

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 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 Fang'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 entrance of Marcius Del Mar into America. His mission is to obtain information of Kennedy and recover, if possible, the lost torpedo. At the Dodge home he soon wins the confidence of Elaine. Later she 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.

Later Elaine gives a masquerade ball. Del Mar attends. Neither he nor his domino girl can locate the torpedo. A spy frier warns Elaine and Jameson of Del Mar's purpose, and his plans are upset. Del Mar succeeds in getting this girl in Elaine's home as a maid. She finds the torpedo in the attic, places it in a trunk, which with others is sent to Elaine's country home. A holdup on the train takes place. Del Mar's men carry the trunk away, only to find on opening it that they have the wrong one.

Upon Elaine's arrival in the country she again encounters the old man of mystery. He warns her to be on her own. She does, and finds the long-lost torpedo, which she places in a dresser drawer. Del Mar's men enter her room during her absence and escape with the torpedo. They are seen by the old man, who follows them. A desperate battle follows, in which the old man destroys the torpedo. Elaine and Jameson are riding through the country. Del Mar plans to blow up a bridge at a time when they are crossing. He would have succeeded, but the old man unexpectedly appears and delays the explosion just long enough to permit Elaine's car to cross safely.

In the Submarine Port

CHAPTER IV.

It was not long after the almost miraculous escape of Elaine and myself from the blowing up of the bridge on the shore road that Del Mar returned from his mysterious mission which had, apparently, taken him actually down to the bottom of the sea.

The panel in the wall of his library opened and in the still dripping submarine suit, holding under his arm the weird helmet, Del Mar entered. No sooner had he begun to remove his wet diving suit than the man who had signalled with the heliograph that we had found Del Mar's message from "below," whatever that might mean, entered the house and was announced by the valet.

"Let him come in immediately," ordered Del Mar, placing his suit in a closet. Then to the man, as he entered, he said: "Well, what's new?" "Quite a bit," returned the man, frowning still over Elaine's accidental discovery of the under-water communication. "The Dodge girl happened to pick up one of the tubes with a message just after you went down. I tried to get her by blowing up the bridge, but it didn't work, anyhow."

"We'll have to silence her," remarked Del Mar angrily with a sinister frown. "You stay here and wait for orders." A moment later he made his way down to a private locker on his grounds and jumped aboard a trim little speed boat moored there. He started the motor and off the boat feathered in a cloud of spray.

It was only a moment by water before he reached the Dodge dock. There he tied his boat and hurried up the dock.

Elaine and I arrived home without any further experience after our hairbreadth escape from the explosion at the bridge. We were in doubt at first, however, just what to do about the mysterious message which we had picked up in the harbor.

"Teasly, Walter," I called to Elaine, after we had considered the matter for some time, "I think we ought to send that message to the government at Washington."

Already she had seated herself at her desk and began to write, while I examined the metal tube and the note again.

"There," she said at length, handing me the note she had written, "how does that sound?" "I read it while she addressed the envelope," I replied, handing it back.

"She folded it and shoved it into the envelope on which she had written: 'Chief, Secret Service, Washington, D. C.'"

I was studying the address, wondering whether this was just the thing to do, when Elaine decided the matter by mechanically ringing the bell for Jennings.

"Post that, Jennings, please," she directed.

The butler bowed just as the door bell rang. He turned to go.

"Just a minute," I interrupted. "I think perhaps I'd better mail it myself, after all."

He handed me the letter and went out. "Yes, Walter," agreed Elaine, "that would be better. Register it, too."

Already a saddle horse had been brought around for me.

"Perhaps you'd better put a special delivery stamp on it, too, Walter," she added, walking along with me. "And be very careful."

"I will," I promised, as I rode off.

Del Mar, alone, seized the opportunity to go over quietly to the telephone. It was the work of only a moment to call up his bungalow where the emissary who had placed the submarine bell was waiting for orders. Quickly Del Mar whispered instructions which the man took, and hung up the receiver.

"I hope you'll pardon me," said Elaine entering just as Del Mar left the telephone. "Mr. Jameson was going into town and I had a number of little things I wanted him to do. Won't you sit down?"

They chatted for a few moments, but Del Mar did not stay very long. He excused himself shortly and Elaine bade him goodbye at the door as he walked off, apparently, down the road I had taken.

Del Mar's emissary hurried from the bungalow and almost ran down the road until he came to a spot where two men were hiding.

"Jameson is coming with a letter which the Dodge girl has written to the Secret Service," he cried pointing excitedly up the road. "You've got to get it, see?"

I was crouching along nicely down the road by the shore, when suddenly, from behind some rocks and bushes, three men leaped out at me. One of them seized the horse's bridle, while the other two quickly dragged me out of the saddle.

It was very unexpected, but I had time enough to draw my gun and fire once. I hit one of the men, too, in the arm, and he staggered back, the blood spurting all over the road.

But before I could fire at the others, they knocked the gun from my hand. Frantically, the horse turned and bolted, riderless.

Together, they dragged me off the road and into the thicket, where I was tied and gagged and laid on the ground while one of them bound up the wounded arm of the man I had hit. It was not long before one of them began searching me.

"Aha!" he growled, pulling the letter from my pocket and looking at it with satisfaction. "Here it is."

He tore the letter open, throwing the envelope on the ground, and read it.

"There, confound you," he muttered. "The government'll never get that. Come on, men. Bring him this way."

She shoved the letter into his pocket and led the way through the underbrush, while the others half dragged, half pushed me along. We had not gone very far before one of the three men, who appeared to be the leader, passed.

"Take him to the hang-out," he ordered, gruffly. "I'll have to report to the chief."

He disappeared down toward the shore of the harbor while the others prodded me along.

Down near the Dodge dock, along the shore walked a man wearing a broad-brimmed hat and a plain suit of duck. His prim collar and tie comported well with his smoked glasses. Instinctively one would have called him "professor," though whether naturalist, geologist, or plain "bugologist," one would have had difficulty in determining.

He seemed, as a matter of fact, to be a naturalist, for he was engrossed in picking up specimens. But he was not so much engrossed as to fall to hear the approach of footsteps down the gravel walk from Dodge hall to the dock. He looked up in time to see Del Mar coming, and quietly slipped into the shrubbery up on the shore.

On the dock, Del Mar stood for some minutes, waiting. Finally, along the shore came another figure. It was the emissary to whom Del Mar had telephoned and who had searched me. The naturalist drew back into his hiding place, peering out keenly.

"Well!" demanded Del Mar. "What luck?" "We've got him," returned the man with brief satisfaction. "Here's the letter she was sending to the secret service."

Del Mar seized the note which the man handed to him and read it eagerly. "Good," he exclaimed. "That would have put an end to the whole operation about here. Come on. Get into the boat."

For some reason best known to himself, the naturalist seemed to have lost all interest in his specimens and to have a sudden curiosity about Del Mar's affairs. As the motor boat sped off, he came slowly and curiously out of his hiding place and gazed fixedly at Del Mar.

No sooner had Del Mar's boat got a little distance out into the harbor than the naturalist hurried down the Dodge dock. There was laid Elaine's own fast little runabout. He jumped into it and started the engine, following quickly in Del Mar's wake.

"Look!" called the emissary to Del Mar, spying the Dodge boat with the naturalist in it, skimming rapidly after them.

Del Mar lowered his glass. "That's the Dodge boat," he said thoughtfully. "I don't like the looks of that fellow. Give her more speed."

Del Mar had not been gone long before Elaine decided to take a ride herself. She ordered her horse around from the stables, while she donned her neat little riding habit. A few minutes later, as the groom held the horse, she mounted and rode away, choosing the road by which I had gone, expecting to meet me on the return from town.

She was galloping along at a good clip, when suddenly her horse shied at something.

"Whoa, Buster," pacified Elaine. But it was of no use. Buster still reared up.

"Why, what is the matter?" she asked. "What do you see?"

She looked down at the ground. There was a spot of blood in the dust. Buster was one of those horses to whom the sight of blood is terrifying.

Elaine pulled up beside the road. There was a revolver lying in the grass. She dismounted and picked it up. No sooner had she looked at it than she discovered the initials "W. J." carved on the butt.

"Walter Jameson!" she exclaimed, reading suddenly that it was mine. "It's been fired, too!"

Her eyes fell again on the blood spots. "Blood and footprints into the brush!" she gasped in horror, following the trail.

"What could have happened to Walter?" With the revolver, Elaine followed where the bushes were trampled down until she came to the place where I had been bound. There she spotted some pieces of paper lying on the ground and picked them up.

She put them together. They were pieces of the envelope of the letter which we had decided to send to Washington.

"Which way did they take him?" she asked, looking all about but discovering no trail.

She was plainly at a loss what course to pursue.

"What would Craig do?" she asked herself. Finding no answer, she stood thinking a moment, slowly tearing the envelope to pieces. If she were to do anything at all, it must be done quickly. Suddenly an idea seemed to occur to her. She threw the pieces of paper into the air and let them blow away. It was unscientific detection, perhaps, but the wind actually took them and carried them in the direction in which the men had forced me to walk.

"That's it!" cried Elaine to herself. "I'll follow that direction!"

Meanwhile, the men had hurried me off along a trail that led to the foot of a cliff. Then the trail wound up the cliff. We climbed it until we reached the top.

There in the rock was a rude stairway. I drew back. But one man drew a knife and the other preceded me down. Along the steep stone steps cut in the face of the rock they forced me.

Below, in a rift in the very wall of the cliff, was a cave in which already were two more of Del Mar's men, talking in low tones, in the dim light.

As we made our way down the break-neck stairway, the foremost of my captors stepped on a large flat rock. As he did so, it gave way slightly under his foot.

A light in the cave flashed up. Under the rock was a secret electric connection which operated a lamp.

"Someone coming," muttered the two men, on guard instantly.

It was a somewhat precarious footing as we descended and for the moment I was more concerned for my safety from a fall than anything else. Once my foot did slip and a shower of pebbles and small pieces of rock started down the face of the cliff.

As we passed down, the man behind me, still keeping me covered, raised the flat stone on the top step. Carefully he reset the connection of the alarm rock, a series of metal points that bent under the weight of a person and made a contact which signalled down in the cavern the approach of anyone who did not know the secret.

As he did so, the light in the cavern went out. "It's all right," said one of the men down there, with a look of relief.

We now went down the perilous stairway until we came to the cave.

"I've got a prisoner—orders of the chief," growled one of my captors, thrusting me in roughly.



KEEPING THEM COVERED, WE MADE OUR WAY UP THE DANGEROUS FLIGHT OF STEPS.

her. Some of them hit her and she looked up quickly.

There she could see me being led along by my captors. She hid in the brush and watched. During all the operations of the descent of the rock stairway and the resetting of the alarm she continued to watch, straining her eyes to see what they were doing.

As we entered the cave, she stepped out from her concealment and looked sharply up at us, as we disappeared. Then she climbed the patch up the cliff until she came to the flight of stone steps leading downward again.

Already she had seen the man behind me doing something with the stone that formed the top step. She stooped down and examined the stone. Carefully she raised it and looked underneath before stepping on it. There she could see the electric connection. She set the stone aside and looked again down the dangerous stairway.

It made her shudder. "I must get him," she murmured to herself. "Yes, I must. Even now it may be too late."

They had just decided to make away with me immediately and the leader had turned toward me with the threat still on his lips. It was now or never. Resolutely she took a step forward and into the cave.

"Hands up!" she demanded firmly. The thing was so unexpected in the security of their secret hiding place protected by the rock alarm that, before they knew it, Elaine had them all lined up against the wall.

Keeping them carefully covered, she moved over toward me. She picked up a knife that lay near by and started to cut the ropes which held me.

As she did so, one of the men, with an oath, leaped forward to rush her. But Elaine was not to be caught off her guard. Instantly she fired. The man staggered back and fell.

That cooled the ardor of the other three considerably, especially now as I was free, too. While she held them up still, with their hands in the air, I went through their pockets, taking out their weapons.

Then, still keeping them covered, we backed out of the cave. Backward we made our way up the dangerous flight of steps again with guns leveled at the cave entrance, Elaine going up first.

Once a head stuck itself out of the cave entrance. I fired instantly and it jerked itself back in again just in time. That was the only trouble we had, apparently.

Cautiously and slowly we made our way toward the top of the cliff.

One look backward from his motorboat was enough for Del Mar. He must evade that inquisitive naturalist. He turned to his man.

"Get out that apparatus," he ordered. The man opened a locker and brought out the curious submarine rescue helmet and suit. Del Mar took them up and began to put the suit on, stooping down in the shelter of the boat so that his actions could not be seen by the naturalist in the pursuing boat.

The naturalist, was all this time peering ahead keenly at Del Mar's boat, trying to make it out. He bent over and adjusted the engine to get up more speed and the boat shot ahead faster.

By this time Del Mar had put on the submarine apparatus, all except the helmet, and was crouching low in the boat. Hastily he rolled a piece of canvas into the semblance of a body, put his coat and hat on it and got it on the seat which he had occupied before.

Just then Del Mar's boat ran around the promontory where Wu Fang had met the submarine that had brought Del Mar into the country and landed him so strangely.

Del Mar sank, upright and rapidly, down in the shallow water to the bottom. Once having his feet on something approaching firm ground, he gazed about the promontory and saw it, changing his course accordingly, and gaining somewhat.

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some 60 miles, was drawn a big segment of a circle, with Peekskill, New York, as a center.

"That is the heart of America," said Del Mar, earnestly. "It embraces New York, Boston, Philadelphia. But that is not the point. Here are the great majority of the gun and armor factories, the powder and cartridge works, together with the principal coal fields of Pennsylvania."

He brought his fist down decisively on the table. "If we hold this section," he declared, "we practically hold America!"

Eagerly the other emissaries listened as Del Mar laid before them the detailed facts which he was collecting, the greater mission than the mere capture of Kennedy's wireless torpedo which had brought him into the country. Detail after detail of their plans they discussed as they worked out the gigantic scheme.

It was a war council of a secret advance guard of the enemies of America!

Meanwhile, Del Mar's man in his boat, cutting a wide circle and avoiding the beach to the foot of a rocky cliff, where he turned and followed a trail up it to the top. It was the same path already traveled by my captors with me, and later followed by Elaine.

As he came stealthily out from under cover, Del Mar's man gazed down the stairway. He drew back at what he saw. Slowly he pulled a gun from his pocket, watching down the steps with tense interest. There he could see Elaine and myself, wearily climbing toward the top, our backs toward him, as we covered the men in the cave.

So surprised was he at what he saw that he forgot his boat below had been followed by the mysterious naturalist, who, the moment Del Mar's man had landed, put on the last burst of speed and ran the Dodge boat close to the spot where the aide had left Del Mar's.

A glance into the boat sufficed to tell the naturalist that the figure in it was only a dummy. He did not pause, but followed the trail up the hill until he was close after the emissary ahead, going more slowly.

Only a few feet further along the cliff the naturalist paused, too, keeping under cover, for the man was now just ahead of him. He looked fixedly at him and saw him gaze down the cliff. Then he saw him slowly draw a gun.

Who could be below? Quickly the naturalist's mind seemed to work. He crouched down, as if ready to spring.

The emissary slowly raised his revolver and took careful aim at the back of Elaine and myself, as we came up the steps.

But before he could pull the trigger, the naturalist, more like one of the wild animals which he studied than like a human being, sprang from his concealment in the bushes and pounced on the man from behind, seizing him firmly.

Over and over they rolled, struggling almost to the brink of the precipice.

Elaine and I had got almost to the top of the flight of steps, when suddenly we heard a shout above us and sounds of a terrific struggle. We turned and saw two men.

Nearer and nearer the edge of the cliff they rolled. We crouched closer to the rocky wall, gazing up at the death grapple of the two. Who they were we did not know but that one was fighting for and the other against us we could readily see.

The more vicious of the two seemed to be forcing the naturalist slowly back, when, with a superhuman effort, the naturalist braced himself. His foot was actually on a small ledge of rock directly at the edge of the cliff.

He swung around quickly and struck the other man. The vicious looking man pitched headlong over the cliff.

We shrank back closer to the rock as the man hurtled through the air only a few feet from us. Down below, we could hear him land with a stinking thud.

Far over the edge Elaine leaned in a sort of fascination at the awful sight.

(Continued on Page Twelve—Column Six)

ROMANCE of ELAINE
Featuring LIONEL BARRYMORE

Besse Theatre SOUTH OMAHA Romance of Elaine With Lionel Barrymore Episode No. 4 July 14	GRAND Theatre 16th and Binney Episode No. 3 July 15 Romance of Elaine with Lionel Barrymore
FAVORITE Theatre 17th and Vinton St. Romance of Elaine with Lionel Barrymore Episode No. 3 July 13	Gem Theatre 1528 So. 13th St. Episode No. 2 Today July 11
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