

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. Waddy, a rival inventor, conspires to kill Carson.

XI, XII, XIII and XIV—Waddy with a submarine in a sensational manner almost accomplishes the death of Carson and Virginia and the destruction of the airship, a case of "devilish versus bird." Virginia flees from Carson in the Roc.

"Well," said the man on the other deck, "you've got the world by the tail, and if you need money apply to Calvin J. Fry of Spokane. Hold on, please!"

But the Virginia, gently increasing her speed, left the hustling Calvin J. Fry gesticulating far out of hearing.

"That, to originate a locution," said Craighead, "ought to hold them for a brief period. Looks as if they were back pedaling."

"I will find them," said Carson, evidently meaning something else, "if they have hidden her in the farthest cove of that thundercloud."



"YOU'RE GOING POUL OF HER. LOOK DOWN!"

CHAPTER XVI.

A RACE WITH THE ELEMENTS.

PAST Richmond, they left the domed capitol at Washington far to port, passed between Baltimore and Dover and directly over Philadelphia, where Carson made a wide circle above the vast aerial harbor, scanning the berths for a huge silver aeronaut of the Condor type, but finding none. It was growing dusk, and the west and northwest were ramparted with towering thunder heads, quivering with lightning, toward which Carson hurried the Virginia like a bullet. The town studied suburban region of New Jersey swept under them as if drawn by swift mechanism, and the harbor of New York lay beneath, alive with shipping. The lights were already burning, and the far spread Babylon of the modern world hung like a fairy dream from the foreground to the farther rim of the concave cup of the earth. Carson was amazed and stunned. He had never seen New York, and his ideas were all inadequate to the actualities before him. The streets flashed into sight as the Virginia passed into positions permitting a view of the bottom of one metropolitan canyon after another. The boy was afraid. The huge city roaring up at them like a ravening beast struck him with terror.

"Why dost circle about like a sand hill crane?" said Craighead. "Why don't you light?"

"Like the sand hill crane," replied Carson, "I'm afraid. Where can we alight?"

"Gad," said Craighead, "I never thought of that! New York has always reached out for me so lovingly that the idea of there being any difficulty in getting into her embrace never entered my brain. We are a little shy of knowledge of how to get in from above, aren't we?"

"What are the harbor rules?" asked Carson.

"Hanged if I know," replied Craighead.

It was quite dark now, save for the moon, which, nearly full, was climbing the eastern sky, still clear. The northwest towered the pearly clouds palpating with lightning. Craighead expected Theodore to turn the Virginia to some far New Jersey village and was astonished when he entered upon a swift flight up the Hudson, which lay shining in the moonlight, laced with the wakes of boats. Far ahead, on both sides, quivered the lightning of the storm, and from afar came the rumbling of thunder. Carson seemed to be seeking night in the heart of a thunderstorm. Craighead seized his arm and tried to glean something of his mood from a scrutiny of his face.

"I'm going to the Catskills," said Theodore. "Before I sleep I'm going to find Shayne's Hold!"

Carson crossed the Hudson in a slow drizzle at Kingston and stood northward toward heavy dense masses of towering clouds screening the high peaks of the Catskills—and Shayne's Hold.

"Why not hurdle the tempest, call it?" cried Craighead.

"Those highest towers," replied Carson, pointing to the thunder heads now again snowy in the moonlight, "are thirty, forty, fifty thousand feet high."

"Well, what do we care?" protested Craighead.

"There's an opening yonder in the rain," said Carson. "If it doesn't close up we may slip through to the back of the storm again."

As if the wings of the advancing army had extended its lines until they pulled apart in the center, the rain opened.

"We must go lower," said Carson, "and pass under. The rain is closing in, but I reckon we can slip through pretty dry."

The oncoming black arch, lighted to whiteness when the lightning blazed, swelled fearfully as they approached, its rainless gap narrowing momentarily. It was a race with the elements. The penalty if they lost was, to be sure, nothing more than a drenching, but it was none the less exciting for that. The curtains of water, drawn aside as if to let the travelers through, swung together as they approached.

"Whoop!" cried Craighead. "The Virginia wins!"

As he spoke they passed under the rain cloud.

Carson was thinking of Shayne's Hold and conjecturing as to its whereabouts. If he read his chart correctly the lights seen afar to the northeast indicated that they had left the Kaaterskill behind and were nearing Blank Head mountains, though he confessed to himself that the crags revealed by the lightning might be the Hunter peaks or even the summits of Slide mountain. All he really knew was that he was above the Catskills and that unless he could outmaneuver the elements they faced an encounter with rain, wind and great possibilities in the way of lightning. The domes of thundercloud a few miles to their right seemed almost low enough to be over-passed, so he set the levers for an ascent, and the Virginia rose like an osprey chased by an eagle.

"I'm trying your suggestion," said Carson. "I'm scaling the front of that shower."

Even Craighead's voice was hushed in awe. Like the fairy domes of some city of oriental fable rose the cloud castles, their summits white in the moonlight, their folds dark like a dove's wing. Suddenly the lightning blazed out in the heart of the black base on which the city of enchantment was reared, and instantly the whole vast fabric grew white and palpitant and terrible, while the blue sky beyond and above it turned black velvet by contrast. The lightning ceased, and there hung the billowy cloud, silver white and drab on a base of darkness, as before. The air had grown chill as with frost, and still the clouds were far above them. The bite of the propellers on the air seemed to fail, for the cloud masses no longer appeared to fall as when the aeronaut was rising.

"We can't make it," said Carson.

"Don't try!" exclaimed Craighead. "It's effrontery!"

Changing a lever or so, Carson drove straight toward the bosom of the cloud.

Carson sat with his hand on his levers, pale as if dead; Craighead clutched a hand rail, his eyes turned aloft as if in invocation. A more remote flash and darkness returned, but not so densely. The space before them grew softly light, and in a moment they swam into the moonlight. Through an immeasurable chamber of cloud darted the aeronaut into a second smother of rain and mist and out on a lower level into the calm space behind the storm. From this region of shadow they emerged into the moon light again and began their search for signs of human habitation. Finally, just as Theodore was at the point of retreat, both at once saw what neither doubted was Shayne's Hold.

(To Be Continued.)

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WOMEN AND THE DRAIN-PIPE THEORY

It becomes necessary to resist certain narrownesses in certain phases of home economics. One of these narrownesses is the assumption that because a thing happens to be close to us it is therefore important. We have heard lecturers insist that because a house contains drain pipes a woman should learn all about drain-pipes. But why? In most communities drain-pipes are installed and repaired and in every way controlled by gentlemen who are drain-pipe specialists. The woman who lives in the house has no more real need of knowledge of the structural mysteries of drain-pipes than a reporter has a knowledge of the structural mysteries of his typewriting machine.

Another possible narrowness is the attempt to manufacture "cultural backgrounds" for various important but quite safe-and-sane house-hold tasks.

For instance in the books and in the courses of instruction (of college grade) on "The House" we have sometimes observed elaborate accounts of the evolution of the human home, beginning with the huts of the primitive Simianians. And in pursuing the very essential subject of "Clothes and Fabrics" we have not infrequently found ourselves in the midst of spacious preliminary dissertations on the structure of the loom, beginning with that which was used by the Antropopenguins.

Now we would not for the world speak disparagingly of looms or huts. We have ourselves examined some of them in the Hull House Museum in Chicago and in the woods of Canada, and have found them instructive. We suggest only that college life is short, that the college curriculum is crowded, and that (except possibly those students who are especially interested in anthropology or in industrial evolution) it would surely be a misfortune to learn the Simianian hut and to miss Rossetti's "House of Life," or get the impression that as a "cultural background" for shirtwaists the Anthropopenguin loom can really compete with Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus."

If this occasional tendency toward exaggerating the importance of drain-pipes, window-curtains, and

door-mats were to grow strong, and if girls as a class, should be required to spend any large proportion of their time on the specialized history and etymology of feminine implements and tasks while the boys were still in the current of the affairs of the race, we should indeed want President Thomas of Bryn Mawr to repeat on a thousand lecture platforms her indignant assertion of the fact that "nothing more disastrous for women, or for men, can be conceived of than specialized education of women as a sex."—William Hard in the September Everybody's.

RIOTING IS FEARED IN THE ISLE OF PINES

HAVANA, Aug. 23.—United States Minister Jackson is today hurrying toward the Isle of Pines to investigate conditions which, according to messages received here, threaten to result in rioting in the American colony on the island.

Messages received by the secretary of state that the Americans on the Isle of Pines are preparing to storm a jail and forcibly release eight Americans charged with arson and murder. Minor rioting already has occurred, it is stated, and there is momentary danger of more serious disorder.

The secretary of state has wired the judge who presided over the cases to release the Americans on by the United States authorities.

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HOTEL BURNS; HEROIC RESCUE OF CHILDREN

SAN RAFAEL, Cal., Aug. 23.—Marked by heroic rescue of sleeping women and children, a fire destroyed Cypress Villa a three-story hotel here today.

The fire started in the laundry shortly before dawn and before guest were aroused had eaten its way to the rooms on the third floor of the hotel.

Mrs. I. G. Bethel made her way through the smoke-filled halls to the room of her two children Alice, 3 years, and Agnes, 4 months old. After carrying them to the street she returned to the blazing villa and aroused other guests.

Howard Friel, a guest, came upon Miss Mary Ward, who was unconscious, and carried her to safety. He also aided Mrs. A. Zinsky to rescue her child.

The upper part of the hotel was consumed. The loss is about \$5000.

Haskins for Health.

NOTICE.

In the district court of the United States for the district of Oregon, in the matter of George A. Butt, bankrupt.

The undersigned trustee of the above entitled estate in bankruptcy will receive sealed bids at the Jackson County bank in Medford, Oregon, up to 12 o'clock noon, of Friday, August 19, 1910, for the following described property belonging to said estate, namely, a stock of merchandise, consisting principally of jewelry of the inventory value of \$2987.47, together with a lot of store fittings of the inventory value of \$175.50, all now in custody of the undersigned at Medford, Oregon. Cash or a certified check for ten per cent of the amount offered must accompany each bid and the sale is made subject to confirmation by the court, the right being reserved to reject any and all bids. The said property and an inventory thereof may be inspected upon application to the undersigned, at Medford, Oregon.

WM. ULRICH, Trustee.

Dated at Medford, Oregon, August 8, 1910.

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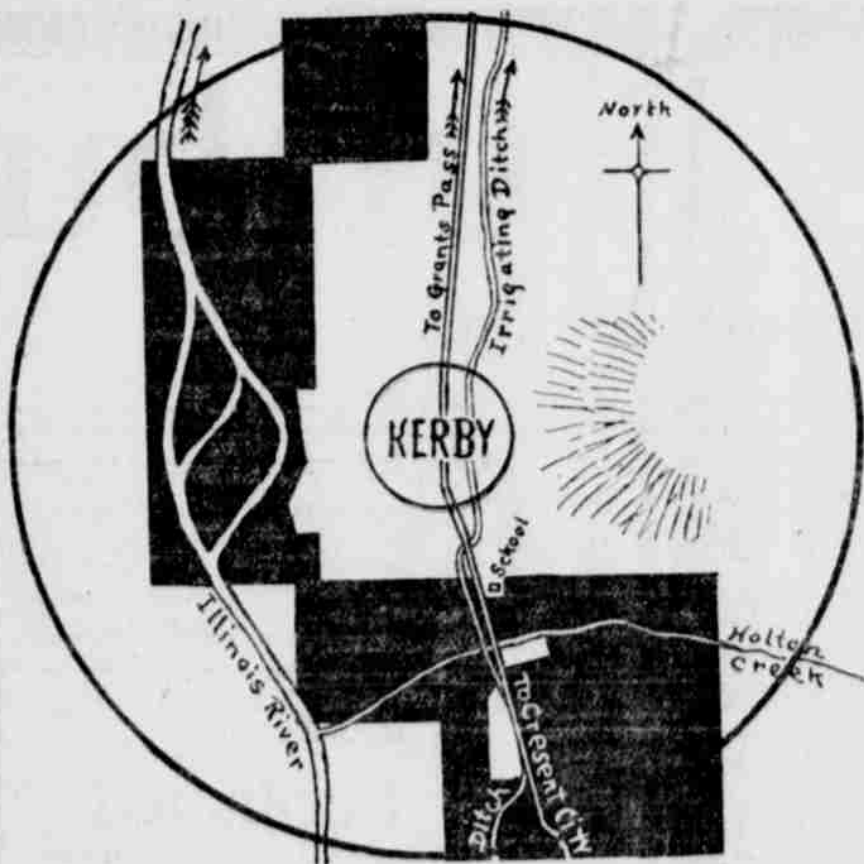
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