

THE GIRL AND THE GAME

A Story of Mountain Railroad Life

by FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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Novelized From the Moving Picture Play of the Same Name Produced by the Signal Film Corporation.

SYNOPSIS.

Little Helen Holmes, daughter of General Holmes, railroad man, is rescued from imminent danger on a scenic railroad, by George Storm, a newspaper reporter. Helen makes a spectacular double rescue of Storm, now a freight fireman, and of her father and his friends, Amos Rhinelander, financier, and Robert Seagru, promoter, from a threatened collision between a passenger train and a runaway freight. Saboteurs employed by Seagru and Capelle, his lawyer, interrupted by Helen while stealing General Holmes' survey plans of the cut-off line for the Tidewater, fatally wound General Holmes and escape. Storm and Helen chase the murderers on a light engine and capture them. Spike has hidden the plans and manages to inform Seagru where they are caught. Her father's estate badly involved by his death, Helen goes to work on the Tidewater. Seagru helps Spike to break jail and uses him to set fire to a powder train hauled by Storm's engine. Helen saves Storm from a horrible death.

FOURTH INSTALLMENT

CHAPTER IV.

When Helen Holmes took the day key at Signal the little office had already passed from the quiet kind to the remorselessly active kind of those small way stations that drive innocent men mad. Two rival lines maintaining large construction camps and getting all their supplies through Signal station, were engaged in a race to build a mountain cut-off—and a considerable one. Despite all the help Lyons, the overworked agent, could give Helen, she found the tasks of her job about all that her strength would compass.

Nor could Helen, situated as she was, escape occasional office visits from Seagru, whose activity as head of the opposition construction camp was unabated. Going over to the station one day to watch his men unload a shipment of material, he stepped into the office ostensibly to make inquiries—in reality to steal a few minutes with Helen Holmes, whom he found busy, but alone.

Seagru spoke blandly: "I hear you're becoming quite a railroad expert." She made no effort to reply. "Getting really clever at the key, Lyons says." Helen, entering waybills, went on with her writing. "By the way," asked Seagru, evenly, "any word this morning from our steam shovel?"

She looked toward the window—the local freight train had just pulled in. "It may be out there now, on No. 85." Seagru seemed in no haste to investigate, and Helen had almost lost hope of any diversion in that direction, when the office door opened and George Storm walked in.

He was just out of his engine cab, and deliberate and composed as usually, but his eyes, lighting to greet Helen, cooled when he saw Seagru. Storm nodded curtly toward him and was greeted in kind. Then the stalwart engine man turned his attention to Helen, and Seagru was soon made to feel the pangs of being distinctly third in the situation and without an anesthetic.

"And the best of it all is," said Storm at length to Helen, "this is my last run on local freights. I am assigned tonight to the Limited."

Helen lifted her eyebrows in surprise: "Some run they're giving you!"

Seagru took the chance to join sarcastically in: "Right in line for chief of motive power, eh, Storm?"

Storm was not to be disturbed. He only regarded Seagru calmly for a moment. Then he turned good-naturedly to thank Helen. While soldiering agreeably at this task, his fireman intruded on the scene long enough to remind him they were waiting for him to get out. Storm, with an expression of disgust at the interruption, nodded gruffly to the fireman, concluded his talk with Helen and walked out. Helen rose to go out on the platform also. Seagru intervened to distract her attention. It was useless. She must deliver a message, she said, to the conductor, and Seagru, peevish, was left to stay with himself or unwillingly to follow. He followed; but even then it was only to find himself watching Storm's good-bys waved to Helen from the cab. And she saw them, too; nothing escaped her attention.

Rhinelander, in charge of the Tidewater line camp, was pushing Seagru closely in the construction race and as the head of a big crew of men imbued with his own spirit was laughing at obstacles that made Seagru's head ache; and with equipment actually somewhat inferior was forging daily ahead of his rival. But the mail now brought him a note from the chairman of the executive committee of his board that almost paralyzed his activities.

"Oceanside. Our survey party advise that they cannot relocate the pass over the Superstition range. Unless you can furnish a survey of the cut-off pass before the first, our people will withdraw their financial support. BOWERS."

Amos Rhinelander, sitting at his dusty and littered desk, stared at the abrupt communication. Bowers was his friend; the executive committee of the board were with him—this he felt assured of. But somewhere influences must be at work against him. He suspected Capelle, still a board member, and a continual intriguer. Capelle was a master worker in underground effects, and besides being Seagru's own attorney, was himself heavily interested in opposing enterprises of the Coast line. To throttle Rhinelander in the construction effort begun by Helen's own father before his death, was to advance his own interests as well as those of his client. Rhinelander's decision as to what must be done to meet this opposition was prompt.

He consulted a timetable, called his foreman, asked for a man to carry his handbags to the station and began changing his clothes for a trip.

Not far away, and at about the same time, Seagru was reading his own mail. It contained this note:

"Unsuccessful report concerning pass submitted. Persuaded backers to withdraw support on the first. This will stop operation on Rhinelander's cut-off, as we know he cannot produce survey. CAPELLE."

In Seagru's hut a party of newspaper men from Oceanside were waiting to be taken on an inspection trip over the construction.

"I'm ready for you, boys," said Seagru, in high spirits, to the journalists. "We'll look over the work near here first," he announced, ripping open a box of cigars.

"Hold it, Mr. Seagru," cried a camera man, focussing on the manager. "We want you, first, right there where you are, at your desk. Hold it!"

The picture was taken, a copy promised to Seagru within an hour and the party started out. Had he left his hut two minutes earlier he might have seen Amos Rhinelander, followed by Seagru's own Spike with Rhinelander's bags, entering the waiting room door of Signal station.

Helen, looking up from her table, perceived Rhinelander's anxiety reflected in his manner.

"Bad news, Helen," he said, plunging at once into the unpleasant subject. "I am on my way to Oceanside," he added, when she had read Bowers' note. "The directors meet tonight. Someone is trying to undermine us. But whether I succeed in changing their views or not, I'm going to fight if I have to fight all night."

Helen was too upset to speak for a minute. For her, so much depended on the success of her own road in reaching the mountains with a cut-off first. Rhinelander, worried though he was, tried to cheer her up. Spike outside, listening, gathered that Rhinelander was on his way to the city. He hung around the platform till the local passenger pulled in, watched Rhinelander board it, and mingling with Seagru's men, walked unobserved over to the latter's camp. He found his boss with the journalists.

"What is it?" demanded Seagru, scenting news in Spike's appearance. "Rhinelander has just gone to Oceanside."

Seagru smiled. "Did he get a letter this morning?"

"He did."

Their confab was broken in on by one of the newspaper men who had a print of the photo he had taken of Seagru at his desk. Seagru inspected this with the greatest pleasure. "Fine!" he exclaimed. "Good picture!"

A whimsical idea seized him. He wrote a word or two across the back of the print and recalled Spike. "Take this over to Helen Holmes. Give it to her with my compliments." So saying he turned to the photographer.

Spike's reception at the station was always a chilly one. This time Helen took his message and dismissed him before she opened the envelope. When she saw what Seagru had sent she was angry. Her first impulse was to tear the hateful print in two. Instead, she contemptuously impaled it on a steel file near at hand. A moment later, removing the print to file a message, she looked at the picture again. Her attention was attracted to a paper lying on Seagru's desk. It had been caught by the camera lens. The longer she looked the more carefully her eyes fixed on this object revealed in the photograph. Very curious now, Helen opened a drawer, took from it a reading glass and

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RICKETTS ITEMS

 Messrs. Herman Pruehs, Herman Baak, W. F. Baak, Julius Christiansen, John Munster and Ernest Baak were Des Moines visitors the first of the week.
 Messrs. Herman Baak, John Munster, Bill Mundt and Herman Moltman returned from Omaha Thursday with three new Saxon cars.
 Mrs. W. F. Baak and children visited at the Adolph Wendt home at Ute from Monday until Thursday.
 Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Rix went to

Sioux City Thursday to consult a physician in regard to Mrs. Rix' health.
 Miss Caroline Baak was a Charter Oak visitor Tuesday.
 Carl Haggeman and family, of Nebraska, visited at the Wm. Blunk home last week.
 Mrs. Carl Baak, of Charter Oak, visited at the H. C. Baak home a few days last week.
 Mrs. A. F. Baak, H. C. Baak and Carl Baak were between trains visitors at Schleswig Thursday.
 Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Haefler visited at the Jurgen Koch home Thursday evening.
 Glenn Harris, of Charter Oak, was a business visitor here Wednesday.
 Messrs. J. H. Detlefs and Gus Shaw

journeyed to Colorado the first part of the week to look at some land in that part of the country.
 A large number of friends were entertained at the Bill Mundt home Thursday in honor of Mrs. Mundt's birthday.
 Jerry Cervenny is still very ill and as yet has taken no change for the better.
 The barber shop has changed hands. A. F. Baak purchased the buildings and the proprietorship is in the hands of George Conyers.
 Mrs. Herman Pruehs visited at Charter Oak the first of the week.
 A. F. Baak was a business visitor at his farm in Nebraska last week.
 Herman Baak and Misses Rose

Mundt and Edna Baak were callers in Charter Oak Friday.
 Mr. and Mrs. N. F. Baak and boys, Herman Baak and Mrs. Martha Munster were visitors at the Richard Baak home west of town Sunday.
 Mr. and Mrs. Bill Mundt and the Misses Biele were visitors in Charter Oak Saturday afternoon.
 Mr. and Mrs. Carl Bartels, of near Castana, visited at the T. J. Munster home over Sunday.
 Misses Nora Knutson and Kitty Gallagher, of Charter Oak, visited at the C. P. Haefler home Sunday.
 Mrs. Carsten, of Schleswig, visited with her daughter, Mrs. Harry Lorenzen, Thursday.

Grand Educational and Sales Celebration

In Denison Two Days Only

Wednesday and Thursday, March 29 & 30

Motion Pictures to be Taken of Denison for the First Time in Its History

Every Man, Woman and Child in Denison and Surrounding Country Is Requested to be in Denison Wednesday and Thursday, March 29 and 30 and Get in the Picture

The Picture Will Be Shown Later at Germania Theatre

Come, see and learn about the third greatest industry in the world. It is a wonderful story of a vast new industry springing up over night as it were, for even ten years ago the business as a whole was inconsiderable, whereas today—well—the total business of the whole industry last year approximated \$400,000,000. American film makers last year are reported as having exported 25,000 miles of pictures. This is enough film to reach around the world, while in the United States there are more than 20,000 moving picture theaters using about a hundred thousand reels per day.

Have you ever seen a motion picture taken? An expert camera man will be in Denison two days, Wednesday and Thursday, March 29 and 30, and will take motion pictures which will include public buildings, resident sections, business blocks and all places of interest in and around Denison

Don't Forget We Want You In the Picture

We want a big crowd on the business streets as everybody in Denison on this day will have their picture taken and have a chance to see themselves in motion pictures on the curtain at the Germania theater. Don't miss this opportunity of a lifetime.

The following business men of Denison are interested in this novel event and for further inducements they will give special prices in their respective lines and invite all to make their places of business a visiting and resting place for the day:

<p>THE BALLE-BRODERSEN CO. Department Store GNAM-LAMBERTY CLOTHING CO. Clothiers R. KNAUL Druggist THE STEWART LUMBER CO. Lumber CHAS. BARTCHER Undertaker and Florist BANK OF DENISON DOUD MILLING CO. FIRST NATIONAL BANK. THE BULLETIN Newspaper C. L. DUCANDER Clothing DENISON SEED CO. H. G. LOCHMILLER & SON Garage</p>	<p>J. F. WALZ Variety Store J. B. ROMANS CO. Implements PAUTSCH BROS. Implements THE DENISON REVIEW Newspaper CRAWFORD COUNTY STATE BANK. PFARR, GEBERT & HUNT General Merchandise H. P. SAGGAU Denison Auto Co. J. V. BARBORKA Jeweler A. B. REESBERG Tailor SAVERY & MITCHELL Denison Bottling Works NICHOLSON PRODUCE CO.</p>
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Remember to be on the streets in Denison Wednesday and Thursday, March 29 and 30. Ask the camera man to show you the workings of the wonderful machine that takes the moving pictures

"Look Pleasant," as you will see yourself as others see you

Don't forget the date, two days only, Wednesday--Thursday, March 29--30

United Educational and Publicity Bureau

If Your Coffee Doesn't Suit Change to Golden Sun

No one coffee can suit all tastes. But, after extensive tests, we have produced a blend that suits most people. In fact, nine families in ten who try it prefer this coffee.

Let Your Taste Decide

We could tell you about its aroma and fragrance, but our say-so means nothing unless your taste is satisfied.

We urge you to try Golden Sun Coffee. You will probably find that here at last is the coffee you have always sought.

At your grocer's in sealed tins. It's steel cut by the Golden Sun process.

THE WOOLSON SPICE COMPANY Toledo Ohio



Golden Sun Coffee