

## 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

Brandon stood leaning against a tree throughout this tirade, his eyes fixed on something invisible in the far distance of the West. Lincoln remained silent, watching Brandon. Suddenly, Big Dave spoke his eyes alight, his powerful sweeping the western horizon.

"Look out there," he said. "What is it? Waste. Wilderness—desert—mountains—Indians—buffalo—God knows what! But some day, in our own life-time, the railroad will be built that will reclaim that wilderness—the road that will make the United States a real nation. If God spares me, I'm going to have a hand in building it, and I want my boy to have a hand in it."

He returned a steady gaze to the West that was drawing his dreamer's soul. Marsh spoke irritably:

"In all your life, Abe, did you ever hear such a fol-de-rol of nonsense?"

"Why, yes, Tom," said Mr. Lincoln in his leisurely, deep drawl. "Yes, I've heard men talk that very fol-de-rol—good men, Tom. I mind hearing a young man named Dodge, talking just that way, when I was out in Council Bluffs a short time ago. I was sitting on the porch of the old Pacific House listening to the bullfrogs and looking at the stars, when a young army engineer sat down beside me and got to talking about surveys he had made for the army on this very railroad notion."

"Well, sir, this young Dodge was just crammed full of the railroad project. He'd been all through Nebraska territory, clear to the Rockies, and he was just popping with enthusiasm. Tom he made it look pretty reasonable. He just about converted me."

Brandon swung around from his pose by the tree

"Do you believe it can be done Abe? Do you really believe it?" "Bosh!" said Marsh. "All a damned rainbow! Fellows who don't want to work, looking for the pot of gold!"

Mr. Lincoln put a great, brown hand upon Marsh's plump shoulder.

"Old friend," he said, "some day men like you will be laying rails along that rainbow."

Gratitude welled up in Brandon's heart. Emotion often swayed him. He gripped Lincoln's hand.

"Seems to me," said Mr. Lincoln, thoughtfully, "I'd head for the Black Hills, Dave, if I was really set on going West. This young Dodge told me that right there was the heart of the problem finding an easy pass and a short cut through those hills. Dodge seemed to think that's where the pot of gold was hid, Tom," he said, his eyes twinkling toward Marsh.

"Two weeks 'll see me on the road," said Brandon, as he turned away toward his cabin. "I'll take my chance in the Black Hills, Abe. I'll follow the rainbow!"

### CHAPTER III A RAINBOW GROWS IN THE WEST

It was a wintry, sunlit morning in late February when Big Dave and Little Dave turned their backs upon Springfield to seek the gateway of the West. Their going made no stir, provoked scarcely a ripple. They had few friends to wish them well, few indeed, whose hearts would follow them out upon the long trail.

In the month that had drifted by after the talk with Lincoln and Marsh, the talk that fired him to decision, Brandon had sold or traded his few possessions, the cabin which had been home for him and Dave, his poor furnishings, and the "patch" of a dozen acres which went with it. Marsh saw to it that Brandon was not cheated—the surveyor had the worst possible head for business—but the proceeds were hardly enough to capitalize even a dreamer.

After all their necessities had been bought, riding horses, a pack-mare, a Sharpe's rifle,

throwing a bullet heavy enough to down an elephant in its tracks, an ample supply of powder and their stores of food and extra clothing, Big Dave was not conscious of the weight of gold he tucked in his money belt.

"Won't have much use for hard cash, anyway," he told Higgins, the general storekeeper.

"Guess you think you're hitting the Hallelujah Trail," grunted Higgins, a sharp-nosed "down-Easter" who took small pains to conceal his contempt for Brandon. "Pussonly, I never heard tell of any country where a man didn't have good use for money."

The loungers who made Higgins store their club for the resolution of all questions, social, political and religious, cackled their appreciation.

"Better keep tight hold onto yer hand," advised Higgins's sallow-faced clerk, a youth hard-by fever, ague and a mean disposition.

"Why so, Hank?" inquired Brandon, incautiously.

"Bekase the Injuns 'll sure jerk yer skelp loose," said Hank with a stuttering titter.

"Well," replied Big Dave, good-humoredly, but pointedly, "if they do, Hank, they'll let daylight in on something your head never held."

You think you'r durued smart, don't ye?" snarled the discomfited clerk, as the loungers haw-hawed.

As Brandon and his son rode away from the store, their final purchases securely packed on the mare, the idlers did not trouble to wave good-bye. Big Dave felt a contraction of the heart. After all, these people had been neighbors. They might have given him a heartier, more human farewell.

"It shows what they think of me," he reflected, with bitterness unusual to him. "Time I was getting out, sure enough!"

At the western edge of the town, where the main street ended and the road to St. Louis began, a little groupe awaited their coming—and going—Mr. Lincoln, Thomas Marsh and Miriam. The lawyer showed a cheerful, encouraging face to the Brandons, as one who felt the need of lifting their spirits and supporting their hopes. Marsh was solemn-faced, still irritable over Big Dave's obstinacy, but realizing, in his good heart, the friendliness of these homeless pilgrims. Miriam's blue eyes were drowned in grief, and though she bit hard upon her lips and thrust forward her rounded chin, the tears kept welling down in glistening rivulets of sorrow.

"This is good of you," said Brandon, as he got off his horse and shook hands with Mr. Lincoln and Marsh. "I won't forget it—" He stopped, wordless. Marsh thumped him on the back.

"That's all right, Dave. I think you're doing a fool thing but you've made your own bed, and I'm not the man to hope you'll find it hard to lie on. The Lord bless you and keep you safe, you and Dave. Now, if there's anything you'll let me do for you—a little loan, maybe?"

"No, we've got enough to go on with," said Brandon, quietly. "But I thank you, Tom, for the offer. I reckon we'd better just say good-bye and hit the road. Good-bye, Abe. I'm not forgetting what you told me about the Black Hills."

"Just a minute, Dave, just a minute," said Lincoln. He turned away a few yards to where Dave and Miriam were standing in articulate farewell. They were very close together, but they had found nothing to say. The grief which paralyzed their young hearts, kept them silent.

Mr. Lincoln put his great arms around them both and gathered them to him in a "bear hug."

"Don't feel so bad," he comforted, "it won't be long, maybe. Now, I have brought along something for each of you, something to remember me by, a keepsake. If they make good their threat of sending me to Conaress and you ever come to Washington, you can always show these to the

doorkeepers and they'll let you

He produced two medals, cast in bronze, exactly alike, each bearing the haughty head of an Indian Chief, a date and some lettering in long words.

"Medals of the Black Hawk War," he explained. "You know—" he smiled drily—"they made a captain of me in that little rumpus. I wasn't much of a captain, but then it wasn't much of a war. I collected a few of these souvenirs after it was all over. Perhaps they'll make you think of Abraham Lincoln and each other quite a lot. Keep them with you for luck pieces."

Miriam gripped his arm and sobbed, her little woman's heart wrung unbearably; while Dave, for all his effort at manly fortitude, showed wet eyes and a quivering chin, and gave his "thank you" in a shaking voice.

"Aren't you ever coming back, Davy?" said Miriam, between sobs. "Please, please come back soon! I can't bear it without you. Nothing will be the same."

She threw her arms about his neck, and Dave, always the protector, held her close to his heart, murmuring a boy's words of comfort. Mr. Lincoln slowly drew them toward Brandon and Marsh and lifted Dave to the saddle. Big Dave mounted. There were no more words. A wave of the hand, a despairing sob from Miriam and they were gone towards the sunset.

They made slow progress. There was no need for haste. Brandon planned to go on to St. Louis, taking his time collecting there whatever information might be of value and then, if possible, to find some means of making his way up the great water road, the Missouri River, with other West-farers. For days they rode, gradually throwing off the depression of uprooted home ties, their spirits uplifted as they felt the call of the new—of adventure. They spent a week long the road to the Mississippi, and were ferried across its broad, yellow flood to the levee where up-river and down-river steamboats lay in orderly array, the sun glistening on their ornamental brass-work, their white paint and on their great paddle wheels which could conquer the swiftest of currents. Steamboats before the coming of the railroad were the luxurious couriers of a rich and splendid business. The fine, fast boats that met the eyes of the Brandons formed an absorbing spectacle for eye and man. It was the middle of the day and the levee, the long, sloping embankment which descended from the water front of the city to the wharves, was thronged with heavy wagons and one-horse drays bearing freight to and from big and little boats that had plowed triumphantly all the way from gay New Orleans in the far South to St. Paul in the far North, carrying the cotton, tobacco and molasses of the land of sunshine in exchange for fabric, furs, grain and machinery of the land of snow.

"Oh, Daddy!" Davy cried, as his enchanted gaze identified a particularly graceful and famous river flyer of the times. "There's the General Pike, daddy, that we've read about, you remember when her engineer told cap'n he'd 'bust the record or bust her bilers!"

"I remember," said Brandon, hardly less interested than his boy. "They're wonderful, these boats. They say that inside they're all silks and velvets and fine paintings. Maybe we'll have a chance to see soon. But we must push on to find a place to stay."

From the ferry landing that Jim Bridger had established nearly forty years previously, they slowly made their way through a bustling throng. Hundreds of river travelers were hurrying up or down the levee, embarking upon or debarking from a dozen steamboats: Rich planters from the South, wearing broad-brimmed hats, broadcloth coats and breeches and high oots of fine leather, gallant, masterful-looking men, with faces browned by a hotter sun than Missouri knew; and speaking with a soft liquid-drawl; fur trappers from the northwest, rangy, barded giants garbed in buckskin shirts or heavy woolen jackets, wearing round caps of baver or marten, booted too, and striding along with a free swing that took Davy's eye as their straggle oaths took his ear; boss-sets from the great trains of Sante Fe wagons awaiting their burdens for Southwest and West

haired, heavyshouldered fellow redfaced and noisy from the potent whiskey of the levee bars; Easterners in what Davy thought was very fancy garb, indeed; here and there an Indian in fringed buckskins and moccasins (government scouts, Big Dave guessed); army officers in dark-blue, very alert and straight-backed, on their way to or from the farscattered posts of the Indian country; lordly steamboat captains, treading the levee like the monarchs they were; steamboat mates, hard men, who carried blacksnake whips or loaded billies as the symbols of their man-driving trade; here and there a fine lady, mincing along under a ridiculous parasol, not much bigger than a pancake; wearing a tiny hat trimmed with close-curved feathers, a tight "basque" and very wide, voluminous skirts falling to low-heeled shoes of dainty kid—very wonderful ladies, they seemed to Davy; professional river gamblers, high-hatted and dressed with the rigid severity of a minister of the gospel; hundreds of negro slaves, staggering under burdens, tugging at great wagons mired in the mud, or passing in squads under the rough command of cargo mates, black faces glistening with sweat, the whites of their rolling eyes showing, and singing with the inextinguishable merriment of a child-like race—these and others passed before the gaze of father and son, magnetized by the fascinating St. Louis of the fifties.

It was late afternoon before they found a tavern which suited Brandon's purse, one that promised simple, homely fare and decent shelter for them and a stable for their beasts. It carried a high-sounding name on its dingy signboard, The Independence Hotel, and it was crowded with men whose feet were trail-blent—toward Texas or Santa Fe, toward Kansas, toward the Oregon or the Salt Lake Trail and the upper Missouri—men whose restless spirits and fortune's call were leading into the magical West.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## INJECTIONS MAY FIX SIZE OF MAN

Physicians Declare Small Men May Be Made Larger, And Tall Men Smaller

Boston.—If you are a "sawed-off" little person, or if you are tall and lanky, this story will interest you.

The "sawed off" may become tall. Those who soar to an embarrassing altitude may stop growing.

In either case all you will have to do is call in the family doctor. He will merely increase or reduce the nourishment for certain glands of the body. Presto! You may be short or tall as your heart desires.

Dr. Walter B. Cannon explained it all at the Harvard University Medical School. He credited Dr. Evans, of the University of California, with the discovery of possible future control of bodily height.

The scheme had been tried on rats. Dr. Cannon displayed lantern slides of two rat progenies of Dr. Evans. One, having had frequent injections of material from the pituitary gland of another animal, had grown one-third larger than the other, which had no injections. Both were of the same litter. The pituitary gland is at the base of the brain and controls the bodily size of animals and human beings, according to Dr. Cannon. Under-development of this gland causes dwarfish stature and abnormally slender legs and arms. Likewise, over-development reacts the other way. So watch the pituitary gland.

Dr. Cannon told of an eight-foot, six-inch man in Ireland who used to light his pipe at street lamp posts. He was found, after death, to have had an over-developed pituitary gland.

Two-thirds of the bodily substance is water, Dr. Cannon pointed out. "Adequate salts, particularly lime for forming bones, is derived from customary foods, especially wheat and milk," he asserted.

"Butter fat," he continued, "is essential for growth, also nitrogen, which it is essential the farmers should have for fertilizer. In order that vegetable foodstuffs may absorb it. Another essential is protein found in gelatin, peas, beans, white of egg, cheese and lean meat."

## China Getting Religion, Bible Sales Disclose

Shanghai, China.—Nearly nine and a half million copies of the Bible were circulated in China during 1924, according to an annual report of the American Bible society. This organization shares with the British and Foreign Bible Society of Scotland the tremendous task of keeping Chinese supplied with the Holy writ.

Distribution during 1924 showed an increase of nearly two million copies over the previous year.

## HIDERS DON'T APPROVE TOO MUCH EFFICIENCY

By Charles P. Stewart, Washington NEA Service

Justice department officials are fixing up an arrangement they believe will make it easier to catch fugitive criminals throughout the world. Several European governments think well of it. Next the department plans to submit it to Latin America.

It's a cinch it won't get the indorsement of certain long-time North American residents of that part of Latin America known as the River Plate region.

Several of them are very prominent and influential there, too. If they object to the justice department's scheme their protest will



count. And they're sure to object. In some instances old scores stand against them in the home land that don't outlaw under the statute of limitations.

"Old Bob," for instance!—not to designate him too explicitly. "Old Bob" has lived 20 years in and around Buenos Aires. He's a very substantial, conservative citizen now, but he makes no bones of the fact that once he robbed trains and rustled cattle along the Mexican border.

One evening he was talking with me in a cafe on the Avenida, when the question of the year of the "A. R. U." strike came up. "I think it was in 1894," said Bob. "Yes," after a moment's reflection, "I know it was, because that was the year they chased me out of Texas for killing a man, and the strike was going on at the time."

Why is it that Americans break more laws than any civilized people? asked ex-Governor Hadley of Missouri in a recent speech before the American Law Institute. Then, answering his own question, the ex-governor said the trouble is with our criminal courts—they let folk break the laws and "get away with it."

Dr. Charles R. Mann, talking before the American Council of Education, of which he's director, offered a different explanation. His theory is that Americans violate more laws than any other nationality because they have so many more to violate.

If a penniless criminal falls into Hadley says, but the one with money turns his case into a game between his lawyers and the prosecution and wins, provided he's had sense enough to provide himself with a better legal battery than the opposition's.

If the American people are confronted by a fact they don't like, observes Dr. Mann, they pass a law changing the fact. Only facts can't be changed in reality, adds the doctor.

This wasn't a debate between Hadley and Mann. It simply happened they got onto the same subject at the same time at two entirely different meetings in Washington.

A painters' strike is on here. Word came into union headquarters that 60 men were painting a big house in New Hampshire avenue. An agent hastened to the spot. "What's this?" he demanded.

"This," said the foreman, "is the Italian embassy—foreign territory," as, indeed, foreign embassies and



legations are supposed to be. What's more, the union officials recognized it, when their attention was called to the fact, and didn't interfere.

Not Solomon in All His Glory. From the Mich. Aggie Green Onion. "Look mamma, the circus is in town."

"Hush, darling, it's only one of those college boys."

Not Quite Right

From the Chicago News.

"How does your sister like the engagement ring I gave her, Bobby?"

"Well," returned Bobby, "it's all right, she said, but it's so small that she has a hard job to get it off before the other fellow comes."

One-sixth of the electrical energy now developed in Canada is being exported to the United States, according to the latest census of central electrical stations in Canada. According to returns made under the electricity and fluid exportation act, central electric stations exported 1,344,190,307 k. w. hours during 1923, which was 18.3 per cent. of the total output of all stations.

## Contracted Cold at a Billy Sunday Revival

Developed Into Systemic Catarrh Recommends PE-RU-NA



Mr. A. R. Wilson, LaFollette, Tenn.

The letter written a short time ago by Mr. A. R. Wilson of LaFollette, Tenn., brings some more direct evidence of the value of Pe-ru-na in the treatment of catarrhal diseases.

It reads as follows:—"While attending Billy Sunday's great revival at Knoxville, Tenn., last February I contracted a cold which weakened my entire system. I have taken only three bottles of Pe-ru-na and feel like a new man. It is a great system builder as well as a great catarrh remedy."

To attempt to even estimate the thousands who, in the last half century, have come to know and appreciate the merits of Pe-ru-na would be worse than useless. The number is astonishing and increasing daily.

Your nearest dealer has Pe-ru-na in both tablet and liquid form. Insist upon having Pe-ru-na, the original treatment for catarrh.

## How to build up your Weight

TO BE under weight often proves low fighting-power in the body. It often means you are minus nerve-power, minus red-cells in your blood, minus health, minus vitality. It is serious to be minus, but the moment you increase the number of your red-blood-cells, you begin to become plus. That's why S. S. S., since 1826,

has meant to thousands of underweight men and women, a plus in their strength. Your body fills to the point of power, your flesh becomes firmer, the age lines that come from thinness disappear. You look younger, firmer, happier, and you feel it, too, all over your body. More red-blood-cells! S. S. S. will build them.

S. S. S. is sold at all good drug stores in two sizes. The larger size is more economical.

**S.S.S. The World's Best Blood Medicine**

**British Labor M. P. a Poet**

One of the Labor whips of the British parliament is James Welsh, who started composing poetry when he was eleven years old and is now a novelist of note.

**Cuticura Soap for the Complexion.** Nothing better than Cuticura Soap daily and Ointment now and then as needed to make the complexion clear, scalp clean and hands soft and white. Add to this the fascinating, fragrant Cuticura Talcum, and you have the Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Advertisement.

A man's headache seems a good deal worse when he didn't have any fun acquiring it.

## CORNS

Lift Off—No Pain!



Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.