# GRAFF STILL AFTER THAT BRIDGE JOB

Contractor C. F. Graff of Seattle is determined to get that bridge contract for building the North Twenty-third street viaduct at $3,600 more than a Tacoma firm offered to take the work and he says he will be at the meeting of the committee tomorrow afternoon to demand the job.

The council last week overturned the plan of Commissioner McGregor to let the job to Graff and ordered the ordinance changed to give it to the Western Bridge company of Tacoma, which had bid $3,600 less.

The ordinance could not be passed then for it was not properly written up so it went over until this week. As soon as Dave Sheller of the commissioner's office heard that Graff was likely to lose out he rushed to a telephone and called Graff over and he has been camping on the trail of city officials since.

Councilmen, however, say that the city is not going to pay a Seattle man $3,600 more for doing the work than a Tacoma man offers to do it for and rather than let Graff have the job they will throw out all bids and call for new figures.

# GLASS CO. MAY BUILD HERE

The big Bauer Window Glass company of Eaton, Ind., may be one of the new industries that locates in Tacoma if the projects of A. P. Gillies are carried through.

Mr. Gillies has received the following letter from the company:

A. P. Gillies, Tacoma, Wash.:

What advantages and what inducements has Tacoma to offer for a window glass plant, 30 to 36 blower capacity, with a payroll of approximately $12,000 per month, employing about 180 to 200 men?

Awaiting your pleasure in the matter, we remain

Bauer Window Glass Co.

This is one of the largest glass concerns in the country and Mr. Gillies says he has them lined up so that they will soon follow the installation of the other projects on which he is now working.

# MRS. MURFICH NOW DEPENDENT ON THE COUNTY

Mrs. Anna Murfich, wife of Martin J. Murfich, who was given an indeterminate penitentiary sentence after pleading guilty to securing $75 under false pretenses, has petitioned the county for support. She came to Tacoma from San Francisco, from which place her husband was brought to face another charge and has no friends or money.

# RESENTED INSULT TO GIRL

Justice J. M. Arntson Saturday afternoon released H. A. Jenkins, proprietor of an Old Town lodging house, after the man had told a story of the insulting of a young woman in his house by Alex Buldigin, who did not appear. Following the alleged insult Jenkins, in his underclothes, chased Buldigin into the street and was administering a beating when the two were arrested.

# MONTHLY MEETING OF COMMERCIAL CLUB

The Commercial club will hold its monthly meeting Tuesday night and will discuss the good roads movement, the detention station contemplated here for the immigration service and the question of the tideland replat.

# TWO MEN ARE HELD UP

J. H. Madden, 504 South Thirteenth, and Carl Brehmer, 1021 East Harrison street, were held up Saturday night at Twelfth and L streets about 9:20 o'clock. Madden lost $29 and his companion nothing.

# MINER DIED OF INJURIES

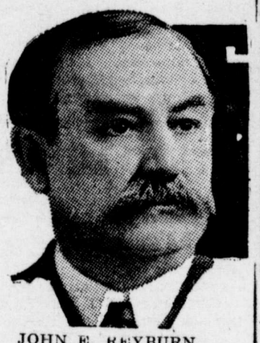
Pete J. Thompson, who last Friday lost both arms and his eye sight in the premature explosion of concussion caps at Wilkeson, died at the St. Joseph hospital. The funeral was held yesterday from Mellinger's.

St. Jean's Orchestra for good dance music. M. 7390, A4390. ***

# PHOTOGRAPHS OF EXCITING SCENES AND PEOPLE IN PHILADELPHIA'S STREET CAR STRIKE

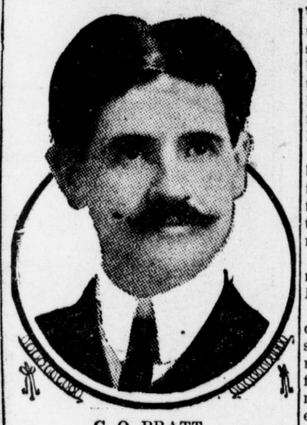
Scene inside the police guard lines at one of the principal barns, showing battered car company's private guards and non-strikers waiting to go out when mob is dispersed.

A CAR JUST IN FROM THE KEN SINGTON DISTRICT, WHERE THE STRIKE SYMPATHIZERS ARE THE MOST VIOLENT.



JOHN E. REYBURN, Mayor of Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA MOUNTED POLICE ARE NOT PARTICULAR WHERE THEY RIDE SCENE SHOWS TWO HORSE COPS RIDING DOWN A SIDEWALK.



C. O. PRATT.

National organizer of the street car men's union, who is in charge of the Philadelphia strike. He was arrested on a charge of conspiracy to incite to riot.

# VIRGINIA OF THE AIR LANES

A New Romance By Herbert Quick

(Copyrighted, 1909, by Bobbs Merrill Co.)

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Carson-Wylie," said Mr. Bascom, stirring his soft-boiled eggs; "and I hope they do you as much good here as they have me."

"Thank you," replied Carson. "But the fact is—"

"But me no buts," broke in Craighead. "I think I may venture, among friends, to say that Mr. Bascom is our most popular freak. He had read the seventy-fourth Rubaiyat, which saith:

"'Drink! for you know not whence you come, nor why! Drink, for you know not why you go, nor where!"

—and made a whole-hearted endeavor to follow its teachings. He succeeded in the realization of the Tent-Maker's inability to state whence he came nor why, why he went, nor where, or, in fact, whether he was going or coming. But in the matter of financing further obedience to Mr. Omar's bibulous teachings, he was, to coin a phrase, up against it. Hence, he marketed the plugs in his teeth. Mr. Bascom is passionately fond of Khayyam."

"Never under no such fancy name," replied Mr. Bascom gravely; "but I've been fond of most everything that would make the drunk come."

"That includes Khayyam," responded Craighead.

"It was this way," went on Bascom. "If you're a periodical, Mr. Carson-Wylie—"

"I assure you," asserted Mr. Craighead, "that in London, where Mr. Carson-Wylie is forced to live in order to keep his hyphen healthy, he is rated in the best asylums as a periodical."

"Then you will understand," resumed Mr. Bascom, "that, after being drunk in Peoria for six weeks I was in kind of bad shape. Clothes gone; took both hands to get a glass to my mouth; kicked out of places; had some fits—ever have a whisky fit?"

"Never!" cried Theodore.

Mr. Bascom was a venerable-looking man with a William Cullen Bryant beard and a lofty forehead. To see him looking so like a poet and hear him discourse of his debaucheries sickened Theodore. But Mr. Bascom continued like another Ulysses telling of windier wars than those of Troy.

"The tortures of hell," said he, "are vaudeville skits to 'em. I had sold my sample cases—I was traveling out of Bloomington for Fuller and Fuller—"

"How appropriate!" ejaculated Craighead.

"And," went on Bascom, "hocked everything loose. Now, when those whisky fits come on you have to have booze. I had made friends with a highwayman, an' he loaned me a little dirk, stood by to keep me from cuting my throat while I dug the gold out of my teeth, sold it, and accounted for every cent. He was a good feller for a highwayman."

"That shows," interposed the fourth man, "how we jags are foreve' hangin' by a tow string ove' the aidge of hell, an' makin' bets whether t'll burn off or not! I tell you, I shivah—"

"I join in the shiver," said Craighead. "I often—I beg your pardon; Colonel McGilvray, permit me to make you acquainted with Mr. Carson-Wylie, of Belgrave Square, London. Colonel McGilvray is the scourge of his home county, Mr. Carson-Wylie, and is here being denaturized."

"I'm right pleased to know you," said the colonel. "And I want to encourage yo u to s tick when you g et out, Mr. Ca'son-Wylie. I am not—if Mr. Craighead will allow me—the scourge of my county; but my kin thah feared I was gittin' so I could shoot single-mindedly while seein' double, an' they-all presented a petition, suh, askin' me to come hyah; an' I'm hyah as a public duty."

Colonel McGilvray was not the last to urge upon Carson the advisability of "sticking" when he got out. The inmates gathered about him after breakfast and labored with him as the "workers" in an old-fashioned protracted meeting wrestled for the salvation of souls. There was really something fine in this.

He assured them of his good intentions. He was rendered humble and almost bashful by the hopelessness of trying to extricate himself from his equivocal position owing to his unthinkable manner of getting into the Institute, and the maze of fanciful misrepresentations of Mr. Craighead. So he listened and thanked them. A man with locomotor ataxia said that he was ten years younger since coming—and went away, carefully calculating at every step just where he would put his feet next, and invariably setting them unexpectedly elsewhere. A distinguished—appearing personage was pointed out as a railway president taking the cure at the request of his company. Another had wasted six fortunes in succession. That fine-looking man had been here before and relapsed through the accidental taking of Jamaica ginger, while ill. And a jewelry salesman pointed out Craighead as a mighty bright fellow who was crazy and wouldn't observe the rules, and would be fired by Doctor Witherspoon. Carson felt that he should never, never stand in need of further admonition to temperance than the memory of this Sargasso Sea of the derelicts of drink.

"There's a new fellow here," said the jewelry man. "I haven't seen him; but he came in stinking paralyzed last night, and was found boozing with Craighead in the greenhouse this morning. Seen him?"

## CHAPTER V.

### The Mystery of the Emporium.

Young Mr. Carson, detained at the Slattery Institute to balance the books, on account of the evanishment of Mr. Wylie, thought often of Shayne's charming niece, but, man-like, gave scarcely a thought to the situation on board the Roc, as she bore northward in the night sky, after dropping him as a hawk might let fall a too belligerent weasel. Theodore's visualizations of the party he had left were narrowly confined to a hat, a face peering over the Roc's rail, and a last handclasp in the high mists. All the rest was a blot on a page he would fain have white, a dissonance in a harmony he wished perfect.

Yet the warfare and insurrection which he left behind would have interested him had he known. Mr. Silberberg, hurt in amour propre as well as proboscis, was deeply disturbed in his sultanic regard for Virginia. He was too angry to follow her to the deck, as she swept out of the cabin to take leave of her bandit of the dunes; Mr. Shayne was too busy quieting the shaken nerves of Mrs. Shayne to think of aught else; so for some minutes the girl lay, half fainting, wholly terrified, by the rail where she had fallen as Theodore dropped over the side into the cloud and the night.

"Where is Virginia?" queried Aunt Marie, at last, pushing from her nose the vinaigrette with which the agonized Shayne was plying it. "Don't force it into my nostrils—dear! Has she eloped with that creature?"

"She went on deck," said Shayne reassuringly. "No, my dear, she couldn't—from up here, you know!"

"Finley!" said Mrs. Shayne, "look for her! She's my niece, after all! If she has run away—"

"But Marie, dearest," protested Shayne, "she couldn't! We're a mile high in the air, you know!"

"What does a man know," exclaimed Mrs. Shayne, growing agitated again, "about affairs of the heart? I tell you, she's gone! Look for her! Look for her!"

Mr. Shayne, in an agony of anxiety, called Mrs. Shayne's maid and gave orders that Virginia be sought on deck. The maid looked about hastily, and failing to observe the little heap in which Virginia sat huddled up by the rail, ran in agitatedly and said that Miss Suarez was not on deck "in the least."

"I told you!" gasped Mrs. Shayne. "Ah! Finley, you never did understand a woman's nature! She's thrown herself away!"

"Nonsense!" said Silberberg, who had walked glumly in from his cabin. "Did you look aft?"

"No," said the maid, applying her handkerchief to her eyes, "Miss Suarez would never go back there, sir!"

"She'd go anywhere—"

So far Mr. Silberberg got, stopped and recommenced.

"This assassin," said he, "must be aft with the crew. There's only one place where Miss Suarez can be!"

"Go, Finley!" cried Mrs. Shayne, "and rescue the wayward child before it is too late!"

Without pausing to think of the exact nature of the dreadful thing which could make it too late, Mr. Shayne ran aft and astonished the crew by bursting into their midst and staring wildly about as if demented. Willett took his eye from the chart he was plotting, removed his goggles from the top of his head and hung them up quite with the air of a man clearing his decks for action.

"What is it, sir?" he asked calmly.

"Where is Miss Suarez?" panted Mr. Shayne.

"I don't know, sir," replied Willett.

"Where's that fellow we picked up?" demanded Shayne.

"The young engineer?" queried Willett, as if to draw a distinction.

"The hound we picked up!" roared Shayne. "You know who I mean! Where is he?"

"I don't know," responded Willett.

"Haven't they been aft?" interrogated Shayne, "either of them? He or Miss Suarez? They must be here! Confound it, where are they, men? They aren't anywhere else. They must be aft here with you!"

Of this very logical statement the crew made earnest and serious denial, seeing how almost hysterical their commander was. Really, no denial was required, as Mr. Shayne's eyes showed him at once the absence of the pair he sought and the truthfulness of his men.

"They're gone!" he exclaimed, rushing into the cabin. "Max, they've gone over the side!"

"That parachute," said Max, "couldn't save two from death, even if they made a good drop. And in this darkness—"

Virginia, having recovered her self-possession and the control of her knees, rose, peered off into the gloom for a few minutes, as if to gain another glimpse of her falling preserver, and entering her cabin, threw herself on her bed. She knew not that she was supposed to be lost, or that this very spot had been searched for her until further examination of it was not thought of. She felt a horror of Silberberg, a sense of disgust with the Shaynes. To think that they could so insult this young man who had saved her life and treated her so beautifully, no matter what he was! Couldn't they see that he was superior to any of them, were he a thousand times a smuggler or pirate—if there were such things as pirates? To offer him money! To send him aft like a servant! No wonder he had struck Silberberg's odious nose: the wonder was, considering his wild and untamable nature, that he had not torn both Max and her uncle limb from limb! The wonder was that he had not made Silberberg and Shayne walk the plank, subdued the crew, put Aunt Marie off at some safe place and flown in the captured and perverted Roc to some verdurous, languorous, sensuous tropical island, there to—

Miss Suarez awoke from a nap and was glad to assure herself that the ecstacy with which she had contemplated the commandeering of the Roc—and herself—by the young bandit, was one of those inversions of feeling to which, in dreams, we are so prone. She rose, preened like a bird before the mirror, and sat down to think. The voices of her uncle and aunt and Mr. Silberberg came to her ears from the main salon. Opening her window for air, she noted that the roar of the wind from the earth had ceased, and knew that they had reached the calm area, of which Willett had spoken, in the middle of the "low." They would probably have an easy landing in Chicago. And then?

One thing was certain: she would not live longer with the Shaynes. They were too sordid, too hard, too cruel. They looked upon her too much as an animal to be sold. They had insulted—some one. They had insulted her by acting as if she could care anything for the young fellow who had saved her. And she would—not — stay — with — them—any longer!

These words she emphasized by rythmically clenching and opening her hands. She was quite fiercely resolved. She would leave them and teach school or paint miniatures for something.

Oh! If she only had just one relative in the world save Aunt Marie!

Stay! The thought struck her of her mother's father's people, somewhere in the south. Her mother had been disowned by her family for a perversely contracted marriage; but they were southerners, and they would not see an orphant girl of their kin go homeless. Her grandfather was long since dead; and just who might represent the family now she had no idea, but she would nevertheless find out where they lived, and go to them. She would ask to be cared for until she could find employment. She would not humiliate herself by staying with the Shaynes and the Silberbergs longer. She would leave Aunt Marie a note of thanks for all her many kindnesses, take her really, truly own belongings, and fly south. So there!

So resolving, she became quite calm, and walked into the main saloon in a very matter-of-fact way. Aunt Marie gave a shrill scream and fainted. Silberberg said that he would be—tormented. Mr. Shayne stared blankly and reached automatically for his wife's smelling salts, which he applied, at first, to the swollen nose of his guest.

"Oh, child!" gasped Aunt Marie, "where have you been with him?"

Virginia stood still, her eyes ablaze, her cheeks burning. The Roc was coming into the Chicago garage on the roof of the Aerostatic Power Building, in a most beautiful landing; but none of the party knew it. Silberberg was gazing at the enraged Virginia in unbounded admiration—her splendid anger had won him back. Shayne spoke in foolish agreement with his wife, half believing for the moment that there was something questionable in Virginia's absence.

"With a beggar!" said he.

"A bandit!" said Aunt Marie "an assassin!"

(Continued Tomorrow.)

**Took All His Money**

Often all a man earns goes to doctors or for medicines, to cure a Stomach, Liver or Kidney trouble that Dr. King's New Life Pills would quickly cure at slight cost. Best for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Constipation, Jaundice, Malaria and Debility. 25c at all druggists.

# GETS $100,000 FOR SAVING A LIFE

OTTAWA, Ont., Feb. 28.—The sum of $100,000 has been willed to John S. Andrews of Sault Ste. Marie. efore coming to Canada Andrews was a porter on the London & Northwestern railway. He saved an aged woman from falling from the platform to the track in front of an approaching train. The matter was forgotten by Andrews, who has been working in a lumber camp near the Soo during the winter, until a notification reached him that he was heir to a fortune of $100,000. He is now on his way to England.

# SEYMOUR RETURNS WITH BRIDE

President W. W. Seymour of the park board, who went East in December and married Miss Emily Risley of New Milford, Conn., and then took a bridal tour to the Bermudas and through this country, visiting the large cities, returned home Saturday evening.

Mr. Seymour says he thinks the site contemplated in Wright park for the historical and Ferry Museum buildings is too small, but he says it is up to the people to get together and secure a site that will do.

He says the matter of playgrounds in Point Defiance park, a site for the South Tacoma library and other matters will be taken up at once.

# MAY DRAIN VALUABLE LAND

Residents of the Earl have petitioned the county commissioners to drain 1,325 acres of rich reservation land lying between Dead Man's gulch, Clark's creek, the Northern Pacific right-of-way and the Puyallup river, which has been about 12 inches under water during the winter months. The cost will be about $10 an acre which will be assessed against the abutting property. A commission of three will be appointed by the commissioners to look after the work following an election to be held March 22. A county road along the dyke is also asked for.

# NIGHT SCHOOLS ASSURED

No object now stands in the way of public night schools in Tacoma and the matter of establishing them will be considered at the next meeting of the board of education. The only restriction was the maximum age limit, which was removed at the last session of the legislature. The plan will probably carry. About 1,000 Scandinavians and fully as many American boys and men now forced to work during the day will be benefited by the institution of the night schools.

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HUTCHISON
Dentist
1219½ Pacific Ave.

HANSEN'S WORK GLOVES
$1 to $1.75
UDALL
THE CLOTHIER
912 COMMERCE ST.
Out of the High Rent District

Importers Tea & Coffee Co.
955 So. D st., near 11th.
Stretching a dollar at our store means that it will go twice as far when you buy our best teas and coffees at half the regular price.
Best Teas, (any kind), lb. ..... 30c
Best old crop Coffee, lb. ..... 22c
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15 Osteopathic Treatments $15

This big reduction in price for a few days only. Every known disease cured without knife or drugs. Most successful treatment known for Cancer, Rheumatism, Lumbago. Best equipped offices in the city.

Dr. M. C. Macy, City. Dear Sir: I had been bothered with stomach and bowel trouble for two years previous to taking a course of your treatment in July 1907. I have been entirely free from this trouble since coming to you. I heartily commend your treatment.

Yours respectfully,
H. B. COLEMAN,
3815 So. Yakima ave.

DR. MACY
Specialist Eye, Stomach, Chronic and Nervous Diseases. 1146½ Pacific ave. A 1529. M. 2566.

# Professional Men, Lawyers, Doctors, Architects, Men Who Think, Read the Times in Greater Numbers Than Any Other Two Local Papers Combined

In nearly all of the big office buildings in Tacoma, two copies of the Times are delivered to one copy of any other paper. **This statement can easily be verified.**

Thinking men read the Times because they find in it those things which they demand. They are not contented with dry censored news, and with inane comment. They want their newspaper to strike straight out from the shoulder. They demand progressive thought and action. They insist upon knowing exactly what happens, not just the little that some "special interest" editor thinks they ought to have.

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