

The SECRET of the SUBMARINE

By E. Alexander Powell
Author of "The End of the Trail," "Fighting in Flanders," "The Road to Glory" "Vive la France," etc.
Novelized from the Motion Picture Play of the Same Name by the American Film Manufacturing Company.
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SYNOPSIS.
Lieutenant Jarvis Hope is detailed by the United States navy board to investigate and report his findings on the invention of Dr. Ralph Burke, which serves to bring the submarine to a state of perfection. The lieutenant arrives in Valdivia 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 mechanism of the ventilating device. Hope reports favorably on the new device, but there are others interested in it. An attempt to burglarize Doctor Burke's laboratory fails, but later Cleo finds him murdered in his bedroom.

THIRD INSTALLMENT.

The murder of Ralph Burke provided the public with a 10 days' mystery. Newspaper readers, satiated with the European conflict and the crisis in Mexico, eagerly devoured its details. The great newspapers of the country hurried their cleverest correspondents to Valdivia. At Hope's suggestion the navy department, which was vitally interested in recovering the lost formula, detailed a secret service operative on the case, but he met with no better success than the police. On the theory that Burke had been murdered by Satsuma out of revenge, a fresh search for the Japanese was started, only to be abandoned when it was reported, with much circumstantial detail, that a man tallying with his description had shipped, two days before the murder, on a vessel bound for South America. But, though this apparently eliminated Satsuma, it only served to deepen the mystery.

As the days passed and no solution was forthcoming, newspaper readers began to turn their attention to other events.

Olga Ivanoff, who had hurried to Valdivia in order to be on the scene of action, prepared to return to her luxurious apartment in San Francisco, though Sextus was to remain behind in order to keep in touch with any potential developments. Hope and Morton still remained, the former because he had received instructions from Washington to stay in Valdivia as long as there was a possibility of recovering the lost formula; the latter because of similar instructions from his uncle, Calvin Montgomery, who wrote that if the formula could be found he could sell it on his own terms to one of the European belligerents. It was not the flimsy hope of recovering the formula, however, that kept Hope and Morton in Valdivia; the real magnet was Cleo.

Her father's tragic death weighed heavily upon Cleo, and it was often far into night before she fell asleep upon her tear-soaked pillow, but her days were seldom lonely, for Jarvis Hope and Gerald Morton were constant callers. But, though she frankly welcomed the visits of the suave-mannered young New Yorker, and listened with wrapt attention to his gossip of Fifth avenue and Broadway, she never gave him her entire confidence. Though she never admitted it, even to herself, she did not entirely trust him. There was no question in Hope's mind as to his feelings for Cleo. He was wholeheartedly, desperately, madly in love with her, but, though he felt intuitively that Cleo reciprocated, his innate delicacy led him to refrain from telling her of his love at this time.

In his will Burke had left everything that he possessed to Cleo. Yet "everything" consisted of barely \$1,000 in the bank, the furniture of the house, his extensive scientific library—and the vanished secret of the submarine. Cleo was under no illusions regarding the state of her finances.

"I must go to work, Jarvis," she told Hope, with whom she discussed her financial difficulties and her future as she would with an old family friend. "I must find something to do, for at this rate what little money I have will soon be gone. Perhaps I can get a position as a secretary, or in a library. I used to write all daddy's letters and keep his accounts." Her voice trembled, as it always did at mention of her father, for her grief was still very new.

"Why don't you dispose of your father's library, Cleo?" he asked one evening when they were sitting on the vine-covered verandah discussing her affairs. "You ought to realize a considerable sum from it—enough, certainly, so that you will not need to worry about money matters for some time to come. I'm going over to San Francisco tomorrow, and, if you care to have me, I will make some inquiries as to the best way to dispose of it."

The next evening he called again. "When I was in town today," he said, "I looked up a friend who is interested in books, and he put me in touch with a man named Dawson, the proprietor of the Dawson Auction rooms. I went to see Dawson, who seems to be a very decent fellow, and explained that you wished to dispose of your father's library. He tells me that he is holding an important sale next week and that, if you wish the books to go into

ing a cigarette, he saw Cleo burst out of the gate, hatless and obviously distraught, hold an excited colloquy with Morton, and then go racing down the sidewalk, it was the most natural thing in the world that his curiosity aroused, he should turn and follow her. The chase did not lead him far, for a block below she burst into a drug store.

"May I use your telephone, Mr. Smith?" she asked the drugist. "I must get word instantly to San Francisco."

"Certainly, Miss Burke," was the answer. "There's the phone—over in the corner. Ask the operator to give you long distance."

Sextus, following Cleo into the store, selected a cigar, lit it, and, leaning negligently against the counter, had no difficulty in overhearing the ensuing conversation, or, rather, Cleo's end of it.

"I wish to speak to Mr. Dawson of the Dawson Auction room in San Francisco," she said, "and please hurry, central."

For ten minutes she waited. "Is this Mr. Dawson?" . . . This is Miss Burke of Valdivia speaking. . . . You remember that last week I sent you my father's library to be sold? . . . Yes, the library of Dr. Ralph Burke, the inventor. . . . The books must be sold. . . . It is very, very important. . . . What? . . . You have just sold them? . . . But the twelve big volumes with the leather bindings? . . . They have been sold, too? . . . Can you get them back again? . . . I will pay you anything if you can recover them. . . . It's too late? . . . Do you know who bought them? . . . They went to different parties? . . . But you have a list of the purchasers? . . . Thank God for that! . . . I'll start for San Francisco at once—on the first train."

As Cleo, very discouraged, hung up the receiver, Sextus quietly left the store. The moment he was out of sight, however, he broke into a run. Ten minutes later he was knocking at the door of Olga Ivanoff's room. Briefly he told her his story.

"We mustn't lose a moment," he concluded. "That Burke girl and her friends won't let any grass grow under their feet in getting to San Francisco. Our only chance of getting the secret is to reach Dawson's place ahead of them and obtain possession of the list."

"You're quite right, Sextus," said Olga, who was already pinning on her hat. "We must get there before they do. When does the next train leave?"

"There's a train in thirty minutes," he replied, "but they'll be on it. They would get there as soon as we would. But there's a ferry leaving in five minutes. If we can catch it we will get to San Francisco before the train."

If Olga and Sextus, standing on the upper deck of the ferryboat, had chanced to glance shorewards, their attention might have been attracted by a cloud of yellow dust moving rapidly along the highway which links Valdivia with San Francisco. The dust cloud was caused by a recklessly driven motorcycle which was careening along at sixty miles an hour. Bent over the handlebars, like a rider in a race, was the Japanese, Satsuma.

So incoherent was Hook Barnacle from loss of breath and excitement that even after he found Hope it was some moments before he could deliver Cleo's message. No sooner, however, did the naval officer grasp its import than, with the seaman painting at his heels, he dashed downstairs to where the light car, which he had hired during his stay in Valdivia, was standing. They overlooked Cleo just as she was entering the gate.

"We mustn't waste a minute in getting on the track of those books," said Hope, after he had listened to her story and had examined the letter. "There's a train leaving for San Francisco at three-thirty. Jump into my car and we'll just about be able to make it. I'm going with you, of course."

"But I can't go as I am," exclaimed Cleo, looking down at the gingham dress which she had been wearing while house-cleaning. "It will only take a minute to dress, though. I'll hurry."

Ten minutes elapsed, however, before she rejoined Hope and Hook, who were waiting impatiently, but the lovely face under the black veil was so pathetically childish that neither of them had the heart to scold her. Hope only remarked, as he started the car,



The Car Shot Out into Space.

him I may come in useful even if I have lost one of my spurs. Kin I go with you, lieutenant?"

He paced up and down the platform, deep in thought.

"Yes," said Hope, "you had better come along. I don't think there is much chance of our having any trouble with Morton, even if he is after the books, but you are so fat, Hook, that if you sit in the tonneau you will make the car ride easier."

Cleo settled herself in the seat beside Hope; he threw in the clutch and stepped on the throttle and the car shot down the road which leads to San Francisco. The chase of the books had begun.

Within ten minutes after the boat carrying Olga and Sextus docked at the Ferry building, a taxicab dropped them at Dawson Auction rooms. Mr. Dawson, the head of the firm, a dignified man well past the half-century mark, was at his desk in an office in the rear of the salesroom.

"I am a friend of Miss Cleo Burke," explained Olga. "You will remember that she telephoned you this afternoon regarding certain books belonging to her father's library which, I understand, was sold only this morning. These books were put into the sale by mistake and she is extremely anxious to regain possession of them. As Miss Burke was prevented, at the last moment, from coming to San Francisco today, she asked me to obtain from you the names of the purchasers."

"I am very glad to be of service to Miss Burke," said the auctioneer, evidently impressed by Olga's distinction of manner. "This," throwing

open a ponderous loose-leaf ledger which lay upon his desk, "contains the names and addresses of all with whom we have had dealings, and here," running his finger down the page, "are the names of those who bought the books which you are seeking. You will notice that the twelve books comprising Lot 32 were sold separately, so I'm afraid that it will require considerable time and trouble for you to run down all of them."

"I see that the leaves of this ledger are detachable," remarked Olga. "As we are greatly pressed for time I wonder if you could not let me take the page which has the names we wish. I will have them copied and return the page to you in the morning."

"I am very sorry, madam," said Mr. Dawson respectfully, "but the city ordinances require us to keep a list of those to whom we have made sales always in our possession. The police are very strict about this, as it often assists them in tracing articles that have been stolen. Not that we are accustomed to deal with thieves," he added, smiling. "If you will wait but five minutes, madam, my secretary will copy the names for you."

Within a quarter of an hour after Olga and Sextus left the auction rooms with the list in their possession, a second taxicab drew up before Dawson's door. Gerald Morton entered.

"I am a friend of Miss Cleo Burke's," he explained to the auctioneer. "As she has been detained in Valdivia she asked me if I would drop in here and get the names of the people who bought some books about which she telephoned you."

"But some other friends of Miss Burke's have just been here after the same list," said Dawson. "They left with it not fifteen minutes ago."

"Other friends of Miss Burke?" exclaimed Morton, plainly startled. "Who were they? What were their names?"

"It never occurred to me to ask their names," said Dawson. "There were two of them; a slender, foreign-looking man and a tall, dark, handsome dressed woman. I imagine that she was a foreigner, too."

"A tall, dark woman and a foreign-looking man," repeated Morton, making no effort to hide his perplexity. "I haven't the vaguest idea who they could be. Perhaps someone to whom Miss Burke telephoned after I left Valdivia. I'm afraid I've a reputation for being very careless and she was probably afraid that I would forget all about the list. Still, you had better let me have a copy of it so that I can prove to her that I'm not as forgetful as she imagines."

When he departed a few minutes later, with the list in his pocket, Gerald Morton was a much-puzzled man. Who could they be, these foreigners who had so suddenly intruded themselves?

At five minutes to six there stopped before the Dawson establishment a snorting motorcycle. Entered Satsuma, dust-covered and perspiring.

"I have come to inquire about some books belonging to Miss Burke—" he began, in the precise speech of educated Oriental, when Dawson interrupted him.

"You're another friend of Miss Burke's, I suppose?" he shouted. "I suppose you've come to tell me that Miss Burke has been unavoidably detained and that she has asked you to obtain the names of the purchasers of the books, eh? I've stood for that story twice this afternoon but you can't come in here and put it over on me a third time."

"What do you mean?" asked Satsuma, in undisguised astonishment, "I do not understand."

"I mean exactly what I say," shouted the exasperated auctioneer. "Half an hour ago I came a girl and a man who say that they are friends of Miss Burke and that she's sent them to get the names of the people who bought her father's books. I give them the names. Ten minutes later a young fellow arrives in a taxi and in a tearing hurry and tells me the same story. So I give the names to him. Now you come along and try to give me the same story and dance. It's too thin, my friend, it's too thin."

"I am not a friend of Miss Burke," said Satsuma quietly, "and I know nothing of these other people. I wish to obtain the books for private reasons. If you will give me the names of the people who bought them I am quite willing to pay you for your trouble, and he displayed a twenty-dollar bill."

"Well, money talks," said Dawson, abruptly altering his tone, "and hanged if I can see what harm there is in giving you the names. Sit down a minute while I copy them."

When Satsuma left he was so absorbed in his speculations as to the identity of the mysterious strangers who had preceded him, that he failed to put out his cigarette-stub which he absent-mindedly tossed into the wastebasket standing beside Dawson's desk. And, it being closing time, Dawson followed the Japanese out, and closed the door, and locked it, and betook himself homeward without noticing that from the wastebasket rose a thin, faint wisp of smoke.

Though the car in which Cleo, Hope and Hook were racing citywards was not a large one, it made up for its lack of size by the extraordinary speed which Hope managed to coax from it. Leaving Valdivia behind them, they sped into the open country; past truck farms and vineyards and blossoming orchards they shot; past neat, white farmhouses, peeping coyly out from amid their blazing gardens; past great ranches whose rolling acres were dotted with live oaks

and carpeted with wild flowers; past more gardens, more farmhouses, more orchards, until they reached a long downgrade where, for a dozen miles, the highway parallels the shore. As the empty road opened out before him, Hope stepped on the throttle and the car leaped forward like a thoroughbred which feels the jockey's spur. The speedometer-needle showed that they were traveling at fifty miles an hour. The scenery was but a flying haze of green. The telegraph poles sped by so quickly that they looked like the palings in a picket fence. Ahead of them there suddenly appeared, extending across a portion of the road, a rude barricade with a red flag and the sign "Danger!"

"They're repairing the road ahead but I guess that we can get through," Hope shouted in response to Cleo's warning as they sped by the barrier. Down the smooth-paved grade they thundered and then, as unexpectedly as a slap in the face, there yawped before them a chasm, three-score feet across! The bridge was gone—evidently swept away by the spring

difficulty tell a crook from an honest person by handwriting. Character or lack of it is easy to detect upon the written page. "But what an expert can yet do is to distinguish a dull man from a smart one by the style of his penmanship."

"The greatest scholar I ever knew personally wrote a decidedly inferior hand. An examination of the penmanship of American presidents will reveal something of the same thing. "There was no better writer than James K. Polk, who put flourish on

THE EUROPEAN WAR A YEAR AGO THIS WEEK

September 4, 1915.
Artillery duels on the west front.
Austrians began movement against Italians at Monte Nero.
Allian liner Hesperian sunk without warning by German submarine; 25 lost.

September 5, 1915.
Czar assumed supreme command of Russian armies.
Austrians advance on Dubno.
Bloody fighting on Gallipoli peninsula.

September 6, 1915.
Discovery of documents carried by James Archibald, American correspondent, compromising Doctor Dumba, Austrian ambassador to Washington.
Austrians attacked Italian position at Monte Nero.
Forty French Aeroplanes bombed Saarbrücken.

September 7, 1915.
Italians repulsed Austrian attack at Monte Nero.
British squadron bombarded German batteries on Belgian coast.
German submarines sank British, French and Norwegian vessels.
German airships raided east coast of England, killing ten.
French aviators attacked Freiburg.

September 8, 1915.
Russian Grand Duke Nicholas shifted to the Caucasus.
Russians recaptured old positions in Galicia, near Tarnopol.
Germans began new offensive on western approaches to Verdun.

September 9, 1915.
Zeppelins raided east coast and London district, killing 20.
Dutch sentries fired on Zeppelin flying over Holland.

September 10, 1915.
Germans won trenches at Schratzmaennele, on west front, with asphyxiating shells.
Italians again repulsed at Tolmino.
Germans made further progress in the Argonne.
Anglo-French financial commission landed in New York.

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BRIEF INFORMATION

If a baby had the appetite of a young potato beetle it would eat from 50 to 100 pounds of food every 24 hours. If a horse ate as much as a caterpillar, in proportion to its size, it would consume a ton of hay every 24 hours. A caterpillar eats twice its weight of leaves every day, but a potato beetle devours every day at least five times its weight of foliage.

A converted schooner of 250 tons burden is soon to sail from New York for Columbia on an old-fashioned bartering expedition, the vegetable ivory nut, extensively used in button making, being sought in return for a varied cargo of American goods. The promoters hope from such small beginnings to develop a continuous and profitable trade.

One W. H. Young, who has written a humorous book on his adventures as a business man in South America, tells of a Brazilian, Senor Don Jose de Braganza, whose eagerness for a title went so far that he had printed on his cards "Ex-pasenger, first-class, R. M. S. P. C." He had once taken a trip in the cabin, on a Royal Mail Steam Packet company boat.

Vincent, an Alrodale terrier owned by C. M. Wilson of Pawtucket, R. I., has been serving the family for some time as a newsboy, a job which he selected himself and has filled faithfully. Every day Vincent goes to the train with his master, who fastens a paper to his collar, after which the dog trots home. He has slipped up on only one morning.

A shell eight inches long and three inches in diameter, which was fired into Atlanta, Ga., by General Sherman, was found in an excavation in a street. The shell has the appearance of a solid shot and not an explosive shell and is now being used by H. H. Godfrey, who found it, as a paper weight.

Denver is to issue a million color post cards, a quarter of a million guide-books, half a million one-day trip pamphlets and much other matter, to be distributed by a tourists' bureau, under the direction of the city, with the aim of attracting summer visitors.

Mrs. F. W. Tison of Bennington, Vt., has a white geranium. All the plant-leaves, blossoms and stalk—is pure white. It is strong and healthy, with nothing to account for the freakishness of color.

North Carolina leads the eastern states in the production of gold, the output last year being slightly more than that of all the other eastern states combined.

A factory in the Azores will manufacture alcohol from sweet potatoes. It is proposed to standardize ship-building parts so as to facilitate repairs.

COARSE JOKE IS PUNISHED

Would-Be Wit Deserved Fright Which Made Him See Things in a Different Light.

Some years ago it was the custom in France to conduct condemned criminals through gaping crowds of idle spectators to the public gallotina.

On one such occasion, the unfortunate, seated upon his coffin in the cart, heard a would-be wit in the crowd remark to a companion:

"Well, I'll bet that fellow doesn't feel much like laughing."

The coarse attempt at a joke stung the prisoner, and when he arrived at the scaffold, he asked that the proceedings might be stayed a moment as he had a confession to make.

"Although I denied it at my trial, I had accomplices in the crime for which I have been sentenced; and therefore, pointing to the joker, 'stands one of them!'"

Great excitement ensued. The person designated was seized by

thegendarms with no gentle hands and placed on the scaffold beside his accuser.

Such a fearful spectacle of abject terror as the joker presented was never before witnessed in that somber locality.

After enjoying his helpless fright for a few moments, the fated convict said to the official in charge: "He tried to make sport of my sufferings, but the man is innocent. And as soon as he seemed to be sure that it was no laughing matter for me to be

here, I was curious to see how much person by handwriting. Character or lack of it is easy to detect upon the written page.

Half the business and professional men you meet have a fad. That of William Copeland Furber, the architect and ex-president of the Business Service club, is reading character by means of penmanship, a writer in the Philadelphia Public Ledger declares.

"I am taught by the best experts," he said to me, "that they can without



Her Father's Tragic Death Weighed Heavily on Cleo.

floods. The road ended in a sheer precipice, and at the bottom of the precipice, forty feet below, swirled the river which had done the damage. Hope, his mind trained for emergencies, instantly realized that it was impossible to stop. The brakes would not work in time to prevent the car and its occupants from going over the brink into the stream below. To turn the car to one side was equally impossible, for the road was bordered by steep banks, to go down which meant certain death for all of them. Their only chance—a chance in a million—was to keep straight ahead in the slim, slim hope that the car, now traveling at terrific speed, would have sufficient momentum to clear the chasm. Tightening his grip upon the wheel, Hope jammed his foot against the accelerator. The light car was going so fast that it seemed as though its wheels no longer touched the ground. Hope could hear Hook screaming in his car; out of the corner of his eye he caught a glimpse of Cleo, with blanched face and tight-closed hands, beside him. Her lips were moving. Now only a score of feet separated them from the brink. . . . five . . . and the car sailed out into space as though fastened to the end of a mighty pendulum. Though the flight across the gulf occupied only a moment of time, to the three in the car it seemed interminable. And when the car reached the opposite bank it was ten feet above the level of the highway. It landed as smoothly as a leaping greyhound. Like a tennis ball it rebounded once, twice, thrice, and then, quite unharmed, but with three white-faced and shaking passengers, went tearing down the road in the direction of the distant city.

The clock hands on the campanile of the Ferry building in San Francisco pointed to a quarter after six when Hope, now traveling with more respect for the speed laws, swung the car into Market street. He started to turn into Kearney street but stopped, at the signal of a traffic officer, to let a fire engine pass. It tore up Kearney street, its siren hooting a hoarse warning, and he followed it. Ahead dense clouds of smoke poured from the windows of a corner building. More fire apparatus was coming. Everyone was running. A policeman halted the car with peremptory hands. "You can't come any farther in your car," he ordered.

"We'll have to walk the rest of the way," said Hope, "but it isn't very far. Dawson's place is somewhere in the next block. By Jove, it must be close to where the fire is!" Pushing their way through the crowd, stumbling over the lines of fire hose, the three made their way forward until they were opposite the burning building. So dense was the smoke, however, that the building was totally obscured. Suddenly a gust of wind blew the curtains of smoke momentarily aside. As it did so Cleo, Hope and Hook gave a groan of despair. For across the face of the doomed structure, in letters four feet high, they read: "Dawson's Auction Rooms." Even as they looked there came a rending crash and, amid a swirl of smoke and a sudden burst of flame, the walls toppled and fell in. Somewhere amid that mass of smoking debris, charred beyond recognition now, was the ledger containing the names of those who had purchased the precious volumes. And in one of those volumes, now no longer traceable, was hidden the secret of the submarine.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)