

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 Enebrates, 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. Wisner, a rival inventor, conspires to kill Carson. XI, XII, XIII and XIV—Wisner 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. XV, XVI and XVII—Carson and Craighead pursue the Roc northward in the Carson airship, the Virginia. They land at the Shayne home, Shayne's Hold, in the Catskill mountains, at night. Carson talks with Virginia and is forced to flee. A big lawsuit is brought by Craighead to gain exclusive dominion in the aid based on the rights to their air he has acquired from hundreds of landowners. Craighead argues in court.

"How much more am I damned by the airship, which may drop a monkey wrench, a spanner, a gob of baloney or a casual remark into my privacy? Aeronets will fall into the rural side, drag ropes will rip up barbed wire, and Pyramus and Thisbe in their Arcadian wooing may be smothered under falling gas bags or torn asunder by dragging anchors inserted in their fluttering hearts! I shudder, your honors, at what may happen when the air is populous with flying jiggers, popping about, raining bullet and wine bottles and bacon rinds and stale bananas and hot coffee and soft boiled eggs and lobster a la Newburg on a lost and undone republic, and when I shudder persons of ordinary sensitiveness fly into fragments with the shivers, for I am no light and habitual shudderer.

"I have spoken in my weak way of what might make a landholder unwilling to have his air used as a highway. But he doesn't have to give a reason—he can show his deed and tell the whole world to go to—the captain's office and settle. Your honors, I adjure you to cling to your unbroken precedents and uphold property, on which society is based. To say that we do not own these strips of land, but only rights in the air, is foolishness of the dampest sort. The landowner may sell the surface and keep the minerals or sell the mineral rights down to China and keep the surface. Our grantors owned and sold these rights to us. It is slanderous to say that we have hornswoogled—to coin a phrase—the farmers by promising cheap nitrates by the Craighead method. It is my intention to take a few moments some day to perfect the Craighead method and begin to extract nitrogen, but that is another narrative. The point is that we've got those rights. We have what nobody ever had before—the proof that defendants pass over our lands, because they have to. Nobody else ever had lands hemming in everybody. We have. This makes our proof simply pie, and we call upon you to protect us in the name of the law of landownership, on which every government in all the world is founded.

"They say we seek to enslave travelers. This absurdity applies as forcibly to surface rights or mines. If the traveler can't pay our scenic let him go by public highways or by boat or rail—or stay at home. We anticipate that rights to air navigation will become more and more valuable. We expect to change whatever the situation makes possible. This is as moral as increasing rent for lands. We shall grant licenses or not, as we please. We may demand title to all patents on airship inventions before allowing them to be used, thus applying the rule you and your predecessors have so wisely laid down. 'He who owns land owns to the sky!' How beautiful the principle! What a stimulus to en-

terprise it offers—in cornering space. Our getting of these rights may be a horse on Mr. Shayne, but the rules of the game—and what a game it is, your honors!—give us the pot. The costs constitute the kitty."

Justice McFadden tapped on the desk, and Craighead paused.

"Your language, Mr. Craighead," said he, "is unusual, though your points seem well taken."

"You're on!" ejaculated Craighead. "You're on! In fact, to speak grammatically, 'You're on, your honor; you're honest!'"

A bailiff interrupted by handing a note to the astonished court.

"Mr. Craighead," said Justice McFadden, "it is suggested that you are not a licensed practitioner at this bar or at any other. This extraordinary address of yours leads the court to doubt. What is the fact? I thought I recognized you as a member of this bar. Have we not met?"

"Your honor," said Craighead, "studied language under me."

"Language!" roared the justice. "When?"

"I was your teacher in English and drawing," replied Craighead. "In Schlosser's billiard parlors—English and drawing, with incidental instruction in the use of the globe; also dry nursing, the masse and the follow!"

"Remove him from the bar, Mr. Bailiff!" thundered the court. "Take him to jail!"

"Stung—in the same old aching spot!" cried Craighead. "Still the great uncalled! But know ye, proud judges, I have been expelled from worse places than this! What harm have I done ye? Filley, get me out of this!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

ALONE ON AN ISLAND IN AIR.

THE bailiff, a tottering old functionary with a white mustache of Bismarckian firmness, warily laid a raptorial claw on Craighead's sleeve.

"Amateur day in court!" he hissed in the bailiff's ear. "The book! The book! I go, but my logic sticks! Stone walls do not!"

Mr. Filley here interposed to such effect that Craighead was fined, expelled and set free. Mr. Filley's masterly address was based on the law laid down by Craighead, reference to which finally evoked a smile from the justices. In a week an injunction was issued as prayed. The airships of the whole nation were tied up; the Universal Nitrates and Air Products company made the Carson-Craighead Aeronet company its sole licensee; the Carson aeronets were the only flying machines which could be used; the law of real property was vindicated; Aero-static Power dropped to nominal prices; Craighead was suddenly recognized as the most overshadowing genius legal strategy had ever known; Carson stood high in finance and diplomacy; the factories for manufacturing flying machines were offered to him at his own terms, payable in Carson-Craighead stocks; thousands of men were put to work on the Carson aeronets; the Waddy family began to occupy space in newspapers and magazines; the world of finance whirled about and readjusted itself to the explosion—all of which took time.

And in the midst of the first excitement the following item appeared in a newspaper:

A bizarre result of the McFadden decision is the marooning of Mr. Filley Shayne, erstwhile prince of the powers of the air, at Shayne's Hold, where the Roc was enjoined. There is no egress from the hold save by airship. The Carson crowd has the air rights surrounding the mountain, and Mr. Shayne and his family have no means of getting away except by violating the injunctions.

No craft save the Carson aeronet, the Virginia, can go to them or anywhere, and Mr. Shayne will starve rather than allow her to land. This sounds like a joke, but Mr. Shayne takes it seriously. The castaways are Mr. and Mrs. Shayne, Miss Suarez and Mr. Max Silberberg.

Carson approached Craighead with this paper, his finger pointing to the item. Craighead read it with glee.

"When Shayne has eaten the last poisoned rat," said he, "and worn his knees raw snarling rattlesnakes off the cliff for food I'll go to him and say:

"Proud ex-plate, if on your bandaged knees you beg my kingly clemency I'll give you this sandwich and bottle of beer; otherwise s-s-s-s-starve, and be 'anged to you! Either that or wire him permission to depart in the Roc. Which sayest thou?"

"I have wired him offer of the license," said Carson, "and he declined haughtily. Then I offered to come for them in the Virginia."

(To Be Continued.)

FIRE SITUATION AT ASHLAND UNCHANGED

ASHLAND, Or., Aug. 29.—The forest fire conditions remain unchanged here. The fires are being held well in check, with little or no wind blowing, but there is still a call from the forest rangers for more men to replace those who have become exhausted in the work of watching the fires. There is not any danger for the city, but no one can tell what a heavy gale might do with the dying embers.

The chief of police has been ordered to strictly enforce the city ordinance prohibiting the accumulation of rubbish in the rear of the buildings in the business section.

Robert Goodyear and Gene Fendell, who had been deer hunting and rusticating at the mine of the latter's father, near the California line, have returned to Oakland, where they are employed. They report a good time, but got no game.

If there's a good store in this city that's not well advertised, it deserves to have a more progressive management.

ANNA A. MALEY TO GIVE PUBLIC TALK

Associate Editor New York Call and Woman's National Organizer Socialist Party, Who Is Authority on Equal Suffrage and Socialistic Doctrines, Will Speak Here, Has Partially Defined Her Position as Follows:

"Socialists submit to the world that the basis of all oppression and corruption is to be found in the fact that individuals are permitted to control the bread rights of the people. These bread rights are centered in the land and the machinery of production and distribution. The great means of life have so grown and developed that the holders of the mining and railroad properties and other productive wealth of such vast importance and extent are virtually the owners of the employment or bread right workers and they have no less at their mercy the general public, who must use and consume

this form of wealth in their daily lives.

Corporations Buy Opinion

"In order to keep the laborer and the general public within their power for purposes of profit, the corporations buy without scruple the press and all sources of opinion within the nation, as well as the government's and courts which make the laws under which the people must live.

"Socialism is only a proposal for a new industrial control. Since individuals do not worthily administer the wealth upon which the people collectively depend. Socialism insists that collective control of the socially necessary industrial property should be established. If the public school which furnishes impartially food for the brain of the bright and the dull is a good institution, a public coal mine, flour mill or railroad, through which must come food for the stomachs of the people, cannot be a bad institution.

Means Free Opportunity

"The public school does not mean free education, but the free opportunity to get education. Socialism does not mean free bread, but the free opportunity to get bread. Opportunity to get bread is not free today, and the people stand in political and industrial subservience to those who hold the power to take their bread away from them. Let the people own their bread right, is the message I would give. The bread right comprises the right to clean politics, clean and fair conditions of labor, education, recreation—things,

in a word, that may be summed up in the terms, culture and wholesome and upright life.

"No one who does not wish to be asked to adopt the socialist theory. We only maintain that in these days of social unrest no honest school teacher should be debarred from giving freely his message. My discussion is clean, and I trust it is intelligent."

NOTICE.

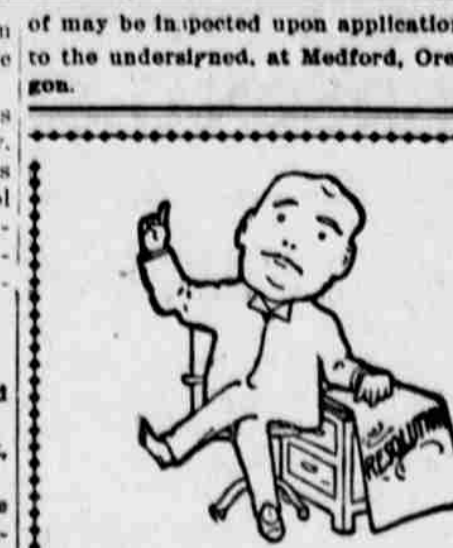
In the district court of the United States for the district of Oregon.

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 there-

of 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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