

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

As the days slipped by, wonderful, exciting days for Davy, Brandon made the acquaintance of many of these wayfarers, a rough, good-natured crew, but a hard-sweating, hard-drinking lot, neither understanding or expecting to be understood, unless talk bristled with banter. At night they jammed the bar, deep, boisterous laughter roaring to the ceiling as they shouted their jokes, told wild tales and "set up" drinks, round after round of raw liquor. Their talk was of the upper Missouri, the new settlements in Kansas where farms were being taken up and where towns were springing from the prairie; of the declining fur trade, of the Indian troubles, of the strange new folks that were making an empire upon the edge of the great Salt Lake; gossip of a score of trails. Brandon listened keenly, hoping to pick up news of value.

His patience was rewarded. One night, after a day of sight-seeing that had sent Davy early to the Land of Nod, he joined a group in the bar and found them idly discussing an expedition which was being organized for the new territory of Washington. It came out that Governor Stevens, who had just been appointed as the first ruler of the territory, was expected to lead up the Missouri and over the Oregon Trail a big outfit of surveyors, scouts, and soldiers, with horses and mules. Brandon heard that agents of the governor were dickering with the American Fur Company to transport men and equipment up the Missouri to St. Paul. He inquired of a raw-boned Missourian, who had nodded to him once or twice, if it would be possible for him to find a job with the Governor Stevens outfit. The Missourian looked Big Dave over from head to foot, appraisingly, downed half a tin-cupful of whiskey and spoke his mind.

"By th' hells of ye, stranger, I reckon y' ain't afeerd uv work, but by the eternal! you'll need every ounce uv yer grit 'f ye trail with that outfit! I kinda cotton to ye. What's yer name? Brandon, eh? Well, Brandon, I happen to be part of that—outfit myself. Haddon's my name and Bill's the handle my old man sawdered enter it. Now, here's the layout. Stevens is takin' with him nigh over two hundred uv the—d—est, a man loose from his appetite. They're reg'lar wild cats, these canyars. Handlin' them is jest like hardin' cels that hev swallered dynamite. The outfit needs good men and if yer sot on takin' a chance, by—Bill Haddon'll put in a word fer ye where it'll ring the bell."

Mr. Haddon, a competent mule-skinner, proved to be a man of his word, whose recommendation Brandon was regularly enlisted as a member of the party. But there was weary waiting before Governor Stevens arrived and the expedition got under way. Big Dave's patience was sorely tried before the light-draught steamboat backed away from the levee and crested the tide of the Mississippi, pushing ahead of it the flatboats which carried live-stock and piled-up stores.

THE RIVER ROAD

River travel, a few days up the Mississippi, then into the turbulent Missouri, was a vivid delight to little Davy. The "little feller," as Steven's men called him—he was the only child in the party of two hundred—was petted and pampered by every one from the governor down to the mule-skinner and the half-breed interpreters. He had the run of the boat, from the captain's cabin to the lower deck where the roustabouts worked, gambled and slept. To Davy they were all good friends. From them he learned something of the great, new country beyond the bend of the river. His manliness and bright, cheerful spirit had no little influence upon the men. With Davy around, they

worked more willingly and softened their oaths, although Brandon occasionally wined at some of the language which fell upon the ears of his small son.

Steambotting up the Missouri River in the Spring of the year was a toilsome and dangerous business. Bankful in early Spring flood, the great river drove southward with savage force, fighting the puny boat every fathom of the way, and launching an endless succession of snags, inanimate monsters of destruction. Any one of these half-submerged trees, wrenched from forests a thousand miles distant, would have ripped the bottom out of the craft if her crew had not been incessantly vigilant. With spars and long pike-poles they fended off the lunging snags, working at night in the light of whale-oil flares, mysterious shadows struggling with invisible monsters. More than once Davy heard the cry, "Man overboard!" and was carried to the rail in a surge of men to see the bobbing head and waving arms being swiftly dragged down-river by the ramb current.

At night he liked to sit just forward of the "texas" where the boat's officers slept, and to gaze upward at the tall smoke stacks pouring flame into a starless night. To the boy's ears would come the hoarse, but melodious chant of the quartermaster and learmen calling the channel depth to the pilot, a kind of sorrowful strain which took his thoughts back to Springfield and Miriam. But not for long. It was all too thrilling, this wonderful river-road journey, for the melancholy of homesickness to find an abiding place in the swift thoughts of the boy. Davy was living for himself a book of travel, more fascinating than any he had ever read.

The Oregon "laid up" at the old trading post of Bellevue, one pitch-black night, and Davy accompanied his father and half the boat's company to the tavern. It was kept by Colonel Sarpy, an early-comer in the country, and now the trader at Bellevue for the American Fur Company. He was under-sized, dark of complexion, quick in his movements, jolished in his manners. "Fire-eater," said Bill Haddon in Brandon's ear. "Little as he is, the Omahas call him 'Big Chief,'—'No-Ka-Yah-He,' in their lingo. Stands on his dignity. There's a fool who'll get a lesson!"

A big mule-whacker, thirsty for liquor, had shoved through the crowded bar, unceremoniously elbowing Sarpy out of his way. The little Colonel followed the teamster to the bar and faced him, eyes blazing. The teamster looked down at the bantam, grinned and spat in contempt. Sarpy spoke, every word cracking like a whip:

"Do you know who I am, sir? I am Peter A. Sarpy, sir! The old horse on the sand bar, sir! If you want to fight, I am your man, sir! I can whip the devil, sir! Choose your weapons, sir! Bowie knife, shotgun or revolver, I am your man, sir!"

With a lightning movement he whipped out his long-barreled Colt's forty-five, and snuffed a candle down the bar, ten paces distant. The mule-whacker's jaw dropped and fear crept into his eyes. Without another word, he edged away from the little man of wrath and slipped around the wall to the door, through which he vanished into the night. A roar of laughter went up. Colonel Sarpy calmly replaced his pistol and resumed walking up and down, with an occasional word to an acquaintance.

Almost every day the boat made long stops at a woodyard where corded fuel was waiting, ready stacked; or paused at one of the courageous settlements which struggled for a foothold between river and forest. Davy had unforgettable glimpses of the doughty pioneers who were steadily crowding the frontier toward the Pacific, and fre-

quently, along the uplands, he saw saw bands of Omahas following great herds of buffalo, or riding their ponies, grim silhouette upon the horizon. Captain Terry told him tales of the old steamboating days when Indians were a deadly menace. There had been steamboats on the Missouri since as far back as 1819, the Captain said, and for many years afterward the Indians fought desperately to close the river-road against the dreaded invasion of white men.

"You see, Davy," said Captain Terry, "they were smart enough to understand that their hunting grounds were in danger, and they did their best to drive the boats off the river. They seldom attacked in the daytime, but raids at night were common, especially when the craft of those days had to tie up along the banks for fear of snags, or because the old-time pilots didn't know enough about the channel changes in this crazy river to navigate in the dark. The Indians would ride along the bank, whooping like fiends and shooting clouds of arrows, fire arrows, usually. Their game was to burn the boats. They killed a lot of good men that way and burned more than one boat."

"Then a fellow came along with an idea that scared 'em off. He knew that Indians are a superstitious lot, believing in all sorts of devils, so he rigged up a special devil for 'em. He made a big serpent's head, like a giant kite, out of lath and oil paper, and set this snake-devil up in the lookout, and a man posted up there to turn the wicks of the lamps up and down, so as to make the scary head sort of glare and disappear. It worked fine. It was too much for the reds. It never failed to send them to the right-about with whoops of fear. The result was that the Indians let up a whole lot on the night attack business and steamboating got to be a good bit safer."

Some days the whistle of the Oregon, the American Fur company boat upon which the Stevens expedition was traveling blast a salute to a company craft swiftly heading down-river with a cargo of furs from fur posts in the Missouri headwaters and Davy would hear cheery shouts echoing from boat to boat as company men gave the good hail. He would catch glimpses of the gay scarlets and saffrons of the shirts and handkerchiefs of the incoming trappers, eager for the joys of St. Louis after months of toil and danger along the forested stream of the northwest.

Almost every day they passed keelboats heavily loaded, rude, strongly built crafts, 60 to 70 feet long, tugged upstream by a cordelle, a heavy rope 300 feet or more in length, one end of which was attached to a mast, and the other hauled by two-score stalwart men marching along shore. When the wind was right, the labor of dragging these heavy boats upstream was eased by sails. Often Davy saw them using poles and long oars in their laborious struggle against the raging river.

An occasional mackinaw, with four oarsmen, shot down-stream, piled high with pelts, and now and then lusty, brown-armed French-Canadian half-breeds flashed past the laboring steamboat with thrill cries. Davy had his first sight of the bull boats, the queer craft built from a frame of willow saplings covered with the hides of bull buffalos.

These sights and sounds and the thrill of deer feeding in the bottomlands in the early morning never grew stale. One day Bill Haddon pointed out a great lumbering, brown shape on the edge of the wooded Nebraska shore.

"Bar," said Haddon, laconically, and Davy's heart skipped a beat.

"No use shootin'," added the mule-driver. "Too fer off, and the boat wouldn't stop, nohow."

Brandon had formed his plans during the weeks of the slow up-river progress of the Oregon. He had earned his pay of a dollar a day and keep for himself and his boy, but he had had no easy task among the "Irish canaries," the half-wild Missouri mules that had been so luridly described by Haddon. These vicious, kicking brutes had broken the legs of two men, and had bitten several others. Always restive, and sometimes driven frantic by the fierce storms of thunder and lightning, they had to be watched day and night.

But Big Dave had escaped with nothing worse than a bruise or two and had won the profane praise of the boss when the plunging, squealing herd was driven to panic. To the boss, Jelks, he confided his intention to leave the expedition at Council Bluffs and strike westward over the Oregon Trail to the Pacific.

"Hate ter lose a good man, but I won't stand in yer way, Brandon," said Jelks. "Reckon you've done yer share. But it's risky business fer a lone man and a boy to hit that trail. Injuns are gettin' more 'n more restless. There's one of Jim Bridger's men, tall feller, named Spence, aboard here, and he'll know purty much what the lay of the land is."

Brandon had heard a hundred tales of Bridger, called the greatest scout and plainsman that the West ever knew. He was eager to meet any one known as "Jim Bridger's man." Of all nrepid pathfinders Bridger loomed the greatest, his deeds and his fame overtopping the exploits of even such paladins as Kit Carson, Jim Baker, California Joe, Jim Beekwith, Pop Corn and Jack o' Clubs.

"Brand, shake hands with Silent Spence," said Jelks, next day. "Maybe Silent, here, kin tell ye somethin' about the hostiles along the Platte, and be-yant. Brandon's bound fer the Oregon Trail, Silent, him and the boy—jest them."

Spence, six feet, straight as an Indian, and fully as copper-brown; with black hair that swept his buckskin shoulders, eyes wide apart and of piercing black, a hawk's nose and a good, straight mouth, gave Big Dave a hand of steel, and a "Howdy," and went on calmly smoking his pipe. He was wordless for several minutes, but Brandon waited patiently, understanding something of the nature of the man. When Spence spoke, he gave his words deliberately, retracing the trail of memory, as he went along:

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Courts As Cockpits.

From the Minneapolis Journal. After 47 years as a criminal lawyer, Clarence Darrow, of Chicago, is about to retire. He has been engaged in 1,500 court battles and has defended no less than 60 persons charged with murder. Against 57 of these the death penalty was asked, but thanks largely to his skill as a pleader, 45 were acquitted, a few were committed to asylums for the insane and the rest received prison sentences. A notable, if not a proud record!

Mr. Darrow has found that juries generally assume that a man charged with crime is guilty. He attributes much of his success to the fact that he has been able to show juries that men charged with crime are human beings like themselves. With this in mind, juries generally become charitable and lenient. Naturally, Mr. Darrow believes strongly in the jury system, not because it is perfect, but because it is the safest safeguard yet developed for the rights of the individual.

But after long service it is Mr. Darrow's conviction that "courts are only cockpits for lawyers to fight in." There are battles, where lawyers muster what learning and wit they have to win their cases, and not to secure justice or protect society. It is his opinion that there is not a chance in the world for true justice, and that there will not be, until human nature evolves further from animal passions and mob-mindedness.

Mr. Darrow makes some constructive suggestions. He believes juries should determine merely whether the accused did or did not do the thing with which he is charged. If the jury finds he did it, then let those versed in the causes and ways of human behavior decide why he did it, and what should be done with him for his own sake and for the protection of society. The chief gains, he believes, in court procedure, are the establishment of juvenile courts, and the increased effort to find out why people act as they do.

Mr. Darrow quite neglects to credit punishment with any deterrent value. He confuses the issue by blaming heredity and environment. Able and learned jurists place great value upon punishment as a deterrent to crime and hence as a protection to society. This crucial point has been lost sight of in the pseudo-scientific maze gathering about the crime problem today.

Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.

As I gaed down the water side,
There I met my shepherd lad;
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,
And he ca'd me his dearie.

"Will ye gang down the water side,
And see the waves sweetly glide
Beneath the hazels spreading wide,
The moon it shines fu' clearly."

"I was bred up at nae sic school,
My shepherd lad, to play the fool,
And a' the day to sit in dool,
And naebody to see me."

"Ye sall get gowds and ribbons meet,
Caul-leather shoon upon your feet,
And in my arms ye'll lie and sleep,
And ye sall be my dearie."

"If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
I see gang wi' you, my shepherd lad,
And ye may row me in your plaid,
And I sall be your dearie."

"While waters wimple to the sea,
While day blinks in the lift sae hie,
Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e,
Ye aye sall be my dearie!"

—Isobel Pagan (1740-1821).

Agricultural Experts Sought Data On Cats Because of Wire Blunder

From Commerce and Finance

We regret that we cannot fulfill our promise in last week's issue to review the government bulletin on the Use of Cats as Food for Horses. The copies printed have been withdrawn from circulation. The few copies that have already passed into private hands have already reached a substantial market value for collectors. The New York Evening World was the first to discover the mistake that has misled us and so many others and has rendered a substantial congressional appropriation valueless.

Whether there were vitamins in cats, something altogether probable in view of the traditional nine lives, the value of their proteins in a balanced ration, the relative cost of cats as compared with that of other food for horses, the estimates of the world's production of cats—all these and the numerous other questions and discussions in the government's bulletin are now become but waste.

It seems that the order for the investigation was sent by telegram to an assistant just as he was starting on his vacation. It ordered his immediate return and spoiled his holiday. The telegram handed him by the train conductor just east of Harper's Ferry said:

"Survey required use of cats as food for horses cover present conditions far as Rocky mountains brief summary far western states stop effect of tariff stop possible substitutes stop foreign demand stop begin Monday employ requisite statisticians stenographers economists clerks prepare estimate total cost stop appropriation twenty-five thousand may get more."

In the departments at Washington orders are orders. Subordinates have no choice. Theirs not to make reply; theirs not to reason why. The survey expert had never heard of cats being fed to horses, but the government has investigated funnier things than that. General Dawes' system of co-ordination not being in full operation, the young statistician did not get in touch with his superior officer for several weeks, during which time he worked faithfully on his bulletin. He studied the whole history of cats, from the Egyptian tombs down, and while he did not find that cats had ever been used as food for horses, he believed that there was really no reason why an essence of cat might not be prepared which should be nutritious and palatable, although horses are not naturally carnivorous animals.

The bulletin was finally in type, the statisticians, stenographers, dietitians, historians and economists paid off and the appropriation duly accounted and receipted for. It is one of those copies, received unofficially in advance of public distribution, that led us to promise our readers an exposition of its contents, a promise which, in view of the government's plainly expressed unwillingness that the contents of the pamphlet should be used for quotation after its official suppression, we must regretfully retract. It was only last week that the compiler of the bulletin got hold, and that merely by chance, of the original telegram and realized the frightful mistake that had been made. Someone had blundered.

There was only one letter wrong, but it spoiled the whole work. The word in the telegram as written was not "cats," but "cats."

The typewriter keys had not been cleaned for some time and the o's and a's were both so filled with ink that they looked just alike.

Pungent Paragraphs

Admiral Fiske says women are the real cause of war, but he doesn't dare to say the way to end war is to abolish the cause of war.—Worcester Telegram.

Chicago wants to become the air capital of the land. That town always was known as the Windy City.—Pittsburg Chronicle and Telegraph.

No one can have the true reform temperament who does not regard 4.4 per cent. beer as rum, or at least liquor.—Columbus Ohio State Journal.

When, if ever, does a standing army in the Riff country sit down?—Detroit News.

The life of a dollar bill is eight months, but it's not all spent in one place.—Lynchburg News.

The sweeping reform needed in the home is one that will get the cobwebs out from under the furniture.—Flint Journal.

Mr. Elman, the noted violinist, took out a \$500,000 insurance policy before his marriage. Matrimony is getting to be a dangerous adventure.—Columbus Dispatch.

Being poor is no disgrace, but soon becoming very monotonous.—Sandsky Register.

Not Inspiring Prospect.

From the Milwaukee Journal. That Chairman Butler of the republican national committee is coming to Wisconsin to open a fight for the party is interesting. What will Mr. Butler offer to those in Wisconsin whom he wants to draw back to the republican fold? What his idea of the republican party is he told republicans in Philadelphia the other night: "We must give to the people a party worthy of the president!"

"A party worthy of the president!" This is the ideal for the great republican party! The party that saved the union and freed the slaves! It is to be measured out in hanks. It worth of one man—President Coolidge.

That will be a queer sounding message for Mr. Butler to bring to Wisconsin where the feeling for Mr. Coolidge last fall was 142,000 votes behind the feeling against him. It makes one wonder why Mr. Butler should think it worth his while to come to this state. "A party worthy of the president" will have a strange sound out here where people have learned what the tariff scheme really is. For Mr. Coolidge is the president under whom the "elastic clause" is being tested, and it is only too plain now what that "elasticity" means. The rubber can be stretched to make better profits, but it won't contract to reduce the cost of living. It was Mr. Coolidge who held up the report of the tariff commission that recommended cheaper sugar for the home. It is Mr. Coolidge who finds a place as minister to Roumania for the leader of those on the commission who remembered that duties could be lowered as well as raised. There is no hope of ending tariff abuse in a party worthy of the president.

Twenty five religious denominations are represented among the students at the Pennsylvania State college. Of more than 3,000 students who stated their religious preferences recently, about one-fourth were Presbyterians, one-fifth Methodists, one-eighth Lutherans, and one-tenth Roman Catholics. Other sects represented are: Reformed, Protestant Episcopal, Baptist, Hebrew, Evangelical, United Presbyterian, United Brethren, Society of Friends, Church of Christ, Congregational, Dunkard, Christian Science, Moravian, Unitarian, and Disciple. Universalist, Greek Catholic, and United Zion children, the last three having but one representative each.

The wife of Caligula of ancient Rome owned pearls worth \$2,000,000.

The late Herbert Quick seems to have been "capable de tout." He was school teacher, lawyer, journalist, politician, prosecutor of hoodlums, mayor, organizer of the federal farm bureau, Red Cross executive in the far east, a sensitive and delightful speaker, a country gentleman. These were among his avocations. "I am like a setter pup," he said, "forever smelling out something new." Gay, active, variously successful, he maintained that infantile paralysis, which he had as a child, left its victims superior as a rule, to their fellows. As a boy he wanted to be a war correspondent and to go to West Point for military training and the modern languages. His life-long infirmity, about which he never whined or sighed, prevented. He thanked humorously the disease that perhaps had kept him from being a professional ballplayer or pugilist. His was a brave, buoyant, cheerful spirit, a steady will, keen interest in many things. The compensating goods gave him in addition the high gift of imagination.

He didn't find his vocation till late. He was 41 when his first book was published; more than 60 when "Vandermark's Polly" followed the next year by "The Hawkeye," made his fame. In these his pungent paragraphs, which bones of documents and archives. He re-creates the history of the trek, the settlement, "the early methodic, the age of Iowa. These books are crowded with life, character, incident, with whole passages of salient minor figures. They are rich in natural humor, a sharp snack of the soil and the crops. Their homely fidelity and their breadth of poetry, their recovery of the atmosphere and attitude of two generations, their etchings of land and people, of cottonwood and willow and the tumbleweed, "hurryin' gray shapes" driven out of the dusk by the wind, the west wind—what a wealth of matter, with sufficient art, the memory calls up! And philologist have reason to be grateful to Mr. Quick for the treasures of forgotten word and speech that he dug up between "the raging Canawi" and Hell Slow.

Critics complain that some of his major figures are "romantic." Well, Americans persist in being romantic. Indeed, the "romantic" seems a much better "stayer" than the exotic-neurotic-erotic. Let the Devil's Advocate protest. He likes that Mr. Quick kept Mother's day too often and the Captain Gowdy is a bit "touched up." But what a triumph Cow Vandermark is, with his slow unfolding of two generations, his everlasting depressions, episodes, obscure allusions. So not only "Dutch" farmers but all countrymen of the old school uttered themselves in the Yankee would say of such a roaming narrator, "he needs a four-acre lot to turn around in." Mr. Quick was sympathetic to Americans of whatever strain; and he never borrowed his bugles from literature, French, Russian or Scandinavian.

His two chief books are not the perfume and supplience of an evening. They are spacious chronicles of life, full, deliberate, de-Morganesque. Take your time and your pleasure. It may be true, since our "realist" old friend, the Gazetteer, says so, that Ulster county "is bounded on the east by the Hudson river, is intersected by Walkkill and Roundout rivers, and is also drained by the Neversink and Shawangunk rivers and Esopus creek." We know it only as the birthplace of Jacobus Tenius Vandermark, steerer of the four cows, Iowa, in Brockham, and as the home of two many bootleggers. If we shut our eyes we see only Centropolis, and in its St. Tropias hotel—the French-Canadian painter—transfers—our not fanatically honest acquaintance, Raws Upright, massacring with incredible violence the chicken popple.

A 23-inch refracting telescope is to be installed at Johannesburg, South Africa, by Yale university, according to a report from Consul G. K. Donald to the secretary of state. Yale's decision on the location of the telescope was largely due to the American Chamber of Commerce at Johannesburg. At its request, the minister of railways granted a 15 per cent. reduction in freight port from Consul G. K. Donald to the director of the union observatory at Johannesburg, besides affording the facilities of astronomical time service, dark rooms, etc., has promised a free site in its 15-acre reservation.