut the great Atlantic cable, and he was eager to see whether any leak had occurred in the organization which, as secret agents, he had so carefully built up in America. As he skirted the shore of the river, he came to a falls. Here he moved even more cautiously than before, looking about to make certain that no one had followed him. It was a beautiful sheet of water that tumbled with a roar over the ledge of rock, then raced away swiftly to the sea in a cloud of spray. Assured that he was alone, he approached a crevice in the rocks, near the falls. With another hasty look about, he reached in and pulled a lever. Instantly a most marvelous change took place, incredible beyond belief. The volume of water that came over the falls actually and rapidly decreased until it almost stopped, dripping slowly in a thin veil. There was the entrance of a cave—literally hidden above the falls. Del Mar walked in. Inside was the entrance to another inner cave, higher up in the sheer stone of the wall that the waters had eroded. From the floor to this entrance led a ladder. Del Mar climbed it, then stopped just inside the entrance to the inner cave. For a moment he paused. Then he pressed another lever. Almost immediately the thin trickle of water here until at last the roaring falls completely covered the cave entrance. It was a clever concealment, contrived by damming the river above and arranging a new outlet controlled by flood gates. There Del Mar stood, in the inner cave. A man sat at a table, a curious gear fastened over his head and covering his ears. Before him was a huge apparatus from which flared a big bluish-green spray, snapping and crackling above the thunder of the waters. From the apparatus ran wires apparently up through cables that penetrated the rocky roof of the cavern and the river above. It was Del Mar's secret wireless station, close to the hidden submarine harbor which had been established beneath the innocent rocks of the promontory up the coast. Far overhead, on the cliff over the falls, were the antennas of the wireless. "How is it working?" asked Del Mar. "Pretty well," answered the man. "No interference?" queried Del Mar, adjusting the apparatus. The man shook his head in the negative. "We must get a quashed spark apparatus," went on Del Mar, pleased that nothing was wrong here. "This rotary gap affair is out of date. By the way, I want you to be ready to send a message, to be relayed across to our people. I've got to consult the board below in the harbor first, however. I'll send a messenger to you." "Very well, sir," returned the man, saluting as Del Mar went out. Out at Fort Dale, Lieutenant Woodward was still entertaining his new friend, Prof. Arnold, and had introduced him to Colonel Swift, the commanding officer at the fort. They were discussing the strange events of the early morning, when an orderly entered, saluted Colonel Swift and handed him a telegram. The colonel tore it open and read it, his face growing grave. Then he handed it to Woodward, who read:

"A wireless apparatus of my own on my yacht," he remarked slowly. "I have an instrument there which I think can help you greatly. Let's see what we can do." "All right," nodded Colonel Swift to Woodward. "Try." The two went out, and a few minutes later, on the shore, jumped into Arnold's fast little motor boat and sped out across the water until they swung around alongside the trim yacht which Arnold was using. It was a compact and comfortable little craft, with lines that indicated both gracefulness and speed. On one of the seats, as they approached, Woodward noticed the wireless aerial. They climbed the ladder over the side and made their way directly to the wireless room, where Arnold sat down and at once began to adjust the apparatus. Woodward seemed keenly interested in inspecting the plant, which was of a curious type, and not exactly like any that he had seen before. "Wireless apparatus," explained Arnold, still at work, "as you know, is divided into three parts, the source of power, the making and sending of wireless waves, including the key, spark, condenser, and tuning coil, and the receiving apparatus—head telephones, antennae, ground and detector. This is a very compact system with facilities for a quick change from one spark length to another. It has a spark gap, quenched type, break system rally-operator can hear any interference while transmitting through a transformer, a single throw of a six-point switch which tunes the oscillating and open circuits to resonance." Woodward watched him keenly, following his explanation carefully, as Arnold might call it a radio detective. "You might call it a radio detective," he added. Even the startling experience of the morning when she was carried off and finally jumped from the little tramp steamer that had attempted to cut the cable did not dampen Elaine's ardor. She missed the guiding hand of Kennedy, yet felt impelled to follow up and investigate the strange things that had been happening in the neighborhood of her summer home since his disappearance. I succeeded in getting her safely home after Burnside and I rescued her in the hydro-aeroplane, but no sooner had she changed her clothes for dry ones than she disappeared herself. At least I could not find her, though, later, I found that she had stolen away to town and there had purchased a complete outfit of men's clothes from a second-hand dealer. Cautiously, with the large bundle under her arm, she returned to Dodge Hall and almost sneaked into her own home and upstairs to her room. She locked the door and hastily unwrapped the bundle, taking out a tattered suit and other things, holding them up and laughing gleefully as she took off her own pretty clothes and changed these hideous garments. Quickly she completed her change of costume and outward character. As she surveyed herself in the dainty mirror of her dressing table she laughed again at the incongruity of her pretty boudoir and the rough men's clothes she was wearing. Defiantly she arranged her hair so that her hat would cover it. She picked a black mustache from the table and stuck it on her soft upper lip. It tickled and she made a wry face over it. Then she looked up a cigarette from the bundle which she had brought in, lighted it and stuck it in the corner of her mouth, letting it droop jauntily. It rode her rough and she threw it away. Finally she went to the door and downstairs. No one was about. She opened the door and gazed around. All was quiet. It was a new role for her, but with a bold front she went out and passed down to the gate of the grounds, pulling her hat down over her eyes and assuming a tough swagger. Only a few minutes before, down in the submarine harbor, the officers of the board of foreign agents had been grouped about Del Mar, who had entered and taken his place at their head, very angry over the failure to cut the cable. As they concluded their hasty conference, he wrote a message on a slip of paper. "Take this to our wireless station," he ordered, handing it to one of the men. The man took it, rose, and went to a wardrobe from which he extracted one of the submarine suits. With the message in his hand, he went out of the room, buckling on the suit. A few minutes later the messenger in the submarine suit bobbed up on the water, near the promontory, and climbed slowly over the rocks toward a crevice, where he began to take off the diving outfit. Having finished, he hid the suit among the rocks and then went along the little river, carefully skirting its banks into the ravine in which were the falls and the wireless cave. In her disguise, Elaine had made her way by a sort of instinct along the shore to the rocky promontory where she had discovered the message in the tin tube in the water. Something, she knew not what, was going on about there, and she reasoned that it was not all over yet. She was right. As she looked about keenly she did see something, and she hid among the rocks. It was a man, all dripping in an outlandish helmet and suit. She saw him sink into a crevice and take off the suit, then, as he moved toward the river ravine, she stole up after him. Suddenly she stopped stark still, surprised and alarmed. The man had actually gone up to the very waterfall. He had pressed what looked like a lever and the water over

the fall seemed to stop. Then he walked directly through, into a cave. In the greatest wonder Elaine crept along toward the falls. Inside the cave Del Mar's emissary started to climb a ladder to an inner cave. As he reached the top, he glanced out and saw Elaine by the entrance. With an oath he jumped into the inner entrance. His hand reached eagerly for a lever in the rocks and as he found and held it, he peered out carefully. Elaine cautiously came from behind a rock where she had hidden herself and seeing no one apparently watching, now advanced until she stood directly under the trickle of water which had once been the falls. She gazed into the cave, curiously uncertain whether she dared to go in alone or not. The emissary jerked fiercely at the lever as he saw Elaine. Above the falls a dam had been built and by a system of levers the gates could be operated so that the water could be thrown over the falls or diverted away at will. As the man pressed the lever the flood gates stood quickly. Elaine stood gazing eagerly into the blackness of the cave. Just then a great volume of water from above crashed down on her with almost crushing weight. How she lived through it she never knew. But, fortunately, she had not gone quite far enough to get the full force of the water. Still, the terrific flood easily overcame her. She was swept, screaming, down the stream. Rather alarmed at the strange disappearance of Elaine after I brought her home, I had started out along the road to the shore to look for her, thinking that she might perhaps have returned there. As I walked along a young tough—at least at the time I thought it was a young tough, so good was the disguise she had assumed, and so well did she carry it off—slouched past me. What such a character could be doing in the neighborhood I could not see. But he was so noticeably tough that I turned and looked. He kept his eyes averted as if afraid of being recognized. "Great Caesar!" I muttered to myself, "that's a roughneck. This place is sure getting to be a hangout for gunmen." I shrugged my shoulders and continued my walk. It was no business of mine. Finding no trace of Elaine, I returned to the house. Aunt Josephine was in the library alone. "Where's Elaine?" I asked, anxiously. "I don't know," she replied. "I don't think she's at home." "Well, I can't find her anywhere," I frowned, wandering out at a loss what to do and thrusting my hands deep in my pockets as an aid to thought. "Somewhat," I felt, I didn't seem to get on well as a detective without Kennedy. Yet, so far, a kind providence seemed to have watched over us. Was it because we were children—or I rejected that alternative. Walking along leisurely I made my way down to the shore. At a bridge that crossed the rather turbulent stream as it tumbled its way toward the sea, I paused and looked at the water reflectively. Suddenly my vagrant interest was aroused. Up the stream I saw someone struggling in the water and shouting for help as the current carried her along, screaming. It was Elaine. The hat and mustache, her disguise were gone and her beautiful Titian hair was spread out on the water as it carried her now this way, now that, while she struck out with all her strength to keep afloat. I did not stop to think how or why she was there. I swung over the rail, stripping off my coat, ready to dive. On she came with the swift current to the bridge. As she approached I dived. It was not a minute too soon. In her struggles she had become thoroughly exhausted. She was a good swimmer, but the fight with nature was unequal. I reached her in a second or two and took her hand. Half-pouting, half-showing her, I struck out for the shore. We managed to make it together where the current was not quite so strong, and climbed safely up a rock. Elaine sank down, choking and gasping, not unconscious, but pretty much all in and exhausted. I looked at her in amazement. She was the tough character I had just seen. "Why, where in the world did you get those toys?" I queried. "Never mind my clothes, Walter," she gasped. "Take me home for some dry ones. I have a clue." She rose, determined to shake off the effects of her recent plunge and went toward the house. As I helped her she related breathlessly what she had just seen. Meanwhile, back of that wall of water, the wireless operator in the cave was sending messages which Del Mar's emissary dictated to him, one after another. With the high resistance receiving apparatus over his head, Arnold was listening to the wireless signals that came over his "radio detective" on the yacht. Moving the slider back and forth on a sort of tuning coil, as he listened, Woodward stood close beside him. "As you know," Arnold remarked, "by the use of an aerial, messages may be easily received from any number of stations. Laws, rules, and regulations may be adopted by the government to shut out interceptors and to plug busybody ears, but the greater part of whatever is transmitted by the Hertzian waves can be snatched down by this wireless detective of mine. Here I can sit in my wireless room with this earphone clamped over my head drinking in news, plucking the secrets of others from the sky—in other words, this is eavesdropping by a wireless wiretapper.



Jameson fails to recognize Elaine, disguised as a man.

"Are you getting anything?" asked Woodward. Arnold nodded, as he seized a pencil and started to write. The lieutenant bent forward in tense interest. Finally Arnold read what he had written and with a peculiar, quiet smile handed it over. Woodward read. It was a senseless jumble of dots and dashes of the Morse code, but, although he was familiar with the code, he could make nothing out of it. "It's the Morse code all right," he said, handing it back with a puzzled look, "but it doesn't make any sense." Arnold smiled again, took the paper, and without a word wrote on it some more. Then he handed it back to Woodward. "An old trick," he said. "Reverse the dots and dashes and see what you get." Woodward looked at it, as Arnold had reversed it and his face lighted up. "Harbor successfully mined," he quoted in surprise. "I'll show you another thing about this radio detective of mine," went on Arnold enthusiastically. "It's not only a wave length measurer, but by a process of my own I can determine approximately the distance between the sending and the receiving points of a message." He attached another, smaller machine to the wireless detector. In the face was a moving finger which swung over a dial marked off in miles from one upward. As Arnold adjusted the new detector, the hand began to move slowly. Woodward looked eagerly. It did not move far, but came to rest above the figure "2." "Not so very far away, you see, lieutenant," remarked Arnold, pointing to the dial face. He seized his glasses and hurried to the deck, leveling it at the shore, leaning far over the rail in his eagerness. As he scanned the shore, he stopped suddenly. There was a house, roof among the trees with a wireless aerial fastened to the chimney, but not quite concealed by the dense foliage. "Look," he cried to Woodward, with an exclamation of satisfaction, handing over the glass. Woodward looked. "A secret wireless station, all right," he agreed, lowering the glasses after a long look. "We'd better get over there right away," planned Arnold, leading the way to the ladder over the side of the yacht, and calling to the sailor who had managed the little motor boat to follow him. Quickly they skinned across to the shore. "I think we'd better send to the port for some men," considered Arnold as they landed. "We may need reinforcements before we get through." Woodward nodded and Arnold hastily wrote a note on a rather large scrap of paper which he happened to have in his pocket. "Take this to Colonel Swift at Fort Dale," he directed the sailor. "And hurry!" The sailor loped off, half on a run, as Arnold and Woodward left down the shore, proceeding carefully. At top speed, Arnold's sailor made his way to Fort Dale and delivered the message to Colonel Swift, who was standing before the headquarters with several officers. "A message from Lieutenant Woodward and Prof. Arnold," he announced, approaching the commanding officer and handing him the note. Colonel Swift tore it open and read: "Have located radio aerial in the woods along shore. Please send squad of men with bearer." ARNOLD. "You just left them?" queried the colonel. "Yes, sir," replied the sailor. "We came ashore in his boat. I don't know exactly where they went, but I know the direction and we can catch up with them easily if we hurry, sir." The colonel handed the note quickly to a cavalry officer beside him who read it, saluted at the order that followed, turned and strode off, hastily stuffing the paper in his belt as the sailor went to. Meanwhile, Del Mar's valet was leaving the bungalow and walking down the road on an errand for his master. Up the road he heard the clatter of hoofs. He stepped back off the road and from his covert he could see a squad of cavalry, headed by the captain and a sailor, cantering past. The captain turned in the saddle to speak to the sailor, who rode like a horse-mad, and as he did so the tuning coil of his body loosened a paper which he had stuffed loosely into his belt. It fell to the ground. In their hurry the troop, close behind, rode over it. But it did not escape the quick eye of Del Mar's valet. They had scarcely disappeared around a bend in the road when he stepped out and pounced on the paper, reading it eagerly. Every line of his face showed

But from their position they could see nothing. Together they drew their guns and advanced more cautiously at the house. Del Mar made his way back quickly over the roof, back through the scuttles and down the stairs again. Should he go out? He looked out of the window. Then he went to the door. An instant he paused, thinking and listening, his ax raised, ready for a blow. Arnold and Woodward, by this time, had reached the door, which swung open on its hinges. Woodward was about to go in when he felt a hand on his arm. "Wait," cautioned Arnold. He took off his hat and jammed it on the end of a stick. Slowly he shoved the door open, then thrust the hat and stick just a fraction of a foot forward. Del Mar, waiting, alert, saw the door open and a hat. He struck at it hard with the ax and merely the hat and stick fell to the floor. "Now, come on," shouted Arnold to Woodward. In the other hand, Del Mar held a chair. As Woodward dashed in with Arnold beside him, Del Mar seized the chair at their feet. Woodward fell over it in a heap, and as he did so the delay was all that Del Mar had hoped to gain. Without a second's hesitation he dived through an open window, just as Arnold ran forward, avoiding Woodward and the chair. It was spectacular, but it worked. Arnold fired, but even that was not quick enough. He turned and with Woodward, who had picked himself up in spite of his harked shins, they ran back through the door by which they had entered. Recovering himself, Del Mar dashed for the woods just as Arnold and Woodward ran around the side of the house, still blazing away after him, as they followed, rapidly gaining. Elaine changed her clothes quickly. Meanwhile she had ordered horses for both of us, and a groom brought them around from the stables. It took me only a short time to jump into some dry things and I waited impatiently. She was ready very soon, however, and we mounted and cantered off, again in the direction of the shore where she had seen the remarkable waterfall, of which she had told me. We had not gone far when we heard sounds, as if an army were bearing down on us. "What's that?" I asked. Elaine turned and looked. It was a squad of cavalry. "Why, it is Lieutenant Woodward's friend, Captain Price," she exclaimed, waving to the captain at the head of the squad. A moment later Captain Price pulled up and bowed. Quickly we told him of what Elaine had just discovered. "That's strange," he said, this man—indicating the sailor, "has just told me that Lieutenant Woodward and Prof. Arnold are investigating a wireless outfit over near there. Perhaps there's some connection." "May we join you?" she asked. "By all means," he returned. "I was about to suggest it myself." We fell in behind with the rest and were off again. Under the direction of the sailor we came at last to the ravine, where we looked about searchingly for some trace of Arnold and Woodward. "What's that noise?" exclaimed one of the cavalrymen. We could hear shots above us. "They may need us," cried Elaine, impatiently. It was impossible to ride up the sheer heights above. "Dismount," ordered Captain Price. His men jumped down and we followed him. Elaine struggled up now, helped by me, now helping me. Further down the hill from the deserted house, which we could see above us at the top, was an underground passage which had been built to divert part of the water above the falls for power. Through it the water surged and over this boiling stream ran a board walk the length of the tunnel. Into this tunnel we could see that a masked man had made his way. As he did so he turned for just a moment and fired a volley of shots.

Elaine screamed. There were Arnold and Woodward, his targets, coming on boldly, as yet unhurt. They rushed in after him, in spite of his running fire, returning his shots and darting toward the tunnel entrance through which he still blazed back at them. From our end of the ravine we could see precisely what was going on. "Come—the other end of the tunnel," shouted Price, who had evidently been over the ground and knew it. "We made our way quickly to it and it seemed as if we had our man trapped like a rat in a hole. In the tunnel the man was firing back at his pursuers as he ran along the boardwalk for our end. He looked up just in time as he approached us. There he could see Price and his cavalrymen waiting, cutting off retreat. We were too many for him. He turned and took a step back. There were Arnold and Woodward with leveled guns peering in as though they could not see very clearly. At a moment their eyes would become accustomed as his to the darkness. What would he do? There was not a second to waste. He looked down at the planks beneath him and the black water slipping past on its way to the power station. It was a desperate chance. But it was all that was left. He dropped down and let himself without a splash into the water. Arnold and Woodward took a step into the darkness, scarcely knowing what to expect, their eyes a bit better accustomed to the dark. But if they had been there an hour, in all probability they could not have seen what was at their very feet. Del Mar had sunk and was swimming under water in the swift black current sweeping under them. As they entered, he passed out, nerved up to desperation. Down the stream, just before it took its final plunge to the power wheel, Del Mar managed by superhuman effort to reach out and grasp a wooden support of the flooring again and pull himself out of the stream. Smiling grimly to himself, he hurried up the bank. "Some one coming," whispered Price. "Get ready." We leveled our guns. I was about to fire. "Look out! Don't shoot!" warned a voice sharply. It was Elaine. Her keen eyes and quick perception had recognized Arnold, leading Woodward. We lowered our guns. "Did you see a man, masked, come out here?" cried Woodward. "No—he must have gone your way," we called. "No, he's 'dn't." Arnold was eagerly questioning the captain as Elaine and I approached. "Dropped into the water—ripped almost certain death," he muttered, half turning and seeing us. "I want to congratulate you on your nerve for going in there," began Elaine, advancing toward the professor. Apparently he neither heard nor saw us. For he turned as soon as he had finished with Price and went into the cave as though he were too busy to pay any attention to anything else. Elaine looked up at me, in blank astonishment. "What an impolite man," she murmured, gazing at the figure all stumped over as it disappeared in the darkness of the tunnel. (To be continued.)

LARGE SUMS PAID TO SUFFERERS FROM RAIDS

(Correspondence of The Associated Press.) LONDON, July 16.—The Parliamentary committee which was appointed after the first German naval raid on the British coast, to investigate and compensate raid sufferers, has thus far distributed \$60,000 in indemnities to those who suffered property damages in coast and air raids. Up to June 25 there had been altogether fourteen attacks on Great Britain by hostile aircraft, with total casualties as follows: Killed, fifty-six, of whom twenty-four were men, twenty-one women, and eleven children. All the men killed were civilians. Wounded, so far as ascertained, 15, of whom eighty-six were men, thirty-five women, and seventeen children.

ROMANCE OF ELAINE With LIONEL BARRYMORE	
Besse Theatre SOUTH OMAHA Romance of Elaine With Lionel Barrymore Episode No. 6 July 28	GRAND Theatre 16th and Binney Episode No. 5 July 29 Romance of Elaine with Lionel Barrymore
FAVORITE Theatre 17th and Vinton St. Episode No. 5 July 27	Gem Theatre 1528 So. 13th St. Episode No. 4 Today July 25
DIAMOND THEATRE 2410 Lake St. Episode No. 2 July 27	Nicholas Theatre Council Bluffs, Ia. NEW EXPLOITS OF ELAINE Episode No. 23 July 27
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