

# Girl and the Game

## A STORY OF MOUNTAIN RAILROAD LIFE

### By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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**SYNOPSIS.**

Little Helen Holmes, daughter of General Holmes, railroad man, is rescued from imminent danger on a scenic railway by George Storm, a new boy from the young womanhood. Helen makes a spectacular rescue of Storm, now a freight fireman, and her father and friends, Amos Rhineland, financier, and Robert Seagure, promoter, from a threatened collision between a passenger train and a runaway freight.

**CHAPTER II.**

A fight among the directors—and a bitter light—had been indicated from the moment the allotment of the stock issue of the new Copper Range and Tidewater cut-off line was discussed. It was not alone that the territory of the proposed cut-off was rich in traffic. The surveyors, by their engineering, through the wild country, hitherto reputed inaccessible, had developed a low-grade pass through the Superstition mountains that would put the Tidewater's active rival—the Colorado and Coast line—with its heavy grades and curves, at a serious, if not irretrievable, disadvantage, in its fight for competitive traffic.

General Holmes, seated in the library of his country home with his associate, Amos Rhineland, took from his morning-mail a letter from John B. Rhodes, chairman of his executive committee, which revealed the extent of the feeling over the situation. Holmes handed the letter to Rhineland. Rhodes had discovered that their competitors already had a surveying party out on reconnaissance, endeavoring to locate the Tidewater pass; having in view the reputation for sharp practice of the Colorado line backers, he urged Holmes to keep a close watch on the original survey, now in the general's possession, until the right-of-way should be definitely secured. He added that with his party of the directors, he would arrive on a special at noon for the informal board meeting, at which plans for financing the project were to be arranged.

Through a complication in financial arrangements, Holmes had been obliged to put on his own, the Tidewater line board, a minority group of directors led by Rhineland's nephew, Seagure, and Seagure's attorney, Capelle—Seagure was owner of a substantial interest in the Colorado and Coast line itself. Indeed, his means were all tied up in it. It was this complication which caused unrest in Holmes' mind and called for prudence—not all those even of his own discriminate could be trusted, in the circumstances, not to connive against his interest.

Seagure had already been for the weekend to his home in the mountains. He was at that moment seated in the garden with Helen—Holmes' daughter—and Helen was being alternately amused and bored by the intensely forced efforts of the easterner to impress her in himself and his father. More than once during his stay she had refused to listen seriously to his and now to annoy him, she proceeded to wonder, as the blast of a freight engine whistled at the moment through the hills, whether that might not be George Storm, one of her father's many employees, men to whom she had lately rendered a great and gratifying service—she had called upon Seagure himself and he had offered to twist her. And it was an odd chance that presently young Storm's train was to pass the garden of the Tidewater.

It was while she stood thus on the platform surrounded by her newly arrived guests that a young engineer crossed the platform, cap in hand. After a slight hesitation he walked up to her and she would speak, as if undecided, he halted just before her. She noticed the rather army appearance of the stalwart engineer, obviously just from his cab, but did not look closely enough to recognize him. If he was pausing, as he stood, for courage, it rose in him, for as his eyes returned to him, he stepped nearer to her. "I think it was you who saved my life the other day," he said earnestly. Helen, who had been questioning him held out his hand. "Will you accept my thanks?"

The moment he spoke, Helen knew him—it was Storm, the fireman of the freight wreck. Indeed, she remembered him almost too well. Her face flushed with embarrassment. Her guests, without catching what he had said, were critically inspecting the smoked engineer. Something like a wave of resentment swept over Helen. Why should he come this day, of all moments, to speak to her? She was quite innocent of false pride; but her friends could not possibly understand the situation and Storm with real western impulsiveness had chosen, it seemed, the most inopportune time possible to express his gratitude.

But there was his outstretched hand—should she ignore it? Anger swayed her not something within her, and something in Storm's eyes and his manner, pleaded against cutting him dead. With furiously red cheeks, but sweeping aside the cost, Helen put out her hand. "It was nothing," she said quickly. "Do not think of it." Then she repaid Storm's impulsive stupidity, as she thought it deserved, by catching at something Seagure was saying and talking to see Storm again. The engineer had come up prepared ready to say how greatly he was; he found himself, in a fleeting second, already well launched on the social toboggan and shooting toward the bottom of a long hill. Seagure almost before Storm's eyes was turned, was laughing at Helen and pointing to her glove. The white, soft kid now bore beyond repair the heavy black finger prints of the engineer's hand.

Questions and bantering from her companions contributed nothing toward restoring Helen's composure. But as the group moved toward the waiting motor cars she unconsciously drew the offending glove over her wrist and threw it away. One pair of eyes watched the action closely; Storm, collecting his wits after his social disaster, noted what she had done. He was too philosophical to resent it before Storm's eyes was turned, was laughing at Helen and pointing to her glove. The white, soft kid now bore beyond repair the heavy black finger prints of the engineer's hand.

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picked up the discarded glove and put it in his pocket.

Nor did he, in his train, escape unseen. As one of the cars whirled around a nearby corner, Helen, looking back at the scene of her annoyance, saw Storm picking up something white; she knew it was her glove.

On reaching home—where the ladies were taken to their various rooms and the men went to their business—Helen from her own room overlooking the passing track, watched the freight, bearing Storm, draw out and stop before the station for orders.

Turning to her glass more than once to see whether her cheeks were still as

flushed as they felt, she was gratified to find that the traces of her humiliation had disappeared. Her mind, from which she had tried to dismiss the whole incident, was now assailed by a rebellious curiosity concerning what she had seen happen on the distant platform, when Storm crossed it to pick up her glove. As his frank eyes returned again and again to her imagination, something seemed to call her strongly, back to where he still was detained. She related longer; then surrendering to a sudden impulse, she ran down stairs, while her guests were disposing themselves, stepped into her racing car, drove to the station and sitting just as Storm came out of the telegraph office, she, herself, began to search at the edge of the platform for something. The engineer, after an interval, deliberately joined her.

"You have lost something."

Helen glanced up with affected surprise. "Nothing of moment, I missed a ring when I got home," she fabricated lightly, "and one of my gloves, I thought I might have dropped the one with the other here."

Storm's hand moved toward his blouse, then relaxing his composure, he withdrew it and searched, and affected to search along the roadway with her. It was a brief duel of wits, but one in which the railroad man was no longer at a disadvantage. He was quite willing to search as long as she would linger and Helen, more than a little interested, was capricious and did linger until Storm's slow sentences began once more to bear to directly on the episode of the wreck and his gratefulness, then with a hearty good-bye she started for home and Storm, climbing into his engine, pulled out with his long train.

General Holmes, in the meantime, with his two jealous groups of directors, was striving in his drawing room to arrive with them at a mutually satisfactory settlement of the proposed stock issue. In reserving 30,000 shares of this for himself and his friends, Holmes had allotted 30,000 to Seagure and his Wall Street associates. This both Seagure and Capelle had bluntly refused to accept, since the proposed line would work havoc with the coast and local traffic of the Colorado & Coast road. Seagure demanded instead an equal distribution of the new stock, conference, but the motion flatly to the eleven directors, seven of them supported resident Holmes' proposal.

Seagure, white with anger, rose. "Cancel our allotment, then. We will fight."

"Tut, tut, Earl," protested Rhineland. "That's no way to talk."

"We will fight," echoed Capelle, equally wrought up. "Seagure is right. If we are to be treated in this way, we'll parallel your tracks!"

Rhineland, Holmes and their associates tried in vain to pacify the two; their efforts were useless. Hard words passed and more threats were uttered; the meeting broke up in disorder.

Seagure and Capelle retired to an adjoining room. Helen passed before them down the hall. Capelle glanced at her and looked toward Seagure. His face stretched into one of his hollow grins.

"Bad business for you, Seagure," he said to his companion. "If you can't unload your Colorado and coast holdings, this thing will put you pretty near out of the game."

"Unload," snorted Seagure, wrathfully. "When that cut-off is announced Colorado stock won't sell for waste paper."

Helen reappeared in the hall. Capelle nodded toward her. "There's your best bet, Seagure. Holmes would give his son-in-law anything."

Seagure looked grim. He had tried to get rid of that out, and fruitlessly, but spurred by his friend's suggestion, he determined on a further effort. After luncheon he attempted to renew his address.

But there seemed about the self-willed girl a certain barrier of independence, which he felt he could never penetrate. "What's the matter, Helen?"

demanded at last. "You seem to take everything I say as a joke."

She repressed a little bubble of laughter. "That's the spirit it's meant in, isn't it?"

He was too irritated to be patient. Toward evening he essayed to be serious again; again, she lightly evaded his advances.

Late in the day, when walking past the doors of the library, he saw Holmes finishing a conference with Rhineland, once more roll up an important document and place it within his safe set inside the library wall. Seagure knew too well what it was—the survey of the cut-off, the building of which by crippling him financially, was likely to wreck his hopes of a successful career.

It was in this sullen mood that Capelle a few moments later encountered him. They had been partners in more than one unscrupulous enterprise and had learned to set value on audacity. A guarded discussion followed. Seagure moodily rejected one after another of the suggestions of the resourceful Capelle until one started him into anger. He balked inconspicuously. "I won't stand for safe-blowing," he muttered.

"Nothing of the kind suggested," returned Capelle, undaunted. And with the whining smile that marked his face in argument he continued: "I'll have two good men here by 11:30 tonight, if you say the word. One of them can open a safe by the mere click of the tumblers. All we want out of it is a copy of the cut-off survey. If we can get hold of that we can get hold of their right-of-way—most of it must come from Washington—before Holmes knows what's going on. I'll make the copy of their survey myself and return the original to the safe before morning with no one a bit the wiser. Why, see here! You're staying right in the house. All you have to do is to let them in tonight. Are you game? Or are you a whipped dog right now?"

Seagure listened with set face. The low-toned conference lasted longer. At its close the two separated. Shortly afterward Capelle, in Seagure's motor car, started rapidly for the city.

"At nearly 12 o'clock that night—some time after the house was quiet—Seagure, leaving his room, went down to the library. He unlocked the terrace doors. Capelle's men were outside. They entered and Seagure left them before the safe. The criminal expert of the drop of the tumblers for an opening. He had come prepared for any eventuality and the moment he saw the mechanism of the lock was unassailable, he directed his orders from Capelle were to open the safe.

Upstairs, Helen, in slumber, was half-awakened by a whistle signal. Storm was bringing a freight train down the hill to wait for the midnight flyer. The rumble of passing trains rarely disturbed her. This night a much slighter but an unusual sound woke her completely. She sat up at a moment listening. It seemed close—someone was in the house. Turning on a light and dressing hastily, Helen opened the hall door of her room.

She had been careful not to make the slightest noise in her movements. Unfortunately the light behind her silhouetted her figure on the floor at the foot of the broad flight of stairs. Spike, keen-eyed, in the library, saw it. He touched Helen. "Douse it!" he muttered. Hyde extinguished the light. The two paused, listened, walked into the hall and paused again. Then they started noiselessly up the stairs.

Guarded as they had been, Helen felt their presence. With fast beating heart she ran to her window. Out in the night she could see the light of a torch. It was Storm's light, carried as he worked around his engine. Catching up a small serving bell she ran out on her balcony and trying the bell to the telephone wire that connected with the main wires, she

attained and must maintain to win, and his reeling, thundering machine, seeming awake to the relentless energy of its driver, was responding like a thing alive to his iron will. A cry from Storm made her look across toward him. She saw his eyes regarding her but he was pointing intently ahead, and looking through her own window Helen's strained vision caught far ahead the faint gleam of the red tail-lights.

From the top of the distant sleeping cars Spike and Hyde had seen the threatening chase. Without a qualm, and crawling along the swaying cars, they made their way forward to the engine. They held up the engineer and fireman. Spike understood enough of an engine to take the throttle and he tried to run away from Storm; but this proved a game in which he had no advantage. Striving desperately to increase his speed he found himself, as he glanced back from the cab window, steadily losing ground. The race was now more like the effort of a plow horse to run away from a thoroughbred. A last resort remained for the criminals, and Hyde, at Spike's direction, climbing back over the tender, cut off the coaches. The engine pulled away from the train. The air went on and the string of sleepers stopped abruptly. Close behind them the freight engine was pounding and lurching. Storm had barely time to apply his air and pull up as he stopped and he was nearly into the hind-end of the observation car.

When the passenger crew got outside there were hurried explanations. Storm, knowing every foot of the line, saw that they had reached the longest passing track on the division and that by running around the stalled train he still had a chance to overtake his quarry. Throwing his engine into reverse he backed down, took the passing-track switch and tore past the standing cars after the fast-disappearing engine. With all of its lights extinguished, and still maintaining terrific speed, it was at a hopeless disadvantage against the skill of the man at the throttle of the engine behind.

Overhauled and with defeat in sight as the nose of the huge freight engine crowded them, Hyde from the gangway and Spike, turning from the useless throttle, opened fire with their pistols on their pursuers. Hyde, firing his last shot without effect, in his rage, hurled his heavy gun back at the other cab. It crashed through the window where Helen had sat an instant before, but she was now up and back over the engine tank. As Storm drew steadily abreast of the runaway, she watched her chance and with reckless daring sprang from where she stood over to the tank of the passenger engine. The safe-blowers turned to meet her. Stack and stack the engines were rushing toward the little San Pablo bridge. But with Spike's and Hyde's attention turned from the passive engineer and fireman in the cab, they were suddenly attacked by both from behind. A furious mixup followed. Hyde, as Helen jumped down at him, grappled with her. Storm, eager in the jumping gangway opposite them, saw her peril. Catching up a wrench he hurled it with all his force at Hyde's head; it flew true and the thug sank under the heavy blow like a bullock. Spike in the interval, tearing loose from his assailants, gained the foot-plats and leaping up on the coal doped it.

It was for no more than a moment: the engineer went puckerly after him. Cornered, Spike looked ahead. They were reaching the river and the engines were making a dizzy speed. With the recklessness of a madman the criminal leaped from the tender far out into the stream below. The slightest miscalculation—a mistake of a tenth of a second in his reckoning—would have cost him his life. Yet he made his jump without injury, struck out for shore and gained the river bank.

Escape was first in his thoughts. He remembered the stolen survey in his pocket. On the safety of this, his money from Capelle dependent and his first act was to secure it near where he landed. The two engines in this time had been brought to a stop and backed to the bridge. "Get after the man that jumped," cried Helen. "We must find him. Take both banks of the river."

With one of the firemen left to guard Hyde, Storm and the other fireman hurried down one river bank as the passenger engineer took the other. Neither side afforded more than a slight chance of concealment and Spike, starting from where he had cached his stolen document, was pounced on by Storm's fireman. But Spike, a powerful man, had almost fought

for himself a second chance for escape when Storm bore him to the earth. Helen ran up. "Where's what you have stolen?" she cried, furiously, as Spike stood prisoner. Storm, without loss of time, searched him. "You've stolen our survey," exclaimed Helen, wrathfully. "Where is it?"

Spike shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know what you're talking about," he muttered. "What do you fellows want with me, anyway?" he demanded, looking from one to the other of the two men, impudently.

Monday Mag

They dragged him to the freight engine and with Storm directing, both engines started back to the passenger train. The freight engine sounded a greeting to the crew of the stranded flyer, and Storm and Helen clattered part to their own deserted train. With Storm speeding up at his throttle Helen soon saw the semaphore of Signal station and with the two prisoners, Storm and his fireman returned with Helen to the house.

Police officers were already in charge and the safe blowers were turned over to them. Helen, agitated and anxious, was met at the door of the library by Amos Rhineland. His face was grave. With a keen, questioning look her father's friend laid his hand tenderly on her arm as she attempted to enter the room. "Storm, Helen," he said in a constrained tone. "Don't go in there just now."

"I must; we've lost the survey."

"I know, I will look after everything. Go upstairs, dear, for the present, to your room."

"I must go in and search the safe, Uncle Amos; if the survey isn't there, it's gone."

Storm stood near. She would have pushed past Rhineland, but again he opposed her entrance.

"My child," Rhineland took her within his arm, "we are under the orders of the police. Nothing in the library must be disturbed."

An awful suspicion gripped her heart. "Father," she exclaimed intensely. "He



1—Cancel Our Allotment, Then. We Will Fight. 2—Helen Started the Jingling Messenger Off For Help. 3—Thus Perished the Man Who Had Discovered the First Railroad Pass Over the Continental Divide.

started the jingling messenger off for help.

The engineer, busy with his work, presently heard the slight jingle, but only to wonder for a moment what it could be. The two criminals had entered Helen's room. The instant she stepped in from the balcony they caught and overpowered her—stifling her screams, and in spite of her continuing struggles, rudely gagging her.

The bell again attracted Storm's attention and he was puzzled to determine what it might mean. Looking toward Helen's home he saw a bright light in one of the upper windows. Then, of a sudden, he saw more—silhouetted against the pane, a woman and a man were struggling. He alarmed the crew and ran swiftly up the hill for General Holmes' house.

In the interval, leaving Helen helpless, the safe-blowers descended the stairs. Holmes and Rhineland had likewise been awakened by the muffled sounds of the struggle and the two appeared in the upper hall. Seagure joined them and with his uncle hurried into Helen's room, where she was trying to release herself. But her father, turning down stairs, had interrupted the two safe-blowers at the very library door. The old soldier was no match for the two men, but he tackled them together. He had hardly begun to fight when he was struck down by a black-jack, and the two thugs, surveying the scene, made their escape. "The old soldier was shaking, but he gritted his teeth and rose sturdily to his feet. The spirit of the fight was still on him.

"No," he cried, "and I've given one of them a jolt he'll remember. But Helen!"—in his agitation he laid his hand heavily on his daughter's shoulder—"those damned scoundrels have got our survey! We will catch them if it kills somebody."

She gave her orders right and left—for caring for her father, calling the police and for making the pursuit.

The boarding of the moving passenger train by the two men had not escaped Storm's eyes and a few words with Helen were enough to clear things. The flyer was gone and the burglars with it, but there was a chance yet to get them. Hastening with Storm down the hill Helen told him the whole story. When the two reached the siding Storm asked the conductor to put out a flagman to protect the freight; he half lifted and half pushed Helen up into the cab and the instant the fireman cut off the engine, started in pursuit of the fast-receding passenger train.

But the stern chase is the long chase. The freight engineer had set himself a difficult task; one that would have been his favor; everything else was against him. He was running a light engine against one pulling a strong string of sleeping cars. But his own machine was built for traction, not for speed, and he was pitting it against one of the fastest types of engines on the division. From the time Storm opened the throttle and a device was left untried to make his ponderous engine go fast.

Helen, crouching on the fireman's box with her eyes strained ahead into the darkness, or glancing across the hooded lights of the cab at the profile of the sleepers, waited in vain for him to look toward her. It seemed as if he had forgotten her existence. His attention, for the moment, was centered on nothing but the terrific headway he had

was hurt. Where is he?"

Rhineland, avoiding her glance directed into the half-darkened room, motioned significantly to Storm. The engineer understood; but it was too late. Slipping with the strength and speed of a fawn from between the two men, Helen darted into the library. Those of the famod household heard in the night an agonizing cry; it rang far. She had found her father all too soon and had thrown herself beside his dead body, where it had been placed on the couch beside the fireplace.

Thus perished by the hand of a wretched criminal—a mere flock of the scum of our civilization—this man who had himself, and alone, discovered the first railroad pass over the continental divide.

Seagure's ears echoed long with a memory of that cry. Standing beside his captured confederate he asked himself whether the price had not, after all, been too high.

But Spike, inasmuch as all but his criminal instincts, drew close beside him and asked him, unobserved, for a pencil. But for the fear that his own neck might be jeopardized by an exposure, Seagure would have done with his two murderous tools then and there, but he had not put himself in their power and dare not refuse. Spike, despite his handcuffed wrists, managed to scribble a note on Seagure's cuff, telling him where the survey had been hidden. The officers coming out of the library, marched their prisoners away.

Alone in his room, the half-sickened conspirator read Spike's message. He paused and for a long moment pondered his situation. It was not hard for him to shake from his conscience his own responsibility for the tragic outcome of his villainy and Capelle's. It was, he argued, not what he had contemplated or desired. It was Capelle's fault. Accidents will happen—sometimes fatal ones. The game might still be his.

Storm stood near. She would have pushed past Rhineland, but again he opposed her entrance.

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(To Be Continued Next Monday.)

## Advice to the Lovelorn

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Be Conservative.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been acquainted with a young man for the last six months. Recently he has told me that he is married, and that his wife left him for good. He has asked me if I am the oldest of the girls whether he can call on the family as a friend just the same, as he likes the family very much. Is it proper for a family with young girls to have as a visitor a married man, knowing that he does not love his wife?

ANSWERS.

It is not advisable for you to have this man as a caller if you are just a family of young girls with no elders to chaperone you. If your parents are with you and the man comes very occasionally as a visitor to the whole family, that alters matters. But it is not a safe or sane thing for young girls to have such a friend. The world judges harshly.

Don't Giggle.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Recently, while at a friend's house, I was introduced to her cousin, of whom I am very fond. My father has told me that he likes me, but thinks I am too frivolous. My parents tell me I might as well be happy while I am young, as I am still in my teens. I always see the comical side of everything and find it difficult to refrain from laughing and giggling. I know, I am downhearted to learn that this young man feels that way. I am a CONSTANT READER.

There is nothing more charming than natural girlish happiness and mirth. But nothing is more tiring than silly giggling. Cannot you find a happy medium between what you think is being frivolous and what the young man thinks is too frivolous an attitude toward life? It certainly ought not to make you unhappy to think and converse seriously on occasions.

Dear Miss Fairfax: A few weeks ago I went to a dance with a few boy friends and drank a little too much. One of my friends who took me home knew my girl friend and told her, I love the girl and know she loves me. I am sorry I made that mistake. Can you tell me how to regain her confidence?

REBILLY.

The girl who avoids a man who gets intoxicated is very wise. If you are convinced of your own regret for what you have done and feel sure that you have self-control enough not to drink again, go to the girl and ask her to put

The Clerk Can Tell You.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been invited to a silver wedding, and ask you what would be an appropriate gift? As I am a person of moderate means, I would hardly be able to exceed \$5. X. Y. Z.

Five dollars will purchase a very pretty gift in silver. In sterling it will buy a pretty serving spoon or fork or a little leaf sugar tray or one of many novelties a clerk will be glad to show you if you state your price. In Sheffield it will purchase a sandwich plate or some slightly more pretentious looking gift than you can get in sterling.

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