

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 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"

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



"Let me see it," he asked, taking the gun.

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 Del Mar 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. At last Del Mar succeeds in getting the torpedo, only to have it destroyed by the little old man. 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 Del Mar 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 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 Prof. Arnold and Lieutenant Woodward in destroying the wireless station, but Del Mar escapes. Making his way to a deserted hotel in the woods, he directs the making of a number of gas bombs. 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 backing party.

The Spot-Light Gun

CHAPTER XIII.

"I don't understand it," remarked Elaine one day as, with Aunt Josephine and myself, she was discussing the strange events that had occurred since the disappearance of Kennedy. "But, somehow, it is as if a strange Providence seems to be watching over us."
"Nor do I," I agreed. "It does seem that, although we do not see it, a mysterious power for good is about us. It's uncanny."
"A package for you, Miss Dodge," announced Marie, coming in with a small parcel which had been delivered by a messenger who did not wait for an answer.
Elaine took it, looked at it, turned it over, and then looked at the written address again.
"It's not the handwriting of anyone which I recognize," she mused. "Now, I suppose I ought to be suspicious of it. Yet, I'm going to open it."
She did so. Inside the paper wrapping covered a pasteboard box. She opened this. There lay a revolver, which she picked up and turned over. It was a curious looking weapon.
"I never knew so much about firearms as I have learned in the last few weeks," remarked Elaine. "But what do you suppose that is—and who sent it to me—and why?"
She held the gun up. From the barrel stuck out a little rolled-up piece of paper. "See," she cried, reading and handing the paper to me. "Here it is again—that mysterious power."
Aunt Josephine and I read the note: Dear Miss Dodge:
This weapon shoots exactly into the center of the light disc. Keep it by you. A FRIEND.
"Let me see it," I asked, taking the gun. Sure enough, along the barrel was a peculiar tube. "A searchlight gun," I exclaimed, puzzled, though still my suspicions were not entirely at rest. "Suppose it's a light gun? I could not help considering. It might be a plant to save someone from being shot."
"That's easily settled," returned Elaine. "Let's try it."
"Oh, mercy, no—not here," remonstrated Aunt Josephine.
"Why not—down cellar?" persisted Elaine. "It can't hurt anything there."
"I think it would be a good plan," I agreed, "just to make sure that it is all right."
Accordingly we three went down cellar. There Elaine found the light switch and turned it. Eagerly I hunted about for a mark. There, in some rubbish that had not yet been carted away, was a small china plate. I set it up on a small shelf across the room and took the gun. But Elaine playfully wrenched it from my hand.
"No," she insisted. "It was sent to me. Let me try it first."
Reluctantly I consented.
"Switch off the light, Walter, please," she directed, standing a few paces from the plate.
I did so. In the darkness Elaine pointed the gun and pulled a little ratchet. Instantly a spot of light showed on the wall. She cried, reading and handing the paper to me. "Here it is again—that mysterious power."
"What's that?" cried Elaine, horrified, pointing back.
A long cigar-shaped affair was slipping along near enough to the surface so that we could just make it out—murderous, deadly, aimed right at the heart of the yacht.
"A torpedo!" exclaimed Arnold. "Cast off!"
We moved off from the yacht as swiftly as the speedy little open motor boat would carry us, not a minute too soon.
The torpedo struck the yacht almost exactly amidship. A huge column of water spouted up into the air as though a gigantic whale were blowing off. The yacht itself seemed lifted the water and literally broken in half like a brittle rod of glass and dropped back into the water.
Below in the submarine, Del Mar was still at the periscope directing things.
"A hit," he cried exultingly. "We got the whole bunch this time."
He turned to the men to congratulate them, a smile on his evil face. But as he looked again, he caught sight of our little motor boat skimming safely away on the other side of the wreck.
"The deuce," he muttered. "Try another. Here's the direction."
Furiously he swore as the men guided the submarine and loaded another torpedo into a tube. As the tube came into position, they let the torpedo go. An instant later, it was hissing its way at us.
"See, there's another," I cried, catching sight of it.
All looked, sure enough, through the water could be seen another of those murderous messengers dashing at us.
Arnold ran forward and seized the wheel himself, swinging the boat around hard to starboard and the land. We turned just in time. The torpedo, brainless but deadly dashed past us harmlessly.
"I saw them go to the yacht of that Prof. Arnold."
"He's the fellow that gave her the gun,"

to him on his yacht. I'm sorry I can't go with you, but just now I'm on duty."
"That's a good idea," she agreed. "Only I'm sorry you can't go along with me."
She started up the car and drove off as Woodward turned back to the Fort with a lingering look.
Del Mar was hard at work in the library, when suddenly he heard a sound at the panel. He reached over and pressed a button on his desk, and the panel opened. Through it came the diver, still wearing his dripping suit and carrying the weird helmet under his arm.
"That Dodge girl has crossed us again!" he exclaimed excitedly.
"How?" demanded Del Mar, with an oath.
"I saw her on the rocks just now. She happened to stumble on the bomb which you left there to be placed."
"And then?" demanded Del Mar.
"She took it with her in her car."
"The deuce!" ejaculated the foreign agent, furiously. "You must get the men out and hunt the country thoroughly. She must not escape now at any cost."
The diving man dove back into the panel to escape Del Mar's wrath, while Del Mar hurried out, leaving his valet in the library.
Quickly Del Mar made his way to a secret hiding place in the hills of the bay. There he found his picked band of men armed with rifles.
As briefly as he could he told them of what had happened. "We must get her this time—dead or alive," he ordered. "Now scatter about the country. Keep in touch with each other and when you find her, close in on her at any cost."
The men saluted and left in various directions to scour the country. Del Mar himself, picking up a rifle and followed shortly, passed down a secret trail to the road where he had a car with a chauffeur waiting. Still carrying the rifle, he climbed in and the man shot the car along down the road.
On the top of a hill one of the men was posted as a sort of look-out. Gazing over the country carefully, his eye was finally arrested by something at which he stared eagerly. Far away, on the road, he could see a car in which was a girl, alone. Waving in the breeze was a red feather in her hat. He looked more sharply. It was Elaine Dodge.
The man turned and waved a signal with a handkerchief to another man far off. Down the valley another of Del Mar's men was waiting and watching. As soon as he saw the signal, he waved back and ran along the road.
As Del Mar whizzed along, he could see one of his men approaching over the road, waving to him. "Stop!" he ordered his driver.
The man hurried forward. "I've got her car over the hill."
"Good," exclaimed Del Mar, pulling a black silk mask over his eyes. "Now get off quickly. We've got to catch her. They sped away again in a cloud of dust.
But even while Del Mar was speeding toward her, another of his men had discovered her presence, so vigilant were they.
He had been keeping a sharp watch on the road, when he was suddenly all attention. He saw a car through the foliage. Quickly his rifle went to his shoulder. Through the sight he could just cover Elaine's head, for her hat, with a bright red feather in it, showed plainly just over the bushes.
He aimed carefully and fired.
I had been out for a tramp over the hills with no destination in particular. As I swung along the road, I heard the throbbing of a car coming up the hill, the cut-out open. I turned, for cars make walking on country roads somewhat hazardous nowadays.
As I did so, someone in the car waved to me. I looked again. It was Elaine.
"Where are you going?" she called.
"Where are you going?" I returned, laughing.
"I've just had a very queer experience—found something down on the rocks," she replied seriously, pointing to the square package on the floor of the car. "I took it to Lieutenant Woodward and he advised me to take it to Prof. Arnold on your yacht. I think it is a bomb. I wish you'd go with me."
Before I could answer, up the hill a rifle shot cracked. There was a whirr in the air and a bullet sang past us, cutting the red feather off Elaine's hat.
"Duck," I cried, jumping into the car, "and drive like the dickens!"
She turned and we fairly ricocheted down that road back again.
Behind us, a man, a stranger whom we did not pause to observe, rushed from the bushes and fired after us again.
"Suddenly another rifle shot cracked. It was from another car that had stealthily sneaked up on us—coming fast, recklessly."
"There's her car," pointed one of the occupants to a man who was masked in black. "Yes," he nodded. "Give her a little more gas!"
"Crouch down," I muttered, "as low as you can."
We did so, racing for life, the more powerful motor behind us overhauling us every instant.
We were coming in a very narrow part of the road where it turned on one side a sheer hill, on the other a stream several feet down.
If we had an accident, I thought, it

might be ticklish for us, supposing the square package really to be a bomb. What if it should go off? The idea suggested another, instantly. The car behind us only a few feet off.
As we reached the narrow road by the stream, I rose up. As far as I could, back of me, I hurled the infernal machine. It fell. We received a shower of dirt and small stones, but the cover of the car protected us. Where the bomb landed, however, it cut a deep hole in the roadway.
On came Del Mar's car, the driver frantically tugging at the emergency brake. But it was of no use. There was not room to turn aside. The car crashed into the hole, like a gigantic plow.
It took one header over the side of the road and down several feet into the stream, just as the masked man and the driver jumped far ahead into the water.
Safe now in our car, which was shaking with its terrific speed, I looked back. "They've been thrown!" I cried. "We're all right."
On the edge of the water, just covered by some wreckage, the chauffeur lay motionless. The masked man crawled from under the wreckage and looked at him for a moment.
"Dead!" he exclaimed, still mechanically gripping a rifle in his hand. Angrily he raised it at us and fired.
A moment later, some other men gathered from all directions about him, each armed.
"Don't mind the wreck," he cried, exasperated. "Fire!"
A volley was delivered at us. But the distance was now apparently too great. We were just congratulating ourselves on our escape, when a stray shot whizzed past, striking a piece directly out of the head of the steering post, almost under Elaine's hands.
"Naturally she lost control, though fortunately we were not going so fast now. Crazy, our car swerved from side to side of the road, as she vainly tried to control both its speed and direction. On the very edge of the ditch, however, it stopped.
We looked back. There we could see a group of men who seemed to spring out of the woods, as if from nowhere, at the sound of the shots. A shout went up at the sight of the bullet taking effect, and they ran forward at us.
One of their number, I could see, masked, who had been in the wrecked car, stumbled forward weakly, until he sank down.
A couple of the others ran to him. "Go on," he must have urged vehemently. "One of you is enough to stay with me. I'm going back to the submarine harbor. The rest—go on—report to me there."
As the rest ran toward us, there was nothing for us to do but to abandon the car ourselves and run for it. We left the road and struck into the trackless woods, followed closely now by two of the men who had out-distanced the rest. Through the woods we fled, taking advantage of such shelter as we could find.
"Look, here's a cave," cried Elaine, as we plunged, exhausted and about ready to drop, down into a ravine.
We hurried in and the bushes swung over the cave entrance. Inside we stopped short and gazed about. It was dark and gloomy. We looked back. There was no hope there. They had been overtaking us. On down a passageway, we went.
The two men who were pursuing us plunged down the ravine also. As ill-luck would have it, they saw the cave entrance and dashed in, then halted. Crouching in the shadow we could see their figures silhouetted in the dim light of the entrance of the cavern. One stopped at the entrance while the other advanced. He was a big fellow and powerfully built and the other fellow was equally burly. I made up my mind to fight to the last though I knew it was hopeless. It was dark. I could not even see the man advancing now.
Quickly Elaine reached into her pocket and drew out something.
"Here, Walter, take this," she cried. I seized the object. It was the searchlight gun.
Hastily I aimed it. The spot of light

glowing brightly. Indeed, I doubt whether I could have shot very accurately otherwise. As the man approached cautiously down the passageway the bright disc of light danced about until finally it fell full on his breast. I fired. The man fell forward instantly.
Again I fired, this time at the man in the cave entrance. He jumped back, dropping his gun, which exploded harmlessly. His hand was wounded. Quickly he drew back and disappeared among the trees.
We waited in tense silence and then cautiously looked out of the mouth of the cave. No one seemed to be about.
"Come—let's make a dash for it," urged Elaine.
We ran out and hurried on down the ravine, apparently not followed.
Back among the trees, however, the man had picked up a rifle which he had hidden. While he was blindfold by his hand with a handkerchief he saw us. Painfully he tried to aim his gun. But it was too heavy for his weakened arm and the pain was too great. He had to lower it. With a muttered imprecation he followed us at a distance.
Evidently, to us we had eluded the pursuers, for no one seemed now to be following, at least as far as we could determine. We kept on, however, until we came to the water's edge. There, down by the bay, we could see Prof. Arnold's yacht.
"Let us see Prof. Arnold, anyhow," said Elaine, leading the way along the shore.
We came at last, without being molested, to a little dock. A sailor was standing beside it and moored to it was a swift motor boat. Out at anchor was the yacht.
"You are Prof. Arnold's man?" asked Elaine.
"Yes'm," he replied, remembering her. "Is the professor out on his boat?" we asked.
He nodded. "Did you want to see him?"
"Very much," answered Elaine.
"I'll take you out," he offered.
We jumped into the motor boat, he started the engine and we planked out over the water.
Though we did not see him, the man

almost hissed Del Mar. "On the yacht, an evil smile seemed to spread over his face. 'Then we'll get them all, this time. Man the submarine—the Zee.'
All left the office on the run, hurrying around the ledge and down into the open hatch of the submarine. Del Mar came along a moment later, giving orders sharply and quickly.
The hatch was closed and the vessel sealed. On all sides were electrical devices and machines to operate the craft and the torpedoes—an intricate system of things which it seemed as if no human mind could possibly understand.
Del Mar threw on a switch. The submarine hummed and trembled. Slowly it sank in the harbor until it was at the level of the under-water entrance through the rocks. Carefully it was guided out through this entrance into the waters of the harbor, real harbor.
Del Mar took his place at the periscope, the eye of the submarine. Anxiously he turned it about and bent over the image which it projected.
"There it is," he muttered, picking out Arnold's yacht and changing the course of the submarine so that it was headed directly at it, the planes turned so that they kept the boat just under the surface with only the periscope showing above.
Forward, about the torpedo discharge tubes men were busy, testing the doors, and getting ready the big automatic torpedoes.
"They must have seen us," muttered Del Mar. "They've started the yacht. But we can beat them easily. Are you ready?"
"Yes," called back the men forward, pushing a torpedo into the lock-like compartment from which it was launched.
"Let it go, then," followed Del Mar.
The torpedo shot out into the water, traveling under its own power, straight at the yacht.
Elaine and I looked back. The periscope was much nearer than before. "Can we outdistance the submarine?" I asked of Arnold.
"Arnold shook his head, his face grave. On came the thin line of foam. 'I'm afraid we'll have to leave the yacht,' he said warningly. 'My little motor boat is much faster.'
Arnold shouted his orders as he led us down the ladder to the motor boat, into which we jumped, followed by as many of the crew as could get in, while the others leaped into the water from the rail of the yacht and struck out for the shore, which was not very distant.
"What's that?" cried Elaine, horrified, pointing back.
A long cigar-shaped affair was slipping along near enough to the surface so that we could just make it out—murderous, deadly, aimed right at the heart of the yacht.
"A torpedo!" exclaimed Arnold. "Cast off!"
We moved off from the yacht as swiftly as the speedy little open motor boat would carry us, not a minute too soon.
The torpedo struck the yacht almost exactly amidship. A huge column of water spouted up into the air as though a gigantic whale were blowing off. The yacht itself seemed lifted the water and literally broken in half like a brittle rod of glass and dropped back into the water.
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Arnold ran forward and seized the wheel himself, swinging the boat around hard to starboard and the land. We turned just in time. The torpedo, brainless but deadly dashed past us harmlessly.
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Furiously he swore as the men guided the submarine and loaded another torpedo into a tube. As the tube came into position, they let the torpedo go. An instant later, it was hissing its way at us.
"See, there's another," I cried, catching sight of it.
All looked, sure enough, through the water could be seen another of those murderous messengers dashing at us.
Arnold ran forward and seized the wheel himself, swinging the boat around hard to starboard and the land. We turned just in time. The torpedo, brainless but deadly dashed past us harmlessly.
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(To be Continued.)

ROMANCE OF ELAINE
With LIONEL BARRYMORE

Besse Theatre SOUTH OMAHA Romance of Elaine With Lionel Barrymore Episode No. 8 Aug. 11	GRAND Theatre 16th and Binney Episode No. 7 Aug. 12 Romance of Elaine with Lionel Barrymore
FAVORITE Theatre 17th and Vinton St. Romance of Elaine with Lionel Barrymore. Episode No. 7 Aug. 10	Gem Theatre 1528 So. 13th St. Episode No. 6 Today Aug. 8
DIAMOND THEATRE 2410 Lake St. Episode No. 5 August 10.	Nicholas Theatre Council Bluffs, Ia. NEW EXPLOITS OF ELAINE Episode No. 1 Aug. 10
LOTHROP Theatre 3212 N. 24th Street Episode No. 6 August 13.	ALAMO THEATRE 24th and Fort Sts. NEW EXPLOITS OF ELAINE No. 19, August 13.

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