

# 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

"Miriam, I have made enemies. I know that. They have lied about me from one end of New York to the other. Don't believe these stories. I suppose I've gone the pace some—a man has to in my set—but if you will marry me I'll never touch another card. I'll be more temperate. I'll go back to my profession. I'll make you proud of me."

He dropped to his knee, beseeching her with his eyes. "Give me my chance, Miriam. I'm wild for you. I'll wait if you say so, wait for years, but I want your promise. Tell me you will marry me!"

Miriam gazed at him steadily for a long time. Finally she spoke. "I will give you your chance." She said. "I will marry you." He leaped to his feet. "—not now, not soon, even; for I am too young. I know that and father would never consent; but later, in a year or two, perhaps, after you have proved yourself and I am surer of myself as well. Will that content you?"

For a long time he pleaded, but under Miriam's gentleness was the steel of an inflexible resolution that Jesson could not bend. At the end he accepted her terms.

"Do you know where I am going when I leave you?" I am going to see Durant."

"Mr. Durant of the new Union Pacific Railroad company?" asked Miriam, who had heard her father mention the New York capitalist as one of the prime movers in the railroad project.

"The very man," replied Jesson. "I know him well. My father and he were friends. I will ask him to find me a post."

When they parted she permitted him to kiss her, but the kiss did not fire her heart. It did not thrill her as she had supposed a girl must be thrilled by the touch of her lover's lips. "And yet I am fond of him—like him better than any man I have ever met," she said to herself. It was a very thoughtful Miriam who prepared for bed that night.

## CHAPTER IX ABRAHAM LINCOLN DECIDES

Three days later she received a letter from her father in Washington.

"The president is to see me on the morning of July 1," Marsh wrote. "The Pacific railroad charter as passed by congress is now on the desk. I have an idea that's what he wants to talk about. The bill aroused bitter opposition from people who think the government should concentrate on winning the war, but I think I know how Lincoln feels."

"The times are very dark. The president is greatly changed, aged, haggard, bowed with care. McClellan has failed him. I am afraid. Public credit is at a low ebb. The country is full of compromisers and Southern sympathizers. Even the government departments are honeycombed with disloyalty. But he is wonderful, our old friend, so patient and resolute, so cheerful under the terrible burden. He feels the pain of every wound inflicted on the fields of battle, the anguish of every wife and mother. Yet there are detractors in plenty who sneer at him as a light-minded trifler telling rustic stories and crude jokes while the blood of the people flows in streams. They can't understand him here in Washington. They don't know him as we do. But the day will come when they will fully comprehend Abe Lincoln's goodness and grandness."

"I didn't intend to write so fully, but I know how much you are interested. I suggest that you join me at the Willard on the last day of June; then you can go with me next day to keep the appointment with the president. He has often asked about little Miriam. I am eager to see his face when he

sees what a young lady you have become."

She read the letter to Jesson, thrilling at the portrait Marsh sketched of the lonely man in the White House. Jesson's light eyes betrayed interest.

"Mr. Marsh seems sure that the president will sign the bill," he said. "In that event the work should begin soon. They will need engineers. I would be delighted and honored, Miriam, if you would permit me to escort you to Washington and your father. I missed Durant here, but I could see him there and perhaps I could enlist Mr. Marsh's interest. Your father seems to be very close to our remarkable president."

"I'd love to have you go with me, Peter," said Miriam. "I want to tell father how interested you are in the railroad and how much you'd like to be a part of it. He'll probably ask you to go to the White House with us. It will be wonderful if we can see the president and talk to him."

"To be with you is wonderful enough, my darling," said Jesson, ardently. "I'm not sure, though, that I am exactly thrilled over the prospect of meeting the queer person whom luck has put in the White House. Many of my friends have talked to him and they have a very unfavorable impression of the man—he is far from being a gentleman. I'm told he is a clodhopper, with a vulgar strain. Not at all the person one could ask to his home."

Miriam flushed. Quick anger stabbed her. Rising temper prompted her to rebuke this supercilious young aristocrat in a fashion to be remembered, but she knew the opinion held of the president by the cultured of the East, by people "who can't understand him," as her father put it. She bridled her anger and spoke quietly.

"You and your friends will change your opinion some day," she said, "just as the great statesmen in the cabinet have had to change theirs. Mr. Stanton told his father that he detested the president at first, couldn't bear to speak to him. Now he is the president's most devoted supporter. The secretary of the state, Mr. Seward thought he could put Mr. Lincoln in his place, but Mr. Seward quickly found out who was master. Every man in the cabinet knows that the president is his superior in intellect, Peter. He may begin cabinet meetings with a reading from Artemus Ward or with some country joke, but just the same he always finds the solution of problems that baffle the others, great statesmen though they are."

"You may be right, dear," said Jesson lightly. "I suppose it's the prerogative of genius to dress like a scarecrow and talk like a farm laborer. If he puts the railroad through and gives us a chance to get rich, why I, too, will sing the praises of our peasant king!"

Miriam bit her lip over the persistent sneer, but turned the conversation to their forthcoming journey.

A day or two later they arrived in Washington. Marsh had met Jesson frequently, and neither liked or disliked him. Miriam told her father that she drove to the Willard that she had accepted Jesson's proposal of marriage and that they had agreed upon a long engagement. Marsh looked serious.

"We will talk about it at supper, he said. 'I shall be busy all day with the railroad promoters. We are all pretty much on edge. Amuse yourselves as best you can.'"

"I must see Mr. Durant," said Jesson, and explained his ambition. Marsh nodded, not displeased.

"We shall meet them, at supper," he said, as he shook hands with the young man and showed Miriam to their rooms.

That evening as they dined leisurely, waited upon by an

old darkey whose manner was the perfection of solicitous service, Marsh spoke his mind.

"Mr. Jesson," he said, "my great object in life is to insure the happiness of this child, for she is only a child to me. It is for her that I work and plan, for her that I am trying to build a fortune. If Miriam loves you and wants you for a husband, I shall not stand in the way. But if you want her you must wait for her. She is too young to marry. It will take two or three years to finish her education. Moreover, the times are dark. None of us knows what the outcome of our hopes and ambitions may be. Half of my little fortune is locked up in government bonds. It may be years before they rise to full value. The rest of my capital I intend to put into stock of the railroad. If the road fails I shall be not much better than a pauper and will have to start all over again. If the road succeeds I hope to be a very rich man."

Jesson's mind worked in lightning flashes as Marsh talked. He had supposed that Miriam's father was already rich. Such had been the impression in New York. Now it developed that Marsh was not the possessor of a stable, independent fortune such as would make Miriam an heiress worth while. The girl was lovely, adorable, delicious; but could he afford to commit himself irrevocably to a doubtful hazard? He wanted her. She fired his blood. But could Peter Jesson treat himself to the luxury of a penniless wife, however beautiful?

"Mr. Marsh," said Peter Jesson, his mind made up, "in my love for Miriam there is no thought of money. I intend to make my own way. I understand and sympathize with your feelings. If you think best, we will wait, as long as may be necessary, always deferring to your judgment."

The little speech pleased Marsh. Shrewd as he was in business matters, he was not versed in the subtleties of such minds as Jesson's. It appeared to him that Jesson had accepted the situation in manly style. His estimate of the young man went up. Miriam was conscious of a vague disappointment in her lover. The surface of his words was sensible, prudent, matching her own belief as to the wisdom of a long engagement, but somehow she would have preferred a more impetuous suitor, one whose ardor was less tolerant of delay. She was quite sure she did not want to marry in haste, but she was equally sure—and the contradiction vexed her—that she wanted Jesson to urge it. She sat silent, thoughtful while her father and lover talked about the railroad. Jesson had met Mr. Durant in the afternoon had obtained the partial promise of an engineering post with the Union Pacific.

"I am glad that you enlisted his interest," said Marsh, "but as a matter of fact, you may not require it. I am to be general superintendent. I shall need my own staff of engineers. There is no reason why you shouldn't have your chance with me."

Jesson thanked him warmly and the conversation shifted to other topics, particularly the news from the front, or lack of news from the front, with great disquiet in the capital, with few bulletins to cheer apprehensive people.

At 10 the next morning they appeared at the White House and were ushered by the major-domo into the reception room for those who had appointments with the president or with Mr. Hay, his secretary, or whose importance was such that they were admitted without question to await their turn. To Miriam the scene in the anteroom was animated and exciting. The long, low chamber was thronged with men who were making history. Her father identified many of these—famous senators, state governors, distinguished soldiers.

"There is General McClellan, up for a hurried visit from the front," he said, indicating a stiffly erect figure of middle height. Miriam noted the much-talked-of general carefully. She thought he seemed very intelligent but self-willed. His face showed signs of irritation as he responded occasionally to members of a group of officers around him.

"The general feels as if he ought to be allowed to walk right in," said Marsh. "He

doesn't like to be kept waiting."

Officers and civilians were arriving constantly. There was an incessant stir and murmur of conversation. Several gentlemen detached themselves from a group and bowed to her father. He presented them: "Mr. Collis P. Huntington, of San Francisco, vice president of the new Central Pacific company"; "Mr. Juda P. Benjamin, engineer of the Central Pacific"; "Mr. Thomas C. Durant, vice president of the Union Pacific."

Miriam saw that Huntington and Benjamin were obviously men of the west, plainly dressed, very direct in speech, and that Durant was of quite another type, very fashionably garbed, courtier-like in manner cultivated in speech. These gentlemen withdrew to one side to discuss the railroad with her father. It was plain from their manner and faces that they were at high tension, worried, nerve-strained.

Miriam's attention and quick sympathies were caught by a woman old and bent, pathetically shabby. She had heard the usher's low-pitched voice: "I'll do the best I can, madam. I'll send in your name to the president. I cannot say whether he will see you or not. There are so many with appointments."

Miriam's warm heart tightened as she saw tears well in the eyes of the old woman, and saw her thin, toil-worn hands tremble as she dabbed a handkerchief at wet eyes. Impulsively, the girl went over to the chair and put her hand lightly upon the arm of the sadly troubled figure in dingy black.

"If there is anything I can do," she began, gently. My father and the president are good friends. Perhaps we can say a word for you."

A thin and shaking hand clutched at her own. "Just a word with the president," she said. "Only a word. That is all I want. It's for my boy. They're going to shoot him. He was found asleep on duty. He's only a boy, Miss, no older than you are—my only boy, all I have in the world!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

### Started Early.

Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegram. They were on their honeymoon. He had bought a boat and had taken her out to show her how well he could handle it, putting her to test the sheet. A puff of wind and he shouted in no uncertain tone, "Let go the sheet!"

No response. "Then, again: 'Let go that sheet, quick!'"

Still no movement. A few minutes after, when both were clinging to the bottom of the overturned boat, he said: "Why didn't you let go that sheet when I told you to, dear?"

"I was afraid," said the bride, "if you had not been so rough about it, you ought to speak more kindly to your wife."

### Lloyd George on Experts.

From the New York Herald. Le Temps, fiddling on the favorite "expert" theme, gets a lift from the letters of Ambassador Page, after praising the letters as full of flavor and substance, the paper quotes the ambassador's favorable comments on the practicability of Lloyd George, including a passage of which the reader will easily see the application:

"He told me the other day that the thing that made him most weary was experts." "The government has experts, experts, experts everywhere. In every bureau, where things are not going well, I have found bureaus and committees of experts. But in one of these departments, at least, I have found a means of replacing them. I have dismissed 20 experts and I have put in their place a man, and at once things have commenced to move. When you hear about a man, will you let me know?"

### Libeling American Life.

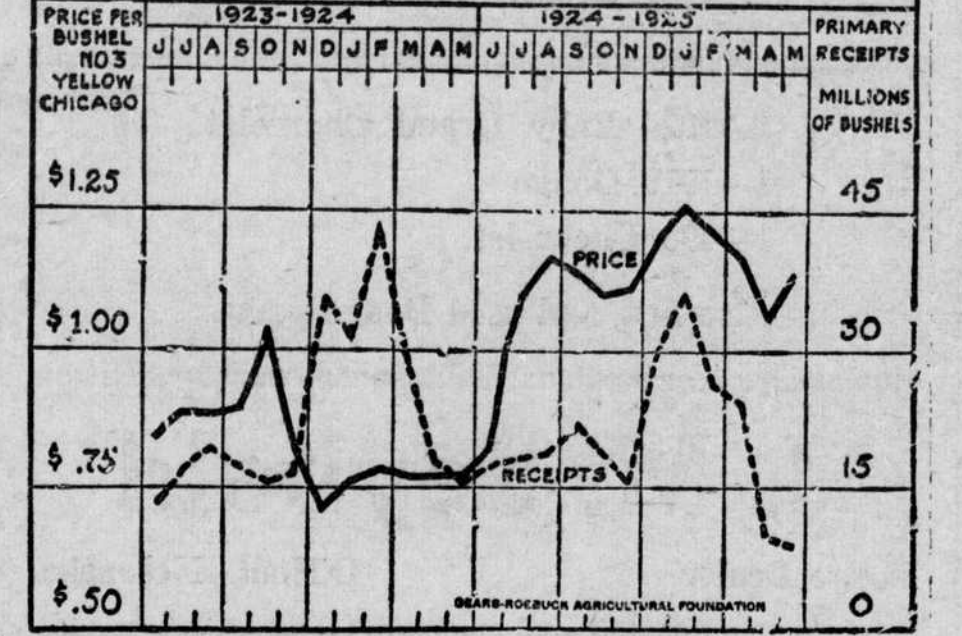
From the New York Times. No Englishman knows America better, or is a firmer friend of this country, than Lord Lee of Fareham. Both knowledge and loyalty lie behind the plain words he has been speaking about the general run of American films shown in England, on the Continent and in the Orient. The objection to them is not merely that most of them are "rubbish," as they were recently asserted to be in the house of commons, but that they misrepresent American life and give to foreigners altogether wrong notions of the social and moral standards which prevail in the United States. Lord Lee might have gone further and pointed out the great opportunity which American exporters of films are missing. Enjoying, as they do, very nearly a monopoly of the business—German cinema producers being their chief rivals—they might do a real educational work not only in behalf of this country, but in the interest of speeding accurate information and sound ideas on many subjects.

At the 121st annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society in London some astonishing facts were made known regarding the translation and sale of the Bible in various parts of the world. The society has helped to produce the Bible in 512 languages, and within the last year has issued 106,576 volumes. For 10 years the society has published the Bible in one new language every six weeks. The chairman, Lord Darnley, reported that the soviet government of Russia continued to prohibit the publication or sale of the Bible in that country. All the society's efforts to gain admission to the Russian market have failed.

## Corn Prices Are Up Again

A short corn crop last year brought higher prices for the little that was for sale, according to the Index of the Sears-Roebuck Agricultural Foundation. In spite of the better prices, there has not been so much corn going to market as a year ago. Usually there is increased marketing of corn just after planting time, but not this year. The corn was not in the country, and hogs have been buying good prices so much that corn will go to the market on the hoof. Higher prices for corn does not seem to have curtailed the demand, for corn has been disappearing from the commercial channels just about as fast as last year when much lower prices prevailed. In spite of an increased acreage this spring, inferior seed and dry weather indicate nothing more than a normal crop. Good prices for the 1925 corn crop are confidently expected.

## Trends in the Corn Market



## Flapper Fanny Says



Many a queen is a slave to fashion.

### Tarriff is Local Issue.

From the Lincoln Journal.

It is true, as a correspondent recently asserted, that the tariff is ceasing to be a partisan political issue. The tariff is being taken out of partisan politics by a splitting up of both parties on that issue.

Democratic Louisiana has long voted with the eastern republicans on the tariff. Louisiana has a special tariff interest, its sugar. Party lines crumble before a recognized pocket interest there. With the shifting of the steel and textile industries into the south the democrats grow less and less reliably low tariff.

Meanwhile the republican west, also increasingly regardless of its pocket interest, has developed a settled dislike for high tariffs. Iowa led a revolt 20 years ago against tariffs whose effect was to increase the cost of living in Iowa without in the least increasing income. Nebraska's publican senator voted against the present high tariff law.

Finally these develops in the very center of the high tariff country a powerful low tariff interest. Americans to whom Europe owes money cannot collect their interest and principal except in European goods. A high tariff bars out their pay. The bankers of New York are no longer reliable aides to the manufacturers of the east in their efforts to shut out foreign competition.

A point has about been reached where each section and segment of the tariff with clear-eyed regard to its own interest. Those interests do not run at all parallel to party lines. The easy going farmer begins to stand for his pocket interest, with a little of the diligence with which the manufacturer has always stood for his pocket interest. A similar clash of interests which this entails conventional party lines cannot stand.

### The Use of the Flags.

From the Kansas City Star.

"My curiosity was aroused by observing a number of small white flags attached to poles about the size of fishing rods, leaning in a fence corner at the back side of a small farm yard in the hills," said a motorist who was journeying through the Slippery Slap region. "Tell you about 'em," replied Lum Damm, a prominent resident of that neighborhood. "If you come out of the timber at the tatter side of the farm you're posed to take a flag and march right up to the back door of the Louse."

"Then what?"

"Then, if you're a friend you buy some bone-dry hoker, and if you ain't a friend you get shot. It amounts to about the same thing either way."

many of them were young people and women of generally moderate circumstances, when it was learned that there were not enough visitors to either body to get the return fare reduction privilege. This is another striking example of the general service of the private automobile. It shows that but very few now travel by train. In the case of the Grand Lodge of Masons, however, there is no use doing this, but rather it is a striking lesson that the public need consider as to the question of general service by the railroad. When there are not more than 50 people riding to a Masonic Grand Lodge or a state Sunday school convention it shows that the income of railroads has practically been eliminated compared to former patronage.

### That New Element.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Since the solar eclipse informally seen by millions, a good many persons are more interested than they would otherwise have been in the possibility of finding a valuable element like helium in the make-up of the chromosphere. Now it has been discovered that standards at Washington announced, as a result of the study of the eclipse data, that the existence of helium is fairly well established. Helium was found in the solar spectrum in 1868, at the time of a total eclipse. It was not discovered on earth till 1895, when Ramsey determined its presence in a Norwegian mineral cleveite. Another observer, in the same year, found it in the air. Let us hope it will not take three decades to locate helium at a closer range than the fiery mantle of the central orb to the sun and that a use may be discovered for the gas as important as that of helium, which has provided a nonflammable substitute for hydrogen in the navigation of dirigibles.

### Exertion Discloses Flask.

From the Docket.

One Elswick was throwing balls at a doll rack. There was nothing wrong in doing that. He apparently exerted himself to the utmost. There was nothing wrong in doing that. Still, Elswick would have fared better had he indulged in some less strenuous pastime. One of the spectators was a deputy marshal.

This was the situation when the movements of Elswick, carried in the tail of his coat to rise and hang over the neck of a bottle carried in his hip pocket. The liquid contents of the bottle dashed around merrily, with each little movement of the ball thrower's body.

### Housing Shortage vs. Divorce.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

From Berlin comes a novel theory of the relation of the housing shortage to marriage and divorce. From all sorts of conventions here in the United States are coming complaints and charges that crowded dwellings are filling the courts with divorce proceedings. The theory would appear to be that it takes plenty of room for people to get along together even though they are married to each other. But the story from the German capital is that where two live together in a house, no matter how abbreviated, they dare not consider separation for the simple reason that there isn't room to be had to live separately. In other words, the housing shortage is preventing divorces there while it is charged with multiplying them over here. However, it may be just another illustration of the old saying that it is a poor rule that won't work both ways.

### Well Trained.

From the Western Christian Advocate.

A commercial traveler, visiting a large insurance office, boasted to the manager that he could pick out all the married men among the employees. Accordingly he stationed himself at the door, as they returned from dinner, and mentioned all those he believed to be married. In almost every case he was right. "How do you do it?" asked the manager. "The married men wipe their feet on the mat; the single ones don't."

It isn't that marriage makes men meek, but that the meek ones are easily caught.—Akron Beacon Journal.