

# RAILWAY QUIZ IS ON

## INVESTIGATION OF THE HARRIMAN RAILWAY LINES.

Testimony Brought Out at Hearing in Progress in New York Shows Steamship Lines Are Owned by Southern and Union Pacific Railroads.

New York, Jan. 5.—Modern methods of combining and consolidating main trunk railway systems and extending the principle of community of interest were investigated here at great length by the interstate commerce commission, which began an inquiry into the so-called "Harriman lines." The commission goes next week to Chicago. Several other cities may be visited before all the desired testimony is in the hands of the government representatives, whose object is to determine whether any of the railroads of the country are consolidated or combined in restraint of trade.

At the hearing it was brought out and admitted that the Union Pacific Railroad company, the Southern Pacific company, the Oregon Short Line and the Oregon Railroad and Navigation company are practically under the same administration, Mr. Harriman appearing as president of each company, with only slight variations in the lists of other officers.

It was further shown that the Southern Pacific company owns the Pacific Mail Steamship company; that the Southern Pacific and Union Pacific together hold a majority of the stock of the Occidental and Oriental Steamship company, and that the Harriman interests own the Portland and Orient Steamship company. It was said the Occidental is in liquidation, but it still operates two steamers. On the Atlantic ocean it was shown that the Southern Pacific owns the line of steamers running between New York and New Orleans formerly known as the Morgan line.

**Agreement With San Pedro Road.**  
The Union Pacific, by means of an agreement signed by Mr. Harriman and Senator William A. Clark, has a traffic arrangement with the San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake railway, lasting ninety-nine years. This agreement was entered into in 1913 and by its terms the San Pedro cannot raise or lower its rates without the consent of the Southern Pacific.

The Union Pacific exercised joint control with the Rock Island over the Chicago and Alton railroad. The agreement is that the Union Pacific shall have charge of the road one year and the Rock Island the next. This agreement, entered into by Mr. Harriman and W. B. Leeds, extends for a period of ten years from 1904.

The Union Pacific owns \$28,123,100 worth of stock, or 29.59 per cent, of the capitalization of the Illinois Central railroad.

The Union Pacific also owns \$5,982,300 worth of stock of the St. Joseph and Grand Island railroad, which is 37.37 per cent of the whole.

The Oregon Short Line owns 39,540,000 worth of stock in the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad company, this being 18.62 per cent of the whole. Of Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul stock, the Oregon Short Line owns \$3,690,000 worth, or 3.42 per cent. The company also owns \$2,572,000, or 2.58 per cent, of the stock of the Chicago and Northwestern; \$10,000,000 of the preferred stock of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, being 4.28 per cent, and \$14,285,745, or 7.97 per cent, of the capital stock of the New York Central and Hudson River railroad.

**Holdings Bought Since July, 1906.**  
Of these holdings by the Harriman companies, the stocks of the Illinois Central, Baltimore and Ohio, New York Central, Chicago and Northwestern, Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, and St. Joseph and Grand Island, aggregating in value \$103,293,745, have all been bought since July 1, 1906.

"Where did the money come from?" asked members of the commission.

In reply, it was stated that the Union Pacific showed last July a surplus of \$51,000,000. The Oregon Short Line declared a dividend of 50 per cent on its stock held by the Union Pacific and also contributed out of its general assets to the purchase money.

After placing in evidence as to the ownership of the so-called "Harriman lines," counsel for the interstate commerce commission then had Alexander Millar, secretary of the Harriman company, read from the minutes of many Union Pacific executive committee meetings, in which it was shown that Mr. Harriman reported various things he had done and the committee simply voted to ratify and confirm his actions. It was also shown that Mr. Harriman was given authority to borrow money for the Union Pacific company without restriction.

**Senator Bailey Under Fire.**  
Austin, Tex., Jan. 9.—The Texas legislature met and adjourned until morning, when organization will be completed. It is understood that as soon as organized the legislature will try to secure an investigation of the alleged connection of United States Senator Joseph W. Bailey with oil interests.

# The Masquerade

(Continued)

directly above his head, and as she came toward him he raised his face deliberately and waited.

She looked at him without surprise or interest. "Yes, sir?" she said.

"Is your mistress in?" he asked. He could think of no other question, but it served his purpose as a test of his voice.

Still the woman showed no surprise. "She's not in, sir," she answered. "But she's expected in half an hour."

"In half an hour? All right. That's all I wanted." With a movement of decision Loder walked back to the stair head, turned to the right and opened the door of Chilcote's rooms.

The door opened on a short, wide passage. On one side stood the study, on the other the bed, bath and dressing rooms. With a blind sense of knowledge and unfamiliarity, bred of much description on Chilcote's part, he put his hand on the study door and, still exalted by the omen of his first success, turned the handle.

Inside the room there was firelight and lamplight and a still air of peace. The realization of this and a slow incredulity at Chilcote's voluntary renunciation were his first impressions. Then his attention was needed for more imminent things.

As he entered the new secretary was returning a volume to its place on the book shelves. At sight of him he pushed it hastily into position and turned round.

"I was making a few notes on the political position of Khorasan," he said, glancing with slight apprehensiveness at the other's face. He was a small, shy man, with few social attainments, but an extraordinary amount of learning—the antithesis of the alert Blessington, whom he had replaced.

Loder bore his scrutiny without flinching. Indeed, it struck him suddenly that there was a fund of interest, almost of excitement, in the encountering of each new pair of eyes. At the thought he moved forward to the desk.

"Thank you, Greening," he said. "A very useful bit of work."

The secretary glanced up, slightly puzzled. His endurance had been severely taxed in the fourteen days that he had filled his new post.

"I'm glad you think so, sir," he said, hesitatingly. "You rather poolpoohed the matter this morning, if you remember."

Loder was taking off his coat, but stopped in the operation.

"This morning?" he said. "Oh, did I? Did I?" Then struck by the opportunity the words gave him he turned toward the secretary. "You've got to get used to me, Greening," he said. "You haven't quite grasped me yet, I can see. I'm a man of moods, you know. Up to the present you've seen my slack side, my jaded side, but I have quite another when I care to show it. I'm a sort of Jekyll and Hyde affair." Again he laughed, and Greening echoed the sound diffidently. Chilcote had evidently discouraged familiarity.

Loder eyed him with abrupt understanding. He recognized the loneliness in the anxious, conciliatory manner.

"You're tired," he said kindly. "Go to bed. I've got some thinking to do. Good night." He held out his hand.

Greening took it, still half distrustful of this fresh side to so complex a man.

"Good night, sir," he said. "Tomorrow, if you approve, I shall go on with my notes. I hope you will have a restful night."

For a second Loder's eyebrows went up, but he recovered himself instantly.

"Ah, thanks, Greening," he said.

"Thanks. I think your hope will be fulfilled."

He watched the little secretary move softly and apologetically to the door, then he walked to the fire and, resting his elbows on the mantelpiece, he took his face in his hands.

For a space he stood absolutely quiet, then his hands dropped to his sides, and he turned slowly round. In that short space he had balanced things and found his bearings. The slight nervousness shown in his brusque sentences and overconfident manner faded out, and he faced facts steadily.

With the return of his calmness he took a long survey of the room. His glance brightened appreciatively as it traveled from the walls lined with well bound books to the lamps modulated to the proper light; from the lamps to the desk fitted with every requirement. Nothing was lacking. All he had once possessed, all he had since dreamed of, was here, but on a greater scale. To enjoy the luxuries of life a man must go long without them. Loder had lived severely—so severely that until three weeks ago he had believed himself exempt from the temptations of humanity. Then the voice of the world had spoken, and within him another voice had answered with a tone so clamorous and insistent that it had overruled his surprised and incredulous wonder at its existence and its claims. That had been the voice of suppressed ambition, and now as he stood in the new atmosphere a newer voice lifted itself. The joy of material things rose

suddenly, overwhelming the dominant of the philosophy he had learned. He saw all things in a new light—the soft carpets, the soft lights, the numberless pleasant, unnecessary things that color the passing landscape and oil the wheels of life. There was power—power made manifest in choice bindings of one's books, the quiet harmony of one's surroundings, the gratifying deference of one's dependents—these were the visible, the outward signs, the thing she had forgotten.

Crossing the room slowly, he lifted and looked at the different papers on the desk. They had a substantial feeling, an importance, an air of value. They were like the solemn keys to many vexed problems. Beside the papers were a heap of letters neatly arranged and as yet unopened. He turned them over one by one. They were all thick and interesting to look at. He smiled as he recalled his own scanty mail—envelopes long and bulky or narrow and thin, unwelcome manuscripts or very welcome checks. Having sorted the letters, he hesitated. It was his life task to open them, but he had never in his life opened an envelope addressed to another man.

He stood uncertain, weighing them in his hand. Then all at once a look of attention and surprise crossed his face, and he raised his head. Some one had unmistakably paused outside the door which Greening had left ajar.

There was a moment of apparent doubt, then a stir of skirts, a quick, uncertain knock, and the intruder entered.

For a couple of seconds she stood in the doorway; then as Loder made no effort to speak she moved into the room. She had apparently but just returned from some entertainment, for though she had drawn off her long gloves, she was still wearing an evening cloak of lace and fur.

That she was Chilcote's wife Loder instinctively realized the moment she entered the room. But a disconcerting confusion of ideas was all that followed the knowledge. He stood by the desk, silent and awkward, trying to fit his expectations to his knowledge. Then, faced by the hopelessness of the task, he turned abruptly and looked at her again.

She had taken off her cloak and was standing by the fire. The compulsion of moving through life alone had set its seal upon her in a certain self-possession, a certain confidence of pose, yet her figure as Loder then saw it, backgrounded by the dark books and gowned in pale blue, had a suggestion of youthfulness that seemed a contradiction. The remembrance of Chilcote's epithets "cold" and "unsympathetic" came back to him with something like astonishment. He felt no uncertainty, no dread of discovery and humiliation in her presence as he had felt in the maid's, yet there was something in her face that made him infinitely more uncomfortable, a look he could find no name for, a friendliness that studiously covered another feeling, whether question, distrust or actual dislike he could not say. With a strange sensation of awkwardness he sorted Chilcote's letters, waiting for her to speak.

As if divining his thought she turned toward him. "I'm afraid I rather intrude," she said. "If you are busy"—

His sense of courtesy was touched. He had begun life with a high opinion of women, and the words shook up an echo of the old sentiment.

"Don't think that," he said hastily. "I was only looking through—my letters. You mustn't rate yourself below letters." He was conscious that his tone was hurried, that his words were a little jagged, but Eve did not appear to notice. Unlike Greening, she took the new manner without surprise. She had known Chilcote for six years.

"I dined with the Fraides tonight," she said. "Mr. Fraide sent you a message."

Unconsciously Loder smiled. There was humor in the thought of a message to him from the great Fraide. To hide his amusement he wheeled one of the big lounge chairs forward.

"Indeed," he said. "Won't you sit down?"

They were near together now, and he saw her face more fully. Again he was taken aback. Chilcote had spoken of her as successful and intelligent, but never as beautiful. Yet her beauty was a rare and uncommon fact. Her hair was black—not a glossy black, but the dusky black that is softer than any brown—her eyes were large and of a peculiarly pure blue, and her eyelashes were black, beautifully curved and of remarkable thickness.

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