

Virginia of the Air Lanes

A ROMANCE OF FLYING

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.

V, VI and VII—He lands in the grounds of the Slattery Institute for Inebriates, where he makes a friend of one Craighead, who plans to raise capital to manufacture the new style airship Carson has invented. Thus they hope to rival Shayne, who controls the airship industry.

"Papa," she said.

Mr. Waddy rose hastily and faced her. She looked like Mr. Waddy, but was undeniably pretty. He was blocky and short; she, round and plump, with small hands and feet. The turned up pug nose of Mr. Waddy was modified to a delightful little retroussé effect in her.

"Papa," said she, "this is hardly a place in which to entertain these gentlemen. We have cleared out the east parlor."

"Oh, yes!" assented Mr. Waddy, with feverish haste. "To be sure, Caroline! Take 'em in, won't you? I've got to see the hired man. My daughter, Mrs. Graybill, Mr. Craighead; Caroline, a friend of mine, Mr. Carson of Alabama. Excuse me for a minute, gentlemen."

"Supper," said she, smiling, "will be served very soon."

The long dining room was gloomy with decayed gentility—black beams, dark wainscoting and a broad plate rail bearing wrenches, cleavers, off cans and baskets of eggs labeled as to breeds and dates. During the meal Craighead came out amazingly in his encounters with Mrs. Graybill, to whom, as it seemed to Theodore, he was making violent love. Mr. Waddy sat buried in thought, save when he questioned Carson concerning the aeroplane.

"There's no clinch in it," said Mr. Waddy, "no monopoly, an' as soon as it's public everybody'll build 'em. I do business on clinches."

"Oh, but the patents, Mr. Waddy!" cried Craighead. "You forget the patents."

"They expire in a few years," said Mr. Waddy, "an' then where are yeh? Land, now—that I made my money in—land's an eternal clinch."

"Mr. Waddy," said Craighead, "this matter of securing exclusive control of the air is a part of our plans. It is one of my specialties."

Carson was amazed. Mr. Waddy granted as if lightly impressed, as no doubt he was.

"How long will it take you," said he, "to kind of draw out your plan for clinchin' the control of the air legally?"

"Oh, a very brief time," said Craighead. "I have installed a fine law library in my apartments so the consultation of authorities will be easy, but—"

"Well," interrupted Mr. Waddy, "if you can have that done by the time Mr. Carson can go where his uncle lives, put it in shape an' fly back it'll do. When he lights in the front yard an' you bring me a good law proof monopoly I'll go in with you, but he's got to fetch a letter from Mobile within twenty-four hours of the time it's stamped there. I'm from Missouri! What say?"

"Done!" cried Craighead. Theodore was trembling.

"Before we call it a bargain," said Theodore, "I should like a word with Mr. Craighead if you will excuse me."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Graybill. Craighead faced Carson inquiringly as they found themselves alone in the hall.

"I wish to explain," said Theodore, "that I—I can't pay the charges on the motors; I can't get them down to the beach. So how can we accept Mr. Waddy's offer?"

"Gad, cunnel," exclaimed Craighead, "I'm glad you told me in private instead of disclosing our impetuousness to his Waddiness. But have no fear. You carry Caesar and his fortunes. I have the fund for the motors."

Craighead drew from his pocket a roll of bills, the outer one of rather startling magnitude.

"Fees," said Craighead—"damages, actual and exemplary. I've settled the case of Carson versus the Slattery institute. Fair sir, we have a swollen fortune."

"What do you mean?" asked Carson.

"I mean," said Craighead, "that this roll of tainted money is our lot of the emporium. Wit well that I soaked 'em plenty."

"But I can't allow this!" cried Theodore.

"It's already allowed," answered



"I'VE SETTLED THE CASE OF CARSON VERSUS THE SLATTERY INSTITUTE."

Craighead, with an air of perfect innocence. "Come, fellow sir, we can't begin now the ruinous policy of scrutinizing the sources of our supplies. We can endorse a college later, and that—What you doing?"

Carson was cramming the bills into his pocket.

"Going back to Mr. Waddy," said he. "Come on."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Craighead, his hand to his forehead. "But I warn you, captain, that there's breakers dead ahead and on both bows and that Craighead's the only pilot as knows these waters. But here's with you. If it's to Davy Jones!"

"Mr. Waddy," said Theodore, walking up to him and looking him in the face, "before accepting your offer I must make sure that I can fulfill my part of it. I must install the motors in the aeroplane. There are some financial arrangements to be made. It may be some weeks—"

"I'll let you have what money you need," said Mr. Waddy. "I know how it gen'ly is with these here geniuses."

Theodore grasped the old man's hands, his face flushed with joy.

"I accept your advances with pleasure," said he, "and within sixty days I shall be here with the aeroplane."

"As certain," said Craighead, "as the world turns over sixty times on its shafting. Got your order, Mr. Waddy?"

"They took their departure. After retreating they lay awake, exchanging remarks and suggestions across the dark room."

"Oh, about that money!" said Carson. "I must return it to Dr. Witherpoon, Craighead. You won't misunderstand me, will you?"

"Not in the least," replied Craighead sleepily. "Ingrowing conscience and all that rot. Get over it as you get richer, you know. I would fain dream of Caroline."

(To Be Continued.)

GOLD RAY FISH WAY COMPLETED

Deputy Fish Warden Sandry States That It Is Best Fish Ladder in the Rogue River—Channel Is Blasted Through Rocks to Main Stream.

After keeping a crew of five men at work for a week on the fishway at Gold Ray, Sam L. Sandry, deputy fish warden, now states that that fishway is the best one in the Rogue river. The men blasted a channel from the end of the fishway out into the main stream which opened the way for the fish. No future trouble is expected.

\$135.50 ANNEXED BY JUDGE CANON IN JULY

"I didn't think the fines would amount to anything in July," said Judge Canon, "and I was somewhat astonished to find, when I figured up the docket at the end of the month, that \$135.50 had been collected during the month. There were so many 'dead ones' that the live ones escaped my notice. This amount is somewhat lower than it was for the three months previous, and I hope it will still continue to decrease, as have the number of arrests lately."

H. K. Griffith was fined \$5 Tuesday morning, but he didn't have the coin. Judge Canon gave him a chance to go to work and earn the amount of the fine.

R. Gillen put up \$5 for being drunk, as also did James Mayberry.

If the furnished room ad "looks good", run around to the address given and take a look at it.

TICKET NAMED BY SOCIALISTS

Party Places Full List of Candidates in Field—Delegates Are Chosen to Attend State Convention—Platform Adopted.

The following ticket was placed in nomination by Jackson county socialists during a convention which closed its session Monday afternoon: State senator, E. E. Morrison, Medford; joint representative, R. P. Simpson, Roseburg; representatives, F. E. W. Smith, Talent; C. J. Strickland, Ashland; commissioner, W. P. Gould, Medford; sheriff, Harry Richardson, Agate; W. A. Austen, Medford; clerk, F. H. Chamberlain, Talent; recorder, E. J. Odell, Agate; treasurer, J. E. Crews, Gold Hill; school superintendent, T. Z. Reames, Medford; coroner, Matt Calhoun, Phoenix.

Delegates to state convention: Walter Dyer, J. A. Thomas, Medford; Raphael Messner, Gold Hill; Mrs. C. W. Bunto, Ashland; F. H. Chamberlain, Talent; Stephen B. Tarbell, Agate.

The platform adopted by the convention follows: "We, the socialists of Jackson county, Oregon, in convention assembled, hereby endorse the principles of socialism as embodied in the national platform of the socialist party.

"We realize that society is divided into two distinct classes and that the class struggle is a conflict over the division of the product of labor. This conflict must ever exist as long as the present private ownership of the means of producing the necessities of life endures.

"We claim our aim to be the organization of the working class and those in sympathy with them into a political party for the purpose of capturing the powers of government, that the producing classes may secure the full product of this labor. But that the workers may the sooner gain political control, we cover all immediate measures which will aid them in this conflict. As a means to this end we demand the following measures. "We demand the public construction of electric power plants for the purpose of supplying heat, light and power and the public ownership and operation of electric railways.

"(2) We demand the eight-hour work day for labor, the abolition of the contract system on all public works, and that all such work shall be directed by the proper officials and living wages be paid to all public employes.

"(3) We demand the building of commodious school houses in each district in the county, the use of a uniform set of text books and the increase of salaries to teachers according to ability without regard to sex.

"(4) We demand the enforcement of the Oregon child labor and compulsory education law.

"(5) We especially demand the enfranchisement of all citizens over 21 years of age, regardless of sex, color or property.

"(6) We pledge our candidates, if elected, to sign a blank resignation to be filled and presented at any time they fail to work for the principles of socialism."

OLD APPLGATE ORCHARD PROVES RECORD-BREAKER

Frank L. Smith of Medford, who has been sojourning on the Rogue river below Grants Pass for a few weeks, returned last night. He reports that the mountain streams running into the river have not been as low for this time of year for many years past, the Applegate in particular being lower than it has been for ten years.

Mr. Smith reports that Elmer Shank, who now owns the old Eisman orchard, has the grandest crop of apples he has ever seen and it is worth anyone's time to visit and inspect what will undoubtedly be this year's record crop in the valley.

Mr. Smith is an old timer in southern Oregon, having lived here over 30 years. The Eisman is an old orchard, which many believed had passed its prime and usefulness, but with new management, cultivation irrigation and careful pruning, it is now one of the best orchards in the state. The Spitzbergs are large enough to ship and are already turning red. Mr. Smith is of the opinion that any of the old orchards in the valley can be brought back to their former usefulness if one will take the same pains as Mr. Shank, who is certainly giving a pretty demonstration of the wonderful longevity of commercial orchards in the Rogue River valley.

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\$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 Spitzbergs 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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