

# THE 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 ..... Marcuis 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 now 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 in the following morning on the bay. A man plunges overboard from it and swims ashore. It is the entrance of Marcus Del Mar into America. His mission is to obtain information of Kennedy and recover, if possible, the lost torpedoes. 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.

The girl enters the Dodge home as a maid; finds the torpedoes, places it in a trunk, which with others is sent to the Dodge country home. In a hold-up Del Mar's men fail 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. Elaine arrives in a hydro-aeroplane 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 detective" has discovered the wireless station. Elaine's discovery nearly proves fatal, she is saved by Jameson; both aid Prof. Arnold and Lieutenant Woodward, but Del Mar escapes.

### Battle of the Gas Bombs

#### CHAPTER VII.

Off a lonely wharf on a deserted part of the coast some miles from the promontory which afforded Del Mar his secret submarine harbor, a ship was riding at anchor.

On the wharf a group of men, husky, Lascars, were straining their eyes at the mysterious craft.

"Here it comes," muttered one of the men, "at last."

From the ship a large yawl had put out. As it approached the wharf it could be seen that it was loaded to the gunwales with cases and boxes. It drew up close to the wharf and the men fell to unloading it, lifting up the boxes as though they were weighted with feathers instead of metal and explosives.

Down the shore, at the same time, behind a huge rock, crouched a rough-looking tramp. His interest in the yawl and its cargo was even keener than that of the lascars.

"Supplies," he muttered, moving back cautiously and up the bluff. "I wonder where they are taking them?"

Marcus Del Mar had chosen an old and ruined hotel not far from the shore as his storehouse and arsenal. Already he was there, packing up and down the rotting veranda which shook under his weight.

"Come, hurry up," he called impatiently as the first of the men carrying a huge box on his back made his appearance up the hill.

One after another they trooped in and Del Mar led them to the hotel, unlocking the door.

Inside, the old hostelry was quite as ramshackle as outside. What had once been the dining room now held nothing but a long rickety table and several chairs.

"Put them there," ordered Del Mar, directing the disposal of the cases. "Then you can begin work. I shall be back soon."

He went out and as he did so, two men seized guns from a corner nearby and followed him. On the veranda he paused and turned to the men.

"If anyone approaches the house—anyone, you understand—make him a prisoner and send for me," he ordered. "If he resists, shoot."

"Yes, sir," they replied, moving over and stationing themselves one at each angle of the narrow paths that ran before the old house.

Del Mar turned and plunged deliberately into the bushes, as if for a cross-country walk, unobserved.

Meanwhile, by another path up the bluff, the tramp had made his way parallel to the line taken by the men. He paused at the top of the bluff, where some bushes overhung and parted them.

"Their headquarters," he remarked to himself, under his breath.

Elaine, Aunt Josephine and I were on the lawn that afternoon when the groom in resplendent livery came up to us.

"Miss Elaine Dodge?" he bowed.

Elaine took the note he offered and he departed with another bow.

"Oh, isn't that delightful," she cried with pleasure, handing the note to me. I read it: "The Wilkesbire Country club will be honored if Miss Dodge and her friends will join the paper chase this afternoon. L. H. Brown, secretary."

"I suppose a preparation for the fox or stag hunt?" I queried.

"Yes," she replied. "Will you go?"

"I don't ride very well," I answered, "but I'll go."

The huntman wended his horn and mirthful shouts of "Gone away!" sounded in imitation of a real hunt. The blast of the horn, once heard, is never forgotten, thrilling and urging on.

The M. F. H. seemed to be everywhere at once, restraining those who were too eager and saving the hounds often from being ridden down by those new to the hunt, who pressed them.

Elaine was one of the foremost. Her hunter was well trained, and she knew all the tricks of the game.

Somewhat I got separated, at first, but, as I afterward learned, by intention, for he deliberately rode out of the course at the first opportunity he had and let Elaine and the rest of us pass without seeing him.

Elaine's blood was up, but somehow, in spite of herself, she went astray, for the hounds had distanced the fleetest riders and she, in an attempt at a short cut over the country, which she thought she knew so well, went a mile or so out of the way.

She pulled up in a ravine and looked about. Intently she listened. There was no sign of the hunt. She was not and tired and thirsty and, at a loss just how to join the field again, she took this chance to dismount and drink from a clear stream fed by mountain springs.

As she did so, floating over the peaceful air came the faint strains of the huntman's horn, far off. She looked about, straining her eyes and ears to catch the direction of sound. Just then her horse caught the winding of the horn. His ears went erect and without waiting he instantly galloped off, leaving her. Elaine called and ran after him, but it was too late. She stopped and looked dejectedly as he disappeared. Then she made her way up the side of the ravine, slowly.

On she climbed, until, to her surprise, she came to the ruins of an old hotel. She remembered, as a child when it had been famous as a health resort, but it was all changed now—a wreck. She looked at it a moment, then, as she had nothing better to do, approached it.

She advanced toward a window of the dining room and looked in. Del Mar waited only until the last straggler had passed. Then he dashed off as fast as his horse would carry him straight toward the deserted hotel which served him as headquarters. As he rode up, one of his sentries appeared, as if from nowhere, and, seeing who it was, saluted.

"Here, take care of this horse," ordered Del Mar, dismounting and turning the animal over to the man, who led him to the rear of the building, as Del Mar entered the front door, after giving a secret signal.

There were his men in goggles and masks at the work, which his knock had interrupted.

"Give me a mask before I enter the room," he ordered of the man who had answered his signal.

The man handed the mask and goggles to him, as well as a coat, which he put on quickly. Then he entered the room and looked at the rapid progress of the work.

"Where's the prisoner?" asked Del Mar a moment later, satisfied at the progress of his men.

"In the attic room," one of his lieutenants indicated.

"I'd like to take a look at him," added Del Mar, just about to turn and leave the room.

As he did so, he happened to glance at one of the windows. There, peering through the broken shutters, was a face—a girl's face—Elaine!

"Just what I wanted guarded against," he cried angrily, pointing at the window. "Now—get her!"

The men had sprung up at his alarm. They could all see her and with one accord dashed for the door. Elaine sprang back and they ran as they saw that she was warned. In genuine fear she too ran from the window. But it was too late.

For just then the sentry who had taken Del Mar's horse came from behind the building, cutting off her retreat. He seized her just as the other men ran out. Elaine stared. She could make nothing of them. Even Del Mar, in his goggles and breathing mask, was unrecognizable.

"Take her inside," he ordered, disregarding his voice. Then to the sentry he added, "Get on guard again and don't let anyone through."

Elaine was hustled into the big deserted hallway of the hotel, just as the tramp had been.

"You may go back to work," Del Mar signified to the other men, who went on leaving one short but athletic looking fellow with Del Mar and Elaine.

"Lock her up, Shorty," ordered Del Mar, "and bring the other prisoner to me down here."

None too gently the man forced Elaine upstairs ahead of him.

In the attic, the tramp, pacing up and down, heard footstep after footstep, and he entered the next room.

Quickly he ran to the doorway and peered through the keyhole. There he could see Elaine and the small man enter. He locked the door to the hall, then quickly took a step toward the door into the tramp's room.



"Where's the prisoner?" asked Del Mar, satisfied with the progress of his men.

There was just time enough for the tramp to dash into his approach. He ran swiftly and softly over to the further corner and dropped down as if sound asleep. The key turned in the lock and the small man entered, careful to lock the door to Elaine's room. He moved over to where the tramp was feigning sleep.

"Get up," he growled, kicking him. "The tramp sat up, yawning and rubbing his eyes. 'Come now, be reasonable,' demanded the man. 'Follow me.'"

He started toward the door into the hall. He never reached it. Scarcely was his hand on the knob when the tramp seized him and dragged him to the floor. One hand on the man's throat and his knees on his chest, the tramp tore off the breathing mask and goggles. Already he had the man trussed up and gagged.

Quickly the tramp undressed the man and left him in his underclothes, still struggling to get loose, as he took Shorty's clothes, including the strange headgear, and unlocked the door also into the next room with the key he also took from him.

Elaine was pacing anxiously up and down the little room into which she had been thrown, greatly frightened.

Suddenly the door through which her captor had left opened hurriedly again. A most disreputable looking tramp entered and locked the door again. Elaine started back in fear.

He motioned to her to be quiet. "You'll never get out alive," he whispered, speaking rapidly and thickly, as though to disguise his voice. "Here—take these clothes. Do just as I say. Put them on. Put on the mask and goggles. Cover up your hair. It is your only chance."

He laid the clothes down and went out into the hallway. Outside he listened carefully at the head of the stairs and looked about, expecting momentarily to be discovered.

Elaine understood only that suddenly a friend in need had appeared. She changed her clothes quickly, finding fortunately that they fitted her pretty well. By pulling the hat over her hair and the goggles over the eyes and tying on the breathing mask, she made a very presentable man.

Cautiously she pushed open the door into the hallway. There was the tramp. "What shall I do?" she asked.

"Don't talk," he whispered close to her ear. "Go out—and if you meet anyone, just salute and walk past."

"Yes—yes, I understand," she nodded back. "And—thank you."

He gave her no time to say more, even if it had been safe, but turned and locked the door of her room.

Trying to keep the old stairway from creaking and betraying her, she went down. She managed to reach the lower hallway without seeing anybody or being discovered. Quietly she went to the door and out. She had not gone far when she met an armed man, the sentry, who had been concealed in the shrubbery.

"Who goes there?" he challenged. Elaine did not betray herself by speaking, but merely saluted and passed on as fast as she could without exciting further suspicion. Nonplussed, the man turned and watched her curiously as she moved away down the path.

"Where's he going?" the sentry muttered, still staring.

Elaine in her eagerness was not looking as carefully as she was going as she was thinking about getting away in safety. Suddenly an overhanging branch of a tree caught her hat and before she knew it pulled it off her head. There was no concealing her golden hair now.

"Stop!" shouted the sentry. Elaine did not pause, but dived into the bushes on the side of the path, just as the man fired and ran forward, still shouting for her to halt. She ran as fast as she could, pulling off the goggles and mask and looking back now and then in terror at her pursuer, who was rapidly gaining on her.

Before she could catch herself she missed her footing and slipped over the

edge of a gorge. Down she went with a rush. It was unfortunate, dangerous, but, after all, it was the only thing that saved her, at least for the time. Half falling, half sliding, scratching herself and tearing her clothes, she descended.

The sentry checked himself just in time at the top of the gorge and leaped as far over the edge as he dared. He raised his gun again and fired. But Elaine's course was so hidden by the trees and so zigzag that he missed again. A moment he hesitated, and then started and climbed down after her as fast as he could.

At the bottom of the hill she picked herself up and dashed again into the woods, the sentry still after her and gaining again.

At the same time, we who were still in the chase had circled about the country until we were very near where we started. Following the dogs over a rail fence, I drew up suddenly, hearing a scream.

There was Elaine, on foot, running as if her life depended on it. I needed no second glance. Behind her was a man with a rifle, almost overtaking her.

As luck would have it, the momentum of the horse carried me right at them. Careful to avoid Elaine, I rode square at the man, striking at him viciously with my riding crop before he knew what had struck him.

The fellow dropped, stunned. I leaped from my horse and ran to her, just as the rest of the hunt came up.

Eagerly questioning us, they gathered about.

Having waited until he was sure that Elaine had got away safely, the old tramp, slowly and carefully followed down the stairs of the ruined hotel.

As he went down, he heard a shot from the woods. Could it be one of the sentries? He looked about keenly, hesitating just what to do.

In an instant, down below, he heard the scurry of footsteps from the improvised laboratory and shouts. He turned and stealthily ran upstairs, just as the door opened.

The tramp had not been the only one who had been alarmed by the shot of the sentry.

Del Mar was talking again to the men

moment we all stood ready to repel an attack from any quarter. Around the old hotel, in every direction, Del Mar's men were searching for the tramp and Elaine, while in the hotel another search was in progress. "Have you discovered anything?" asked Del Mar, entering.

"No, sir," they reported. "Confound it!" swore Del Mar, going upstairs again.

Here were also men searching. "Find anything?" he asked briefly. "No luck," returned one.

Del Mar went on up to the top floor and out through the open scuttle to the roof. "That's how he got away, all right," he muttered to himself, then, looking up, he exclaimed under his breath as his eye caught something far off. "The deuce—what's that?"

Leaning down to the scuttle he called, "Jenkins—my field glasses—quick!"

One of his men brought them to him and he adjusted them, gazing off intently. There he could see what looked like a squad of cavalry galloping along, headed by an officer and a rough-looking individual.

"Come—we must get ready for an attack!"

In the laboratory-dining room, his men, recalled, hastily took his orders. Each of them seized one of the huge black rubber, newly completed gas bombs and ran out, making for a grove nearby.

Quickly as Del Mar had acted, it was not done so fast but that the troop of cavalry as they pulled up on the top of a hill and followed the directing finger of the tramp, could see men running to the cover of the grove.

"Forward!" shouted Woodward. As if all were one machine, the men and horses shot ahead, until they came to the grove from the old hotel. There they dismounted and spread out in a semi-circular order, advancing on the grove. As they did so, shots rang out from behind the trees. Del Mar's men, from the shelter were firing at them. But it seemed hopeless for the fugitives.

"Rea dy!" ordered Del Mar as the cavalrymen advanced, relentless.

Each of his men picked up one of the big black gas bombs and held it high over his head.

"Come on!" urged Woodward. "Throw them!" ordered Del Mar.

Against Woodward's men as they charged it seemed as if a tremendous, slow-moving wall of vapor were advancing from the trees. It was only a moment before it completely wrapped them in its stifling, choking, suffocating embrace. Some fell, overcome; others tried to run, clutching frantically at their throats and rubbing their eyes.

"Get back—quick—till it rolls over," choked Woodward.

Those who were able to do so picked up their stuffed, compressed and retreated as best they could, stumbling blindly back from the fearful death cloud of chlorine.

Meanwhile, under cover of this weird defense, Del Mar and his men, their own faces covered and unrecognizable in their breathing masks and goggles, dashed to one side with a shout and disappeared, walking and running behind and even through the safety of their impregnable gas barrier.

More slowly we of the hunt had followed Woodward's cavalry until, some distance off, we stood, witnessing and wondering at the attack. To our utter amazement we saw them carrying off their wounded and stupefied men. We hurried forward and gathered about, offering whatever assistance we could to resuscitate them.

As Elaine and I helped we saw the unmet figure of the tramp borne in and laid down. He was not completely overcome, having had presence of mind to tie a handkerchief over his nose and mouth.

Elaine hurried to ward him with an exclamation of sympathy. Just recovering full consciousness, he heard her.

"With the greatest difficulty he seemed to summon some reserve force not yet used. He struggled to his feet and staggered off as though he would escape us.

"What a strange old codger," mused Elaine, looking from me at the retreating figure. "He saved my life—yet he won't even let me thank him—or help him!"

(Continued Next Sunday.)

## ROMANCE OF ELAINE

With LIONEL BARRYMORE

<p><b>Besse Theatre</b> SOUTH OMAHA Romance of Elaine With Lionel Barrymore Episode No. 7 Aug. 4</p>	<p><b>GRAND Theatre</b> 16th and Binney Episode No. 6 Aug. 5 Romance of Elaine with Lionel Barrymore</p>
<p><b>FAVORITE Theatre</b> 17th and Vinton St. Episode No. 6 Aug. 3</p>	<p><b>Gem Theatre</b> 1528 So. 13th St. Episode No. 5 Today Aug. 1</p>
<p><b>DIAMOND THEATRE</b> 2410 Lake St. Episode No. 4 August 2</p>	<p><b>Nicholas Theatre</b> Council Bluffs, Ia. NEW EXPLOITS OF ELAINE Episode No. 24 Aug. 3</p>
<p><b>LOTHROP Theatre</b> 3212 N. 24th Street Episode No. 5 August 2</p>	<p><b>ALAMO THEATRE</b> 24th and Fort Sts. NEW EXPLOITS OF ELAINE Episode No. 18 August 6.</p>

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