THE SECRET OF THE SUBMARINE

Novelized From a Thrilling Photoplay Series Released by the Mutual Film Co.

By E. Alexander Powell
The Famous War Correspondent

Romantic story of an undersea boat designed to remain beneath the surface for weeks, with the beautiful daughter of the inventor figuring as the heroine in thrilling situations.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS.

Lieut. Jarvis Hope is detailed by the United States Naval Board to investigate and report his findings on the invention of Dr. Rufus Burke, which serves to bring the submarine to a state of perfection. The lieutenant arrives in Valdavia and is welcomed by the inventor and his daughter Cleo. On the trial trip of the inventor's boat a Japanese helper is surprised in the act of examining the ventilation of the controlling device. Hope reports favorably on the new device, but three of others interested in it. An attempt to burglarize Dr. Burke's laboratory fails; but later Cleo finds him murdered in his bedroom. Cleo sets her father's library to get money; later she finds a note from him which she learns that they contain the secret formula. With Hope she moves to the summer's store, only to find it in flames. Olga Ivanoff and Gerald Morton, who agree to search of the formula, attempt to capture Cleo when she calls at the home of Stephanoff, the Assassinat. Hope rushes to her aid. Morton shoots at him, but the bullet hits a bomb in the cellar, which explodes. Stephanoff dies in the wreck of his house; the others escape. Hope and Cleo attend a ball at Mr. Delano's, whose capture has two of the missing books. Mahlin, a spy, attempts to steal the books, but is discovered by Hope; in the excitement that follows the books disappear. Mahlin escapes. Hope and Cleo take a boat for an island out in the bay. The conspirators follow in other boats. Mahlin and the Jap turn out the island light. Morton's boat, with the Countess, strikes a stray mine in the bay. After a violent shock Hope and Cleo arrive on a strange island and discover that the man they hunt is there. But Mahlin and the Japanese also reach the island and put up a fight for the books. They escape from Hope, but return and dynamite the shack.

IN THE STRUGGLE MORTON PASSES THE BOOK TO OLGA.

As Hope sprang at him, Morton turned and passed the book to Olga. Then, as Hope and Morton grappled, Olga dashed toward the door; but quick though she was Cleo, who had seen everything, was quicker still. Flinging herself upon the Russian woman, she wrested the precious volume from her hand. As she did so she felt the floor of the restaurant heave sickeningly beneath her feet.

EIGHTH EPISODE.

OWING to a delay in obtaining the gasoline darkness had fallen before Morissey and Hook again reached the island where Hope and Cleo were awaiting them. Just as they beached their skiff on the shore of the little cove they were startled to hear, from somewhere on the cliff above them, the roar of an explosion. Thoroughly alarmed, they raced up the steep and winding path which led to the plateau. Morissey, reaching the top ahead of his ponderous companion, dashed toward the shack in which they had left Hope and Cleo. Suddenly he stopped. An exclamation of horror, amazement, utter incredulity, escaped him. The shack was gone! Save for a few splintered timbers, the rock on which it had stood was absolutely bare.

"Mr. Hope!" hailed Morissey, with sinking heart. "Mr. Hope! Where are you?"

"That you, Morissey?" came Hope's voice from the darkness.

"Aye, aye, sir!" in a tone of profound relief. "What's happened, sir? Where's the shack?"

"I hardly know myself what has happened," said Hope, appearing out of the darkness with Cleo, "but I strongly suspect that some one has tried to murder us."

"We were sitting in the shack examining the books," explained Hope. "We were wondering what had delayed you. All at once Miss Burke said that she heard a noise under the house. She stepped to the door to see what it was and a moment later I heard her scream. I ran out to see what the trouble was, but I had scarcely set foot outside the door when there was an explosion that threw us both to the ground and the shack toppled over the cliff into the sea."

"But what was it you heard under the house, Miss Cleo?" asked Hook, his eyes bulging with excitement.

"It sounded as though some one was moving about just underneath us," she replied. "At first I thought it was an animal, but as I opened the door I heard some one running away. I stooped down so that I could look underneath the house and I saw a spark running along the ground in the darkness. I called to Jarvis—Mr. Hope, I mean—to come quickly, for I felt sure that there was danger threatening us, and, just as he reached me, came the explosion. When I looked for the shack it had disappeared."

"Have you any idea who did it, sir?" asked Morissey. "Do you think it could have been the Jap?"

"Yes," said Hope, thoughtfully, "it may have been Satsuma. He's the only one who could have any object in doing such a thing. We know that he and the man who was with him are after the books, and they're the kind that would stick at nothing in order to get them."

"By the way, Morissey," he added, "did you remember to send that telegram from Middle Island?"

"I did, sir," was the answer.

"What was the telegram, Jarvis?" asked Cleo.

"You remember that Fitzmaurice told us that he had bought three of your father's books at the auction, but that he had let one of them to a friend, a Dr. Owen, who lives at Sandsboro? It struck me that it was just as well not to take any chances of some one else getting there ahead of us, so I had Morissey send a wire from Middle Island to the doctor that we were leaving for Sandsboro and asking him not to let the book out of his possession until we arrived. * * Now, Morissey, if you have the gasoline, we had better get down to the launch and get started."

He turned to Cleo. "It is so late that there is no use in our trying to reach Sandsboro to-night. I think that we had better make straight for San Francisco and run down to Sandsboro to-morrow."

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The Sea Hawk was barely a mile off Middle Island, toward which it was heading, when it struck the floating mine, so that only a few minutes elapsed before the sailors attached to the radio station, attracted by the flash and roar of the explosion, had launched a boat and were pulling toward the scene of the disaster. Of the Sea Hawk all that remained were a few riven timbers. Clinging to one of these timbers the rescuing party found a man and a woman, both in the last stages of exhaustion. They were Gerald Morton and Olga Ivanoff. There was no sign of the captain and the two sailors. All three had evidently perished.

Olga and Morton, though badly bruised and suffering from shock, were otherwise uninjured, but not until the following morning were they sufficiently recovered to give a coherent account of themselves. Even then they were unable to throw any light on the mystery which enveloped the explosion. All they could tell their rescuers was that they had engaged the Sea Hawk for the trip to Middle Island where they had important business with a man named Fitzmaurice, and that, when only a short distance off the island, there had come a terrific explosion. Further than that they knew nothing.

"By the way," asked Morton, as he concluded his story, "is Mr. Fitzmaurice here?"

"No," was the answer. "He left yesterday morning in his sailboat for one of the North Farallons and he hasn't returned. He has probably been delayed by the storm, but he ought to be back at any moment."

"In that case," said Morton, "I think that we will wait for him."

When Fitzmaurice returned a few hours later he was considerably surprised to learn that two visitors were waiting for him at the cottage occupied by the officer in command of the radio station.

"The Countess Ivanoff and I have been given to understand," said Morton after Fitzmaurice had introduced himself, "that you recently purchased at auction three scientific works from the library of the late Dr. Burke. It happens that we are interested in these books, and if they are for sale we would be glad to make you an offer for them."

"You are not the only ones who are interested in those books," said Fitzmaurice.

"What do you mean?" asked Morton quickly.

"I mean that I have just left two of the books in the possession of Dr. Burke's daughter and Lieut. Hope on North Farallon. And they only got them by chance, after a Japanese named Satsuma had stolen them from my cabin."

"But you bought three books," persisted Morton. "What has become of the other one?"

"To be quite frank, Mr. Morton," said Fitzmaurice, who was becoming suspicious, "I don't see how it concerns you. Lieut. Hope tells me that Miss Burke is anxious to recover the books because a legacy from her father is believed to be hidden in one of them. If that is so I fail to understand why you are so anxious to obtain possession of them."

"Only for a fraction of an instant did Morton hesitate.

"My interest in the matter is easily explained," he said glibly. "I am a lawyer representing the Countess Ivanoff here, who is one of Dr. Burke's heirs."

"That's different again," said Fitzmaurice, his suspicions allayed. "In that case I don't mind telling you that I have loaned the other book to a friend of mine named Owen, a physician, who lives at Sandsboro."

"Do Miss Burke and Lieut. Hope know where the other book is?" asked Hope.

"They do," said Fitzmaurice. He did not add, however, that Hope had sent a telegram to Dr. Owen asking him to hold the books until his arrival.

"In that case," said Morton, "our business here seems to be finished and we had better be getting back to the city."

Just then the officer in command of the radio station entered.

"There's a Government tender leaving the city in half an hour, Mr. Morton," he announced. "You and the Countess can go over in her if you wish."

Though it was late in the evening when the tender put them ashore at the Government wharf, Olga and Morton, tired as they were, did not spend the night in San Francisco. With Hope and Cleo knowing that one of the books was in Sandsboro, they realized that quick action was imperative.

"There's a train for Sandsboro at three in the morning," Morton told Olga. "That will give you time to go to your apartment and change your clothes and pack a bag. I'll go to my hotel and do the same and meet you at the station. The train gets to Sandsboro about five. It's an ungodly hour to get there, but it won't do to take any chance of this fellow Hope reaching there first."

The little coast town of Sandsboro owes its name, and, indeed, its very existence, to the great crescent of sandy beach on which it stands. Its almost perfect summer climate, its splendid seabathing and its proximity to San Francisco have long made it one of the most popular resorts on the California coast, its hundreds of low-roofed, shingled bungalows finding ready tenants during the summer months, while its great tourist hostelry, the Hotel Arbor, is crowded with pleasure-seekers from early June to late September. The less affluent of the town's summer visitors are provided for by several less pretentious hotels, and it was to one of these that Morton and Olga made their way after the panting local had deposited them on the station platform in the dim light of early morning.

"We mustn't be seen by Hope and the Burke girl," Morton explained, "and we surely will be if we stay at the big hotel, because that's where they'll go. So we had better choose one of the quieter places."

Ascertaining from the telephone book Dr. Owen's office hours, Morton entered the physician's office promptly on the stroke of ten.

"Well, sir," said the doctor, a keen-eyed, alert-looking man in the middle fifties, "what can I do for you? Is it billiousness or boils?"

"It's neither, doctor," answered Morton, laughing. "It's books."

"Books?" the physician repeated, evidently puzzled. "I'm afraid I don't understand."

"Perhaps I should say 'book' instead of 'books,'" replied Morton. "I've run down to see you about a book which your friend, Mr. Fitzmaurice, tells me that he loaned you. It's a work on hydrography, if I'm not mistaken."

"Oh, yes," said Owen, his manner immediately chilling. "Fitzmaurice did lend me such a book."

"I'm very anxious to consult that book, doctor," Morton continued. "I wonder if you would be willing to lend it to me for a few days—or even a few hours?"

"I'm afraid not," was the answer. "For the present, at least, I don't care to let the book go out of my possession."

"I do not wish to appear insistent, doctor," argued Morton, "but may I ask your reasons for refusing to let me borrow the book?"

"This is my reason," replied the physician, taking a telegram from his pocket and handing it to Morton, who read:

"Dr. Emerson Owen, Sandsboro, Cal.:

"Am informed by Mr. Fitzmaurice that he has loaned you a volume of Ryerson's work on hydrography. As there is a possibility that his book contains a formula of inestimable value to the Government, would earnestly beg you not to permit book to leave your possession until I have seen you. Shall arrive Sandsboro tomorrow. JARVIS HOPE,

"Lieutenant United States Navy."

Returning the telegram to Doctor Owen, Morton took from his pocket a large roll of bills.

"I might as well be frank with you, doctor," said he. "I want that book and I'm willing to pay for it. Come now, what's your price?"

But he had misjudged his man. Stepping to the door, the physician threw it open.

"Get out of here," said he, "or I'll kick you out."

Twenty minutes after Morton had made his ignominious exit, Mahlin was ringing the doorbell of Dr. Owen's office.

"Dr. Owen," he began, when he had been ushered into the consultation room, "I have learned in a roundabout way that you have in your possession a book which belonged to the library of a Dr. Burke of Valdavia. I should like"——

But the physician, now thoroughly exasperated, let him proceed no further.

"You can't borrow the book," he cried. "You can't buy it. You can't see it. You can't even discuss the matter with me. All you can do is to go."

And Mahlin, quite unable to account for the physician's hostile attitude, went.

Olga listened with ill-disguised impatience to Morton's account of his interview with Dr. Owen.

"Stupid!" she cried, stamping her foot angrily. "You have bungled things abominably. You should have had more sense than to offer him money. You can't treat a man of that type the way you would a ward politician. All you have done is to make him angry and suspicious."

"Let's hear what you have to suggest, then," said Morton morosely.

"I think I will call on Dr. Emerson Owen myself," remarked Olga, pinning on her hat. "I should like to know a little more about the arrangement of his house."

The neatly gowned maid who answered the bell told Olga that Dr. Owen was occupied with a patient, but that if she would take a seat in the waiting room he would be at liberty in a few minutes. No sooner had the maid left, however, when Olga began to take stock of her surroundings. The door at her left, from behind which came the muffled sound of voices, led, she had no doubt, into the consultation room. But there were two other doors and it was necessary to the perfection of her plans that she should know into what rooms they opened. Softly turning the knob of one of the doors, she pushed it far enough ajar to catch a glimpse of a room that was evidently the doctor's study, and, beyond, a dining room. The other door, through which the maid had disappeared, she opened boldly. It led, as she suspected, into a hallway communicating with the service portion of the house. At that moment the maid appeared, coming evidently from the kitchen.

"I feel a little faint," said Olga. "May I trouble you for a glass of water?"

"Certainly, madam," was the answer. "I'll bring you a glass af once."

Olga's simple manoeuvre had given her the information that she wanted; she was now acquainted with the interior arrangement of the house.

A few minutes later the door of the consultation room was thrown open and Dr. Owen motioned her to come in. As she entered she noticed that the consultation room had another door, opening directly out of doors, by which those patients who did not wish to pass through the waiting room could depart unobserved.

"You don't look as though you were in need of my services, madam," said the doctor, noting with approval Olga's superb coloring and fine physique.

"It isn't your professional services that I want, doctor," she replied, with an alluring smile. "All I want is a few minutes of your time. I have here," and she opened a parcel which she had brought with her, "a specimen volume of the new edition of the Encyclopedia of Medicine. Now I am sure"——

"Madam," interrupted Dr. Owen, rising, "I must ask you to excuse me. I don't care to purchase an encyclopedia and I am extremely busy this morning."

"Perhaps," Olga suggested hopefully, "you would let me call on you again this afternoon when you have more leisure? I am certain that you would be interested in this work if you would only take the time to examine it."

"I shall be out of town all the afternoon," replied the physician.

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Hope and Cleo reached Sandsboro on the noon train and, after a leisurely lunch on the terrace of the Hotel Arbor, started up the principal thoroughfare of the little town to call on Dr. Owen. Thus it chanced that Satsuma, coming out of a cigar store, suddenly stopped aghast, for, strolling along the opposite side of the street, pausing now and then to look into the shop windows, was the couple that he supposed had perished in the dynamited shack on the island. Keeping far enough behind them so that there was no danger of his being recognized Satsuma followed Hope and Cleo along the business street of the town and so out into the residential district, past block after block of vine-clad cottages set far back on velvet lawns, until at last they stopped before the bungalow of Dr. Owen. Peering cautiously from behind a tree on the opposite side of the street, Satsuma saw Hope ring the doorbell, saw him exchange a few words with the maid, and, upon receiving what was evidently a negative answer, saw him write a few lines upon his card, leave it with the maid and depart.

The Japanese waited until Hope and Cleo had been gone twenty minutes; then he boldly approached the house and rang the bell.

"I'm Lieut. Hope's valet," he said, speaking in the sing-song intonation peculiar to Oriental domestics to the maid who opened the door, and who, he noted, was dressed for the street. "He sent me to get the note he leave here a little while back. Say to tell doctor he has changed mind and will telephone him." His manner was that of a well-trained servant and the unsuspecting maid handed him the card without demur. Not until he was out of sight of the house, however, did Satsuma venture to examine it. It was one of Hope's visiting cards and on it he had scrawled in pencil:

Dear Doctor Owen—Am sorry to have missed you. Should you return in time will you give me the pleasure of dining with Miss Burke and myself at the Hotel Arbor at 8 this evening? And may I trouble you to bring along Fitzmaurice's book, regarding which I wired you yesterday. We will wait for you in the Palm Room.

JARVIS HOPE.

When Satsuma, hastening back to the little hotel where he and Mahlin had taken rooms, reported to his employer that Hope and Cleo had, in some unaccountable fashion, escaped death on the island and that they were at that very moment in Sandsboro, Mahlin burst into a fit of profanity which impressed even the stolid Japanese. He cursed Hope, he cursed Cleo, he cursed Satsuma, he cursed Owen, he cursed Doctor Burke and Doctor Burke's invention. When he at last dropped into a chair, exhausted by the violence of his passions, the Japanese silently handed him the note which Hope had left for Doctor Owen. Mahlin read it and then reread it.

"Owen had better take the book to the hotel to-night," he said, after a moment's reflection. "It will be dark by 8 and perhaps we will have an opportunity to knock him on the head when he is on the way there. Otherwise we'll let that pup of a naval officer get possession of the book and then put him out of business. And," he added savagely, "we'll see that there's no mistake about it this time."

"What are you going to do with this note?" inquired Satsuma.

"You had better hustle right back and leave it at the doctor's office," said Mahlin. "Tell the maid that this is another note that Hope has written. She'll never know the difference."

"Did the maid say anything?" asked Mahlin when, half an hour later, Satsuma returned.

"No. She just took the note and shut the door. She had on her hat; I guess she was just going out."

"Are there any other servants in the house?"

"I don't think so."

"That being so," said Mahlin, rising and putting on his hat, "I think I'll take advantage of the household's absence to take a look through the place myself. If the doctor keeps the book in the house I ought to be able to find it."

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It was late in the afternoon when Olga, for the second time that day, ascended the steps of Dr. Owen's residence. There was nothing about her to suggest the book canvasser who had called a few hours before, for she now wore a long dustcoat which covered her from neck to ankle and a motor veil which completely hid her features. She rang the bell, but there was no answer. The maid, as Olga had anticipated, had taken advantage of her employer's absence to do some shopping in the town. Glancing up and down the street to make sure that she was unobserved, she quietly opened the door of the waiting room and walked in. The most likely place to find the book, she felt, was in the doctor's desk in his consultation room. Stepping softly across the floor, her footfalls deadened by the heavy rugs, she opened the door of the consultation room—and stopped on the threshold with an ejaculation of alarm, for, bending over the doctor's desk, engaged in rifling its drawers, was a strange man. His back was toward her and he was so intent on his search that he failed to hear the door open, but aroused by her stifled exclamation, he whirled about and his hand went instinctively to his coat pocket. For a brief moment the two stared at each other appraisingly. Olga was the first to break the silence.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "I rang the bell, but no one answered, so I walked in. I wanted to see the doctor."

Mahlin, for it was he, had been doing some rapid thinking. He decided to play a bold game.

"I am Dr. Owen," he said. "What can I do for you?"

"I—I am having trouble with my throat," lied Olga glibly, but he saw suspicion in her eyes.

"I have been doing a little housecleaning," said Mahlin, with a professional manner which ought to have carried conviction. "If you will excuse me, madam, until I wash my hands, I shall be glad to prescribe for you."

Scarcely had the door closed behind him before Olga was herself ransacking the drawers of the desk. But the book was not there. It must be in the other part of the house. As she was leaving the consultation room to continue her search elsewhere her eye was caught by a card which was lying on top of the doctor's engagement book. She picked it up. It was the card bearing Hope's message, the card which Satsuma had obtained by a ruse and, by another ruse, had returned, and which the maid had evidently placed where the doctor would see it. As Olga was reading the message she heard the sound of a motor stopping before the door. Dr. Owen had returned sooner than she had expected. She acted with promptness and decision. Pulling down her heavy veil, she opened the door of the waiting room and stepped onto the veranda just as the physician was ascending the steps.

"I've been waiting nearly an hour for you, doctor," she said in a muffled voice, "but it is so late that I will have to return in the morning," and she hurried down the walk.

"Don't know who she is," observed the doctor to himself as he entered the house, "but there's something about her reminds me of that good-looking girl that tried to sell me the encyclopaedia this morning."

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By 8 o'clock every table in the Palm Room of the Hotel Arbor was taken, for it was a Saturday night in the height of the season.

Morton, by a liberal tip to the head waiter, had succeeded in obtaining a table close to the door, but screened by palms, so that he and Olga were enabled to watch all who entered or left the room without themselves being seen. Though Olga had discarded the dustcoat which she had worn in the afternoon, she had draped about her hat a heavy veil which could instantly be dropped over her face in case of necessity.

From their place of concealment behind the palms Morton and Olga, who had purposely gone to the restaurant early, saw Hope and Cleo enter, and saw them conducted by the head waiter to a table which he had evidently reserved for them. And, at a small table behind a column, watching all four of them, sat Mahlin.

All at once Olga, who had never taken her eyes from the door, grasped Morton's arm.

"Look!" she whispered. "There he is!"

In the doorway, a parcel under his arm, stood Dr. Owen. A boy was helping him off with his coat. Even as Olga spoke he signalled to the head waiter. They were so close that they could hear his words.

"Where is Lieut. Hope sitting?" he asked. "He is expecting me."

"Yes, sir," said the man, preceding him down the room toward Hope's table "This way, if you please, sir."

Owen had started to follow the head waiter when Morton, realizing that to obtain possession of the book he must adopt desperate measures, stepped from behind the palms.

"This is Dr. Owen, isn't it?" he said cordially. "I am Lieut. Hope. I heard you asking for me. It was mighty kind of you to meet me here. Suppose we step out to the bar and have a drink before ordering dinner?"

But the doctor instinctively hesitated. He had a vague feeling that there was something familiar about the fellow. He seemed over-nervous.

Meanwhile the head waiter, supposing that Dr. Owen was following him, proceeded down the room to the table where Hope and Cleo were sitting.

"Here is the gentleman you were expecting, sir," he said, and pulled out the extra chair.

"Beg pardon, sir," he added, "but he seems to have stopped to talk with another gentleman. That's him, there by the door, sir."

As Hope looked he saw Dr. Owen hand a paper-wrapped parcel to the man with whom he was talking. Springing to his feet so suddenly that he upset his chair he fairly sprinted the length of the room.

"Is this Dr. Owen?"

"Yes," said the doctor. "That's my name."

"My name is Hope," said the officer rapidly. "I wired you yesterday about Fitzmaurice's book. Did you bring it with you?"

"But this man says his name is Hope," cried the bewildered physician, indicating Morton, who, having obtained the book, was slowly edging toward the door. "There's the book—he's got it in his hand. I just gave it to him."

Hope whirled on Morton.

"Give me that book," he demanded, advancing threateningly.

"Not on your life, Mister Lieutenant," sneered the other, and as Hope sprang at him he turned and passed the book to Olga. As Hope and Morton grappled Olga dashed toward the door; but, quick though she was, Cleo, who had seen everything, was quicker still. Flinging herself with all the strength of her lithe young body upon the Russian woman, she wrested the precious volume from her hand. As she did so she felt the floor of the restaurant heave sickeningly beneath her feet. The building rocked and reeled; the chandeliers swung like pendulums gone mad; glassware and dishes went crashing to the floor; the music stopped abruptly; and diners, waiters and musicians made a mad stampede for the door.

"It's an earthquake!" screamed some one. "Run for your lives!" And at that moment the ceiling fell.

(To Be Continued.)

HOPE AND CLEO WERE WATCHED AT THEIR TABLE.

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