DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
in The Black Pirate
Douglas Fairbanks
in
THE BLACK PIRATE

Story by
ELTON THOMAS
Adapted by
JACK CUNNINGHAM
Directed by
ALBERT PARKER
Photographed by
HENRY SHARP

The Players

MISS BILLIE DOVE
MISS TEMPE PIGOTT
MR. DONALD CRISP
MR. SAM DE GRASSE
MR. ANDERS RANDOLF
MR. CHARLES STEVENS
MR. JOHN WALLACE
MR. FRED BECKER
MR. CHARLES BELCHER
MR. E. J. RATCLIFFE
MR. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

Photography in Technicolor

PRODUCTION PERSONNEL

General Manager . . . . Robert Fairbanks
Manager of Production . Theodore Reed
Scenario Editor . . . . Lotta Woods
Research Director . . . Dr. Arthur Woods
Consultants . . . . . . . . Dwight Franklin
. . . . . . . . Robert Nichols
Supervising Art Director, Carl Oscar Borg
Associate Artists . . . . Edward M. Langley
. . . . . . . . Jack Holden
Musical Score by . . . . Mortimer Wilson
Technicolor Staff . . . . Arthur Ball
. . . . . . . . George Cave
Marine Technician . . . . P. H. L. Wilson
Film Cutter . . . . . . William Nolan

Prefatory

IT IS MY belief that the motion picture camera should not merely record. It should see through a selective impressionistic eye. It should capture moods as an impressionistic painting does.

In the human mind there is always a flickering revolt against the stifling actualities of life and a desire to escape from them. The screen offers an outlet for this spirit of rebellion. It gives actuality to our dreams—our moments of adventuring into the highroads of romance.

THE BLACK PIRATE is a romance of the sea and it has been our aspiration to catch and reflect the real spirit of seafaring, with all its colors and its odors, its swinging, crooning, shrieking rhythm.
THE BLACK PIRATE is a picture on which Douglas Fairbanks may be said to have worked for several years. Originally, it was intended to precede "The Thief of Bagdad," but its development took the research department so far afield it soon became apparent that it would require years of preliminary work.

Mr. Fairbanks is not satisfied to produce a picture that is passably right as to incidental detail. Costuming is comparatively easy, but what of the habits of pirates? Their routine during the time they are not fighting? Their manner of duelling? Their caste system? The thousand-and-one technicalities of rigging Seventeenth Century ships? The dress, manners and customs of the honest seafarers who had nothing to do with piracy?

Ships had to be built, old-time riggers had to be garnered from the four corners of the earth; various properties must be gathered from museums, private collections and odd places; flintlocks; swords, sabres, and cutlasses must be found.

Now that it is finished, Mr. Fairbanks is proud of its fidelity not only to detail of investiture but to the spirit of pirate days. It swings and rolls with the sea, it smells of the salty air; it swaggers with the roistering braggadocio of the buccaneer; there is the gory terror of bloody battles and the rollicking fun of piracy's grim humor.

With this picturesque background, a love story of moving interest adds the final touch of romance to this adventurous and colorful tale.

The use of color in this film represents a new development in completely subduing artificial and vivid hues that heretofore have detracted from the naturalness of photographic action.
ALBERT PARKER directed "The Black Pirate." Mr. Parker is one of the leading directors of films. Among his notable successes are "Sherlock Holmes," starring John Barrymore; "Eyes of Youth," starring Clara Kimball Young; several of Gloria Swanson's early features, two for Norma Talmadge and a number for Mr. Fairbanks, including "Arizona" and "The Knickerbocker Buckaroo." Parker has also won considerable glory as an actor, both on stage and screen.

BILLIE DOVE is the lovely heroine for whom "The Black Pirate" said he would gladly give his life. She began her picture career in New York a few years ago and is now on the threshold of stardom. Outstanding among many splendid performances is her work in the technicolor picturization of Zane Grey's novel, "Wanderers of the Wasteland," which her husband, Irvin Willat, produced for Paramount.

TEMPE PIGOTT, who carries the role of maid to the heroine in "The Black Pirate," came into motion pictures from the stage. She began her career in England and for sixteen years was a favorite in the British Isles and Australia. Within a period of four years she has won distinction as a character actress on the screen, appearing to advantage in "Greed," "The Great Impersonation," and "The Dawn of Tomorrow."

DONALD CRISP as the Scotch freebooter in "The Black Pirate" further glorifies himself as a character actor. Some critics say he even excels his work in "Don Q" and his remarkable portrait of Battling Burroughs in "Broken Blossoms." Mr. Crisp is a versatile individual who can divide his time between acting and directing. In "Don Q" he not only directed but also played the arch-villain. Among notable productions he has directed are "Ponjola," "The Navigator," and "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush."

SAM DE GRASSE has contributed no finer work to the screen than that exemplified in his role of villain opposite "The Black Pirate." The temptation to be a "bad man" in films lured him away from a Boston dental chair after three years of practice. His examples of villainy upon the screen are far too numerous to mention; suffice it to say that he is a good "bad man"—one of the best in pictures.

ANDERS RANDOLPH proves that all pirates did not wear bobbed hair. In fact he convinces one that some, in truth, wore no hair at all. His delineation of the cut-throat captain in "The Black Pirate" stands forth as an histrionic gem. Randolf won his way to screen fame from an artist's palette. A chance opportunity years ago at the Vitagraph Studio in Brooklyn resulted, however, in his becoming a character actor of renown.


CHARLES STEVENS, who serves as powder monkey in the blood-thirsty ship in "The Black Pirate" brings to justice, ranks almost as a protege of Douglas Fairbanks. At least he gained the opportunity to earn his brightest laurels in Fairbanks' productions. As a character portraitist, Stevens is distinguished. His man-servant interpretations in "The Three Musketeers" and "Don Q" will always be remembered for their whimsical charm.
Scenes from the Play
THE BLACK PIRATE
A Page From
THE HISTORY and LIVES
Of the Most Bloodthirsty PIRATES
Who Ever Infested The Southern Seas.

As Played by Douglas Fairbanks
Screen Story by Elton Thomas
Retold in Short Story Form by Lotta Woods
Illustrations From Photographs by Charles Warrington
EXTRACTS FROM "THE JOURNAL OF SANDY MACTAVISH." IN WHICH IS SET FORTH COMPLETELY ALL THE CIRCUMSTANCES IN THE CASE OF "THE BLACK PIRATE."

FOREWORD

SANDY MACTAVISH, have elsewhere related how it came to pass that I, who at some time lost an arm in the service of THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY, did come by curious misadventure, to membership in a Company of the most bloodthirsty pirates who ever infested the SOUTHERN SEAS.

I have told how IT WAS THE CUSTOM OF THESE PIRATES TO SUBDUE THEIR PREY, LOOT THE SHIP, BIND THEIR CAPTIVES AND BLOW THEM UP. For the CAPTAIN held no traffic with modern and polite rules and was wont to say that DEAD MEN AND DEAD SHIPS TELL NO TALES and that a vessel reported to be "lost at sea" left no trail to lead to the hangman's dock. I have also set down in another place the salient characteristics of those who were in the forefront of our Company.

—telling how the CAPTAIN'S fancy was for rings, of which he could never amass enough. He loved to strip them from the fingers of his victims and he would slit a claw to secure a ring that had been swallowed for safe-keeping. Of MICHEL, the second mate, I have told how his taste was for swords and cutlasses and he never lost an opportunity to acquire a new one nor ever failed to try its point in the flesh of its former owner.

Elsewhere, also, I have written of the POWDER MONKEY. From serving out powder to the men at the guns he had come to delight in the feel of a powder keg under his arm and to find lure in trailing powder around cringing bodies.

And of him we called BABOON because of his brutish muzzle and his sullen unruliness, I have told somewhat.

HOPFOOT, like me, had served in the KING'S wars and came into this Company by the same curious misadventure. Left to himself, he would choose always the middle course and his way of settling a dispute was to leave it to chance. "Draw lots for it," he would say, "and the short strand wins." So that he came to be known among the Company as OLD SHORT STRAND HOPFOOT.

As for the rest of the Company, as I have said before, they were just so many reprobates together, each embellishing the other to greater spirit.

So have I described us all up to the day that there joined our Company the one who came to be known as THE BLACK PIRATE and now I shall set down a complete account of his case as I myself saw it or learned of it from others.

CHAPTER I—SOLE SURVIVORS

ABOUT a day's sailing from the colonial town of Santa Juana there is a dot in the ocean—a nameless island. It is mostly sea-sand, a few stunted palms and a still lagoon, and it is crossed near its middle by thin lines of hills.

But our Captain, who had learned from me a certain thing about it, found it vastly suited to his purpose, and, on a day, our black craft crept forth from the shelter of this island to attack a merchantman—ship bound for the Old Country—after a circuit of the colonies and whose last place of call had been Santa Juana.

The merchantman was unprepared and a few shots raking her fore and aft put her at our mercy. Whereupon followed in due course the plundering, the duration of the victims and the destruction.

Not all of our victims perished. A dark-clad swimmer struggled toward the land, supporting, as he swam, the inert figure of a white-haired old man.

These two—SOLE SURVIVORS of the havoc—reached the island. The old man feebly took from his finger a blazoned ring and pressed it in the young man's hand. Then he fell back, a lifeless corpse.

So the young man carried the dead body across the first line of hills and in the valley beyond he hollowed out a grave for it and buried it.

Only then did he take thought of his own desperate condition, marooned on a desert island more than a hundred miles from the mainland. So, sitting near the grave, with his head in his arms, he pondered his situation.

CHAPTER II—DIVIDING THE LOOT

WHILE this was taking place on the island our black pirate craft was the scene of activity such as ever followed the plundering of a ship.

The chests and caskets and bales and sacks, the finery of which our victims had been despoiled, were heaped up in plain sight and if anyone saw aught that he desired for his own adornment he could bid for it against his fellows and the monies thus gained would go also into the fund which was to be divided at the end of our piratical adventuring.

This bargaining over a cargo of plunder was a device of our Captain, and, of the turbulence it created, he made a hider for his own purposes.

So, while the commoner fellows of our Company wrangled among themselves over the sum that should go into the common fund to pay for a coat or a jerkin, our Captain was setting aside the richest portion of the treasure to go into a Secret Hiding Place on the island. As I have before told, it was the knowledge of this Secret Hiding Place, that gained me my life and that of Hopfoot.

To show the way thereunto we were required to accompany the Captain on his secret trip to the island.

Under cover of the din caused by the bartering, we pulled away from our ship and came to the island, knowing not that beyond the first line of hills the survivor from the merchantman took note of our coming and laid his plans to fit the case.

CHAPTER III—BURIED TREASURE

TO FIND the key to the Secret Hiding Place I had the map that had come to me so strangely.

The Secret Hiding Place was cleverly contrived. Beneath the water-line of the lagoon was a shelf of rock that furnished a stepping stone from entrance to a cave that, on the outer surface appeared to be merely a sand-covered dune. The inner portion had been closed with a door of rough timber.

Jonathan Mopp and Abel Mullins took the chest of treasure and, ducking under the rocky edge of the lagoon, disappeared from sight. Except for the Captain and Michel, who kept aloof, we stood on the border of the lagoon watching for them, when they reappeared.

Over the brow of it came a stranger. Black tatters of garments clung to his figure.

In the tropical sun wet garments dry speedily and there was nothing about his appearance to tell us how long he had been marooned there.

He came toward us boldly and swiftly.

Mopp made a threatening movement toward him and the stranger lifted his hand and spoke.

"I would join your Company," he said peaceably.

There was something about him that tickled the fancy of me. "Would ye, now?" I asked him. "And what are your qualifications?"

He considered the matter for a space and then said in that peaceable and pleasant way of his: "Who is your best fighter?"

Queer as the question was, there was only one answer to it.

With one accord we looked at our
Captain. There was no debating his supremacy over the rest of us in the fighting line.

We stepped back so that the Captain stood alone on the little knoll where he had remained while we were secreting the treasure.

The stranger walked even past us to the knoll, looked the Captain full in the face and deliberately slapped him with the flat of his hand.

The surprised and outraged Captain gave a bellow and drew his sword.

The stranger hopped nimbly backward and with a deft movement picked up one of the swords that Mullins and Mopp had put off when they went into the water.

The Captain pulled his dagger and moved forward to attack.

The stranger hopped about lightly for a moment, getting the feel of his blades. The Captain made bull-like lunges toward him.

Then with great lightness and precision, the stranger chevied his opponent from one position to another until he backed him to the border of the lagoon.

Another step backward and the Captain was in the lagoon, while the stranger, with punctilious ceremony, waited for his recovery.

The Captain, was like to burst a blood-vessel. He scrambled to the bank and made a powerful thrust that backed the stranger toward the line of our men.

The stranger twisted about until he stood against a rampart of rock. There he invited an onrush, which the Captain made, mightily, only to break his blade by impact against the stone.

With his maddening punctilio the stranger waited until another sword had been furnished.

Then he took the offensive again. They came so close to each other that they clinched and, with a trick of movement that held the Captain's sword-arm powerless, the stranger pressed upon his left arm until he was forced to drop his dagger.

This left the Captain with only his sword, so the stranger discarded his dagger, burying it by the hilt in sand which lay back of the log toward which their fight was taking them.

It was this log and the dagger, that were the finish of the Captain.

For we saw the Captain pressed ever back by the relentless sword of the stranger. He came at length to the log, over which he tripped. Falling backward, he struck the upward pointing dagger, which pierced him to his death.

Our Captain dead, we forgot him and gathered about the victor. We passed judgment on his prowess.

But Michel stood aloof and spoke not. By which token I knew that he was pondering how he could make this circumstance redound to his advantage.

CHAPTER IV—JUSTICE

While the others descanted on the stranger’s boast—if that it was to be called—and laid their bets for or against it, I did a wee of hasty prowling.

I found a new-made grave in the hollow between two hills and at its head a rough piece of driftwood freshly carved. A scrap of broken hinge that lay beside it had been used for a tool, and these are the words that had been carved:

MY FATHER
I solemnly vow to bring thy murderers TO JUSTICE

So from the outset I knew the stranger’s purpose and set myself to follow his lead wherever I might do so, for I, too, owed a debt to this Company of Pirates, though I had lacked the resolution to pay it.

CHAPTER V
THE BLACK PIRATE

One morning, when a clumsy deep-sea galley lumbered along the sea-lane toward Santa Juana, we pulled into a cove we knew of to wait for its passing and prove or disprove the mettle of The Black Pirate.

Now what we saw, as we stood along the rail or climbed into the rigging of our ship to watch, was a droll enough sight.

The Galleon, with her sails bellying in the wind, held to her course. The Black Pirate guided a small fishing boat, straight across her bow, saluting the foc’sle watch as he did so, and cheerfully offering him a fish.

The watch returned his salute and he disappeared below the bulging hull.

The contrast between the huge bulk of the galleon and the fragile shell of the fishing boat put the stamp of the ridiculous on the claims The Black Pirate had made for himself.

When The Black Pirate’s cockleshell of a boat was skirting along the towering side of the galleon Michel grabbed a lighted linstock and moved it toward the touch-hole of a cannon:

“This folly has gone far enough,” he said sharply. “We stand to lose everything. Give them the guns.”

Hopfoot restrained him. “Give the
lad his chance," he insisted. "If he fails, there's time enough."

Even as he spoke The Black Pirate caught his boat hook in the cross-rod, let his fishing boat slide from under his feet, was jerked against the stern of the boat, climbed up to the cross-rod, went overboard along the rod and dropped to the rudder, which he fouled in such a manner as to turn the course of the ship.

Through my glass I could see the steersman thrown off his balance by the fouling of the rudder. The Black Pirate was making his way from the rudder up the stern of the galleon, clinging to the projections that formed the elaborate ornamentation of the ship.

The mate was still intent upon the aberrations of the wheel. The Black Pirate pinioned him and left him.

He whipped a knife from a sheath he had fastened to his wrist, slashed the sheet, caught the tip of the mizzen tightly in his two hands and flapped upward with the loosened sail, gaining a footing on the main topsail yard.

Again the knife came into play as he plunged it into the heavy canvas of the topsail and went down the sail with it, rending the fabric as he slid.

Treating the mainsail the like, he landed on the quarterdeck and vaulted to the main deck.

Except for the fact that his maneuvering was bringing the ship toward our boat, we could not see how he expected to make good his boast, even at this stage, so with unabated interest we watched for his next move.

He worked his way out on the foreyard, and while he was doing so the fo’c’sle watch—the same who had saluted him so cheerfully a short time before—was aroused by the shouts of the dangling sailor and fired his pistol.

The Black Pirate was unhurt. He caught at a brace and swung himself to the forecastle, but not quite in time to intercept the watch, who disappeared down a hatch, screeching alarms as he went.

Now became apparent the point toward which The Black Pirate had been working.

He swiveled a pair of cannon about and lighted a linstock with his pistol. The crew and passengers, roused by the screeches of the watch, came trooping on deck.

Standing high above them, his lighted linstock in his hand, and the cannon ranged to sweep the deck, The Black Pirate held them at his mercy.

With his foot he kicked loose from its bits a rope to which an anchor was catted and the anchor dropped into the sea.

The clumsy galleon, her sea-way lost, slid quietly into the cove and lay broadside to our ship.

Lined up along the rail and perched in the rigging of our own ship, we hailed The Black Pirate with shouts of approval.

"There is more to our trade than sword tricks," I said, addressing no one in particular, but taking care that Michel should hear me.

CHAPTER VI—RANSOM

The Black Pirate’s exploit had delivered the galleon into our hands and, dividing into parties, we pursued our customary tactics.

From the tail of my eye, I watched him. The Black Pirate’s face was somber. Mechanically he smoothed the blazoned ring on his forefinger.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet.

"Aho, you sea wolves!" he shouted. "There’s something I would say to you."

There was a general slackening of activity as all eyes turned toward him.

He kept up this shouting until most of our Company was gathered about him.

"See!" he said. "Here’s a ship captured without firing a shot—sound as the day it was built—not a spar broken. Why do we destroy it and lose the richest part of our adventure? Let’s hold it for ransom."

"Let the ransom be fifty thousand pieces-of-eight," he continued. "We’ll send our ship for it and set a time for its return."

I mounted the quarter-deck beside him.

"He’s a lad of rumgumption," I told them. "It means fifty pound a head for every man jack of us."

Now what happened next was not in his plans because he could not have foretold it.

CHAPTER VII—THE LASS

Baboon, clambering back and forth from one ship to the other, prying into odd corners in his search for loot, peered through a porthole into a seeming empty cabin.

On the bed, rich coverlets had been tossed aside as if by some recent occupant.

On either side of the bed the doors, made to enclose it, were folded back.

As Baboon peered closer to see if the coverlets were worth salvaging, he saw a pair of these folded doors move and a woman-servant stealthily come from behind them. Opening them, she disclosed a young woman, to whom she gave the drink.

Here was a discovery! Baboon dropped his bundle, ran through the passages leading to the cabin.

The serving-woman struck him which halted him for a moment and the panic-stricken lass ran into the passageway.
Here a half dozen others joined in the chase. Michel, standing alone at the bulwark, reached out his arm and caught her as she would have run past. Baboon and the half-dozen others who had joined in the chase gathered around and laid claim to her. Mopp, and Baboon, and Haryot and the others pulled and hauled at her. But Michel held her tight in his arm and refused to budge.

The struggle was growing violent when Hopfoot interfered:

"He waved some bits of rope. "Draw lots for her," he said, "and the short strand wins."

CHAPTER VIII—THE SHORT STRAND

So, when I took over the speaking and _The Black Pirate_ turned away, this is what he saw:

A lass—a lady by the look of her—with soft fair hair and soft fair skin and soft pretty garments designed to be worn in the privacy of her cabin, and she held in the cruel arm of Michel as in a vise.

In Hopfoot's fist, strands of rope. Michel loosed his grasp on the lass and she crumpled against the deck-house, burying her head in her arms.

The hazarders each pulled a strand of rope from Hopfoot's fist. Each looked to see what he had drawn and held it forward to compare with the others. All but Michel, who shut his fist until all the others had displayed their strands. Then he opened it slowly, and gloatingly, and disclosed the Short Strand.

CHAPTER IX—HOSTAGE

All this I got later. At the time of its happening I was bandying words with our company on the advantages of holding the galleon for ransom.

Ringrose, as ever, was cross-grained.

"How do we know they'll send us a ransom?" he asked me.

_The Black Pirate's_ attention had shifted alternately to the drawing and to what was going on about me.

He heard Ringrose's question and it gave him his chance. Leaning over, he lifted the shrinking lass to the quarterdeck and set her up before the men.

"Here's our surety," he told them, and held up a trinket that dangled from her neckchain. "This emblem marks her. She is a Princess—a Princess of royal blood. We'll hold her for hostage."

How much of this he was devising as he went along I could not determine. In any case, he was holding the attention of the Company.

Michel interrupted.

"The girl is mine," he shouted. "I won her by lot."

_The Black Pirate_ countered him. "Shall we sacrifice the good of all for the benefit of one?" he asked them.

"Not so," one called out. "Riches for all of us. We vote with you, my bullyboy."

CHAPTER X—THE RANSOM SHIP

We gathered in the main cabin to draw up a paper that should stand as an agreement between us and the chief passers of the galleon.

In it we set forth the amount of the ransom to be fifty thousand pieces-of-eight, as _The Black Pirate_ had advised, and to that we added:

AND IF SAID RANSOM BE DELIVERED BY NOON TOMORROW, THEN WILL THE PRINCESS BE GIVEN BACK UNTO YOU SPOTLESS AND UNHARMED, BUT IF YE COME AGAINST US WITH SHIPS OF WAR AND SOLDIERS, THEN SHALL THE PRINCESS BE PUT TO DEATH AND HER BODY THROWN INTO THE SEA.

And to this we subsigned our names and we delivered it to the Chief Passager of the galleon.

And the Chief Passager accepted his mission and went away with his people in our ship, making farewell obeisance to the lady with great sadness.

Standing on the quarterdeck near the ship's dial, I shouted aloud, so that all on board both ships might hear me:

"We give you from noonday till noontide—by the ship's dial."

There was a great confusion—stripping our ship of its guns and the treasure we had already loaded upon it and putting these upon the galleon—and manning our ship with sailors from the galleon's crew—and setting aboard of her the Chief Passager, who was to go for the collection of theransom.

And two things were done under the cover of this confusion, whereof the one was told me later, but the other one I guessed.

The one was the passing of the Powder Monkey in secret into the departing ship—sent by Michel with instructions to blow it up when night came. This I divined later.

The other was a communication which went, also in secret, from _The Black Pirate_ to the Chief Passager. It ran in this wise:

SHOW THIS RING TO THE GOVERNOR. HAVE HIM SEND AGAINST US A DETACHMENT OF MY BEST SOLDIERS. THE PRINCESS WILL BE SET ASHORE THIS NIGHT.

And it was weighted with the blazoned ring.
CHAPTER XI
LETTER OF THE BOND
S
O as soon as the ransom ship was well out of sight The Black Pirate joined me at the ship's dial.
"Show me your map," he said, and looked at it carefully, measuring the distances.
He looked away, thoughtfully, toward the sea. A second later he started and exclaimed. Following his look, I saw him we called Baboon. He was slipping over the side of the ship.
The Black Pirate moved swiftly and several of us followed. In the passage outside the girl's cabin Michel joined us.
The Black Pirate opened the cabin door. Over his shoulder we could see Baboon. He squatted in the open window. At the sound of the opening door he turned and drew his pistol.
There was a puff of smoke and he toppled over backward, disappearing from our sight.
The Black Pirate returned his own smoking pistol to his belt and stepped to the side of the lass, where she cowered against her serving woman.
He lifted her to her feet, bowed courteously and then came back to us.
"This was necessary," he said curtly, gesturing toward the open window through which Baboon had gone to his death.
"It was for the good of our Company. We must keep to the letter of our bond."
Michel looked at him blandly.
"I owe you thanks," he said smoothly, "for saving her—for me."
With a muttered word to me to make the lady's safety my charge, The Black Pirate followed.
At the door he paused and looked back. The lass' eyes were fixed on him. For a long moment they looked at each other.

CHAPTER XII
AN AFFLICION OF THE HEART
I
EFT my position of trust at the door of the cabin just long enough to secure some simple food for the lass. As I was returning with it The Black Pirate cornered me.
"Have you ever known about,—" he began, "or heard about—or read about—a man falling in love at first sight?"
"Twas a right canny question, but I was forced to admit that such a condition was outside my experience.
So he explained to me that this thing had happened to him and asked me would I deliver a letter for him to the lady on whom he had set his affections.
He put the letter on the salver and I took it into the cabin.
"You are in constant danger," it read.
"Set your plans to follow mine. This night I will come to set you ashore."
She pondered the matter, holding the bit of parchment in her hands and knitting her brow.
"Who is this Black Pirate?" she asked me.
"He's a sound enough lad," I told her, craftily, "but he seems to be suffering from an affliction of the heart."
She looked away from me abruptly. Her eyes were fixed on space.

Unconsciously she folded the letter, clasped it in her two hands and rested it against her breast.

CHAPTER XIII—FRUSTRATION
B
Y the middle of the night feasting and drinking in the main cabin were at their height and the revelers were uproarious.
The Black Pirate came under the cabin window with one of the ship's boats and I had the two women ready and waiting.
I made fast the rope he threw me and he climbed up. I handed out the serving woman and she set her into the bobsing boat below.
Then I set the lass on the sill. She checked him a moment, as he would have lifted her down.

"You risk your life for me," she said gravely.
"I would do more—I would give it," he told her.
She looked at him with that curious, questioning regard.
"Who are you?" she queried gently.
"A pirate who has found his treasure—and lets it go," he told her and, stooping, kissed her hand.
The boat pushed off and he started up the rope to the cabin.
Suddenly I saw him quicken. He signaled to the small boat to hasten and then, coming in through the window, gave me brisk orders.
"Open the door," he said. "Then hold me at pistol point."
So by that I knew that he had been seen.
They came into the cabin, Michel at their head. Michel it was who had seen him and called the others to witness.
But because of my drawn pistol and the raised hands of The Black Pirate they did not suspect me of complicity. They stripped him of his weapons and bade him come with them. And through the port-hole I could see Odell and Blodgett swimming toward the small boat, which they caught and brought back to the ship.

CHAPTER XIV
WALKING THE PLANK
W
E shall walk the plank," said Michel and had much ado to conceal the pleasure he took in this announcement.
He flung a word to me to bind the culprit's eyes, the while he went to direct the preparation for the execution of the sentence.
I dare say I fumbled a bit in my search for a bandage.
Mullins jerked my arm.
"See that!" he hissed. "The jade would balk our plans."
I looked where he pointed.
The lass, her head held high, grand in her self-forgetting, walked bravely to the prisoner.
She put her lips against his cheek and reached to his hands, tied behind him. In them she placed a knife she must have abstracted from some pirate's holster.
I am never gleg at the uptake, but I did what seemed to be best.
I snatched the knife from his grasp and made a great to-do of admonishing the lass. Then, as The Black Pirate looked at me, I placed the knife, blade
foremost, in my belt and crowded close upon him to make fast the blindfold.

I took my time to this and, as I tied, I could feel his hands working and knew that he was severing his bonds and twisting them so that the severance would not show.

A lane was made and the prisoner was walked through it.

His feet were placed upon the planks and Michel, prodding his back with the point of his sword, followed him to the end of the plank.

Then they both paused and Michel whispered a word into his ear.

As I was to come to know later, he boasted that the ransom ship was at the bottom of the sea.

Urged on by the guiding sword The Black Pirate took another step—the step beyond which was space.

*A splashing sound in the water. The tortured scream of the lass. Then stillness.*

CHAPTER XV—COMFORT

The lass was crumpled against the deck-house, sobbing like an ailing wean, all unconscious that Michel was watching her.

I looked about for the serving woman and had a suspicion of the truth that Michel had had her taken below deck to leave the lass more lone.

I took the lass to her cabin. From her window I peered out into the darkness, hoping, yet misdoubting.

In the passage outside her door I met Michel. I locked the door and took the key.

Him I remonstrated with.

"Our men are in no mood for trifling." I told him. "The agreement read 'Spotless and unharmed till noon tomorrow.' Break that and ye're in for a good downsetting. Ye'll walk the plank yourself."

For the sake of the bonny lass I resolved to bide with him and so I did for the night. I propped up my chin with my knife and the prick of it, if I droused, set me wide awake at once.

CHAPTER XVI

THE NOONDAY OF THE TOMORROW

Our whole company crowded together to watch for the coming of noon. Some scanned the sky. Others watched the dial. Still others watched the high banks that hid the entrance to the cove in the hope of seeing the ransom ship come round them.

Michel stood above the dial, a mug of sack in his hand and listened, with an amused grin, to the disappointed oaths of the Company.

The shadow fell on the mark of noon.

Michel threw away his mug.

"The time is up," he said. "We wait for no man. Set all sails."

At the foot of the companionway I waited for him.

It was a sore stroke—the failure of the ransom ship to return—but I hoped to argue him out of his purpose.

He pushed me back toward the door till I refused to give ground longer.

Then he struck me over the head with the butt end of his pistol and I knew no more.

CHAPTER XVII—SCUTTLING

What happened after that I have pieced together from what others have told me.

The galley sank and its crew with it. Again, our men could not know that this was but a trick. The galley had been scuttled from the inside and its crew, trained men in their line, were swimming under water in the wake of their leader.

So Michel—with a hasty order to heave up the anchor and set sail—returned to his purpose below decks.

CHAPTER XVIII—RESCUE

Meanwhile Hopfoot found me insensible and revived me, and I, myself, went into the cabin.

I loosed the poor lass of her bonds and fetched her from the cabin.

I heard a sound behind me and turned.

Michel, with drawn sword, had made to stab me in the back, but he had been hindered in his purpose.

And the man who had hindered him was The Black Pirate!

The lass gave a gasp and clung to my shoulder.

The Black Pirate flung Michel against the wall and he fell in a heap. Then he sprang onto him and choked him.

The lass cried out a warning to him and we saw Mopp coming down the companionway, his pistol leveled. Behind him came others of our men.

The Black Pirate jerked Michel by his feet and made a shield of him to catch Mopp's bullet. Michel's head lopped forward in a queer, inert manner, and, still carrying him, The Black Pirate fought off the others.

A pirate crept up on him from the rear and he swung around on him with Michel's corpse. Both bodies fell through a hatchway to the hold below.

So, fighting, he protected the lass and me and Hopfoot and the serving woman who joined us, until he had set us on a companionway and started us toward the deck, holding a door against his pursuers until the way of our flight was hidden.

CHAPTER XIX—JUSTICE IS SERVED

While this was the case with us, there had been great doings above deck.

The Black Pirate's men, by his orders, had kept under water long enough to allay any misgiving on the part of our crew.

When they came to the surface they swarmed up the side of the galleon like so many ants.
Our men were taken unawares.
There were plenty of guns, but they were useless within the ship.
It was a matter of a short time till all were under arrest, all but Hopfoot and me, and us, out of the goodness of his heart, The Black Pirate spared.

We came to the quarter-deck, Hopfoot and I and the two women and as we did so The Black Pirate was lifted to the deck by his men and he called out that all might hear:
"Justice is served."

There was a sudden flurry and someone announced:
"His Excellency, the Governor."

A fine gentleman walked through the lane that was made for him and saluted The Black Pirate.

"My Lord Duke," he said, in full, round tones, "we are much in your debt for ridding our seas of these villainous cut-throats."

I heard a bonny wee sound from the throat of the lass and she softly echoed the Governor's words.

"Lord Duke?" she whispered.

The Governor turned to her.

"Princess!" he exclaimed. Then, "Your Highness, we give thanks for your deliverance." And he swept the deck with his plume.

"Twas The Black Pirate's turn to feel amazed and I knew for certain that until that moment he had not really known whether she was gentle or simple—nor, for that matter, had he cared.

The Governor looked back and forth heads he bowed low again.

"Your Highness," he said, "I present His Grace, the Duke of Arnoldo."

They looked at each other a long moment.

"Lady," he said, "I have just been made known to you—I pray you forgive this suddenness—in the presence of all these, and I would it were the whole world—I ask your hand in marriage."

He leaped to the quarter-deck and took her in his arms. She raised her face to his and their lips met.

The Governor was overwhelmed. He sat down on a convenient gun-carriage and fanned himself with his plumed hat.

"Twas no small privilege to see a sight so bonny.

I fumbled in my pocket and found the map and the key to the Secret Hiding Place.

"Twill make a grand wedding gift," I said to Hopfoot and made to offer it to them.

But they were that intent on each other they did not see me.

So I settled myself to bide their time and I propped up my chin with my knife, knowing well that if I drowsed the prick of it would wake me.

THE END.
LOVE MOTIVE FROM THE BLACK PIRATE

Andante

Copyright 1926 by Elton Corporation.
A few interesting
Sidelights on the production

IN FILMING "The Black Pirate," it was necessary to build, all told, eleven ships or parts of ships, not counting fifteen 'tween decks interiors, and a fleet of twelve small boats.

FOURTEEN picked sail riggers were engaged by Mr. Fairbanks' agents in various seaports of the world and brought to Hollywood. Most of them were Norwegians descended from the hardy Norse mariners.

SINCE THE same color registers differently in sunlight and under artificial light, it was necessary to have two complete sets of costumes for "The Black Pirate," one for interiors and one for exteriors.

AMONG THE properties for which Mr. Fairbanks' purchasing agents combed the seaport cities was an entire carload of anchors, windlasses, masts, rigging, sextants, and other accessories of 17th Century seafaring.

IN COLOR photography, make-up is such an important matter that it was necessary for two experts from Boston to remain in Hollywood from the first to the last scene of "The Black Pirate."

ONE OF the ships used in the picture is the famous old Cape Horn clipper, The Llewelyn J. Morse.

It is interesting to note that with hundreds of men in the picture, only two feminine names are in the cast.
One of the tense dramatic scenes from Douglas Fairbanks’ superb tale of the Spanish Main, THE BLACK PIRATE, at the Selwyn Theatre, New York
I have just seen
THE BLACK PIRATE

Why not let one of your friends know how much you enjoyed
THE BLACK PIRATE? If you will address this card and give it to one of the ushers, we will post it for you.