

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

"Peter will have to wait," she thought. "There will be plenty of time for settling down."

Her mind drifted back over their engagement, now three years old. It had not seemed strange for them to go along so. Their mutual friends quite understood how it was, familiar with her father's point of view, accepting her own occasional explanation that she felt too young for the responsibilities of marriage. Nor had Jesson been difficult. From time to time he had asked her to set a day, but gave away gracefully when she put him off.

The truth was, Peter Jesson was not permitting his desire for Miriam to interfere with plans he had made for the comfortable future of Peter Jesson. His enthusiasm for the railroad had waned considerably in the years that followed his visit to the White House with Miriam and her father that July day in 1862. He had begun to persuade himself that the road was a failure after all, and that his many friends who laughed at the project were wise. As much as he cared for Miriam—and that was a great deal, considering the cold and self-centered nature of the man—he was dominated by ambition, principally the ambition for wealth. Of his family estate, once great, only a fragment remained, with an income barely sufficient to maintain his place among the gilded set. Moreover, his debts troubled him. It was not moral qualms that harassed him, but fear of bankruptcy, social humiliation.

He had clung to the engagement with Miriam, half in love, but with a keen eye on the chance that the road might be put through. He felt certain its success would enrich Marsh as one of the pioneers and principal builders. He saw no opportunity so likely to lift him from circumstances both exasperating and dangerous. He envisioned himself as a rich man's son-in-law—only son-in-law—a very important consideration. Yes, it was worth going on with, if only to keep other suitors at a distance.

He said to himself that he loved her, though there were times when she seemed too colorless—too good. Beautiful enough to fire any man's blood, provokingly feminine to her finger tips, her serene innocence sometimes got on Jesson's nerves. He felt that he had never been able to stir her, to bring to her great eyes the look that he wanted to see there. It irritated him, stung his vanity, this utter failure to inspire in the girl the passion that often gripped him.

"I wish to God she had more fire," he thought. "She treats me more like a brother than a lover. Well, I know where to find the fire when I want it." He smiled as he thought of an extremely private little establishment just off Union Square, the expenses of which had no little to do with the debts that harassed him.

He had brushed up his mathematics, the theory of engineering, finding unexpected pleasure in the task. He had a good mind, with natural aptitude for engineering science. Marsh had told him he might be assigned to the field soon; that Mr. Durant and the other directors, with plenty of funds in sight, were about ready to start track laying; that grading had already begun.

"I have been needed here in organization work," said Marsh, "and do not expect to go into the field until early next year, but the time is coming rapidly. I shall see that you have your chance."

But time dragged once more, and it was not until the winter of 1866 that Marsh reported great news. He said to Miriam: "We must go West at once next week. I must take charge as superintendent. General Dodge has sent for me. A tremendous drive is about to take place. Last year we built 260

miles, but we must speed up or those California fellows will be running over us. Congress has forced our hand, freeing the Central Pacific from any mileage limit. It can build eastward until it meets our road."

"Why does that make such a difference?" asked Miriam.

"It will be a great race!" said Marsh. "The greatest race the world ever saw! Look at the prize! On the 1,700 miles from Omaha to Sacramento, the government will issue about \$55,000,000 in bonds. We are authorized to issue private bonds for an equal amount. The value of the public land bonuses will be scarcely less. Think of it! A race for \$165,000,000! Bonds and public lands will be awarded as 40 mile sections of track are completed, a rich reward for every mile laid down. The more track each road can lay the greater will be its share of this golden harvest. There has never been anything like it in the history of the world."

"Our plans are made. Our treasury is running over. We are all ready to start. Expense is no object. Speed is the thing. We must drive the Union Pacific westward as fast as men can toil. We must cross Nevada and Utah before the Central Pacific can get over the Sierra. We must lay 500 miles of track next year."

Miriam plunged into preparations for the journey and for a long stay in the West. Her father had told her that as superintendent under the chief engineer, General Grenville M. Dodge, he would make his home upon the advancing road. A private car had been built for him by a Mr. Pullman, whose little factory in Chicago was beginning to turn out comfortable, even luxurious, homes on wheels. When Miriam calmly announced that she was going, Marsh instantly consented.

"With you I shall have a real home," he said happily. "We will be quite comfortable. It is certain to be a wonderful experience for you, with little danger. General Sherman assures us the army will guard the rails every mile through the Indian country. Soldiers will be with us wherever we move."

They traveled westward at the end of July, Jesson, now regularly retained as engineer for Marsh, going with them. At St. Louis they were caught in the tide of a great human stream flowing up the Missouri to Omaha, hundreds of brawny men hastening to jobs on the advancing Union Pacific. Miriam observed that most of these men wore army uniforms; former Union soldiers, mixed with veterans who had followed the Stars and Bars.

"Practically all ex-soldiers," said her father. "Blue and Gray in another great adventure, but united this time, thank God! They get along well together, too. Real fighting men don't hate each other, Miriam, even when they happen to be on opposite sides. They gain respect for each other, just as these fellows have done. We couldn't have better material for the road. They're rough, but they're the stuff we can depend on. What's the matter, Jesson! You don't seem to like the looks of our raw material."

"I can think of several objections to being chummy with this riffraff," said Jesson. "All of them look as if they needed a bath. A very pretty crew of hooligans. They act as if they thought they were quite as good as we are."

"I expect a bath wouldn't hurt any of them," laughed Marsh. "But maybe they got out of the habit of it in the army. Baths were none too regular. I've heard. As for manners, you must remember that they are a rough and ready lot, but good metal just the same. You notice how they act when Miriam is anywhere near them, caps off respectfully, quiet. As for thinking they're as good as we are, why, I expect they really think

so. A lot of people in America take the Declaration seriously, the 'all men are created free and equal,' you know."

"You are so severe on the poor fellows," chided Miriam. "I think they're delightful. Take Mr. Casey and his friends over there. I've fallen quiet in love with them, Peter. Pat Casey is a perfect circus!"

"Corporal Casey would fall over backwards if he heard you call him 'Mister Casey,'" said her father. "But Pat's an amusing rascal, he and his pals, Sergeant Slattery and Private Schultz. They were mighty fine soldiers and they will be mighty fine workmen for the road. I'm taking them with me, as part of my own organization, for the rush job farther west."

"I have already enlisted them as my personal bodyguard," said Miriam. "They are my three musketeers, are Casey, Slattery and Schultz. I won't have a word said against them. Pat!" She trilled to the corporal, at that moment entertaining a company in the bow of the boat. "Come here, please."

"There are times when I miss me wings," said Corporal Casey as he doffed his old army cap.

Neither the blind nor the deaf could ever have been in doubt as to the motherland of Casey. He was thoroughly and imprudently Hibernian from the bald head he uncovered to the large feet clad in army brogans. The inimitable Irish twinkle enlivened his quick brown eyes. Devilment sparkled in them. Intelligence and combativeness were written in his weather-beaten face; devotion too. Unshaven, clothed in a dingy, blue uniform that was not new in the last year of the war; with not a handful of silver dollars left to rattle in his pocket, the spirit of Corporal Patrick Parnell Casey soared high above his prospects. He faced the world with a wink and a laugh. He had an air, had Casey.

"Pat," said Miriam, "I have just been telling father and Mr. Jesson that I have adopted you from now on you and Slattery and Schultz are my special bodyguard."

"'Tis meself that's honored and delighted, Miss Miriam," said the corporal. "Sure an' it comes natural to the Casey's to be aguaradin' queens! In the old days, when there were kings in Ireland and all the Casey's were earls and jukes, we always commanded the bodyguards."

"All right, Pat," Marsh laughed. "Report to me at Omaha with Slattery and Schultz and any others you O. K. I'll arrange for your transportation."

"Seriously," he added, as Pat turned from Miriam with a flourish and a salute, "it isn't a bad idea to have that wild Irishman and his pals on hand to look out for you. Not that you need a bodyguard, but they're good men to have around. You seem to have won their hearts."

"If I have, I am proud of it, father," said Miriam. "I think they're dears, Pat with his foolishness, Sergeant Slattery looking after Pat like a stern father, and old Schultz with his quaint German ways."

CHAPTER XI
A SHINING RAPIER THRUSTS AT A SULLEN FRONTIER

Union Pacific headquarters had moved on to North Platte when Marsh, after a final conference with General Dodge in Omaha, hastened westward in his new private car to quicken the great race for the winning of the west. Miriam was enraptured with the comfort and convenience of her rolling home, one of the first built by Pullman. Her room was small, but cheerful with its rose-silk draperies and bird's-eye maple, paneled, and charmingly painted in the light, French manner.

The car was attached to a long train of coaches crowded with 200 picked men, most of them fighting Irish, with whom the new superintendent meant to speed up work. Over this lively crew, Miriam's musketeers quickly established ascendancy, for a blow at one meant a combined attack from all three. Casey was a wildcat in a scrimmage, an Hibernian D'Artagnan, while big Slattery was a veritable Porthos. Schultz, time-seasoned and slower to anger, knew how to use his hard old fists, and was the tactician of the trio.

Miriam started accusingly at Pat one morning as the train waited at Kearney for orders.

"Pat! where did you get that black eye?" "Twas a prisint. Miss Miriam, from a frind of

mine, a big harp named Doolan in car six." "Did you whip him?" "Tis a matter of puzzlement to me," the corporal explained: "yez see, when I kint to Doolan, had been carried off, and I'm not dead sure which wan of us was licked."

It was Shultz who gave her the truth of the Homeric battle. Pat, for once, had minimized his victory. Big Doolan of car six was unlikely to suggest again that the Casey's were best known in Donegal for snipping cow's tails in the dark of the moon.

But there was little fighting among these young or middle-aged Irishmen, most of whom had been born on the Old Sod. Of merriment and rough fun there was a great deal, and light-hearted song by day and night. Miriam's musketeers and Dinny O'Brien, a strapping lad whom they had lately honored with his approval, made up a quartet whose voices quavered in the old "Com-all, Ye's." As the train sped through the dusk, over the snow-covered prairie, the sheer melancholy of the ballads brought tears to the girl's eyes. Even in the jolliest of the songs there was a haunting undertone which plucked at her heartstrings. Their repertoire was inexhaustible from "The Exile of Erin" and "Soggarth Aroon," to "Doran's Ass" and "Old Docther Mack." "I like to hear them singing," said her father, at work over his maps with Jesson. "It keeps them good-natured. Takes the place of red liquor to those big children."

"It makes an awful yowling when a man is trying to work out calculations," said Jesson snappishly.
(TO BE CONTINUED)

AIRPLANE WHICH CONTROLS SELF IS GIVEN TEST

Croyden, Eng.—An airplane which flies itself, keeping on an even keel and maintaining a correct course without any action on the part of the pilot, is being tested here by the Imperial Airways.

The machine, a Handley-Page biplane with a Rolls-Royce motor in the bow and two smaller engines on the wings, has a gyroscopic control. In experimental flights carrying cargo between London and continental airports the pilot has been able to leave his cockpit and go to a cabin, where he has sat and read while his mechanic kept a lookout and watched the running of the engines.

VERMONT MAN HUNT TO BE DRAMATIZED FOR CHILD'S BENEFIT

Boston, July 17.—Earl Woodward "hawk of the mountains," who was recently acquitted in Middlebury, Vt., court of charges of abducting little Lucille Chatterton, of Granville, Vt., is going to enter vaudeville. He has signed up for an extensive vaudeville tour.

The Vermont man hunt, with Lucille herself and other principals in the scenes, will be staged, according to the plans.

Part of every dollar obtained by Woodward from the theaters will go to a fund for the education and care of Lucille until she becomes of age or marries, according to the announcement.

U. S. Urges Powers to Quick Action on China

Universal Service
Washington, July 16.—Several notes have been addressed to the powers by the United States strongly urging the immediate appointment of a commission to consider gradual abolition of foreign extra-territorial privileges in China. It was stated Thursday at the state department.

For the first time since the Chinese crisis developed, this statement disclosed the tremendous pressure being brought on the powers by this government in an effort to adjust China's difficulties.

Ham an' Makes Inroads On Hardy Scots Menu

Edinburgh.—Porridge is disappearing from the Scottish breakfast table, and the board of agriculture is conducting an inquiry into the matter.

For centuries Scotsmen are supposed to have grown strong and hardy upon porridge and whisky; now both of these products are being consumed in lessening quantities.

Ham and eggs is replacing porridge on the breakfast table—another horrible example of the American influence.

HIT STOMACH PLAY

Paris.—A one-act play in pantomime, the scene of which is laid in the human stomach, has been barred from the Parisian stage. The characters in the pantomime are various popular banquet foods. The play, modeled after a similar English production, was branded as "indecent."

FROM TRAIN TO THEATER

New York, July 17.—To accommodate passengers theater tickets now are being sold on first-class trains arriving here.

Divorce Action Brings Out Deep Irritation of Back-Seat Driving

From the San Francisco Bulletin
The worm has turned. Some worm, it is true, is always turning, but the one to which we refer is the one that sits in the driver's seat and turns the steering wheel. A man in the East has sued for divorce because his wife is a back-seat driver. His complaint complains that she tells him when to speed up, when to slow down, when to turn corners, when and where to stop—in short, when and where to head in. He says it humiliates and mortifies him, especially when he has guests. And there is no squealing her. The only escape lies in the severance of those marital ties which at the time they were tied were supposed to hold for this life and the next, to hold, indeed, for all time. Those eternal bonds he prays may now be eternally disrupted.

It is not easy to say whether or not his prayer should be granted. The best of women do it. It is either a gift or a nervous affliction; we are not sure which. It was not so general in the age of horses, because, as some sage has observed, "It was the horse that had the sense." Almost any woman would trust a horse. Now they have a painful—and justifiable—impression that a great many men who are not competent to shovel coal into a furnace without a severe backache are trying to operate these private locomotives, with no rails to guide them. They feel the need of some sort of traveling train dispatcher, and who could do it better? Moreover, in many cases, they are the responsible custodians of the family funds, and they see damage and disaster around every bend.

Perhaps in the words of the old song, they "should be seolded, but not turned adrift." Yet back seat driving is a weariness to the flesh and a mortification to the spirit of man. That is to say, it hurts his vanity, and interferes with his steering. And wives should be careful about that.

It may be doubted that divorce is the right remedy. It would choke the court calendars. Separation, without privilege of remarriage, would seem better, because, for example, this man evidently is a marrying man, having done it once, and if he is set at liberty he will probably do it again, and the second wife will be a back-seat driver, too. It might be better just to let him keep on with the one he has. He is used to her. We believe in the emancipation of man, but it ought to come about gradually.

Pungent Paragraphs

Africa has the bigger copper mine, but campaign year indicates that America holds all records in brass.—Nashville Banner.

It is only a question of time until the higher civilization must stop and wait for the courts to catch up.—Baltimore Sun.

J. D. Tunkins says he doesn't have to go to any shows to be shocked. The billboards are risky enough for him.—Washington Star.

What the fellow who calls it a furnished house really needs is a dictionary.—Vancouver Sun.

How can anyone possibly tell whether the ZK-3 and Shenandoah have any military value until we are advised whether the crew wear spurs?—Detroit News.

And now it is only a question of time until the barber shops must have male manicurists.—Jersey City Jersey Journal.

You can't expect a mere man to understand a sex that thinks a three-cornered olive sandwich a square meal.—Sandsky Register.

Of what avail is it to know your neighbor's income tax if you don't know how he arrived at it?—Buffalo Evening News.

Inspid Sentimentality.

From Police Magazine.

We are a sentimental people, and too often the clamor of our heart-throbs muffles the saner thoughts of our brain. Sentiment is a beautiful, sometimes a sacred, attribute of character; but mere sentimentality is the symbol of moral and intellectual weakness. More especially is this true when evidenced in the masculine mind.

Perhaps the most common manifestation of inspid sentimentality is found in the expression, verbal or printed, of a certain type of person who appears on the scene and meets his just deserts. It would seem, at times, that the greater the offense committed against society the greater the outcry of maudlin sentimentalists. The murderer has many times been regarded by this hysterical type more as a hero than as a civic menace. There are those today who would abolish our prisons, or, failing that, would convert them into establishments of ease or even joyous entertainment. To segregate the evil-doers caught in the commission of their evils is abhorrent to these silly, if sometimes well intentioned folk. It is strange how some men and women will give themselves over to sheer stupidity where the emotions alone are involved.

There is neither sense nor logic in pampering criminals. The individual who willfully breaks the code established for the common good must pay the price provided for his transgression as formulated by the wise men who conceived that code. The perpetrator of a brutal and revolting crime should certainly not be the recipient of love letters and bon-bons. The emotional outcry of persons and the press against the proper punishment of those lawfully imprisoned is an absurdity, appalling in its implication of cerebral blindness. The individual responsibility of the lawbreaker is seldom taken into consideration by these fearful objectors to justice. The morally deficient, the congenitally perverse, the tough and accustomed criminal can never be, in any reasonable degree, true objects for vindication and the aim of silly men and women to ease their lot in prison would be laughable were not the efforts made in this direction so earnest and widespread. Prisons are built primarily for punishing and crime is something meriting punishment with every degree of hardship laid down by the law.

As our population grows it is inevitable that transgressions of the law by individuals should increase.

Condensed.

From Everybody's Magazine.
Visitor: What small girls you employ in your dairy?
Foreman: Yes, those are our condensed milk maids.

The department of commerce announces that the 1923 death rate for Missouri was 1.21 per 100,000 population as compared with 1.15 in 1922. This increase in 1923 is largely accounted for by increases in the death rates from influenza (from 35 to 68), pneumonia (from 107 to 120), diseases of the heart (from 129 to 139), measles (from 1 to 10), and whooping-cough (from 3 to 11). Among those diseases showing decrease the 1923 death rates are diphtheria (from 16 in 1922 to 12), tuberculosis, all forms (from 95 to 93), small-pox (from 2 to 0.1), and malaria (from 5 to 4).

WAS IT YOU?

Pearl Holloway.
An old man limped along life's way.
His grief-bowed head was crowned with gray;
Somebody cheered his dreary day.

I wonder—Was it you?

A lonely child, devoid of guile,
Looked up, and tears bedimmed its smile;
Somebody stopped to play awhile.
I wonder—Was it you?

There's always someone needing aid,
Some trembling heart alone, afraid,
Some load that could be lighter made.
Can they depend on you?

To some extent frail humanity dominated by its passions can be guided into paths of rectitude by those assigned to the ministrations of righteousness. But all said and done, the one great corrective of criminal tendencies is fear of punishment. If that punishment is not forthcoming and of drastic character, if the evil deed is to be coddled and wept over, law and order might as well be banished once and for all from the scheme of civilization.

French Premier's Clothes Ridiculed in Germany

Berlin.—The Germans are picking on the French again. This time it's a fashion journal, too. "The Tailor," published in Hannover. And the object of the attack is Herriot, premier of France.

"The Tailor" accuses the French premier of wearing badly tailored, ill-fitting clothes—so bad, in fact, that his clothes could be almost mistaken for "ready-made."

As pleasing contrast, "The Tailor" presents President Ebert, of the German republic, who is always dressed "properly and tastefully, as benefits the leader of a cultured people."

The particular defects of Herriot's sartorial appearance, "The Tailor" notes as follows:

The coat fits badly, is wrongly balanced, and is apparently worked without horse-hair lining.

The vest has too many folds and wrinkles.

The trousers are cut wrong, and—horror!—show no signs of pressing.

"Herriot does little honor to the land of elegance," the journal remarks, but excuses it with the fact that he is a burdened politician who neglects his appearance over his ideals.

Moving of Boy's Heart New Feat of Surgery

London.—An astonishing surgical operation has been successfully performed at West London hospital, Hammersmith, on a 15-year-old boy named Edgar Heath, of Hanworth, near Hanwell.

Heath, while working on the porch of a house, fell on an ornamental iron fence. One of the spear-heads penetrated his left side over the heart, pushing the heart over to the right-hand side, but not puncturing it. Part of the boy's shirt was pushed around a lung, and the spear-head then broke off, leaving nine inches of iron embedded in his body, with only the butt protruding.

The surgeon, after administering an anæsthetic, succeeded in extracting the spear-head, and disentangling

His Status.

From the Kansas City Star.
"So young Pensmith is succeeding as a poet," asked with a rising inflection Prof. Pate.
"Yes," replied old Festus Pester. "I understand that a great many persons think he has no inferior."

The birthplace of J. Fenimore Cooper is to be saved by the Burlington (N. J.) Historical Society. A portion of his library, his writing desk, his chair, the bellows that stood by the fireplace and other mementos of the days that Cooper has made so memorable have been preserved. Next door is the birthplace of Captain James Lawrence, who said "Don't give up the ship," when the Chesapeake battled the British frigate Shannon off the shore of Boston during the war of 1812.