

# The RAILROAD RAIDERS

by Frank H. Spearman

Adapted From the Motion Picture Version Produced by Signal Film Corporation and Featuring Helen Holmes

## SYNOPSIS.

Arnold, discharged station agent, forms a band of robbers and by the use of a double, rules the lower head station. The agent and father of Helen Holmes is convicted of theft. The jewels of one Melrose are pilfered and exchanged. Helen recovers the packet and returns it to Melrose, who pronounces them false. She finds the real packet at last and gives it to Webb, that he might strengthen his stand with the railroad officials; he and the jewels are stolen by the Raiders. Helen follows in a switch engine. She aids in the return of the jewels and is on her way to find the man Masters when she confronts him in a car. She is rescued and seized and the car set alight. Webb rescues her.

## FIFTH EPISODE

### A Woman's Wit.

When Helen's eyes opened she was looking up into the anxious face of Webb, the freight crew standing about him. Thankful at escaping with their lives the party boarded the freight train for headquarters.

At Mountain Springs, Burke, with Masters and Marshall at the pawnbroker's shop, was dividing the spoil of the silk theft.

Eastern financiers, dreaming of a coast-to-coast road under one management, were making an effort to obtain control of the mountain line that would complete their steel chain from ocean to ocean. The higher officials of the road favored the merger but lacked the voting strength to bring it about. It was at this juncture that Desmond, an Eastern man and guest master in railroad intrigues, made a suggestion to Wilson, president of the line, and his associates: "Arrange for maintenance charges that will absorb your next dividend and I will get possession of the stock you need to swing this deal." Desmond, accordingly, went to Mountain Springs in a confidential capacity, to lay pipe for the merger.

Quite unaware of this scheme, Helen and Webb were determined to put an end to the depredations on the division, and to work more closely together. Helen arranged her home with Mr. and Mrs. Webb. Hardly had this much been done when an angry scene in the office upset their calculations. Frost learned that a quantity of silk had been stolen from the manifest car before it burned; and though Webb in this instance could not possibly have done more, the manager made him the scapegoat in the affair and promoted Burke to Webb's position as chief special officer.

Helen felt outraged at the injustice of the step. She took her hat and made ready to quit the office with her deposed chief. He stopped her. "I know how you feel, Helen: it's pretty hard to stand the gaff when it isn't coming to a man. But I've been slack and I ought not to complain. There's a good old saying though: 'Don't cut off your nose to spite your face.' And it would be the greatest kind of a mistake for you to quit. With the information you can supply from this office I may run down Masters and these rascals myself."

The robberies were now the sensation of the division. Roy Wilson, Frost's secretary and son of the president of the line, himself felt the call to be a new Whispering Smith on the road and begged Frost to give him Burke's former job as assistant head of the claim department.

For Helen, it was very lucky that Frost gave in. She had now just one friend in the department—Roy Wilson.

Hardly had these changes taken place when the senior Wilson joined Desmond at Mountain Springs. Desmond calling at the various headquarters offices encountered Helen in the claim department. He lost no time in getting acquainted and Burke, confident as usual, attempted to break into their conversation. Approaching Desmond he held out his hand. "I'm the chief special officer," said he. "My name is Burke."

Desmond, irritated at having his talk with Helen interrupted, was extremely rude. He looked at Burke with the coolness of a finished rascal. "That's not my fault," was all he said.

Burke, humiliated, walked out of doors with the thought that he must make himself strong in the company's eyes while the president of the road was at hand. Looking across the yard he saw Wilson's car and an idea occurred to him; he started at once for the pawnbroker's to arrange its details.

In the manager's office, Frost was talking with Desmond. "We've had a startling number of thefts recently on this division."

Desmond, busied in mind with his own schemes, commented strangely. "That's fine," said he. Frost regarded him in amazement. "Pardon me," laughed Desmond indifferently. "I mean, I am sorry."

At Lowenstein's, Burke lost no time in explaining his idea. "There's a good haul set out in the yards—Wilson's private car," said he to the pawnbroker. "It will be clear about three o'clock if you have anyone for the job."

The pawnbroker ran over his list

of eligibles and finding an address showed the name to Burke. The latter, satisfied, left Lowenstein to arrange with his confederates.

Wilson, together with his son and Desmond, were leaving the private car after luncheon when they saw a track motor approaching the station. "What's that?" demanded Desmond.

"The paymaster's outfit," explained Roy. "It carries the payroll out to the bridge gang."

"Suppose we go out this afternoon and look the bridge work over," suggested Wilson.

"There's hardly room on the motor," said Roy, "unless we leave the guards here."

"Why not?" suggested Desmond.

"As Burke's assistant," returned Roy, "I can guard the payroll myself and we can take the track motor down together."

Burke, unwilling to let any chance slip, had gone in an auto to Wayne's siding with word to Masters and Marshall. "This is pay day at the construction camp. You might make a haul there."

They needed only the hint and started in one machine while Burke in the other returned to his office. Thence he dispatched Helen to Raymond, a small station beyond the new bridge, with another payroll.

The pawnbroker meantime started his two crooks for the president's car in the yards. They held up the porter, robbed the car and got away unobserved. The frightened porter hurried to the police. Burke was notified and smiled. "Leave it to me, I'll have these men before sundown."

The police retired and Burke having the address of the crooks, had only to go to their house, knock at the door, cover the two men and take them in custody, neither of them suspecting they had been double-crossed.

Roy Wilson's party had reached the bridge with their payroll just ahead of the local train on which Helen was



Masters Was Captured.

riding to Raymond. As her train drew up near the construction camp Helen, looking from the window, saw Marshall and Masters at their auto—Masters was cutting out a piece of rubber. She recognized him instantly and leaving the car made toward him. The payroll had already been taken to the camp office and Roy with the paymaster was at work.

Masters and his crony crept up beside the shack window. Masters with a sling shot in his hand. They raised the window guardedly. The next instant the paymaster was knocked over with the sling shot. Roy was covered with a gun, the money was stolen and the escape made.

Helen had not, however, been idle. Reaching Marshall's machine she at once broke off the spark plugs with a hammer. The two thieves running back with the money tried to start the auto. In vain, they could do nothing, and dashing in desperation toward the local train they boarded it as it was pulling from the station.

Helen had seen the play. She ran to the empty track motor and climbing in started after the train, yelling back to Desmond: "They made the passenger!"

Frost and Wilson seized a light engine and joined in the chase. The thieves, perceiving Helen after them, hurried forward, held up the engine crew and, uncoupling, dashed ahead with the light engine. A long passing track gave Helen a chance to overtake them. They began shooting. Leaning out on the opposite running board, she rode past them, escaped unhurt, reached a station ahead and with the engine at her heels, threw the switch and turned the big machine in on the house track. Marshall jumped.

Frost and Wilson on the second engine now arrived in time to capture Masters and congratulate Helen, and with Roy she got on the pilot of this engine and the party started back for the bridge camp.

(END OF FIFTH EPISODE.)

## KNOCK-KNEED COON HAS SERIOUS TROUBLES

Wears Calluses on Knees Trying to Keep Heels Together.

(United Press.) CAMP LEWIS, Tacoma, Nov. 6.—Speaking of troubles, consider the case of Private Robert Simpkins, colored, of San Diego, Cal.

"Ah'm so knock-kneed that when Ah stand at attention, mah knees get locked together," he told his captain, "and when Ah stand so they don't, some scabgent calls me down for not having mah heels together. Ah've done wore calluses on mah knees."

He was granted special permission to stand at attention without keeping his heels too close together.

## WIFE SUES "BOSSY" HUSBAND

Claims Spouse is "Big Burley, Bossy, Domineering Dutchman."

(United Press.) TACOMA, Wash., Nov. 9.—Claiming that her husband is a "big, burley, bossy, domineering Dutchman," Louise Wickman today had on file here an answer and cross complaint to her husband's suit for divorce.

## OREGON MEN FINISH COURSE

Western Recruits Complete Work in Radio Electricity

(United Press.) PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 6.—Forty men from Oregon, Idaho and Washington recruited into the navy here have completed their course of instruction in radio electricity at Harvard university, according to information Commander E. F. Eckhardt received today from the Navy department. These men will be assigned immediately to duty and another class of 1000 men organized.

J. H. Shauss of Salt Lake is in town on business.

## Complaint Almost Gone.

"Foley's Honey and Tar is great," writes L. W. Day, 65 Campbell Ave., E. Detroit, Mich. "It relieves bronchitis quickly. My complaint has almost gone and I hope never to have it again." The experience of thousands proves there is no better remedy for coughs, colds or croup. The genuine costs no more than substitutes, and this old reliable family cough medicine should be in every home every winter. Insist on Foley's Honey and Tar—time tried and never failing. Ad.

## TURKEYS TO BE UNFATTENED

Thanksgiving Feats Will Be Slim Due to Scarcity of Grain.

(United Press.) OAKLAND, Ore., Nov. 6.—The Pacific Northwest will probably eat unfattened turkeys at their Thanksgiving dinner.

Douglas county turkey raisers say while the birds are plentiful, grain is scarce. Unless corn is imported immediately from the East thousands of turkeys will have to be put on the market unfattened, farmers declare.

## OREGON LAND IS SUPERIOR

Columbia River Land Better Than Sacramento Bottoms.

(United Press.) CLATSkanie, Ore., Nov. 6.—Diked land along the lower Columbia river is far superior to the famous Sacramento river bottoms, according to Seid Pak Sing, California potato king. From 110 acres near here Sing this year harvested 30,000 bushels of potatoes, despite unfavorable weather conditions.

D. L. Dynes, of Portland, is registered at the Sommer Hotel.

A picture of laughs, tears, and thrills. Told at Twilight, starring Babie Marie Osborne at the Star, Saturday only. 11-6-17.

Read the Observer classified ads.

## 1917 SORE THROAT

Easy Quickly When You Apply a Little Musterole.

And Musterole won't blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster. Just spread it on with your fingers. It penetrates to the sore spot with a gentle tingle, loosens the congestion and draws out the soreness and pain. Musterole is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard. It is fine for quick relief from sore throat, bronchitis, tonsillitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frost-bitten feet, colds on the chest (it often prevents pneumonia). Nothing like Musterole for croupy children. Keep it handy for instant use. 30c and 60c jars; hospital size \$2.50.



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