

# 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 Slatery 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.

X—He is in love with Virginia. Wigner, a rival inventor, conspires to kill Carson.

Captain Bolger was a choleric gentleman with whiskers like General Sherman's, much thinned by the increase in the area of the face since the establishment of the foliage. He advanced rapidly, with a hippety-hopping gait, as if catching step with an imaginary companion very careless of the march.

"What's this, sergeant?" he sputtered. "This is quite irregular, sergeant—irregular. The parade ground! A I—d thing with wings and V type wings! And no passes? Some one will sweat for this. Highly irregular!"

"Pardon me," said Theodore. "My name is Carson. I miscalculated my speed. I know Colonel Krimnitz, and"

"Colonel Krimnitz, sir," said Captain Bolger, "is temporarily on leave. I am the officer of the day, sir. You will produce a pass for your confounded aeroplane or I shall order you—"

"I feel sure," said Mr. Carson, "that Colonel Krimnitz"—

"Colonel Krimnitz be hanged!" roared Captain Bolger. "You can't see the Krimnitz game, sir, while he is on leave. Sergeant!"

"Captain!" said the sergeant, saluting.

"See what that thing is in the fellow's hand," pointing to Mr. Waddy's camera. "Take it, and if it's a bomb explode it at sea. If it's a camera turn it over to me instantly and confine these men. My compliments to Major Flathers, and say to him that I have confined three men who ran the guard on an airship, with bombs or cameras, is the case may be; that I have the airship under guard and await his instructions at headquarters."

And Captain Bolger hippety-hopped to headquarters, followed by a soldier with a camera. The three interlopers went into the guardhouse, while Captain Bolger's message went to Major Flathers, commandant in the absence of Colonel Krimnitz.

"I won't stand it!" Mr. Waddy shouted. "I want to wire John H. Gunn! I want to wire Washington, I tell you—John H. Gunn, speaker of the house! I'll make somebody chew hay for him!"

Mr. Craighead began humming "It's Twenty Miles to Vassar," evidently a Vest Point ditty, paced the guardhouse, turning corners with military precision or stood accurately with certain fingers on certain seams of his rousers as precise as a tin soldier. The atmosphere had permeated his system, and when a corporal's guard called for them his stride might have been offered as a model.

Access to Major Flathers' desk was denied for them by orderlies described by Mr. Waddy as state's prison looking fellows, armed to the teeth. The major was thin, solemn, bilious looking, as if he had a bad liver from serving in the tropics; haughty, as if the ver had overflown his temper.

"Who are you?" said Major Flathers. "Who are we?" cried Mr. Waddy. "Who are we? American citizens, sir! Citizens and taxpayers before you was ver born, sir! Wire John H. Gunn at Washington that Cyrus Waddy's but up in jail, an' you'll find out!"

"It would seem an economy of time, fr. Waddy," said the major, after yelling him with a yellow glower, not to trouble Mr. Gunn or the president, who might find it inconvenient attend for purposes of identification, 'hat can you say, sir?"

This query was directed at Craighead.

he, "the world is wide, its population some sixteen hundred millions. Of this considerable force we are but three. You ask us, O serenity, to set ourselves apart from the others by brands and marks. How can the thing be proved? It is a hard saying, and yet didst ever see that serrated nose? Give me a pen, and let me mark it 'Exhibit A.'"

The major arose with pronounced absence of haste, adjusted a pair of rimless glasses to his precipitous beak by a clasp of special construction, examined Craighead's nose critically and impersonally, as if looking at a specimen in a case, slowly removed the glasses and deliberately resetted himself.

"I have observed such a nose in but one case," said he, "but its introduction in evidence does not establish its identity with the only snout of similar symmetry recorded. 'Exhibit A' will be considered for what it is worth—as evidence. Proceed."

"I will now render a song, which I beg this honorable body to receive as 'Exhibit B.'"

Though this declaration made a distinct sensation among the officers and orderlies, and though the sergeant, who was a shorthand reporter, broke three pencils in his agitation, Major Flathers never let down by even one degree the saturnine dignity of his presence. Craighead sang with a fine independence of tune, but with an air and style of tone emission which reminded all hearers of a basso profundo laboring in the trough of the heaviest vocal sea.

Oh, it's twenty miles to Vassar, and the Hudson for to cross! There's regulations to be broke at both ends of the route, But Belinda's eyes are like the sky, Belinda's hair is like a rose, And Jim is black and plagued with love and doesn't care a hoot, Oh, it's twenty miles to Vassar, But it's fifty smites at Vassar, And it's other lovey-dovey things in hosts beyond compare!

Oh, the love of dear Belinda burns his heart into a cinder, And Jim will be at Vassar ere the morning!

A slight redness crept up under the tan of Major Flathers' cheek; a single quiver of the thin nostril betrayed the fact that Craighead's song had touched some spot that thrilled. Mr. Craighead asked if it would be necessary to advance more proof of his identity.

"Possibly," said the major, with unabated dignity. "I shall hear the case in private."

The major rose and passed out without a glance at the intruders. The squad took them to his quarters, where he received them in frozen stiffness and stood aside to let them into a library rather well furnished with books. The major sat like a graven image until the receding footsteps were lost to the ear. Then he rushed at Craighead, shook him until his teeth chattered, laughing, slapping him on the back.

"Craig! Craig!" said he. "You confounded old scapegrace! I've an infernal good mind to throw you in for ten years! And that Belinda song you made up about me! And sober too! Introduce your friends!"

"With Mr. Waddy's name," said Craighead, "you are familiar. He is the billionaire owner of Speaker Gunn."

"Confoundedly sorry," said the major. "But if this reprobate," indicating Craighead, "had blinted that he was our West Point disgrace I should have issued passes and—"

"And this," said Craighead, "is the inventor and builder of our airship, Theodore Carson, M. A."

"Quite so," replied the major, shaking hands again. "But it was confoundedly irregular to run the guard, you know."

"We didn't intend!"

"Not a word!" said the major. "You must dine with me. Mrs. Flathers will waive ceremony. She isn't Belinder. Craig, you disreputable old dog, disguised as a sober man! Could be

hanged as a spy! 'Twenty Miles to Vassar' in headquarters! Nobody but Craig— Let's write a letter to Bill Alexander—in Guam."

The major was as complaisant as he had been unyielding. The party was allowed to depart.

Mrs. Graybill met them when they alighted from the Virginia, with a letter in her hand for Mr. Carson and a troubled look on her face. Carson turned white as he tore it open and read:

(To Be Continued.)

Haskins for Health.

## BROOK TROUT PUT IN ASHLAND CREEK

Two Thousand Eastern Members of the Finny Tribe Liberated in Stream and Fishermen Advocate Closed Season

ASHLAND, Or., Aug. 17.—Last Thursday 2000 eastern brook trout were liberated in Ashland creek. Harry Hosler and other interested associates had previously made application for the consignment which in due season was forthcoming from the hatchery at Clackamas. The diminutive specimens are little beauties about an inch long. They came by express in five cans, and out of this consignment only five were lost out of the entire 2000. True sportsmen will watch with keen interest this effort at restocking the waters of Ashland creek with an ideal brook species and will see to it that the young specimens are given a chance to mature, says the Tidings.

Some 50,000 additional specimens are expected here in September or October, and all interested should help out in securing and "planting" this big allotment, which means so much for the trout streams of this vicinity.

There is quite an agitation among local fishermen to have Ashland creek closed to active fishing for from three to five years in order to have its waters restocked in abundance. While the agitation is on, now is the time to take some action in the matter, and it remains to be seen whether the anglers of this vicinity will rise to the occasion for having repressive measures taken or allow the plan to go by default.

## BIG FIRE IN CASTLE CREEK TIMBER LAND

DUNSMUIR, Cal., Aug. 17.—Cutting off telephone and telegraph communication and destroying considerable timber, a fire in the Castle Creek district is calling out all the foresters in this section to fight it. Ranger Harris is in charge of the fire fighters and is hurriedly back-firing, lest the flames get into a valuable tract of pine close to the divide. It is believed that the conflagration will be brought under control before night.

## HERE'S A CHANCE TO GO TO WORK FOR U.S.

A vacancy occurring in the Rural Delivery service at the Postoffice at Medford, Oregon, the United States Civil Service Commission have announced an examination to be held in this city for the purpose of filling the vacancy September 17, 1910. This position pays \$75 per month the carrier to furnish his own horse and cart.

For blanks and any information apply at the postoffice at Medford, Oregon.

## SWALLOWS TORPEDO: SUFFERS FROM POISON

MADISON, Wis., Aug. 18.—A near fatality resulted at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Olsen because their 6-year-old son Clarence swallowed a torpedo on July 4.

Instead of exploding the torpedo, in the usual manner, he put it in his mouth. In a moment of forgetfulness, or possibly thinking it a candied delicacy, he swallowed it.

He became unconscious and there were indications of meningitis trouble. His face and head became swollen and he continued in a semi-conscious state. Food was given by injections. For a time his life was despaired of, but the poisons were finally neutralized by toxins.

The explanation offered by the doctor is that the torpedo contained potassium, chloride and nitroglycerin.

## "White Slaves" Slay

RATON, N. M., Aug. 18.—Tomo Tomiek, a miner, was shot and killed by a man whose name is not known near here today in a saloon, while another man held his arms. The murderer and his companion, who escaped, are thought by the police to be "white slave" traders into whose clutches Petra Petovich, a Montenegrin girl who was to have married Tomiek, fell while passing through Chicago. The girl is said to have escaped from her captors and came to Raton.

## CENTRAL POINT Y.M.C.A. CERTAIN

Over \$4000 of Necessary \$6000 Has Been Raised—Committee Making a Whirlwind Campaign and Success Is Assured

CENTRAL POINT, Or., Aug. 18.—The Y. M. C. A. building for Central Point is assured.

Never before in the history of this or any other like sized town has there been such an amount of enthusiasm shown in a similar cause. From the time the committee began work until the present moment there has been a spirit of optimism in the air, which not only meant success for the project but which is also making the work of the committeemen more a matter of handing out subscription cards to willing donors than of strenuous and tiresome solicitation. A mammoth clock dial was placed on the upper front of the A. O. U. W. building with an indicator which at noon each day jumps forward to the amount then subscribed. Monday noon, after four hours' work, the amount indicated was \$1500; Tuesday noon it jumped to \$3085; and Wednesday noon it indicated \$4000. According to State Secretary Rhodes, who is here directing the campaign, this is the best proportionate showing he has ever known of in the early stages of a campaign. One-fourth the required amount in four hours and more than half in a day and a half is going some for sure.

Another phase of the matter worthy of mention and showing the spirit of the community, is the high percentage of those approached who have subscribed. Almost 90 per cent of those approached, Mr. Rhodes says, have subscribed and of the small number who have refused several were persons who were plainly unable to give and do themselves and families justice.

It is worthy of note that this will be the only Y. M. C. A. building between Eugene, Or., and Sacramento, Cal., and this fact is already becoming known all over the coast and is causing much favorable advertising for Central Point.

The rapid growth of the association is shown by figures furnished the Herald yesterday. In Oregon and Idaho the membership has grown within the past 12 months from 4100 to 6250, an increase of more than 50 per cent, and all indications now point to a membership beyond the 8000 mark in another year.

A pleasant feature of the week is the excellent luncheons served the committee workers every day at noon by the ladies of the different churches. On Monday the Methodist ladies were hostesses to the workers, Tuesday the Christian church ladies served, Wednesday the Presbyterian ladies came to the rescue, and today the Baptist ladies are taking a try at the amazing appetites of these hungry hustlers. J. O. Isaacson, chairman of the executive committee and one of the hardest and hungriest workers, intimates that he is in despair and the week only half gone—his appetite and the means for satisfying it are so wonderfully great and his capacity so limited. The luncheons are served in the banquet room on the second floor of the opera house building.

Through the courtesy of J. J. Brown, who furnished his automobile for the day team No. 5, of which Frank Tompkins is chairman, made the record long trip Tuesday, covering the country from Jacksonville to Antioch and to Gold Ray during the day. They covered more than 75 miles and collected \$235. One of the committees are working in Medford this afternoon, where \$500 was pledged several days ago by a few business men of that hustling city.

The gentlemen in charge of the Y. M. C. A. building movement urge the committeemen and the public generally not to let the work lag on the assumption that the excellent work already done insures the full \$6000. The last \$1500 will be harder to raise than the first \$4500 and to secure the last \$500 will require a greater effort than the first \$5500. Everybody stand by the guns until Saturday night and put Central Point in a class by herself in having raised more money by popular subscription in six days than was ever raised in any other like sized town in the world for a similar purpose in six days, or six months, or six years. This is our opportunity to put Central Point on the map in a bright red glowing star.

To sell it cheaper than any one else is important store advice. If you let the people know about it, you'll get them interested in your store—scores of them, who only "know" where it is now.

## CLARKE IS OUT AGAIN, IN AGAIN

Man Serves 20 Days in Jail, Is Released, and Again Arrested—Offered Surgeon's Instruments for "Dope" in Drug Stores.

Geo. Clarke, who was released from the county jail Monday after serving a sentence of twenty days for assault and battery was again arrested Wednesday morning on information from the chief of police of Ashland.

Clarke had been fired out of Medford by the police and on his way to Ashland and became involved in a scrap on the train. He was arrested upon his arrival and in his possession was found a surgeon's saw and an electric instrument for examining diseases of the ear.

He could give no account of how he came by the instruments and subsequent investigation showed that he had offered them for sale in several drug stores in the city for "dope"—i. e. Cocaine. So far this afternoon none of the doctors in the city could be found who had lost such implements, and likely Clarke will begin the floating sentence again.

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CRAIGHEAD CAUGHT THEODORE AS HE STAGGERED