

J. P. MORGAN'S BIG JOB

AMALGAMATION OF THE GREAT TRANSCONTINENTAL ROADS.

The Greatest Struggle for Control of Vast Railroad Properties Ever Known.

New York letter: Probably there is no name more generally known throughout the civilized world than that of J. Pierpont Morgan. At the present moment Mr. Morgan is very much in the public eye on account of the crisis in Western railroad affairs. Next week, or a little later, he will perhaps be heard from as controlling the freight or passenger carrying facilities of the Atlantic ocean, another as the organizer of some vast trust embracing half a hundred affiliated manufacturing interests.

Nothing too big for him. He handles millions with the same facility that he does pennies and has never yet confronted a situation which he was unable to master.

There is something in Mr. Morgan's face and general make-up at close range which suggests the lion. It is one of the most virile and vibrant personalities with which one can come in contact. The face at first sight appears to be broad, flat and commonplace, especially when in repose.

To study that face for half an hour is to witness a revelation. The concentrated power in it is perhaps the most striking characteristic. It is a kaleidoscope of emotions ranging from the most fierce and arbitrary to the most playful and gentle. There is no phase in which a suggestion of hypocrisy or deceit is shown, no momentary glimpse of a tremulousness or nervous anxiety betraying fear. It is the face of the lion even when it smiles or a playful expression lights up its grim solidity. The flash of the eyes is like the darkling light in the eyes of the king of the forest.

Mr. Morgan stands over six feet in height and is massive in build without being clumsy. To look at that forceful personality you would not doubt for a moment that he is a big eater. Mr. Morgan is that, in fact, for he has what a normal man would consider a prodigious appetite. He drinks and smokes freely, the latter only to excess, at least a dozen of the strongest cigars per diem being necessary to satisfy the banker's appetite.

The great thing about Mr. Morgan is his wonderful vitality. On the hottest days of summer he may be found in his office from 9 a. m. until 5 p. m. working as hard as his cheapest clerk, with his sleeves up and the perspiration pouring down his deeply marked face. The scars on Mr. Morgan's physiognomy were incurred in battle—the battle of the bonds—an incessant warfare which he carries on so strenuously that he may practically be said to live in the thick of the fight.

To J. Pierpont Morgan in this battle for wealth would not be half so acceptable if the wealth did not carry with it power. It is power that Mr. Morgan covets, but not a selfish disintegrating power, a power which seeks to realize the best economies and develop the most perfect systems. Personally Mr. Morgan could live upon a thousand a year, for his tastes are comparatively simple, but he would not feel happy for a minute if people did not regard him as the king of Wall Street which he realizes.

Nothing better exemplifies this than the position which he occupies in the great contest now going on for the control of the great railroads connecting the Atlantic and Pacific.

The gigantic struggle now in progress between two groups of financiers in Wall Street over the control of the great railroad systems of the West furnish one of the most interesting situations that have been brought about in the railroad history of this country.

Some short time ago the unification of the interests of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern railway systems was brought about by the great Northwestern railway magnate, Mr. J. J. Hill. This gentleman has long been considered one of the boldest and most astute managers of railway properties in the world, his undisputed genius in that direction having won for him the admiration of Mr. Morgan and many others equally capable of judging his capabilities.

Having carried through one gigantic combine President Hill felt that he could still further add to the value of the amalgamated properties by absorbing the Chicago Burlington and Quincy R. R. The geographical location of this road seemed to lead him to the conclusion that it would be most desirable to obtain control of the Burlington system. He saw that it reached a territory of great extent, rich in all resources except timber, already well populated and developed and containing many large cities. He knew that the territory served by the Burlington produces most of the machinery and implements used on the farms, in the forests, mines and mills of the tier of states reached by the Great Northern and Northern Pacific. Also that it produces a large part of the iron and steel products exported to Asia via the Pacific ocean and that Chicago, Kansas City, St. Joseph and Omaha are the largest provision centers in the country. He was aware that at St. Louis it connects with the chief cotton-carrying lines of the South and Southwest. More than this he knew that the territory covered by the Burlington takes the live stock raised on the northern and western farms and ranches for the purpose of fattening and that it consumed lumber on a large scale. It was easy for him to see that when the lumber of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota is used up the state of Washington must hereafter, to an increasing extent,

GERMANY'S EMPRESS ILL.



Our illustration shows the Empress Victoria and her favorite child, the little Princess Louise, who is the pet of the family, will accompany her mother to the Riviera or wherever it may be the decision of her physicians that the empress shall go.

supply the demand for lumber in the prairie states of the middle west. He knew that these forests are now standing in the United States and that the Great Northern penetrates them in many places, being in a position to reach a market and secure the haul of the vast tonnage they are capable of affording.

Acting upon this knowledge President Hill manipulated through the firm of J. P. Morgan, the purchase by the Great Northern and Northern Pacific of the stock of the Chicago Burlington and Quincy. This great coup was accomplished by the issuance of bonds of the Chicago Burlington and Quincy of the rate of two hundred dollars for one hundred shares of the latter stock transferred to the joint ownership of the two most northerly transcontinental lines of the United States.

President Hill was at that time, as he is today, in complete control of the Great Northern while believing that he could also dictate the policies of the Northern Pacific. The Union Pacific, which had itself recently absorbed the Southern Pacific, were being menaced through the absorption by its two northern rivals of the Chicago Burlington and Quincy. This could only be remedied by obtaining a voice in the management of the C. B. & Q. which was only possible through the securing of control of Northern Pacific. By means of most adroit manipulations Union Pacific it is supposed secured sufficient common and preferred stock combined to constitute an actual majority. This point is not in dispute and has given use to many canards during the last few weeks.

In order to bring about some settlement of the matter a board of directors has been selected by Mr. Morgan containing representatives of all interested lines as well as of the contestants. The chief point for the board to decide is in regard to its preferred stock of the Burlington, in which case the Union Pacific would cease to hold the majority.

It therefore happens that the two great interests now in control of the Pacific from the lines coming east from the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, and the Great Northern. Those two compact groups of capitalists expect eventually to control these also have, a very good chance of doing so.

The Union Pacific interests absolutely control 5,556 miles of tracks; the Southern Pacific 9,400; the Oregon Short Line 1,438 miles and the company 1,136 making a total of 18,574 miles. More than half of the Northern Pacific, operating 5,000 miles of road and through this corporation can exercise jointly with the Great Northern control of the Burlington and Quincy. With the absolute control of the Union Pacific it is within the power of the Union Pacific to obtain 23,223 miles of the Pacific coast under the same management, making a grand total of over 40,000.

At the present moment the destinies of these roads rest entirely in the hands of a little group of men, scarcely over a dozen in number, all holding offices in Wall Street and nearly all so aggressively inclined that were they not held in check by some strong hand there might be a condition in the struggle developed which would mean the loss of millions of dollars to the stockholders while the properties themselves might be thrown into a chaotic condition.

The man who is responsible for having held these hostile forces together thus far, the man who really stands at the helm in this great crisis of the trans-continental transportation interests of the country is J. Pierpont Morgan. It is Morgan's power over and connection with Hill which will assure a final settlement of this dispute without bringing about a railroad war or any of the disastrous methods by which financiers seek to be avenged upon one another.

It is well-known that Morgan plans the consolidation of all these roads and the affecting by this means of the biggest consolidation of railroad interests ever attempted.

Experts have been figuring night and day with a view of producing a statement which will show exactly the amount of economy which will be the result of such an amalgamation.

THOMAS BRAY.

The commonwealth government, which has recently taken over the control of the postal system of Australia, has inaugurated a trial in Melbourne in connection with the clearing of letter pillar boxes, says a Sidney correspondent. The usual horse van takes three hours and a half. As a result of this successful trial motor cars are to be utilized at once for the collection of letters in all large centers. It is intended, further, to use the automobile for the conveyance of mails between the cities and suburbs, and to introduce it for long-distance carrying to outlying districts that are not served by the railways.

The trial of a liquor case in Fairfield, Ct., has brought out for the first time the fact that by the misuse of the word "appellant" instead of "appellee," a Connecticut saloonkeeper who loses his license on appeal to the superior court forfeits to the citizen who appeals the license fee less the amount paid for the time the saloon is kept open. The law, which plainly intended that the balance should be paid back to the saloonkeeper, was passed eight years ago.

Dr. John E. Gilman, of the Hahnemann Medical college, Chicago, asserts that in the last year and a half he has treated more than 50 cases of cancer with the Poentgen rays, and has not yet found a case that would not yield to this treatment. He says: "I am of the belief that the disease can in the future be broken down quickly and surely, even when treatment does not begin before the disease is well advanced."

Justice Jerome's campaign in New York cost him only \$1.50; his friends did the rest, to the amount of \$25,000.

AFTER THE CURTAIN FELL



... BY COLIN S. COLLINS

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Bradley Evans had not been so deeply in love, he would certainly have been angry.

The curtain had just fallen on the Thanksgiving matinee, and the stage hands were already clearing the stage for the feast which Manager Evans had ordered for his company. That astute gentleman had personally superintended the preparations and arranged every detail.

The stage was to be set with a dull oak interior, ablaze with electricity overhead, in the flies and at the footlights, with the front of the house in darkness to heighten the brilliancy of the improved dining room. Gorgeously chrysanthemums he had ordered from New York for the centerpiece, and the menu was the very best that the leading caterer of the small New England city could furnish.

Evans had just stepped into the leading man's dressing room for the assurance that his personal appearance was in keeping with the festive occasion before presenting himself to the young woman in whose honor the dinner was being given, Miss Ella Ransom. He had meant to be careful as to speech before dinner, and afterward, when the company was trying to amuse itself until the evening performance and to forget the folks gathered around home firesides, he would have little chat with her alone in her dressing room and put the momentous question. Surely this little act of thoughtfulness would pave the way. He knew in a general way that she was a New England girl and that Thanksgiving day was to such as she the all important festival. The theatrical instinct in Evans was so strong that even his own love story had to be worked up to the proper climax. But Miss Ransom with true womanly contrariety set all his fine plans at naught.

When he entered the stars' dressing room in response to a muffled "Come!" instead of facing a handsomely gowned and smiling girl, as he had anticipated, he saw a forlorn figure curled up on the sofa. Miss Ransom still wore the frock used in the last act, and as she straightened up she made a futile effort to hide her grief with a lace trimmed bit of cambric. All the graceful little speeches which Evans had been conning for hours failed him at this critical moment. He forgot the flower decked table on the stage and the actors who by this time must be hurrying from their dressing rooms to the scene of the festivities. He knew only that Ella was in trouble and—he loved her.

"My dear girl, what has happened?" Alas for the cleverly worded proposal that was never to be spoken! The tone, the gesture and the love light in his eyes told their own tale, and Miss Ransom understood. That is why a few minutes later she was sobbing out her little heartache in his arms and incoherently pouring the cause thereof into his ear.

"Oh, it was lovely of you, perfectly dear, to think of this plan for my Thanksgiving! But you did not know how close you were bringing me today to my old home. It's just ten miles from here, Upper Dalton, and I haven't seen it for five years.

"Why didn't you tell me this, and instead of the dinner we'd have ridden there between the matinee and night performances?" asked Evans, gently smoothing the golden head resting on his shoulder. It was nature's own that tint. There was something genuine and womanly about Ella Ransom. He had recognized this from the first.

"Oh, you see, I wouldn't—be—welcome—there." The sweet lips quivered again, and Evans felt in duty bound

to do what he could to put a stop to that pathetic expression. Then Miss Ransom continued:

"I—I ran away to go on the stage, and father would never forgive me, whether I became famous or not, and he always keeps his word. And, oh, I would like to see mother when I am so near to her!"

"Never mind, dearest," said Evans. "I'll try to take the place of parents and husband to you. And now we're making an awful stage wait."

He bent over for a final kiss, and when Ella removed the makeup she succeeded also in hiding almost every trace of her recent grief. It was a smiling young woman whom he finally led to the head of the great table. After all, he decided, as he glanced from one cheerful face to another, he would announce their engagement at the close of the dinner, and the company should drink their health, and it would not be such a bad climax.

But again were the plans of Manager Evans set at naught. With the salad course came an urgent summons from the box office. Evans rose with mutterings that did not portend happily for the sender of the message.

When he came back, however, the expression on his face had undergone a change. He was smiling in a nervous fashion. No one noticed two figures which stopped in the shadow of the wings.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Evans impressively, "it gives me pleasure to introduce two unexpected but most welcome guests to this board, the father and mother of our leading lady, Mr. and Mrs. Ransom."

A girlish cry that would have brought the house to her feet on Ella Ransom have given it on the stage, and then she, too, was in the wings with her mother's arms about her.

When order had been restored and the feast had progressed to the coffee, old Mr. Ransom rose and unflinchingly faced the merry crew.

"I ain't much at speech making, but I want to say right now that I've made a mistake. My forefathers were of old Puritan stock, and I can't get over the idea that the stage is a bad place, but I guess there's other business in this world that's worse. Anyhow it's no cause for a father to turn against his child, and I've lost five good years by keeping up this ill feeling toward my girl. I want to thank you for the kind way you've treated her when she's needed the comfort of a mother and father, and if you're round this neighborhood next Thanksgiving come out to the farm and have dinner with us. My wife's a master hand at making pies. I guess that's about all."

When the laughter and handclapping which followed this speech had subsided, Manager Evans took the floor, and in words not half so eloquent as he had rehearsed in private, but softened by the happy family reunion, he announced his engagement to Miss Ransom. While the members of the company had been making some pretty shrewd guesses on the subject, they were properly surprised and congratulatory, and before Deacon Ransom realized what had happened he was standing with the rest drinking champagne to the health of his daughter and his son-in-law to be.

When the great day was over and Manager Evans had tucked the robes around Deacon and Mrs. Ransom for their homeward ride and he had taken his last kiss from Ella's happy lips, he murmured to himself:

"Well, the stage business worked out rather different from the way I had planned it, but the climax and the picture were not half bad after all."

NURSING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Kansas City Mother's Troubles in Rearing a Delicate Baby.

Ed Howe in Atchison Globe: Speaking of sleeping cars, I am reminded of still another incident. One morning I discovered that a woman with a baby and a nurse was occupying a section near mine, and, on my making some reference to the baby, I engaged in conversation with the mother. It turned out that the baby was a delicate one, and hard to raise. His name was Louis. The mother lived in Kansas City, and was returning from a seaside resort, the doctor having advised her that the baby could not live through the summer at Kansas City. The doctor also advised the mother to feed the baby on goat's milk, and 14 goats had been purchased before a satisfactory one was found. It was finally discovered that a nanny goat mourns for its kid so much that it goes dry, and when the Kansas City woman went East she took out only a nanny goat, but the nanny goat's kid. The animals were crated and put in the baggage car, and the nurse went forward twice a day to milk the goat.

"Arriving at their destination, a stable had to be built for the goats. Then the nanny became bad, and a boy had to be hired to hold her legs and another boy to hold her head while the nurse girl milked her. Of course the milk had to be kept on ice, and the Kansas City woman was compelled to buy a refrigerator and place it in the hall near her rooms in the hotel. The

goat's milk had to be heated for some reason, and she was compelled to buy an oil stove for the purpose. Occasionally the goats would get out and eat all the fine shrubbery in the vicinity of the hotel, and the owners of the shrubbery would come around demanding damages of the distressed mother from Kansas City. Finally the goats got out of the stable and could not be found. Then the doctor said the baby must have the services of a wet nurse. In order to get a satisfactory wet nurse it was necessary for the wet nurse to bring her own baby to the hotel. And the wet nurse's baby, the Kansas City woman said, was the very worst baby that ever lived; it cried night and day, and disturbed all the people in the hotel. The guests demanded its banishment, and the Kansas City woman rented a cottage. Then the wet nurse took typhoid fever, and the doctor said the goats must be found. Eight men and boys went out to look for the goats and found them, but the old nanny was dry. Then the nurse brought from Kansas City fell and broke her leg. The mother concluded it was time to start for home, and was returning home when I met her. Louis, the baby, seemed to be getting along all right, and as I looked at him couldn't help thinking that when he grew up he wouldn't appreciate all that had been done for him, but would marry against his mother's wishes.

Henry Jackson, whose possessions are valued at \$30,000, is the richest Indian on the Klamath reservation. Every fall for 15 years he has sent to market \$1,000 to \$7,000 worth of cattle.