

# 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 Roc, a giant airship owned by Shayne, uncle of Virginia Suarez, the girl he rescued, and, being coldly received, leaps from the Roc, at a great height, in a parachute.

"That parachute," said Max, "could not save two from death, even if they made a good drop. And in this darkness—"

Virginia, having recovered her self possession and the control of her knees, rose and, entering her cabin, threw herself on her bed. She felt a horror of Silberberg, a sense of disgust with the Shaynes. To think that they could so insult this young man who had saved her life and treated her so beautifully, no matter what he was—to offer him money, to send him aft like a servant! No wonder he had struck Silberberg's odious nose. Later she rose, preened like a bird before the mirror and sat down to think. The voices of her uncle and aunt and Mr. Silberberg came to her ears from the main salon. Opening her window for air, she noted that the roar of the wind from the earth had ceased and knew that they had reached the calm area, of which Willett had spoken, in the middle of the "low." They would probably have an easy landing in Chicago. And then?

One thing was certain—she would not live longer with the Shaynes. They were too sordid, too hard, too cruel. And she would not stay with them—any longer!

Oh, if she only had just one relative in the world save Aunt Marie!

Stay! The thought struck her of her mother's father's people, somewhere in the south. Her mother had been discovered by her family for a perversely contracted marriage, but they were southerners, and they would not see an orphan girl of their kin go homeless. She would leave Aunt Marie a note of thanks for all her many kindnesses, take her really, truly own belongings and fly south. So there!

So resolving, she became quite calm and walked into the main salon in a very matter of fact way. Aunt Marie gave a shrill scream and fainted. Silberberg said that he would be—tormented. Mr. Shayne stared blankly.

"Well," said Virginia, "do you think I am a ghost?"

"Oh, child," gasped Aunt Marie, "where have you been with him?"

Virginia stood still, her eyes ablaze, her cheeks burning. The Roc was coming into the Chicago garage on the roof of the Aerostatic Power building in a most beautiful landing, but none of the party knew it. Silberberg was gazing at the enraged Virginia in unbounded admiration. Her splendid anger had won him back. Shayne spoke in foolish agreement with his wife, half believing for the moment that there was something questionable in Virginia's absence.

"With a beggar!" said he.

"A bandit," said Aunt Marie, "an assassin!"

"A beggar!" repeated Virginia in lofty scorn. "Why, even if he were one, in rags and a hovel, he'd be worth a million like you! An assassin, a bandit! And, if he is, what are you? You rob by syndicate, assassinate by general managers and superintendents and make beggars by votes of shares! I love you, and I—I—I admire him as much as I love you. As between bandits like you and bandits like him give me the brave man rather than the coward!"

Willett interrupted the scene by announcing their successful landing. They passed constrainedly into the tower and went down to the street and to Shayne's Chicago hotel in a motor-car, all in silence.

In the morning a letter was taken to the Shayne apartments. It was a short, tear stained missive of gratitude, penitence and farewell from Virginia to her aunt. It ran:

You have been as kind to me as any woman can be to a person she cannot love. You have never loved me, Aunt Marie, and you will never see me again. I blush to be obliged by your unjust suspicions to say one thing more. I am not going to any one. You have misjudged me terribly. I don't even know where he is. I shall never know!

In their shirts at the left shoulder. Craighead, with Carson following, sent back ripples of disorder along the line by offering bets as to whether Carson was himself or Wylie. Two young men easily classified as new hatched physicians stationed themselves like sentinels at the desks. The



"I ADMIRE HIM AS MUCH AS I LOVE YOU."

clock struck. There was a jostling at the rear caused by late comers, at which the serious young doctors frowned fiercely. The lines moved forward, and the men as they passed the physicians seemed to undergo some sort of operation performed by means of glittering instruments, of which Theodore caught glimpses like lightning playing about those slitted shirt sleeves.

Theodore found himself in the human current and drifted with it. On closer view he saw that the doctors pricked the patients with little glittering weapons, but he reasoned that it could be nothing very severe.

Craighead passed on, and Carson took his place. The doctor looked searchingly in his face, seemed puzzled and reached to another region of the tray for a syringe.

"You should have rolled up your sleeve or cut it," said he sternly. "Roll it up."

Theodore rolled up his sleeve, whereupon with an expertise quite startling to the man of medicine pinched a bit of the brown flesh, shoved in the needle, pressed down the piston, and Theodore was "shot." With a stinging in his arm and wondering as to the why of it all, though he knew by this time that he had dropped out of the night sky into full membership in a drink cure establishment, he passed on.

Dr. Witherspoon met each patient with a standardized smile, clasped each hand with a grip of absolute uniformity and said, "Good morning, Mr. Bascom," or whatever the name might be. "And how is the appetite this morning? And the tongue, please. Pulse regular, I observe. Have you had your constitutional this morning? Improving nicely, Mr. Bascom. Good morning."

They returned to Theodore's room. Soon entered Mr. O'Grady, Mr. Evans and a slender person of about Carson's size, who at once began the courting of imaginary game on the wall paper, slapping his thigh and laughing at every failure.

"This," said Mr. O'Grady, introducing the indoor huntsman, "is Mr. Wylie, Mr. Carson."

(To Be Continued.)

### APPETITE FOR APPLES MADE MAN WEALTHY

PORTLAND, Or., July 28.—(Special.)—An appetite for luscious, juicy apples made the fortune of Professor J. L. Dumas. While teaching in Honolulu he frequently tried to get the kind of apples he had been accustomed to in the northwest, but without success. The only apples he could get were small, shriveled and tasteless. They sold for about 5 cents each, though, and that led to the thought that not enough apples were grown to supply the demand.

Professor Dumas acted on his idea. He returned to the northwest and purchased 140 acres near Dayton, Wash., for \$3000, which represented his savings for 20 years of school teaching. Professor Dumas has just sold his original orchard and 100 acres more he added to it, for \$150,000. Besides, he has taken \$125,000 off the property in apple crops since he bought it. Many a man has consumed his fortune in gratifying an appetite; few can say they made one by doing the same thing.

### CRIPPEN NOT ABOARD STEAMER SARDINIAN

FEATHERPOINT, Que., July 28.—The steamer Sardinian, aboard which it had been reported were Dr. Hawley N. Crippen, American dentist, wanted in London for the murder of his wife, and Mlle. Leneve, was communicated with by wireless today. The vessel replied that no one answering the description of Crippen or Mlle. Leneve is aboard.

### Masking for Health.

## SPANISH EXILES TO AID REVOLT

Seven Thousand Desperate Men, Well Armed, Await Signal to Invade Their Native Land—Prospect of Fighting About Barcelona.

CERBER, Spanish-Franco Frontier July 28.—Awaiting the signal for a general strike throughout Spain, 7000 well armed, desperate and more or less disciplined Spanish exiles are gathering near here today preparatory to an invasion of their own country.

The general outbreak and a big anti-government movement has been planned by revolutionary leaders to take place at Barcelona. Invaders intend to march straight to Barcelona to join with the strikers. There is every prospect that the exiles and the Barcelona masses will clash with the troops that are mobilized in Spain's industrial capital.

There is every prospect of desperate fighting in Barcelona and of disorders throughout Catalonia. It is believed here that riots already have occurred, but the government censorship is so strict that little news comes out of Spain except by courier. Daily the Spanish officials give out "official denials" of minor affairs and the repetition of these denials adds to the belief that the situation is more serious than the authorities will admit.

Senor Claremont, leader of the exiles, estimates that 20,000 men will re-enter Spain tomorrow. More conservative estimates are that the number of exiles will reach 10,000. Whether Claremont and his aides can hold their men in the ranks in the face of a formidable showing by King Alfonso's troops is the question worrying the revolutionists. General opinion is that the exiles will stand the test. The main body consists of Catalans, and most of the men have seen service in the king's army.

**MARRIED.**

DAWSON-PEYTON—At the bride's home at Peyton, Sunday, July 24, 1910, Elmer Dawson and Miss Myrtle Peyton.

**Masking for Health.**

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Sure, we do. That is our principal reason for spending good money advertising. We are busy as bees—have a dandy business—treat every patron with all the courtesy possible and hand out the very best staple and fancy groceries that money and good judgment can procure. But we will gladly take care of more business. Can't too many patrons come here—we'll serve 'em all and do it the very best possible way.

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is serving more patrons every day and we are doing our best to improve our products and service. We want your business and believe that you appreciate our efforts to save you money. If you want full value for your money come to

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**- - 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.

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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; \$6500 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 Newtowns and Spitzenbergs 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.

**W. T. YORK & CO.**

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.

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from S. P. points, Port and 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 electrotypes 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 electrotypes.

Read this again, for it means money to you.