

THE Romance of Elaine

A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama



Presented by This Newspaper in Collaboration With the Famous Pathe Players.

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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."

Everything you read here today you can see in the fascinating Pathe Motion Pictures at the Motion Picture Theaters this week. Next Sunday another chapter of "The Exploits of Elaine" and new Pathe reels.

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters

After the finding of Wu Pang's body and Kennedy's disappearance, a submarine appears in the morning morning on the bay. A man plunges overboard from it and swims ashore. In the entrance of Marcius Del Mar into America. The mission of Marcius Del Mar is to find Kennedy and recover, if possible, the lost corpse at the lodge house to show some one the contents of a trunk which is warned by a little old man to be careful of Del Mar. This warning came just in time to prevent Del Mar from carrying out his plans.

The girl enters the Dodge home as a maid. Linds the torpedoes, places it in a trunk, which with others is sent to the lodge country home. In a hold-up Del Mar's men try to get the trunk containing the torpedoes, Elaine hides the torpedoes, which later is stolen by Del Mar's men, who in escaping meet the old man of mystery. A desperate battle follows, in which the old man destroys the torpedoes. 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 afterwards is wrecked by Woodward and the old man of mystery. Jameson is rescued and the submarine just in time to save Elaine from drowning.

Elaine, disguised as a man, discovers the entrance of Del Mar's wireless cave at almost the same time Prof. Arnold by a radio detected and discovered the wireless station. Elaine's discovery nearly proves fatal, she is saved by Jameson. Both aid Prof. Arnold escape and Woodward in destroying the wireless station, but Del Mar escapes.

Making his way to a deserted hotel in the woods, he directs the packing of a number of gas bombs. Elaine discovers Del Mar's mark at work, is captured, but escapes. When the hotel is later attacked the men retreat to the woods, nearly causing the death of Lieutenant Woodward and his attacking.

In the affair in the woods with Del Mar's men, Elaine received a package which contained a note which she reads from an unknown friend. Followed by Jameson and Aunt Josephine they go to the cellar where they discover the accuracy of the new weapon. That afternoon, while motoring with Jameson, Elaine discovers a bomb hidden by one of Del Mar's men for safe keeping. They decide to take it to Lieutenant Woodward, who is making a check over the beach reaching the yacht they are searching for. Del Mar's men are alerted and soon after destroys the yacht with a torpedo, only to find that Prof. Arnold and his party have escaped.

Saved from the Waters

CHAPTER IX.

Early one morning a very handsome woman of the adventures type arrived with several trunks at the big summer hotel just outside the town, the St. Germain.

Among the many fashionable people at the watering place, however, she attracted no great attention, and in the forenoon she quietly went out in her motor for a ride.

It was Madame Larenz, one of Del Mar's secret agents, who, up to this time, had been engaged in spying on wealthy and impressive American manufacturers.

Her riding brought her finally to the bungalow of Del Mar, and there she was admitted in a manner that showed that Del Mar trusted her highly.

"Now," she instructed, after a few minutes' chat, "I want you to get acquainted with Miss Dodge. You know how to interest her. She's quite human. Pretty gowns appeal to her. Get her to the St. Germain. Then I'll tell you what to do."

A few minutes later the woman left in her car, so rapidly driven that no one would recognize her.

"It was early in the afternoon that Aunt Josephine was sitting on the veranda, when an automobile drove up and a very stylishly robed and bonneted woman stepped out.

"Good afternoon," she greeted Aunt Josephine ingratiatingly, as she approached the house. "I am Madame Larenz of New York and Paris. Perhaps you have heard of my shops on Fifth avenue and the Rue de la Paix."

Aunt Josephine had heard the name, though she did not know that this woman had assumed it without being in any way connected with the places she mentioned.

"In establishing a new sort of summer service at the better resorts," the woman explained, "you see, my people find it annoying to go into the city for gowns. So I am bringing the latest Paris models out to them. Is Miss Dodge at home?"

"I think she is playing tennis," returned Aunt Josephine.

"Oh, yes, I see her thank you," the woman murmured, moving toward the tennis court back of the house.

Elaine and I had agreed to play a couple of games and were toasting racquets for position.

"Very well," laughed Elaine, as she wore the toak, "take the other court."

It was a cool day and I felt in good spirits. Just to see whether I could do it still, I jumped over the net.

Our game had scarcely started when we were interrupted by the approach of a stunning looking woman.

"Miss Dodge?" she greeted. "Will you excuse me a moment?"

Elaine paused in serving the ball and

Larenz entered and passed through the rotunda of the hotel, followed by many admiring glances the men.

Up in her room stood several large trunks, open.

From them had been taken a number of gowns which were scattered about or hung up for exhibition.

As she entered, quickly she selected one of the trunks whose contents were more smart than the rest, and laid the gowns out most prettily about the room.

In the office of the hotel a few moments later the naturalist entered. He looked about curiously, then went to the desk and glanced over the register. At the name "Madame Larenz, Paris, Room 22," he paused.

For some seconds, he stood thinking. Then he deliberately walked over to a leather chair and took a prominent seat near by in the lobby. He had discarded his hat, but still had the case which now he had shoved into his pocket. From a table he picked up a newspaper.

It was not long before Del Mar pulled up before the hotel and entered in his usual swagger manner. He had returned to the bungalow, read the note and hurried over to the St. Germain.

He crossed the lobby, back to the office. As he did so the naturalist hid his face hidden deeply in the open newspaper. But no sooner had Del Mar passed than the newspaper fell unappreciated, and he gazed after him, as he left the lobby by the back way.

It was only a few minutes after she had completed arranging her small stock so that it looked quite impressive, that Madame Larenz heard a knock at the door and recognized Del Mar's secret code. She opened the door and he strode in.

"I got your note," he said, briefly, coming directly to business and telling her just what he wanted done. "Let me see," he concluded, glancing at his watch. "It is after 3 now. She ought to be here any minute."

Outside, Elaine drove up to the rather garish entrance of the St. Germain, and one of the boys in uniform ran forward to open the door and take charge of the motor. She crossed the lobby without seeing the old naturalist, though nothing escaped him.

As she passed he started to rise and cross toward her, then appeared to change his mind.

Elaine went on out through the back of the lobby, directed by a boy, and mounted a flight of stairs in preference to taking the lift to the second, or sort of mezzanine floor. Down along the corridor she went, hunting for number twenty-two. At last she found it at the end and knocked.

Del Mar and Madame Larenz were still talking in low tones when they heard a light tap on the door.

"There she is now," whispered Larenz. "All right; let her in," answered Del Mar, leaning quietly to a closet. "I'll hide here until I get the signal. Do just as I told you."

Outside, at the same time, according to his carefully concocted plans, Del Mar's car had driven up and stopped close to the side of the hotel, which was on a slight hill that brought the street level here not far below the second-story windows. Three of his most trusted men were in the car.

Madame Larenz opened the door. "Oh, I'm so glad you came," she rattled on to Elaine. "You see, I've got to get started. Not a customer yet. But if you'll only take a few gowns other people will come to me. I'll let you have them cheaply, too. Just look at this one."

She held up one filmy, creamy creation that looked like a delicate flower.

"I'd like to try it on," cried Elaine, fingering it rapturously.

"By all means," agreed Madame. "We are alone. Do so."

With deft fingers, Larenz helped her take off her own very pretty dress. As Elaine slipped the soft gown over her head, with her head and arms engaged in its multitudinous folds, Madame Larenz, a powerful woman, seized her, Elaine was effectually gagged and bound in the gown itself.

Instantly Del Mar flung himself from the closet, disguising his voice. Together they wrapped the dress about Elaine even more tightly to prevent her screaming.

Madame Larenz seized a blanket and threw that over Elaine's head also, while Del Mar ran to the window. There were his men in the car, waiting below.

"Are you ready?" he called softly to them.

They looked about carefully. There was no one on that side of the hotel just at the moment.

"Ready," responded one. "Quick!"

Together Del Mar and Madame Larenz passed Elaine, ineffectually struggling, out of the window. The man seized her and placed her in the bottom of the car, which was covered. Then they shot away, taking a back road up the hill.

Hurriedly the naturalist went through the lobby in the direction Elaine had gone, and a moment later reached the corridor above.

Down it, he could hear some one coming out of room 22. He hid into an angle and hid.

It was Del Mar and the woman he had

seen at the bungalow. They passed by without discerning him, nor could he make out anything that they said. What mischief was afoot? Where was Elaine? He ran to the door and tried it. It was locked. Quickly he took from his pocket a skeleton key and unlocked it. There was Elaine's hat and dress lying in a heap on the bed. But she was not there. He was now thoroughly alarmed.

She could not have passed him in the hall. Therefore she must have gone or been taken out through the window. That would never have been voluntary, especially leaving her things there.

The window was still open. He ran to it. One glance out was enough. He leaped to the ground. Sure enough there were automobile tracks in the dust.

"Del Mar's car!" he muttered to himself, studying them.

He fairly ran around the side of the hotel. There he came suddenly upon Elaine's car standing alone, and recognized it.

There was no time for delay. He jumped into it and let the swift little racer out as he turned and gathered momentum to shoot up the hill on high speed.

Meanwhile, I had been jogging along through the country, lonely and disconsolate. I don't know how it happened, but I suppose it was by some subconscious desire. At any rate, I found myself at the road that came out across one leading to the St. Germain, and it occurred to me that Elaine might by this time have purchased enough frocks to clothe her for a year. At any rate I quickened my pace in the hope of seeing her.

Suddenly my horse shied, and a familiar little car flashed past me. But the driver was not familiar. It was Elaine's car, she looked like a "bugologist," as nearly as I can describe him. Was he running off with her car while she was waiting inside the hotel?

I galloped after him.

Del Mar's automobile, with Elaine bound and gagged in, drove rapidly by back and unfrequented ways into the country until at last it pulled up before an empty two-story house in a sort of grove of trees.

The men leaped out, lifted Elaine, and carried her bodily into the house, taking her upstairs and into an upper room. She had fainted when they laid her down and loosened the dress from about her face so that she could breathe. When they left her, on the floor, her hands and feet bound, and went out.

How long she lay there she never knew; but at last the air revived her and she regained consciousness and sat up. Her muscles were sore and her head ached. But she set her teeth and began struggling with the cords that bound her, managing at last to pull the dress over herself at least.

In Elaine's car the naturalist drove slowly at times, following the track of the automobile ahead. At last, however, he came to a place where he saw that the tracks went up a lonely side road. To his approach the car was to warn whoever was there. He ran the car up alongside the road in the bushes and jumped out, leaving it and following the tracks up the side roadway.

As he approached a single deserted house he left even the narrow road altogether and plunged into the woods, careful to proceed noiselessly. Through the bushes, near the house, he peered. There he could see one of Del Mar's men in the doorway, apparently talking to others behind him.

stealthily the naturalist crept around, still hiding, until he was closer to the house on the other side. At last he worked his way around to the rear door. He tried it. It was bolted, and even the skeleton key was unavailing to slide the bolt. Seconds were precious.

Quickly he went to the corner of the house. There was a water leader. He began to climb it, risking its precarious support.

On the roof at last, the naturalist crawled along, looking for some way of getting into the house. But he could not seem to find any. Carefully he crawled to the edge of the roof and looked over. Below he could hear sounds, but could make nothing of them.



Instantly Del Mar flung himself from the closet, disguising his voice, he seized Elaine

went the naturalist, Elaine still keeping close after him.

He looked out through the front door, then drew back. Quickly he went through the lower hall until he came to the back door in the kitchen, Elaine following. He unbolted the door and opened it.

"Run," he said, simply, pointing out of the door. "They're coming back the other way. I'll hold them."

She needed no further urging, but darted from the house as he closed the door after her.

It was just at this point that Del Mar came riding along the main road on horseback. He pulled up suddenly as he saw a car run in alongside the road.

"That's Elaine's runaway," he muttered, as he dismounted and tied his horse. "How came it here?"

He approached the car, much worried by its unaccountable presence there instead of before the St. Germain. Then he drew his gun and hurried up the side road.

He heard a shot and quickened his pace. In the woods unexpectedly he came upon his three men still beating about, searching with drawn revolvers for the person who had fired the shot.

"Well?" he demanded, sharply, "what's all this?"

"Someone fired a shot," they explained, somewhat crestfallen.

"It was a trick, you fools," he answered, testily. "Get back to your prisoner."

Without a word they turned and hurried toward the house, Del Mar following. "You two go in," he ordered the foremost. "I'll go around the house with Patrick."

As Del Mar and the other man ran around the corner they could just catch a fleeting glimpse of someone disappearing into the trees.

It was Elaine.

The man hurried forward, blazing away with his gun.

Running, breathless, Elaine heard the shot behind her which Del Mar's man had fired in his eagerness. The bullet struck a tree near her with a "ping!" She glanced back and saw the man. But she did not stop. Instead she reloaded her emptied, running zigzag in among the trees where they were thickest.

Del Mar, a little bit behind his man where she could not recognize him, urged the man on, following carefully. On foot Elaine, her heart beating fast. Suddenly she stopped, and almost cried out in vexation. A stream blocked her retreat—a stream swift and deep.

She looked back, terrified. Her pursuers were coming ahead fast now in her direction. Wildly she gazed around. There was a canoe on the bank. In an instant she jumped in, untied it and seized the paddle.

Off she went, striking for the opposite shore. But the current was racing swiftly, and she was already tired and exhausted. She could scarcely make any headway at all in the fierce eddies. But at least, she thought hurriedly, she was getting further and further away from them—down stream.

Up above, Del Mar and his man came to the edge of the water. There they stood for a moment looking down.

"There she is!" pointed the man.

Del Mar raised his revolver and fired. Suddenly a bullet struck Elaine's paddle and broke it. Clutching the useless splintered shaft, she was now at the mercy of the current, swept along like a piece of driftwood.

She looked about frantically. What was that roaring noise?

It was the waterfalls ahead!

In the meantime Del Mar's other two men had entered the house and had run upstairs, knowing well his wrath if anything had happened. As they did so the naturalist poked his head cautiously out of the kitchen, where he had been hiding, and saw them. Then he followed noiselessly, his revolver ready.

Heading they ran into the room where they had left Elaine. She was gone!

Before they could turn the naturalist locked the door, turned and took the steps down, two at a time.

Then he ran out of the front door and into the woods at an angle to the direction taken by Elaine, turning and going down hill, where a rapid, swollen stream curved about through a gorge. As he reached the stream he heard a shot above and a scream.

He looked up. There was Elaine, swept down toward him. Below he knew the stream tumbled over a tall, catarract into the gorge below.

What could he do?

A sudden crackling of the twigs caused him to turn and catch sight of me, just coming up.

For, as best I could on horseback, I had followed Elaine's car until at last I saw that it had been abandoned. Thoroughly alarmed, I rode on, past a deserted house, until suddenly I heard a shot and a scream. It seemed to come from below me, and I leaped off my horse, making for it as fast as I could, racing toward a stream whose roar I could hear.

There on the bank I came upon a queer old coddler, looking about wildly. Was he the automobile thief? I ran forward, ready to seize him. But as I did so he whirled about, and with a strength remarkable in one so old, seized my wrist before I could get his.

"Look!" he cried simply, pointing up the stream.

I did. A girl in a canoe was coming down toward the falls, screaming, her paddle broken and useless. It was Elaine!

"Come!" he panted eagerly to me. "I can save her. You must do just as I say."

He pointed an overhanging rock nearby, and we ran to it.

By this time Elaine was almost upon us, each second getting nearer the veritable maelstrom above the falls.

From the rock overhung also a tree at the very edge of the water.

There was nothing to do but obey him. Above, though we did not see them, Del Mar and his man were gloating over the result of their work. But they were gloating too soon. We came to the rock and the tree.

"Here," cried the new-found friend, "I'll get hold of the tree and then hold fast."

Instantly he threw himself on his stomach, hooking his leg about the tree trunk. I crawled out, over the ledge of slippery rock to the very edge and looked over. It was the only chance.

The old naturalist seized my legs in

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ROMANCE OF ELAINE

With LIONEL BARRYMORE

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