

# THE SOCIAL PIRATES

The Newest Kalem Picture Now Being Presented at the Leading Motion Picture Theatres in Greater New York

Plot by George Bronson Howard  
Novelization by Hugh C. Weir

Story No. 7

## THE ROGUE'S NEMESIS

Two American girls, Mona Hartley and Mary Burnett, set about punishing the "Wolves of Society" through their check books. This is the story of their seventh adventure.

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**M**ARY!" said Mona Hartley, "I haven't seen a paper for days—and here, in the first one I pick up, is the story of Goodwin Clay's divorce suit!"

Her chum, Mary Burnett, looked at her. "I hate divorce cases," she said. "I never read about them. They're so sordid, dreary things!"

"You don't remember," said Mona. "You've forgotten who Goodwin Clay's wife is, haven't you—Dora Martyn?"

"Dora Martyn!" said Mary, sitting up suddenly. "Did she marry that beast? I don't wonder she's had to divorce him!"

"But—it's he that is bringing the suit!" said Mona.

"Mona!" cried Mary. "What an outrageous thing! Poor little Dora—she never did anything that wasn't right in her life—except to marry a man like that!"

"What was she to do?" asked Mona, bitterly, "except marry him—and be glad of the chance. She was like us—she was struggling along, trying to make both ends meet—and having a constant fight. She chose marriage. We chose to strike out for ourselves."

And she's come to a horror like this!" said Mary. "She did what nine people out of ten would have done—and this is how she is paid. Oh, Mona—I don't care if we have had to use our brains, if we've had to trick a few men who thought they were going to trick us, we've done a wiser thing than she!"

"Let's go to the trial," answered Mona. "Maybe we can punish the beast."

Neither of them was anxious to be recognized in the court-room. They did not care, for one thing, to be classed with the morbid-minded over women who are attracted by such cases as this, and, while there was only a faint chance that Mr. Clay would remember them, they felt that it might be as well to eliminate even that possibility. There was no plan in their minds; they simply wanted to leave their hands free if it turned out that there was a chance for them to interfere, perhaps to punish Clay, perhaps to save the wife he intended to treat so cruelly. Not for a moment would either of them believe that she could have done anything to justify the mire of the divorce court.

So, to avoid recognition, both Mary and Mona were heavily veiled. They sat in the back of the room, and listened, with growing disgust, to Clay's hypocritical denunciation of the woman who had "wronged" him, and to the sorry batch of witnesses he had gathered in support of his charges.

The chief of these was a character as notorious in his way, as Goodwin Clay himself, one Jake Minter. This Minter, as both the girls knew, was hand in glove with certain crooked politicians and had been mixed up often in shady affairs. His political pull had saved him more than once. And both girls were convinced that he was performing himself now, as he reeled off his carefully prepared story, which was corroborated by men in his employ.

"Lies, lies," whispered Mary. "But Clay will get his divorce. Unless it can be proved that Minter is lying, the case against her is deadly!"

The event proved that Mary was right. Minter's testimony could not be shaken by the defense. Clay's divorce was granted; his wife, disgraced, was left dependent once more upon her own efforts, since Clay, with a refinement of meanness, refused absolutely to make any provision for her. She had disgraced herself, he said; let her drink the drops of the glass she had poured out for herself! But of course Clay didn't know Mona and Mary, nor did he know that they had decided to right the wrong he had done, or he might have been more considerate.

The two girls, in their natural incarnation, looked like fashionable girls, unlimited when it came to the satisfaction of their desire to look well. But that night they drove in a taxicab to a flashy restaurant where they knew Clay generally went, in the heart of the White Light district. It was Mary who took the lead; Mary who was, it appeared, decidedly particular as to the location of their table. She was, as a matter of fact, looking for Clay. And at last she spied him, playing host to a small and select company of men, at a table that commanded a perfect view of the cabaret stage. And, what was more important, she saw that there was a small table, not far from Clay's, that was, for the moment, unoccupied.

"Well take this table," she said. "There was no difficulty about it. Mary was a stranger in that place, but they hoped, and believed, that that would soon be changed. She and her friend, it was obvious, were the sort of patrons the proprietor liked to see."

"Well, there he is!" said Mary. "Listen to him! He's celebrating his freedom, I suppose. He has money—that's why those men are with him. Look at them! If he lost his money they'd cross the street to avoid him!"

The two girls, with deliberate intention, had seated themselves so that they were screened from Clay's view, though they themselves could see him plainly. And Mary, studying him attentively, grew more and more bit-



TO CLAY'S AMAZEMENT MONA HERSELF, IN HER OWN CLOTHES, SLIPPED INTO THE VACANT CHAIR BESIDE MARY. SLOWLY HE RECOGNIZED IN HER THE "MAD MUSICIAN." "FOR ONCE YOU'VE BEEN BEATEN AT YOUR OWN GAME!" SHE SAID.

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never saw such a jealous man in your life. He's too busy with his music to bother with me—but if any other man looks at me—whew!"

"See—what's he expect?" asked Clay.

"He expects a lot," said Mary. "Why, the other day I met a fellow in the street I used to go to school with—and of course I stopped to talk with him. Why not?"

"I should say you would!"

"Well, Otto came along, and my but you should have seen the way he cut up. He was perfectly wild. He pushed my friend away and dragged me home! He said I was driving him mad—that I was driving all his inspiration away! What are you going to do with a man like that?"

"Forget him," said Clay. "Say, it's a good thing you met me! If Otto ever stacks up against me he'll wonder whether he got gay with Jess Willard or the Singer Building fell down on him! We're going to be pals, you and I!"

"You're awfully sure, aren't you?" said Mary, temptingly. "How do you know I like you so much?"

"I know," he told her, chuckling. "Say, where's little Otto to-night?"

"Playing with his orchestra—there was a concert," said Mary. "That's why I'm out. Oh—I didn't know it was so late!"

"Late—it's early!" protested Clay.

"No, no," said Mary, anxiously. "You've got to rush me home in a hurry. If you drive as fast as you did when we were coming here I'll be home before him. Oh, hurry, please!"

Disappointment showed in Clay's eyes. But, studying Mary for a moment, he was satisfied. She was telling the truth; his feeling was really frightened. His feeling for her was still in a stage that led him to want to please her. And so, although he hated to go home so early, he agreed. In a few minutes they were in the car again and speeding toward the city. He slowed down near the apartment house she pointed out to him, and she got out.

"Say, call me up to-morrow, or I'll come after you!" he threatened.

"Oh, don't do that—you don't know how frightened I am!" she said. "I mean about Otto—he's temperamental! I believe he'd strangle me if he ever had any real cause to be jealous. He said so often enough."

"He'd better be careful," growled Clay. "G'night!"

"Good night—thanks for the ride," said Mary, and left him.

Mona greeted her with a cry of relief.

"Tell me all about it!" she said. "And where do I come in?"

"That's just what I want to do—tell you about it," said Mary. "And you've got just as hard a part to play as I have. Listen!"

Mona listened. And when Mary had done she laughed.

"Mary—do you really believe that a man like Goodwin Clay will be fooled so easily?"

"I know it!" said Mary, with supreme confidence. "All we've got to do is to stick to the plan we made!"

"Oh—it's going to be fun, after all!" said Mona.

Mary, thanks to the well-established fiction of her jealous and talented husband, was able to do very much as she liked with Clay in the days that followed. At first Clay, it was plain, believed that she was simply trying to lead him on.

"You needn't stall any more," he told her. "You've got me going, all right! I've thrown up my hands—I'm ready to dance to any tune you want to play!"

"I don't know what you mean," said Mary.

"Oh, you're clever—I want it to you for that!" he said. "You didn't want to let on you liked me, did you? Wanted me to get dippy about you first? Well, I fell! Now quit stalling—forget Otto!"

"I can't forget him," said Mary, with a little shiver. She acted her part well. And it was not long before Clay was convinced that he had misjudged her.

This had a curious effect on him. He had been amused by what he considered Mary's transparent effort to

## VACATION GIRLS TAKE SHAKESPEARE ROLES IN PAGEANT

500 Beauties, Who Would Have Delighted Bard of Avon, in "Circus" at Armory.

**Marguerite Mooers Marshall.** Will Shakespeare, "gallant Will," had an eye for a pretty girl. Else he had never refused so bravely at the court of the great Elizabeth; else he had never made Beatrice and Juliet, Portia and Rosalind, all that blithe and bonny company of maidens. And so I hope that Will's ghost was among the hundreds of spectators at the Seventy-first Regiment Armory last night, where half a thousand comely young women appeared in the Shakespeare Circus of the Vacation Association.

This is the fifth of the huge annual entertainments arranged by the society of working girls, in which Miss Anne Morgan takes an especial interest. She was chairman of the Circus Committee, and it was in the Moravian home on Madison Avenue that a number of the rehearsals were held. In a gown of black chiffon taffeta and white tulle, with a row of pearls about her neck, her powder-colored hair wreathing her fearlessly-carried head, she supervised the performance, which, by the way, will be repeated again to-night.

Maybe you don't see the connection between a circus and Shakespeare, especially if you are what Bernard Shaw calls a Hardboiler. But the man who amused himself by inventing Puck, Bottom and Falstaff wouldn't consider that he was com-

promised by association with tumblers and clowns. And if his ghost WAS in the Armory at Fourth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street (I hope it didn't have to come by the subway) it liked the "circus stuff" as well as the pageant.

GREAT PAGEANT ARRANGED BY THE VACATION GIRLS. The latter, however, was the work of Miss Morgan and the girls of the Vacation Association. Four wonderful pink flamingoes led the royal procession; for Queen Elizabeth herself was there, attended by her courtiers and by those others who never lived and yet to-day are more living than Burleigh or Dudley—since Shakespeare's men and women are "not for an age but for all time."

Behind the flamingoes marched the heralds; the plumed ones with horns, those in green carrying harps, and golden-brown ladies bearing cymbals. Incidentally (or should I say principally?) it became evident that Broadway front rows have not captured all the symmetrical—or re-creations for the tired business man's attention.

There were banner bearers, and then Flame, white robed and laurel crowned—Miss Cornele Mayron, a tall and stately beauty. Behind her, in a glory of crimson robes and starched ruff and with hair ablaze, marched a truly Gloriana, Miss Edith Bing. Behind her again, Shakespeare in green velvet doublet and shorts, and with a chestnut Vandycy affixed to an unmistakable feminine chin. Then court ladies walked next, and among them mourning Hamlet, Ophelia, with flowers in her hair; Othello, the Moor, and his white-robed Desdemona; Portia, in a wonderful scarlet gown, leaning amicably on the arm of somber Shylock; and a youthful Romeo and Juliet.

There followed those who were to make merry before Elizabeth, Shakespeare and the court. First came

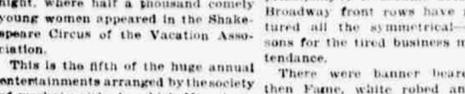
pered the chimney sweeps, who, having cared for all the chimneys in England, assembled, with the wifettes, to entertain the Queen. The next group included women who had received royal honors in archery and had been invited by Queen Elizabeth to give an illustration of their art in the form of a drill. If doubt if Elizabeth was sufficiently a Suffragette to have encouraged such an exhibition, but never mind.

THEN CAME THE ENTERTAINERS OF QUEEN BESS'S COURT. The Norris dancers, who performed on every village green during the reign of good Queen Bess, were in line, and behind them fitted Will Shakespeare's own fairies from "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The court jokers were at their backs, and then came the village maidens. Marching in seemly fashion around the four-square hall, the court greeted itself about the date where a gold chair awaited Elizabeth. A merry rout of village folk romped across the hall and crouched at the ends of the wide semi-circle. Then took place the dance of the chimney sweeps and wifettes.

The latter wore ankle-length frocks of a cold, clear blue, and their pointed hats and floating capes were green. The little sweeps had ash-gray short frocks and sooty rags. Each carried a long branch shaped like a brush. They and the wifettes wove in and out to wailing music with the lights turned low.

The archers did callisthenics with bows of bent green wifettes. Their costumes were white-spotted, dark-green kirtles, the hoods and the hanging sleeves lined with green.

DANCERS ADD MUCH TO THE EVENING'S PROGRAMME. Extremely gay were the Norris dancers, their canary yellow skirts slashed into multitudinous petals and parti-colored streamers hanging from their shoulders. They also wore black



MARGUERITE M. MARSHALL

"Mona!" cried Mary. "Poor little Dora—she never did anything that wasn't right in her life—except to marry a man like Goodwin Clay! And she's come to a horror like this!"

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around his curiosity. He supposed that he was seeing through her artifice, but he had not been at all displeased with her resorting to it. Now, however, when he was convinced that she had been telling the truth, that she was really what she pretended to be, a rather guileless little woman, he devoted to his art and his jealousy, he was positively delighted. He began to devote himself to her to the exclusion of everything else.

"He's quite tame, Mona," Mary told her chum, one evening. "Says he's tired of his old crowd—that he'd rather be with me! And he really doesn't bother me at all. He takes me out riding, and he says he's really glad that I don't like the big Broadway restaurants."

"But he believes that it is because you're afraid Otto will see you?"

"Yes! You know—it's a little ridiculous the effect Otto is having on him. I talk about him all the time, and he's a good deal puzzled. He simply can't believe that such a man as I make Otto out to be can really exist, you see. He doesn't know anything about art—he can't imagine a man who makes a lot of money."

"Where does Clay's money come from?" asked Mona.

"He inherited a good deal of it—but he makes a good deal too. He's a big contractor, and I believe he's a good, shrewd business man. I don't see how it's possible when he dissipates the way he does, but that's the report."

"A contractor—I remember of course. I suppose that means politics, doesn't it?"

"Of course it does! He's in with every crooked and grafting politician in the city. He has the inside track whenever anything big is in the wind. The city pays—and pays!"

"Charming character! But look out, Mary! You've been able to control him very easily so far—be sure that he doesn't turn on you when you least expect it!"

"Oh, I'm all right! I have Otto to protect me, remember! Have you heard anything more of Clay's wife?"

"Poor soul! She's utterly crushed. She doesn't seem to realize, even yet, what has happened. I think she still cares for him, in some extraordinary way. She thinks he's been poisoned against her, and that if he could be made to see the truth he would be sorry."

"Well—we've got to be sorry before we're done with him," said Mary. "I don't think it won't be because he has a change of heart! Goodwin Clay isn't the sort who reforms because his better nature comes over him. I doubt if he has such a thing left!"

"It's nearly time for us to settle with him, once and for all, isn't it?" asked Mary, thoughtfully. "All right, I think Otto will have to go out of town with his orchestra on a concert tour in the next day or two. And then Mr. Goodwin will come and cut on me in my home—which he has been very anxious to do for some time now."

"The sooner the better!" said Mona. "What will you—write to him?"

"Yes, I think so," said Mary thoughtfully. "And for the next couple of days I won't see him at all."

"Oh, that's clever!" said Mona, with a laugh. "You'll make him all the more anxious, you mean, so that he'll come and see me at all!"

"Nothing about a man of his sort is ever quite certain," said Mary. "But I think I'm as sure of him as I am of my own shadow. He'll come and see me at all!"

"I'll see what the effect of worrying him a little is."

"Well—we've got big stakes to play for this time, Mary. His wife's happiness and her whole future depend on the way we work this out. This is time, it's certain, we're unselfish! I mean, of course, in the matter of our clothes, slipped into the vacant chair beside Mary. Slowly he recognized in her the mad musician. But before he could denounce her, she was on her own feet."

"For once you've been beaten at your own game!" she said. "You pretend to be a good sport—prove it by making things right with your wife. And, if you don't—remember, that you've given us the evidence that will send you to the right with your use! Good night!"

They left him, furious, but knowing that they had outwitted him—that it was impossible for him to fight.

(End of the Seventh Episode.)

Mary went to him and flung her arm about his neck, but Otto cast her off furiously.

"I shall go to bed!" he cried. "What shall I do, kill you both? No—then they would kill me, too!" Suddenly he stared at Clay. "I know you, you wretch! And now—what are you doing? You—why, you've even yourself to get rid of your unfortunate wife!"

"No," stammered Clay.

"Will you lie now—when you face death?" cried Otto, as if mad. "His eyes lighted up. "Ah—I have it!" he cried. "Sit—write a confession and put in the proofs of your perjury! At once—or I will kill you!"

In vain Clay stormed and protested, Otto flourishing the pistol, threatened him until he complied.

"Good!" he said, when Clay had done. "If you do not to-morrow make reparations to your wife, I will use this until he complies with my wish for me—for the woman who was my wife!"

Mary screamed.

"You shall provide for her—now! You shall give us that man, Otto. I owe her what I want. Write her a check now!"

And this much Clay was glad to do. "I'd have done that anyhow," he growled. "But you're mad, man! Take her back! She's a good woman! Otto only sneered. And when the check was written he drove them both out.

Mary, shaken and hysterical—but from her triumph at the complete success of her plans, and not, as Clay supposed, because of Otto's wrath—went with Clay. He drove with her at once to the nearest restaurant.

"You need some supper—that will brace you up," he said. "It was hard luck having him play a trick like that!"

"Go in and get a table—I want to telephone," said Mary, distractedly. And, in the booth, she called Mona. In a minute she rejoined him. And it was not long before, to Clay's amazement, while he sat in her own clothes, slipped into the vacant chair beside Mary. Slowly he recognized in her the mad musician. But before he could denounce her, she was on her own feet."

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The Publication of the Story, THE SECRET OF THE SUBMARINE, which was announced to begin in Monday's Evening World, has been postponed until later date.