

The GIRL and the GAME

A Story of Mountain Railroad Life

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

AUTHOR OF "WHISPERING SMITH," "THE MOUNTAIN DIVIDE," "STRATEGY OF GREAT RAILROADS," ETC.

NOVELIZATION OF THE MOVING PICTURE PLAY OF THE SAME NAME. PRODUCED BY THE SIGNAL FILM CORPORATION. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

SYNOPSIS.

Little Helen Holmes, daughter of General Holmes, railroad man, is rescued from imminent danger on a scenic railroad by George Storm, a new boy. Grown to young womanhood, Helen saves Storm, now a fireman, her father, and his friends Amos Rhinelander, financier, and Robert Seagrue, promoter, from a threatened collision. Safety-breakers employed by Seagrue steal General Holmes' survey plans of the cut-off line for the Tidewater. Helen saves the general and escapes. Her father's estate is badly involved by his death. Helen goes to work on the Tidewater. Helen recovers the survey plans from Seagrue, and though they are taken from her, finds an accidentally made proof of the survey blueprint. Storm is employed by Rhinelander. Spike, befriended by Helen, in his turn saves her and the right-of-way contracts when Seagrue kidnaps her. Helen and Storm win for Rhinelander a race against Seagrue for right of way.

NINTH INSTALLMENT A CLOSE CALL

Despite Seagrue's persistent opposition, Rhinelander secured the right of way to enable him to complete the Superstition cut-off, and unable to stop the Tidewater construction work, Seagrue resolved to try other methods to defeat his rival.

Helen Holmes was enjoying the taste of camp life that her trip to the front had brought. And after the excitement had died down attending the destruction of Cassidy's house, she found herself amused and interested in Cassidy himself, who was busy next morning trying to restore a much-battered stove to service near the wreck of his shack. Helen watched his dazed efforts until sympathy overcame her, and excusing herself, she walked over to where Cassidy was struggling to get a fire going.

Seagrue, who had been watching the scene from a distance, saw Helen join the old fellow, and deemed it his opportunity to make tentative advances toward the collective enemy. Sauntering over, accordingly, he joined Helen at a moment in which she sent Cassidy for water and was herself watching the fire starting in the stove.

Helen looked up in astonishment when she heard Seagrue's greeting. Indeed, she resented his intrusion so strongly that she refused all communication with him, and for a time he spoke into deaf ears.

"You ought not to be too hard on me, Helen," he urged at length. "Any man will fight for his life against ruin. That's all I've done. Everything I have in the world is tied up in this Superstition cut-off. But more than once I said to myself, I would willingly sacrifice it all to regain your friendship."

He spoke slowly and looked so beaten and worried as he lingered in the penumbra of Helen's gaze that she be-



"I hate to bring these back, but I can't double-cross Seagrue!"

gan to denounce him indignantly for his villainous conduct.

He took her stinging reproaches without resentment. "I admit," he said, "my temper carries me too far, sometimes."

"Sometimes!" echoed Helen. "A hundred and fifty!"

"When I do get angry," confessed Seagrue, "I lose my head. I stop at nothing. When it's all over, nobody is sorrier for it than I am. I have acted shamefully. I know that. And what hurts the most is that it should have cost me your friendship and my uncle's."

While the talk thus began the two was going on in this fashion, Storm, who had been experimenting with some new jacks, noticed what Helen was doing; and that the man standing near her was none other than Seagrue. Scarcely able to believe his eyes, the young constructionist called to Rhinelander to look. The latter disengaged himself from his new ma-

chine long enough to see what Storm had seen and putting another man in charge of the work, he hurried off, followed by Storm, over to Cassidy's zone.

They arrived together just in time to find Seagrue putting wood on Helen's fire. He turned from his peaceful role to greet Rhinelander, quite casually, with a good morning; Helen in good spirits, was stepping rapidly around preparing a meal. Rhinelander looked from one to the other in amazement, and striding forward, confronted Seagrue. "What does all this thing mean?" he demanded angrily. "What are you up to now, Seagrue?"

Seagrue met the wrathful greeting comely. His answer was amiable and untrifling. "We have been talking over old times, Uncle Amos." He indicated Helen by the slightest nod. "I've told Helen, what you well know, that everything I have in the world has been tied up in this fight. But I've also told her I would sacrifice everything to get it. It's been a mistake. I don't reflect any credit on me, I know that. But can't we forget it? Forget everything, here and now, and work together, you and I, for the future instead of trying to cut each other's throats? Why not combine our interests, uncle, and take a fresh start?"

But Rhinelander, gentle though he was in disposition and forbearing to a degree that surprised his friends, was yet too old in the ways of the world to put his trust in assurances without deeds to back them. He regarded Seagrue firmly. "This fight," he said briefly, "was not one of our choosing, Seagrue. You forced us into it," he reminded his nephew. "We cannot compromise now when sure of success."

Seagrue, whether hopeless, or dogged in his attitude, took the rebuke hard. He did not resent it but he looked down and out. So much so that Helen felt sorry. She even made occasion, as he stood gloomily watching her, to go over to him and express her regret that Rhinelander did not feel, as she did, that it might be better for everybody to try to be friends once more.

Storm, who had stood apart and was churning inside at the situation, now intervened. "Come over to camp, Helen. That man doesn't mean a word of what he says. You're wasting time listening to him. Come along."

She resented the positive way in which the words were spoken. Her manner, when she answered revealed some of her impatience. "I'll come," she said, with a suggestion of coyness. "Just as soon as I get through here."

Rhinelander detected her resentment. He knew better than anyone in the world that the spirited girl could not be driven and could not even be coaxed too far. He beckoned to Storm. "Let's go," he suggested in an undertone.

Storm seemed against the proposal. Rhinelander quietly urged it. "You can't do any good," he explained in a low tone. "I know what's best. Come with me."

Storm, angry as a schoolboy, at what he deemed the folly of giving the slightest countenance to Seagrue, followed his friend reluctantly. But having avowed she would not go, Helen, conscious herself now of the strain of the situation, turned to Seagrue and told him she must be leaving. He extended his hand. "I'm sorry the trouble has gone so far," she said hurriedly, as she shook hands with him to show she bore no irremovable ill will. "But I guess there's no help for the situation at present."

Seagrue watched her follow Rhinelander and Storm, who waited for her on the edge of the camp. The three went on together discussing Rhinelander's outfit car still discussing the troublesome subject. Seagrue, however, realized he must do something, if not in one way in another, and he left Cassidy's to send for a local attorney who had already acted for him in right-of-way matters.

To him, when he arrived, Seagrue explained his present predicament for an outlet. "What I must know is," he said, "whether the city of Las Vegas will grant our people a fight of way along here through city property?"

The attorney shook his head. "I don't think that can ever be put over," Seagrue was told. "You've got to do it. There's no other way for us to get through. If you hold us up on it, we shall be compelled to abandon our line here."

With this cannon cracker exploding under him, the attorney promised he would see what could be done. "But I want you along with me," he declared, "to lay the case before the city authorities yourself."

The two started for town together.

In Seagrue's camp, Spike, an hour later, was seated in front of a tent cleaning a lamp when Seagrue returned still in company with the attorney. Their sounding out of the city fathers had been unsuccessful and Seagrue handed his foreman a notice to post on the bulletin board.

Work will be suspended on the Coast and Colorado cut-off until Las Vegas grants a right of way to allow this company to reach the Superstition mines.

Spike, sauntering over, read the notice. Seagrue's eye fell on him at that moment and a recollection of what he termed Spike's treachery came to his mind. He spoke to the convict roughly. "I suppose you know that in helping Rhinelander get those contracts, you caused this trouble, Spike."

Spike glanced at him with an angry shake of the head. "Rhinelander didn't need me to get the contracts. Helen Holmes is the one that beat you, Seagrue."

The remark did not help to soothe Seagrue's irritation. He kept after Spike all the harder. "If you cross me again," he said, threateningly, "I'll hand you over to some high voltage, my friend."

The wrangle was going from bad to worse when Bill came in with Seagrue's coat. The latter, putting it on, took his hat, directed Lug to post the bulletin, beckoned to the attorney and accompanied by him and Bill, started for the station to catch the main line local then due. When the train pulled in Seagrue and the attorney boarded it. Bill started back for camp.

Spike, left alone, went into his tent. He sat some moments thinking. Then he rose and from a corner got out the suit of clothes, carefully put away, that Helen had bought for him in Las Vegas. The least he could do, he felt, was to take this over to Rhinelander's camp and return it to her with such lame explanation as he could invent to cover the occasion.

He found Helen alone. She regarded him strangely as he approached. Spike would rather have faced a sheriff than to face her on such an errand. He shuffled toward her ill at ease and her silence did not help to allay his embarrassment.

"I know you bought the clothes for me," he muttered, "because I helped you get the contracts. I hated to turn back the way I did to Seagrue's camp."

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in discontented groups and discussed their situation as being thrown so suddenly out of work. The paymaster handed Bill a check. It was for Spike. Bill yelled his name. A man hard by pointed to Rhinelander's camp. "There's Spike," said the man, "over there at Rhinelander's."

Bill's sharp eyes followed the gesture. Spike at that moment was just leaving Rhinelander, Helen and Storm. Bill, a knife of more than ordinary discernment and one who hated Spike for his share in the fight at Las Vegas, saw in the incident his chance to get even. He put the check aside and a moment later when Spike appeared at the pay car, Bill was ready. Descending the car steps, Bill called to Spike as the latter came forward. Bill advanced to meet him. "What do you mean, Spike," demanded Bill in loud and aggressive tones, pitched so that everybody might hear, "by running over to Rhinelander's camp all the time? What are you up to now, Spike?"

Spike was in the worst possible mood to be badgered by anybody. With a hot expletive he bade Bill mind his own business, and offered gratuitously to break his head.

Bill turned to the men with a shout: "This is the duck," he cried, "that helped Rhinelander steal our right of way, boys. He's the guy that's thrown us all out of work. What do you know about that?"

Spike, in most opprobrious language, flayed Bill the lie. The men, most of whom were spilling for a row, closed in to hear and devour the heated argument that the two enemies engaged in. Accusations and denials fell thick and fast; abuse followed assertions; hard words and a deep-seated enmity raised the tempers of both men, and Bill, without further warning, swung and sent Spike with a terrific left-hander to the ground.

Spike was no sooner down than up. He came back at Bill goaded to fury by the unprovoked attack. Men crowded up. Their cries and shouts had already attracted the attention of Storm and Helen who stood with Rhinelander still discussing Spike. Storm was the first to perceive what was going on in Seagrue's camp.

"They're after Spike," he exclaimed. "Look! Down he goes—that bullet-necked Bill hit him. He's up again. The whole bunch are jumping him."

Helen was alive to the new danger to her friends. But how to help them taxed, for an instant, her ingenuity. To chase them with the engine, as they were headed for the main line, might end in a more serious disaster than now seemed imminent. The main line passenger train was almost due at Baird and the thought of this fact was first in Helen's mind. Near where she stood was Seagrue's motor car, the one her abductors had used only a few days before. She ran to this and springing into the seat, turned over the engine, accelerated as fast as she dare, and was off in pursuit of the runaway.

She was sure she must pass Arden station before she possibly could catch the wild car and pulling the cushion from the seat beside her, scribbled hastily across it with a piece of chalk:

Runaway car from cut-off on main line. Stop passenger at Baird.

With this in her hands as she tore past Arden station, she rose to her feet, balanced herself with an effort and flung the cushion with all the force she could summon through the operator's window.

On the deck of the runaway car Storm had seized the brake. With a violent twist he brought the chain up taut and mindful of the energy needed to check the disastrous momentum they were attaining, threw his whole strength against the wheel.

He might have saved his companions and himself even then, had not the chain, weakened by rust, snapped under the tremendous strain put on it. The deck became impossible and to avoid being shot off it, Storm climbed down the swaying ladder again into the car. Alone, Storm would not have given a peril a thought. He could drop off a car step or from a cab gangway with either moving twice as fast, with entire safety to himself. But Spike, though conscious, was desperately groggy; in fact, helpless. He had proved his reckless skill more than once and un hurt could have followed Storm in any leap the railroad man dare venture. He lay now as little able to help himself as a baby. Casting all this up in his mind, the young railroad decided, there was but one man's thing for him to do and that was to stay with his companions whether all lost their lives or not.

At Arden station the astonished operator had just time to dodge Helen's flying motor car cushion as it smashed through the window. It landed on the floor. The chalk scrawl on the top caught his eye.

In the dispatchers' office the chief was sitting at his desk and a dispatcher was on his trick at the instrument. He answered Arden instantly, took the startling message, walked hurriedly over to the chief and handed it to him:

H. C. W. Runaway car from cut-off on main line. Stop passenger at Baird.—L.

The dispatcher sprang to his train sheets and back with them to the chief who dictated the only possible answer:

Passenger left Baird four minutes ago.

It was too late to avoid a collision. They were only awaiting the issue. With Arden station left far behind, Helen, making the utmost possible speed in Seagrue's machine, scanned the track ahead for a glimpse of the wild car. Resolved at any cost to overtake it, she was running the ma-

chine on the right of way and on the track itself in her determined effort. When she caught sight of the runaway, no one was to be seen upon it, but she knew Rhinelander and Storm were inside and as she began to overtake the chase, she sounded her horn insistently. The two men, leaving Spike, who in the face of the common danger had pulled himself partly together, looked out of the side door. To their amazement they saw at their heels Helen bumping violently along in Seagrue's machine. She signaled them excitedly. She tried to shout to them but could not make a word heard above the deafening noises. Rhinelander and Storm did make out, however, that she wanted them to go to the top of the car and the two men climbed the side ladder again.

Helen, still close behind, scribbled a note, folded it hurriedly, took off a shoe, stuck the note inside and with

careful aim, threw it up on top of the car. The men secured the shoe and read the note:

Passenger due—Must ditch car—Jump.

Rhinelander and Storm looked at each other and looked down the line. The smoke of the passenger train rose on the horizon. There was nothing to do but what Helen directed. They thought of Spike below, but Helen was calling to them and without further delay the two men jumped one after the other down into the machine. They told Helen of Spike's plight. She nodded as if the difficulty were no more than a detail, slued the machine from between the rails, drove around the outfit car, slowed alongside it and all three shouted. Spike, hearing his name, listened and sat up. He saw the machine outside the door and crawled forward but he was unequal to a leap. Rhinelander and Storm urged him to make every effort. He got to his feet and did the best he could toward a jump. The men together half caught and half pulled him into the machine. With the three aboard, Helen sped on ahead of the runaway.

Storm had decided what to do. "I'll drop off the hind end, Helen," he exclaimed, "and derail the car."

She caught his idea. "Quick!" she cried. "No time to lose."

Storm rolled over the back of the machine and dropped to the ground. A bridge spanned an arroyo just ahead. Running forward, Storm caught up such loose rocks as he could reach and placed them along the track. Helen, choosing a negotiable point, turned her machine courageously off the right of way and steered it safely down the embankment. The outfit car struck the rocks Storm had thrown on the track. It reeled, plunged wildly into the air and shot headlong over the bridge into the bottom of the arroyo.

In the distance the oncoming passenger train was whistling for a crossing close ahead. Storm running back to the track, cleared it hurriedly of the obstructions. The engineer of the train, scenting trouble, tried to check his train, but it was too late and Storm, to save himself, dropped down between the ties and hung there till the heavy train hurried past. No engine driver was ever more relaxed than the man in the passenger cab, when he saw himself safely across. He stopped his train. From the foot of the bridge, Helen, Spike and Rhinelander were making their way to the top and were with Storm when the crew and passengers came back. The engineer angrily told the conductor the trouble. But after Storm's brief story, he was as grateful as he had been indignant.

The conductor, knowing the anxiety among the dispatchers, urged his passengers on board and the train hastened on. The moment it pulled into Arden the conductor gave the details to the operator and the latter wired headquarters.

In the dispatchers' office it was the chief himself who jumped to the instrument when he heard the Arden call. It was the chief who took the message telling how Helen and Storm had saved the train. But the chief, as he wiped his face with his handkerchief, reflected that it was only another incident in the day's work on the rail, happily, instead of tragically, closed.

At the bridge Spike was trying to express his gratefulness to the three who had rescued him. They left the scene together in the commandeer's machine; and with perhaps a little better understanding of one another than any of them had yet reached.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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BOYER ITEMS.

Miss Sophia Quade was in Denison Monday.

Mrs. John Kulberg returned from Oelboit Wednesday, where she had been staying at the Frank Johnson home since the death of Mrs. Frank Johnson.

Mr. August Linman came up from Omaha Friday to spend a few days with his sons Russel and Virgil. John Fleming and sister, Jessie, attended the "Birth of a Nation" in Denison Friday evening.

Mrs. Walker returned to her home in Denison Saturday, after a two weeks' stay with her daughter, Mrs. John Neville.

The following program was rendered at the M. E. Sunday School Sunday:

Song.—Congregation. Scripture reading and prayer. Song.—Choir. Rec.—Roy Koontz. Rec.—Eston July. Exercises—Ethel and Margaret Jarl. Rec.—Geo. Schwartz. Rec.—Edna Judy. Rec.—Wm. Anderson. Rec.—Ceil Huckstep. Song.—Choir. Rec.—Anna Peterson. Rec.—Tommy Ratne. Rec.—Chas. Fleming. Rec.—Edith Taylor. Song.—Choir. Exercises—Myrtle Taylor, Ethel Jarl and Elsie Raino. Rec.—Marvin Anderson. Rec.—Elizabeth Jarl. Rec.—Evelyn Johnson. Rec.—Lester Judy. Reading.—Miss Tina Nelson. Song.—Congregation.

Algot and Olga Taylor were in Oelboit Saturday.

The John Sykes family motored to Oelboit Wednesday. Mrs. Laura Sjogquist, who is making her home with her son Chas. Peterson, of Boyer, Ia., is suffering from a paralytic stroke since last Friday afternoon. Her condition is critical. Grandma Sjogquist has always been in good health—active and industrious.

Joe Dozark shipped 3 1/2 carloads of cattle and Woolston 1 1/2 car loads to Chicago Saturday afternoon. Dozark accompanied the shipment. Mr. Dozark's cattle averaged over 1600 lbs. Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Petersen and family spent Sunday at the Chas. Petersen home.

Mrs. S. Donahue went to Omaha on Saturday to visit a few days with Mr. Donahue's folks.

Rev. Lagerquist visited in Boyer Monday on his way to Sioux City.

If a man is found whose pay has not been raised within the past year or two, it is probably because he is engaged in some position where he merely advances the social and educational progress of the human race.

Monday Night

Patrons Listen

Germania Opera House will offer on Monday night

Pearl White

IN

The Kings

Game

A Pathe Gold Rooster Play in Five Parts, by Geo. B. Seitz, author of "THE SPENDER."

Special for

Thursday & Friday

The

D'Arville</