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Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despon-  
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## The GIRL and the GAME

### A Story of Mountain Railroad Life By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

AUTHOR OF "WHISPERING  
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GREAT RAILROADS," ETC.

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ING PICTURE PLAY OF THE  
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but to put, nerving up the canvas and  
eating rapidly into the flimsy wooden  
structures that barred its way, engulf-  
ing machinery, wagons and equipment  
in its quick advance, the fire, fanned by  
the north wind and its own suction,  
tore along like a whirlwind, with  
Rhinelander and his gang doing their  
best to check it. By the time the train  
had reached the vicinity of the camp,  
the fire had jumped the track and the  
flames rose on all sides as the local  
headed through them.

Close behind the train, Helen, run-  
ning the lineman's speeder, was doing  
her utmost to attract the attention of  
the train crew. Their eyes were fixed  
on the fire. Helen sped through the  
angry fire, and gained on the last-  
moving train until but a slight gap  
separated the nose of her speeder  
from the rear platform. Then mount-  
ing on the footboard of the roaring lit-  
tle motor, she sprang with all her  
strength to the observation platform  
of the rear car.

The conductor and brakeman, look-  
ing 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 ex-  
cited girl to the deserted lineman'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 by this ter-  
rible fire. You must help me, conduc-  
tor, both of you."

Followed by the brakeman, the two  
walked forward. It was rather a long  
train.

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, un-  
easy in the fear of special agents on  
their trail, were on the alert. They  
sat near the front door of the smoker,  
as Helen and the conductor began  
at the rear end of the car to look over  
the passengers. Sykes, spying 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 conduc-  
tor was walking forward, with Sykes  
casting furtive glances at him through  
the front window, the train drew near  
the San Pablo river. "I'm off here,"  
growled Sykes to his confederate,  
briefly.

Dan protested; a jump was not to  
his taste, but Sykes, the big fellow,  
did not hesitate. The train was cross-  
ing the San Pablo. Sykes leaped from  
the step into the river, Dan reluctantly  
following suit.

Helen, through an open window of  
the smoker, saw Sykes' jump. She  
caught the conductor's arm and begged  
him to stop the train. He pulled the  
cord and, with the conductor and  
brakeman after her, Helen ran to the  
front platform. The train slowed. In  
the river, Sykes and Dan were swim-  
ming. 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 conduc-  
tor 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  
swum 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 been started up by the  
bridge tender. Helen was running to  
get to the other side before it was too  
late. Sykes and Dan, ashore, were  
hurry 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 abut-  
ment 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 dis-  
tance from Oceanside, but Helen's  
breath was pretty well exhausted be-  
fore Sykes and Dan reached a suburb-  
an 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 ter-  
ror, out 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 inter-  
cepted an officer, told him of her  
chase, and he instantly joined her in  
the pursuit of the men, now disappear-  
ing 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 hard 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 confeder-  
ate, The Bat, who, inside the room,  
had been diverting himself by count-  
ing 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 hard-pressed 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 them-  
selves 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 unopposed, and, gain-  
ing the roof, faced the convicts. No-  
where could the robbers find an ave-  
nue of escape on the top of the build-  
ing, and cornered like rats as Helen  
and the policemen reached them, they  
put up a hand-to-hand fight.

The officer tackled Sykes, the more  
powerful of the pair, and Dan, see-  
ing his opportunity for a flank move-  
ment, tried to regain the trap door.  
Helen leaped 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,  
they fought reckless of consequence,  
nearer and nearer to the edge of 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 at-  
tack, 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 prevent his  
falling over the edge. In the  
instant he was falling, and she was  
on the roof to save him.

Helen turned to the officer, who,  
a grinning man, was standing in  
the grass at the edge of the roof,  
to save him from falling over the  
edge.



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#### THE APPEAL

Lieut. Colonel Guthrie and Officers of the 236th Overseas Bat-  
talion (New Brunswick Kilites—Sir Sam's Own) appeal to every man  
who is physically fit to put on the Tartan of Clan MacLean.

#### THE TARTAN OF GOOD CLAN MACLEAN.

(By Major C. G. Geggie.)

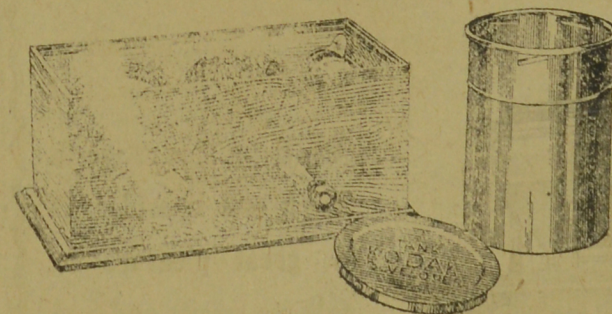
Oh, men of the Thistle, the Shamrock, the Rose,  
You men of a land where true Liberty grows,  
Come fight for the women and bairnies at home,  
And put on the Tartan of good Clan MacLean.

Come, follow the leaders who gave of their blood,  
That the flag of their country be never down trod.  
Come, fight ye with might, and come fight ye with main,  
Come, put on the Tartan of good Clan MacLean!

We want you, we need you, oh, men of the Gael,  
And you of the Green Isle, we know you'll not fail.  
Come out, lusty Saxon, and strike for your ain,  
Come, put on the Tartan of good Clan MacLean!

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