

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 sloopster, 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 irship 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 celebrities, where he makes a friend of one Craighead, who plans to raise capital to manufacture the new style irship 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 here.

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

XI, XII, XIII and XIV—Wizner 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 sees from Carson in the Roe.

XV, XVI and XVII—Carson and Craighead pursue the Roe northward to 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 win exclusive dimonion in the aid used on the rights to their air he as acquired from hundreds of landowners. Craighead argues in court.

"And he answered?"

"That he would shoot me or any man in my employ that dared invade his air over Shayne's Hold?"

Mr. Carson brooded over the fact that the very writ of injunction that made him master of the air confined a girl for whom he had striven in a petty trianon on a mountain top with his Silberberg.

But if the victor felt a ferment of spirits, what of Mr. Shayne and the astaways in a palace?

Silberberg was spending an afternoon with Virginia on the Shayne rounds.

"We are alone," said Silberberg, "on an island in the air. Are you sorry?"

Virginia was thinking of the victory of Carson. He had been great in working out his creation, and now he had made war on her Uncle Finley, the ruler of the Stock Exchange, in his very den—and won! But yet this last victory was not like the first. This was the old story of finding how to exploit the world by monopoly; that was doing, creating. Yet Theodore had mortally offended her in that matter of being her uncle. All was over between them. Yet she finally answered Silberberg inconsistently.

"No," said she, "I am not very sorry. But I shall need my hand now to hold my dress out of the dew."

"Tell me once more that you are not sorry, please," said he.

"I am not," she reassured him. "In fact, I—I am rather glad, Mr. Silberberg."

"Max?" said he unctuously. "Let it be Max, your fellow prisoner?"

"Well, Max, then!"

Virginia now systematically hid from Silberberg, dinners and forced interviews bringing no advancement to his outship.

One blowy day it culminated. Virginia from a summer house opening toward New York braved the moist gusts and swept the sky with her goggles for—well, for something. Silberberg followed her, swearing inwardly at the perversity of the girl, and as he found her things began to happen. Far over to the southeast and driving fast before the gale came the only flying machine in America free of the McFadden interdicit. Unfortunate Silberberg!

At the same hour Mrs. Shayne burst into Shayne's den, her breath short, her face flushed, her attire and coiffure disarranged. Shayne knew the symptoms.

"Oh, tell me it isn't true!" she cried. "Tell me that I am not humiliated, actually controlled, by that bandit from the Alabama forest!"

Mr. Shayne begged her to calm herself.

"It's only an injunction," urged Mr. Shayne. "We can't use the Roe because the court forbids it!"

"At that man Carson's request!" I tell you, Finley Shayne, it is a trick of the proprietariats to immure us here and come at their leisure and kill us!"

"My dear, my dear!" urged Mr.

Shayne. "That is quite impossible. We could go in the Roe rather than be murdered."

"You imprison me and then insult me. Coward! If going in the Roe is so easy, why don't you go? I thought I was married to a man!"

Shayne sprang to his feet.

"Marie," said he, "the Roe will be ready in half an hour! I'll show you I'm no coward! Get ready! Call Virginia and Silberberg! Hurry!"

Mrs. Shayne knew better than to try stopping him. He yelled messages and orders into telephones. He issued hurry calls for valets and maids. The forcefulness that had made him what he was came uppermost.

Suddenly into Shayne's den burst Silberberg, his face red, his whole being shimmering hot.

"I'm done with you!" spluttered Silberberg. "Get me away from here if you're a gentleman!"

"If I wasn't I'd have you kicked off!" said Shayne. "You can't jump on me, if you are my guest! I'll—"

"She's refused me in a way I can't stand," protested Silberberg, with hands upflung. "She said I was disgusting! I can't stay!"

"Well," answered Shayne, "the Roe sails at once."

The other members of the imprisoned party were at the garage before Silberberg. Mrs. Shayne in the cabin. Virginia and Shayne in animated debate on the platform.

"Well," Shayne was saying to her, "stay, then, like a simpleton! But how are you to get away? I don't know how long the courts will keep this up, and our running the injunction won't make it any shorter!"

"It's blowing awfully," said Silberberg.

Nobody noticed him but the pilot.

"I know it, sir," said he. "It's foolhardy to take this gas bag out."

"Shayne," said Silberberg, "the pilot says it's not fit to go out."

"Then stay," answered Shayne. "You're welcome to the house."

"But, Shayne," cried Silberberg, "it may mean getting whirled out to sea or—"

"Out to sea!" sneered Shayne. "And the wind southeast. Stay if you're afraid. Virginia, Mr. Silberberg's going to stay with you."

Virginia walked aboard with a look of disdain, the bitterest cut of all. The winches drew back the leaves of the great roof to let out the Roe, and the surge of the outer air filled the garage with windy tumults. Silberberg suddenly resolved to go and leaped to the gangplank. The drawbridge roof dropped down; the Roe, huge, stately and majestic, went out of her vast nest.

Shayne suddenly gave orders to lay a course dead for Temagami in spite of the northwesterly wind back of the clouds. By waiting for the turn of the wind they might have made New York, but every mile of nothing took them farther from the central "low" and into a larger circle of the huge whirl of the gale. The pilot knew that Temagami was out of the question, though the wind blew dead toward it—any, because of that fact, for a high wind never blows straight, but always in a circle about the "low." So Shayne, violating the rules of weather outside to make sunshine within, was not surprised when told that they were approaching the line of reversal—the turn of the wind.

"Head against it," ordered Shayne, "and cross Lake Ontario before dark if you can."

"It looks more than we can face," said the pilot. "If it is shall we run before it and try for a Pennsylvania port?"

"Use your best judgment," said Shayne.

"Yes, sir," said the pilot, whose best judgment had been to stay housed. "And you may want to know, sir, there's some sort of craft astern and overhauling us."

"The devil!" ejaculated Shayne. "I'll take a look at her."

The binoculars revealed an aeronef perhaps five miles astern, with wide wings, in which he could see the shimmer of blades in rapid revolution. The exclusive rights of the Virginia, the singular swiftness and power of the flight of this aeronef and the shimmer in her wings assured Shayne that he was pursued by the machine which had wrecked his monopoly. They wanted to put him in jail for breaking their injunction, he raged. The shame of it—he, Finley Shayne, a fugitive for sailing God's free air in his own ship! And the danger of it, too, for Canada and safety now looked utterly unattainable.

The mountains slipped from under them, and the farms and villages took their places on the moving concave of the earth as the big ship made speed toward the Mohawk. The Roe was struck by an opposing gale; a sudden hurricane smote her decks as her momentum drove her through the north wind. She turned before it. The great concave panorama below slowly reversed and began paying off to the north as the vast aeronef drifted like a bubble to the south before the fiercest blow she had ever dared encounter. Canada was out of the question.

"If we reach an aerial harbor," said Shayne through the speaking tube, "what do you think of trying a landing?"

"She'd rip to strings," said the pilot. "We'd be killed."

To the pursuing Carson the Roe seemed doomed to the aerostat shipwreck—a shattering fall in landing or watery extinction in the open sea. And Virginia! Agonizing for her, Carson followed, watching like a wrecker when a full rigged ship drives on a reef.

(To Be Continued.)

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

EGGLESTON IS GIVEN A BOOST IN SALARY

ASHLAND, Or., Aug. 30.—City Recorder Eggleston, who recently resigned his position to become a candidate for the legislature, withdrew it at the meeting of the city council Friday evening upon that body granting him an increase in salary of \$25 per month. He was formerly receiving \$100 per month. The salary of his deputy was also raised from \$50 to \$60 per month. The council committee appointed to investigate the status of the franchise some time ago, granted to the Home Telephone company, reported in favor of declaring the franchise forfeited because the company had not begun the active work of installing a plant within four months of the granting of the franchise, as required thereby. The council also passed a drastic ordinance governing the storing of explosives and inflammable substances within the city. The council authorized the transfer of \$200 from the general fund to the emergency fund for the payment of nonresident firefighters.

POSSE OUT FOR MAN WHO ROBBED OPERATOR

RENO, Nev., Aug. 30.—Posses are today scouring this section for two masked men who held up Telegraph Operator Stetnoek and robbed the Southern Pacific ticket office at Loveland of \$750 in cash and many tickets.

The robbery occurred early this morning. Stetnoek was sitting at his key listening to instructions on the wire when the robbers stole up behind him. Binding his hands with a stout rope, they proceeded to loot the office. Then taking Stetnoek half a mile away to a lonely road, they loosened his hands and rode away.

CITY ALLOWS PICTURES, BUT WANTS 10 PER CENT

HILLYARD, Wash., Aug. 30.—The city council today notified the promoters of the Johnson-Jeffries fight pictures that it would not accept 10 per cent of the proceeds of the show that the company wanted to give here. When the license was first asked for it was turned down, and then the promoters offered to split receipts with the council, and this was rejected.

ROUNDABOUT WAY OF COMMERCE IS SHOWN

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 30.—A curious instance of the "roundabout" channels of commerce is given in the report of an American consul stationed in the Malay peninsula.

The Malay peninsula, he states, produced about 65 per cent of the world's output of tin. The total production is valued at some \$41,000,000.

The United States consumes one-fourth of this. Now nearly one-half of the total exports of the country to the Malay peninsula are contained in tin cases, the same tin sent from them in the crude form. A great part of this export is in one-gallon tin buckets containing petroleum. After the contents of these cans have been used, the natives convert them into every conceivable household utensil. The interior of any Malay or Chinese home in the peninsula, says the consul, is filled with American tin cans of every size and shape. Holes are punched in them for selves, they are fashioned into dust pans, baking and cooking utensils and water buckets.

Indeed the demand has become so great that it is branching into an industry and many men are employed into making household utensils out of second hand American tin cans, the tin for which was mined at their very feet.



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CHANCELLOR CARICATURES DRAW OFFICIAL PROTEST

BERLIN, Aug. 30.—A strong official protest has been made against the general tendency of caricatures of the imperial German chancellor, Herr von Bethmann Hollweg.

The caricatures represent the chancellor as being an inert, helpless, bored, lazy philosopher, incapable of any definite resolution, and utterly unfitted to possess any decisive power. It is complained that these caricatures of the chancellor are calculated to lessen the prestige of the German empire, in the eyes of other nations, inasmuch as German caricatures of Herr von Bethmann Hollweg inevitably find their way into the columns of foreign newspapers.

It is alleged that the caricatures represent Herr von Bethmann Hollweg to be so grotesque a figure that a profound contempt for Germany having such a chancellor must be a certain result of looking at them. For this reason it is urged as a patriotic duty to refrain from caricaturing the chancellor in such merciless style.

COURSE CHOSEN FOR HARVARD AERO MEET

BOSTON, Aug. 30.—The course for the Boston-Harvard aero meet, which will be held September 3-13, has been announced by those in charge of the event. The course is 28.78 miles long. The aviators will

circle the capitol tower on Beacon hill and fly to Boston light. Fifteen miles of the course is over the bay. Miss Eleanor Sears, society leader and devotee of athletics, has accepted an invitation from Aviator Willard for a flight and will make a trip in his aeroplane during the meet.

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