The Perils of Pauline

AN ENTHRALLING MOTION PICTURE NOVEL

Presented by This Newspaper in Collaboration with the Famous Pathe Players

STANFORD MARVIN,

manufacturer......Edward Jose
PAULINE MARVIN, His adopted daughter. . Miss Pearl White

RAYMOND OWEN, His confidential secretary. Mr. Paul Panzer MONTGOMERY HICKS,

Race-track man and blackmailer......Mr. Francis Carlyle
ALSO

Servants, Pirates, Aviators, Scientists, Iceland Peasants, Lawyers, Apaches, Re-incarnated Mummy, Highwaymen, So-clety Leaders, Viking Doctors, Cy-clops, Chinamen, Blackhanders, Explorers and Archaeologists, Etc., Etc., as the Plot Develope. Gowns by Lady Duff-Gordon, the Famous "Lucile."

The Perils of Pauline

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N one of the stateliest mansions on the lower Hudson, near New York, old Stanford Marvin, president of the Marvin Motors Company, dozed over his papers, while Owen, his rascally confidential secretary, eyed him across the mahogany flattopped desk. A soft purring sound floated in the open window and half-roused the aged manufacturer. It came from one of his own cars—six cylinders chanting in unison a litany of power to the great modern god of gasoline.

Unconsciously the veteran builder of automobiles fitted words to the cadence of

"Carburation, lubrication, compression, ignition, exhaust; Vanadium steel and phosphor bronze, thrust and balance and cost.'

These things had been in his mind since the motor industry started. He had lived with them, wrestled with them during his meals and taken them to his dreams at night. Now they formed a rhythm, and he heard them in his brain just before the fainting spells, which had come so fre-quently of late. He glanced at the secre-tary and noted Owen's gaze with something of a start.

"What are you thinking about, Ray-mond?" he queried, with his customary

"Your health, sir." replied Owen, who, like all intelligent rascals, never lied when the truth would do equally well. As a matter of fact, Owen had wondered whether his employer would last a year or a month. He much preferred a month, for there was reason to believe that the Marvin will would contain a handsome

bequest to "my faithful secretary."
"Oh, bosh!" said the old man. "You and Dr. Stevens would make a mummy

of me before I'm dead." "That reminds me, sir," said Owen, noothly, "that the International Express Company has delivered a large crate addreased to you from Cairo, Egypt. I presume it is the mummy you bought on your

last trip. Where shall I place it?" The Mummy Arrives.

Mr. Marvin's eye coursed around the walls of the handsome library, which had been his office since the doctor had forbidden him to visit his automobile works and steel-stamping mills.

"Take out that bust of Pallas Athene," he ordered, "and stand the mummy up in

Owen nodded, poised his pencil and prompted:

You were just dictating about the new piston rings," Piston rings," the words started that baleful rhythm in his head again:

Piston rings and cylinder heads, friction vibration and knocks; Crystallization and carbonization, expansion, contraction and shocks.

Mr. Marvin drew his hand across his eyes and looked out the window. Within the range of his vision was one of the most charming sights in the world-a handsome youth and a pretty girl, arrayed in white flannels, playing tennis,

"Nevar mind the letters. Tell Harry and Pauline I wish to see them." Alone, the old man opened a drawer

and took a dose of medicine, then he unfolded Dr. Stevens's letter and read its final paragraph, which prescribed a change of climate, together with complete

and permanent rest or "I will not answer for the consequences."

There was little doubt that no prime mover in a great industry was better able to leave its helm than Stanford Marvin. fieutenants were abie, efficient and contented. The factories would go of their own momentum for a year or two at least, and then his son, Harry, just out of college, should be able, perhaps, to help. His lieutenants had proved Marvin's unerring instinct in judging character. Not

er's mind of a man who had falled to turn trusted man of all, Raymond Owen, the secretary, was disloyel and dishonest. This one exception was easily enough explained. When Owen came to Marvin's ittention, fifteen years before, he was a honest, faithful man. It was born the first five or six years in the Marvin household the older man took pains to keep watch on this quiet, tactful youth he know all his ways and even his its of though. There was no doubt to Owen was as upright and clean as old man himself.

at the age of forty the devil entered a Owen. It came in the form of in-mia. Loss of sleep will make any

Lady,""The Ghost Breaker,""The Man from the Sea,"Etc.

man irritable and unreasonable, but hardly dishonest. With the sleeplessness, howyer, came the temptation to take drugs. Owen shifted from one narcotic to an other, finally settling down upon mor-phine. Five years of the opiate had made him its slave. Every physician knows that morphine flends become dishonest.

It is a symptom more certain than the sallow complexion and the dilated pupil. The secretary had speculated with his modest savings and lost them. He had borrowed and lost again, and now, for some time, had been betting on horse races. This last had made him acquainted with a certain Montgomery Hicks, who lived well without visible source of income. Through Hicks, Owen had betrayed one of his employer's guarded secrets. Hicks, armed with this secret, promptly changed from a friendly creditor to a

Owen, on his way to summon Pauline and Harry, descended to the basement. where the butler, gardener and a colored man were uncrating the Egyptian mummy. He told them to stand it in place of the bust of Pallas Athene in the library, and then went out, crossing the splendid lawns and gravelled roads to the tennis court. There was no design in Owen's mind against the two players, but of late the instinct of both the hunter and the hunted were showing in him, and it prompted him to approach quietly and under cover. So he passed along the edge of a hedge and stood a moment within earshot.

Harry Proposes.

Pauline was about to "serve," but paused to look down at the loosened laces of her small white shoe. She heard Harry's racquet drop and saw him hurdle the net. In another instant he was at her feet tying

"You needn't have done that, Harry," she said.

"Oh, no." Harry admitted, as he vainly tried to make his bow as trim as its mate, 'I suppose not. I don't suppose I need to think about you all the time either, nor follow you around till that new cocker spaniel of yours thinks I'm part of your shadow. Perhaps I don't need to love

"Harry, get up! Someone will see you and think you're proposing to me."
"Think? They ought to know I'm proposing. But. Pauline, talking about

posing. But, Pauline, talking about 'need,' there isn't any need of your being so pretty. Your eyes are bigger and bluer than they really need to be. You could



MISS PEARL WHITE. The l'opular Pathe Leading Lady, Who Plays the Part of Pauline in the Motion Picture Representation of the Novel "The Perils of Pauline." White's gowns are made by Lady Duff-Gordon, the famous "Lucile."

necessity for the way they group together in that starry effect, like Nell Brinkley's girls. Is there any need of fifteen different beautiful shades of light where the sun strikes your hair just back of your

Written by Charles Goddard,

'Harry, stop this! The score is forty-

"Yes, all these things are entirely un-necessary. I'm going to have old Mother Nature indicted by the Grand Jury for wilful, wasteful, wanton extravagance unless—unless"— Harry paused. "Unless what?" asked Pauline promptly. When neither love nor money can force a word from a woman's lips, curiosity will unlock them instantly.

"Unless," said the youth solemnly, "unless you promise unequivocally, absolutely and beyond peradventure"-"Now, Harry, don't use up your whole

vocabulary-promise what?" "Promise to marry me at once." 'No, Harry, I can't do that-that is, right away. I must have time."

'Why time? Pauline, don't you love "Yes, I think I do love you, Harry, and you know there is nobody else in the world."

"I Must See Life."

"Then what do you want time for?"" "Why, to see life and to know what life

"All right. Marry me, and I'll show-you life. I'll lead you any kind of a life you

"No, that won't do. As an old, settleddown, married wellian I couldn't really do what I want, I must see life in its great moments. I must have thrills, adventures, see people, do daring things, watch but tles. It might be best for me even to see someone killed, if that were possible. As was telling Harley St. John last

"Harley St. John? Well, if I catch that fop taking you motoring again you'll get your wish and see a real nice aristocratic murder. He ought to be put out of his misery, anyway; but where did you get all these sudden notions about wild and strenuous life?"

Pauline did not answer. They both heard a discreet cough, and Owen rounded the corner of the hedge. He delivered his message, and the three walked slowly toward the house.

Advancing to meet them came a dashy checked suit. Above it was a large Pan-ama hat with a gaudy fibbon. A red neck-tie was also visible, even at a considerable distance. Between the hat and the necktie a face several degrees darker in color than the tie came into view as the distance lessened. It was Mr. Montgomery Hicks, whose first name was usually pronounced "Mugumry" and thence degenerated into "Mug." Mug's inflamed and scowling face and bulging eyes usually impression that he was about to burst into profanity-a conjecture which frequently proved correct In this case he merely remarked in a sort

"Mr. Raymond Owen: I believe?" The secretary's sallow face flushed a little as he stepped aside and let Harry and Pauline pass out of earshot.

"See here Mug," complained Owen, "I haven't a cent for you. You will get me discharged if you come around here like this."

"Well, I'll get you fired right now." growled Mug, "if you don't come across with the money." And he started toward the front steps. Owen led him out of sight of the house and finally got rid of him. For a blackmafler knows he can strike but once, and, having struck, he loses all power over his victim. S. Hicks withheld the blow, collected paltry thirty dollars, and consented to wait a little while for Marvin to

Harry and Pauline passed on into the house. He had the straight backbone and well poised head of the West Pointer, but without the unnatural stiffness of the soldier's carriage; the shoulders of the "halfback," and the lean hips of a runner were his, and he had earned them in four years on his 'varsite' football and track teams. The girl beside him, half a head shorter, tripped along with the easy action of a thor-oughbred. Both bore the name of Marvin, yet there was no relation.

Marvin, yet there was no relation.

Harry's mother, long dead, had adopted this stri on Mr. Marvin first trip to Egypt. Philline was the daughter of an English father and a native mother. Mrs. Marvin first saw her as a blue-eyed baby, too young to understand that its parents had just been drowned in the Nile. As brother and share they gray up together smill college asparated the two. After four years Papilita's dailory prettiness struck Harry with a distinct Mock. Me offightful sori of shock anewn as love at first sight it was really Harry first and instinct in him shouted. Tret that girl. and nothing in him anywored "No."

Mr. Merain looked unioually pale to Harry and Pauline as those two very vital young persons stepped into the library. He spad their thoughts

hands of a source.

"Receiver?" schoed Harry, with amasement, for he knew that Marvin enterprises were financed magnifi-

see just as well if you didn't have such stock of nervous capital, that my account long, curly lashes, and there isn't any real at the bank of physical endurance is overat the bank of physical endurance is over-drawn, nature has called her loans, and you might say that I am a nervous bankrupt."
"All you need is rest," cried Pauline.
"and you will be as strong as ever."

"Well, before I rest I want to assure myself about you children. Harry, you love Pauline, don't you?"

'You bet I do, father." "Pauline, you love Harry, don't you?"
"Yes," answered Pauline slowly. "And you will marry right away?"

"This very minute, if she would let me," said Harry.

"And you, Pauline?" queried the old man,
"Yes, father," for she loved him and
felt toward him as if she were indeed his daughter; "perhaps some time I'll marry Harry, but not for a year or two. I couldn't marry him now; it wouldn't be right."
"Wouldn't be right? Well, I'd like to know why not."

Pauline was sifent a moment. She hated to oppose this fine old man, but her will was as firm as his, and well he knew it. Harry spoke for her.

'Oh, she wants to see life before she settles down-wild life, sin and iniquity, battle, murder and sudden death and all that sort of stuff. I don't know what has gotten into women these days, anyway."
The old man trowned and demanded:

"Why, Polly, what does he mean?" Then Polly, prettily, daintily, as she did-all things, and with charming little blushes and hesitations, confessed her secret. In short, it was her ambition to be a writer, writer of something worth while-a great writer. To be a great writer one must know life, and to know life one must see

it—see the world. She ended by asking the two men if this were not so. They looked at each other and coughed with evident relief at the comparative harmlessness of her whim.

"Yes, Polly," said old man Marvin, "a great writer ought to see life in order to know what he is writing about. But what makes you suspect that you have the ability to be even an ordinary writer?"

Marvin sire winked at Marvin son and Marvin son winked back, for no man is too old or too young to enjoy teasing a pretty and serious girl.

Pauline saw the wink, and her foot ceased tracing a pattern in the carpet and stamped on it instead.

I'll show you what reason I have to think I can write. My first story has just been published in the biggest magazine in the country. I have had a copy of it lying around here for days with my story in it, and nobody has even looked at it."

Out she flashed, and Harry after her, almost upsetting the butter and gardener, who appeared in the library doorway. These two worthles advanced upon the statue of Pallas without noticing the master of the house sitting behind his big desk. The butler did notice that a large hound from the stable had followed the gardener into the room,

The Old Man's Hobby.

"That's what one gets for letting outdoor servants into the house," muttered the hutler, as he hustled the big dog to the front door and ejected him.

"Is he addressing himself to me or to the purp, I wonder?" asked the gardener, a fat, good-natured Irishman, as he placed himself in front of the statue.

He read the name "Pallas," forced his rusty derby hat down over his ears in imitation of the statue's helmet, and mim-

icked the pose.

"What did this guy, Pallus, do for his country, anyway?" he asked of the returning butler. "Did he build Pallsades Park,

"Take your hat off in the house," re-plied the butler, lottly, "and get hold of that status if your hands are clean."

Together they staggered out with their burden. A moment later they returned, carrying, with the belp of two other men, the mummy in its big case. Owen also ar-rived, and Marvin, with the joy of an Egyptologist, grasped a magnifying glass and examined the case.

The old man's hobby had been Egypt, his liberal checks had assisted in many to excayation and his knowledge of her chirs were released her deftly pried open the upper half of the mummy's front. Thereach is the mass of wrappings in which thousands of years ago the priests of the Nike had swatted some lady of positin and region its wasted some lady of positin and region; it was a woman Maryington had he befleved her to be a princess. The secretary excused himself and went to his accordance which has beeclous morphine pills were hidden. The old man, left alone, deally opened the many layers of cloth old man's hobby had been Egypt.

Marylote himself. I can almost feel their relifit The worls has rouge when this religible to the worls has rouge when this religible to the world has rouge when this religible to say in those days, and maybe as attribute, too. Manetho says they had a good deal to say in those days. Ah, now we shall see her face."

He had uncovered a bit of the mummy's torshead when out of the bandages fell a tiny vial. Marvir quickly picked it by. The vial was carved from some sort of green crystal in the shape of a two-headed Egyption bird god. Without effort the stopper came out and Marvin held the small buttle to his mostrile, only to drop it at the



This Is from the Motion Picture Film of "Pauline" by the Famous Pathe Players. "Something moved! There was a flutter among the bandages of the mummy. Slowly the bosom heaved. Suddenly the eyes opened. The lips moved-the Mummy was speaking!"

mummy which the reek of the centuries with a very modern and very feminine intensitied a thousand times. with a very modern and very feminine movement of the pink-nailed fingers. Again he felt the weight of the cen-tudes, and the hot breath of Egypt seemed to rush and eddy about him.

It was too much for the old man. He had overtaxed his feeble vitality and felt his senses leaving him. With the entire force of his will he was able to get to a chair, into which he sank. The odor of the vial was still in his nostrils. His eyes were fixed and stared straight ahead, but could see; in a faint, unnatural yellow light that bathed the room, is

From the vial, lying at the mummy's feet a vapor appeared to rise. It floated toward the swathed figure, enveloped it and seemed to be absorbed by it.
"Perhaps this is death," thought Marvin.
"for I cannot move or speak."

But something else moved. There was a flutter among the bandages of the mummy. The commotion increased. Something was moving inside. The bandages were becoming loosened. They fell away from the face, and then was Murvin amazed indeed. Instead of the light, brown parchment-like skin one always finds in these ancient relics appeared a smooth olive-tinted complexion. It was the face of a young and beautiful woman. The features were serene as if in death, but there was no sunken nose nor mummy's hollow eyes.

A strand of black hair fell down, and the movement beneath the bandages in-creased. Out of the folds came an arm, a woman's arm, slender, yet rounded, an arm with light bones and fine sinews, clearly an arm and hand that had never known work. Marvin was well aware that a mummy's arm is invariably a black skeleton claw.

At this point the old man made a mental note that he was not dead, for he could feel his own breathing. The arm rapidly and gracefully loosened and removed wrapplags from the neck and breast: On the wrist flashed a bracelet made of linked scarabs. The arm now cast away the last covering of the bosom, neck and shoul-

Next the hand passed over the face, removing from the mouth, nostrile and eyes a sort of waxiike covering. Slowly the posom heaved as if in drawing a long breath, then the hand dropped limp at her

side.

Marvin struggled with the paralysis that held him fast. He wanted to help her. He forgot his own predicament in disappointment that this beauty should after all fall to come to life. She resembled someone, too. "What's pity."

Suddenly the eyes opened. They were large eyes and long, like Pauline's, and their lashes, too, were starry. A dazed expression was in them as they glanced about the room until finally they fell upon Marvin. The arm stretched out toward him and leckoned, but the old man could not respond. She seemed to be trying to apeak, but the afrange atmosphere and lungs that had not breathed since the days when the pyramids were cased in

lungs that had not breathed since the days when the pyramids were cased in white proved for much for her.

Looking down at herself, she freed her left hand, lifted out the bottom half of the case and slid the wrappings from her limbs. Harefooted and bate-ankled, clothed only in a shimmering white gown and that are ready covered her knees and clothed only in a shimmering white gown that acarcely covered her knees, and a white headdress with a green serpent head in front, she stepped somewhat siff hy into fac room. Slowly she made several movements of limbs and body like the first steps of a dance. She rose on her toes, looked down at herself and swayed her lithe hips. It occurred to Marvin that all this was by waywof a graceful little stretch after a few thousand years of sleep.

Het next move was to smoothe her dress

Marvin now observed that she was Pau-line's height and age, as well as general, size and form. Slightly shorter she might have been, but then she lacked Pauline's high heels. The general resemblance was striking except in the color of the eyes and hair. Pauline's tresses were a light golden yellow, while this girl's hair was black as the hollow of the sphinx. Pauline's eyes were blue, but she who stood before him gazed through eyes too dark to guess their

Pauline's Double.

The Egyptian had found a little mirrow She patted her hair, adjusted the head dress, but Marvin waited in vain for the powder puff. From the mirror the girl's eyes wandered to a painting hanging above the desk. It was an excellent likeness of the desk. It was an excellent likeness of Pauline. The resemblance between the two was obvious, not only to Marvin but evidently to the black-baired girl. to the old man and addressed him in a strange language. Not one word did its recognize, yet the syllables were so clearly and carefully pronounced that he felt he was listening to an educated woman. Some of the tones were like Pauline's, some were not, but all were soft, sweet, modulated.

The meaning was clear enough. She wished Marvin to see the resemblance, and she frowned slightly because the rigid, staring figure did not respond. Why should she be impatient, this woman of the Pharacha who had lain stiff and unresponsive wi Babylon and Greece and Rome and Spain had risen and fallen?

Soon she resorted to pantomime, pointed to herself and the picture, touched her eyes and nose and mouth and then the corresponding painted features. She felt of her own jet hair, shook her head and looked questioningly at the light coffure of Pas-

questioningly at the light colffure of Pasline. She turned to the old man, evidently
asking if the painting were true in this respect. Then she smiled a smile like Pauline's. Perhaps she was asking if Pauline,
had changed the color of her hair.

Now she became interested in a book on
the corner of the desk. With little musicat
exclamations of delight she turned the
printed pages and appreciated that the
shelves contained hundreds more of these
treasures. The typewritten letters lying
about excited her admiration and then the
pen and ink. She quickly guessed the use about excited her admiration and then the pen and ink. She quickly guessed the use of the pen and ran eagerly to the mummy; case. A moment's search brought forth, a long roll of papyrus. Before Marvin's eyes she unrolled a scroll covered with Egyptian

hlerogryphics. There were ere were footsteps in the hall and the There were footsteps in the hall and the Exyptian looked toward the door. Owen entered, looked at Marvin searchingly, placed him in a more comfortable position in the chair, spoke his name and walked out. What seemed most surprising to the sick man was his secretary's oversight of the girl. He passed in front of her, almost brushing her white robe, and yet it was clear that he did not see her.

But the Egyptian had seen him and the sight had excited her. She seemed dependently anxious to say something to Marvin, something about Pauline.

vin, something about Pauline. The mummy had a secret to reveal? Rapidly her lips moved-Marvin under-

She tore the bracelet from her right wrist and tried to force it into Marvin's nerveless grasp. Try as she would, his muscles did not respond. There were voices in the hall-

not respond. There were voices in the hall-way. Harry in Pauline were running downstairs. The Princess gave one last Imploring glauce at the paralyzed flaure passed her hand gently over his forehead, then are stepped quickly back to the case. Harry and Pauline rushed in, followed less hastily by Owen. They grasped the old man's hands, and Harry, setaing the telephone, called Dr. Stevens. But to the surprise of everybody Marvin suddenly shook off the paralysis, apoke, morred the