

# 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.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

#### SIXTH INSTALLMENT.

**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, as was Storm, now a fireman; her father and his friends, Robert Seagrave, promoter, and a threatened collision. Sefbreakers employed by Seagrave steal General Holmes' survey plans for the cut line for the Tidewater, fatally wounding the general and escape. Her father's estate badly involved by his death, Helen goes to work on the Tidewater. Seagrave uses Spike to start a fire to a powder train hauled by Storm's engine. Helen saves the train from a horrible death. Helen recovers the survey plans from Seagrave, and though they are taken from her, finds an accidentally made proof of the survey blueprint. Storm, employed by Rhinelander, wins a fight with Seagrave's men for possession of a consignment of railroad ties.

**Helen's Wild Ride.**  
Helen spied him the minute she stepped inside Rhinelander's hut to deliver the telegram—a small, fluffy bundle of black and white, lying curled up tightly on Rhinelander's cot, as if this was the haven of warmth and refuge he long had sought. "Where," demanded Helen of Rhinelander, and emphasizing each word in amazement, "did you get that dear, little dog?"

"That dear, little dog," explained Rhinelander, with corresponding emphasis, "is the last addition to my already overburdened pay roll."

"What's his name? Who," demanded Helen in delight, "put him on?"  
"He just got hold with his teeth and hung on. He blew into camp the other day, the tired, orneriest, hungriest-looking cur you ever saw."

Rhinelander reread his telegram: Rhinelander.  
Signal:  
Monthly pay roll on No. 4. H. I. Ray, this is news; best I've had this week. The pay roll is overdue three days and these Greeks and Mexicans are a suspicious bunch. What's your hurry?" he asked as Helen made ready to go.

"I must run," said Helen. "I'm alone this morning."  
"Don't be in a rush; I'm going over that way myself," returned Rhinelander, picking up his hat. "The pup will keep house a few minutes."

Leaving the hut door open, Rhinelander, accompanied by Helen, started for the station. Two good comrades as well as devoted friends, Helen and he laughed and joked along their way, watched from the farther end of the camp by Spike, who, in disgrace, chafed, half in hiding, awaiting some opportunity for mischief to turn up something that would release him from honest infamy.

It was to be an irony of fate that now made of the homeless dog an instrument to serve the purpose of the restless criminal. The puppy, alone, in the tent, refreshed by his nap, invigorated by his breakfast, and impelled, Rhinelander, would have said, by the devil, looked about for something to interest him. Seizing the telegram in his sharp teeth, the dog started to tear it to pieces. At the moment an inquisitive squirrel, pausing before the open door, peered sharply into the hut.

To the dog, this looked like a formal challenge. He was so overcome by the impudence of it that he sprang from the table, forgetting to put the telegram back where it belonged. Away he dashed, telegram in teeth, after the squirrel.

There was but a single spectator of this dash—the brooding Spike. As the dog tore past Spike the telegram dropped from his mouth almost at the convict's feet, and idly picking the paper up Spike opened and read it:  
Rhinelander.  
Signal:  
Monthly pay roll on No. 4.

Brief though the message was, it contained enough news to arouse Spike. Casting only a glance in the direction of the fleeing dog, Spike clutching his find, hurried toward Seagrave's camp and lost no time in covertly showing him the message, without explaining how it had fallen into his hands.

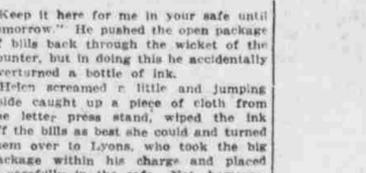
Seagrave, reading the telegram, saw the moment he looked at Spike, what was in the convict's mind.  
"Well!" he growled, regarding his tool curiously.  
Seagrave studied the message: "It wouldn't be a bad idea to get hold of the stuff a while, anyway," he mused. "It's behind time now, I understand; and I hear the men over there are getting restless about not getting their money. If you could hold it up on Rhinelander a few days, you might work up a strike."

"How far do you want to go with this thing?" demanded Spike, casting a vicious eye on his employer.  
"I don't care how far you go," said Seagrave, "provided you hold up that pay roll."

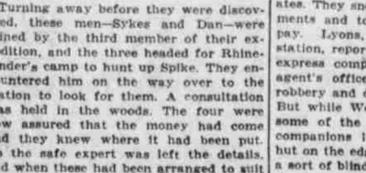
Spike left the camp. No more than a moment's reflection was needed to suggest an idea to him. Returning to the station, he got a long distance telephone wire and called up two of his friends at Ocean-side—Sykes, a convict acquaintance, and a chum of Sykes, who, in various encounters with the law, had lost all of his name but "Dan."



1—"I don't care how far you go," said Seagrave, "provided you hold up that pay roll."



2—"Thieves took the pay roll—they are on this train!"



3—"The Convicts Swam to the Nearest Bank." The river bridge is at no great distance from Ocean-side, but Helen's breath was pretty well exhausted before Sykes and Dan reached a suburban street car and boarded it. So close was she after them that she gained one platform just as the two men stepped up on the other. Concealing herself behind a seat, Helen hid in terror, but with all their astuteness the criminals failed to discover her. When the two left the car in the city, Helen was again relentlessly on their heels. Following them vigilantly she intercepted an officer, told him of her chase, and he instantly joined her in the pursuit of the men, now disappearing in the distance.

Turning into an obscure street, the criminals entered a doorway and started up a long flight of stairs, Helen with her policeman hand behind. Looking back from the first landing, the convicts now saw their pursuers. Springing up a second flight of stairs, they knocked hurriedly at the first door. It was opened by their confederate, The Bat, who, inside the room, had been diverting himself by counting the stolen money.

"They're after us," exclaimed Sykes to him. "We've got to get out of here. Beat it, Bat. The girl and the cop are on the stairs."  
"Make for the roof," cried The Bat. The half-dressed pair ran for the trap ladder. The Bat, keeping to his room, slammed the door shut. Once through the trap door, which Sykes and Dan dropped behind them, and on the roof, the pair imagined themselves safe, but Helen and her officer were close behind, and when they found the trap door closed against them the officer drew his revolver and fired up through it.

On the outside, Sykes and Dan jumped back like rabbits from the shots. Helen and her helper threw open the trap door unopposed, and, gaining the roof, faced the convicts. Nowhere could the robbers find an avenue of escape on the top of the building, and cornered like rats as Helen and the policeman reached them, they put up a hand-to-hand fight.

The officer tackled Sykes, the more powerful of the pair, and Dan, seeing his opportunity for a flank movement, tried to regain the trap door. Helen pounced on him like a panther. He tried to throw her off. Despite his blows and struggles, he could not get rid of his tenacious assailant, and locked in a life and death struggle, neither one nor the other came to the roof. For a moment both their lives were in peril, but Helen, her fighting blood up, would have clung to her prisoner if it had cost her life.

Provisionally the harried man, fast losing his nerve under her frantic attack, and pushing to the edge of the parapet in the wild assault, flung Helen violently off in an effort to throw her over the roof parapet to her death. In his terrific effort he lost his balance. With a scream he tried to recover his foothold. Helen, seeing his desperate plight, would have caught him to save his life, but fortunately for herself she could not reach him in time. Had she done so, her own death would have been inevitable, for Dan, swaying wildly, slipped again. He caught with a fearful curse at the edge of the parapet, and the next instant he had plunged headlong off the roof to his death.

Helen turned to the officer, who, in a grapple with Sykes, was fighting in the grasp of the powerful criminal, to save himself from being hurled through an adjacent skylight.

Below the two, the fat man, Bat, looking up, beheld his confederate in the grip of the law. Helen was too late to aid the officer to save himself, but the plucky policeman gripped Sykes around the neck as he plunged forward himself, and before the fat man in the room, watching apprehensively, could draw a full breath, the two men crashed violently through the skylight together almost on top of him. As it was, they sprang at once on the hapless policeman. It would have gone hard with him, but for instant aid from Helen. She dropped down the open skylight, caught the revolver from the officer's



3—"The Convicts Swam to the Nearest Bank." The river bridge is at no great distance from Ocean-side, but Helen's breath was pretty well exhausted before Sykes and Dan reached a suburban street car and boarded it. So close was she after them that she gained one platform just as the two men stepped up on the other. Concealing herself behind a seat, Helen hid in terror, but with all their astuteness the criminals failed to discover her. When the two left the car in the city, Helen was again relentlessly on their heels. Following them vigilantly she intercepted an officer, told him of her chase, and he instantly joined her in the pursuit of the men, now disappearing in the distance.

turned by his own situation to regard Helen, though she was rapidly overtaking them. Unable to attract a single eye to her own perilous position—for she entered the patch of configuration, heat and smoke blinded and threatened to overcome her—Helen determined at any cost to overhaul the fleeing train and board it. Letting out the motor car to its highest speed and crouching low in the seat from the smoke and flames, holding her breath and setting her teeth, Helen sped through the angry fire, and gained on the fast-moving train until but a slight gap separated the nose of her speeder from rear platform. Then mounting on the footboard of the roaring little motor, she sprang with all her strength to the observation platform of the rear car.

The conductor and brakeman, looking back at that moment from the coaches to watch the fire, discovered the pursuing speeder. The two started back for the rear platform and they reached it just as Helen landed in front of them from her jump.

"What in the world?" demanded the conductor, as he looked from the excited girl to the deserted fireman's car, now falling back in the race it had maintained with the train. "What in thunder," he again demanded of Helen, in simple good faith, "are you trying to do, Miss Holmes?"

Helen, short of breath and wild with excitement, tried to explain: "Mr. Rhinelander," she said, between gasps, "was robbed yesterday. Thieves took his pay roll from our safe last night. They left bunches of brown paper in the package. They are both on this train," she cried. "They have the money. We must get them or he'll be ruined, if he isn't ruined now by this terrible fire. You must help me, conductor, both of you."

"But how do you know?" demanded the conductor. "Who are the men? What are you going to do? You can't arrest them. They'll blow out heads off if we tackled them. Do you know evidence have you got that stole the money—or have it?"

"I know," returned Helen, panting. "Because two of them just bought tickets from me and handed me one of the stolen bills. We upset a bottle of ink when the money was put away. The bill they gave me for their tickets had ink on the edge which I wiped off, when I put the money away. You must help me arrest them."

The conductor was game. He drew a revolver from his hip, examined it, put it back in his coat pocket and bade Helen come along with him to identify the suspects. "You point out the men," he said, simply. "I'll do the rest."

Followed by the brakeman, the two walked forward. It was rather a long train, and the conductor, knowing that no search but a thorough one would be of any consequence, passed with Helen through the coaches, examining every nook and corner and giving her a chance to peer carefully into every passenger's face as they made their way ahead.

The conductor could not be hurried, and the search went all too slowly for Helen, who feared what did, in fact, presently occur. Sykes and Dan, uneasy in the fear of special agents on their trail, were on the alert. They sat near the front door of the smoker, and as Helen and the conductor began at the rear end of the car to look over the passengers, Sykes, eyeing Helen, quietly slid through the front door—left open to let the smoke out—to the platform, Dan following. They sat down on the steps looking for a good place to jump off. While the conductor was walking forward, with Sykes casting furtive glances in at him through the front window, the train drew near the San Pablo river. "I'm off here," growled Sykes to his confederate, briefly.

with the conductor and brakeman after her, Helen ran to the front platform. The train slowed. In the river Sykes and Dan were swimming. Helen made ready to drop off. The conductor and brakeman tried to dissuade her; they could not.

"You'll have to go alone. I can't leave this train," shouted the conductor to her. Helen only waved her hand as she

dropped to the ground. Luckily, she had not been seen by the men she was after, but a further obstacle threatened. The convicts had swam to the nearest bank and were now across the river from Helen. A passing boat was awaiting the draw, and the moment the train passed the jackknife had started up to get to the other side before it was too late. Sykes and Dan, ashore, were hurrying away, and the ponderous jackknife was rising under Helen's fleeing feet. The draw span, already high in the air, made a widening gap between her and the abutment, but Helen, running to the rising end, jumped from it recklessly to the abutment below. She landed, bruised, on the track, but she picked herself up and sped on after the fugitives.

The river bridge is at no great distance from Ocean-side, but Helen's breath was pretty well exhausted before Sykes and Dan reached a suburban street car and boarded it. So close was she after them that she gained one platform just as the two men stepped up on the other. Concealing herself behind a seat, Helen hid in terror, but with all their astuteness the criminals failed to discover her. When the two left the car in the city, Helen was again relentlessly on their heels. Following them vigilantly she intercepted an officer, told him of her chase, and he instantly joined her in the pursuit of the men, now disappearing in the distance.

Turning into an obscure street, the criminals entered a doorway and started up a long flight of stairs, Helen with her policeman hand behind. Looking back from the first landing, the convicts now saw their pursuers. Springing up a second flight of stairs, they knocked hurriedly at the first door. It was opened by their confederate, The Bat, who, inside the room, had been diverting himself by counting the stolen money.

"They're after us," exclaimed Sykes to him. "We've got to get out of here. Beat it, Bat. The girl and the cop are on the stairs."  
"Make for the roof," cried The Bat. The half-dressed pair ran for the trap ladder. The Bat, keeping to his room, slammed the door shut. Once through the trap door, which Sykes and Dan dropped behind them, and on the roof, the pair imagined themselves safe, but Helen and her officer were close behind, and when they found the trap door closed against them the officer drew his revolver and fired up through it.

On the outside, Sykes and Dan jumped back like rabbits from the shots. Helen and her helper threw open the trap door unopposed, and, gaining the roof, faced the convicts. Nowhere could the robbers find an avenue of escape on the top of the building, and cornered like rats as Helen and the policeman reached them, they put up a hand-to-hand fight.

The officer tackled Sykes, the more powerful of the pair, and Dan, seeing his opportunity for a flank movement, tried to regain the trap door. Helen pounced on him like a panther. He tried to throw her off. Despite his blows and struggles, he could not get rid of his tenacious assailant, and locked in a life and death struggle, neither one nor the other came to the roof. For a moment both their lives were in peril, but Helen, her fighting blood up, would have clung to her prisoner if it had cost her life.

Provisionally the harried man, fast losing his nerve under her frantic attack, and pushing to the edge of the parapet in the wild assault, flung Helen violently off in an effort to throw her over the roof parapet to her death. In his terrific effort he lost his balance. With a scream he tried to recover his foothold. Helen, seeing his desperate plight, would have caught him to save his life, but fortunately for herself she could not reach him in time. Had she done so, her own death would have been inevitable, for Dan, swaying wildly, slipped again. He caught with a fearful curse at the edge of the parapet, and the next instant he had plunged headlong off the roof to his death.

Helen turned to the officer, who, in a grapple with Sykes, was fighting in the grasp of the powerful criminal, to save himself from being hurled through an adjacent skylight.

Below the two, the fat man, Bat, looking up, beheld his confederate in the grip of the law. Helen was too late to aid the officer to save himself, but the plucky policeman gripped Sykes around the neck as he plunged forward himself, and before the fat man in the room, watching apprehensively, could draw a full breath, the two men crashed violently through the skylight together almost on top of him. As it was, they sprang at once on the hapless policeman. It would have gone hard with him, but for instant aid from Helen. She dropped down the open skylight, caught the revolver from the officer's

hand and held the two criminals at the point of it until the policeman could slip handcuffs on them. When the two men were secured, Helen demanded the stolen money.

The man Bat did most of the talking. Unabashed and unafraid, he met Helen's inquisition without flinching an eyelash. Had she not been absolutely sure of her ground his coolness would have deceived her.

"I don't know what you are talking about," he said jovially, while Helen's accusations were launched at him. "I am a piano tuner, officer. I don't know this man," he pointed calmly at Sykes. "I never saw him in my life till he smashed my skylight with an sylvanash. Three mean, anyway, by breaking into my room? I'll put the blue-sky laws on you. Who's going to pay for all this glass?" he demanded with an injured air. "The landlord is going to come after me for it. I'll have your whole bunch arrested the minute I get to the police station. I don't know anything about your money. I don't believe you've got any money or have had any."

"What did you attack the policeman for as soon as he dropped into the room?" cried Helen, indignantly.

"Why, miss, I am near-sighted. I thought that man was a piano tuner when I saw him—a man that's tried to let the light into me two or three times with a gun—it's a fact!"

The officer shut off The Bat's talk, and Helen, with the assistance of a detective, searched him, with the result that from his various pockets she recovered every package of the bills stolen from the safe, and nearly all of them intact.

The fat man lost none of his nerve when confronted with the result. He declared he had been made the victim of a plot, that his character and reputation were known everywhere in the city—which was quite true. And having denounced all unwarranted intrusions such as he had been made the victim of, he resigned himself to go as a prisoner with a much better grace than his sullen companion did. They were taken together to the police station.

Helen telephoned immediately for a motor car, and, accompanied by her friendly officer, and with the money safely stowed away on her person, she stepped into the car and ordered it driven in haste to Signal. Fast as the landscape flew by it did not keep pace with Helen's impatience. They drew in sight of Rhinelander's camp. Smoke still rose from where the fire had threatened its complete destruction. Rhinelander and Wood, with their men, had finally extinguished the conflagration, though not until a heavy toll of damage had been taken by the flames. Helen caught sight of Rhinelander just as the car rared up to the camp, and alighting called him joyfully to her, waving the money, in her great excitement, in her hands.

"It's here," she cried. "Most every bit of it."  
"What do you mean?"  
"The pay roll! We've got it—all of it—the money stolen from the safe. It is here in this package."

Rhinelander, half dazed, could hardly ask explanations. Bit by bit Helen told the story. Her foster uncle caught her in his arms, money and all. Together—the men crowding around—they walked with the recovered treasure through the half-burned camp.

(To Be Continued Next Monday)

## The Secret of Association

By ADA PATTERSON.

I heard it twice in one afternoon, and from persons as unlike as you can imagine.

One was from the workaday world. She belonged in that stratum of life in which you must work that you may eat. It is a good world to live in, a pay-as-you-go world, a world where the bread has a fine flavor because of the sweet of independence and the spice of effort you sprinkle in it. Yet it is a world in which eyes look straightforward and lips are set straight and firm. It is the state of determination.

The other was from the world of play. The world where "must" is seldom heard and "will" often spoken. It is a state in which the greatest effort put forth is the search for amusement. The greatest anxiety is the anxiety to be entertained. The only fear is the fear that sometimes every source of amusement will be exhausted, that life will begin to repeat itself.

The representative of the workaday world is a prima donna. The immigrant out of the world of a play is the wife of a multi-millionaire. The prima donna has worked and won. She has the outlook of one who has traveled far on earth and in thought, the rewards of fame and fortune, and that pleasant companionship of each the lives of those she loved. She can give to them luxuries which she herself has only recently possessed. That is one of the most delightful of the sweets of success.

The other is the wife of a millionaire. She is the finest specimen of the negative person I know. She is a triumph of the not. She does not care more than anyone I can name. She doesn't have any interest in housekeeping. Her servants do that for her. Her butler is more efficient than she. She doesn't do anything except flutter about society and she is too indolent to do much of record except to meddle in the affairs of her friends. The matchmakingness has taken the form of matchmaking.

But these women, traveling such distant and different roads, have reached the same conclusion. What think you that is? Both think they have learned the secret of fascination.

"Fascination," the prima donna told me, "is simply the art of being interested. The most fascinating woman I have seen is neither young nor beautiful. But when she comes into a room everyone begins to brighten up. In two minutes she is vividly alive herself because she has the gift of being interested in everybody and everything."

The millionaire's wife had been pursuing a busy woman, rather plain, rather tired, with invitations to visit the art galleries of a neighboring millionaire.

"But why?" asked the rather plain, rather tired woman.  
"The pictures are lovely, some old masters, some new."  
"But the Metropolitan Museum of Art is open everyday. I can drop in there whenever I am picture hungry and have time."  
"Look here, Mary, who is this man?"

"He's very wealthy, a nice man and a widower."  
"As I thought. You're matchmaking again."  
"I can't help it, Sue."  
"Any way, why try to bait your match-making hook with me? Why not with your cousin, Billie? She is young and pretty and she needs help, a matrimonial crutch. She can't earn her living, I can. But I've tried Billie on several and she didn't take."

"Why not? She has beauty. That has been man bait since the world began."  
"But it isn't any longer. The world's changing. In this age men want women with brains. It's so. Look about you. Men must be interested. And beauty can't interest. And you can't interest any one in the way you yourself are interested."

Across the distance between widely differing worlds they had echoed each other's words. I wonder if they aren't right. The demand of the day is for brains, that are used. The secret of fascination is to interest and be interested. There is a new matrimonial cry. No longer is it "Feed the brute," but "Entertain the brute." Intelligent interest is the key of more than one treasure house, perhaps even that of romance.

—621  
residents of Nebraska registered at Hotel Astor during the past year.

Single Room, without bath,	\$2.00 to \$3.00
Double	\$3.00 to \$4.00
Single Rooms, with bath,	\$3.00 to \$4.00
Double	\$4.00 to \$7.00
Parlor, Bedroom and bath,	\$10.00 to \$14.00

**TIMES SQUARE**  
At Broadway, 44th to 45th Streets—the center of New York's social and business activities. In close proximity to all railway terminals.

**PHONE TYLER 1000**

And you will receive the same courteous service as though you were dining your Want-Ad to THE BEE office in person.

## Resinol Soap

keeps skins fair in spite of wintry winds

The soothing, healing medication in Resinol Soap which is so helpful in clearing poor complexions, is equally dependable for protecting delicate skins from the havoc of winter's wind and cold.

To use Resinol Soap regularly for the toilet is usually to make sure that one's complexion will come through the cold weather unharmed, and that the hands will be kept free from redness, roughness and chapping.

If you already suffer from painful and unsightly chapping, a little Resinol Ointment will usually afford complete relief.

Resinol Soap and Ointment are sold by all druggists. For samples, free, write to Dept. D-P, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Soap with salicylic acid and resorcinol for face, which exfoliating a rich, creamy, non-drying lather.