

MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS SIGHT HIGH PEAK IN CANADA

Miss Dora Keen Ascends Mount Blackburn and Then Journeys to Yukon

Believes Peak Seen From On High May Offer New Thrills for Climbers

SEATTLE, Aug. 26.—Detailing her experience in climbing Mount Blackburn, Miss Dora Keen, who has just returned from her great feat says she discovered another great peak on the Canadian side of the range.

The scaling of Mount McKinley was the principal object of Keen's journey to Alaska, but after she accomplished her aim she extended her efforts and travelled over Skolai pass and down the White river to the Yukon, winning the honor of being the first woman to make the trip.

"Climbing Mount Blackburn was more dangerous than difficult," said Miss Keen tonight. "We made the ascent too late in the season for absolute safety, frequent avalanches interrupting our progress. Believe that the ascent would be a simple matter if made in April before the snow becomes soft." Miss Keen said that she believes that the peak is higher than 17,500 feet, instead of 16,140 as shown on the maps.

Sights Great Peak

As the party neared the summit of the mountain they observed an enormous peak on the Canadian side of the range.

"It was very far away and very high," said Miss Keen. "I could not find it on the map and we could not see it when we were below the 12,000 foot altitude."

"I could find no one who knew anything of this peak. It was apparently 150 miles due east of Mount Blackburn and appeared to be as high as Mount McKinley."

The top of Mount Blackburn was covered with volcanic ash and smoke from Mount Wrangell, which could be seen smoking in the distance.

Crosses Skolai Pass

After returning from Mount Blackburn, Miss Keen rested two days and on June 8 set out to cross Skolai pass and go down White river to the Yukon. The trip from McCarthy, near the end of the Copper River railroad, to the summit of the divide was made in a week. After crossing the divide Miss Keen walked down White river 45 miles to Canyon City, a cluster of light log huts where her party waited six weeks for a boat to be built in which they could go down the river to the Yukon. They arrived at Dawson July 31 and then returned to Juneau, where Miss Keen took a steamship for Seattle.

BRITISH BLUEJACKETS FOR CANADIAN NAVY

Repairs on Niobe Progressing Slowly; Will be Ready for Service Late This Fall

Ottawa, Aug. 26.—Deputy Minister of Naval Service Desbarats, while in England, has been recruiting blue jackets for the Rainbow, in order to fill vacancies which may occur at the termination of the service period of the present crew.

Owing to the uncertainty of Canada's naval policy at the present time it is considered likely that a large number of the Rainbow's present crew will express their desire to return to England at the expiration of their term, there being at present no definite prospect for naval crews in Canada.

As soon as it has been determined how many men are required the new bunch of recruits will be brought to Canada and the vacancies filled.

Work on the repairs to the Niobe, now in drydock at Halifax, is proceeding extremely slowly. Certain machinery required was found to be defective and has been returned to England. It is not expected that she will be ready for service until late this fall.

EVA PATTERSON, AGED 17, HAS DISAPPEARED

Vancouver, Aug. 26.—Eva Patterson, aged 17, daughter of a Canadian Pacific railway worker of Kamloops, left that city last Wednesday morning and has disappeared. The police of Kamloops and Vancouver have been working on the case for two days. The girl was to arrive here on Wednesday evening and had definite instructions where to go. The police believe that she did arrive but whether she was captured by white slaves or has met with foul play is a mystery. On Friday and Saturday her father searched this city and communicated with every friend here with whom the girl might be staying. Today he is continuing a frantic search.

CANADA'S TRADE WITH MEXICO FALLING IS OFF

Ottawa, Aug. 26.—Canadian trade with Mexico, according to figures just published, show a somewhat remarkable falling off in the last fiscal year. The aggregate was \$865,000, as compared with \$1,148,377 in the year previous, a decrease of 78 per cent. Mexican imports from the United States also declined by two millions, while those from Germany increased by 15 per cent. The report assigns no reason for the decrease.

GRAIN MEN PRESENT THEIR REQUESTS BEFORE GRAIN COMMISSION

(Continued From Page 1)

Dealing with the question of making Calgary a routing point, Chairman McGill told the grain men that it would be necessary for them to make out a case and present it fully to the commission, that the present case was in-

THE BURN'S PRIVATE DETECTIVE

Inside History of the Methods Employed in Criminal Investigation, Embracing True Narratives of Interesting Cases by a Former Operative of the William J. Burns Detective Agency.

BY DAVID CORNELL

6—A Trail of Ink HOW A CLEVER BANK "KITER" WAS RUN DOWN ON A SLENDER CLUE.

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(Editor's Note.—In order that no annoyance may accrue through the publication of these narratives to persons involved therein, other names and places have in many instances been substituted for the real ones.)

The National Bankers' Protective association is an organization formed by the bankers of this country to protect themselves and the money in their care from the onslaughts of that considerable class of sharp-witted and reckless men who live by "working banks."

This class is divided into two minor classes—the "trough workers" and the "kiters." The former phrase is applied in detective parlance to designate the gentlemen who travel around the country and blow bank safes. The "kiters" are the persons who obtain money by forged, raised checks, altered drafts, false identifications, and other misrepresentations. Although the safe-blowers get more space in the papers, because of the spectacular character of their achievements, they are the least troublesome of these two types of criminals. A couple of yegmen will blow a safe in a country bank in Pennsylvania, and get away with \$5,000, and the press of the country will ring with the news. But all the time there is going on in the shadows, silent work of the "kiters," which seldom gets into the papers, but which continually is costing bankers and depositors thousands of dollars.

To catch a "yegsman"—a safe-blower—is nothing more or less than straight police work. To catch a "kiter" is a problem of intricate detective work, for the raising of forged checks, where the "yegs" is merely one of force, and the former knows better than anyone in the world how to cover his tracks to escape detection. There is living in California at the present time an old gentleman who retired on a pension granted him several years ago by a combination of bankers who calculated that he would be better to pay him his pension money than to risk losses from his skilful methods of forgery.

It is hardly likely that banking history of this country will see such an other incident. The National Bankers' Protective Association employs the Burns Detective Agency to do all its work now, and no matter how shrewd a forger may be, the scientific methods of the Burns system, backed by the Bankers' association, is sure to get him in the long run. At the same time there are hundreds of men making money in the most desperate financial straits—who tempt fate by passing bad bank paper. Such criminals are soon run to earth. It is the old scientific fox, the "kiter," who makes trouble, and the first one of these gentlemen that I ran down while working as a Burns detective was the one of the lot.

In Medillon, N. Y., there are three banks, the Old National, the First National and the Farmers' and Merchants'. One Monday morning, at 10:30, word came in the evening office manager at my agency came down to the office to find on his desk a telegram from each of these banks requesting that a man be sent up at once.

"A job for you, Cornell," said the manager, handing me the messages. "Beat it up there as soon as you can." I caught a Lackawanna train at 10:30, and at seven in the evening I was registering in the best hotel in Medillon, a town of 7,500 people. After three days' work I had unraveled the following tale of what had happened to the banks of Medillon:

A month before a man named Clawson, who conducted the most prosperous coal yard of the town, had decided to sell out and had been talking to a man named Fink, who had advertised the sale in a retail coal trade publication that circulated among coal dealers throughout the country. In a few days, or so, he had advertised the sale in a retail coal trade publication that circulated among coal dealers throughout the country. In a few days, or so, he had advertised the sale in a retail coal trade publication that circulated among coal dealers throughout the country.

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On the question of the establishment of a western standard for hay, the petitioners were informed that this was a matter for parliament rather than for the grain commission, but it was the desire of the latter that it too, be presented by writing, together with a copy of the recommendations in the

"Now," said he energetically, "show me what you got to sell."

The man's knowledge of the coal business was so complete as to assure Clawson at once that he was talking to an old and shrewd hand in that line. His bearing and address had all the earmarks of success and fortuitousness. He knew how much coal cost at the mines down in Pennsylvania, how much freight it cost to get it to the market, and what coal ought to sell for in Medillon. He smiled appreciatively when Clawson showed him his books and demonstrated that the people of Medillon were willing to pay even a little more than what coal ought to sell for in that town.

"I see you know the game, too," he said, and Clawson naturally was a little flattered.

Clawson named a price of \$5,500 on his plant as it lay then. In the early summer with little stock in it, this was an unusually high price, and Jenkins said so at once.

"Five thousand is the top-notch price I can see myself paying for it," said he, "and probably \$4,500 will be what it looks like when I've looked it over carefully."

Clawson grumbled that \$5,500 was his only price, but inwardly he was pleased. He had set \$4,000 as his price, and he was to realize more from his sale.

Jenkins began to go into the details of the business with him as to one by a man skilled in that line could do. He covered the field with his investigations and questions in a way that aroused Clawson's admiration.

"Mr. Jenkins," he said, "you can do twice as much business here as I did, and you can teach them all something about the coal business."

"I know something about it," admitted Jenkins. "You haven't hustled me enough. Don't you know that you ought to get a couple of factories into this town? I do. I got one in view now that I could bring here possibly. But you'll never get \$5,500 out of me for your business."

Finally he wrote a check for \$250 on the Twenty-fifth Street Bank of New York city for a five days' option at \$5,500.

At the same time that he was dickering for the business Jenkins began to make inquiries about a home. Here again his evident character as an experienced and forceful business man asserted itself.

Clawson, quite convinced that he would make his sale at a price satisfactory to himself, eagerly carried Jenkins over to the estate man who owned the place and introduced him as a new and valuable addition to the population of Medillon.

Cross, likewise, was deeply impressed by Jenkins. He had no doubt of his ability to pay for the best house for sale in town, and Jenkins was at once taken out and shown a desirable property. It was an old-fashioned house with large grounds and a good repair, and the price was \$5,000. It was a fair price. Jenkins agreed to it at once. He went through the house carefully.

"That's the kind of a place Jenkins' wife would like," he said. "I'll get her up to take a look at it."

Cross had promptly begun the real estate man's old story. "Well, Mr. Jenkins, there are two or three other parties interested in this property, and I expect an offer for it almost any moment. If you want—"

"Anybody got an option on it?" asked Jenkins.

"No."

"Give me a three-day option on it for \$200," said Jenkins. "I'll close with you, but my wife will always want a sugar in the home pie." He wrote a check for \$200 on the Twenty-fifth Street Bank of New York city.

The third man in the net was Fink, the big fellow who had been the town's little daily paper that Mr. Jenkins came in the third day, when Mrs. Jenkins, a prepossessing, well-dressed woman, came to town. By this time the news had been printed in the town's little daily paper that Mr. Jenkins of New York was buying out Clawson's coal yard and purchasing the old homestead from Cross for a home. Also, it was rumored, Mr. Jenkins was going to set up a big manufacturing enterprise which were considering Medillon as a possible location.

Mrs. Jenkins came into Fink's Furniture Emporium, and with the good-natured assistance of Jenkins began to pick out furniture for their new home. She had said and an apartment, and she had a pocketbook. Fink rubbed his hands as he saw her pick nothing but the most expensive stuff in his store. He extended himself to please Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins. The bill for the articles that Mrs. Jenkins had picked out came to \$1,200.

"It will be some days before we can get them sent up," said she. "But

when we do want them it will be in a hurry."

A deposit of one hundred dollars was made, and the pair departed. The deposit was in the form of a check on the Twenty-fifth Street Bank of New York.

Clawson, Cross and Fink hurried at once to their banks with their checks. Clawson banked at the Old National, Cross at the First National, and Fink at the Farmers' and Merchants'. The checks were taken for collection—and proved good.

Jenkins made such an impression on the Chamber of Commerce that he was invited him as an honored guest to its weekly meeting. He was looked upon as a citizen to be welcomed with open arms. Said the president of the Chamber of Commerce in concluding his remarks: "Mr. Jenkins is what we need and want: a thorough-going hustler."

He was. At the end of a week's dickering with Clawson, he agreed to buy the coal yard at \$4,750, \$2,500 to be paid at once, and the remainder on six months' time. He wrote a check as before for the \$2,500.

"And by the way, Clawson," he said, "will you take me down and introduce me to your banker. I'll have to transfer my account here in a few days."

Clawson accordingly introduced Jenkins to the Chamber of Commerce in a cordial manner. As soon as he had been properly identified Jenkins presented a draft issued by the Twenty-fifth Street Bank for \$1,825. The cashier did it without a murmur of suspicion.

From Clawson, Jenkins went to Cross, and within half an hour he had repeated his operation at the First National, and then to Fink at the Farmers' and Merchants'.

From Cross he went to Fink, and Fink accordingly identified him as a coal merchant, and he was to be found in any library in the country. It had 3,752 subscribers, and these were about the only people in the country who knew that such a publication existed. Reasoning the thing out it seemed possible to suppose the Jenkins for years had been a constant reader of this paper.

That night Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins left Medillon. Next day the banks discovered that the drafts were issued were mere cheap imitations of the Twenty-fifth Street Bank's paper. Hurled telegrams went to the New York bank:

"How much is Jenkins' balance?"

The answer came, "Eleven dollars and eleven cents." The drafts of the Medillon banks had been cleverly stung.

This was the story that I gathered through by thread when I investigated the trouble in Medillon. The president of the Chamber of Commerce had specimens of his hand-writing, excellent descriptions of him, and the knowledge that he was an expert in the coal business. He was a thoroughgoing "kiter."

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he and our "Mr. Jenkins" were one and the same man.

I hurriedly hunted around the country placed in my possession the various specimens of handwriting that had been left by the "kiter." At first I was amazed and disappointed to discover that they were all apparently the work of different men; but a few days' work on the part of our handwriting expert demonstrated that one man had written them all, but that he had so skillfully disguised his hand on each occasion as to make each specimen entirely different in appearance from the others. My respect for my country grew immensely at this revelation.

The man was absolutely the cleverest forger I ever had heard of. Now I knew that the Jenkins who had fooled the banks in Medillon was one and the same hand at crime, that he had worked at it for at least six years, and that he seemed to do only one job a year. And still I was as far away from any apparent clue as when I started on the case. Somewhere in America this fearful, clever fellow was living on the proceeds of his crime. But what a task to look for him! For this Jenkins was not of the criminal type. He would not be found by hunting among crooks. He might be anywhere and in almost any place of society.

The only physical proof that I had of the existence of Jenkins was his variously disguised hand-writing. This was the only trace that he had left of his presence. But this was enough, as it proved.

I will not tire the reader with telling about the worst weeks of futile toil I spent at the Jenkins case. They were weeks of searching and researching without finding any clue. Nothing interesting happened in that time. But in the end, after the wearisome task of digging, I finally unearthed the salient fact that all of the coal men who had been the means of attracting the fatal Jenkins to their towns had advertised their business for sale in the same coal trade publication.

This publication was a small weekly issued at Philadelphia. It went only to retail coal dealers. It was not for sale on newsstands, nor was it to be found in any library in the country. It had 3,752 subscribers, and these were about the only people in the country who knew that such a publication existed. Reasoning the thing out it seemed possible to suppose the Jenkins for years had been a constant reader of this paper.

The case for this theory summed up thus:

Six certain men had published in this paper ads offering for sale a coal business, and had been successful. These particular ads had appeared in a space covering six years.

In three cases at least he had asserted that he had seen the advertisement in this publication.

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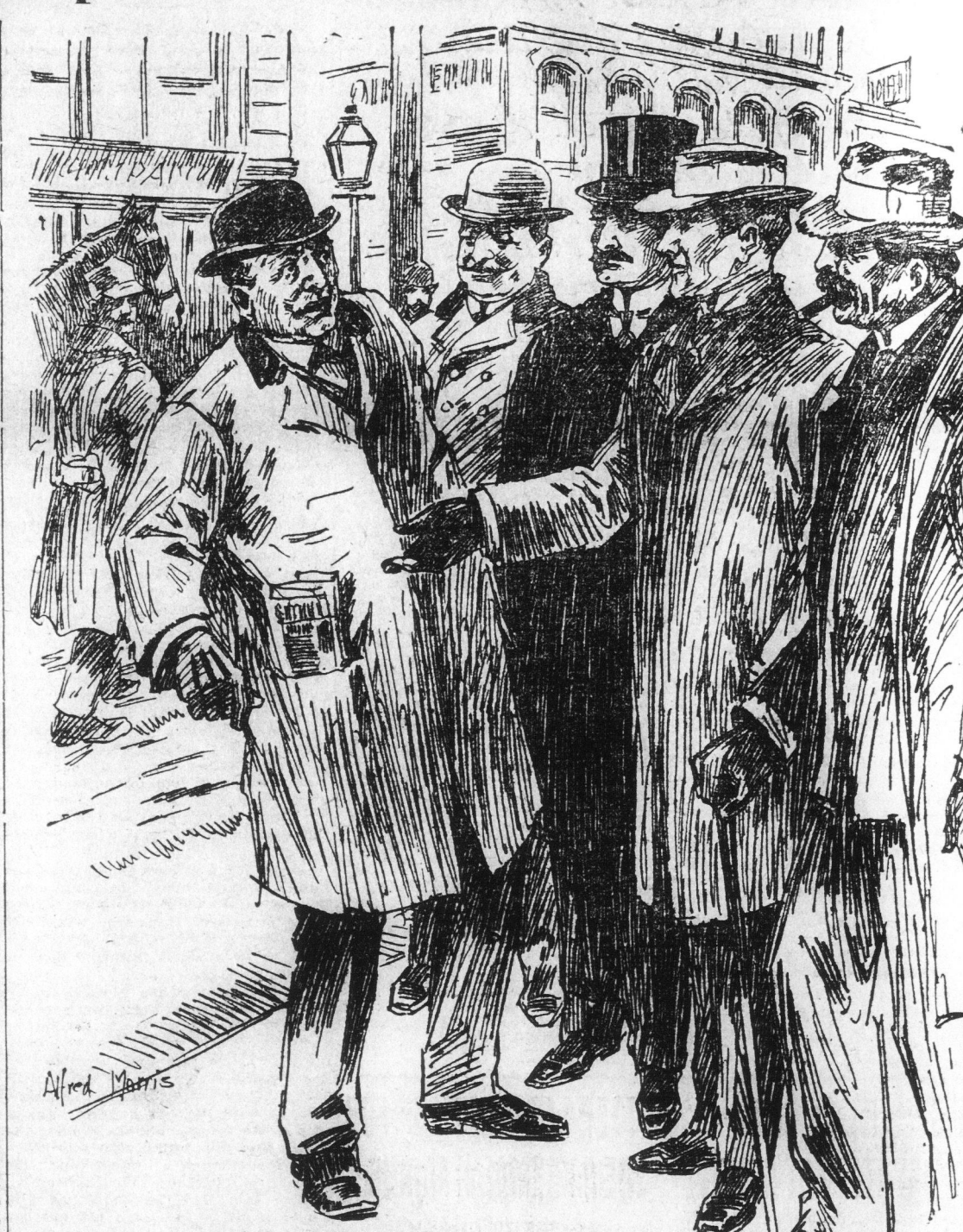
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Cummings-Jenkins looked around wildly.

Medillon and got Clawson and Cross and Fink together. I wired the cashiers of banks in other towns who had been fleeced by Jenkins. I went to Neris, Ohio, a tiny town of 1,500 people, and got a spot on Cummings. He was a coal merchant—but I found that he was completely absent from Neris for weeks at a time. And nobody knew where he went on these absences.

"I wired my bankers and the trio in Medillon."

"Come on to Neris and look him over."

They came as fast as trains could carry them. I pointed Jenkins out to them as he walked down the street. They recognized him, every man Jack

of them, as "Jenkins."

Clawson went up and held out his hand.

"Hello, Jenkins," he said. "You are missing, but positively can't answer 'Cummings is my name.'"

"It is here," said Cross, stepping up, "but in Medillon it was Jenkins, all right."

"Yes," said Fink. "Why didn't you come back for your furniture?"

Cummings-Jenkins—looked around wildly. On every side of him he saw cashiers from the banks that he had swindled in the last six years. They greeted him by the different names he had used in their towns. Then I stepped up and showed him the letter he had written to the coal paper.

"But for this," I said, "we might never have got you."

Cummings was smart enough to see that the game was up. He made a complete confession, clearing up a lot of mysterious bank forgeries, and told 15 years in Auburn prison. His wife went free. She fought the case, alleging that Jenkins had forced her to help him by threats of death. She got a young jury, and she was a pretty, youthful looking woman.

We didn't care much about her, however. Jenkins—or rather Cummings—was the brains of the outfit, and we had put him where his brains couldn't do our clients any harm.

ALL AUTHORS ARE TALKATIVE IS FULL OF COMPLEXITIES SUGAR A HEART STIMULANT

If You Know One, Be Tactful and Let Him Converse About His Work.

I know nothing about really great authors, but I think I speak for a large number of the followers of the trade when I say that they like to talk about their work, one great reason being that writing is a lonely profession. If you write, as a rule you must do it by yourself; or if you do attempt it in company, you or the company will be sorry. Therefore, when the writing is done, and a sympathetic listener offers, the writer is glad to wipe out some of the lonely hours with a little conversation.

So, if you know an author, don't be too breathless about his calling; treat him like a human being. Let him talk a little, and do not be shocked if he manages to keep the tears back when he tells you about his last short story. Only, be tactful.

Do not say, as an eager acquaintance once said to me: "Oh, I do think it is so interesting to write. It must be just fascinating when your manuscripts come back!" I discovered after a while that the most profuse instead of manuscripts, but the mistake of just that single word made me, as he usually so glibly, about my trade, feel for the time being that I really did not care ever to speak of it again. So I repeat, let the poor author talk, but be tactful—Atlantic Monthly.

Decidedly Unpleasant.

Mrs. Hoyte.—Do you believe in the Darwinian theory?

Mrs. Doyle.—No; I don't like to think that my ancestral halls were monkey houses.

Calgary. For my part I would much prefer to put up an elevator than delay cars in the yards two days and collect the one cent per hundred on grain.

Movement Westward.

Mr. Price estimated that 25 per cent of the grain crop went to the Pacific coast and intermediate points last season. This will be increased this year as the exportation of grain from Vancouver will be heavier owing to the quality of export grain.

"How are you prepared to handle the crop this year?" asked Chairman McGill.

"I am not prepared to say at the moment," replied Mr. Price.

Just what agreement the railroad and the shippers will reach has not as yet been determined, and the matter will be taken up at an early date with a view on the part of the farmers to have sufficient grain diverted westward from Calgary to relieve the situa-

Drawback to the Much Vaunted Simple Life That It Is Not Simple.

The real drawback to "the simple life" is that it is not simple. If you are living it, you positively can do nothing else. There is no time. For the simple life demands virtually that there shall be no specialization. Thousands who are living the simple life must, after all, sweep, scour, wash and mend. She must also cook; for that even Battle Creek cannot save her.

She may dream sternly of Margaret Fuller, who read Plato while she pared apples; but in her secret heart she knows that either Plato or the apple suffered, and from what point of view it is simpler to have a maid of all work than to indulge one's self in liveried lackeys? Not obviously, for the mistress; and it is surely simpler to be an adequate second footman than to be an adequate bonnie tout faire.

We should really simplify life by having more servants rather than fewer. The most complicated machinery is the most complicated; and which of us wants to sink the Mauretania and go back to Robert Fulton's steamboat? One would think that the decision would be made naturally for one by one's income. But it is the triumph of the new paradox that this is not so.

Thousands of people seem to be infected with the idea that by doing more themselves, they bestow leisure on others; that by wearing shabby clothes they somehow make it possible for others to dress better—though they thus admit that leisure and elegance are not evil things.—K. F. Gerould in Atlantic Monthly.

The Rural View.

Farmer Sobowiesz, well, there's another letter guy bought a farm back here and gone to raising chickens. He's got over a thousand of 'em!

Farmer Hardacre—Gosh! I must be a good writer to support so many hens as that!—Puck.

The Sufferer.

This O is the size of the headache that he had when he started for the banquet. And this O is the size of the headache that kept him out of church.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Local Supply Board.

During the afternoon the commission met the nonlocal buyers' survey board, confirming the nominations as follows: John I. McFarland, Arthur Parrott, William Carson, C. H. Hall, A. C. Hughes and E. S. Munro, named by the Grain Exchange; and Edward J. Freeman, secretary of the United Farmers of Alberta, nominee of the Saskatchewan and Alberta government; W. J. Trogluis, president of the United Farmers of Alberta, nominee of the Alberta government; and D. O. McHugh, secretary of the Grain Exchange, secretary.

Apollinaris is a Food

Apollinaris is a Food

Instead of a Drink

THE BIG AMERICAN AND THEIR EARNINGS

Latest Groupings by the Inter-state Commerce Commission

Over 25,000 Miles, Including the Roads Dominated by J. J. Hill, Canadian

New York, Aug. 26.—As the centralization of the transportation system, which principally in the early years of this century, at the present time, no less than two-thirds of the vast network of railroad (we have fifty-one thousand miles of railroad than all together) is administered by a few groups of operators, in other words, in the hands of a few men, the ownership, rests the mantle of 161,147 miles out of 200,000 miles of line, 30,191, or 15 per cent.