DATE OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PR 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 patted her shoulder comfortingly. All at once the tuzz of talk ceased. Silence fell upon the crowded room. Miriam's gaze turned to a door which led from the private apartments. Secretary Hay, walking briskly, entered the anteroom, preceding a figure that followed slowly. It was the president. As he approached, his head was bent, his arms were held behind him, fingers interlaced. Eagerly the girl studied this man she had known so well in the old days of her shildhood in Springfield, and her heart leaped out to him in love and sympathy. He was changed, indeed, from the Lincoln that she knew, like a great forest tree, the giant figure was bent by the storms that could not break it. His face was haggard, as her father had said, yet glowed with sweetness. It was a face which expressed such dignity and power, such melancholy and sadness, such charm and human sympathy as Miriam had never before seen written upon a human countenance.

Every eye in the room was turned upon him, yet he seemed scarcely conscious of the centered gaze. He came forward, bering to the right, and left, with appealing awkwardness that Miriam so well recalled and which made tears spring to her eyes. Suddenly he observed the weeping old woman in the chair at Miriam's side. He stopped instantly. "What is it, ma-dam?" he asked in his deep gentle voice. "What is your troublet Tell me. Perhaps your president can help you."

She sobbed uncontrollably. The whole room was listening. Miriam patted her shouldes again, urging her to speak. Aimost at once the poor old soul gripped her sorrow and held it. She get to her feet, bobbing a queer old fashioned courtesy. Words tumbled from her quivering lips.

"Its my son, Mr. President. My son, Tom Howard. As good a boy as ever lived, and they're going to shoot him for being asleep on post. Oh, my God, Mr. President, don't let them. Save him for his mether. He was all tired out. He would have died rather than go to sleep if he could have prevented it-"

The president took her seamed brown hand. Over his face spread a beautiful light-soul sunshine, Miriam thought. He motioned to John Hay.

"Your son will not be shot," he said, decisively. "It would be impossible for such a mother to have a bad son. Dry your tears. Go home. Your troubles are over."

"Get all the facts, John, at once, now. Prepare a memorandum to Secretary Stanton. Good-bye, madam. God keep you."

He passed on. A company of officers of high rank bowed, arresting his progress. General Fortesque spoke.

"If you will permit me, sir. We are all deeply concerned over the report that you will sign the Pacific Railroad Act. It is a piece of engineering folly Every dollar is needed to conduct the war. Surely, Mr. President, you will not give this bill your approval?"

Mr. Lincoln stood gazing at the floor Presently he spoke, every ear straining to catch his

"Gentlemen, we must not let

the problems of the war blind us to the greater problems of the peace to come." He paused. gazing full at the intent group, then resumed: "Otherwise wo will have fought in vain!" He was about to enter the executive office when he noticed Marsh and beckened to him, his face lighting up with joy it always expressed at the sight of a friend.

"I shall send for you in a few minutes, Tom," he whispered. "Mr. President, Miriam is is here. Have you a moment? She is so anxious to speak to

Miriam came forward quickly,

> brows slightly raised. "Oh Mr. President!" she eried, her musical voice ringing with delight. "Don't you re-

Jesson following slowly, eye-

member me -Miriam Marsh?" "Why of course," he said, giving her his great hand. "But what a fine lady our little Miriam has grown to be. Ah! That reminds me, and little Davy! Now, that was a boy worth your waiting for!"

Miriam's face fell. Then her eyes twinkled as she noted Jesson's annoyance. Quickly she presented him:

"This is Mr. Jesson. He's to be father's engineer and we're engaged to be married."

"So, so," said Mr. Lincoln, "this is news indeed. and how do you think you will like that rough life out there on the plains, Mr. Jesson ?"

"I daresay I shall manage," replied Mr. Peter Jesson. He could not refrain from showing his contempt for this railsplitter in the White House Mr. Lincoln observed him shrewdly, reading him like a printed page, intensely amused at the type.

"I will take my chance with the Indians and the hard work," continued Jesson. "It's the dirt and grime and vermin I destest. I hear that a man is fairly eaten out of his clothes." "Well, Mr. Jesson, if that happens to you," said the president, his eyes twinkling, but his face perfectly serious, "there'll be a mighty good suit of clothes left for somebody!"

He pressed Miriam's hand and walked into his office. Marsh was summoned presently. The president sat at his desk, the Pacific Railroad Act spread before him.

"Tom," he said at once, "I I have decided."

He bent to the document and wrote his name at the bottom of the last page. Marsh watched him in such elation as he had nover felt before. "I wanted you to be here when I signed the bill," continued Mr. Lincoln. "I wish poor Dave Brandon could have been here. What it would have meant to him! Tom, if you do go out there, try to find Dave and his boy. Now about the railroad. I have done all that I can do. It is up to the builders and the country. I am afraid it will move slowly, but at least the way is open. I tell you Tom, it will bring a miracle to the West. Within half a century, with this road and the roads that will spring from it, there will be fifty million people living happily between the Missouri river and the Pacific ocean. It will mean a great properous, united country. Your work is waiting for you, Tom, and I wish you the best of success. Come to me any time you are in difficulties and we will see what can be done."

CHAPTER X THE BLUE AND THE GRAY The Marshes and Peter Jesson returned to New York a few days after Mr. Lincoln had made the railroad act the law of the land. Miriam looked for immediate activity, expecting two mighty armies of builders to spring East and West, to the titanie task of laying the rails. When nothing happened, and there was only occasional mention of the railroad in her pet newspaper, Mr. Dana's Sun, she couldn't understand the strange

Marsh, preoccupied and wor-

wied, tried to explain. "We have the charter," he said, "but it begins to look as if it is only a deed to a rainbow. Those who have money feel the risk too great. You see, dear, the government isn't advancing any cash. Much as it wants the road, the war comes first and the

treasury is pretty well drained. "Uncle Sam has pledged his credit. For every mile of road built he will turn over to the two private companies in long-time loans, bonds of so many thousand dollars a mile, \$16,000 up to \$48, 000, depending upon the difficulties and cost of track laying, and will give public land bonuses for every mile completed. But to get government bonds which can be converted into eash and to get the land grants we must first build road. We need money to build road, but we've got to build road to get money."

"That sounds like a riddle, father," smiled Miriam.

"It's a riddle that's whitening my hair. We have combed Wall Street begging for help. Poor Huntington is almost distracted. He and his partners out in California, Stanford, Crocker and Hopkins are mortgalgad for every dollar they own. Out of their own pockets they have started track toward the Sierra. Even they don't know how far they can go. Half California is laughing at them. The other half is yelling fraud. 'The Dutch Flat Swindle,' the papers call it. Still, it's easier for them to get started. The war is hardly more than an echo to the Far West. Here in the East the war paralyzes enterprise. Capital sits back, waiting. The big men downtown, men like D. O. Mills, say it is too much of a gamble. They think the project building 1,800 miles of railroad over treeless plain and waterless desert, through hostile Indian country, and over mountains is foredoomed. They ask where business is to come from in an unsettled wilderness." "You won't give up?" asked Miriam "No I shall stick it out. We'll keep knocking at the door of the Plutocrats. Maybe a miracle will happen.'

But it was destiny, not a miracle, which was to give living impetus to the Iron Horse. Destiny, having decided that the American Union was to stand, unbroken, one and indivisible, stretched forth a great hand, swept back from shellharrowed fields the gallant forces of the Confederacy and upon the clearing sky wrote "Appomattox." With the end if the war, men's thoughts turned eagerly to projects of peace and nation building, and from one end of the land to the other arose the demand that the Pacific railroad be started in

earnest. In April, 1865, came the tragedy which stunned the nation easting the Marshes into deepest sorrow, the assassination of Lincoln. Marsh and his daughter went immediaetly to Washington and were a part of the funeral party that accompanied the president's body to the old home in Springfield. Miriam learned then how the people mourn such leaders as arise only two or three times in a century to win their love and faith. They hastened back to New York, Marsh called by grave affairs.

The three years that had drifted by since the signing of the act by Mr. Lincoln had been years of intense activity. With his eastern associates, Marsh had worked desperately to raise funds, but until late in 1864 it had been a hopeless effort. Congress had come to the help of the railroad promoters with a new act which gave the railroad companies the right to issue their own bonds, the government's bond loan becoming a second mortgage. This began to attract capital. By that time it was plain that the South was beaten, The money kings opened their strongboxes.

Then came months of planning, recruiting and organization. Marsh made a visit to California, taking Miriam with him. He went to study what had been accomplished by his friend, Huntington, and Huntington's partners, the indomitable four. Nature had done its best to impede them by thrusting valleys and mountains across the right of way, but they had striven ahead mile after mile, blasting through the mountains, filling the valley with stone. Marsh visited Charles Crocker at the Central Pacific end of track, where the burly Crocker bellowed up and down the line like a mad bull.

"I'd sell my whole interest in the damned road for a clean shirt," he barked at Marsh one day. "But nobody in California owns a clean shirt to trade with. Here we've built less than 60 miles in three years, most of it on bluff. You play poker Marsh? Well, you know what it is to sit in a tablestakes game and go after the big-

gest pot you ever saw with s busted flush. Labor? Independent as a hog on ice! And scarce. Crazy about gold digging and too damned haughty to swing a pick! An intelligent government holds us down to American iron, strictly. Result is that every rail we lay has to be brought clear from New York, 19,000 miles, all the way round the Horn. We've got twenty ships on the ocean this day! We're ballasting this track with gold, but we're going ahead. I've figured out a way to build over the Sierra and on east so fast your head's 'll swim."

"How's that?" asked Marsh. "John Chinaman," said Crocker, with his great laugh. "I'll show 'em! I have been trying out Chinese as road laborers and they're good stuff. Hard working, sober, peaceable. Next spring I'll have big gangs of 'em hard at it, and I'll keep putting dem on if I have to kidnap half

the Yellow Kingdom.' "A steam-engine in boots," Marsh said to his daughter, next day, describing Crocker. Those men have worked a miracle on their own resources. Now that bonds are selling they will make rapid strides. Huntington wants congress to iet the Central build until it meets the Union Pacific. If that happens, we in the East will have to work fast to reach Utah ahead of those hustling Californians. Crocker will have a string of pig-tailed track layers all the way from the Sierra Nevada to Brigham Young's temple."

They returned East along the Salt Lake trail, by stage coach to Kearney and Omaha then down the Missouri to St. Louis by steamboat, and on to New York by rail. The West thrilled Miriam. The free swing of it got into her blood. Her imagination pictured the frontier-buffalo, Indians, all the old life-slowly retreating before the irresistible advance of a homeseeking people following their destiny. She resolved to be with her father when the time came for him to take up his work on the plains.

Marriage was still in the distant future. It was impossible to think of leaving her father at this crisis. He would need her more than ever. When troubles and difficulties assailed him, she must be at his side to comfort and encourage. Young as she was, she appreciated the magnitude of the task. She foresaw bitter hours for her father before the last rails were laid. She determined to stand by him with all the courage and sycapathy and cheerfulness she could bring to bear.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Tree Planting in Louisiana.

New Orleans Item-Tribune. Inaugurating a plan to perpetuate the forests of Louisiana and make the state one of the most heavily wooded sections of the United States the state of Louisiana, through the department of conservation, has announced an initial gift of 500,000 young trees to the citizens of the state to be made at the close of the present year.

Young trees, numbering approximately 1,060,000, are under cultivation in the state nurseries in Rapides parish. They will be distributed, free of charge, to every bona fide owner of farm land in Louisiana during the last two months of 1925 and January and February of 1926, when the trees

will be ready for transplanting. The plan of encouraging statewide tree planting by the annual distribution of seeds and young trees was conceived during 1924 by V. H. Sonderegger, chief of the forestry division of the department of conservation, and it was through his efforts that the state free nursery was es-tablished in Rapides parish early in

Boy Scouts, farm club boys and girls and scores of other organizations have interested themselves in tree culture and have rendered the state invaluable assistance in this regard, Conservation Commissioner W. J. Everett declared.

He Got a Degree. From the Kansas City Times.

For the last six or seven years, Chester K. Shore, a dark-haired lad who has lived at various times in Hiawatha, Kan., and Kansas City, Kan., has been attempting to win Bachelor of Arts degree at the University of Kansas. A gymnasium course, required but not taken, had been a stumbling block. Printed cards sent to his friends recently bear this This Is Telling the Whole Cockeyed

World That Chester K. Shore Has Completed the Required Course in Gym at the University of Kansas and Will Now Receive His ABE Degree.
Note—On account of my having taken so much exercise in the last nine months I will not take part in the commencement exercises. C. Shore.

A Verbal Tip.
From the Progressive Grocer.
"Cloudy day, sir," said the bellhop.
"Yes," growled the stingy traveler.
"and no change coming, either."

Collateral. From the Pittsburgh Post.
"What do you borrow trouble on?"
"Insecurities."

Natural Conditions Are Working For Improvement of Agriculture

From the Kansas City Star.

There is a closer intimacy between agriculture and general business than is generally understood. Business men who never thought of this before have realized it in the recent years of agricultural depression. Farm conditions are improving. This fact is almost as interesting to the average business man as it is to the farmer. Not yet assured, the business man is asking, "Can the farmer really come back?" He is inclined to think he cannot come back unless there is a general reduction in wages or a more substantial increase in farm prices, or both.

But a general reduction in wages would impair the market the farmer needs. And the farmer has not yet an organization that can determine and maintain a standard of farm prices. What then?

The farmer's prospects are rising from natural causes. His net income for 1923 was a little better than that of 1922. That of last year was a little higher than in 1923. In spite of the shortage of the wheat crop, his net returns this year promise to exceed, at least by a small margin, those of 1924.

Rapidly the relative crop acreage-relative to the domestic population-is decreasing. Little new land is taken up. Population is increasing. From the standpoint of consumption, population is doubling in fifty years in this country. It will be seen, then, that it is only a question of time when production shall erely be sufficient to meet domestic demands for all farm products, cotton excepted. Since the war there has been a reduction of wheat acreage from 74 million acres to 54 millions because of the low price of wheat. There will not be much wheat to export. This situation is reflected in the higher wheat prices. Normally we export only from 15 to 20 per cent. of our wheat, mostly of the grades we do not consume in this country. We export about the same percentage of pork products, principally lard. Cattle production about meets the domestic demand, and prices are tending upward. We import quantities of mutton, and sheep and mutton are high. We probably always shall produce more cotton than we shall use, but the United States has a monopoly of such a large percentage of the world's cotton that it can make its own prices.

When the domestic demand for American wheat exceeds the normal production in this country, the wheat farmer will flourish, for the price will no longer be fixed in Liverpool on the world market. The same is true of cattle and hogs. When that times comes, and it is expected to come in a comparatively few years, the American farmer will be better situated than any other farmer in the world. He will not only be prosperous, but the turn favoring his permanent prosperity will have been made. He will gain not only in the higher prices of what he produces, but in the increased value of his land. Already there is evidence of a slight upward tendency of farm land prices, a tendency based on indications rather than any actual gain that has been made thus

Yes, the farmer can come back. He is on the way. There is reason to believe that when he really gets back he will be back to stay.

TODAY

BY ARTHUR BRISBANE Bible into the constitution," if he loses his fight to uphold the anti-

inonkey law in Tennessee. What has the Bible to do with the monkey law or the constitution? Has Mr. Bryan forgotten these lines: "Congress shall make no law re-

specting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press."

Mr. Bryan would have to take that out of the constitution to make room for Jonah and the whale, as part of the law of the land.

To put into the constitution, the Bible, the Koran, the Talmud, Mrs. Eddy's "Science and Health," or Maimonides "Guide to the Perplexed," was not the original American idea.

The constitution establishing rules for men on earth is one thing. A sacred book expressing views of certain people on religions is another

Thomas Jefferson wrote the dectaration of independence and signed it and Mr. Bryan often quotes him with approval. Jefferson as secretary of state writing to a Mohommedan ruler told him he need have no hesitation about dealing with the United States because this nation, officially, has no religion.

And that message of Jefferson's

was used in recent times in negotiations between his government and the sultan of Sulu.

Bryan, who is a good threatener, also threatens to bar the teaching of evolution throughout the entire nation, a sort of scientific prohibition.

Mr. Bryan may run for president on an anti-evolution platform. If he does, the news of the day supplies his running mate. In Montgomery Cit., Mo., Sherift Farmer must hang a negro, James Crump. Sheriff Farmer objects to spending the people's money to "build a scaffold to bang a negro, when the job can be done as well from a rafter in the county's barn back of the court house."

The county judge, insists on a new gallows. "Suppose that barn becomes haunted, what will we do with it," he asks. That county judge is the right running mate for Mr. Bryan in his anti-evolution campaign.

Rev. A. Bard, Lutheran clergyman, speaking in Milwaukee, advocates taking the statue of Liberty from New York harbor and putting up a

religious statue. He says the liberty figure is "pagan." We seem to be drifting from separation of church and state. Why not pull down the statue of George Washington and put up one of Joshua, who stopped the sun to win his battle? George Washington only stoppde King George.

Samuel Dauscherskey, Russian stowaway, a prisoner on the White Star liner Celtic, has crossed the ocean five times. Neither England nor America will let him land. That seems strange, tragic, but

If So He Choose. From the Fort Scott Tribune. In pre-Civil war days, General Stone-

In pre-Civil war days, General Stone-wall Jackson was a reverent worshiper at the English church in Williamsburgh, Va. The old darky sexton who served the church in the days of Jackson, long survived the distinguished Confederate general. One day the darky was asked if he thought Jackson was in heaven, and he replied: "I doan' know, seh: I doan' know. I does know, seh, dat if Marse Jackson wanted to go to heben, he's dar, seh!"

Most of the world's big jobs are handled by men who don't know what kind of a tie is becoming to them.— Santa Barbara Daily News.

Dauscherskey is like all the rest of us. Our steamship is the earth, we can't go back to wherever we came we are going, at least not until death supplies a passport. But get used to it, buy and sell and marry, just the same.

Madame Nemtchinova, Russian lady who dances nimbly, fell through a trap door and almost broke her legs. Now the legs are insured for \$150,000. Curiously enough, the leg insurance is off when Madame Nemtchinova is in Turkey, the Balkan states, Austria or Russia. Why should those countries be extra dangerous to a dancing ladies' logs?

An American, Blanche Cavitt, has insured her nose for \$50,000. It is not a reconstructed nose like Mr. Dempsey's, or a finely chisled nose that makes its living in moving pictures. Blanche Cavitt uses it as a judge of perfumes. She is the best judee in the world. We live in an age o! specialists.

Australia wants to borrow \$100,-000,000. The money should be suppilled by American finance gladly, on generous terms-not the usual Shylock Lasis.

Australia and New Zealand are to the white races of the world what early American frontiersmen were to white settlements east of them.

Australia lives in the shadow of Asia, a thinly scattered population within easy striking distance of Japan's tens of millions and China's hundreds of millions. All of white civilization is interested in strengthening and upholding Australia and New Zealand.

The Oil, Mining and Metallurgical society of America tells you that oil production has passed its peak in America, consumption increasing faster than supply. Before long America will be importing oil, relying on foreign fields.

That may be. But before long, or about when it is needed, the country will find a substitute for oil and gasoline, as man found a substitute for olive oil that the Greeks used, using whale oil instead. Then was found a substitute for whale oil in kerosene, gas repiaced kerosene, electricity drove out gas.

Nevertheless, if you happen to own a good oil well, don't be in a hurry to sell it. Also bear 'n mind that anybody who has an oil well worth keeping, is not writing letters to the publie trying to sell stock. Beware of the oils hard working through the mails.

Believe It or Not.

From the Pathfinder.

Mrs. Nora Gavaghan of Washing. ten lost her pocketbook in a public building in that city. It had \$15 in it. She notified the police. Several hours later it was found in the vicinity where it was said to have disappeared. When opened to had nearly

Slightly Exaggerated.

From the Cleveland News. Among the benevolent letters recently received at the office of a benevolent society was one running thus:

"This unfortunate young man is the only son of a widow who died childless, and his earnings maintain his aged father and infant brothers, whose solvest support he is." The secretary of the society wrote on the margin of the epistle the following

note:
"The circumstances of the case are evidently exaggerated."

Terrible static in Scotland when it comes to broadcasting prohibition speeches .- Omaha World Herald.