

Chapter Two



FO months prior to the date mentioned in the preceding chapter, to be exact, on the third of August, 1908, the President of the International Limited sat at his desk staring gloomily at the pile of official documents, letters, et cetera, placed there for his signature. It was plainly evident that the soul of the great man was perturbed, for ever and anon he would arise from his desk and pace restlessly to and fro across his office.

The cares and worries attending positions of grave responsibility—the constant struggle with cool and too often unscrupulous foes rob many of our great men of heart and soul, leaving them mere automata swayed by cold, clear intellects and relentless wills. Gordon Graham's absolute bigness had saved his soul. His road was something more to him than a great and efficient transport system. The International Limited was a paying institution, but it was something vastly more than that. It was in the highest and broadest sense a thorough and efficient servant of the great and ever-restless people of the United States. The management of the road always had an eye to the comfort, convenience and safety of its passengers. Graham's private opinion, although seldom expressed in so many words, was that big men and governments should be built on the paternalistic principle. Their official capacity on earth was to guide humanity into a higher and better civilization.

The President of The International Limited treated the humblest servant of the company as a fellow-em-