

Virginia of the Air Lanes

A ROMANCE OF FLYING

By Herbert Quick

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Theodore Carson, inventor of an airship, rescues from a fugitive flying machine called a helicopter, a beautiful young girl.

II and III—Carson is infatuated by her and takes her where she can communicate with her friends.

IV—Carson visits the Roe, a giant airship owned by Shayne, uncle of Virginia Suarez, the girl he rescued, and, being coldly received, leaps from the Roe, at a great height, in a parachute.

CHAPTER V.

THE FALL THAT FOLLOWED PRIDE.

SUDDENLY Theodore burst from the floor of the cloud like a meteorite and saw a long procession of white and violet lights speeding past and away into the distance, the arc lights of a town set into apparent flight by the speed of his headlong career before the wind. Far off in the glare of a locomotive fire-box he could see a devilish black fireman, weirdly stoking.

The town fled away. The roar of the wind rose about him. He was whipped stingingly by the branches of a tall tree; then a lower one bowed him through its dense top. He laid hold of a slim birch, and, as it bent like a spring rod under his weight, he let go the sheets of his parachute, the wind sprang from the silken lenth, and he tumbled heavily into a mattress-like braid wreath bush, over an asphalted walk, and, eased down by the shrubbery, he rose unhurt, so far as he could feel, to find himself by a rustic seat near a dry fountain. On his left he could make out a long building three or four stories high.

A high wall running back from each end of this structure seemed to him to bound the garden, for a garden he guessed it to be. Back in some crepuscular jungle he heard the throaty bewailing of a great dog.

Following the wall, he found it integral with that of the house. It was blank and high and insurmountable. He reconnoitered the rear wall to a brick barn into which it was built. He returned to the long house and stole across to one side, where he found a door through the wall, tight shut and impregnable.

Calling up his scattered courage, he went with some steadiness up to a long veranda. A shrill whistle sounding from the top of the porch instantly commanded his attention. Theodore saw a man on the roof just in the act of swinging himself down over the eave.

"Get under here, old sport," said the voice, "and give a liberty loving classmate a leg down."

Theodore reached up and steadied a somewhat bony leg and was about to let his burden down when the liberty loving one collapsed in all his members and came down by the run.

Carson started forward to raise the demoralized fugitive to his feet. But he was already up and seemed to be bowing and kissing his hand to an imaginary audience.

"My celebrated Avernus act," said he, "Special gravitation expert to the crowned heads! But, hie! Let me greet thee! An ye be noble, salute my cheek; an ye be slob, receive my contemptuous thanks! Hey, old sport?"

Carson stood mute, alone with a possible lunatic and a very probable dog in a walled garden into which he had dropped from the night sky.

"From your caput cometh a rattle like a muted castanet," went on the strange personage, "and anon like a battery of telegraph sounders. Stay! Is it possible that it emanates from the clattering of your teeth? Caltiff, you are scart—or in an ague that would reduce a foundry rattler to matchwood! Art cold, fair youth?"

"A little," replied Carson. "I am slightly dressed."

"Then come, come away, tra-la-la, with me, to a realm of balmy air and breezes of Ceylon. To heel, and if thy heavy hoof but scrape the gravel to betray our flight thou diest, and all thy wad is gobbled by the privy coffer of the emporium. To heel!"

With a swift darting movement the stranger turned and, followed obediently by Carson, went across to a building which Theodore guessed to be a greenhouse. His guide opened the door and stood back with elaborate courtesy that Carson might precede him. Entering, Theodore found himself among beds of flowers which filled the house.

"It is too dark," said his guide, rejoining him, "to make the exchange of cards more than an empty and invisible formality. Yet I would fain know more of you than the bright and snappy technique of your tooth chattering."

"I don't understand," answered Carson. "I came here by accident."

"Quite so," interposed his interlocutor. "Let's sit down by the American Beauty bed—there. If we might strike a match, now. I estimate that half

In a state, to coin a word, of grey eyed wooziness. I may say that I came myself by accident and without meaning to do so—or otherwise. I must have a smoke!" Then came the scratch of the match, and Theodore scrutinized the face by the flare of the match as with nervous, unsteady movements the stranger lighted the weed.

He was a medium sized person, with deep set eyes flickering from their caverns with a blurred sharpness. His face was sallow and colorless, with hollows in the cheeks. His nose was irregularly notched in profile, like the stub of something else broken off his face.

"My name is Carson," said Theodore, "and I am from the south, from Alabama."

"Craighead is mine," rejoined the other. "I am from here and elsewhere. There are twenty places where I might vote were there any question under the sun worth voting on. I think I may venture to give you, sir, as my permanent residence, until further notice only, the Rat Mort, Paris."

"I"—began Carson.

"The Rat Mort," interposed Craighead. "One deep midnight in the dead, dread past beyond recall I was ejected from the Rat Mort because my conduct was not up to the theretofore undisturbed standards of the place—from the Rat Mort—actually turn out, to coin an expression! Doth it not open glimpses of a depravity hitherto fabulous? And when I have been graduated from this emporium I shall return, pride in my port—meaning nothing vicious—despise in mine eyes, and I shall sit down in the Rat Mort and behave myself for long, long periods of time, for ages."

Carson grew somnolent. Mr. Craighead sat upright, making occasional elocutionary gestures with his cigar hand.

Morning came. Two or three men came past the greenhouse, went round it and walked away again, as if making some sort of search. They came back after a time and entered. One was a tall, athletic, ruddy complexioned, youngish man, who seemed to be the leader of the trio. They gazed at the sleeping Carson and Craighead as if taking stock dispassionately of returned estrays in the form of dogs or horses.

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GOLDEN STATE JUNKET TO ARRIVE HERE SOON

The Golden State excursion, traveling by special train, and consisting of about fifty people, will arrive at Medford at 3:30 o'clock Wednesday afternoon and leave at 4:30 for the north. The itinerary of the trip is a very interesting one, and will cover a total of about 5600 miles. Starting at Los Angeles today, they travel by way of San Francisco over the Shasta route to Portland, through Puget Sound, Victoria and Vancouver, thence over the Canadian Pacific to Spokane through the Arrow Head lakes and the Kootenay district. This takes in some of the finest scenery on the continent. The party will travel individually beyond Seattle, having the privilege of returning to their California homes within three months from today. They will be entertained by the Medford Commercial club during their stay here next Wednesday, and each member of the party will receive invitations to visit the Rogue River valley again on their way back when the pear and apple picking season will be in full blast.

GOOD TIME IS MADE TO AND FROM CRATER LAKE

A week ago Sunday morning F. L. Camps, with his five-passenger Ford, 25-horsepower touring car, left Ashland for the Klamath region, says the Tidings, having as passengers J. O. Hoyt, president, and two other officials of the Warren Construction company. They went by way of Green Spring mountain, over the roughest road, so Camps says, that he ever laid his eyes on, yet nevertheless they arrived in Klamath Falls in seven hours. They afterwards visited Fort Klamath and Crater Lake, going clear to the rim of the lake with the motor, taking the trip more leisurely. They left the lake at 10 a. m. last Thursday, stopping two hours in Sams Valley to inspect a ranch of 270 acres which the Warren Construction company owns in that vicinity, and reached Ashland the same day at 8:30 p. m., without delay or hitch of any kind, returning by way of Medford. Considering that it was a hard road to travel, the excursionists think that they made a pretty good record, the speedometer recording 350 miles.

Haskins for health.

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THE PROGRESSIVE TAILOR

- - For Sale - -

428 ACRES—Rogue River bottom land, suitable for fruit and general farming purposes.

300 ACRES—Alfalfa land, covered with irrigation ditch and perpetual water right. Has coal outcropping. At a bargain on long time, easy payments.

Gold Ray Realty Comp'y.

209 WEST MAIN ST.

\$12,500—Thirty-two acres, two miles from Talent, Anderson creek bottom land; five-room box house, good barn and other outbuildings; there are on this place 12 acres in Newtown and Spitzenberg apples, 6 and 7 years old, which have a fair crop this year; between the apples are peach fillers, which are heavily loaded. In addition there are three acres of pears 2 years old and three acres planted to pears last winter; also four acres of alfalfa and about five acres of fine timber; there are two good wells and a complete pumping plant for irrigation; \$8500 will handle this place and the balance can be paid at the rate of \$1000 a year.

\$15,000—Seventy-five acres, same neighborhood; good new five-room house, large barn and other outbuildings; spring water piped to the buildings. There are on this place 11 acres of 3-year-old Newtown and Spitzenberg with peach fillers, about an acre of bearing family orchard, 10 acres of alfalfa, about an acre of bearing grapes—about 45 acres all told under cultivation, balance in timber which could be cheaply cleared. At \$200 an acre this place is a snap. It would take half cash to handle, balance easy.

\$300 an acre—Fines fruit and garden land in the valley, half way between Phoenix and Talent; level, black free soil; divided into 10-acre tracts; one-fourth cash, balance in four annual payments with 6 per cent interest.

\$12,000—Sixteen and a half acres, midway between Jacksonville and Central Point, facing the hill road; finest building site in the valley. There are eight acres of pears in bearing, trees from 5 to 8 years old, and about an acre and a half of grapes in bearing, balance in timber, which is all good fruit land. Half cash will handle.

\$20,000—Less than \$425 an acre for 47½ acres, one mile from Central Point, all good land, good buildings, about 40 acres planted to standard varieties of apples and pears from 1 to 4 years of age, balance in alfalfa. This place will subdivide nicely. It is easily worth \$100 an acre more than is asked.

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If you are interested in Medford property, talk with our city man, Mr. W. V. Moore.

J. E. ENYART, President. J. A. PERRY, Vice-President.

JOHN S. ORTH, Cashier. W. B. JACKSON, Asst. Cashier.

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from S. P. points, Portland to Cottage Grove inclusive, including branch lines; also from all C. & E. stations Albany and west. Good going on Saturday or Sunday, and for return Sunday or Monday.

A Sunday Excursion Rate of \$1.50

from Albany, Corvallis and Philomath, with corresponding low rates from points west, in effect all summer. Call on any S. P. or C. & E. Agent for full particulars as to rates, train schedules, etc.; also for copy of our beautiful illustrated booklet, "Outings in Oregon," or write to

WM. McMURRAY,
General Passenger Agent,
Portland, Oregon.

Double Your Business--- Let In The Sunlight

Suppose you knew a man who kept his shades drawn tight all day and burned kerosene instead of letting in the sunlight.

Suppose you knew a man toiling along a dusty road who would not accept a lift—when there was plenty of room in the wagon; Suppose you knew a miller—with his mill built beside a swift-running stream—who insisted on turning the machinery by hand.

All foolish, you say? And yet look around you—how few retailers take advantage of the great advertising campaigns run by food, textile, cloth and every other manufacturing line that you can name.

Think a moment! What was the last advertisement you read and wondered just which store in town would be progressive enough to have the goods in stock so you could see them—and purchase?

More goods are sold under the evening lamp at home than you dream of. Practically every live retailer advertises in his local papers. But how?

Put up your lightning-rod! Let your customers know that you can deliver to them the goods which great advertising, paid for by manufacturers, has interested them in.

They will get the habit—and you will get the business.

Practically every manufacturer stands ready to help you help yourself. Ask them for electrolytes suitable to run in your own advertising. Hook their trade mark to your store.

Consumer demand for advertised goods is now divided broadcast among all the stores in town.

Use your advertising in local papers to focus this demand upon your store—And don't forget to send for those helpful electrolytes.

Read this again, for it means money to you.