

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.

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SYNOPSIS.

Little Helen Holmes, daughter of General Holmes, railroad man, is rescued from imminent danger on scenic mountain road by George Storm, a new boy. Grown to young womanhood Helen makes a peculiar double-headed man, now a freight fireman, and of her father and his friends. Amos Rhineland, financier, and Robert Seagrue, promoter, run a threatened collision between a passenger train and a runaway freight. Safety-breakers employed by Seagrue 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 Seagrue where they are cached. Her father, who had lately been involved by his death, Helen goes to work on the Tidewater. Seagrue helps Spike to break jail and uses him to set fire to a passenger train, but 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 the 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 day about all that her strenuous would permit. There were little moments of respite. The railroad men were, every one, considerate of her. Nor could Helen, situated as she was, escape occasional office visits from Seagrue, whose activity as head of the opposition construction camp was unabated. Going over to the station one day to watch his men on a shipment of material he stopped into the office ostensibly to make inquiries—in reality, to steal a few minutes with Helen Holmes, whom he found busy but alone.



1—The Two Glared at Each Other. 2—"Rhineland Has Just Gone to Oceanside!" 3—Helen and Seagrue Were Alone.

submitted. Persuaded backers to withdraw support on the first. This will stop operation on Rhineland's cut-off, as we know he cannot produce a survey.

"I'm ready for you, boys," said Seagrue, 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. Seagrue," cried a camera man, focusing 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 Seagrue within an hour, and the party started out. Had he left his but two minutes earlier he might have seen Amos Rhineland, followed by Seagrue's own Spike with Rhineland's bags, entering the waiting room door of Signal station.

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

He seemed to contemplate the picture with a quiet pleasure. Then she looked slowly up at Seagrue. "This doesn't show very much of the camp," she drew the words the very least bit—"you are awfully busy over there, I suppose."

"Never too busy to welcome our friends. Come over sometime."

"What to a construction camp?" asked Helen, frowning just enough amusement.

"Oh, not for a long time yet."

asked him for his keys. Seagrue was in no position to refuse so intimate a request. With an air of camaraderie he handed them over and Helen pushed back the cover of the desk.

"Have blue print of survey. Will be on limited. HELEN."

"The engine whistle shrieked his answer to her eager ears."

"Give me that blue print!" she shouted with an oath.

the power that could be got out of his motor, actually held for a time abreast of it. Helpless with rage, he saw the last car pulling gradually past and, furious at being balked, he stood up on the seat and as the car drew past him, he jumped over the rail and landed on the observation platform.

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her second effort it hummed like a dynamo. While it was warming up she cut the hawser, Seagrue easily suspected she meant to get to Rhineland at Oceanside. He looked at his watch. If he could catch the Limited he could still reach the city ahead of her. Exasperated and out of breath he hastened back to camp, routed out his chauffeur and took his racing car for the station. Hardly a minute was left to him and his hope of reaching a point where he could flag the through train vanished when he heard its whistle and saw the gleam of its headlight coming down the signal grade.

But he would not give up. Urging his man to speed, he gained the highway paralleling the railroad track, and as the Limited shot by, Seagrue, with all

distance. But despite his stubbornness, the big train pulled into Oceanside just after Helen stepped from the deck of the speed launch to the dock. She ran all the way up the esplanade, survey in hand, to where she could catch a taxi cab and drove hard for the Tidewater building. There she alighted only to be confronted by two men—Seagrue and an officer. Seagrue pointed to Helen. "There she is! There are the documents she stole—in her hand. Arrest her!"

Before Helen could collect her senses, the officer had seized her and Seagrue had snatched the survey.

"Stop," she cried, "that is my property. It was stolen from my father. I, not he, am its rightful owner!"

While she protested, stormed and wept tears of humiliation and anger, Seagrue was producing papers to convince the slow-witted official that the survey belonged to him and that Helen was the thief. In spite of all she could say, he won out.

Upheld the directors were closing their protracted session, Rhineland vainly trying to hold them together until his ally should appear. The sound of an opening door raised his hopes. Helen rushed into the room and hastened to his side.

"The survey—where is it?" he cried, reading bad news in her face.

She told him of her battle of how she had been robbed at the very foot of what were once her father's stairs.

there, helped her to alight from the taxi cab. She could only regard him breathlessly. He laughed in his reassuring way: "It's really I," he said to her, offering his hand. "I'm discharged—but I told the superintendent I might get the long enough to discharge him. But I've a marine license and I'm going to run your launch back to Signal Bay for you."

His robust humor was infectious. With Storm at the driver's wheel, they soon reached the office in the launch and were discussing the exciting events of the night when Helen's eyes fixed on the canvas covering the deck of the boat. It was on this she had laid the blue print to dry and the impression had been definitely transferred. She seized her uncle's arm, pointed and explained. Rhineland, jerking a knife from his pocket, cut the canvas from the end and showed it to Storm, who headed the launch in a great foaming circle back toward Oceanside.

The directors were preparing to go home when three half-crazed people dashed into their room. Rhineland, Helen and Storm told their story and showed their find. Excited in spite of themselves, the listeners crowded about the table. They inspected, objected and argued. The evidence was indisputable and the chairman called the meeting to order and asked its sense. Sympathy for the pucky daughter of their old president was perhaps not wanting in influencing their action; at all events, almost before Helen could realize it was being done, a resolution declaring their support should not be withdrawn, was put and carried.

Bowers, the chairman, clinched his own feelings by catching Helen's hands and congratulating her.

Seagrue-pleased with what he believed his escape from a serious complication—was bound for his camp on a returning train.

Helen, with Rhineland and Storm, was again aboard the launch. They were speeding contentedly back to Signal Bay. (To Be Continued.)

The Woman Who Does Her Own Work

By PEGGY SCOTT.

First be cheerful. Yours is not the hardest part in the world, although it's pretty bad sometimes. It's much worse, really, to go out and seek your living.

Every day is a struggle; even if you've got the work you must be one better than the world wonders sometimes what she is for. It is not quite satisfactory to be told that you are building your own soul; a woman somehow wants to build someone else's. That you can do. You are autocrat in your own home, the "Mary" and the "Martha" too.

Then be practical. It is surprising the number of women who are not. If you've got to do your own work you must suit yourself to the necessities of the case. You wouldn't have a servant who did her work any way, therefore be as strict with yourself. A little method goes a long way. Map out your work and stick to it. Likewise, dress for the part. A short skirt, a neat blouse and a big apron are necessities.

Now, facing the day with a stout heart and a workable plan, be patient. Things are certain to go wrong sometimes or other. Children will be children, and tradesmen are bound to live up to their reputation. And, remember, work never killed anyone; but worry is responsible for heartaches and headaches, brain fever, insanity and suicide. Another thing—it won't matter tomorrow that Johnny forgot to wipe his feet, or that Simpson didn't send the potatoes.

Don't imitate. It is a great thing to realize one's limitations, but a greater to abide by them.

up in the morning, don't be ashamed to come home early; friends who are worth having value you for what you are, not for what you are not.

It is necessary to say "don't grumble!" Not very many women who do their own work are guilty of this. But there are a few, and it is safe to say that they don't know what they are doing.

Grumbling robs your work of its value, and makes it twice as hard. The only way to enjoy work is to do it willingly. If once you begin to think what a lot you are doing, and what a little someone else is doing, beware! The day of your misery draweth nigh.

If you would escape it, spend no time—not for a moment—thinking of your sins, and none at all in talking of them. Here and now! Go to work right then. If carrying up the coal is too much for you, ask "John" to do it for you. Let there be no false pride in the matter. "If he doesn't offer" etc., etc.

There are some people who never would offer, but it is surprising how usefully they become when commanded. It is all a matter of habit, and it is your duty as a woman who does her own work to train other people to help you. "Yes" would rather do it yourself! Very likely. That's not the point.

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