It Is the Very Wise Mariner Who Will Seek Any Port-ola in a Storm of Confetti

Special Features of Interest to Women

& A Gorgeous Mantle &

EXPERTLY DESCRIBED BY OLIVETTE

HERE is an illustration of the mantle so popular in Paris and Deauville last summer. This fall Paris is using it almost to the exclusion of the sleeved wrap. And for winter furs nothing could be at once more practical and more becoming.

It is simply a broad scarf of white ermine, tightened at each end by bands of sable. The semiround muff is of the shape called sack, and also tightens at each end under a sable tail.

Now, if ermine and sable are beyond your means, you may combine velvet or plush with any bits of old fur that last year's garments yield you when you search the cedar closet. You will find it the part of economy to bear in mind this stunning model which allows you such wide leeway in old material.

:-: Little Bobbie's Pa :-:

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

IASKED Pa for a quarter last nite to buy Indian clubs with, we have all got to swing Indian clubs in our school now, the boys & the gurls.

I do not particular-ly approve of Indian clubs, sed Pa, as compared with certing other forms of fizzical culture, as, for instans, boxing & lite dum-bells. I will git you lite dumbells insted, Bobbie, sed Pa.

No, it is too late, I toald Pa. Thay all bought Indian clubs, beekaus that is what the teecher toald us to get.

There was a yung man naimed Blake visiting for the evening with my cousin Alice, & he sed to Pa that club swinging was grate exercise & that he was surprised to see a gentelman of Pa's intelli-gence saying that there was other better exercises.

I do not wish you to understand, sed Pa to Mister Blake, that I am dee-nouncing club swinging. I was always a grate club swinger myself, sed Pa. Thay used to say about me at skool that I cud make Indian clubs talk. Sum eevning wen we are ware thare is a pair of clubs, Pa sed to Mister Blake, I shall take grate plesur in showing you a few fancy movements.

That will be vary kind of you, sed Mister Blake, but Ma & me knew better. Pa had forgot all about a pair of clubs that he brought hoam one nite oaver a yeer beefoar. He tried to swing them onst wen thay was new & neerly broak his hed, & after that he put them away. But Ma & me remembered them, & Ma went & got them. Wen Pa saw them he remembered all about the time that he tried to swing them, & he got awful red in the face. He started talking as fast as he cud about sumthing else, but Mister Blake kep talking about the club & how he wud like to have Pa teech him sum fancy movements.

Presently, presently, sed Pa, but as I was saying, I think there are other forms of exercise that are superior to club swinging. Polo, for instans, sed Pa. I was always a grate polo player. In one game I played so fast & furious that I neerly killed three mounts. I remember several English army officers cumming oaver after the game & patting me on the back.

That was nice, sed Mister Blake, but let us see what you can do with these clubs.

I wud gladly go thru a few moves with you, sed Pa, but the fack is that I have a touch of rumatism in my both arms, & it wud be a vary painful process for me to go through with at present.

I doant beleeve you can swing them at all, sed Mister Blake. Look at the way yure father is holding the clubs, Bobbie. Here, he sed to Pa, stop fourflushing & give me them clubs. I will show you sum movements. Then Mister Blake got up & he cud swing the clubs as pritty as any man that I ever seen on the stage. After he swung them for about 10 minutes he started to toss them up in the air & catch them every way. He eeven caught one of them on his eyebrow & balanced it thare.

Isent that butiful & graceful? sed Ma. Imagine you teeching that boy anything, she sed to Pa.

He swings the clubs fairly well, sed Pa, but I wish I dident have the rumatism in my arms, & my back is soar, too.

Probly yure back is sore from ware the English army officers patted you after that polo game, sed Ma.

(From the German of Bernhard Kellermann—German version. Copyright, 1913, by S. Fischer, Verlag, Berlin. English translation and compilation by

Wm. A. Waterbury

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Continued From Yesterday

They were still on the ocean side driveway, but when they turned off into the broad avenue that led down past the hospital to the tunnel entrance the murmur suddenly swelled into a roar.

Coming toward them was a swirling wave of men and women that filled the street from house to house. It rolled toward them with frightful rapidity, and the din of it was terrifying. Maud drew Edith to her and looked for a doorway in which she might stand until the horde had swept by. She was frightened, for she understood that the rage which a short time before had filled her bosom had taken this form with these dull and brutish people. She felt no fear for herself. They knew her as a benefactress and a friend of unwearying goodness; but she feared that they might terrify Edith, and knew they would be sorry the next day for any damage they did.

But there was no friendly doorway at hand. She was at that moment passing along a long, high wall that cut off the wagon yard of a great department store. She drew back against it and held Edith close, thinking she would try to stop some of the women and reason with them when they came past.

Suddenly the roar rose into a shriek of fury, and the rush swept on with new speed. Maud thought she could hear the name "Allan" as the keynote, and a cold dread gripped her heart. Was it possible that they would try to hurt her?

The next instant they were upon her. She crouched against the wall, but faced them. The din almost made her blind and dizzy, and she was ringed as with a kaleidoscopic film of horrible, distorted faces that grimaced and glowered and slavered and twisted with horrible laughter. She opened her lips and tried to speak. Edith was half hidden in the folds of her skirt.

"Friends! Friends!" she cried, but the words were pushed back into her mouth by the terrific uproar. The next instant the widow of Cesare, her hair hanging in limp strings, her eyes burning with the light of insane rage, her clothes half torn from her body, sprang out in front of her and threw a stone with maniacal force, at the same instant another stone, meant for her, struck the child in the chest and knocked her down.

Then came another and another and another.

Ethel Lloyd met Allan in the porch of his home that night. He had been prepared by telephone when he reached New York. Without a word she shook his hand and pressed it. He questioned her without words, and in the same way she answered; then she led him through the silent house to the room where his wife and child lay. She stood with him for a moment, looking down upon them, and then as silently withdrew.

For a long time there was no sound save the steady beat of slow footsteps, as a sentry paced the walk outside, for Tunnel City was under martial law. The horse was gone and the stable was locked.

The girl sat in the shaded veranda and looked out across the ocean, where Maud and Rives had sat but 24 hours before. She was not of the weeping type of woman, but her lips were sealed and her heart weighted with the dead load of the grief about her. Love, as Maud knew it—had known in the last few hours of her life—was unknown to her. If the loved Allan in that way she was not conscious of it. She was only conscious of a profound admiration for him and a strong attraction for his energy, his strength, his genius. She knew that his wife and child were dear to him, and she suffered with him—and, like him, in silence.

Presently she heard his step in the hall. She rose, but did not go to meet him. He came out, without a glance to the right or left, crossed the veranda, down the steps and strode off toward the beach. He had not seen her nor looked for her.

About a mile up the beach he sat on a rock, staring out to sea. For nearly an hour he sat there. Occasionally he turned his head and looked back in the way he had come, as if the picture of the darkened room and the two pale faces was before his eyes. Then he stared out to sea again. Somewhere out there far beneath the waters was his one friend Rives. He could see him, too—his knees drawn up, his mouth open and twisted and his face blackened. What was left him?

From afar came the answer—the subdued murmur of Tunnel City. He gritted his teeth and groaned and ground his heels in the sand. As Maud had done before, he now cursed it and all who wrought in its name. It was a rage of despair, but it was succeeded by another—a rage of purpose. The tunnel had taken from him everything dear in life.

His wife and child were destroyed; his one friend was gone. The best part of his life had been given to it. More than five thousand other lives had been swallowed up in its hungry mouth—and still it was unconquered, less than half completed. It was still his master and not his servant.

Now he had nothing to lose. The gray hairs at his temples were almost white, but he would live long enough to conquer. He would live for that only. He would put grief and remorse to one side. He would guard his life for that one purpose—that those who had died might not have died in vain. The tunnel should live as a monument to all of them.

He rose and stretched his cramped legs with a shiver. The thought came to him with a suddenness that almost made him cry out that he might atone, somewhat, that very night. There might still be some men alive in that hell. He might find a balm for his own grief in healing the grief of others.

He walked swiftly back to the house. Ethel Lloyd was still waiting on the veranda. In a few low words he told what he intended doing, and she softly applauded. She would look out for everything at the house and do all that she could. He sprang into his car and told the chauffeur to drive to the Administration building.

Ceremony had never been the habit of the Administration building, but when Allan entered the consultation room, where the general conferences of the engineers were held, every man in the room rose. Allan believed that he was calm, for he was in the numbed condition that follows a sudden blow. He was certain that he looked calm, and for a moment he was surprised when Harriman half walked, half reeled a step or two toward him and exclaimed in a choked voice:

"Allan!"

"Now, now, Harriman," he said quietly. "Take your seats, gentlemen."

Allan silenced him with a gesture.

Mechanically they obeyed and sat staring at him. His face was rigid, as if frozen, his lips blue and white at the edges. A young man who sat next him noticed that the skin beneath his eyes was twitching nervously. A two days' growth of beard accentuated his livid pallor. The eyes shone, but it was with the cold glitter of glass.

THE STORY

They rested on Harriman, who controlled himself with a visible effort and began giving the details of the disaster, in short, broken phrases. Allan listened without comment and without expression.

"There is no doubt that Baermann was shot?" he asked when Harriman paused.

"Yes."

"And Rives has not been heard from?"

"No." The last that we have been able to learn is that he was seen leaving Main station on a construction train, going to the head of the boring."

Allan nodded. "Go on," he said, grimly.

"So far as actual damage goes we know the tunnel is all right almost up to Station 4, but we can't be sure beyond the 220 mile mark because there was a lot of temporary timber still stuck around there in places. The fire may have spread that far. Robinson has reported that he got as far as the 230th mile mark because smoke was awful and he couldn't tell about the fire. He has picked up a hundred and fifty men that were as good as gone."

"That leaves how many dead?"

Harriman moistened his white lips and passed the back of his hand across his forehead.

"According to the control-checks," he answered in a husky, halting voice, "there must be about 2,900."

There was a dead silence. Every man in the room had known for hours that the official figures must inevitably reach that number, but it was a terrible thing to hear them spoken. Allan reached a hand that trembled slightly for a cup of coffee that had been placed on a table at his elbow and took a sip. Every man in the room avoided his neighbor's eyes.

"Allan"——Harriman's voice broke again. His chief stared at him unmoved.

"Go on," he said, coldly.

"O'Malley is at substation D2—220 miles"—he went on. "According to Robinson, O'Malley is certain that an air pump is working farther down, although the telephone connection is broken."

For the first time a gleam of interest came into Allan's eyes and a faint touch of color to his cheeks. "Rives!" he thought, with a sudden hope. If there was one man in that hell who had the nerve and resourcefulness to keep an air pump working it would be Rives.

Harriman went on with his report. He was no longer, apparently, overcome with horror, but there was a new uneasiness in his manner which Allan noted and was quick to understand. Whatever might be said in extenuation, Harriman knew, and knew that his chief would know, that he had not distinguished himself as a commander above ground in the terrible crisis. When he came to the riot Allan's voice cut in coldly and sharply.

THE COWARD

"Where were you, Harriman?"

The other man threw out an unsteady hand in a gesture of protest. His lips quivered.

"I can only ask you to believe that I did everything that was humanly possible."

Allan leaned forward in his chair and made no effort to conceal his contempt.

"Anybody can do what's 'humanly possible,' but this tunnel is not being built on excuses, Harriman. This was a situation that demanded something more than 'humanly possible.'"

The older man went very white. The other looked gravely at the floor.

"What could I do that I didn't do?" he demanded between his set teeth.

"I don't know—I wasn't there," returned his chief, coldly. "It's because I thought you would know that I left you in charge."

Harriman twice opened his lips and closed them dumbly.

"It seems to me that you've fallen down mainly in what you did," went on Allan, mercilessly. "For one thing, you ran away from the mob. It would have been a damned sight better if you'd stayed away. You stood for authority here, and you ought to have been killed rather than turn this place over to a mob."

Again Harriman opened his lips, but he did not speak. He knew that he had not run because he was afraid, but what was the use? Excuses couldn't help.

"On the whole," Allan was saying, in the same brutally calm tone, "Baermann, so far as I can see, is more useful dead than you are alive. Your authority here is done. You can never command the respect of these people again."

The older man rose unsteadily to his feet and his muscles suddenly set. He took a half step forward and one of the younger men rose and laid his hand on his arm. The others still kept their gaze on the floor. Allan never took his gaze off the lieutenant's face, and the cold, contemptuous expression never changed. Harriman's figure suddenly relaxed and he swayed slightly.

"You mean——" he began in a voice that was barely audible, though the stillness of the tomb was on the room.

"I mean," said Allan, "that you are excused from duty. I'll see you again in a day or two. Good night, Harriman."

Without a word Harriman turned and reeled out of the door. He was barely gone before Allan turned to two of the young engineers who had left their posts and come in with the men when the panic spread through the workings.

"You can go—you two," he said. "Any college can give 500 engineers in a year, but it takes men to drive a tunnel under the ocean. You two had better stick to plain engineering hereafter."

HIS SPEECH

There was a little silence after that. Allan sat staring at the floor. Finally he threw back his head. The dead, lifeless look was gone from his eyes and the bitterness from his voice. In a low voice he talked for 10 minutes to these men who had done their best, and when he had finished any one of them would have died for him.

Continued Tomorrow

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

The story opens with Rives, who is in charge of the technical workings of the great tunnel from America to Germany, on one of the tunnel trains, with Baermann, an engineer, in charge of main station No. 4. They are traveling at the rate of 118 miles an hour. Rives is in love with Maude Allan, wife of MacKendrick Allan, whose mind first conceived the great tunnel scheme. After going about 50 miles under the Atlantic ocean Rives gets out of the train. Suddenly the tunnel seems to burst. There is a frightful explosion. Men are flung to death and Rives is badly wounded. He hears some one calling his name as he staggers through the blinding smoke, realizing that about 2,000 men have probably perished. He and other survivors get to station No. 4. Rives finds Baermann holding at bay a wild mob of frantic men who want to climb on a work train. Somebody shoots Baermann and the train slides out. The scene is then changed to the roof of the Hotel Atlantic. The greatest financiers of the country are gathered there at a summons from C. H. Lloyd, "The Money King." John Rives addresses them and introduces Allan. He tells them that he can build a tunnel under the Atlantic from the New Jersey shore via the Bermudas and Azores to England. The financiers discuss undertaking the project and their decision is clinched by a speech made by Helen Lloyd, daughter of the "Money King." Allan selects Rives as his chief lieutenant and work is started on the tunnel, the approach to be a hole 12 miles deep. Allan is so engrossed with his work that he neglects his wife, who, consequently, is thrown into Rives' society. He is involved in the financing as well as the engineering problems of his undertaking. Ethel Lloyd calls on Mrs. Allan at Tunnel City and the wife wonders to what extent her husband is interested in this competent young woman. Mrs. Allan (dead) and Rives dine together, alone. They discover suddenly that they love each other. Rives leaves her to go back to the tunnel. The next morning Tunnel City is aroused by a report of disaster. Then the full realization of the tunnel horror comes. Wives of the victims mob Tunnel City. Maud is stricken with the fear of Rives' death. She starts to the hospital.

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RAILWAY TRAVEL

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

ON AND AFTER OCTOBER 5, 1913, TRAINS LEAVE AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT SAN FRANCISCO

VIA OAKLAND PIER (Foot of Market Street) (Subject to change without notice)

Leave		Arrive
2.15a	Niles, Livermore, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Lodi, Galt, Elk Grove, Sacramento, Roseville, Auburn, Colfax	10.40p
2.15a	Sacramento, Marysville, Biggs, Chico	10.40a
6.40a	Richmond (Vallejo), Port Costa, Martines, Antioch, Byron Hot Springs, Tracy, Patterson, Newman, Los Banos, Ingle, Kerman, Fresno	11.20p
6.40a	San Leandro, Hayward, Niles, San Jose	8.10p
7.00a	Richmond, Port Costa, Benicia, Suisun, Dixon, Sacramento	7.30p
7.00a	Elmira, Vacaville, Winters	1.10p
7.00a	Roseville, Marysville (Oroville), Redding, Dunsmuir	10.40p
7.00a	Davis, Woodland, Williams, Maxwell, Willows, Corning, Red Bluff	7.30p
7.20a	The Statesman—Richmond, Vallejo Junction, Port Costa, Benicia, Suisun, Dixon, Davis, Sacramento	6.30p
7.20a	Niles, Pleasanton, Livermore, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton (Oakdale), Lodi, Sacramento	7.30p
7.20a	Tracy, Patterson, Newman, Los Banos, Ingle, Kerman, Fresno	4.30p
8.00a	Richmond, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa, Crockett, Port Costa	6.10p
8.00a	Avon, Walnut Creek, San Ramon	6.10p
8.00a	Newark, West San Jose, Los Gatos, Wright, Felton (Ben Lomond, Boulder Creek), Santa Cruz	5.50p
8.40a	Richmond, Port Costa, Martines, Byron Hot Springs, Tracy(Stockton), Merced, Berenda, Madera, Fresno, Fowler, Selma, Traver, Goshen Junction (Hanford, Armona), Tulare, Bakersfield	4.30p
8.40a	Visalia, Lindsay, Porterville, Ducor	7.10p
8.40a	Yosemite Valley via Merced	4.30p
9.00a	Irvington, San Jose	9.30a
9.00a	Niles, Pleasanton, Livermore, Stockton, (*Milton), Valley Spring, Ione, Sacramento	4.30p
9.00a	Tuolumne, Sonora, Jamestown, Angels	2.50p
9.00a	Port Costa, Benicia, Suisun, Davis, Sacramento	10.40p
9.00a	Goldfield Pass.—Colfax, Truckee, Hazen, Wabuska (Yerrington, Hudson), Mina, Tonopah, Goldfield, Lawa, Keeler	8.10a
9.40a	Richmond, San Pablo, Pinole, Vallejo Junction, Crockett, Port Costa, Martines, Avon, Concord	4.30p
10.20a	"Pacific Limited"—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago—Salt Lake City, Denver	8.50a
10.20a	Port Costa, Benicia, Sacramento, Colfax, Truckee, Reno, Hazen, Lovelock, Winnemucca, Battle Mountain, Palisade, Elko, Wells, Cobre	8.50a
10.40a	Stockton via Martines	10.10a / 12.50p
10.40a	Vallejo, Mare Island, Napa	12.50p / 4.30p
10.40a	Los Angeles Passenger—Richmond, Port Costa, Martines, Byron Hot Springs, Tracy, Stockton, Merced, Madera, Fresno (Hanford, Coalinga, Visalia), Bakersfield, Los Angeles	7.10p
10.40a	El Paso, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago	12.50p
11.20a	Shasta Limited De Luxe—Portland, Tacoma, Seattle	8.50p
12.00n	Richmond, Port Costa, Benicia, Suisun, Fairfield, Dixon, Sacramento	6.30p
12.00n	Elmira, Vacaville, Winters	7.30p
12.00n	Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff	7.30p
1.00p	Portland Express—Richmond, Davis, Willows, Red Bluff, Orland (Hamilton), Weed, Ashland, Roseburg, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle	7.30a
1.00p	Niles, Irvington, San Jose	1.50p
1.00p	Newark, Alviso, Agnew, Santa Clara, (San Jose), West San Jose, Los Gatos, Glenwood, Felton, (Boulder Creek), Santa Cruz, Watsonville	9.50p
1.20p	San Leandro, Niles, Centerville, Newark (Redwood), San Jose	7.50p
2.00p	Sacramento Limited—Port Costa, Benicia, Sacramento	2.10p
2.40p	San Leandro, Niles, San Jose	1.50p
3.00p	Richmond, Benicia, Suisun, Sacramento—Woodland, Tudor, Tuba City, Marysville, Oroville	11.10a
3.00p	Elmira, Vacaville, Winters, Rumsey	11.10a
3.20p	Richmond, Port Costa, Martines, Byron Hot Springs, Modesto, Merced, Madera, Fresno	10.40p
4.00p	Overland Limited De Luxe—Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, Omaha, Chicago	9.30a
6.00p	Niles, Tracy, Stockton	10.10a
6.00p	San Leandro, Niles (Centerville, Newark), Pleasanton, Livermore, Tracy	10.10a
4.00p	Port Costa, Martines, Concord, Walnut Creek, San Ramon, Livermore	9.10a
4.00p	Vallejo, Napa St. Helena, Calistoga, Glen Ellen, Santa Rosa	10.10a
4.40p	(Daily except Sunday) San Leandro, Hayward, Niles, Pleasanton, Livermore	†8.30a
4.40p	Tracy, Patterson, Newman, Los Banos, Kerman, Fresno	10.40p
4.40p	Valley Flyer—Port Costa, Byron Hot Springs, Tracy, Modesto, Merced, Madera, Fresno, Goshen Junction, Tulare, Bakersfield, Mojave, Los Angeles	12.50p
5.00p	Richmond, Vallejo, Port Costa, Benicia, Suisun, Sacramento, Roseville, Lincoln, Wheatland, Marysville (Oroville), Gridley, Biggs, Chico	11.30a
5.00p	Davis, Arbuckle, Williams, Willows, Orland, Tehama, Red Bluff	10.40p
5.00p	Niles, Irvington, San Jose	11.20p
5.00p	Newark, West San Jose, Los Gatos	10.10a
5.20p	San Leandro, Lorenzo, Hayward, Niles, Pleasanton, Livermore, Tracy Stockton	2.50p
5.20p	The Lark—Santa Barbara, Los Angeles	8.10a
6.20p	Owl Limited—Port Costa, Tracy, Fresno, Los Angeles	8.10a
6.20p	(Sunday only)—Richmond (Vallejo), Port Costa, Martines, Concord, Walnut Creek, Pleasanton, Niles, Oakland	‡11.30p
6.40p	Hayward, Niles and San Jose	7.30a
6.40p	Eastern Express—Ogden, Pueblo, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago	1.30p
6.40p	Richmond, Port Costa, Byron Hot Springs, Tracy, Stockton, Sacramento, Colfax, Truckee, Reno, Fernley (Wadsworth, Susanville), Elko, Ogden	1.30p
7.00p	Port Costa, Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Davis, Sacramento, Roseville, Auburn, Colfax, Truckee, Reno, Sparks	8.10a
8.20p	Oregon Express—Richmond, Sacramento, Roseville, Marysville, Redding (Klamath Falls), Ashland, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane	1.10p
8.00p	Mt. Eden, Alvarado, Newark, Santa Clara, San Jose	9.50p
9.40p	Bakersfield, McKittrick, Hazelton, Monarch, Moron, Fellow, Shale	7.50a
9.40p	Richmond, Port Costa, Tracy, Modesto, Merced, Madera, Fresno, Hanford, Tulare	7.50a
9.40p	Hanford, Armona, Lemoore, Huron, Coalinga	7.50a
9.40p	Visalia, Exeter, Lindsay, Porterville, Terra Bella, Ducor	7.50a
9.40p	Sunset Express—Tucson, Deming, El Paso, Houston, New Orleans, Chicago	12.30p
9.40p	Washington Sunset Route—Washington, D. C., New York and East	12.30p
9.40p	Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago	12.30p
‖11.40p	California Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Denver, Kansas City, Omaha, Chicago	8.30p
‖11.40p	Richmond, Port Costa, Benicia, Suisun, Davis, Sacramento, Colfax, Truckee, Reno, Hazen (Fallon), Elko, Ogden	8.30p

VIA COAST LINE (Third and Townsend Streets) (Subject to change without notice)

Leave		Arrive
† 5.05a	Valencia Street, Ocean View, Colma, Cemeteries, Baden, San Bruno	† 6.35a
6.30a	South San Francisco, San Jose, Morganhill, Gilroy (Hollister, Tres Pinos), Sargent, Watsonville, Aptos, Capitola, Santa Cruz	8.00p
6.30a	Los Altos, Monte Vista, Los Gatos	7.20p
† 7.05a	Burlingame, Redwood City, Mayfield, San Jose	† 9.00a
8.05a	Coaster—San Jose, Morganhill, Gilroy, Salinas, Soledad, King City, Paso Robles, Hot Springs, San Luis Obispo, Surf (Lompoc), Santa Barbara, Ventura, Oxnard, Los Angeles	10.30p
‡ 8.05a	Watsonville, Santa Cruz—Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove	10.30p
8.10a	Mayfield, Los Altos, Los Gatos, Wright, Glenwood (Boulder Creek), Santa Cruz, Watsonville, Castroville, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove	9.05p
9.00a	San Jose, Morganhill, Gilroy, Sargent, Salinas, Soledad, San Miguel, Paso Robles Hot Springs, San Luis Obispo	4.00p
9.00a	Hollister, Tres Pinos—Watsonville, Santa Cruz—Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove	4.00p
10.40a	South San Francisco, Burlingame, San Mateo, Palo Alto, Mayfield Los Altos, Los Gatos	12.30p / 1.25p
11.30a	Valencia Street, Ocean View, Colma, Cemeteries, Baden, San Bruno	1.55p
11.40a	South San Francisco, San Jose	† 8.20a
1.20p	San Mateo, Redwood, Mayfield, Santa Clara, West San Jose, Los Gatos, Glenwood, Felton (Boulder Creek), Santa Cruz Aptos, Watsonville	11.40a
1.20p	(Saturdays only)—Los Altos, Monte Vista, Los Gatos	3.25p
2.00p	Del Monte Express—San Jose, Morganhill, Gilroy, Sargent, Watsonville, Santa Cruz, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove (Salinas)	12.30p
† 2.10p	South San Francisco, Redwood, Santa Clara, San Jose	9.40a
3.00p	South San Francisco, San Mateo, San Jose, Morganhill, Gilroy, (Tres Pinos), Watsonville, Santa Cruz, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove	10.10a
3.25p	Burlingame, San Mateo, Redwood, Palo Alto, Mayfield, Los Altos, Los Gatos	5.30p
4.10p	(Daily except Sunday)—Mayfield, Los Altos, Los Gatos, Laurel, Glenwood, Felton (Boulder Creek), Santa Cruz, Aptos, Watsonville	9.50a
4.20p	South San Francisco, San Jose	† 7.25a
† 5.05p	Burlingame, San Mateo, Redwood, Palo Alto, Mayfield, Santa Clara San Jose	† 6.30a
† 5.20p	Redwood, Atherton, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Mayfield, Mountain View, Sunnyvale, San Jose	8.40a
† 5.20p	Los Altos, Monte Vista, Los Gatos	† 8.40a
5.25p	Easton, San Mateo, Belmont, Redwood City	7.45a
† 5.30p	Loop—Valencia Street, Ocean View, Cemeteries, South San Francisco, 23d Street, 3d and Townsend	† 6.40p
5.40p	San Bruno, San Mateo, Redwood, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San Jose	7.20p
‡ 5.40p	Mayfield, Los Altos, Los Gatos	‡ 9.40a
† 6.00p	Millbrae, San Mateo, Redwood City, Mayfield, Los Altos, Los Gatos	† 8.00a
† 6.05p	23d Street, Visitacion, South San Francisco, Valencia Street	† 7.15p
6.30p	South San Francisco, San Jose	8.45p
8.10p	San Jose and Way Stations	7.30a
‖10.05p	South San Francisco, San Jose	11.55p
11.45p	South San Francisco, Palo Alto, San Jose	7.35a / 3.25p

LOCAL FERRY TRAINS—ELECTRIC SERVICE

Via Oakland Pier

To Oakland, 16th St., and Berkeley, via Shattuck Ave. and Ellsworth St. Lines.—Daily—From 6.00 a. m., and every twenty minutes until 8.20 p. m., inclusive; then 9.00, 9.40, 10.20, 11.00, 11.40 p. m., 12.20 and 1.20 a. m. Additional boats Saturdays and Sundays only, 8.40 p. m., 9.20, 10.00, 10.40 and 11.20 p. m.

To Berkeley via California Street or Albany via Ninth Street Lines.—Daily—From *6.00 a. m., †6.20, *6.40, †7.00 a. m., and every twenty minutes until 8.20 p. m., inclusive; then 9.00, 9.40, 10.20, 11.00, 11.40 p. m., 12.20 and 1.20 a. m. Additional boats Saturdays and Sundays only, 8.40 p. m., 9.20, 10.00, 10.40 and 11.20 p. m.

To Oakland, Washington-Broadway, East Oakland, Fruitvale and Melrose, via Seventh St.—Daily—From 6.00 a. m., then every twenty minutes until 8.20 p. m., inclusive; then 9.00, 9.40, 10.20, 11.00, 11.40 p. m., 12.20 and 1.20 a. m. Additional boats Saturdays and Sundays only, 8.40 p. m., 9.20, 10.00, 10.40 and 11.20 p. m.

To Havenscourt.—Daily—From 6.00 a. m. and every twenty minutes until 7.40 p. m., inclusive; then 8.20, 9.00, 11.40 p. m. Saturdays and Sundays only 9.40, 10.00, 10.40, 11.20 p. m.

Horseshoe to Oakland, Washington-Broadway, Fruitvale, Alameda, North Side.—Daily—From 6.00 a. m., †6.20, 6.40, 7.00, 7.20, 7.40, 8.00, 8.40, 9.40 a.m.; then 4.00 p.m., 4.20, 4.40, 5.00, 5.20, 5.40 6.00, 6.20, 6.40, 7.00 and 7.40 p. m.

To Stonehurst (Steam Service)—†6.00, †6.40, †7.20, ‡9.00, ‡10.00 a. m., ‡1.20 p. m., ‡2.00, ‡3.00, ‡3.20, *4.00, *5.00, *5.40 and ‡6.20 p. m.

Via Alameda Pier

To Oakland, 14th and Franklin Sts.—6.15, 6.45 a. m. and then 15 and 45 minutes past the hour until 7.45 p. m.; then 8.30, 9.15, 10.00, 10.45, 11.30 p. m. and 12.15 a. m.

To Alameda, North and South Side—6.15, 6.45 a. m., and then 15 and 45 minutes past the hour until 7.45 p. m.; then 8.30, 9.15, 10.00, 10.45, 11.30 p. m., 12.15 and 1.00 a. m.

OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY

AUTOMOBILES, MOTORCYCLES AND VEHICLES

From San Francisco, South End of Ferry Building, for Broadway Wharf, Oakland.—From 6.00 a. m., daily, and every half hour until 9.00 p. m., inclusive, then 19.30 p. m., *10.00 p. m., ‡10.30 p. m., *11.00 p. m., *12.00 mdn., *1.00 a.m. **Boats leave Broadway Wharf**—p.m., inclusive; then 19.15 p.m., *9.45 p.m., ‡10.15 p.m. From 6.15 a. m., daily, and every half hour until 8.45 *10.45 p. m., *11.45 p. m., *12.45 a. m.

a for Morning. *Daily. p for Afternoon. †Sunday excepted. ‡Sunday only. §Sundays and Mondays only.

NETHERLANDS ROUTE

From Pacific Street Wharf, Pier No. 7

This route offers exceptional opportunity for Automobilists to reach all points on the Sacramento River: Collinsville, Emmaton, Rio Vista, Isleton, Ryde, Walnut Grove, Verdon, Courtland, Clarksburg, Sacramento.

Steamer Navajo leaves San Francisco 8.30 a. m. daily except Sunday, arriving Sacramento 7.00 p. m. Stopping at all points en route. Leaves Sacramento 9.00 p. m. daily except Sunday, arriving San Francisco 7.00 a. m. No stops en route.

Steamer Modoc or Apache, leaves San Francisco 12 noon daily except Sunday. Leave Sacramento 10.00 a m. daily except Sunday; stopping both ways at all points en route. Ar