

The Social Pirates

Story No. 9
The Missing Millionaire
Plot by George Bronson Howard.
Novelization by Hugh C. Weir.
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(Continued from Yesterday.)

Mona was awaiting her eagerly, and listened closely to her report. "All that we need now is a mirror," finished the girl. Then she can read the blotter, and will have a real Sherlock Holmes clue."

Mona smiled. "I am afraid, dear, that blotters are not read with mirrors—except in detective stories! However, we can try it. For the next half hour, the two sought industriously to gather the message of the tell-tale blotter, holding a mirror in all kinds of lights and angles, and then going so far as to try the effect of a magnifying glass—but all to no purpose. The impression of the envelope's address had left out several letters almost entirely, and those which remained were so faint and blurred that at the end of an hour the two owned themselves fairly beaten.

"Well, we have done our best!" said Mona. "There is some satisfaction in that thought. Perhaps there will be another development in the situation soon which will set us on the right track!"

Little did she dream how soon such a development was to occur—or the sinister situation into which it was to plunge them!

It was shortly after eight o'clock the next morning when the first inkling of the startling mystery, which was soon to claim the attention of the entire city, first obtruded itself into the usually well-ordered routine of life at the Grand Hotel. This was nothing less than the fact that the occupant of Suite No. 124 had disappeared over night—disappeared as thoroughly as though the earth had opened suddenly and swallowed him bodily. Such a situation would have been sufficiently unquieting had the central figure of the mystery been an ordinary personage, without any individual claim on public attention. But when it was learned that the missing occupant of Suite No. 124 was Roland Maxwell, the millionaire plutocrat and amateur philanthropist, the official staff of the Grand Hotel from the night clerk up to the chief of the detective staff, and from that simlet-eyed individual up to the august general manager, himself, were thrown into a condition of consternation, bordering on panic.

A belated bell boy, chided by Mona rather sharply for his delay in answering her call, brought to the two Social Pirates their first intimation of the startling situation. The bell boy, it developed, had been detained by a house detective to answer certain questions regarding his last call at 124, and the youth, filled with the mystery of it all, was more than eager to pour out the whole story to sympathetic listeners. The girls found themselves in possession of a fairly comprehensive synopsis of what had happened. Mona watched the door close behind the boy, with his face glowing at an expectedly large tip, and then faced Mary impulsively.

"It strikes me, girlie, that you and I hold the key to the situation!" "You mean those men I followed yesterday?" questioned Mary, turning back from the window.

"Exactly. And what is more, if we use our wits in the right direction, I believe we can solve the mystery. I am going to have another look at that blotter. That is a kind of a challenge to me, and I think I see a way by which we can decipher its secret."

Mona carried the blotter to the window and, after a moment's hesitation, staring at the reflection of its broken letters in a hand mirror.

"Wait a moment, dear," called Mary excitedly. "I believe we have it." Her pencil skimmed over the sheet of paper, on which she had jotted down the cryptic letters. "Eureka," she cried. "It matches perfectly. Restview Sanitarium, Clearmont. I wonder if we can have as much success with the rest of the puzzle. Let's see. A sanitarium naturally suggests a doctor. That may be the explanation of the first 'D' in our top line. Turn to the physicians, Mary, and see what you find under the letter 'L.' That ought to be the first letter of our man's last name."

Mary read through the finely printed names of physicians, her eyes traveling slowly down the page.

"Ludlow—Dr. Walter Ludlow," she said. And Mona stopped her, her pencil again busy with the letters of the puzzle. She sprang to her feet decidedly.

"Our address reads 'Dr. Walter Ludlow, Restview Sanitarium, Clearmont,'" she said. "I think we can profitably spend our morning in a visit to the sanitarium, and Dr. Ludlow."

"But what can they have to do with the disappearance of Mr. Maxwell?" objected Mary.

"Everything—or again they may have nothing to do with it. We may be on a false lead all round. That is why we are going to keep our own counsel, and work on our own initiative until we see what develops from our quest. You ring for a car, Mary, while I finish dressing."

It was shortly before noon when the girls drew up before a square gray building, set well back in a wall-enclosed yard. Before an iron-spiked entrance gate, appeared the sign, Restview Sanitarium. As the car halted, a uniformed watchman opened the gate and came forward to inquire the errand of the visitors. Mona had already determined on her course of action, and now she leaned forward, and said in a low tone, "I would like to see Dr. Ludlow, himself, if possible, on a professional matter."

The man nodded, and swung open the gate for the car to pass through. "You will find the sign of his office just ahead," he directed. "If the doctor is at liberty, his secretary will arrange an appointment for you."

Mona thanked him, and as the car came to a halt inside the grounds, she beckoned to Mary, and bidding the chauffeur to wait, made her way through the doorway marked "Office."

"Are you ready for your ordeal, dear, if necessary?" she said in a low tone.

To Be Continued Tomorrow.

TEACHERS RE-ELECTED
Special to the Telegraph
Dauphin, Pa., June 16.—At a recent meeting of the school board directors of the borough public schools the teachers were re-elected as follows: Professor Milert C. Hummer, of Linglestown, high school; Miss Anna Houck, of Hummelstown, grammar school; and Miss Eleanor Emmert, of York Springs, primary school.

TO PAVE ANNVILLE STREETS
Annnville, Pa., June 16.—On Monday evening, the board of township commissioners took action in regard to paving the streets of Annnville and opened negotiations with the Pike Company to find out what they will do in the matter. The citizens are heartily in favor of paved streets.

"The Live Store"

Make Quality Your First and Greatest Consideration----

"Always Reliable"

How often do you hear some one remark: "They have good clothes at 'Doutrichs.'" There's a lot of significance in those few words. No matter how attractive the so-called bargains may look elsewhere—no matter how much "less than regular" the price—there's nothing can erase from the clothes buyers' memory the recollection of the "good clothes" he got at DOUTRICHS.

We've built this big business of ours on the firm foundation of QUALITY, and while our customers appreciate the bigger dollar's worth we give them, it's the high QUALITY—rather than the price—of our clothes that makes them such firm friends of this "Live Store"

If you, too, would experience the lasting satisfaction and the true economy that inevitably result from the purchase of clothes of known high quality, try the "good goods" at Doutrichs this time. Our guarantee of satisfaction of new goods or the money back eliminates all chance.



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afford striking illustrations of the extra service, satisfaction and real value resulting from supreme quality in every thread and stitch. They are good clothes from every angle. They've as much quality in the linings, in the trimmings, in the thread with which they are sown, in all the unseen parts, as in their pure Virgin wool exteriors. Furthermore, they are the acknowledged leaders in style.

\$20 \$25 \$30

You get more value per dollar at \$20 than at \$15, but if fifteen is your limit, you can't get more anywhere than we give you, at **\$15**

SUMMER UNDERWEAR

Here you'll find a complete suit of every good and worthy brand in fabrics and weights to suit the needs and preferences of discriminating men.

Union Suits **50c Union Suits**
Rockingchair, B. V. D., for men and boys; open
Hatch One-button and mesh, balbriggan and knee
Munsing ... \$1.00 and \$1.50 length garments, 50c suit.

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Market Street

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Harrisburg, Pa.

Sweaters

This has been a wonderful season for SWEATERS—almost everybody is wearing a Sweater—wonderful styles are shown at this "Live Store."

"Silk Sweaters," Fibre and Light Weight Wool SWEATERS, V-neck or with rolling shawl and sailor collars. "Canary Yellow," "Rose," "Pink," "Purple," "Black," "Navy," "Azure Blue," "Wistaria," "Green" and two tone effects

\$5, \$6.50, \$7.50, \$8.98, \$12.50 to \$37.50

Girls' Fibre Silk Sweaters, in plain Rose, Blue, Gold and Green, 6 to 14 years, \$3.50.

Infants' Fibre Silk Sweaters, plain Pink, Yellow, Blue and Cerise, \$5.00.

Stop a moment to look at the handsome Neckwear displayed in our window this week. "It's the best yet"; beautiful floral effects, 50c.

Plain talk about Plain Color Shirts Sateen Shirts of "Pink," "Canary Yellow," "Green," "Light Blue" and "Helio"; new Crepe Shirts and Mercerized fabrics, \$1.50

SHIRTS	BELTS
Fibre Silk Shirts . . \$2.50	New Palm Beach Belts . . 50c
Tub Silk Shirts, with satin stripes . . . \$3.50	Leather Belts of tan, gray and black 50c
Crepe Silk Shirts . \$5.00	Boys' Belts 25c

Forestry Notes

(From the Forest Service, U. S. Department of Agriculture.)
It is estimated that there is enough waste from the sawmills of the South

alone to produce twenty thousand tons of paper a day.

Oiled paper has been found to be an excellent material for packing tree seedlings, when shipped in crates. When crates are not used, paper-lined

burlap makes a particularly satisfactory wrapper.

The value of livestock dying from disease on the National Forest ranges in 1915 was less than \$200,000. A majority of the cattlemen are now vac-

inating their stock for black-leg, one of the chief loss-causing cattle diseases of the West, and thus preventing the serious losses of the past.

Because of the heavy snowfall last

winter, Forest rangers found it necessary this Spring to remove two feet of snow from the Beaver Creek Nursery in Utah, so that the young trees might be uncovered by the time they were needed for Spring planting on the Na-

tional Forests of that region. Part of the snow was taken off by use of shovel and pick. By spreading a thin layer of fine soil over another part, the natural melting of the snow was hastened sufficiently to make shoveling unnecessary.