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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.

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CHAPTER I.

In the mid-morning quiet, the bath-
ing beach and the ocean reflected only
the brightness of the inviting sun.
But a little way back from the glisten-
ing sand and converging through a
small park toward a suburban station
the streets of the seaside resort were
alive with men and women, hurrying
to the city for the grind of the day.
Motor cars, too, glided noiselessly
along the boulevards, drew up in turn
before the station and discharged their
passengers. From one of these a mid-
dle-aged, military-looking man, Gen-
eral Holmes, an ex-army officer and a
railroad man, alighted on the platform.
A governess and pretty little girl,
Helen—General Holmes' only child—
had accompanied her father to the
train, and when he turned to the open
tonneau to say good-by, Helen sprang
impulsively half into his arms. His
train pulled in as he quite simply but
affectionately kissed his child and
boarded the nearest car.

Helen, promised a morning in the
park, left the motor car with her gov-
erness the moment they crossed a
small scenic railroad running back of
the beach. She already had her eye
on what she wanted to play with. A
contented dog, at peace with the world
and sunning himself on a grassy slope,
had riveted her alert eye; Helen ad-
vanced joyously to get acquainted.
The dog seemed not averse to a pas-
sive friendship, but the little maid,
sitting down, sought something more,
and by pulling hard and with confi-
dence at his neck, soon had his un-
promising head—after a fashion, at
least—in her diminutive lap.

The strain on his sensibilities ap-
peared more than her amiable and
carefree friend could stand. After
submitting for a time he rolled over,
jumped up and trotted briskly away
for a new seclusion and a new peace.
Helen, undaunted, sprang to her feet
and followed. Her governess, engaged
with the chauffeur, saw nothing of
this part of the incident. But a mo-
ment later the few spectators in the
scenic railroad square, waiting to
board one of the miniature trains, saw
a protesting dog trotting rapidly
away from a curly-haired girl, who
briskly and relentlessly followed.

A newsboy, relaxing against a con-
venient lamp post after the morning
rush, watched the pursuit for a mo-
ment with languid interest, then
turned to look at an approaching
train on the scenic road. He seemed
no more than half awake. His wits,
in truth, were wool-gathering. Every
morning found him absorbed greatly
in the mysteries of the miniature en-
gine that pulled the scenic railroad
train.

A shout, then a chorus of cries
aroused him from his reverie. The
puffing train was pulling swiftly to-
ward the open space. The unhappy
dog, casting reproachful glances over
his shoulder at his pitiless friend, was
galloping uncertainly, but directly
down the narrow track toward the on-
coming train. Helen, seeing or heed-
ing nothing of the train and fixed only
on her chase, ran after at top speed.
A dozen people saw her danger as the
train rounded the curve just in front
of her—only one of them made a
move. Dropping his unsold, the day-
dreaming newsboy, waking sharply,
ran headlong after the heedless girl.

It was none too soon. The dog,
dismayed alike by the cries and a
second pursuit, sprang, almost in the
teeth of the engine pilot, right across
the track. Helen fast on his heels
was ready to jump after, but it would
have been pretty certainly a jump to
her death. The newsboy caught her
arm and whirled her from the engine
just as it shot past with brakes
screeching on the drivers. Helen
sprawled headlong beside the track,
and the boy, unbalanced, rolled on the
gravel near her.

He was on his feet in a trice, stand-
ing over Helen. She was frightened
and breathless, and without speaking
he knelt by her. Her eyes began to
fill with big tears. She sat confusedly
up as her companion brushed the
granite dust from her pique skirt and
with a coarse handkerchief began
wiping the blood from a cut on one of
her pink knees. Her rescuer made lit-
tle of the accident. He told her not
to cry. He even brushed the round
tears from her cheeks—Helen liked
him. "What is your name, little boy?"
she faltered in a would-be command-
ing tone.

"I'm no little boy," returned her
rescuer gruffly. A crowd had gathered
and he was already red in the face.
Helen gave the bystanders no heed.
"What are you, then?" she demanded
gravely.

"I'm a big boy. My name is George
Storm; I'm named after my father.
He was a railroad engineer. My father
got killed on a train. Who's your fa-
ther?"

"Where did that dog go?" quivered
Helen, not answering.
"Gee! I didn't see. You pretty near
got killed. That dog wasn't any good,"
declared the boy scornfully. "Some
day—" he stopped the blood on her
knee once more with his handker-
chief, and then added firmly: "I am
going to drive a big engine sometime
myself, like my father."

A frantic governess, followed by an
open-mouthed chauffeur, came running
at that moment toward them.

The child parted reluctantly from
her new-found friend. "Are you go-
ing to be a really-truly engineer and
smoky-eyed?" she asked.

George faced her unabashed. "You
better believe I am."

"I don't care," declared Helen,
gulping solemnly while the governess
tried to hurry her away, "I won't ever
forget you—no matter what you are."

At eighteen, Helen had lost none of
the characteristics of her childhood.
They were held in deeper reserve, but
they were just as persistent. Re-
strained by convention, she was still
adventurous in spirit and her father's
one anxiety, old soldier though he
was, was that a spirited horse or an
ocean undertow would some day be his
daughter's undoing. At that, he was
forced to admit, the reckless girl could
get more out of a horse than he himself
could.

Closest among her father's friends,
was Amos Rhinelander, a New York
man of large means, and General
Holmes, returning on Helen's eight-
eenth birthday with Rhinelander and
Rhinelander's nephew—Robert Sea-
grue, himself a young and ambitious
railroad promoter—from a trip of in-
spection of the tidewater terminals of
Holmes' road, was eagerly awaited
by his daughter at their country home
among the San Pablo foothills. A
message sent up to her from Signal,
the suburban station of the country
seat, had asked her to meet her father
that day on No. 20, the through
eastern passenger train.

The motor car had gone ahead and
Helen, taking Rocket, one of her fa-
vorite hunting horses, rode down at
her leisure to the station.

While far from being a spoiled child,
Helen felt very much at home any-
where on the Copper Range and Tide-
water railroad. Reared at home, un-
der a discipline almost military, and
under teachers held sternly to account
for her education by her only living
parent, the growing girl had still pre-
served an innate simplicity—some-
thing almost naive—which was re-
flected in her friendship for the em-
ployees, high and low, of the entire
Tidewater line, of which her father
was president and in which he owned
a substantial interest.

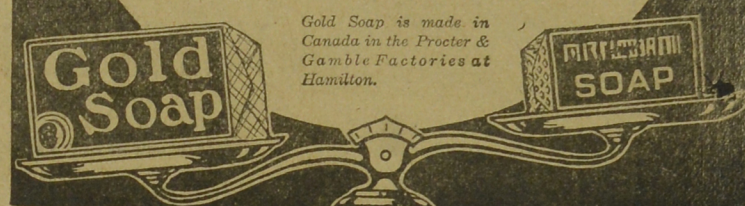
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in washing, add a tablespoonful of
turpentine to a pail of water; dip
the article into the solution and
dry before washing.

To whiten clothes, add a table-
spoonful of turpentine to each
boiler of clothes.

A griddle cake turner is a great
help to remove cookies and dough-
nuts after cutting from the pastry
board: the blade is so wide there
is no danger of them losing their
shape. After mixing a cake care-
fully beat for five minutes before
turning into pan and then let it
stand from three to five minutes
before putting into oven: this
makes a much finer cake.

To wash carafes which are bad-
ly stained, half fill with hot soap
suds and add a teaspoon of wash-
ing soda. Put in some newspapers
torn in small pieces. Let stand
for several hours and shake occa-
sionally. When they look clean
empty and rinse in hot water.

Lettuce can be kept fresh in this
manner: Cut leaves from stalks,
wash and shake lightly; then lay
loosely in deep pan, putting another
pan over it to fit closely, but do
not crush leaves, put in a cool
place. It will keep crisp for forty-
eight hours. You can use part of it
and ewef the rest up again.

When the stove is hardly warm
rub it briskly with a cloth moist-
ened with kerosene: grease spots,
dirt and rust disappears as if by
magic and your stove will have a

very neat black appearance with
very little labor.

WITH CRABAPPLES

Crabapple Jam.

To make crabapple jam, wash
the fruit carefully and cut out the
stems and blows. Dry the fruit on
pans in an open oven door, weigh
it and allow an equal weight of
sugar. Moisten the sugar with
white wine—or water—and stir it
over the fire until it is melted.
Let it boil thoroughly, skimming
it carefully, and add the crabapples
and the peel of a lemon chopped
and a dozen whole cloves for each
five pounds of fruit. Boil until
the fruit breaks apart and then
pack in jam pots. Cover with
paraffin and label.

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