

# The Social Pirates

Story No. 12

## The Disappearance of Helen Mintern

Plot by George Bronson Howard.  
Novelization by Hugh C. Weir.  
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(Continued from Yesterday.)

With head high and eyes flashing, she crossed to an empty taxi-cab and jumped in, leaving Carson staring after her. Slatern nudged his companion with a chuckle, and then, reaching down quickly, picked up a small lace handkerchief from the walk, which Mona had dropped from her bag. With the handkerchief was a business card, on the back of which was a hastily scribbled line of writing. Slatern held it to the light and read: "It is imperative for me to have your report of Suro's place at once. Please rush it." On the reverse side of the card was the engraved name, "Casper Carson."

Slatern's eyes gleamed with sudden satisfaction. He did not know that the whole incident of Mona's quarrel had been carefully staged in advance, and that the card had been dropped purposely at his feet. Unaware of these facts, the political boss thrust the card into his pocket, and with a malicious glance back at Carson, who was still standing uncertainly before the door of the cafe, swaggered across the walk to his own car.

Late the next afternoon Mona emerged from a taxi-cab before Madame Suro's establishment, ascended the steps, and was ushered by the liveried colored attendant at the door into a handsomely appointed waiting-room. In a moment or two Madame Suro appeared.

"You wish to see me?"

Mona nodded. "I wish to see you very much—privately."

Madame Suro raised her eyebrows. "I am very busy."

"Fancy that my errand is well worth your time and attention," rejoined Mona, coldly. "However—She started to walk indifferently toward the door, but the other caught her arm.

"Stop this way, please!" she commanded, grudgingly. Mona followed her conductress through the portieres, and down a narrow corridor, giving into a series of thinly-partitioned booths, in which she caught glimpses of woman customers in various stages of "beautifying." At the end of the corridor, the Madame opened a door, and conducted her visitor into a small room, which evidently served the purpose of a private office.

"And now what is it?" she demanded.

"My name is Jenkins—May Jenkins," began Mona, boldly. "For several months I have been in the employ of Casper Carson. Do you know him?"

"Perhaps," was the enigmatic response. "And what of it?"

"I have been assisting him to gather evidence against certain establishments like yours!" said Mona, directly. "You may know, perhaps, that he believes you're running a gambling house."

Madame Suro's face flushed.

"Go on!" she snapped.

"Carson has double-crossed me," said Mona, in as vicious a tone as she could muster. "He gives nothing but promises—and I have broken with him, and told him he would be sorry to let me go! I intend to make him sorry! That is why I have come to you—to tell you certain matters which may be of interest to you!"

"I don't know what you mean," Madame Suro scanned the girl sternly, and her manner perceptibly stiffened.

"I mean that you are to be raided at almost any hour!" Mona stepped closer to the other, and spoke the last words almost into her ears. She could feel the thrill of alarm, which coursed through the Madame's trim body. For just an instant the other hesitated, and then she stepped to the telephone on her desk, and called a number into the transmitter.

"Wait here, please," she said, with a trifle more cordiality in her voice. Mona dropped into a chair, affecting not to be interested in the conversation over the wire. She could hear a man's voice through the receiver, and then the Madame, lowering her voice, spoke rapidly and nervously, and evidently to such purpose that a moment later she hung back the receiver with a sigh of relief.

"A friend of mine is coming over, who would like to hear your story, my young friend. If you can convince him of its truth, perhaps you have not done so badly after all!"

"I don't care for that part of it," said Mona, carelessly, guessing at once that the "friend" in question was Dan Slatern. "All that I am interested in is getting back at Carson. I told him I would make him sorry, and I want to make my promise good!"

"Just so! Just so!" nodded the Madame, absently. She stepped to the door. "If you don't mind waiting just a moment, I have an urgent customer waiting outside."

"Not at all," said Mona, pleasantly. She heard the key turn on the other side of the door, and smiled to herself. Evidently the Madame was not disposed to take any chances.

The girl strolled to the one window of the room, and parted the curtains. It opened on a rear alley, the access from which loomed the outlines of a rear house, fronting on the next block. The alley, itself, was deserted. She dropped the curtains, and turned back to a survey of the room. If the plans of Casper Carson had gone through without a hitch, the evening now were assembling for the raid on the Beauty Parlors, which had been agreed upon at dusk. That it was a "plant," without either the knowledge or assistance of the district attorney's office, could, of course, not be known until later—and Carson's wealth and influence were such that he would answer any legal inquiries, if indeed, any should be made. He knew that Slatern was well aware of the reform crusade, of which, he, Carson, was the prime mover—and that the young millionaire had been sworn in as a special deputy by the district attorney's office, which was engaged in one of its periodic fights with the police department. That such a raid should be ordered without warning from the district attorney's office was more than probable—and Carson knew it would not be a difficult task to convince Slatern of its genuineness.

While Mona was busy with these thoughts, the key turned in the door again, and the Madame reappeared, with a man whom the girl at once recognized as Dan Slatern. That he recognized her also, and recalled the incident of her quarrel with Carson the previous night was obvious. With a smile he stepped toward her.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

STRIKE COSTS CITY \$50,000

Bills Presented to Wilkes-Barre Council Surprise Taxpayers

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., July 8.—Wilkes-Barre taxpayers got a surprise yesterday when they learned that the street car strike has cost the city more than \$50,000 for extra police protection. At a meeting of council bill for \$9,000 were submitted.

Councilman E. N. Bennett, in charge of the city's finances, announced that these were the first of a large number of bills. They money was chiefly spent for extra policemen and extra horses.

NO SEAT, DIDN'T PAY FARE

Traveling Man Arrested Will Make Test of the Issue

Reading, Pa., July 8.—Because he refused to pay his fare unless he got a seat, William Hannum, a traveling man, was arrested and held for a hearing before Alderman Cooney. He gave \$200 bail and was released.

Hannum boarded a Reading Railway train between Allentown and Harris-

burg and found all coaches crowded. The train was short of cars because of the National Guard movements to the Mexican border. "No seat, no fare," Hannum replied. It is said Hannum refused to pay in order to make a test case.

COLORED MARCHING CLUB FORMED

At a meeting held in Schaeffer's Hall an organization was perfected with Robert Thornton, steward of the West End Republican Club as president, to form a marching club that will participate in the Fall campaign. Lewis Wilson was selected as drill master of the club and has ordered that the mem-

bers meet every Thursday evening at the above named hall until permanent headquarters can be established.

ORE MINE, IDLE 12 YEARS, RESUMES

Reading, Pa., July 8.—After an idleness of twelve years, the Boyertown iron ore mines, newly acquired by the Eastern Steel Company, of Pottsville and Pottstown, resumed work. The Warwick shaft, seventy-five feet deep, is the first to be reopened.

PICNIC AT WILLIAMS GROVE

The annual union Sunday School picnic of the St. Paul Baptist Church,

State and Cameron streets, will be held at Williams Grove on Wednesday, July 12.

HARRIS AND BOAS PLAYGROUND GIRLS WIN LONG BALL GAMES

Interplayground rivalry for the "long ball" championship of the city is at summer heat just now and the various teams are bitterly fighting out the question of who's who. Two of the hardest fought games of the series were contested for between the Harris and Penn and the Fourth street and the Boas playground teams, the

girls of Harris and Boas winning out respectively by scores of 56 to 16 and 39 to 11. The teams include:

Harris — Gerrie Kline, Zena Rogers, Katie Hutta, Mildred Fisher, Avertl Shoemaker, Hattie Kline, Bertha Shearer and Marie Peace.  
Penn — D. Taylor, H. Abramson, V. Drake, C. Zellers, D. Harrison, S. Katzman, M. Fraich and Eva Weiner.  
Fourth — Pauline Bowman, Clara Snielman, Helen Conors, Minnie Still, Ida Snyder, Ruth Shaffer, Mary Harris, Elizabeth Maguire, Lelia Brown.  
Boas — Beatrice Blair, Eliza Keefe,

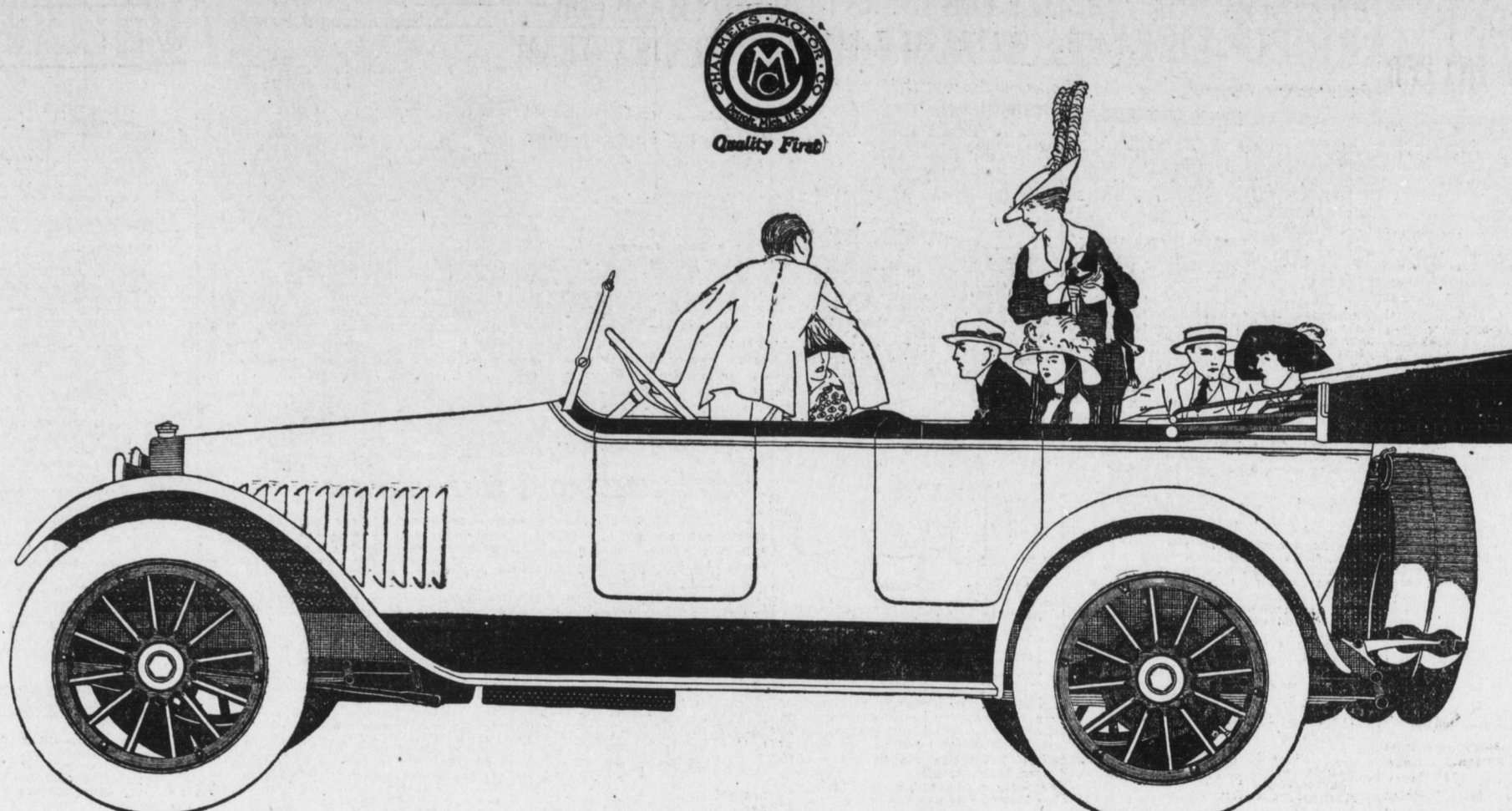
Martha Shoemaker, Alice Thompson, Blanche Robinson, Dorothy Roebuck, Katherine Farrel, Jennie Booth and Sue Cyril.

BOY'S INVESTMENT PAYS TEN THOUSAND PER CENT.

"Last spring a year ago," says Farm and Fireside, "a ten-year-old neighbor boy was given 10 cents by his grandmother. He purchased a packet of good cucumber seed with his money and grew a nice patch of cucumbers for the local village market. His crop of cucumbers brought him a little over

\$6 in money, all of which his mother allowed him to keep and spend as he pleased.

"With \$1 of his money the boy purchased a few little things for himself, and with the other \$5 he purchased a ewe lamb had grown up . . . .? (ewe lamb. By this spring his ewe lamb had grown into a mature mother lamb. So now the boy has three sheep from his investment. The mother sheep is now worth \$10, and the lambs are worth \$5 each, making a total value of \$20 he has earned with his 10 cents in a year and a half.



# Now for 1917

Another new 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers, 7 passengers, 122-inch wheelbase, supreme beauty, \$1280 Detroit  
And the original 3400 r.p.m. Chalmers, doubly refined, amazing performance. 115-inch wheelbase, \$1090 Detroit

Picture a giant of rare strength and ability, and clothe him in fine garments—and you have a mighty good picture of this new Chalmers—

the 1917 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers with the 122-inch wheelbase, double cowl body and French pleated upholstery.

A good day's work was done when they made it. They took as a base the 1916 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers. A car that had 1,000,000 miles of record behind it. And a service mark of 99.21 percent perfect.

They didn't touch the 3400 r. p. m. power plant. They stood pat there.

And on this magnificent chassis they laid a body that surpasses the ordinary man's power of expression.

To describe this gorgeous body is like trying to describe a Rocky Mountain sunset. It's impossible.

You get an optic sensation that fills the mind with a picture you'll never forget.

Lines—ladies, they're so severely modern that at first the Chalmers people thought they'd have to change them—too far ahead of the procession.

But Mr. Chalmers finally said to go ahead. And he was right, because the first one that sailed up the avenue stopped traffic.

Men driving cars actually drove up ahead in front to see what car it was.

And performance—gentlemen! There's never been but one that could touch her—her 3400 r. p. m. sister.

She performs with a laugh. She has never refused me a hill. She has never failed to answer my every whim.

3400 r. p. m. is the reason. But what I like most about her is the perfectly corking body.

I'm going to tell about one little feature of the body, and then you'll have to come and find the rest out for yourself.

It's about the upholstery. Now, there's been reams written and tons talked about upholstery. Some one once measured it in inches. Another described it in curlicue springs. Some one else reduced it to "real hair."

I don't know the thickness of it—and care less; but when I get in the tonneau and sit down I have a feeling that I never want to get out.

It fits the fat man as well as the thin man.

They're long pleats—French pleats—(which say goodbye once and for all time to the "button and biscuit" kind).

She's a real car, gentlemen, and a wonderful value—\$1280 Detroit. You put away in your wardrobe the equivalent of four good suits of clothes, a couple of pairs of ten-dollar shoes, and a Knox hat when you lay down the money for her. You save about \$275.

Don't let me forget to call attention to her smaller sister—

the 1917 3400 r.p.m. Chalmers with the 115-inch wheelbase.

Because she's a 3400 r. p. m.'r, great on the hill, smooth in traffic, full of spunk any time any day.

She's just like her 1916 predecessor. Neither you nor I could tell the difference. And you're dead sure when you buy her because her record is as clear-cut as a cameo—1,000,000 miles of use with a service record of 99.21 percent perfect.

Both cars are ready. If you haven't seen them you've missed a day's treat. Better than going to the art gallery.

### DEALERS:

- Ideal Automobile Co., Lebanon, Pa.
- York Garage & Service Co., York, Pa.
- Snyder & Wingert, Chambersburg, Pa.
- C. T. Romberger, Elizabethtown, Pa.
- A. D. Shtartz, Greencastle, Pa.
- New Eberhart Garage, Geo. F. Eberhart, Prop., Gettysburg, Pa.
- M. E. Schlegel, Thompsontown, Pa.

### Keystone Motor Car Co.

1019-1025 Market Street

*W. A. Barner*  
Mgr.

burg and found all coaches crowded. The train was short of cars because of the National Guard movements to the Mexican border. "No seat, no fare," Hannum replied. It is said Hannum refused to pay in order to make a test case.