

# 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

It was a full minute before Brandon spoke. He stood gazing off into space, that glow in his eye which provoked so many persons to call him "Crazy Brandon," "the Crank," "Dreaming Dave." A smile played over his face. Marsh stared at him. This penniless engineer was often too much for him, like some one from another world, speaking another language, not the world Tom Marsh knew—not his language.

"Tom," said Brandon, finally, "you have tried to make me see your point of view. You have as good as told me a dozen times that I was headed down a road which led to the poorhouse or the asylum. I have tried two dozen times to make you see my point of view—that I may go to the poorhouse (it won't be the the, Tom), but before I go you and others will admit that I was right. Why in God's name men like you, well-read, educated, can't see that this Pacific Railroad is sure as death and taxes, amazes me. It makes me kind of desperate, Tom. Here's destiny trying to shake hands with you, just pleading to make you rich, the thing which will make the old United States a real nation, Tom, and not one of you can see it! Are you blind and deaf, you business men and politicians?"

"I know what you're thinking," Brandon went on, his voice rising, dark eyes flashing, big fists cutting the air with powerful gestures. "You're thinking what a fool idea it is that a railroad can be laid down over 2,000 miles of desert and wilderness, crawling with hostile Indians and with no white population, no settlements, no farms, no hope of business, all the way from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean. That's in your head. I know it! But you're wrong! Can't you see that America will have to find homes for a hundred million people, maybe two hundred million, before another century passes, and that land must be found for them? Can't you see that it's always been westward, Ho! for the white man since the earliest days? It's the Iron Horse he's ridin' now, and the Indians will be powerless to stop it. Nature, herself, can't halt the American spirit!"

"I tell you, Marsh, the Pacific Railroad is coming. We'll see it in ten years. Let people laugh and call me a crazy fool and dreamer I know, Marsh, I know! I feel it."

"Brandon," said Marsh, and his words fell like stones, "you talk like a Fourth of July spell-binder. Dream away your own life, if you will. It's yours. But you owe something better to that boy. Give him a chance. You say you 'know,' you 'feel.' What do you visionaries know about the practical side of such a scheme? Have any of you ever figured what it would cost to build a railroad from the Missouri to California? Do you gentlemen who live up in the clouds ever allow your selves to consider such material matters as hard cash, or where the money is going to come from? Well, I'll tell you. It would cost at least \$100,000,000—probably more than \$200,000,000 in all—if it could be done, which it couldn't! What you know indeed!"

"I suppose there's no use saying anything more," Brandon replied, slowly. "Still, I don't mind telling you that if surveys along the old Indian and Overland Trails to Oregon and California could show easy passes through the mountains, why there are men standing ready in the East to push the road through Congress. Big men, Tom. Millionaires. Smart as you are!"

## CHAPTER II

### DAVY AND MIRIAM

While Thomas Marsh was laboring at the hopeless task of converting Big Dave Brandon to the ways of the practical and steady-going, their children, the one link of sympathy and understanding between these opposite souls, were "laying out the railroad to California."

Over the snow-covered meadow

leading to Berry's Pond (a wonderful place for bull-heads in the spring), Davy and Miriam were plotting the road of dreams, playing the game with the solemnity of all small people who make toys of grown-up ideas.

Passionately devoted to his father, almost his father's only sympathetic listener in all Springfield, Davy had glanced a remarkably clear understanding of the great project that dominated Brandon's thoughts. Boy-like, with a strong inclination to the mimicry of play the visions and prophecies which his father poured into his ears.

"Playing railroad" was the most absorbing game that Davy Brandon knew. Into the game he put not only his father's ideas, but those romantic and idealistic impressions which a boy of ten gathers from mixed reading. Davy's railroad building with Miriam had touches of the Old Testament and the army of Moses toiling towards the Promised Land of Richard, Lion-Heart and the Crusades, and of Daniel Boone blazing his way through the forests and over mountains of young America.

Naturally, Davy saw the hero of these epic achievements, with Miriam playing an enthusiastic but secondary role. Feminism and the invasion of the gentler sex into the sports and workaday activities of little men and big had felt no urge and made no progress. In the Illinois of the fifties, "woman's place was still in the home," and they were content to follow a step or two behind their lords, the masters of creation.

Davy had made a rude imitation of his father's battered theodolite and tripod, and with Miriam to carry line and drive stakes, he put the Pacific Railroad through all barriers of man and nature to its glorious end in the land of sunshine and gold.

Miriam, gifted associate in this mighty engineering achievement which never got beyond Berry's Pond, played a willing enough part because she would have entered into any game that Davy fancied. Her little legs plodded back and forth in wake of the great engineer, as she obeyed his stern commands. If the game pleased Davy, it was fun enough for her, although she could never take it quite so seriously. Various remarks made by her father on the general subject of "Brandon and his crazy notions" lingered in her mind.

"We're surveyin' through Nebraska Territory, now, Miriam," said Davy, his eyes shining with something of the strange glow which burned in the eyes of his father.

"Dad says it's got to go that way, Miriam, and Dad knows all about it. He's the smartest man in Springfield, my Dad is."

"Nen where do wwe take the road?" asked Miriam, reasonably.

Davy paused, brow knitted. This was a puzzler. Was it Wyoming that L's father had said?

"We'll survey her through the Indian country," said Chief Engineer Brandon, of the Great Pacific Railroad.

"Watch out now, while I run the line. Won't do to make any mistakes. Affects the figgers."

The pathfinders, altogether absorbed in play, were quite unaware of the quiet amusement they were furnishing to a citizen of Springfield who had ridden his horse into town along the Macon County Road, and had observed the children as they stood in earnest conference. This man descended from his tall and rather bony nag, hitched it to a sapling and slowly approached over the snow toward the boundary line of "Nebraska." Coming to a rail fence which zigzagged its irregular course a few rods from the children, he leaned over it and watched them for a while, silently, fun gleaming in his large eyes, and plucking at the corners of his wide mouth.

In all Springfield there was no one who filled the eye. He was very tall, to begin with, this

man, a shade more than six feet and three inches; but his spareness of build and length of arm and leg suggested even greater height. He was in the middle years, forty-ofur actually, yet seemed older because of a kind of melancholy which clung about him. His face, long and surmounted with a splendid high, broad forehead, easily discernible under the round fur cap he was wearing, was the face of a man whom faith and a high heart brought through deep trouble. Hardship, a life of toil, the habit of thought, had graven their lines upon it—a sad face, gentle as a mother's in spite of its ruggedness; with heavy brows over dark, curiously deep-set eyes; a large, generous nose; a wide mouth which remained persistently humorous, and clean-cut jaws culminating in the chin of a man of action.

Over his big, slightly stooping shoulders, now slouched upon the top rail, was draped a woolen shawl of red and brown "checks" which had given him comfort on his long cold ride from court in the adjoining county. Underneath the shawl was visible a coat of dark blue, with brass buttons, such an upper garment as the country lawyers of that day were fond of wearing, the uniform of their trade. Long coat-tails flapped almost to the tops of leather boots which had seen many months of service. The great brown hands were encased in heavy mittens of wool, clumsy, but warm and serviceable.

It was Assistant Surveyor Marsh, whose bright eyes saw him first. This pleasing discovery not only suspended the progress of the great railroad for that day, but brought sudden disaster to Chief Surveyor Brandon's invaluable aide. In delighted recognition of the tall man, Miriam sprang backward with a cry of welcome, attempted a curtsy, lost her balance and went tumbling into a snow-drift which betrayed her into the chilly water of the pond's edge. Her gasp of fright brought to the rescue of beauty in distress, not only Davy, but the silent onlooker. He came forward with long strides, great arms swinging, just as Davy fished a bedraggled Miriam, from the water. Complete was the wreck of Miss Marsh's costume. Wide hat, gingham dress (so beautifully starched and prim only a little while ago), pantalettes with lace edges, all dripped mournfully.

As Miriam wiped away the tears which streaked the charming face, as pink as a peony, the tall man all sympathy and gentleness, gathered her to him with a comforting arm, and applied a vast, red bandanna handkerchief to the watery ruin.

"Now, now, you mustn't cry, Miriam," he said in his slow, deep voice. "Everything's all right. You surveyors must expect to meet with little accidents now and then. I'll tell Daddy it was my fault."

"I wasn't s-s-scared!" sobbed Miriam. "It just made me mad, Mr. Lincoln, to be so awkward. What will you and Davy think of me for being so awfully awkward? A boy wouldn't have tumbled down like a rag doll!"

"I've seen many a boy take tumbles," said the tall man. "That's nothing to worry about. Howdy, Davy. How's the great railroad coming along?"

"Fine, Mr. Lincoln." Davy's enthusiasm exploded. "I got it all figured out, clear to the Rocky Mountains."

"Well, that's more than a lot of other folks have got figured out," smiled the gentle giant. "But we must be getting this young lady home in two shakes of a lamb's tail. Wet clothes and a January afternoon aren't a good combination for young ladies who are trying to grow up, are they, Davy?"

He hoisted Miriam to his great shoulders, carried her to where his horse was tied, set her down a moment until he climbed into the saddle, then lifted her from the ground, placing her in front of him. With his right arm he swung Davy up to a seat behind the saddle. He clutched to old Caesar, patient and understanding companion of many a lonely ride on court circuit, persuading that amiable steed into an acceleration of movement which friends of Abraham Lincoln and the horse were wont to describe as a jog trot. They had only a little way to go, less than half a mile, which was as well, for Miriam was rapidly growing chilled. As they turned the corner of the street by the old elm, Marsh and

Big Dave, now at the end of a futile argument, caught sight of them. Marsh clutched Brandon's arm.

"There's something wrong, Dave. Miriam's bundled up in a shawl. Abe Lincoln's carrying her."

Brandon smiled reassuringly. "I don't know just what's happened to our Miriam, Tom," he said calmly, "but I do know Abe Lincoln. If anything serious had occurred, you'd see those long legs of Abe's reaching out toward us in six-foot hops. He wouldn't wait for old Caesar. Looks to me if she had tumbled into the water somewhere. Besides, there's Davy laughing at one of Abe's yarns."

From old Caesar's quarter deck, Mr. Lincoln lifted a quieting hand.

"Nothing to bother about, boys. Our young lady forgot all about Berry's Pond being right behind her when she tried to make a special curtsy in my honor."

He gently lowered Miriam into her father's arms.

"Into the house with ou, Miss for warm clothes and a hot drink," he said with mock sternness. "Then I may tell you the rest of the story about the little red squirrel."

Miriam scudded across the lawn and into her own home, while Davy, at a nod from his father, and a pat on the shoulder from Lincoln's big hand, ran into Brandon cabin to build up the fire for supper. The three men were silent for a few moments, Abraham Lincoln sensing that some dispute had arisen between his two friends. With the patience and sure tact that marked him to the end of his days, he waited for one of them to speak. It was Marsh who broke the silence.

"Abe," he said, "I wish to Heaven you could say something to Dave that would serve to sweep the cobwebs out of his brain. Here's a good man wasting his life over a wild dream. A railroad, clear across the country! He's losing his common sense."

"Dave and I came out to this country together, as you know. We started even. I've made money. I'll make more. I stick to something. I don't go fretting away time and energy chasing will-o'-the-wisps. Look at Dave! He can't stick to anything! All he can talk about is railroad! Railroad! Railroad! I'm sick of the world!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## FORT M'HENRY BECOMES PARK

### Its Valiant Stand Against British Inspired Key to Write "Star Spangled Banner."

Baltimore.—The decision of Congress to "pension" old Fort McHenry by converting it into a national park recalls the history of that famous redoubt, whose valiant stand against the attacking British vessels in the war of 1812, inspired Francis Scott Key to write "The Star Spangled Banner."

During its more than a century of service for Uncle Sam it has played its part in four wars—once as a stalwart defender of the nation's shores; again as a prison for recalcitrant citizens; later as a garrison, and finally as a hospital for sick and wounded soldiers.

The site on which the fort stands was first fortified about the time of the revolution and named Star Fort. Following the war the task of converting it into a real means of defense was undertaken, and \$20,000 was raised for that purpose. When completed it was named after Dr. John McHenry, Washington's minister of war.

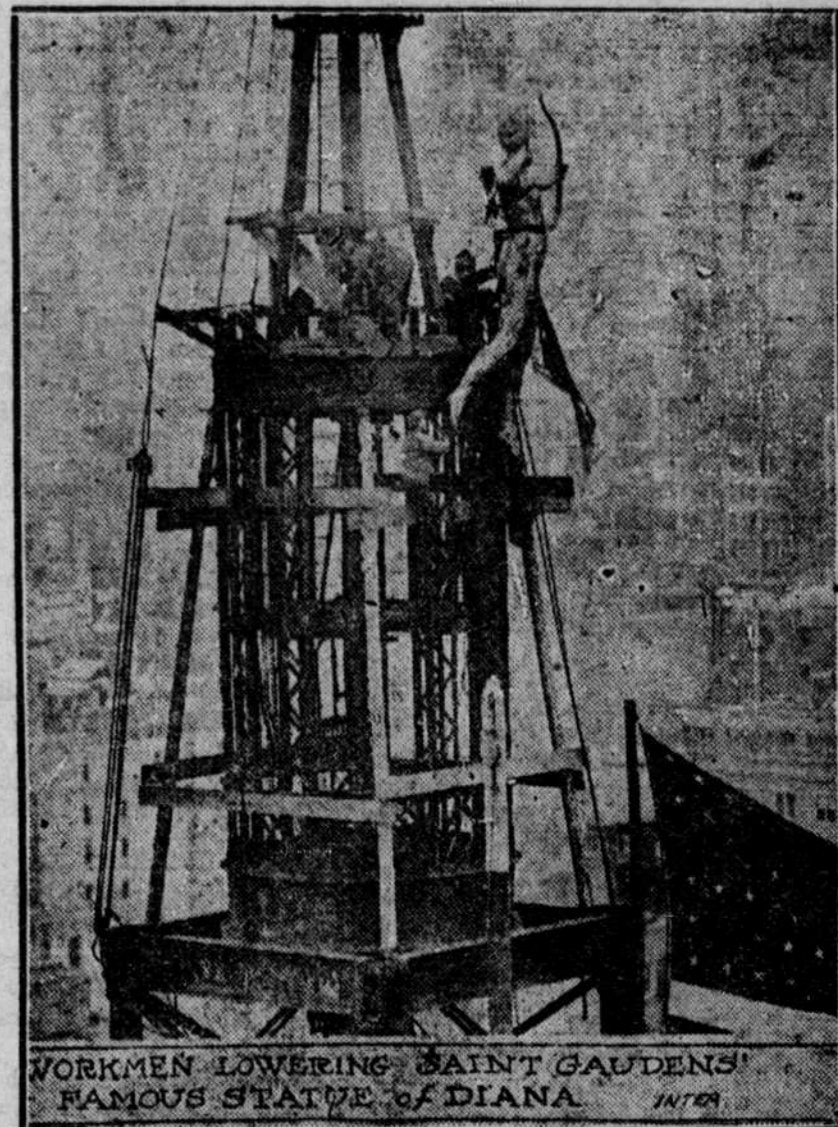
Defeats British  
Less than a quarter of a century later "Old Mo" proved the money well spent when it withstood the sharp attack of the British during the battle of North Point, a battle considered by many one of the decisive engagements of the war of 1812.

It was during this attack that Key was moved to write his famous song, when he looked from the deck of a British vessel, to which he had gone to arrange an exchange of prisoners, and beheld Old Glory still fluttering in the breeze, after a night of heavy bombardment.

No unusual incidents marked the life of the fort from that time on until the Civil war burst forth spreading bitterness and hate between neighbors and sometimes between members of the same family. Baltimore, situated as it was near the borderline of north and south, suffered keenly from this wartime spirit of rancor and suspicion.

Imprisoned There  
The result was that several of its most prominent citizens were arrested, under suspicion of being in sympathy with the Confederacy, and thrown into Fort McHenry for safe keeping. The prisoners included a couple of state representatives and the mayor of Baltimore.

## Diana Comes Down to Earth



WORKMEN LOWERING SAINT GAUDENS' FAMOUS STATUE OF DIANA. INTER

The lowering of Saint-Gaudens' famous statue of Diana, that has for 30 years stood atop the tower of Stanford White's architectural gem, Madison Square Garden, famous for boxing bouts, conventions and circuses, brought wistful memories to the eyes of a crowd of old-timers who watched the proceedings reverently from Madison Square. Diana will not be lost, however, as New York University will re-erect the famous tower with the statue above it on the campus. Photo shows the statue as it started its descent, with New York's skyline in the background.

## Attorney General's Job To Enforce Laws, Not To Rule On Their Merits

Charles P. Stewart's Washington NEA Service  
Do their laws over-regulate the American people?

"That's not for me to say," replied United States Attorney General John G. Sargent. "My business, as attorney general, is to enforce the law. Making laws is a legislative function. I'm a strong believer in each man sticking to his own job. "If I were a legislator, I'd have something to say about law-making. In the department of justice my duty is to administer the laws as I find them. If I think a change should be made, I may recommend it. I've no right or desire to criticize otherwise."

"Most of our troubles seem to me due to intolerance—a failure to

angry scientist, a dry, telephoned authorities in Washington. A motload of agents arrived—investigated. Then, "I'd like to borrow your phone," quoth the leader. A cryptic conversation ensued. "Now," said the leader, "we'll hide in these bushes till the guy comes back."

The scientist watched from his porch. Another truck appeared. The original driver and a helper hooked a chain onto the cripple. "Now," thought the scientist, "for



the arrest!" Instead, the truck disappeared in a cloud of dust. "Outside our jurisdiction," explained the dry leader, emerging from the bushes. "We couldn't do nothin'. I'm afraid he got clean away."

"Too much red tape!" complained the artless scientist, telling me the story later. "That's why prohibition can't be enforced."

## GERMAN CAPITAL IS BEING INVESTED IN TURKISH INDUSTRY

Washington.—A large volume of German capital is being invested in Turkish development enterprises, according to consular advice to the department of commerce.

The Deutsche bank has become interested in exploitation of the Arg-hana copper mines. Philip Holzman, of Frankfurt, has started a railway from Arghana to Ardassa on the Bagdad railway, a distance of 130 miles. Bavarian capitalists have obtained a forest concession near Deccan, on the European side of the Black Sea, and are preparing to make railroad ties in competition with Rumania.

"A more ambitious German project, which appears to command strong support in Angora, covers the reconditioning of certain Turkish vessels of war, while the Junker Aeroplane company is said to have come to terms with the government on the question of an airway concession between Constantinople and Angora and the construction of an aircraft factory near the capital," the department announced.

Defeat Was Deserved.  
From the Oklahoma City Daily Oklahoman.

A 10-year agitation to adopt a new state seal for Nebraska resulted recently in a legislative defeat. It seems that some Nebraskans are dissatisfied with the seal of state which shows an aproned man hammering away at an anvil and representing "equality before the law." Such a representation is denounced as "low-brow stuff" by the agitators. Presumably they would be better pleased with a seal dedicated to some modern manifestation of jazz.

It is well enough that the Nebraska innovators have met with a temporary defeat. In spite of the prevalence of ultra-modern ideas that frowned on all things provincial and old-fashioned, there is still need in this republic for the recognition of honest labor and democratic equality. There may be those out in the Platte country whose souls shrink from any thought of toil and pioneer crudeness, but they are not the kind that made Nebraska.

On the Surface.  
From Epworth Herald.  
Jones—I hear your wife had an accident with the car.  
Smith—Oh, it was not serious.  
Jones—Anything damaged?  
Smith—Oh, no; just a little paint scratched off both.

understand our neighbors. In this country our laws change pretty fast, too. Accustomed to the old established laws, we violate the new ones unreflectingly. I believe that's how most of our new regulations are broken—thoughtlessly.

"Generally, I think the American people mean to obey our laws."

"Doesn't our multiplicity of regulations," I asked, "hamper law enforcement. Doesn't it make for a general disrespect of law? Anyway, there are more arrests just now than ever. Prison populations are increasing."

"Our laws," said the attorney general, "in the very nature of things, must naturally expand in proportion to our growth, nationally and internationally, for we live in a period of constant progress, social and industrial.

"You emphasize that there are more arrests for infractions of the law than ever before. To me that suggests better law enforcement, not laxity."

"As to prohibition?" I queried.

"Absence of saloons, less drunkenness, a better moral atmosphere everywhere, are evidences that prohibition has wrought great good."

"But secret drinking?"

"I'm not aware of much."

"A sudden suspicion! The scientist 'Still, don't large numbers of those who class as pretty good citizens habitually disregard many of today's laws regulative of personal conduct?"

"When a man deliberately and continually breaks the law," said Attorney General Sargent, "I can't class him as a good citizen."

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A tarpaulin-covered truck broke down, just across the District of Columbia line, in Maryland, opposite the home of a distinguished scientist attached to the bureau of standards. Ringing the scientist's bell, "Can I use your garage while I get help?" asked the driver. "Sure."

The truck, housed with some difficulty, the driver left.

...

lifted the tarpaulin. Boozed! The