The Perils of Pauline



The Great New Photo-Play Serial Story Presented by This Newspaper in Collaboration with the Famous Pathe Players The Perils of Pauline Written by Charles Goddard.

the Distinguished Playwright.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS.

MARVIN, a wealthy manufacturer of automobiles, has worn nself out by overwork. His son Harry d his adopted daughter Pauline love ch other, but she wants two years of rilling experiences seeing life before arrying. Her reason is that she is amitious to be a writer. Old Mr. Marvin uline and Harry are in search of a magaine containing her story Mr. Marvin opens case of a mummy which has just arwed from Egypt. Raymond Owen, his ascally private secretary, helps lift off he front of the case, but leaves the old man to remove the mummy's bandages stone. Mr. Marvin, during a fainting spell, sees the half exposed mummy come to life, sep out of her case, take a bracelet from er wrist and try to force it into his nerve-

less grasp, while her lips whisper a strange

message from the remote past. Restored to consciousness by Harry and Pauline, the old man believes it to be a dream, until later he finds the identical bracelet on the mummy's skeleton wrist.
He promises Pauline one year to see life
and places her in the guardianship of Owen. A final heart attack gives him just time to write on the doctor's presciption pad a very brief will. Then he dies. A law-yer tells Owen that he would have permanent charge of Pauline's estate if some-thing should happen to her before marriage. Hicks, a racetrack man, whispers a suggestion to Owen, but the secretary refuses to have anything to do with him, for the time at least. Owen arranges for Pauline to go as a passenger on an aeroplane in a race, as the first of her year's adventures. Hicks and Owen introduce a "re-formed pirate."

CHAPTER VI. Copyright, 1914, by the Star Company. All Foreign Rights Reserved.

ND then what happened?" demanded Pauline. The "pirate" had paused in the middle of his grative and looked hopefully at the whickey decanter. Owen took the hint and applied him with another generous potion. "Let's see," said the "pirate," collecting his thoughts. "Where was 1? O, yes. Well. made another rush at me, and I had kill the whole twenty-every last mothr's son of them."

"You killed twenty men?" asked Pau-. aghast.

es; they lay in a circle on the deck around me. I remember particularly I counted em-just twenty. Of course, had pistols and they had only capstan bars and such like; but if I do say so myelf. I think it was quite cute for a mere illp of a lad. I was a likely boy in those days. But it troubled me a little at the time. I could almost see them twenty souls a-comin' up before the judgment scat in a bunch, and then lock-step-ping it down to the other place. I was feared the Almighty might ask. 'Who ne this?" and they'd point down to me alone in the middle of the Atlantic without burtin' anybody else, eh? Well, Miss, sure enough, it come on to

low, and there was the old ship staggerin' long under fuullu sail. There weren't no for me to leave the wheel and try to ake in sail, so I had to do what I could ight from the deck with my pistols."
"With your pistols?" echoed Owen, whose expression warned the mariner that

mustn't go too far with his tale. 'Yes, sir," assorted the "pirate," bringing his fist down on the library table. "I was a nifty shot in my time, and I had plenty of ammunition. Before the afternoon was past I had fired aloft and shot nulf the sails out of the bolt-ropes.

"It was all I could do to keep the old ulk from founderin', at that, but I stuck to the wheel day after day and night after night. To keep from freezin' I had to frink a lot of grog. Oh, a powerful lot of grog. So much grog that I've been de-pendent on it ever since—and I'll take little of it now if it's agreeable It wasn't exactly agreeable, but he got

and continued. Finally we fetched up, ker-smack, on e rocks of a desert island. All the boats ad been smashed and carried away by storm, so I had to build a raft.

st two loads was all provisions, and on I took the treasure ashore"—— What treasure?" asked Pauline. On, bless your heart, didn't I tell you

said Bicks, with a scowl, "and lat's the part we want to hear about Oh, money ain't everything," rebuked "pirate" in a lordly manner. "There was a matter of a million dollars or so n good British gold, and what it was on 'Nancy Lee' for is nobody's business.

Island. Here's a copy of the chart I made. and you three is the first to lay human

es on it."
While Pauline examined reverently the dingy bit of paper the "pirate" concluded

"After I'd buried the last of it I rigged a mast on the raft and fetched up on one of the Bahamas."

"And you have never been back to get the gold?" queried Pauline. ie gold?" queried Pauline.
"No, miss; though I've started many's the time. But a poor seafarin' man like me finds it hard to fit out a proper ex-pedition. If you fancy the notion and want to go along with me and pay all the

expenses I'll divvy up half and half with you. What do you say?" Pauline looked at Owen and Hicks, who nodded approvingly. She had no great faith in finding any gold. Old Mr. Marvin had said that treasure hunts rarely produce any results. But he had also remarked that they were very thrilling. ud here, surely, was adventure well worth a little time and money. Pauline agreed, and the "pirate" was in the midst of imposing a blood-curdling oath of secrecy

posing a blood-curding oath of secrecy when Harry demanded admittance. Nobody, least of all the sailor, would tell him what was in the wind, except that they were going off on a trip of adventure. The young man disapproved of both Hicks always and the latter showed. the "pirate," and the latter showed his dislike of Harry. It was with regret that the man of the sea recollected Owen's stipulation that Harry must on no account be allowed to go with the party. Nothing would have pleased the "pirate" better than to have gotten these two happy and innocent representatives of "ill-gotten gains" alone with him on the high seas. Pauline, too, wished to have the handsome value who stood fearners. youth who stood frowning and suspiciously demanding information. But she had sworn the oath of a buccaneer, and far be it from her to break faith with the confid-

ing freebooter.

So, once more Harry was kept out of Pauline's councils. He was a little provoked at her this time, for her willfulness seemed almost perverse after the lesson she should have learned from the aero-

Excitement and activity pervaded the house. Sunday and Monday every one, including Harry, soon knew that Pauline sau, in the Bahamas. Harry intended to quietly board the steamer a little earlier than Pauline and surprise the party by appearing after the ship was well out to sea. His plans were shattered by the young lady's unexpected "early arrival." Harry, with a suitcase in each hand, met her face to face on the pier. There was nothing for him to do but confess, kiss her goodby and go. It was with a pang of regret that she saw him toss his two suitcases covered with college team labels into a taxicab and depart.

An hour later the four treasure hunters stood looking over the rail watching the last passengers come abroad. The "pirate. in a new blue suite, huge Panama hat and light pink necktie, though a rather un-usual sight, had been toned down in ap-

took it all ashore, an' buried it on the

This Is from the Motion Picture Film of "Pauline" by the Pathe Players Pauline Refuses to Tell Harry Where She Is Going and Her Lover Protests at Her Conduct.

Just as the gangplank was about to be pulled in the deckhands waited to permit a very feeble and bent old man to hobble up and get aboard. He had long, white hair, and his face was mostly gray whiskers, except a pair of dark spectacles. A porter followed him bearing two brand new suitcases. The adventurous four were soon com-

pearance to a degree that permitted him

to walk about among people without caus-ing a crowd to collect. Hicks, too, at

Owen's suggestion, had adopted quieter at-

fortably perched in steamer chairs watching New York harbor slip by them. They had barely reached the Statue of Liberty when the "pirate" launched forth on one of his Munchausen-like tales of the sea.

Highly colored, picturesque, untrue and absurd as a stained glass window, nevertheless these yarns took on a semblance of reality from the character of the navrator himself. In all his stories the "pirate" was the hero. Nobody noticed that a steward had placed a fifth steamer chair beside the sailor until that worthy reached one of the main climaxes of his narrative. At that point he felt a hand on his shoulder and looked around into the whiskers and black spectacles of the passenger. The cackling voice re-

"It's a lie. It's a lie. It's a lie." Every one was astonished, but even the "pirate" had a trace of respect for such great age, and said nothing in reply. After while he continued, only to be interrupted by the same words.

This was too much to endure, and though the "pirate" held his tongue they rebuked the old dotard by walking away and leaning over the rail. The conversation wandered to the subject of sharks, and Pauline asked if they were as stupid as they looked

"Don't you believe it," the "pirate" asassured her. "Them sharks look stupid just to fool you. Why, I remember a time not so long ago down in Choco Bay, on the coast of Colombia, there was an old devil. who used to sneak up alongside sallin' vessels in a fog. He carried in his mouth the big fron shank of an anchor he'd picked up from the wreck.'

"What did he do that for?" asked Hicks.
"So the iron would deflect the compass and make them run the ship onto the Kelp Ledges, off the Pinudas Islands. If a ship went down he stood a good chance of enting one or two o' the passengers. But 1 don't mind sharks. If you want to know what really annoys me, it's them killer thates in the Antarctic that come a crowdin' and buttin' up against ye"-

"It's a lie. It's a lie. It's a lie." cackled the same old voice. There stood "whisk-ers" leaning on the rall beside them. Pauline managed to prevent the "pirate" from telling the old man a few things, and off they went again. Once more that day the old man popped out from behind a lifeboat and spolled one of the sailor's After that they kept a watch for him, and Boyd maintained an indignant silence in his presence.

At dinner the "pirate," awed-by the captain's presence, confined his attention strictly to eating until the commander left the table. Pauline asked if the wicked shark could still be seen in Choco Bay

"No, he's gone now," said the "pirate."
"There were so many wrecks laid to him that Lloyds sent a man down to eatch him. He had a hard time getting the wily old beggar. He wouldn't bite on a shark hook or any of that stuff.

"Lloyds's man braily had to charter a sailing vessel and wait for a fog. The first foggy night he sailed between the islands with a fishin' outfit rigged special for this He swung the biggest magnet he could find from a boom at the schooner's He lashed a small charge of dynamite to the magnet and ran a wire to a battery on board. Then he lowered the magnet and dynamite about a fathem under water and waited.

Well, sir, out came that shark as usual with the iron in his mouth and snuggled up alongside. But the first thing the shark knew the magnet pulled him, iron and all, up to it. It was so gentle he didn't sus-pect nothin', but the Lloyds man felt a little twitch like a bite, and he pushed the button that touched off the dynamite. It got him. There he was, floatin' belly up. next day. And would you believe it, on my oath as an honest sailor man, they

found in that maneater's stomach"-"It's an infernal, monumental, epoch-making lie," cackled a voice behind him. Every one looked, and there was the old man taking a seat beside the "pirate." Three indignant men and one girl who couldn't quite keep from laughing promptly

left the table. The "pirate" was now thoroughly ex-asperated. If he couldn't tell a story with-out being interrupted in this manner life wasn't worth living. He announced that he would find the old man and thrash him. Owen and Hicks were annoyed, but they feared the result of the sailor's fury on the old man. They might all be arrested on arriving at Nassau. This would interfere with plans, and must not be thought of. To appease the wrathful "pirate" Owen offered to have the old man thrashed so soundly that he would probably be glad to stay out of sight the rest of the voyage

There were some rascally looking men of Spanish blood among the second cabin passengers who, as Owen and Hicks observed, looked needy and unscrupulous. The secretary found no great embarrassment in explaining that he wished the old man thrashed quietly and privately. The Spaniards agreed to beat him thoroughly for the trifling consideration of ten dolors. They would even throw him overars. They would even throw him overboard for a very reasonable sum additional. But the bargain was struck at ten dollars for a moderate beating, and the foreigners were warned that as he was a delicate old man they must be careful not

During the next hour or two the old man passed the four treasure hunters in their steamer chairs, but each time the "pirate" ceased talking before he came within ear-

At last the old man stopped in front of Pauline and gazed long at the "pirate." He studied the rascal's face, apparently trying to remember the identity of the man. Slowly the aged head nodded as if he was saying to himself "yes, he is the same man!"

Then, turning to Pauline and shaking a warning finger, the old man delivered a

Pauline was startled. The three men leaped to their feet. It was with the utmost difficulty that she was able to prevent violence. Owen excused himself to bunt up his Spaniards and demand an explanation for their slowness. To his sur-prise they declared that they had tackled him and that he was as quick and powerful as a gorilla. He had thrashed them both and they were glad to escape with their

The ex-secretary was incredulous, but showed cuts and bruises and demanded their money, saying that a joke and been played on them. When Owen refused one of them drew a stiletto and the ten dollars was forthcoming. Returning, ruefully, he related the fail-

ure of the Spaniards. The "pirate" at "Now, let me handle him "

A few moments later Boyd cornered his ancient adversary on a deserted and wind swept piece of deck. "Old man," snarled the "pirate," "you

say all my stories are lies. Only your gray hairs have saved you from a thrashing before this." "If it's my gray hairs that stop you,

I'll remove that obstacle."
"The "pirate" was amazed to see the aged person take off his hat and remove a gray wig with his left hand while his right fist collided with the "pirate's" eye. When consciousness returned he was lying on the deck with no living thing in sight but a seagull aeroplaning on slanted wings over his head. His return to the party was more rueful than Owen's,

"What is the matter with your eye, Mr. Boyd?" asked Pauline innocently. "Why, you see," said the "pirate," "I was looking at a girl with one of these new slit skirts and I stumbled and bumped

against a ventilator. "I see," commented Owen to help him "You sort of slipped on a sex-

appeal, so to speak.
"Yes," said the sailor, gratefully. It was just like that." "It's a lie," said a high, thin voice from somewhere, and they noticed that a port-

hole behind them was open. Pauline found conversation difficult Hicks was a man of few words, which gave nim an undeserved reputation for wisdom. The "pirate" had given up spinning yarns on account of the old man's unfailing interruption. Owen's mind, too, was preoccupied with a growing suspicion. So the

adventurous young lady went to her state-

room and wrote a letter to Herry. The sailor intimated that he had important news which could be only told in the privacy of Owen's stateroom. secretary suspected this to be only a manoeuvre on the "pirate's" part to get acquainted with the whiskey he knew Owen kept with him. But the seafarer unfolded the tale of his black eye not truthfully nor accurately, except in that he had recognized Harry under the disguise

of the old man. "I' more than half suspected it." said Owen, " and I bave been watching his stateroom. But there is no way any one can see into his room unless by getting a look in through the porthole. "And there's where you get a good

"And there's where you get a good idea," said the "pirate."
"But there's no good having a peep at him without his disguise now that it's Harry." objected Hicks.
"No." said the "pirate," turning on Owen his lust reless nea-green eyes, faded

by much grog to a dimness that reminded one of the faint lights set in ships' decks and known as "dead-eyes." your porthole idea is just the scheme to get at him and get rid of him. I can slip down a rope to-night when all is quiet and the fool passengers are over on the other side looking at the bloody moon."

"And then what?" said Owen.
"Well, a drink first." suggested the sallor, fingering suggestively the glass on

the washstand.
"I wish you would get over that habit of stopping for a drink every time you have something to tell us," said Owen,

"Have to do it," the "pirate" assured him. "Always makes it a point to reward myself with a drink every time I have a good idea. Sometimes I gives myself the drink first and hopes to get the idea, and as honest man ter honest man I'm bound ter namit I don't always get the ide But, anyway, I always gets the drink."

"All right, what's the idea?" "I goes down the rope and shoots the

Why, that's murder!" cried Owen, We'd all awing for it." No, it ain't murder; it's suicide, 'cause I'll throw the gun in there where they'll find it when they break the door in, and everybody'll think he shot himself." This Is from the Motion Picture Film of "Pauline" by the Pathe Players

"It's practical," commented Hicks, but Owen protested. At last it was decided that a fourth man was necessary to do the shooting, and the "pirate" volunteered to produce him.

"There's an old shipmate o' mine down in the stoke hole working like a nigger. He'd be glad to do the trick for ten dollars, but we'll make it fifty because the poor fellow has a wife and children and needs the money. He's mighty good to them children, Mike is. Kind-hearted old beggar. I'll go to get him."

Owen and Hicks went on deck while

Boyd descended to the flery vitals of the steamer. It is not an easy matter to smuggle a grimy stoker from his furnace to the upper passenger decks, but the "pirate" managed it.

Meanwhile the old man was not losing time. He had taken a dictagraph from als baggage, borrowed a few dry batteries and a coil of wire from the wireless He carefully installed the instrument in his stateroom, and led the wires out under his door to the passage-From there it was an easy task to carry them along the edge of the carpet to the door of Owen's stateroom. Arrived at the point, he was compelled to leave pliers, wire and the receiving instrument under a chair.

Like many another stateroom door, Owen's could not be locked easily from the cutside, so when the three conspirators went out they left it unlocked. The old man slipped in a moment later and quickly placed the dictagraph under the lower

Returning to his own room, the old man took up his instrument and listened. But he was not a very expert electrician and the dictagraph for a long time failed to give anything but roars and crack ling sounds, though he was convinced here were several persons talking. At last he got the thing adjusted in time to catch the last sentences of the conversation. He recognized the voice of the "pirate." It said:

'An then we lowers you down the rope to his porthole. You sticks your gun in and shoot the old fool. Don't forget to throw the gun in afterward, so they'll think he killed himself. See?"

"Sure, I got yer, matey," replied a After this the dictagraph got out of order or the speakers left the room, as

nothing further came over the wire. After closing the porthole Harry started to take off his disguise with a view of re vealing himself and having Owen, Hicks and the "pirate" arrested. curred to him that he had not heard Owen or Hicks talking and very likely they were not in the room at all.

It was probably a crazy, drunken scheme of the old sallor whom he had tormented with his interruptions. Neither Owen nor Hicks had any suspicion, so far as he knew, that behind the whiskers and eyeglasses was Harry. Owen could have no object in shooting him. In fact, he was rather ashamed of himself for letting the thought enter his head.

"Can it be that I am jealous of this man Owen?" he wondered, "and can it be that I have any cause? Polly has been taking his advice against mine lately. What can that mean?"

Peace reigned at dinner and during the evening while the old liner plunged and rolled past wicked old Cape Hatterns. While the passengers listened to the sad orchestra in the saloon Harry, still in his whiskered disguise, sent a wireless to a lawyer in New York requesting him to telegraph Pauline at Nassau something that would make her come home as soon as possible. Then he entered his state

This Is the Reformed Pirate.

room and locked the door.

As he stepped in he caught sight of the unbeautiful countenance of Mr. Boyd squinting wickedly at him from far down the passageway.

"Just for that evil grin of yours, Mr.

"Pirate," thought Harry, "I am not going to let you or your friend shoot me until after daylight." So Harry kept his porthole closed tight that night, sleeping rather restlessly without his accustomed ventilation. But he had the satisfaction of knowing that others were spending an

anxious night on the deck above.

Twice he heard a faint scraping sound on the outside of his cabin, and a dark shadow eclipsed the faint nimbus of light which the foggy night sent through his porthole. On the deck directly over his head three dark figures sat in deck chairs, while a fourth paced the deck, his cigar glowing like the tail lamp of a distant

The fog began to lift just before dawn, and the stoker, making another trip down his rope, found the porthole open. A hasty inspection of the decks indicated

that it was safe to go ahead. Owen, Hicks and the "pirate" quickly lowered the stoker, sitting in a swing known on the sea as a 'bo'sun's chair." In his hand he carried a pistol chair." In his hand he carried a pistol which Hicks had provided. Each of the three conspirators had revolvers, but the racetrack man's weapon was chosen be-cause he had obtained it from a source to which it could not be traced went the stoker, his bare feet clinging to the gently swaying side of the ship.

The porthole was open, and there in the dim interior of the cabin the light was reflected from a pair of spectacles. There, too, were the whiskers and gray hair. The old man seemed to be asleep in his chair right near the porthole. The stoker cocked his revolver and held it ready for instant action.

The steamer's fog horn blew a blast at the fast thinning fog. This noise was just what the stoker wanted. He quickly plunged his pistol into the porthole and fired it point blank in the very face of the old man. There could be no question of missing. He looked up at the three eager faces and nodded that all was well.
"I've got him," he called out, and was about to hurl the pistol into the state

room when an unpleasant and unexpected thing happened. A brawny fist shot out of the porthole and collided with the stoker's coal-blackened jaw. More from surprise than the force of the blows the stoker fell backward into the sea. The three watchers on deck saw

the proceeding, and only one, the "pirate," had presence of mind to hurl a lifebuoy. No alarm was sounded. The steamer went on into the sparkling morning sea, leaving behind her a profane and disgusted stoker. This unfortunate had only a lifebnoy to aid him on a fifteen-mile swim to shore, "Never mind," said the "pirate" after

"Never mine, said the properties first the conspirators had gotten over their first fright at the dashing of their plans. have an idea; it's a corking idea, and sou'll all like it."
"What is it?" asked Owen nervously.

"Here is your drink now; what's your

But the "pirate" wouldn't tell. but the "pirate" wouldn't tell. He objected that it was too startling for them to carry in their timid brains. He would unfold it when the time came, and he promised them that it would be the greatest and most daring project they had ever heard. A murderous glare lit up the faded eyes and he chuckled to himself, but no offers nor threats would induce him to part with his secret.

To Be Continued

