

The Perils of Pauline

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This is from the Motion Picture Film of "Pauline" by the Famous Pathe Players. Pauline Shows Mr. Marvin and Harry Her Story, "Fire on an Ocean Liner."

The Perils of Pauline

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENT.

STANFORD MARVIN, wealthy manufacturer of automobiles, has worn himself out by overwork. His son Harry, and his adopted daughter, Pauline, love each other, but she wants two years of thrilling experiences seeing life before marrying. Her reason is that she is ambitious to be a writer. Old Mr. Marvin asks to see what she has written. While Pauline and Harry are in search of a magazine containing her first story, Mr. Marvin opens the

case of a mummy just arrived from Egypt. Raymond Owen, his rascally private secretary, helps lift off the front of the case, but leaves old Mr. Marvin to remove the mummy's bandages alone. Marvin during a fainting spell, sees the half-exposed mummy come to life, step out of her case, take a bracelet from her wrist and try to force it into his nerveless grasp, while her lips reveal a strange message from the remote past.

to them, but she modestly declined. Mr. Marvin adjusted his spectacles and read it through from start to finish, frequently looking up to compliment the authoress on some point that pleased him. Harry looked over his father's shoulder, and there could be no doubt they were both held and even thrilled by the story.

Then came the tale of a young ship's officer who fell in love with one of the passengers—a world-renowned dancer. The love was returned and all might have been well had not the captain of the ship happened to be the young officer's father. The captain disapproved, and in his double authority of captain and father he forbade the young man to have anything further to do with the fair passenger.

Then came the discovery of the fire. It was in the cargo, and though serious, could probably be conquered in time. The great problem was to keep the passengers in ignorance until the fire was out. The young officer told the dancer of the secret danger and persuaded her to give an exhibition of her famous skill in the forward saloon. Through her efforts the passengers were saved from panic. When all was over and the fire out, the captain's gratitude to the young woman overcame his opposition and it ended as all true love should.

Mr. Marvin clapped his hands and stated in a loud voice that he was proud of her. Harry expressed his appreciation by a bear-like hug and a kiss, all of which she accepted with blushes and protests.

"And—er—did they actually pay you something for this?" asked the old gentleman, whose orderly, business-like mind classified things as much as possible according to their financial return.

"Oh, yes," Pauline assured him, "they sent me a check at once. It paid for that frock you told me was too extravagant."

"A hundred dollars?" ventured Harry from the depths of his ignorance of things feminine.

Both Pauline and his father cast pitying glances at him.

"Look here, young man," said the elder Marvin, "whether led you to believe that you could buy dresses for a girl like Polly at a hundred dollars? If you contemplate matrimony on any such deluded basis as that you had better back out now before it's too late. Isn't that so, Polly?"

"Why, father," protested the youth, "what do I care what her dresses cost? Polly knows everything I have or ever make is hers, and I can't think of a more satisfactory way of spending it than on her."

"That's fine, Harry," laughed the father, "you have just the ideal frame of mind and the proper sentiments for a modern husband. You will find, too, that women are very reasonable. If a man gives his wife all he makes, plus the vote, and lets her do just as she pleases, she'll usually let him live in the same house with her, and even get up early enough to see him at breakfast once in a while."

"I agree to everything," declared Harry, with the reckless abandon of youth in love. "But I want to know how soon Polly is going to marry me."

Pauline, who had said nothing in answer to the preliminary skirmishes, now recognized the main attack and opened up in reply.

"I told you I would marry Harry some time, but not for a year or two. You admitted that a writer ought to see life in order to write well. So there you are. I must have a year or two of adventure. There are a thousand things I want to do and see before I settle down as Mrs. Harry Marvin. Suppose we say two years."

Harry staggered back as if from a blow. Two years! How preposterous! He couldn't live that long without Pauline. In vain he hurled his protests and objections. She stood, sweet, unruffled, sympathetic, but as firm as the Rocky Mountains. The old man listened to the debate for some time without comment. Then he pressed a button on his desk.

In answer to the bell came Raymond Owen, the secretary. He had shown the good taste to retire from the library as soon as the conversation became personal. From the vantage point of a room across the hall he had been quietly listening and

decided it a rather unfruitful piece of eavesdropping. He looked the faithful, deferential employe in every line as he entered. It was natural for him to look honest because he had been honest until a few years before the morphine habit ruined him morally.

"Come here, Raymond," directed the old man, as sharply as a commanding officer, "and you, Harry, and you, Pauline."

They obeyed and quickly lined up before his chair with rather surprised faces, for Mr. Marvin only called them Pauline and Harry when he was very serious.

"Raymond, this is the situation: My son loves Pauline and wants to marry her at once. I have no objection; in fact, I would like to see them united at once, but Pauline demurs. She loves Harry, but feels she ought to have two years to see life before settling down. Two years is too much."

"I should say so," growled Harry. "But, as my old grandfather, who has been gone these forty years now, used to say: 'When a woman will, she will, and when she won't, she won't—and there's an end on't.' I don't blame her for wanting to have her own way. It's the only plan I've found to get along in this world, but you can't have all your own way. You have to compromise. So Polly is going to have one year—that's enough."

"During that year, Raymond, I'm going to put her in your care. You are older and more prudent than either Polly or Harry and will see that she comes to no harm. Take her anywhere she wants to go—around the world if she likes, to do anything within reason. Do you agree?"

Mr. Marvin looked at Owen, who accepted the duty as calmly as if it were an order to post a letter. Polly also consented after a moment's hesitation; Harry alone protested and argued. It was a hopeless case and he yielded to overwhelming odds.

This matter settled, Mr. Marvin's mind returned to the mummy and his curious delusion that it had come to life. While Owen perused Pauline's story and that willful young woman herself tried to cheer up her disconsolate lover, the old man searched for the bracelet on the right wrist, but after all, perhaps the Egyptian might have slipped it onto her left wrist in her hurry to get back.

"Here it is," he shouted suddenly; "there it is—the bracelet. She wore it on her wrist and he told her to give it to Polly."

Mr. Marvin held in his hand a bracelet of scarabs linked together. It looked to him to be the very one the reincarnated mummy had worn. Harry and Pauline in wonder came to him, and it was well they did. The excitement and exertion had again overstrained his failing energies. He tottered, and they were just in time to save him from a fall.

It was another of his fainting spells, and they lowered him gently into his chair. But the old man was not unconscious yet. Feebly he repeated to Pauline, "Wear this bracelet—wear it always—promise."

Pauline promised, and slipped it on her wrist without more than glancing at it. The old man's eyes closed, and it was clear that this faint was more serious than his others. Harry, about to telephone for Dr. Stevens again, was greatly relieved to see the physician stride into the room. There was hardly need of the stethoscope to tell him the end was near.

A sort of telephatic signal warned every one in that mansion that something had happened to the master. When he was carried upstairs to his bedroom it was under the eye of all servants.

Even before he was undressed and in bed Dr. Stevens had prepared and administered a hypodermic. The patient's eyelids fluttered and Dr. Stevens listened to the faintly moving lips.

"The will," called the doctor, "what about the will?"

He glanced at every one, but nobody knew.

A shadow of anxiety passed over the



This is from the Motion Picture Film of "Pauline" by the Famous Pathe Players. The Disreputable Hicks Whispers a Terrifying Suggestion to Owen.

features of the dying millionaire. Dr. Stevens could see that something of serious importance was on the old man's mind—something of importance about his vast property.

Once more he listened and then hastily drawing out his prescription pad and fountain pen he wrote a few sentences at the dying man's dictation, while the patient rallied and opened his eyes. The physician held the blank before his patient, who read it through and nodded.

Dr. Stevens then placed the pen in the trembling fingers and guided his signature. A moment more and the physician had signed it as a witness and the butler had done the same.

It occurred to Dr. Stevens that Mr. Marvin might be able to read this hastily written will again, and he called for more light.

"Turn on those tungstens," he ordered, and placed his ear to the faintly moving lips. These were the words he heard:

"Tungsten valve and armature connecting rod and tracks—Rocker-arm and counter shaft and overhead and tax."

Thus the old manufacturer died as he had lived, with his mind on the great industry he had built up. Dr. Stevens wondered if he would be happy in any heaven unless it contained his precious rocker arms and counter shafts, tungsten valves and tracks.

The will written on Dr. Stevens's prescription pad was given to Owen. He went to his room and examined it. It read:

"Bodley Stevens, M. D.
"Rx. I bequeath half my estate to my son, Harry, the remainder to my adopted daughter, Pauline, to be held in trust until her marriage by my secretary, Raymond Owen."

Then followed the signature of the deceased and that of the two witnesses. In vain Owen looked for the handsome bequest to "the faithful secretary." This was a bitter disappointment, and he considered for a moment the advisability of destroying the will. This would make valid one of the earlier wills in which he knew he had not been forgotten.

The folly of such a course became evident after a few moments' thought. Dr. Stevens, the butler, and several others knew the contents of the document. It was so simple that its meaning could hardly be confused or forgotten, and every one knew it was in his keeping. It occurred to Owen that quite likely such a hasty death-bed will written by a doctor unskilled in law might not be accepted by the courts.

Early the next morning Owen suspended his work of answering telegrams of condolence long enough to make a hurried trip to lower Manhattan, where the late Stanford Marvin's lawyers had offices. Owen had taken pains to first telephone the lawyer and excite his curiosity about the strange prescription pad will. By this little piece of forethought he escaped the usual hour's wait which lawyers habitually inflict on such of their clients as they dare.

The senior member of the firm read the document through. He frowned at it and shook his head, for this sort of document is always distasteful to legal lights. Here was the will of one of America's wealthiest men, which should have contained 20,000 words or more, all in the compass of less than thirty, written in a few seconds by a doctor.

In vain the great lawyer cudgelled his brains for some flaw. The will ought to be wrong, but it wasn't. The meaning was so clear that even a court couldn't misunderstand it, and the fortune was left to his natural beneficiaries. The lawyer heaved a sigh and said plaintively:

"Too bad, too bad. Why didn't they call me?"

"Then this will is not valid!" asked Owen.

"Oh, no, it will hold; but what a pity that such a great man's last will and testament should be such an—well, so—well, this instrument is not worthy of conveying such a great estate."

He contemptuously slipped the simple document into an envelope and placed it in his safe. Owen picked up his hat, but hesitated at the door. A question was forming in his mind and with it a hope.

"Mr. Wilmerding," he asked finally, "in case Miss Marvin does not marry who would have charge of the estate?"

"I should say," replied the lawyer, "in reply to your question that the estate would be held in trust by you."

While Owen was hurrying back to the house the lawyer's bookkeeper was entering on the debit side of the Marvin account the following items:

To telephone conversation with secretary..... \$10.00
To examination of will..... \$100.00
To consultation with secretary regarding interpretation of will \$25.00

Returning to the house and entering the library Owen was confronted by the unwelcome spectacle of Montgomery Hicks, generally known as "Mug," Hicks, with his gaudy attire and ugly face, was always an affront to the eye, but to Owen he was a terror, for he held the power of blackmail over the secretary. Owen shrank at the sight of his enemy, but immediately took courage. Though Marvin's death had left the secretary no legacy it had also robbed the blackmailer of his power. Hicks advanced with what he intended to be a winning smile and extended a hot, fat hand.

"I see the old man has croaked and I was just dropping in to talk business," Hicks's newsboy voice growled out.

"Hicks," said Owen, keeping his hand in his pocket, "you came here to get your money out of the legacy old man Marvin was to leave me. Well, you won't get it and you never will get it. Marvin didn't leave me a cent, so there is nothing for you to get. He did leave me a job in his will, a job that will last for a year, and neither you nor any one else can force me out of that job. You can't blackmail me any more."

"At the end of the year what becomes of you?" asked Hicks.

"Then I get a position somewhere else; but that is none of your business."

"You don't want a position, Owen. A position calls for work. You don't like hard work any more than I do. You can't stand work much longer, either. Look at your eyes and your skin. How many grains do you take a day, anyway?"

"I haven't touched a grain of morphine in six months," lied Owen. "But get out of my way—you can't get anything out of me and you can't blackmail me. If you come to this house again I'll have you thrown out."

"Just a minute," said Hicks, as pleasantly as he could, straining his coarse features into the unaccustomed position of a smile. "I didn't come to get money out of you. I know all about the will. What I came for was to help you and give you a tip. You and I can make a lot of easy money together. You've got the opportunity and I've got the brains. Now, to show you I'm your friend, look at this."

Hicks handed him a paper which Owen read with surprise. It was a receipt in full for all Owen owed. Owen put it in his pocket.

"That's right, keep it. You and I are going to be so rich before long that a matter of a thousand or two wouldn't be worth talking about between friends."

Owen had been under the thumb of this man, had feared and hated him and hoped for the day when he might sneer in his face and defy him. This was the time, and yet he felt Hicks had something to offer. He was in temporary charge of millions. There should be, there must be, some way to make this control permanent or else to delve into these millions while they were in his care. As Hicks hinted, this was an opportunity and he needed not brains, but rather experience and advice. Owen had been a rascal only a short time, why not take a partner like this man Hicks? He would prevent mistakes, and mistakes are all a criminal need fear.

Owen fingered uneasily the paper Hicks had put in his hand. He drew it out of his pocket—yes, it was a receipt in full for all that Owen owed the scoundrel. What could be Hicks's scheme? Owen turned a puzzled and worried gaze upon his companion.

Hicks observed him closely, read the misgivings in Owen's mind and, drawing close, whispered something in the latter's ear.

But Owen's drug-saturated nerves trembled at the thought. He pushed Hicks aside and walked rapidly out of the room, calling over his shoulder:

"I won't have anything to do with you. I don't want you to come near me nor speak to me again. I'm done with you."

"When you want me you know where to find me," was Hicks's parting answer.

According to his line of reasoning he would not have to wait very long.

Continued from Last Sunday.

CHAPTER II.
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OLD MR. MARVIN'S faculties returned with a snap. There was the library just as it had been before his peculiar seizure. His son Harry was summoning on the telephone Dr. Stevens, the heart specialist, and Pauline, his adopted daughter, was on her knees chafing his hands and anxiously watching his face, while Owen, the secretary, was pouring out a dose of his medicine. But the peculiar yellow light had gone. And what about the mummy? It stood just as he had left it, the lower half of the case was in place, the upper half was out, revealing the loosened bandages and just a glimpse of the forehead. One strand of jet black hair hung down. All was just as it was when the little vial had fallen out.

"I'm all right, I'm all right," protested Mr. Marvin, somewhat testily, as he twisted about in his chair to get a good view of the mummy. "Look out, Harry, don't step on that little bottle."

Harry looked down and picked up the vial which had fallen from the bandages wrapped about the ancient form.

"Smell of it," his father ordered. Harry sniffed it and remarked that it smelled stinky and passed it to Pauline. The girl carried it to her nostrils again and again. She looked perplexed.

"Well, what do you think it is?" asked the old man.

"Why—I can't remember, but I ought to know. I'm sure I do know."

"The devil you do," muttered her foster father. "What makes you think you ought to know?"

"Why, it is so familiar. I'm certain I've smelled it often before. Haven't I?"

"Well, if you have, Polly, you are a lot older than I am, older than anything in this country, as old as the pyramids. That little fell out of the mummy, and I can assure you it has been there some three or four thousand years. When I smelled that bottle it had a queer effect on me. It felt as if I were going to have one of those fainting spells and was glad to get back to the chair. It's funny about that mummy. I thought she came out and looked to me."

"Why, father, what a horrible thing!" sympathized Pauline.

"Not horrible at all. She was a beauty of a princess. She was interested in your future, Polly, and she looked like you, too. Except, let's see—yes, her hair was black, black, like that one lock you see hanging down."

"Oh," interrupted Pauline, "I wish my hair were black, and I often dream that it is, and that I am walking around in a pretty, white pleated dress and my feet are bare."

"And a bracelet on your wrist—your right wrist?" questioned Marvin eagerly.

"I don't remember," Pauline replied thoughtfully.

"Well, we'll see if you had one and also whether it was dreaming or not," announced the old man with a half-sneering look as he rose somewhat unsteadily to his feet. Harry and Pauline tried to keep him quiet. He brushed their warnings aside and walked unsteadily to the mummy.

"Let's see his face," suggested Harry carelessly.

"No," said his father. "I have an idea that this old but young lady would not care to have us look at her. But there is one thing I must find out. I want to know if she wears a bracelet of linked scarabs on her right wrist or not."

All of this was rather a bore to Harry, who lived intensely in the present, had no interest in Egypt, except that Pauline was born and adopted as an orphan baby there, and asked nothing of the future except that it allow him to marry this obstinate but fascinating little creature at the earliest possible moment. The question had been brought up half an hour before, and he wanted it settled at once. Harry wished they would decide about the marriage instead of fussing around with an

old mummy.

"My son, I venture to say that you would have been interested in this young woman had you met her."

"Possibly," the youth admitted with a slight yawn.

"Yes," continued his father, busily searching for the mummy's right wrist, "she was probably what you would call a peach."

"She may have been a peach in her day," thought Harry, "but to-day she's a dried apricot."

The elder Marvin's searching fingers encountered a hard object. It proved to be a scarab, or sacred Egyptian beetle, carved in blackstone.

"Did you ever dream about that?" asked Harry, chaffingly.

"Yes, I have," replied Pauline. Both men looked at her to see if she were serious.

"I dreamed that I was very sick and going to die, and an old man with a long, thin beard came in. He gave me a stone beetle like that. Then it seems to me they put it right on my chest and they said—let's see, what did they do that for? I think it was to cure me of something the matter with my heart."

"Polly, said Mr. Marvin, "I never knew you had dreams like this. But are you sure they said it would cure your heart? Wasn't it for some other reason?"

Pauline thought a moment, while Harry lit a cigarette and his father worked his fingers down toward the mummy's right wrist.

"No," said Pauline. "I remember now. It wasn't to cure it at all. It was to make it keep quiet."

"Yes, I have," laughed Harry. "I never knew of any one making it sutter much. I guess that was no dream."

Harry's father silenced him with an impatient gesture and turned to Pauline, who was watching the wind make cat's paws on the polished surface of the Hudson River.

"Go on, girl, go on. This is remarkable. I have read of this custom in the Egyptian 'Book of the Dead.' Why did they want to keep your heart quiet?"

"That after I died my spirit was to be called before somebody—God, I guess—who would judge whether I was good enough for Heaven or not. That stone beetle was placed on my heart to make it keep silent and not tell anything wicked I might have done in life. Aren't dreams crazy things? Say, Harry, there goes a hydroplane."

The two young people hung out the open window. The old man was absorbed. He had at last worked his fingers along the entire length of the mummy's right wrist. It was dry and hard as any mummy he had ever seen, but it bore neither bracelet nor any ornament whatever.

"Well," he said, reluctantly, "it was all a dream, interesting but not important. Like Polly's dream, it was just the echo of something I have read or seen."

"Dreams," said Pauline, authoritatively, "dreams are the bubbles which rise to the surface of the mind when it cools down in sleep."

"Now," observed Harry, quietly, "when you and father are through talking about mummies and dreams I wish you would consider something that I am interested in. I'd like to know how soon you are going to marry me?"

"Where did you get that definition of dreams, Polly?" asked the old man.

"From my story," said Pauline, proudly. Both men at once remembered that she had gone to find the magazine and show them her first story. They eagerly demanded to see it.

Pauline picked up the Cosmopolitan from the floor. She had dropped it in her agitation at finding her foster father had fainted. Sure enough, there it was:

"FIRE ON AN OCEAN LINER."
By Pauline Marvin.

It was not the biggest feature by any means, but it was quite a little story, and there were several big and stirring illustrations. Both men begged her to read it



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