

Romance of Elaine

A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama



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

Featuring

Miss Pearl White . . . Elaine Dodge
Mr. Lionel Barrymore . . . Marcicus 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."

READ IT HERE NOW-THEN SEE IT ALL IN MOVING PICTURES.



"Arnold" gasped. "Woodward" started.

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.

Copyright, 1915, by the Star Co. All Foreign Rights Reserved.

Synopsis of Previous Chapters

After Kennedy's disappearance Del Mar enters America to locate and recover for a foreign government the gold of his lost treasure. His plans to accomplish this are repeatedly upset by Elaine and Jameson. After Elaine discovers the entrance to his wireless station and the failure of Lieutenant Woodward and Prof. Arnold to capture Del Mar, he goes to a deserted hotel in the woods, and directs the making of a number of gun boats. Elaine discovers Del Mar's man at work, is captured, but escapes. When the hotel is later attacked the men retreat to the woods, where they explode the gas bombs, nearly causing the death of Lieutenant Woodward and his attacking party.

After the affair in the woods with Del Mar's men, Elaine received a package which contained a new searchlight gun from an unknown friend. Followed by Jameson and Aunt Josephine they go to the cellar, where Elaine proves the accuracy of the new weapon. That afternoon, while motoring with Jameson, Elaine discovers a bomb placed among the rocks by one of Del Mar's men for safe keeping. They decide to take it to Lieutenant Woodward, who, after looking it over, directs them to the yacht. Before reaching the yacht they are attacked by Del Mar and his men. The searchlight gun saves Elaine and Jameson, who reach the yacht safely. Later Del Mar appears on the bay with a submarine and soon afterwards destroys the yacht with a torpedo, only to find that Prof. Arnold and his party have escaped.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

A Luncheon Party

It was early the following morning that, very excited, Elaine and I showed Aunt Josephine the photograph which we had snapped and developed by using Kennedy's tricky method.

"But who is it?" asked Aunt Josephine examining the print carefully and seeing nothing but a face masked and with a pair of hands before it, a seal ring on the little finger of one hand.

"Oh, I forgot that you hadn't seen the ring before," explained Elaine. "Why, we knew him at once, in spite of everything, by that seal ring—Mr. Del Mar!"

"What's this? A. A. L. N. Y. Close-y watched; must not soon or all will be discovered. M' Now, what's all that?"

"Very well," nodded Arnold with satisfaction. "I think I know what is going on here now. Let us wait for the photograph."

As his valet withdrew, Del Mar gasped at his library to make sure that everything was all right. Just then the valet reappeared and ushered us in.

"Good morning," greeted Del Mar pleasantly. "I see that you got my note, and I'm glad you were so prompt. Won't you be seated?"

"Yes, madam," answered the faithful Jennings, hurrying out. It was only a few minutes later that the car pulled around before the door. Aunt Josephine bustled out and entered. "Fort Dale," she directed the driver, greatly agitated. "Ask for Lieutenant Woodward."

Del Mar, still continuing his nefarious work of mining American harbors and bridges, had arrived at a scheme as soon as he returned from the attempt to get back from us the Sandy Hook plans. Smith, who had stolen the plans from the war department, was still at the bungalow.

Early in the morning Del Mar had seated himself at his desk and wrote a letter. "Here, Henry," he directed his valet, "take this to Miss Dodge."

As the valet went out he wrote another note. "Here, that," he said, handing it over to Smith. "It's a message I want you to take to headquarters right away."

It was a matter scarcely of seconds before a message was flashed back to Arnold from Washington.

"Surround the house, first," he ordered. "Then arrest anyone who goes in or out."

He took out a large instrument composed of innumerable coils and a queer battery of selenium cells. It was the receiver of the new instrument by which a photograph could be sent over a telegraph wire.

Downstairs, in the telegraph room of the hotel, Arnold secured the services of one of the operators. Evidently by the way they obeyed him they had received orders from the company regarding him, and knew him well there.

"All right, I'm ready," nodded Del Mar, turning to his man again and indicating a place back of the folds of the heavy curtains by the window. "You get back there by that switch. Don't you move—don't even breathe. Now, Henry, let them in."

Then a message was sent to the receiver which Arnold had installed in the room.

"Yes, madam," answered the faithful Jennings, hurrying out. It was only a few minutes later that the car pulled around before the door. Aunt Josephine bustled out and entered. "Fort Dale," she directed the driver, greatly agitated. "Ask for Lieutenant Woodward."

He stepped back and peered cautiously through the window again. There he could see a soldier, moving stealthily behind a bush.

He drew back further and thought a minute. He must not alarm us.

Both Elaine and I were endeavoring to appear at ease. But there was a decided tension in the atmosphere. We sat down, however. Del Mar did not seem to notice anything wrong.

"I've something at last to report to you about Kennedy," he said a moment later, clearing his throat.

"Excuse me, sir," apologized Henry, as Del Mar frowned, then noted that something was wrong.

As soon as word was passed that the circle was completed, they advanced cautiously at a signal from Woodward, taking advantage of every concealment.

Around in the kitchen back of Del Mar's, Henry, the valet, had retired to visit one of the maids. He was about to leave when he happened to look out of the window.

"What's that?" he muttered to himself.

He stepped back and peered cautiously through the window again. There he could see a soldier, moving stealthily behind a bush.

"I can't go myself with some of the men from the post. If they get into any scrape, I'll rescue them."

Nothing was said, Del Mar was indicating by dumb show orders of some kind. I had no idea what it was all about, but I stood ready to whip out my gun on the slightest suspicious move from either.

Del Mar deprecated, as the valet retreated toward the door to the kitchen and pantry. "But, you see, I have to be housekeeper here, too, it seems."

Actually, though he was talking to us, it was in a way that enabled him, by palming something in his hand, I fancied, to look at it. It was, though I did not know it, the hastily scrawled warning of the valet.

It must have been hard to read, for I managed by a quick shift at last to catch just a fleeting glimpse that it was a piece of paper he held in his hand.

"That's the idea," he cried. "You can run the line from the brackets to this doorknob and the mat. How's that?"

Del Mar, who had been watching his movements, now turned to us. "What's that?" he asked, "what's your business?"

For an instant the hermit stood mute. What should he do? He had reason to know that the situation must be urgent.

Slowly he raised his head so that Woodward could see not only that it was false, but what his features looked like.

"Arnold!" gasped Woodward, startled. "What brings you here? Elaine and Jameson are in the house. We have it surrounded."

"The valet!" muttered Woodward, more alarmed now than ever. "Come, men—to the house!" he shouted out his orders as they passed them around the line. "Arnold, lead the way!"

Half an hour before, in the St. Germain, Arnold had no sooner received the telegraph than he hurried up to his room. From a closet he produced another of his numerous disguises and quickly put it on. With scant white locks falling over his shoulders and long, scraggly beard, he had made himself into a veritable wild man. Then he had put on the finishing touches and had made his way toward Del Mar.

A look of intense anxiety now flashed over Arnold's face as he heard Woodward's words.

"But," he cried, "there is an underground passage from the house to the shore."

"The deuce!" muttered Woodward, more alarmed now than ever. "Come, men—to the house!" he shouted out his orders as they passed them around the line. "Arnold, lead the way!"

"What's that?" he asked, "what's your business?"

They hurried to me and, as quickly as they could, started to bring me around.

"Where's Elaine?" asked the strange figure of the hermit.

"Weakly, I was able only to point to the panel. But it was enough. The soldiers understood. They dashed for it, looking for a button or an opening. Finding neither, they started to bang on it and batter it in with the butts of their guns."

It was only seconds before it was splintered to kindling. There was the passage. Instantly, Woodward, the hermit, and the rest plunged into it utterly regardless of danger. On through the tunnel they went until at last they were unopposed, to the end. There they paused to look about.

"The hermit pointed to the ground. Clearly there were footprints, leading to the shore. They followed them on down to the beach."

"Only a few seconds before, Del Mar had forced one of the suits on Elaine finally. Then he pressed a button hidden on the side of his desk and a secret panel in the wall opened. Flicking Elaine, he and the others hurried through the panel looked like a dark passage and the panel closed.

They were gone. I put forth all my remaining strength in one last desperate struggle. Somehow, I managed to kick the wire mat from under my feet, breaking the contact.

I staggered toward the panel, but fell to the floor, unconscious.

Outside the iron ring, as Woodward had planned it, if soldiers were looking about alert for any noise or movement. Suddenly two of them who had been watching the grounds attentively signaled to each other that they saw something.

From the shrubbery emerged a most curious and uncouth figure, all in rags, with long, unkempt hair and a beard—sallow complexion, and carrying a long staff. It might have been a tramp or a

<h2>ROMANCE OF ELAINE</h2> <p>With LIONEL BARRYMORE</p>	
<p>Besse Theatre SOUTH OMAHA</p> <p>Romance of Elaine With Lionel Barrymore Episode No. 11 Sept. 1</p>	<p>GRAND Theatre 16th and Binney</p> <p>Episode No. 10 Sept. 2 Romance of Elaine with Lionel Barrymore</p>
<p>FAVORITE Theatre 17th and Vinton St.</p> <p>Romance of Elaine with Lionel Barrymore. Episode No. 10 Aug. 31</p>	<p>Gem Theatre 1528 So. 13th St.</p> <p>Episode No. 9 Today Aug. 29</p>
<p>DIAMOND THEATRE 2410 Lake St.</p> <p>Episode No. 9 August 31</p>	<p>Nicholas Theatre Council Bluffs, Ia.</p> <p>NEW EXPLOITS OF ELAINE Episode No. 4 Aug. 31</p>
<p>LOTHROP Theatre 3212 N. 24th Street</p> <p>Episode No. 9 September 3</p>	<p>ALAMO THEATRE 24th and Fort Sts.</p> <p>NEW EXPLOITS OF ELAINE Episode No. 22 Sept. 8</p>

For Bookings: Write Pathe Exchange Inc. 1312 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb.