

The IRON HORSE

NOVELIZED BY

EDWIN C. HILL

FROM WILLIAM FOX'S GREAT PICTURE ROMANCE OF THE EAST AND THE WEST

BY CHARLES KENYON AND JOHN RUSSELL

Until recently Brandon himself had almost invariably been one of the interested, gossiping throng that greeted the fussy little train and stared with rounded eyes at the strangers from the East, homeseekers many of them, with occasional commercial travelers, "drummers," bringing the new-fangled manufactured wares of the Atlantic seaboard and the older, settled States of the South or the Ohio Valley. Of late he had given up the habit of going to the station. His presence was sure to provoke the old argument. Talk always got around, somehow, to "Brandon's crazy ideas" about running a railroad clear across the Indian country to join the Missouri River with the Pacific Ocean. He didn't mind arguing. Argument cleared the brain, helped a man to forge his ideas. It was the ridicule, the jeering, he flinched from; the "being made a fool of." The strain of Irish in him resented it. There had been a fight or two in which Brandon soundly thrashed two or three of the "smart Alects," but fights didn't help.

"If I thought I could make 'em see what's comin' by fightin' 'em, I'd lick the whole town," he said. "But that's no way. A man's wastin' his time tryin' to hammer ideas into thick heads. Here's this little railroad right under their noses, their own railroad, that's making the town bigger and richer every year; a road runnin' and makin' money where folks said only a few years ago rails never could be laid down—and they can't see that these rails have got to go on and on, west and farther west, until they reach the Pacific! I can't stand much more of it. If I don't get out of this place I'll go crazy for sure."

Down the street a man appeared upon the veranda of a comfortable, neatly-painted two story cottage, and glanced across the wide yard. He was short, as measured in a community of tall men; square-shouldered, stockily, solidly put together. One look at him was quite enough to show that he was somebody—a person of importance, of substance. His clothes were "Eastern cut," garments beyond the genius of frontier tailors. A beaver hat, black, wide-brimmed, creased in the middle of the crown, topped his large, square, graying head. His coat was black, double-breasted, short-skirted with wide lapels. Over a waist coat of dark blue velvet swung a massive watch chain of gold nuggets. His trousers, enormously wide, were broad-striped in modest gray. This consequential citizen glimpsed Brandon at the door of the new shack, put his hands in his coat pockets and came down the steps of the veranda, approaching with a short, firm stride.

Brandon saw him and grinned. "There's Tom Marsh all ready to give me Hail Columbia, Happy Land for being a fog-brained fool," he thought. Well, it seems to do Tom good and it don't really hurt me, so I s'pose I oughtn't to kick. But of all the men in Springfield, Marsh ought to be the first to realize that I'm right. He's used to goin' East and meetin' big men. He knows there's already been talk of the road in New York and Washington. He's the biggest contractor in Illinois, and he still thinks it's a crazy dream."

Thomas Marsh, already one of Springfield's most important citizens, proud of his success as a self-made man, but, with all of his fairmindedness and good nature, intolerant of ideas and men that offended his direct, practical habits of mind, crossed the lawn. The smile with which he greeted his "shiftless" neighbor reflected something of liking, something of pity, a trace of disapproval.

"Howdy, Dave," he said. "Isn't it about time our little folks were home from school?"

"Why, yes, Tom," said Brandon, in his pleasant drawl, "I've been kind of waitin' for 'em here in the doorway—kind of waitin'

to see their bright little faces flash around the corner there, by the old elm. Always does me good, 'specially when I'm low in mind. But they're all right. Don't worry a mite. Davy's as good as a grown man."

"No, I'm not worrying," said Marsh. "I'd trust Miriam almost anywhere with Davy. For a boy of 10 he's got a lot of sense, Brandon."

He glanced keenly into the face of Davy's father. Brandon smiled.

"Guess you'er wonderin' where he got all his sense, ain't you, Tom? Well, maybe he got it from his mother—most of it, anyway."

Marsh's expression softened. In his life and Brandon's was a coincidence of sadness which, more than anything else, reconciled the well-to-do contractor with the ways of the moneyless, unlucky civil engineer. His wife and Brandon's got through with life in the same year, dying within a few weeks of each other. The death of Mrs. Marsh had left to Marsh's care Miriam, a little girl of two, while Mrs. Brandon's death had left Davy motherless at the age of four. The circumstances made it natural for the children to become playmates, constant companions, unhappy without each other. Davy Brandon, although a normal young boy animal, fond of romping and rollicking with other boys, felt from the first that he was little Miriam's protector, her big brother. He felt vast pride in the trust reposed in him by Miriam's father. Davy was a good boy. Marsh knew there was good blood in the Brandons, the strain of an old and cultured family of Virginia, Cavalier stock. He frowned as he looked down the street toward the river, from which direction the children should soon appear. Why was it Brandon could not get on in the world? That boy ought to have a chance. His face hardened again. Brandon noted it, bracing himself against a new attack.

"Dave," said Marsh, "I've talked to you before and it's been just like arguing with the side of a house. I'll try once more. You're a square man. You're decent. You pay your debts. You're smart. Pretty much everybody like you. To put it straight, they think you're a damned fool. They believe you've let your mind go to seed over a foolish dream. Give up this dreaming over a transcontinental railroad. Wipe it out of your mind, clear out of your head. Quit wasting your time writing to big men back East, who only think you're mad and throw your letters in wastebaskets. There's nothing to it, Dave. You're still young. You're only thirty-five or so. Plenty of time to make money for your old age, enough to live well and to educate the boy. Get back to surveying. If that don't go well, I'll help you. You know that I've got some pretty good connections. What about it?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Crime and the Press.

From the Kalamazoo Gazette. The church federation at Chicago has reopened an old question, or, perhaps given emphasis to a question which is open at all times and in all cities where newspapers exist. It is conducting a movement to discourage the publication of crime news. The theory, presumably, is that giving publicity to lawless deeds tends to break down public confidence in the goodness of mankind and to encourage criminal activities.

The argument is an old one, but does not seem to apply to the present situation. If the newspapers of today treated their accounts of crime in such a fashion as to glorify it, the church federation's point would be well taken. But they do not. Their function, in disseminating news of crime, is the same as in the case of political news or in chronicling the developments of science and invention. They tell the public what is happening in the world, allowing their readers to draw what morals they will.

In the case of crime news especially, there is invariably but one moral to draw. It is the illustration of that ancient platitude that "murder will out." We cannot overcome villainy by ignoring its existence. Nor can we hope to suppress lawlessness by hiding our heads, ostrich-like, in the sands of optimism.

Puzzling, Too.

The Boy—Papa, why did you marry mama?
The Father—Hello, my boy, is it puzzling to puzzle you also?

Pungent Paragraphs

We have legal equality of the sexes, and all that, but we notice still that a woman who is a good bridge player merely inspires admiration, while a woman who is a good poker player inspires awe.—Kansas City Star.

Henry Ford having achieved quantity production of cars should now try his hand on quantity production of parking space.—Greenville Piedmont.

Without going into the merits of the case one would naturally suppose a girl in her teens who would murder her mother must be insane.—Bay City Times-Tribune.

Federalists have the right in Los Angeles to stop traffic by raising a hand. But—so the poker players tell us, raising a hand does not always avert disaster.—Saginaw News-Courier.

Some folks have no sense of humor, and others have a sense of bad humor. Newark Ledger.

People who live in spring suits should not open milk bottles with their thumbs.—Harrisburg Patriot.

Perhaps the reason some persons deny having any liquor is because they are ashamed to admit that the stuff they had was rotten.—Oklahoma City Daily Oklahoman.

A French premier is of few days and great are the troubles thereof.—Des Moines Tribune-News.

The Norse Centennial.

From the Minneapolis Journal. The government of Norway has shown lively appreciation of the importance and significance of the American Norse Centennial celebration in the Twin Cities June 6-9, by designating as delegates its two leading men—the premier and the president of its parliament.

The premier is J. L. Mowinckel of Trondheim and the Storthing's president is Ivan Lyngre of Storlien. Appropriately enough the one is a member of the Left or radical parties, while the other is from the Right or conservative parties.

There is also a fair chance that the Storthing will authorize Crown Prince Olaf, who has recently attained his majority, to visit America and be the guest of Minnesota at the Norse Centennial. The only obstacle is said to be economy, an issue as paramount in Norway as in the United States. The crown prince is described as a charming young man, democratic in his ways and tastes, a patron and participant in outdoor sports, and very popular with the Norwegian people.

The signal recognition of the Norse Centennial by Norway shows that the ancient kingdom, however much it may miss at home the many sons and daughters it has given to America, appreciates the historical significance of the centenary. Norway in fact has had all through the centuries an intensive influence over the outer world out of all proportion to its size and population. In the old Viking days this influence was materially exerted, and its stirring story is written into the history of England, Ireland, France and other countries of Europe. The Norwegian invasion of the United States, begun a century ago, has on the other hand been peaceful, but none the less has it proved a vital influence in American development.

South Maligned.

Extract From Address at New Orleans by James A. Emery of New York.

No well informed American can be blind to extraordinary difficulties met and overcome by southern business in transforming an agricultural section into an industrial region. The devastation of war, the ensuing period of demoralizing mis-government, the lack of trained industrial operatives, the absence of capital, all these were handicaps which might have fatally discouraged a less determined people. Today the industrial South holds its own in comparison with any section of the country in the quality of its products, the character of its management or in the living standards of its operatives. It may challenge any section to produce its superior. You should encourage the growth of the cotton industry has made the new South? Who knows better than you that it is the generosity of southern mill owners that have constantly reinforced the meagre revenues of poorer counties and made the doorway of the factory the gateway to the school.

THE TREE

(Inspired by Joyce Kilmer's poem) I think that I shall never see A poem lovely as a tree. A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed Against the earth's sweet flowing breast.

A tree that looks at God all day And lifts his leafy arms to pray, And lifts his leafy arms to pray, A nest of robins in his hair; Upon whose bosom snow has lain, Who intimately lives with rain. Poems are made by fools like me, But only God can make a tree. —Joyce Kilmer.

No sight more mournful is to see Than blackened stump of ruined tree, A tree that stood the north wind's stress, And basked in zephyr's June caress. Who's crown a song-bird's shrine, to pray In tuneful lyric, nature's way. Stark at its feet a crackling sound Curling the cruel smoke around! Light as the wind its ashen breath, In agony of flames comes death; 'Tis God gives life to every tree; Their death is laid to fools like me. —Alvin T. Steinel.

How Many Would Use It?

From the West Palm Beach Post. One thing the world needs is an amplifier for the still, small voice.

One On Himself.

From the Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph. Said a hunter to a farmer who rode beside him:

"I wouldn't ride over those seedlings if I were you. They belong to a disagreeable fellow, who might make a fuss."

"Well," said the farmer, "as him's me, he won't say nothin' about it today."

Physical education is a required subject in all public elementary and high schools of Virginia. It is of great interest in the matter, especially in rural sections, the state board of education offers special financial aid to counties and cities employing physical directors conducting satisfactory courses in health education.

Diamond Bracelet Mystery



MISS MOFFETT, MISS LOUISE HASKELL, & GIFT BRACELETS

When diamond and emerald bracelets, valued at \$1,200 each, were delivered to Miss Louise Haskell, daughter of County Judge Reuben L. Haskell, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and her cousin, Miss Grace Haskell, daughter of Robert H. Haskell, attorney and prominent politician, there was no card to identify the donor. The judge called in the police, who discovered that the bracelets had been purchased by Harry Moffett, who had been a client of Mr. Haskell and a friend of Judge Haskell. Moffett, who recently inherited \$10,000, evidently thought this was a good way of showing his friendship, but he blandly denied that he had ever seen the bracelets, or knew anything about sending them. Likewise, he refused to take them back.

Actress Bride



FRANCES HOWARD

Samuel Goldwyn, film producer, who has persistently declined to confirm reports of his engagement to Frances Howard, pretty and talented actress, obtained a license to wed in Jersey City, N. J. "She's my boss, I've known her only four weeks and think she's the most wonderful girl in the world," said Mr. Goldwyn. Their honeymoon will be spent in California working on the "lots," as the movie director expressed it. Miss Howard, who lives with her mother in New York, said "I'm superbly happy," when the license was granted.

Murder Trial



OLYMPIA MACRI

Olympia Macri, twenty years old, has faced a jury in New Haven, Conn., on the charge of murdering Joseph Bagnano, opera singer, after, she says, he refused to marry her to protect their baby's name.

Jewish University Dedicated



RABBI KOOK DEDICATES PALESTINE UNIVERSITY

The first Jewish University in Palestine was dedicated recently with impressive ceremonies. Leaders of the Zionist movement throughout the world attended the dedication. The photo shows a general view of the ceremonies at Mount Scopus, Palestine, the Grand Rabbi of Palestine, Dr. Abraham Isaac Kook, delivering the principal address.

Infantry Chief



Col. Robert H. Allen has been given the rank of major general, and is now chief of infantry, succeeding the retired Maj. Gen. C. S. Farnsworth. Colonel Allen is now on duty at the Leavenworth general staff school.

Superintendent



Luther C. White of Massachusetts, has been appointed superintendent of federal prisons, succeeding H. H. Votaw, a brother-in-law of the late President Harding, who resigned. White has assumed his duties in the department of justice.

Noted Visitors



Upper: MARCHIONESS OF ABERDEEN Lower: LORD ABERDEEN

Lord Aberdeen, former Governor-General of Canada and Governor of Ireland, and the Marchioness of Aberdeen, are in this country for an extended visit. Lord Aberdeen came to America to attend the International Architectural Exposition in New York. The Marchioness is president of the International Council of Women, comprising thirty-six nations and having a membership of 31,000,000. She will attend the sixth quinquennial convention of the society, to be held in Washington.

Strangest Family in the World



BARNYARD QUEEN and HER PUPPIES

Here is a Brammer hen with her brood of eight puppies, over which this queen of the barnyard stands guard at all times. Bess, the hen, is mothering her strange family. The puppies, quite young, seem to know that the hen is their guardian. Bess and her adopted children are owned by George M. Rossier, of Dallas, Texas.