

THE

Romance of Elaine

A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama



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Mr. Lionel Barrymore . . . Marcius Del Mar

WRITTEN BY ARTHUR B. REEVE

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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 Kennedy's disappearance Del Mar enters America to locate and recover for the foreign government Kennedy's lost torpedo. 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 gas bombs. Elaine discovers Del Mar's men at work in the woods, 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. Del Mar directs Madame Larson, one of his secret agents, to visit the home of Elaine. Under the pretense of having fashionable gowns to offer, she easily persuades Elaine to visit her hotel apartments. Here Del Mar is in hiding. While trying on one of the gowns Elaine is quickly overpowered, placed in an auto and driven to a hut in the woods, where she is made a prisoner. The little old man arrives and outwits her captors. Elaine, now free, escapes in a canoe. Del Mar splits the paddle with a chance shot, but Elaine is saved from the falls by Jameson and the little old man. The following morning Elaine discovers the plans of a fort in her purse. Unable to account for the manner in which they were placed there, she instructs Jameson to enter the house and try to recover them. Jameson has arranged cameras and a net by which the identity of the intruder is firmly established. Prof. Arnold, recognizing one of Del Mar's secret agents, has him arrested while the latter is trying to escape to a foreign country. Jameson, however, discovers the plans which Del Mar had stolen from the Dodge home. Arnold at once goes to Del Mar's, and is surprised to find that Lieutenant Woodward has the house surrounded with a detachment of his men. They enter the house and find Jameson recovering from the electric shock that held him a prisoner, while Del Mar made good his escape with Elaine.

CHAPTER XII

Kennedy's Return

Half carrying, half forcing Elaine down into the water, Del Mar and his two men, all four of the party clad in the outlandish submarine suits, bore the poor girl literally along the bottom of the bay until they reached a point which they knew to be directly under the entrance to the secret submarine harbor. Del Mar's suit was working bravely. Though he now had in his power the girl he both loved and also feared as the stumbling block in the execution of his nefarious plans against America, he realized that in getting her he had been forced to betray the precious secret of the harbor itself. At the point where he knew that the harbor was above him, hidden safely beneath the promontory, he took under his arm a float which he released. Upward it shot through the water. Above, in the harbor, a number of his men were either on guard or lounging about. "A signal from the chief," cried a sentry, pointing to the float as it bobbed up. "Kick off the lead shoes," signaled Del Mar to the others, under the water. They did so and rose slowly to the surface, carrying Elaine up with them. The men at the surface were waiting for them and helped to pull Del Mar and his companions out of the water. "Come into the office, right away," beckoned Del Mar anxiously, removing his helmet and leading the way. In the office, the others removed their helmets, while Del Mar took the headgear off Elaine. She stared about her bewildered. "Where am I?" she demanded. "A woman!" exclaimed the men in the harbor in surprise. "Never mind where you are," growled Del Mar, plainly worried. Then to the men, he added, "We can't stay any longer. The harbor is discovered. Get ready to leave immediately." Murmurs of anger and anxiety rose from the men as Del Mar related briefly between orders what had just happened. Immediately there was a general scramble to make ready for the escape. Elaine, in the corner of the office, Elaine, again in her skirt and shirtwaist which the diving suit had protected, sat open-eyed watching the preparations of the men for the hasty departure. Some had been detailed to get the rifles, which they handed around to those as yet unprovided. Del Mar took one as well as a cartridge belt. "Guard her," he shouted to one man indicating Elaine, "and if she gets away this time I'll shoot you." Then he led the others down the ledge until he came to a submarine boat. The rest followed, still making preparations for a hasty flight. Woodward along with Prof. Arnold, in his disguise as a hermit, stood for a moment surrounded by the soldiers, after the disappearance of Elaine and Del Mar in the water. "I see it all now," cried the hermit, "the submarine, the strange disappearance, the messages in the water. They have a secret harbor under those cliffs, with an entrance beneath the water line." Hastily he wrote a note on a piece of paper. "Send one of your men to my headquarters with that," he said, handing it to Woodward to read. "Woodward—Send new submarine telescope by bearer. You will find it in case No. 17, closet No. 7." ARNOLD.

"Right away," nodded Woodward, comprehending and calling a soldier whom he dispatched immediately with hurried instructions. The soldier saluted and left almost on a run. Then Woodward turned and with Arnold led the men up the shore, still conferring on the best means of attacking the harbor. On the wharf along the shore Woodward, Arnold and the soldiers gathered, waiting for the telescope. Already Woodward had had a fast launch brought up, ready for use. When Woodward, Arnold and the attacking party had discovered me unconscious in Del Mar's study, there had been no time to wait for me to regain full consciousness. They had placed me on a couch and run into the secret passageway after Elaine. Now, however, I slowly regained my senses and, looking about, vaguely began to realize what had happened. My first impulse was to search the study, looking in all the closets and table drawers. In a corner was a large chest. I opened it. Inside were several of the queer helmets and suits which I had seen Del Mar use and one of which he had placed on Elaine. For some moments I examined them curiously, wondering what their use could be. Somehow it seemed to me, if Del Mar had used them in the escape, why should he need them in the pursuit. Then my eye fell on the broken panel. I entered it and groped cautiously down the passageway. At the end I gazed about, trying to discover which way they had all gone. At last, down on the shore, before a wharf I could see Woodward, the strange old hermit and the rest. I ran toward them, calling. "Prof. Arnold, the soldier who had been sent for the submarine telescope arrived at last, with the telescope in sections in several long cases. "Good!" exclaimed the old hermit, almost seizing the package which the soldier handed him. He unwrapped it and joined the various sections together. It was, as I have said, a submarine telescope, but after a design entirely new, differing from the ordinary submarine telescope. It had an arm bent at right angles, with prismatic mirrors so that it was not only possible to see the bottom of the sea, but by an adjustment also to see at right angles, or, as it were, around a corner. It was while he was joining this contrivance together that I came up from the end of the secret passage down to the wharf. "Why, here's Jameson," greeted Woodward. "I'm glad you're so much better." "Where's Elaine?" I interrupted breathlessly. They began to tell me. "Aren't you going to follow?" I cried. "Follow? How can I follow?" Excitedly I told of my discovery of the helmets. "Just the thing!" exclaimed the hermit. "Send some one back to get them." Woodward quickly detached several soldiers to go with me and I hurried back to the longshore, while others carried the submarine telescope to the boat. It was only a few minutes later that in Del Mar's own car, I drove up to the wharf again and we unloaded the curious submarine helmets and suits. Quickly Woodward posted several of his men to act as sentries on the beach. Then with the rest we climbed into the launch and slipped off down the shore. The launch which Woodward had commandeered moved along in the general direction which they had seen Del Mar and his men take with Elaine. With the telescope over the side, we cruised about slowly in a circle, Arnold gazing through the eye piece. All of us were by this time in the diving suits which I had brought from Del Mar's, except that we had not yet strapped on the helmets. Suddenly Arnold raised his hand and signaled to stop the launch. "Look!" he cried, indicating the eye-piece of the submarine telescope which he had let down over the side. Woodward gazed into the eye-piece and then I did, also. There we could see the side of a submerged submarine a short distance away, through the cave-like entrance of what appeared to be a grating under-water harbor. "What shall we do?" queried Woodward. "Attack it now before they are prepared," replied the hermit decisively. "Put on the helmets." All of us expect those who were running the launch buckled on the headpieces, wrapping our guns in waterproof covers which we had found with the suits. As soon as we had finished, one after another, we let ourselves over the side of the boat and sank to the bottom. On the bottom we gathered and slowly, in the heavy unaccustomed element and cumbersome suits, we made our way in a body through the entrance of the harbor. Upward through the archway we went, clinging to rocks, anything, but always upward. As we emerged a shot rang out. One of our men threw up his arms and fell back into the water. On we pressed. Elaine sat in a corner of the office, mute, while the man who was guarding her, heavily armed, paced up and down. Suddenly an overwhelming desire came over her to attempt an escape. But no sooner had she made a motion as though to run through the door, than the man seized her and drove her back to her corner.

"Take your position here," ordered Del Mar to several of the men. "If you see anybody come up through the water, these hand grenades ought to settle them." Along the ledge the men were stationed, each with a pile of the hand grenades before him. "See!" cried one of them from the ledge as he caught sight of one of our helmets appearing. The others crouched and stared. Del Mar himself hurried forward and gazed in the direction the man indicated. There they could see Woodward, Arnold and the rest of us just beginning to climb up out of the water. Del Mar aimed and fired. One of the men had thrown up his arms with a cry and fallen back into the water. Invaders seemed to swarm up now in every direction from the water. On the semi-circular ledge about one side of the harbor Del Mar's men were now ranged in close order near a submarine hatch which was open to receive them, ready to repel the attack and if necessary retreat into the under-sea boat. They fired sharply at the figures that rose from the water. Many of the men fell back, hit, but, in turn, a large number managed to gain a foothold on the ledge. Led by Woodward and Arnold, they formed quickly and stripped off their waterproof coverings of their weapons, returning the fire sharply. Things were more equal now. Several of Del Mar's men had fallen. The smoke of battle filled the narrow harbor. In the office Elaine listened keenly to the shots. What did it all mean? Clearly it could be nothing else than assistance coming. The man on guard heard also and his uncontrollable curiosity took him to the door. As he gazed out Elaine saw her chance. She made a rush at him and seized him, wringing the rifle from his hands before he knew it. She sprang back just as he drew his revolver and fired at her. The shot just narrowly missed her, but she did not lose her presence of mind. She fired the rifle in turn and the man fell. A little shudder ran over her. She had killed a man! But the firing outside grew fiercer. She had no time to think. She stepped over the body, her face averted, and ran out. There she could see Del Mar and his men. Many of them by this time had been killed or wounded. "We can't beat them; they are too many for us," muttered Del Mar. "We'll have to get away if we can. Into the submarine!" he ordered. Hastily they began to pile into the open hatch. Just as Del Mar started to follow them, he caught sight of Elaine running out of the office. Almost in one leap he was at her side. Before she could raise her rifle and fire he had seized it. She managed, however, to push him off and get away from him. She looked about for some weapon. There on the ledge lay one of the hand grenades. She picked it up and hurled it at him, but he dodged and it missed him. On it flew, landing close to the submarine. As it exploded, another of Del Mar's men toppled over into the water. Between volleys, Woodward, Arnold and the rest pulled off their helmets. "Elaine!" cried Arnold, catching sight of her in the hands of Del Mar. Quickly, at the head of such men as he could muster, the hermit led a charge. In the submarine the last man was waiting for Del Mar. As the hermit ran forward with several soldiers behind Del Mar and the submarine, it was evident that Del Mar would be cut off. The man at the hatch climbed down into the boat. It was useless to wait. He banged shut and clamped the hatch. Slowly the submarine began to sink. Del Mar by this time had overcome Elaine and started to run toward the submarine with her. But then he stopped short. There was a queer figure of a hermit leading some soldiers. He was cut off. "Back into the office!" he growled, dragging Elaine. He banged shut the door just as the hermit and the soldiers made a rush at him. On the door they battered. But it was in vain. The door was locked. In the office Del Mar hastily went to a corner, after barring the door, and lifted a trap door in the floor, known only to himself. Elaine did not move or make any attempt to escape. For Del Mar in addition to having a vicious looking automatic in his hand kept a watchful eye on her. Outside the office the soldiers, led by the hermit and Woodward, continued to batter at the door. "Now—go down that stairway—head of me," ordered Del Mar. Elaine obeyed promptly, and he followed into his emergency exit, closing the trap door behind him. "Rest harder, men," urged the hermit, as the soldiers battered at the door. They redoubled their efforts and the door bent and swayed. At last it fell in under the sheer weight of the blows. "The General's own—with Elaine!" cried the hermit, looking at the steady effort. Feverishly they hunted about for a



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means of escape, but could find none. "Found the floor and walls with the butts of your guns," ordered Arnold. "There must be some place that is hollow." They did so, going over all inch by inch. Meanwhile, through the passage, along a rocky stairway, Del Mar continued to drive Elaine before him, up and ever up to the level of the land. At last Elaine, followed by Del Mar, emerged from the rocky passage in a cleft in the cliffs, far above the promontory. "Go on!" he ordered, forcing her to go ahead of him. Then came finally to a small hut on a cliff overlooking the real harbor. "Enter!" demanded Del Mar. Still meekly, she obeyed. Del Mar seized her and before she knew it had her bound and gagged. Down in the little office our men continued to search for the secret exit. "Here's a place that gives an echo," shouted one of them. As he found the secret trap and threw it open, the hermit stripped off the cumbersome diving suit and jumped in, followed by Woodward, myself and the soldiers. Upward we climbed, until at last we came to the opening. There we paused and looked about. Where was Del Mar? Where was Elaine? We could see no trace of them. Finally, however, Arnold discovered the trail in the grass and we followed him, slowly picking up the tracks. Knowing that the submarine would cruise about and wait for him, Del Mar decided to leave Elaine in the hut while he went out and searched for a boat in which to look for the submarine. Coming out of the hut, he gazed about and moved off cautiously. Stealthily he caught sight of Elaine running out of the office. Almost in one leap he was at her side. Before she could raise her rifle and fire he had seized it. She managed, however, to push him off and get away from him. She looked about for some weapon. There on the ledge lay one of the hand grenades. She picked it up and hurled it at him, but he dodged and it missed him. On it flew, landing close to the submarine. As it exploded, another of Del Mar's men toppled over into the water. Between volleys, Woodward, Arnold and the rest pulled off their helmets. "Elaine!" cried Arnold, catching sight of her in the hands of Del Mar. Quickly, at the head of such men as he could muster, the hermit led a charge. In the submarine the last man was waiting for Del Mar. As the hermit ran forward with several soldiers behind Del Mar and the submarine, it was evident that Del Mar would be cut off. The man at the hatch climbed down into the boat. It was useless to wait. He banged shut and clamped the hatch. Slowly the submarine began to sink. Del Mar by this time had overcome Elaine and started to run toward the submarine with her. But then he stopped short. There was a queer figure of a hermit leading some soldiers. He was cut off. "Back into the office!" he growled, dragging Elaine. He banged shut the door just as the hermit and the soldiers made a rush at him. On the door they battered. But it was in vain. The door was locked. In the office Del Mar hastily went to a corner, after barring the door, and lifted a trap door in the floor, known only to himself. Elaine did not move or make any attempt to escape. For Del Mar in addition to having a vicious looking automatic in his hand kept a watchful eye on her. Outside the office the soldiers, led by the hermit and Woodward, continued to batter at the door. "Now—go down that stairway—head of me," ordered Del Mar. Elaine obeyed promptly, and he followed into his emergency exit, closing the trap door behind him. "Rest harder, men," urged the hermit, as the soldiers battered at the door. They redoubled their efforts and the door bent and swayed. At last it fell in under the sheer weight of the blows. "The General's own—with Elaine!" cried the hermit, looking at the steady effort. Feverishly they hunted about for a

moved, nothing less than a half-submerged submarine. As the engineer gazed off at it, Del Mar came up, unseen, behind him and stood there, also watching the submarine, fascinated. Just then behind him Del Mar heard us pursuing. He looked about as we ran toward him and saw that we had formed a wide circle, with the men down the hill, that almost completely surrounded him. There was no chance for escape. It was hopeless. But it was not Del Mar's nature to give up. He gave one last glance about. There was the trolley car that had been converted into a cable way. It offered just one chance in a thousand. Suddenly his face assumed an air of desperate determination. He sprang toward the engineer and grappled with him, seeking to wrest the axe from his hand. Every second counted. Our circle was now narrowing down and closing in on him. Del Mar managed to knock out the engineer, taken by surprise. Just as our men fired a volley. In the struggle Del Mar was unharmed. Instead he just managed to get the axe. An instant later a leap landed him on the cable car. With a blow of the axe he cut the cable. The car began to move slowly down the hill on the grade. Some of the men were down below in its path. But the onrushing cable car was too much for them. They could only leap aside to save themselves. On down the incline, gathering momentum every second, the car dashed, Del Mar awaying crazily, but keeping his footing. We followed as fast as we could, but it was useless. On the wharf it sped at a terrific pace. At the end it literally catapulted itself into the water, crashing from the end of the pier. As it did so, Del Mar gave a flying leap out into the harbor, struck the water with a clean dive and disappeared. There in the water was Del Mar whirring rapidly. Almost before he knew it, we saw him raise his hand and signal, shouting. There, only a few yards away, was the periscope of a submarine. As we watched, we could see that it had seen him, had turned in his direction. Would they get him? We watched, fascinated. Some of our men fired, as accurately as they could at a figure bobbing so uncertainly on the water. Meanwhile the submarine approached closer and rose a bit so that the watchway

dip down as soon as all the shipping and the sand bars were cleared. I strained my eyes through the glasses, reporting feverishly to Burnside what I saw, so that he could steer his course. "There it is," I urged. "Keep on—just to the left." "I see it," returned Burnside a moment later, catching with his naked eye the thin line of foam on the water left by the periscope. "Would you mind getting that torpedo ready?" he continued. "I'll tell you just what to do. They'll try to duck as soon as they see us, but it won't be any use. They can't get totally submerged fast enough." Following Burnside's directions I adjusted the firing apparatus of the torpedo. "Let it go!" shouted Burnside. I did so, as he veiled down almost to the water. The torpedo fell, sank, hopped up, then ran along just under the surface. Already I was somewhat familiar with the wireless device that controlled it, so that while Burnside steadied the aircraft I could direct it, as he coached me. The submarine saw it coming now. But it was too late. It could not turn, it could not submerge in time. A terrific explosion followed as the torpedo came in contact with the boat, throwing a column of water high in the air. A yawning hole was blown in the very side of the submarine. One could see the water rush in. Inside, Del Mar and his men were now panic-stricken. Some of them desperately tried to plug the hole. But it was hopeless. Others fell, fainting, from the poisonous gases that were developed. Of them all, Del Mar was the only cool head. He realized that all was over. There was nothing left to do but what other submarine heroes had done in better causes. He seized a piece of paper and hastily wrote: "Tell my emperor I failed only because Craig Kennedy was against me." He had barely time to place the message in a metal float nearby. Down the submarine, now full of water, sank. With his last strength he flung the message clear of the wreckage as it settled on the mud on the bottom of the bay. Burnside and I could but stare in grim satisfaction at the end of the enemy of ourselves and our country. Up the hillside plodded Prof. Arnold, still in his wig disguise as the hermit. Now and then he turned and cast an anxious glance out over the bay at the fast disappearing periscope of the submarine. Once he paused. That was when he saw the hydro-aeroplane with Burnside and myself carrying the wireless torpedo. Again he paused as he plodded up, this time with a gasp of extreme satisfaction. He had seen the water spout and heard the explosion that marked the debacle of Del Mar. The torpedo had worked. The most dangerous foreign agent of the coalition of America's enemies was dead and his secrets had gone with him to the bottom of the sea. Perhaps no one would ever know what the nation had been spared. He did not pause long, now. More eagerly he plodded up the hill, until he came to the hut. He pushed open the door. There lay Elaine, still bound. Quickly he cut the cords and tore the gag from her mouth. As he did so his own beard fell off. He was no longer the hermit. Nor was he what I myself had thought him, Arnold. "Craig!" cried Elaine in eager surprise. Kennedy said not a word as he grasped her two hands. "And you were always around us, protecting Walter and me," she half laughed, half cried hysterically. "I knew it—I knew it!" Kennedy said nothing. His heart was too happy. "Yes," he said simply, as he gazed deeply into her great eyes, "my work on the case is done." (THE END.) Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey eases your cough, loosens the mucous, strengthens the lungs. The first dose helps. Get a bottle today. Only 25c. All druggists. Advertisement.

ROMANCE OF ELAINE
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