

CONVERTING A PARENT

BY MARVIN DANA.

Ten miles of electric railway separated Arthur Brent from Alice Lathrop—and happiness.

They had been engaged with the full consent of Mr. Lathrop, cashier of the San Baratos bank, until the project of connecting the town with the Park hotel had arisen, and on this project, a petty ten miles of iron track, had their happiness been wrecked.

Lathrop had never believed in the Park hotel scheme, and he had been so lacking in public spirit as to rejoice openly when it failed to draw the expected patronage from California tourists, who declined, in this day and age of progress, to make the 1,000-foot grade on the backs of patients, but not over-rapid burros.

It was at this juncture that Arthur Brent, superintendent and manager of the municipal electric light plant, had suggested the electric road to the mountain peak, and had tried to incorporate a company to install the road. The matter had come before the directors of the San Baratos bank and the loan had been secured in the face of the cashier's most strenuous objections, which added fresh fuel to his anger against the young man. And the engagement had been broken off, for Alice was the only daughter of her father, and he a widower.

Brent, certain of her love, and comforted by her assurance that if he could win her father's consent the engagement should be renewed, threw himself body and soul into the new project, and now the great day had come—the car was to make its trial trip up the incline, with half a dozen prominent citizens, including Mr. Hall, president of the bank, and the mayor, as Arthur's guests.

All the town was at the foot of the incline to see the start—also Alice and her father. Grieving that she could not accept her lover's invitation to share his hour of triumph, she stood in the windowed window of her own room watching the interesting scene through a pair of strong field glasses. She saw the crowd sway about the car, gay with flags and flowers; she saw the crowd part and the car start across the level track beyond the town, then up the mountain side, until it looked like a vari-hued fly creeping toward the Park hotel among the clouds. Then a mist came before her eyes, and she wondered why a girl of 24, very much in love and very fond of life and the good things thereof, should be forced to choose between duty and a newer, stronger love that was very, very sweet indeed.

And all the while, in the narrow bank, Henry Lathrop bent over his papers and frowned because of a town some mad over a foolish fancy of a foolish youth.

The car made its trip without incident and plunged down for another load. Back and forth it ran like a merry shuttle, all through the beautiful spring day, each time taking a fresh party of merrymakers to the mountain summit, for the management of the Park hotel was celebrating the innovation and the promise of big patronage during the tourist season. There was to be a dinner at night, followed by dancing, to which everybody who was anybody had been bidden, without money and without price.

And on each trip Arthur stood at the right hand of his motorer, with a keen eye on the roadbed, the brakes, the slight variation in the schedule time of their running.

At 4 o'clock he announced that the car was now starting on its last trip until after dinner, but by this time the major part of San Baratos' population had already reached the hotel. As the car rounded the curve toward the incline, Arthur leaned over the gate and cast a lingering glance in the direction of the Lathrop home, standing quiet in the golden sunlight amidst its well-kept grounds. It was hard to feel that his success was in reality a barrier between himself and Alice.

"What that old gentleman needs," murmured Arthur to himself, "is a change of heart. He needs to be converted to modern ideas. He's a clam, a barrier in the progress of San Baratos, that's what he is!"

At 4 o'clock Henry Lathrop sat alone in the bank, looking over some papers. He was always the last to leave, as well as the first to arrive. This was not entirely a matter of habit and sentiment, but of necessity, for he alone, beside Mr. Hall, the president, knew the combination of the great vault. The vault now stood open, for he had just entered it in search of the papers. The blue curtains, with their bands

of bright gold, had been pulled down promptly at 3 o'clock, but Mr. Lathrop suddenly realized that a shadow heavier than that cast by curtains had come between him and the light.

Very stealthily the door had been opened, and as quickly and stealthily closed. Toward the absorbed cashier two stooping forms had crept on noiseless shoes, until they rose suddenly in front of the low screen that separated them from the cashier. Then, as Lathrop looked up, one of the men raised a heavy stick and struck sharply, fiercely over the screen.

The blow struck the cashier squarely on the head. He reeled back into his chair, and one man darted through the door which divided the counting room from the corridor where customers filed past the various windows. The other bounded over the broken screen. Lathrop, in a moment of returning consciousness, made an instinctive movement toward the drawer

and, looking into his eyes, she gave a gasp. That last mile she, must have stooped his patting his head, even in her despair, and cried "Good-bye," as she sped up the trail, which now followed closely the electric railway roadbed. But before she had covered a rod the dull whirr-whirr of oncoming wheels made her step and stare up the grade. The single car of the San Baratos and Park Mountain Railway company was plunging toward her.

Arthur stood beside the motorer, and behind him, in the doorway, stood Mr. Hall. They had been inspecting the car in the shed at the head of the grade, and Arthur, recognizing her figure through the glasses, had realized with love's quick in- as the car plunged down to where Alice stood, waving frantically and shouting hoarsely, the motorer applied the brakes. The car stopped with a jerk which almost precipitated Mr. Hall through the door.

As she sprang on the car Alice panted out the story of her father's incarceration, with its pitifully imaginary details, and Mr. Hall turned white and dizzy—not for the possibility of loss to the bank, but at the thought of his old and tried, if whimsical, friend, slowly suffocating in the steel walls.

The motorer let the brakes fly without

was Alice who suggested that Arthur carry the news to her father. The old cashier, looking pathetically aghast in his turban of bandages, shook hands warmly with Arthur and stroked his whiskers with satisfaction as he heard of the capture. "I hope they get the maximum penalty. God, to leave a man to another slowly in that black vault. Ten minutes more, the doctor tells me, young man, and it would have been all over for Henry Lathrop."

Arthur did not answer. The old cashier looked dreamily through his vine-draped window. How sweet and cool was the air that drifted through nature's delicate green screen.

"Arthur, you can ask the little girl to name the day. I don't believe the road will ever pay, or the hotel for that matter, but you know how to act in an emergency."

"But it was Alice who rode up, you must remember, Mr. Lathrop," interrupted Arthur, unwilling to see the bravery of his sweetheart forgotten.

"Yes, but precious little good would her pony ride have done if you hadn't let Hall drop down in your dinky little car. Don't say any more, young man. I know when I'm beaten. Now go hunt up the little



AND AS THE DOOR UNCLOSED SOMETHING FELL OUT FROM THE DARKNESS.

where a loaded pistol always lay, but another blow and another rang upon the cashier's skull, and he fell an inert mass with blood oozing slowly from his head to the rug in front of his desk.

At 4 o'clock Alice Lathrop, clad in a trim, dark green riding habit and a natty white sailor, stood on the upper step of the porch, looking anxiously down the tree-lined avenue. It had been a long, hard day for the girl, and her father's suggestion to join her on a horseback ride at 4 o'clock had promised the one relief in the dragging hours. They were to ride over to San Gabriel and have dinner with Cousin Alice Murray, and already the Chinese manufacturer had tied her father's horse and her own pony to the post, and had seated himself patiently on the black to await the coming of his master.

His father was the soul of punctuality. She was not alarmed, only vexed. She glanced at her watch, where a tiny watch was inset in her belt. Four fifteen said the little timepiece. She sprang to her pony's back and China Lee woke up.

"Give me King's bridle," she said, imperiously, "and I will lead him down to the bank. No doubt some silly man are keeping father, and the sight of the horses will drive them away."

She dismounted at the bank, surprised at the silence and the fact that no group of men stood talking on the steps in their California neighborhood. Then she led her horses to the post and ran lightly up the steps.

A strange silence brooded over the empty rooms. "Father!" she called cheerily, but with an odd feeling in her heart. It was so quiet! Perhaps he had gone into Mr. Hall's private room. Then suddenly she caught sight of the broken screen. She sprang forward. The chair at her father's desk was overturned, and there, almost at her feet, lay a piece of his watch chain. She bent over it and something caught her eye which made her turn white to the lips. A pool of blood! And from the pool ran a trail of drops, straight to the door of the vault!

All memory of the day's unhappiness faded at sight of it, and the old love, the first love, that of a child for father, welled up in her heart. She hung herself upon the mighty steel door, but there came no answer to her cry.

Out in the street, a man leaping on the postoffice steps heard the cry and came running toward the bank. In the doorway he met Alice, her eyes wide and horror-stricken.

"Stand aside," she cried. "I am going for Mr. Hall. No one else can open the door, and father's in there."

She hung herself on the back of her sure-footed mountain pony, and as she started down the street men—the few left in the town on this memorable afternoon—came running toward the bank, so quickly had her alarm been echoed by the leugler on the postoffice steps.

And high above her, safe in the Park hotel, sat Mr. Hall, chatting with Arthur. If they only knew, she thought, how quickly the little electric car could bring aid to her father.

Perhaps it was already too late. She struck the willing pony a vicious cut and, in surprise, he darted up the old burrow trail to the Park hotel. A mile—and still another. The grade was terrible, and the pony began to falter, but Alice showed no mercy.

On and on they went, now and then stumbling, the pony panting, his sides foaming and his eye bloodshot. Half way up the grade and still the pony held a pace that spoke well for his powers of endurance. Three-quarters, then a mile from the hotel and the pony staggered and fell.

Alice sprang to her feet, raised his head

waiting for an order from Arthur. The boss' girl was in trouble and there was no time for words.

"Take the rear brake, Jim," said Arthur. "I'll tend to this," and as the motorer started for the rear of the car Arthur, with set face and firm hand, took control of the car. Down the mountain they rushed at express train speed. Mr. Hall clutched the window ledge nervously as the car jumped and jolted in rounding a curve, but Alice sat with straining eyes, her one solace, the dangerous swiftness of their descent.

Half a mile below was the steepest grade on the little line. There the track dipped sharply and near the bottom swayed abruptly. Arthur, who had let the car run beyond prudent limits, tightened the brakes just before the car reached the drop.

Tighter and tighter he wound the chains and for a moment the check on the wheels held the car from any increase in speed. It was running entirely of its own momentum, but even this was too fast a pace on the brink of a night drop. Arthur shouted for Jim, but already the motorer had prepared for the drop and was tightening his brake. Then there came the sharp crack of breaking metal and the car seemed to fall forward. The momentum, started by the mad flight on the lesser grade, was too much even for iron brake chains. The car bounded forward as through space, struck the curve and then with one awful jolt and away fastened itself back on the rails.

Mr. Hall had sprung to his feet, terror-stricken, as the car made its leap. Now he sank back trembling in his seat, shamed by the calmness of Alice. Her faith in Arthur was unlimited. The gleam of truth at his success when they struck the rails was unmistakable.

The remaining distance, three miles and a half, was ever straight, smooth track. Arthur let the car spin at its best rate of speed. Into the town they dashed, breaking all the elaborate rules and regulations formulated by the town council to govern the speed of the new electric line. As they turned into the main street they could see the restless, helpless crowd around the bank door.

Alice stood up, her gaze strained on the bank door. No, it was not possible that anyone could have opened the vault. He must be still in its awful blackness. Did he know and feel his incoming doom? Was he dead or alive?

The crowd parted as Mr. Hall sprang from the car to the pavement and sped up the bank steps. At his heels were Alice and Arthur. As Mr. Hall turned the combination an ominous silence fell upon the watchers. At last the bank president's hand fell from the knob to the handle below it. One pull and the door sprang back.

And as the door unclosed, so something fell out from the darkness within, something that had been huddled up against the pitiless barrier. With a cry of anguish she fell beside the motions figure, but Arthur's hands drew her gently away.

"Let the doctor come first, Alice," he whispered, and led her gently away.

The doctor was leaving the bank. The townspeople stood respectfully, if curiously, around the gate.

"Skull not fractured," said the doctor briefly. "Badly bruised and suffered more from apoplexy than from the blow. Ten minutes more and he'd be dead."

The throng wanted to cheer for the San Baratos Electric Railway company, which had brought rescue to one of its leading citizens, but restrained itself and trooped back to the car to hear the account of the thrilling ride. Alice's terrific ride up the grade had somehow been forgotten by everyone save Arthur.

Three days later the bank thieves were captured by the sheriff's posse, and it

girl, I'll be bound she's not far from the other side of that door."

And with a mist veil before his eyes the cashier of the San Baratos bank once more looked through the screen of vines to the beautiful, balmy out-door life that had suddenly grown so marvelously good to his sight.

Getting a Good Start. "Miss Sophie," beloved benefactress of half the poor of New Orleans, sat at her desk writing when an elderly woman who had made many previous demands upon her was ushered in.

"O, Miss Sophie," she said, breathlessly. "I want to borrow a dollar please, right away."

"Well, now you see, I'm going to get married, and I need it for the license."

"But if the man you are to marry cannot pay for the license, how is he going to support you?"

"That's just what I want to explain to you, Miss Sophie. You see tomorrow is Thanksgiving, and we are coming to your fine dinner. Then you always give us something to take home, and in the evening the King's Daughters are going to have a basket distribution, and we shall each get one. That will keep us a week easily, and by that time we'll be on our feet."—Youth's Companion.

June. "What so rare as a day in June!" I quoted, profoundly moved, as I was, by the radiant beauty of nature.

"An 'Y' in June is considerable skurke!" pouted Madeline, in her earnestness, falling unconsciously into the rich, sonorous dialect of her Puritan fathers.

And then, her eyes cast shyly down and the delicate color suffusing her cheek, she confessed, with many a deep-drawn sigh, she did love oysters, whether raw or fried.

—Puck.

FUTURE OF OCEAN LINERS

Traffic of the Sea in the Infancy of Its Development.

PRESSING NEEDS OF COMMERCE OUTLINED

Farther and More Powerful Vessels for Trading and Regular Traffic—Ship One Thousand Feet Long Predicted.

Whatever the commercial or economic view of ship subsidies may be, there is little question but that ocean steamers have already reached the limit of size and speed at which they can be operated profitably without some income beyond what they themselves can earn. A recent interesting compilation of facts as to ocean tonnage and the development of the modern transatlantic liner predicts that the unsubsidized vessel of the future will probably be about 600 feet long, with seventy feet beam, a draft of not over thirty-five feet and a speed of about sixteen knots created by engines of 15,000 horsepower. These dimensions are considerably smaller than those of several ships already in commission or under way.

The most striking example of the huge modern steamer is the Baltic, now being completed at Belfast for the New York and Liverpool service of the White Star Line. The Cunard line is planning to run them at an even larger vessel, to be built and operated with funds received under its agreement with the British admiralty, but at present the Baltic is the biggest in the world, and experts say that it cannot be exceeded without a dead loss in operation. Its length is 702 feet 3 inches, its beam 75 feet and its depth 35 feet, which gives it a displacement at load draught of about 40,000 tons and a gross tonnage of 23,000, with a cargo capacity of 23,000 tons.

Fast and Powerful. Engines of a horse-power of 15,000 will give it a speed of between sixteen and one-half and seventeen knots an hour; it has accommodations for 4,000 passengers and will require a crew of 350 men.

The cost of maintaining such a ship as the Baltic at its highest efficiency is something enormous, and it is only by sacrificing speed that it can be done at all economically. The more powerful the engines the more coal is necessary to run them at full efficiency, of course, and coal bunkers seriously cut into the cargo space for which the size of the ocean liner has been increased to its present great proportions.

It is said that a steamship 600 feet long propelled at a speed of twenty knots requires 15,000 horsepower engines, which consume 2,225 tons of coal in a single trip across the Atlantic. To show how rapidly the cost of operation increases with a slight increase of speed it is only necessary to consider that if such a vessel as has just been referred to had a subsidy of \$45,000 annually a ship 600 feet long with a design speed of twenty-three knots would need \$37,000 annual subsidy if it was to be equally profitable to run. By the same ratio of development a twenty-five knot steamship, 750 feet long, with 35,000 horse power, would cost \$50,000, and require a yearly subsidy of \$70,000, while the addition of one more knot in each hour's run and of thirty feet to the vessel's length would bring the subsidy requirement above \$1,000,000.

Speed the Great Consideration. The transatlantic steamship lines are rapidly taking a position similar to that of the transcontinental railroads. It is not merely a matter of getting across the ocean safely nowadays; the trip must be made in the shortest possible time and with the greatest degree of comfort, in many regards, of luxury. The steamship companies, having about reached the limit in the development of their ocean equipment if they are to make enough money out of their business so that it will be at all worth while, have begun rearranging their routes so that the railroad connections at either end will help them out in shortening the time of transit. The American line, for example, won its recent contest with the Cunard line in carrying the United States mails net merely by having swift ships, but by shortening their course all it could, landing the mails at Plymouth instead of Southampton. By special railroad arrangements it was possible to save several hours in this way.

An illustration of the development of the modern liner, we may take as types the Cunard's Umbria, built in 1884, and the German steamship Kaiser Wilhelm II. of recent date. A yearly increase in length of about 10.5 feet and in speed of .184 knots appears. All the different stages of this growth are represented in the fleet of the International Mercantile Marine company, which includes the vessels of practically every line to England except the Cunard.

An Enormous Fleet. Afloat and on the stocks it has 126 ships, varying in tonnage from 1,300 to 23,000. Of these fifty-two were built more than ten years ago, so that the number has increased more than 150 per cent in a decade, while 35,125 tons have been gained, which is more than twice the aggregate tonnage in 1884. Progress has been, however, toward increased carrying capacity for both passengers and merchandise rather than in the direction of speed.

In all this development the rate of advance has not been uniformly maintained; the last ship to be built has been by no means the swiftest or the largest. For example, the two most recent additions to the transatlantic fleet, the Celtic in 1901 and the Cedric in 1902, both White Star liners, are only seventeen-knot ships, though above 20,000 tons in displacement. The newest ship to come to Boston, which first appeared as



BORAXOLOGY

Boraxology is the science of health, and health is largely a matter of cleanliness. It may startle the unboraxed part of the community to hear it, but as a matter of fact people who don't use BORAX aren't really clean, simply because you can't wash anything clean in hard city water, no matter how much soap or elbow grease you use. BORAX softens the water and gives it cleansing power. When you wash anything add a little Borax to the water. You'll get twice the result with half the effort. Great care should be taken to get pure Borax, as imitations are worthless and often injurious. Ask for 20-MULE-TEAM BRAND. At drug and grocery stores everywhere in 1/4, 1/2 and 1-lb. packages.

The famous "AMERICAN GIRL" PICTURES FREE to purchasers of "20-Mule-Team Borax." At stores or sent for BOX TOP and 4c. in stamps. Pacific Coast Borax Co., New York, Chicago, San Francisco.



Twenty Mule Team—Our Trade Mark.

ECZEMA

The World's Greatest Skin Humour.

Affects Every Age and Condition.

The Only Sure Cure is Cuticura.

If there were not another external skin disease known, eczema would be a sufficient affliction on mankind. It pervades all classes, and descends impartially through generations. While some are constantly enveloped in it, others have it confined to small patches in the ears, on the scalp, on the breast, on the palms of the hands, on the limbs, etc., but everywhere its distinctive feature is a small watery blister, which discharges an acid fluid, causing heat, inflammation, and intense itching, scaling and crusting.

The Cuticura treatment is at once agreeable, speedy, economical and comprehensive. The itching, inflamed parts freely with hot water and Cuticura Soap, to cleanse the surface of crusts and scales, and soften the thickened cuticle. Dry, without heat rubbing, and apply Cuticura Ointment to allay itching, irritation and inflammation, and soothe and heal. And, lastly, take Cuticura Resolvent, or Pills, to cool and cleanse the blood. This treatment affords instant relief, permits rest and sleep in the severest forms of eczema, and other itching, burning and scaly humours, and points to a speedy, permanent and economical cure of scurrying, disfiguring humours, eczema, rashes and inflammations, from infancy to old age. When all other remedies and the best physicians fail.

Sold throughout the world. Cuticura Resolvent, 25c. per bottle. Cuticura Soap, 25c. per box. Cuticura Ointment, 25c. per tin. Prepared by W. L. Chas. & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A. Price Lists and Samples Free. Write for them to W. L. Chas. & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

DOCTORS

SEARLES & SEARLES
Omaha, Neb.
CURES GUARANTEED
Quicker and for LESS MONEY than other SPECIALIST.

Cures all specific diseases of men—kidney, bladder and diseases of women. Cures all specific diseases of women—menstrual troubles, sores on body, in mouth, tongue, throat, hair and eyebrows falling out, disappear completely forever. Cures all specific diseases of children—enlarged and swollen glands, enlarged and swollen tonsils, pain or loss of time. Never fails. Quickest cure in the world.

Weak, Nervous Men from exhaustion, wasting, early decline, lack of vigor and strength. Treatment by mail. 16 years of SUCCESSFUL PRACTICE IN OMAHA. Corner of 14th and Douglas.

\$12.50 TO ST. PAUL OR MINNEAPOLIS AND RETURN

VIA CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY

MAPLE LEAF ROUTE

TWO Magnificent TRAINS Equipped EACH WAY DAILY.

Chicago Limited leaving at 8.30 p.m., arrives at St. Paul 7.20 and Minneapolis 8.00 the next morning. Chicago Express leaving at 7.35 a.m., arrives at St. Paul 7.38 and Minneapolis 8.10 p.m. Parlor Car.

Equally low rates to all Summer Resorts in Minnesota.

For tickets and information apply at City Ticket Office, 1512 Farnam St., or Union Station, Omaha.

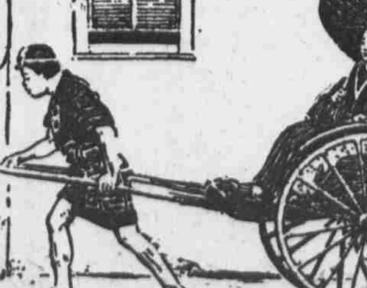
CHIRARDELLI'S GROUND CHOCOLATE

Long Strides

Towards perfect health are made by drinking Chirardelli's Ground Chocolate

The Drink that cheers. The Food that nourishes.

Always fresh and hygienically sealed cans



Derma-Royale

Insures Pure, Soft, White Skin and Beautiful Complexion, cures Eczema and Tetter. Absolutely and Permanently cures Pimples, Blackheads, Freckles, Ringworm, Itching, Scabies, and all other skin troubles. Derma-Royale is a perfect skin is restored.

Sold by Druggists, or may be ordered direct. Derma-Royale, \$1 per bottle, express paid. Derma-Royale Soap, 25c. per box, by mail. Both in one package, \$1.25, express paid. Write for Derma-Royale Co., Cincinnati, O. SCHAEFER'S CUT PRICE DRUG STORE, Omaha, Neb., and South Omaha, Neb.

IT'S TEN CENTS

What To Eat Only Entertaining and for copy, it costs of 1.00 a year. Reliable Health Articles, Table Sport, Justa, Poema, Clever Topics. A good friend to brighten your leisure moments. Full of novel suggestions for entertaining.

The Iowa Health Bulletin says: "The Bulletin would be healthful and interest if the publisher were readers of this worthy publication."

WHAT TO EAT (Monthly Magazine) Washington St. and Fifth Ave., Chicago.