

COUNTING INSURANCE VOTE

NEW YORK LIFE AND MUTUAL HOLD ELECTIONS.

BOTH SIDES CLAIM VICTORY

Several Weeks to Count Votes—Officers of Mutual Reserve Now Under Indictment Are Re-Elected Without Opposition.

New York, Dec. 19.—Probably never before in the history of the country has there been anything to compare with the election in this city of trustees for the New York Life and the Mutual Life Insurance companies. In number of ballots cast and in the expenditure of time and money, the election approaches that of one of the states of the union. Certainly, no corporation or society election ever measured up to it in magnitude or interest.

The total vote cast in both companies will approximate 800,000, of which about 500,000 will be in the New York Life, in which the contest has been more vigorously and more bitterly waged. It is expected that it will be some weeks before the votes are counted and results of the campaign known.

The Equitable Life Assurance society, the Mutual Reserve Life Insurance company and the Security Mutual of Binghamton also held elections, but as there were no opposition tickets in the field in these companies, the elections of their administration tickets were but perfunctory proceedings.

Officials of both the New York Life and the Mutual companies declared that the administration tickets had without doubt been elected by large majorities.

The international policyholders committee, through Samuel Untermyer, its general counsel, expressed the conviction that the reform tickets would win in both companies, but by comparatively close margins.

While the ballots were being turned in at the companies' offices, the grand jury was investigating the affairs of the New York Life Insurance company as brought out before the legislative investigating committee. District Attorney Jerome examined several witnesses, among whom were Edmund B. Randolph, treasurer of the New York Life, and his chief clerk, M. M. Madison. Both will be recalled.

OIL HEARING IS RESUMED

Commissioner Takes Testimony in Case of Missouri Against Standard.

New York, Dec. 19.—Proceedings by the state of Missouri to oust the Standard Oil company of Indiana, the Waters-Pierce Oil company and the Republic Oil company from Missouri were resumed before Commissioner Robert A. Anthony. The hearing, which began in this city several months ago, had been adjourned to several cities and was resumed here that the Standard Oil company might present testimony in rebuttal. Two witnesses were examined, J. A. Moffatt, president of the Standard Oil company of Indiana, and Walter C. Teagle, who is connected with the export department of the Standard Oil company.

By Mr. Moffatt the company attempted to show that there was no restraint on the oil trade and that the Republic and Waters-Pierce Oil companies were independent companies. By Mr. Teagle, formerly vice president and general manager of the Republic Oil company, it was attempted to show that the company started out as an independent concern. The hearing will be continued.

Funeral of Ex-Senator Brown.
Salt Lake, Dec. 19.—The body of former United States Senator Arthur Brown, who was shot and killed in Washington recently by Mrs. Anna Bradley, was buried in Mount Olivet cemetery, the funeral being conducted by the Odd Fellows. The casket in which the body had come from Washington was not opened and the services, which were held from Mr. Brown's former residence, on Brigham street, were marked by no unusual incident.

Sutton Still Billiard Champion.
New York, Dec. 19.—George Sutton still holds the world's championship at 18.2 ball line billiards, having successfully defended the title against the challenge of Willie Hoppe, who holds the world's championship at the 18.1 game. Sutton jumped into the lead at the start with 107 and 50 in the first two innings, securing an advantage which the younger player could not overcome.

Marshal Kills Counterfeiter.
South McAlester, I. T., Dec. 19.—A telephone message from Bokoshe states that Deputy United States Marshals Gray and Ira H. Stevens ran across John McClain and a man named Malone in a lonely house in the woods, making counterfeit money. McClain opened fire upon Gray and was shot and killed by the marshal.

The Masquerader

(Continued from Page Three.)

himself. He glanced down the crowded, lighted house to the big glass doors; he glanced about him at his colleagues, indifferent or interested; then surreptitiously his fingers strayed to his waistcoat pocket.

Usually he carried his morphia tablets with him, but today by a lapse of memory he had left them at home. He knew this, nevertheless he continued to search, while the need of the drug rushed through him with a sense of physical sickness. He lost hold on the business of the house; unconsciously he half rose from his seat.

The man next him looked up. "Hold your ground, Chilcote," he said. "Rayforth is drying up."

With a wave of relief Chilcote dropped back into his place. Whatever the confusion in his mind it was evidently not obvious in his face.

Rayforth resumed his seat, there was the usual slight stir and pause; then Salett, the member for Salchester, rose.

With Salett's first words Chilcote's hand again sought his pocket, and again his eyes strayed toward the doors, but Fraide's erect head and stiff back just in front of him held him quiet. With an effort he pulled out his notes and smoothed them nervously; but, though his gaze was fixed on the pages, not a line of Blessington's clear writing reached his mind. He glanced at the face of the speaker, then at the faces on the treasury bench, then once more he leaned back in his seat.

The man beside him saw the movement. "Funking the dry dock?" he whispered jestingly.

"No"—Chilcote turned to him suddenly—"but I feel beastly—have felt beastly for weeks."

The other looked at him more closely. "Anything wrong?" he asked. It was a novel experience to be confided in by Chilcote.

"Oh, it's the grind—the infernal grind." As he said it it seemed to him suddenly that his strength gave way. He forgot his companion, his position, everything except the urgent instinct that filled mind and body. Scarcely knowing what he did he rose and leaned forward to whisper in Fraide's ear.

Fraide was seen to turn, his thin face interested and concerned, then he was seen to nod once or twice in acquiescence, and a moment later Chilcote stepped quietly out of his place. One or two men spoke to him as he hurried from the house, but he shook them off almost uncivilly, and, making for the nearest exit, hailed a cab.

The drive to Grosvenor square was a misery. Time after time he changed from one corner of the cab to the other, his acute internal pains prolonged by every delay and increased by every motion. At last, weak in all his limbs, he stepped from the vehicle at his own door.

Entering the house, he instantly mounted the stairs and passed to his own rooms. Opening the bedroom door, he peered in cautiously, then pushed the door wide. The light had been switched on, but the room was empty. With a nervous excitement scarcely to be kept in check, he entered, shut and locked the door, then moved to the wardrobe and, opening it, drew the tube of tablets from the shelf.

His hand shook violently as he carried the tube to the table. The strain of the day, the anxiety of the past hours, with their final failure, had found sudden expression. Mixing a larger dose than any he had before allowed himself, he swallowed it hastily and, walking across the room, threw himself, fully dressed, upon the bed.

CHAPTER IV.

TO those whose sphere lies in the west of London, Fleet street is little more than a name and Clifford's inn a mere dead letter. Yet Clifford's inn lies as safely as a shadow in the shadow of the law courts as any grave under a country church wall. It is as green of grass, as gray of stone, as irresponsible to the passing footstep.

Facing the railed in grass plot of its little court stood the house in which John Loder had his rooms. Taken at a first glance the house had the deserted air of an office, inhabited only in the early hours, but as night fell lights would be seen to show out, first on one floor, then on another—faint, human beacons unconsciously signaling each other. The rooms Loder inhabited were on the highest floor, and from their windows one might gaze philosophically on the treetops, forgetting the uneven pavement and the worn railing that hemmed them around. In the landing outside the rooms his name appeared above his door, but the paint had been soiled by time and the letters for the most part reduced to shadows, so that, taken in conjunction with the gaunt staircase and bare walls, the place had a cheerless look.

Inside, however, the effect was somewhat mitigated. The room on the right hand as one entered the small passage that served as hall was of fair size, though low celled. The paint of the wall paneling, like the name above the outer door, had long ago been worn to

a dirty and nondescript hue, and the floor was innocent of carpet. Yet in the middle of the room stood a fine old Cromwell table, and on the plain deal bookshelves and along the mantelpiece were some valuable books—political and historical. There were no curtains on the windows and a common reading lamp with a green shade stood on a desk. It was the room of a man with few hobbies and no pleasures, who existed because he was alive and worked because he must.

Three nights after the great fog John Loder sat by his desk in the light of the green shaded lamp. The remains of a very frugal supper stood on the center table, and in the grate a small and economical looking fire was burning.

Having written for close on two hours, he pushed back his chair and stretched his cramped fingers. Then he yawned, rose and slowly walked across the room. Reaching the mantelpiece he took a pipe from the pipe rack and some tobacco from the jar that stood behind the books. His face looked tired and a little worn, as is common with men who have worked long at an ungenial task. Shredding the tobacco between his hands he slowly filled the pipe, then lighted it from the fire with a spill of twisted paper.

Almost at the moment that he applied the light the sound of steps mounting the uncarpeted stairs outside caught his attention and he raised his head to listen.

Presently the steps halted and he heard a match struck. The stranger was evidently uncertain of his whereabouts. Then the steps moved forward again and paused.

An expression of surprise crossed Loder's face and he laid down his pipe. As the visitor knocked he walked quietly across the room and opened the door.

The passage outside was dark and the newcomer drew back before the light from the room.

"Mr. Loder?" he began interrogatively. Then all at once he laughed in embarrassed apology. "Forgive me," he said. "The light rather dazzled me. I didn't realize who it was."

Loder recognized the voice as belonging to his acquaintance of the fog.

"Oh, it's you!" he said. "Won't you come in?" His voice was a little cold. This sudden resurrection left him surprised, and not quite pleasantly surprised. He walked back to the fireplace, followed by his guest.

The guest seemed nervous and agitated. "I must apologize for the hour of my visit," he said. "My—my time is not quite my own."

Loder waved his hand. "Whose time is his own?" he said. Chilcote, encouraged by the remark, drew nearer to the fire. Until this moment he had refrained from looking directly at his host. Now, however, he raised his eyes, and, despite his preparation, he recoiled unavoidably before the extraordinary resemblance. Seen here, in the casual surroundings of a badly furnished and crudely lighted room, it was even more astounding than it had been in the mystery of the fog.

"Forgive me," he said again. "It is physical, purely physical. I am bowled over against my will."

Loder smiled. The slight contempt that Chilcote had first inspired rose again, and with it a second feeling less easily defined. The man seemed so unstable, so incapable, yet so grotesquely suggestive to himself.

"The likeness is rather overwhelming," he said, "but not heavy enough to sink under. Come nearer the fire. What brought you here? Curiosity?" There was a wooden armchair by the fireplace. He indicated it with a wave of the hand, then turned and took up his smoldering pipe.

Chilcote, watching him furtively, obeyed the gesture and sat down.

"It is extraordinary!" he said, as if unable to dismiss the subject. "It—it is quite extraordinary!"

The other glanced round. "Let's drop it," he said. "It's so confoundedly obvious." Then his tone changed. "Won't you smoke?" he asked.

"Thanks." Chilcote began to fumble for his cigarettes.

But his host forestalled him. Taking a box from the mantelpiece, he held it out.

"My one extravagance!" he said ironically. "My resources bind me to one; and I think I have made a wise selection. It is about the only vice we haven't to pay for six times over." He glanced sharply at the face so absurdly like his own, then, lighting a fresh spill, offered his guest a light.

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