

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.

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.

VIII—Mr. Waddy decides conditionally to capitalize the Carson-Craighead project.

IX—Carson goes to Florida to complete a sample airship to exhibit to Mr. Waddy, and he finds Virginia there.

And yet one day a slimy metal sea monster stuck a blunt nose out from the water at about the five fathom contour line, opened a rectangular mouth and flicked a square red tongue like an angry snake until Captain Harrod on the highest dune opened a brilliant red handkerchief with a Chautauqua salute and wiped his nose elaborately. Whereupon the sea monster sank beneath the brine. What took place that night was concealed by darkness. If Captain Harrod was busy carrying packages ashore until morning he came by them honestly, no doubt.

An examination of the popular novels or periodicals of the past—say of the era of that president whose Christian name our Theodore bears—will be rewarded by a realization of prophecy gone wrong as to the influence on smuggling of aerial navigation. It must bring free trade, they said. Ships navigating the air could land their cargoes anywhere. Yet the airships gave the custom house people little trouble. Airships were so conspicuous; their loads were necessarily so light; the system of reporting them by wireless from Canada, Mexico and the islands was so efficient.

Very unexpectedly it was the submarine that drove the "revenues" wild and filled the law books with Draconian statutes. No trade ever grew faster. The boat fish dove beneath the waves and rose on some lonely coast like this by appointment with some Captain Harrod sitting like a bewhiskered bit of wreckage on the dunes.

Harrod was nervous about the footprints, and he persevered in a search until he found their maker lying asleep in a comfortable sleeping bag in a nearby thicket. He recognized him as Wigner, inventor of the helicopter that was blown out to sea. He waked Wigner, and the latter assailed Harrod in abuse which included the absent Carson.

"You let my helicopter go out to sea," he wailed, "and it was worth a million dollars to me!" Harrod took pity on the inventor, and as a result Wigner stayed for weeks, sleeping in his bag on the porch of the cabin, and, to the captain's intense anger, tried several times to visit the shed where Carson's newly invented airship was in course of completion.

Finally Carson arrived. Theodore ordered the spying man away, and an altercation ensued in which Wigner was roughly handled. At last he took his leave, vowing vengeance on Carson and the airship, which, he said, was worthless. He had made rough drawings of the airship, as he had managed secretly to elude Harrod's watchfulness.

At the lagoon he took a boat and rowed to the north shore. The boat from the submarine that had signaled Harrod had brought her crew ashore. He addressed one of the men as Paville and learned that the Stickleback, the submarine, was offshore for some unknown purpose. Reagan, the Stickleback's captain, came lastly up and Wigner informed him that he (Wigner) was going on board her. The captain, amazed, asked for what reason.

"I'm going to see her!" "The d—! you are!" "Well, if not I'll show you up to the authorities as a smuggler, Reagan—you an' Harrod."

Reagan's face paled. He hastily drew a revolver from his pocket, then thrust it back.

"How do we know," said Reagan, "that you won't peach after you get through with us?"

"If I make the play I expect to," replied Wigner. "I'll be in a d—d slight deeper to you are!"

"That means," said Reagan, "worse than smuggling."

"I mean the only thing the law pun-

ishes worse than smuggling with a submarine!" Reagan answered slowly: "I didn't expect I'd ever go that far, but I guess I'll have to serve under you, Wigner. You're captain of the Stickleback."

CHAPTER XI. THE AERONAUT VIRGINIA.

VIRGINIA, left alone, was rather glad of it. Her desertion of the Shaynes was a crisis in her life. She had acted impulsively in a matter of great moment and needed time for thought. She had taken flight to Carson's Landing and to shelter in the shade of the sole remaining branch of her family tree, full of confidence that she would find there a silver haired uncle and a delicate old lavender aunt, redolent of the old regime and ready to receive her tenderly loyal to the Carson blood.

Instead of silver hair, Theodore, the audaciously false uncle, had the "little, silky kid's mustache," and there was no aunt. The grandniece of old General Carson, related to Theodore Carson by no chain of descent save the dubious one of the original third Carson brother of hundreds of years ago and the ownership of this plantation, was weakly allowed to assume kinship from the place and name and never thought of sitting down with Theodore and tracing the thing out. She wondered just what the relationship was anyhow. Chloe said that Calsonses were Calsonses, and she never bothered about different kinds. He couldn't be a real uncle, Virginia felt sure of that. He might be a son of General Carson by a second wife. He was the head of the family anyhow. She must be satisfied with that.

Of his invention, save that it was in the mysterious shed, chosen because of its remoteness and its unobstructed beach, she really knew nothing. She began to wonder now whether he was a world's genius or only the crude product of a country college, with nothing to command a second glance except his sinewy erectness, the pathetic yearning in his eyes and the wonderful softness in his voice.

"Uncle Theodore," suggested Virginia to Mrs. Stott, "has invited us to visit him. And, do you know, I think we'll go back with the captain if you can overcome your aversion to the water."

"Will the bay be rough?" asked Mrs. Stott as if confident that the captain served out the weather.

"Dead calm, ma'am."

"We'll go," said Mrs. Stott.

The ladies hurriedly packed their dunnage and embarked. They were a gay party. Virginia was full of laughter. Her color rose and her eyes dilated as they took the stream early enough to let them through the new canal into the lagoon by daylight.

"Do you see any signs of a storm?" asked Mrs. Stott, noting his upward glances.

"No, ma'am," he returned. "Ah was just tryin' to make out if Ah'd ever seen that craft befo' afloat thar."

The craft alluded to was a great silver Condor, gleaming in the sun.

Virginia studied her absently with her field glasses.

"I think," said Virginia, "that she's the Roc. I'm sure of it."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Harrod.

"She's lyin' to," said the captain.

"Thar goes loch lift down."

"Why," asked Virginia wonderingly, "what can she want over there in the woods?"

"She's jist about ove' yo' home, ma'am," said Harrod.

Virginia grew pale and, asking for the glass, scanned the great aerostat with the lowered lift, like a nexus, to be ground.

(To Be Continued.)

NOTICE

The city council of the city of Medford, Oregon, will receive sealed proposals for the wrecking of the water tower located on the city park, at its next regular meeting, August 16th, 1910; it being understood that the contractor shall cause everything to be removed from said park.

Bids to be filed with the city recorder on or before August 16th, 1910, and to be accompanied by a certified check equal to five per cent of the bid, said check to be made payable to the city treasurer of said city.

ROBT. W. TELFER, City Recorder.

Dated at Medford, Oregon, this 4th day of August, 1910.

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GREAT STRIKE IS ON IN FRANCE

Employees on French Road to Number of 290,000 Will Go Out—Ask Increase of About Ten Per Cent in Wages.

PARIS, Aug. 8.—Following the lead of railway men in Bordeaux, and other cities, the railway employees at Toulouse today voted unanimously in favor of a strike and it is practically certain that a general railway walk-out will be called within a few days.

It is estimated that 38,567 kilometers of road will be tied up. Engineers and firemen on the lines involved number 22,092 and the number of general employees is 290,713, of whom 26,500 are women ticket takers. Eight great systems in France probably will be involved.

The men are demanding four concessions—first, a weekly rest day; second, a minimum daily wage of \$1, and an increase for all of about 10 per cent; third, a ten hour maximum for a day's work, and, fourth, more generous construction of the pension laws now in force.

The men of the State road have little grievance, but it is believed they will go out in sympathy with their fellows.

CRUISER WASHINGTON TO ROUND THE HORN

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 8.—Following the course taken by the battleship Oregon on her famous cruise around the horn at the time of the Spanish-American war, the cruiser Washington will leave San Francisco next week Sunday for New York. As far as Valparaiso the cruiser will be accompanied by the Colorado, California and Pennsylvania. The warships will participate in the Chilean centennial celebration.

On the Atlantic coast the Washington will join the fifth division of the Atlantic fleet.

Want advertising is opportunity. To be able to find, to buy, to sell, to hire—all through want advertising—what better realization is ever found of opportunity?

Wanted

To buy or can trade work horse for single driving mare; good for orchard work; not over 8 years old; weight about 1200; if broken to saddle preferable.

Wanted

Someone to bale hay at Westaway Orchard; must furnish all machinery for baling; quote price.

For Sale

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A STORY ON SANITATION

Every Man and Woman in Medford Should Read This Article and Study About It.

In this, the day of the war on the FLY, every person is or should be deeply interested in sanitation and should endeavor to force cleanliness, not only in their own houses and places of business, but should insist that at least all places handling things to eat should be absolutely sanitary. One firm in Medford is very particular and careful to keep everything absolutely sanitary from cellar to garret, and from front to rear.

This firm has the most complete and only modern cold storage plant run without the aid of ice that can be found in southern Oregon.

They are very careful to slaughter only the choicest and absolutely perfect cattle, etc.

The meat transferred from the slaughter house to the cold storage plant in air tight, dust proof iron boxes and kept always away from

the flies or other insects. EVERYTHING SANITARY. In the entire plant and market you will not find a corner that is not clean, and Warner, Wortman & Gore are proud to state that they have the only cold storage rooms in southern Oregon in which a fly cannot live and which we will be proud to exhibit to every person manifesting a desire to see.

We believe in absolute sanitation and endeavor to keep everything out of the way of flies, dust and other things that ten to non-sanitation. Our cold storage system is the only kind that insures perfect sanitation.

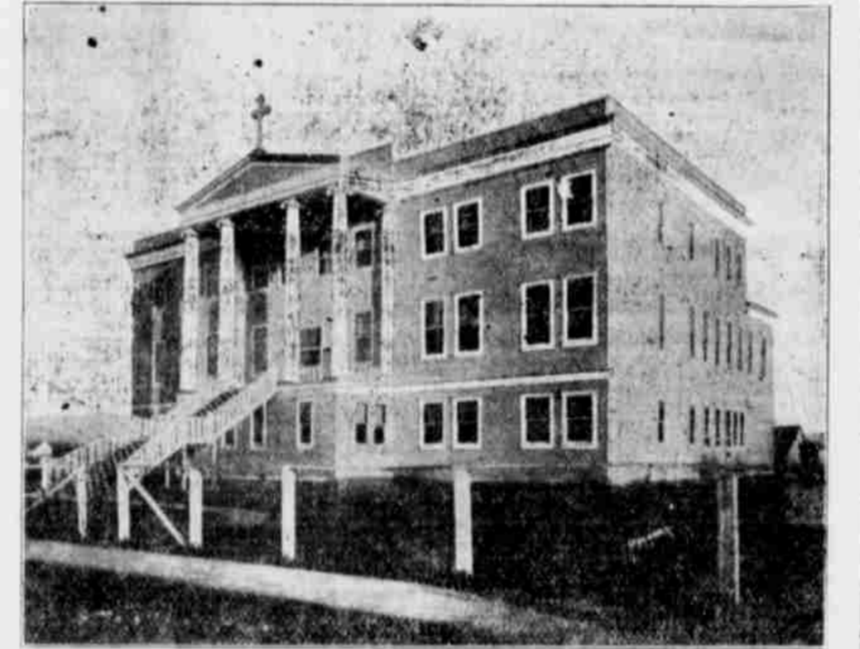
If the furnished room ad "looks good", run around to the address given and take a look at it.

Robert F Maguire Late special agent U. S. General Land Office, announces that he has opened law offices in the Medford National Bank Building, for general practice before state and federal courts and the Department of the Interior.

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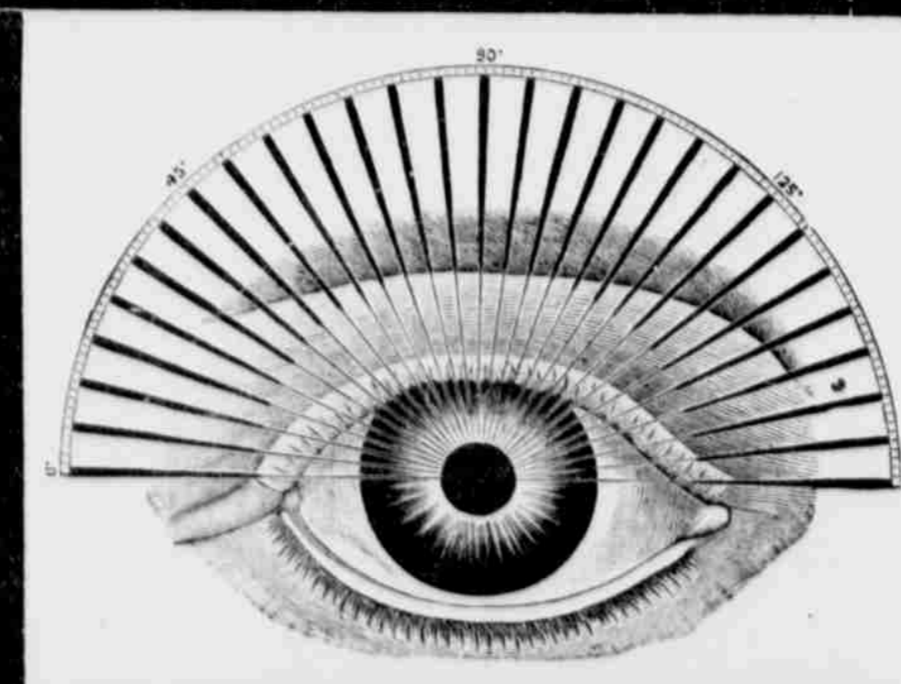
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