

Whig's New Serial --- Pictures At Griffin's Theatre

THE CROWD AND THE GAME A Story of Mountain Railroad Life by FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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Novelized From the Moving Picture Play of the Same Name Produced by the Signal Film Corporation.

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. Storm, now a friend, her father, and his friends, Amos Rhinelander, financier, and Robert Seagrue, promoter, from a threatened collision. Saboteurs employed by Seagrue steal General Holmes' survey plans of the cut off line for the Tidewater. Helen's father is badly injured by his death. Helen goes to work on the Tidewater. She recovers the survey plans from Seagrue, and though they are taken from her, she accidentally makes proof of the survey blueprint. Storm is employed by Rhinelander. Spike, befriended by Helen, in turn saves her and the right-of-way contracts when Seagrue kidnaps her. Helen and Storm win for Rhinelander a race against Seagrue for right-of-way. Helen, Storm and Rhinelander rescue Spike from Seagrue's men.

**TENTH INSTALLMENT
"A DASH THROUGH FLAMES"**

While the fight was going on in the two camps, Seagrue, ignorant of what was taking place, urged his claims before the city council in Las Vegas for a right of way through their city property.

The council listened coldly to his demands. And the chairman of the ordinance committee, after a conference with its members, informed Seagrue that what he asked was unreasonable. "The Copper Range & Tidewater railroad has one right of way through the city property. We cannot grant another."

Seagrue took the rebuff calmly. Without abandoning further effort to induce favorable action in behalf of his road, he stopped a passing messenger boy, wrote a telegram and handed it to him for dispatch. What the councilmen thought of the situation did not seem to disturb Seagrue materially, for having done this, he turned again to the committee and renewed his argument.

Helen, with Rhinelander, Storm and Spike, was heading in Seagrue's machine, for the bridge on which they had just derailed the outfit car toward camp. Storm, looking back, discovered that the ditched car had caught fire and was burning up.

"It's small loss," said Storm. "And, anyway, it would cost more time and money to get it on track again than the car is worth."

"But," exclaimed Rhinelander, urging haste as he suddenly bethought himself of the contents of the burning car, "my most important deeds are in that car."

"What do you mean?" demanded Storm.

"I mean what I say," explained Rhinelander. "The right of way deeds for a lot of our property around here

are in my desk. And with Seagrue on the job every minute, trying to hold us up, and disputing our title for every piece of land we acquire, this will put us in a bad fix."

All haste was made to get back to the bridge, but they reached it too late to do anything. A hurried conference brought no relief to Rhinelander's view of the situation until Helen suggested a way out. "Uncle Amos, we can get copies of those deeds from the county recorder in Las Vegas."

"Right!" exclaimed Rhinelander, "we can. I hate to lose the originals, but since they are recorded, we're safe. The thing to do now," he said in haste to his companions, "is to get back to Las Vegas without loss of time and have certified copies made before any of our friends discover our loss."

himself, hastened to Seagrue, whom he found at the moment the sheriff was leaving him. Bill told his employer the machine story and the two went back to the outfit train to see what condition the motor car had been left in.

Spike came forward as Seagrue and Bill appeared and while the latter two examined the machine.

"The girl and Storm came up with this crook in the machine," Bill said, nodding toward Spike.

"Where are they now?" demanded Seagrue of the convict.

"Up town getting something to eat," answered Spike.

In the restaurant, to which Storm had taken Helen for lunch before they should go up to the courthouse, Storm, while Helen was ordering, took from his pocket the note for the recorder and gave it to her. Helen opened, re-read and laid the note on the table with her pocketbook. She and Storm were just enjoying the prospect of a substantial meal, when Seagrue, walking in, approached their table. He spoke to them unconcernedly and, without waiting for an invitation, pulled up a chair and sat down with them.

As tactfully as she could, she made her explanations to Seagrue about commandeering his motor car. Seagrue affected tranquility and declined to accept her apologies. But he drew a pencil from his pocket, and length, and using the note lying beside Helen's pocketbook for a pad, wrote on it an exhibit form. Showing this to Helen, he said dogmatically, "That's what it will cost, if you want this thing settled without trouble for you."

Helen flushed a little with indignation when she saw what he demanded but she was resolved not to quarrel. "All right," she answered simply, "Mr. Rhinelander will send you a check."

The luncheon Storm had ordered was just coming in and while Helen and Storm watched the waitress, Seagrue, leaning forward, looked again at Rhinelander's note still lying on the table. He began to read it. Storm saw the impertinence and leaning over Seagrue's eyes and finding it, put it in Helen's pocketbook.

Seagrue, somewhat disconcerted at being caught, rose and left the table without further words. By the time he gained the street he had charted the situation, imprudently revealed through Helen's carelessness in guarding the instructions, pretty clearly in his mind.

Returning to the train he found Bill, Spike and Lug. Taking Bill aside, Seagrue called Lug over and told the two about Rhinelander's loss of the deeds and the effort Helen would make to secure certified copies of them. While he was talking he looked at his watch.

"In five minutes," said Seagrue, "the men in the recorder's office will start for dinner. You two fellows take Spike and go quietly up to the courthouse. When the office is empty get the book of deeds and bring it to my room. Bill, can you trust Spike?"

Bill answered he thought he could. "Don't loga any time," directed Seagrue. "Yofa may have to hunt around a little up there. Report to me down here."

Bill and his companions stepped over to the train for a jimmie. Spike watched them disappear and hurried up street himself. He now made himself responsible for a further interruption to the lunch that Helen and Storm were just beginning to relish.

"Seagrue," he whispered, "is up to some work."

recorder's office and began a search among the books. It was not until he had tossed one book after another aside and when, finding the lost book of deeds, he consulted the index book and threw open the pages containing Rhinelander's right-of-way deeds, that Spike got the least inkling of what he was after.

But the moment Bill found the page he was looking for, he slapped his hand down on it exultantly. "That's the book we want," he exclaimed huskily.

"Spike stretched his eagle neck forward. "Fine!" he muttered, grinning. "Hold on! What's that?" he whispered in alarm, grabbing Bill's arm with a start.

Bill, alarmed, looked around. "Somebody's coming," cried Spike, under his breath. "See if Lug's there."

Bill unsuspectingly ran out to see if their lookout had been disturbed. The instant he left the room Spike, watching his chance, ripped the two leaves recording Rhinelander's deeds forcibly from the book and stowed them into the breast of his shirt just as Bill returned.

Bill grabbed up the book and going to an open window, dropped the book where Lug stood waiting. The moment the latter caught the heavy volume he made hurriedly away with it for Seagrue's room.

Spike and Bill were less fortunate in their escape. They walked into the hallway and had reached the head of the stairs when they were seen by the day watchman. With a shout he hailed them.

Bill, without hesitating, whipped out his revolver and fired. Spike angrily caught his companion's arm, wrestled the gun from his hand and stuck it in his own pocket. The watchman, pulling his own pistol, dropped back into a doorway. Bill dashed down the corridor one way, while Spike made a record sprint down the stairs the other. The watchman chased Bill, and Bill reaching a window, sprang through it to the ground. Getting on his feet, he ran for safety down the street.

The one shot fired in the courthouse had already made a commotion. Spike, gaining the foot of the stairs hid himself just as clerks, coming in from the front, ran upstairs to see what was

happening. In doing so Bill unluckily struck a projecting awning hook with his head. The blow was sharp and the end of the hook penetrated his temple. Bill sank to the pavement unconscious.

Some of the idle laborers who had been alarmed at the shot, seeing Bill go down, came forward. Bill, bleeding at the temple, lay while Spike, wondering what had happened, stood by. The sheriff came up.

"There he is," said one of Seagrue's men, pointing to Spike. "There's the man that did the shooting."

The crowd worked in and the sheriff, despite Spike's protests, laid his hand on Spike's shoulder and told him that he was under arrest, turning him over to a deputy as he did so, with orders to search him. In a moment they found on Spike the revolver he had taken from Bill at the courthouse. The sheriff opened the gun. It contained five loaded shells; the sixth had been discharged.

The crowd, angry at Spike, surged forward, the sheriff holding them back as best he could while he directed his deputy to take the prisoner away.

Helen and Storm, finishing their lunch, had gone to the courthouse and were busy with the recorder who was trying to find the missing book, when a clerk coming in told about the light down street, and of a prisoner, named Spike, the crowd was trying to take from the sheriff.



The Crowd, Angry at Spike, Surged Forward.



Helen Restrained Her Companion.

sued the rioters as they dispersed. Desultory shooting went on for a few minutes. Rhinelander with Helen and Storm, had joined the sheriff and explanations had just begun when Helen, looking down street, called the attention of her companions to smoke issuing from the front windows of the city hall.

"By jingo," cried the sheriff, dashing away, "I've got a prisoner chained in there—Spike."

With exclamations of horror, Helen and her companions followed the officer on the run. The sheriff in the council chamber was making headway fast. Helen, going as close as she dared to the open window, called loudly for Spike. There was no answer. Followed the rioters as they dispersed.

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The man who marries a widow seldom says anything about his wife's first husband, but there are times when he regrets his demise.

GO ON CONTINUED