Virginia of the Air Lanes

By HERBERT QUICK, Author of Double Trouble

(Continued.)

Virginia, taking him for Silberberg turned to him a face hot with anger, stood looking at him a moment; then all the displeasure faded away and something quite irreconcilable with it took its place. Because she held out both hands and looked so divine, Carson took them and held them close.

"My robber!" she whispered. "Are you a stowaway? Are you escaping?"

"Psyche! Psyche!" he gushed, under circumstances distinctly unfavorable for outpourings of souls. "Oh! I'm glad! No, escape is quite hopeless! And you are well after, after——"

"After my orgy?" she queried.

A farmer thought he heard the first bobolink of spring, as her laugh tinkled from the clouds.

"Virginia!"

It was Mrs. Shayne who called.

"Please come in," said she. "It's wet out there."

Mr. Carson gave Virginia his arm and she swept into the cabin leaning proudly on it.

"Uncle Finley," said she, "I don't know how he happens to be aboard but this—this my—"

"We know," said Mr. Shayne.

"We picked up your deliverer down in the woods, Virginia."

"Oh," said she. "Then I—"

"Your were the only one, it seems, in ignorance of Mr. Theodore's presence. We have some business to talk over. What's up, Willett?"

Willett, the pilot, appeared at the door with a salute. He was a stooped little scholarly looking man who wore great mica goggles shoved back on his forehead.

"You sent for the course and distances, sir," he replied.

Mrs. Shayne sank back upon a broad upholstered divan built into the wall. Silberberg twitched Shayne's arm to gain his attention. But the owner of the Roc received his pilot's report.

"We seem to be breaking records," went on Willett. "The distance gage shows St. Louis the nearest, with a low variation for headway. Indianapolis is weak, right around 150 miles; and we're getting indistinct registry that's either Nashville or Chicago, depending on whether it falls off or increases. Plotting the course on the theory that it's Chicago showing up, we're shooting into Illinois a good deal faster than the wind. Here's the trial sheet, sir."

By George!" cried Shayne, looking at the sheet. "That's going some, isn't it? What's the matter, Max?"

"I want to see you a minute," growled Silberberg, and drew Shayne out upon the deck.

Willett went back to his work; Mrs. Shayne bowed grandly to the empty air which her gaze indicated as occupying Carson's position; Virginia begging his pardon with her eyes, excused herself and followed her aunt, and Carson was alone.

He felt the insult, the condescension, the utter contempt of him which the treatment accorded to him by all but Virginia made plain. He hated them. He wished fervently that he had never stepped aboard to ask a favor of the great and arrogant Shayne. He would enter into no arrangement with him, now; he would win his own victory, or fail. He would make the world gasp. He was in a simmering fury; a silly, reasonless, boy's fury; but his instincts were true.

Silberberg was making it unpleasant for Shayne again. This fellow, he said had been taking liberties with Miss Suarez, and he, Silberberg, would not stand it. He was a stickler for Turkish propriety now, forgetting the episode which had made Virginia throw in the clutch of the helicopter, and thus brought Carson into the tragicomedy. Perhaps he was suspicious that Miss Suarez would not have thrown in the clutch if it had been this young chap paying her his court.

"I tell you Shayne," he urged hotly, "he must be put off! He must be paid and put off. If he isn't—"

"If he isn't," smiled Shayne, "it wouldn't be a serious matter, would it, Max?"

"Yes," spluttered Silberberg. "He insulted me! I tell you, it's all over between Federated Metals and Aerostatic Power, if I'm forced to take things like this."

Shayne laughed heartily; but he heeded. Silberberg wandered off into incoherent profanity. He was ready to do almost anything in his jealousy, which was a weakness of his well known in circles in which his affaires du coeur were known. Mr. Shayne saw real danger of a breach to which no obligations to Carson could have forced him, and grasped Silberberg's hand warmly. He made his decision without much real difficulty, though he hated being bullied by Silberberg. Yielding, he yielded completely, as a diplomat should.

"Max, old man," said he, "you're quite right! We can't go down in this wind to let him land; but we can settle with him, and send him aft. Come with me."

Theodore was examining his parachute. As the pair entered the cabin he loosened the lashings, and was closing and spreading a pair of light, collapsible Gossett deflectors. He slung the case over his shoulder and stood with his black brows frowning, the slim parachute in his hand.

"I have decided," said Shayne, "that your aeronef doesn't interest me."

"Very well," replied Theodore. "You are the sole judge of that, of course."

"And you may consider the negotiations off," went on Shayne.

"I adopted that theory some time ago," replied Carson.

Shayne took out his purse and ostentatiously removed from it a number of bills.

"I think I ought to pay you for your time," said he, "and your service to my niece. Please take these, and be good enough to go aft with the crew."

If Silberberg had not seen fit to indulge in a sardonic laugh at this exigency, the explosion would not have occured; but that sneering chuckle acted as a detonator on Carson's temper. He struck Shayne's extended hand, scattering the bills over the floor. One of them slid slithering across to the door and was just blowing out when Silberberg caught it. The others lodged in corners like green snow. Shayne stood with flaring nostrils, and white with rage. Silberberg, the money rustling in his fear shaken hand, appealed to Shayne not to be rash.

"Don't notice this fellow, Shayne," said he. "He wants to keep his hold on the girl, and—"

The speech was cut short by a blow from Carson's flat hand, delivered with lightening quickness, and with stinging force. As calmly as though bidding Silberberg good morning Carson spoke to him.

"Be careful how you speak of her," said he, "or I'll throw you over the side. Mr. Shayne permit me to say that you are a cur. I shall leave this craft at once."

He started to go on deck, but as if reconsidering, he turned and rapped on the door through which Virginia had disappeared. The girl opened and looked breathlessly into Theodore's face, read the story of passion and strife and insult. Shayne still stood as if fixed; Silberberg was stanching a bleeding nose with his handkerchief. Virginia gasped, and looked at Theodore questioningly.

"I am about to leave the Roc," said he. "I could not leave without bidding you good-by."

"Going?" said she, clinging to banalities because she could think of nothing else. "Have we descended?"

"Keep away from that man!" screamed Silberberg. "He struck me! And he knocked your uncle's money all over the ship."

The girl looked at the fugitive bills which Silberberg had begun laboriously to pick up, and shot a glance of comprehension at Theodore.

"You are a man!" said she. "Let me see you safe aground."

Carson stood aside for her, and they went out upon the mile high deck. She halted, aghast to note that they were still high among the clouds of the storm, plowing on through a wild waste of tossing vapor, while the hoarse growl from the earth was so distant as to admonish her of the giddy height from the ground. Beyond the illumination of the lights, it was absolutely dark.

"You must be going aft?" said she interrogatively. "I'll go with you."

"No," said he. "I shall never see you again; but I shall never forget you! Good-by, Psyche, good-by!"

That instantaneous leave taking the trembling girl never forgot. Pressing her hands, he started forward as if to press her in his arms, while she made no gesture of either yielding or resisting. He turned from the embrace already half begun, stepped upon the rail, and dropped off into that black abyss of night and tempest. Like a stone he fell, lost in the mists.

The parachute so far as she could see, had not opened in the least when he vanished; and with pallid face she stood there, peering over into the unpeopled space, her soul filled with horrible visions of the end of that wild and reckless leap at the behest of pride. As she pictured his fall to the solid earth, she covered her face with her hands and sank down on the deck.

CHAPTER IV
THE FALL THAT FOLLOWED PRIDE

Theodore fell like a stone, so swiftly that the aeronat seemed to dart incontinently toward heaven. All about him were the tossing folds of the cloud, streaming horsetails of fog, fleeces of aerial wool, invisible, save for the lights of the Roc, which intermittently revealed the vaporous details and partly dispelled the illusion that he was falling eternally, like a soul hurled forth into a purgatory of limitless descent. Like the retinal image of a quenched flame, he saw in the murk the eyes of Shayne's niece, and her white face under the quaint pointed hat, blankly amazed at his desperate leap from the air ship. Suddenly the pull of the parachute admonished him that at last it was doing its work, and restored to him an acute perception of his situation.

He felt none the effects of the gale; but the wind of his fall burst upwards as from the mouth of some huge blower, fighting his descent, stripping off his hat, and snapping his hair like whip lashes. Black as the heavens was all below until directly beneath him there suddenly burst forth a great red light that kindled the cloud to crimson, turning the heavens to a sky of sanguinary vapor spanning a sea of flame. The mysterious light swelled like an outbursting conflagration; filled the falling boy with terror; and then, as swiftly as it had grown, it waned, faded, and the sky was dark again. The fear of the eery and inexplicable chilled him more than did the fierce March blast. The expanded parachute suspended him over fiery mystery and an unknown land, wondering, wishing for day, or for clear darkness even, that he might see on what or into what he was falling.

If he but knew the land, he might set the deflectors and work his fall over into safety—if safety the neighborhood afforded. How the wind's voice grew! Whether on church spire or chimney or tower, into garden or wood or graveyard or into open grave, it was a wild dangerous night in which to land.

Suddenly he burst from the floor of the cloud like a meteorite, and saw a long procession of white and violet lights speeding past him and away to the distance, the arc lights of a town set into apparent flight by the speed of his headlong career before the wind. Far off in the glare of a locomotive fire box he could see a devilish fireman, weirdly stoking. Had there been light for it Carson had scant time to survey his land fall; but he judged instantaneously that on either side would lie the open fields; and to avoid the roofs and chimneys, he set the deflectors to nurse off his descent toward farms and soft earth.

The town fled away; the roar of the wind rose about him; he was whipped stingingly by the branches of a tall tree; then a lower one bowed him through its dense top; he laid hold of a slim birch, and as it bent like a fishing rod under his weight, he let go the sheets of his parachute, the wind spilled from the silken leach, and he tumbled neavily into a mattress like bridal wreath bush, over an asphalted walk, and, eased down by the shrubbery, he rose unhurt, so far as he could feel, to find himself by a rustic seat near a dry fountain. On his left he could make out a long building three or four stories high, the roof of which he had barely missed, looming against the night sky, black, solid, "dark like the fool's heart," and to his eyes, immitigably sinister.

A high wall running back from each end of this structure, seemed to him to bound the garden—for garden he guessed it to be. Back in some crepuscular jungle he heard the throaty bellow of a great dog ,and thanked heaven that he had left no trail. He found his parachute almost uninjured, whipped it about with the lashings, and slung it on his back. The dog's felonious bark seemed angrier now, and, he fancied nearer. Feeling for his pistol and finding it lost, he limped—for he now discovered that one knee was hurt—across the lawn to the place farthest from the dog.

Following the wall, he found it integral with that of the house. For 244 or 300 feet back, it was blank and high and insurmountable. The dog was still now, and, though Theodore's legs prickled with the fear of fangs at each rustle in the shrubbery, he reconnoitered the rear wall to a brick barn into which the house was built. Everything was depressingly secure and substantial and workmanlike. Like the walls that surround the terrestrial paradise, these structures were as the native rock of the rock of the eternal hills.

In the other corner was the dog; and he shrank from exploration in that direction. So, through beds of dry phlox, iris and tiger lilies, he returned to the long house, and stole across to the fourth side, where he found a door through the wall, tight shut and impregnable. Back by this last long wall he felt his way, still baffled. A sense of durance and incarceration began to overpower him, in the desperation of which he ventured back, even to the barn again, thus having completely circumnavigated both the garden and the Cerberus guarding it. He felt as he passed the kennel much as Ulysses must have done with the blinded and furious Polyphemus feeling about the cave for him; but on he stole, only to make sure that there was no way out. The very sterness of the architecture pointed to this conclusion as a moral and mural certainty. Only one course remaind: to knock at the Dark Tower at the rear and asked to be let out; and from this he shrank. He knew nothing of the place, its people, or its laws. Still, it was America, and well along toward the middle of the twentieth century; and his punishment would be endurable, he hoped, praying fervently that the laws whatever state it might be, would not make burgulary of his offense, which was "entering," to be sure, but not by "breaking"—unless one counted the birch limbs and the bridal wreath—and which quite lacked malice aforethought. Calling up his scattered courage by the drumming in his ears, he went with some steadiness up to the long veranda, and was about to violate its columned shades, when a shrill whistle sounding from the top of the porch instantly commanded his attention.

It was of those sharp, hissing boys' whistles, made with the curved forefinger stuck into one corner of the mouth and out at the other—an enviable and fiendish trick. It shrilled above the blast like the signal to go swimming. Theodore backed into the open, and saw a man on the roof, just in the act of swinging himself down over the eave.

"Get under here, old sport," said the voice, "and give a liberty loving classmate a leg down."

Theodore received on his shoulder a rather small shoe, reached up and steadied a somewhat bony leg, and was about to let his burden down, when the liberty loving one collapsed in all his members, and came down by the run, in all ways, and, as it seemed, on all sides at once of his helper.

Carson started forward to raise the demoralized fugitive to his feet, but he was already up and in the darkness and seemed to be bowing and kissing his hand to an imaginary audience, like a tumbler acknowledging applause.

"My celebrated Avernus act," said he. "Special gravitation expert to the crowned heads! But hist! Let me greet thee! An' ye be noble, salute my cheek; an' ye be slob, receive my contemptuous thanks!—Hey, old sport?"

"I hope you aren't hurt," said Carson.

"Nay, that's past hoping!" answered the other. "I am busted in all ways! Compound comminuated and stellated fractures are now desirable, in view of my worser scath. I am sore spent, and I fear I have torn my panties. But I have escaped—"(here he spoke piercingly into Carson's ear)—"a doom that in another moment would have topped the agonies of deepest hell raised to the Nth power! But I am selfish! I talk only of myself—and things. Let us fuse our souls, reveal the secrets of our beings. I wot we are kindred spirits, rectified, one proof, aged to the wood and bottled in bond—bottled tight! Wottest thou not so, w'at?"

Unable ot account for his affinity's uncommon mode of address, and quite as unable to escape, Carson stood mute, alone with a possible lunatic and a very probable dog, in a walled garden into which he had dropped from the night sky, in an Alabama suit of clothes, in a climate which in all likelihood belonged to Illinois, but reminded one of Greenland. There seemed to be nothing adequate to say.

"If your being remains reticent as to its inner springs of joy and sorrow," remarked the stranger, as if speaking of some foreign and recalcitrant thing, the proper treatment of which might present a delicate problem, "let me unlock its refractory atomic nature with the ferment of my celebrated system of cross examination, elaborated in the case of Gorrell vs. Gorrell. If the generalities thou wilt not wilt, let us reverse the evolutionary process and proceed from abstract to the concrete, from the general to the particular. In what orchestra do you play traps?"

"I am not a musician," answered Theodore.

"Stricken out as not responsive," rejoined the stranger. I never hinted at it; but from your caput cometh a rattle like a muted castanet, and anon like a battery of telegraph sounders. Stay! Is it possible that it emanates from the clattering of your teeth? Catiff, you the scarit—or in an ague that would reduce a foundry rather to matchwood! Art cold, fair youth?"

"Then come, come away, tra-la la, with me," said the strange denizen of the dark house; "to a realm of balmy air and breezes of Ceylon. To heel; and if thy heavy hoof but scrape the gravel to betray our flight, thou diest, and all thy wad is gobbled by the privy coffer of the emporium. To heel!"

With a swift darting movement the stranger turned, and followed obediently by Carson, went by the bridal wreath bush of concussive memory, and across to a building which Theodore guessed to be a green house. His guide opened the door, and stood back with elaborate courtesy that Carson might precede him. Entering, Theodore found himself among beds of flowers which filled the house save for a central passageway, all in deep shadow, fragrant and warm.

"I shall not freeze," said he to himself; "and that is some comfort."

The stranger stayed so long at the door that Carson began to feel quite sure of having been beguiled into a prison by his polite companion, and that the next phase would be the constabulary and arraignment. He was guilty of trespass; and the case for attempted burglary might be plausible; but surely, they would not be severe. He was safe from the dog, now, and what matter if the trial should delay his return south? In the confusion of his mind, hard obvious exigencies lost importance to him, numbed as he was by the amputation of a great hope. Shayne had meant everything that might make or mar his life; and he had defied and angered him irremediably. That was irreparable; but he had struck Silberberg's thick lipped mouth—and that was worth much. He had had another meeting with the nameless niece; she had stood by him against her uncle and Silberberg, who was a great figure and a suitor for her favor. These were unavailable assets financially, but they meant so much to the foolish boy that he forgot the man who had enticed him into this flowery jail; forgot everything except the white face of Shayne's niece, pleading against his foolhardiness, as he leaped from the aeronat, and, spurning her deck in youthful indignation, shot downward into the cloud. Her one arm was about the aluminum stanchion, its hand on her breast, the other on her hat. She had changed the flowery bonnet for a little bycocket of bottle-green velvet, broded over by a graceful plume, and worn with the point over her eyes, the turned up brim behind, and the sharp crown flattened over like the top of a mountain struck while plastic by a huge paddle. He could see it all, the great air ship lessening to a dim blur in the high mists, the face and eyes and the quaint little bycocket hat glowing on and on with faithful steadiness. Constables! A fig—

"It is too dark," said his guide, rejoining him, "to make the exchange of cards more than an empty and invisible formality. Yet, I would fain know more of you than the bare data of your instability as a ladder and the bright and snappy technique of your tooth clattering. Quite material enough, it is true, had one the time to work it out, but, to coin a phrase, what's the use? Beyond your nocturnal habits, what peculiar volitional defect brings you here? To follow the usual conversational forms here, are you a steady, or a periodical?"

"I don't understand," answered Carson. "I came here quite by accident. I had no intention of coming. I—"

"Quite so," interposed his interlocutor. "Let's sit down by the American Beauty bed—there. If we might strike a match, now . . I estimate that half of us lush-logged derelicts go ashore here, in a state, to coin a word, of orey eyed wooziness. I may say that I came myself by accident, and without meaning to do so—or otherwise . . I must have a smoke!"

He seemed to be feeling for a cigar case, tapping his person in various places where it might be secreted. Then came the scratch of the match; and Theodore scrutinized the face in the flare of the matches, as, with nervous, unsteady movements the stranger lighted the weed.

He was a medium sized person, with deep set eyes flickering from their caverns with a blurred sharpness, like tungsten lamps seen through a veil. His face was sallow and colorless, with hollows in the cheeks, whose announcement of ill health was contradicted by the general appearance of hardness of face and neck, like that of seasoned oak. He wore a flat cap with the crown piled forward; and his heavy long hair of a neutral brown matching his complexion, fell to his collar in a mass that made any cap seem superfluous. Two or three heavy witchlocks lay like a disordered mane over his forehead, mingling with eyebrows of youthful lightness. His nose was irregularly notched in profile, like the stub of something else broken off in his face with an angular fracture like crystalized iron. He had sensitive lips, and a mouth which was shapely and rather fine, but drooped at the corners pathetically. His chin was deeply hollowed at the base of the lip, and cut through by a perpendicular crevasse which must have been a bother to his barber. Altogether it was a curiously complex face, both in feature and expression, and spoke to Carson of the inborn wildness, and wild ability of its owner. But he looked anything but insane.

(To be continued next Sunday.)

CONCISE MARKET QUOTATIONS

(By United Press Leased Wire)

NEW YORK, April 2.—The Wall Street Summary in its issue Monday will say:

Price movements during the last week were again to lower levels, losses ranging from 2 to 5 points. The bear leaders had plenty of developments on which to base their campaign, chief among them being the additions to the burdens of the railroads in the shape of increased fixed charges because of new securities and advances in wages of employes. The question now in stockholders' minds is as to the prospect of maintaining dividends on many roads, and already many, instead of hoping for increases, fear that in some cases, particularly two important western lines a reduction of dividend payments will be imperative.

The most important market factor of the week was the action of the Atchison directors offering $33,000,000 convertible 4 per cent bonds to stockholders at 102. The course of the stock and the movement of the new bonds after this announcement was made proved to be the dominating influence over traders in the rest of the list, and presented the keynote of the entire speculative situation.

CHICAGO, April 2.—It was a day of great weakness in the grain markets, wheat and corn suffering considerably more than did oats, and July and September wheat more acutely than the May delivery. At the close the respective declines were as follows:

May wheat, ⅝@¾c; July and September, each 1¼@1⅜c; May, July and September corn, all 1c lower.

May oats lost ⅜c; July, ½@⅝c, and September, ⅜c.

The market for wheat had a weak opening because there was somewhat better prospect for rain. Opening prices were declines of from ½c to ¾c, and fear of rain was the cause.

Nothing occurred to check the decline except the occasional taking of profits by a few of the shorts. There was no support from the leading longs, but that class did not appear to be taking part in the selling.

Declining tendency of wheat at the start, and prospect of some needed rain to keep the soil in shape for spring work in planting operations gave a weak send-off to the corn market, first prices being about ¼c down from yesterday's close.

This market got no support from holders, but on the contrary much long stuff was disposed of as the market weakened.

There was no failure on the part of the operators in oats to fall in line with the downward course of grains, and nothing to suggest that they ought to have done otherwise, as far as the general situation of the dealings was concerned.

Trade in provisions was active to start, and the market was oversold. Prices broke sharply and sellers appeared to be principally those who had previously bought what they were disposing. Stop-loss orders were reached and became an additional cause for weakness.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

DOLAND IS ASKED

one that they spend in this community.

Those who favor the requirement of terminal rate and common user provisions have been and still are consistent with the rate fights which have heretofore been waged in the courts and before the interstate commerce commission. The interstate commerce commttee of the chamber of commerce and the Merchants' association secured funds from the city, county and the public upon the representation that the pending rate case was a wise move and necessary, because the railroad companies would not give to the shippers here equitable or just freight rates.

Among those in favor of the attitude of the city council are such men as J. A. Schiller, who has been through and connected with all the rate cases heretofore prosecuted, and no one in the city has had more experience with those cases.

Among the many shippers who favor the position of the council are such men as H. N. Metzger, B. L. Gordon, H. D. Trunkey, A. A. Kraft, B. Gard Ewing, L. F. Ford, F. O. Berg, L. G. Adams.

Mr. Metzger is no doubt the best informed man on freight rates in this city and knows more of the inner workings of both the railroads and jobbers than does any man on the "citizens' committee," and probably more than the entire committee combined. Mr. Metzger was freight agent of the N. P. for many, many years.

Those who are favoring the stand taken by the council have contributed more liberally in time and money (according to their means) than have the "Citizens committee" or the real estate agents who, at the instance of Mr. Strahorn, crystalized the "Citizens committee" railroad move.

There are many people who feel that they have "intelligence" and by means thereof believe that the city of Spokane can legally and lawfully make such a contract as is proposed by the terminal rate provisions offered by Councilman Ostrander. These citizens, who believe that they have some "intelligence" are supported in their views by President Taft, whom they believe also has some "intelligence."

Those who favor the stand of the council feel that they have no more reason to believe the officials of the road who are now endeavoring to enter the city than they had to believe Mr. Hill in 1892. They believe that any one road can enter into the proposed contract without the consent of any other road. They believe that the people of this city, if united, could do for themselves what the courts or the interstate commerce commission have not done for them.

What are the North Coast and Milwaukee roads coming for except to participate in excessive freight rates? The council or the people are not undertaking to make the Milwaukee or the North Coast repay anything heretofore unlawfully or unjustly collected by the railroads here, but are simply insisting that the roads now asking for valuable privileges shall not be granted same, unless they agree that they will not exact, charge or collect anything in excess of "terminal rates." There is no attempt to do anything to the new roads other than to make a reasonable contract with them for the future. The interstate commerce commission can only fix maximum rates, the railroads can fix at any time rates lower than the maximum fixed by the commission. No doubt the truth is that the commission would be very glad if this city would insist upon terminal rate provision in the franchise and relieve them of the burden of the pending case. The fact that the Milwaukee is not a member of the Transcontinental association is strong proof that it can name whatever rate is pleases. If the North Coast railroad is a "local road, building entirely in the state of Washington," then terminal rate provisions in its franchise can not do it any harm whatever so long as it remains such local or state road.

Mr. Doland himself is the best evidence of the fact that one road can make a rate whenever they want to. This was done by the Harriman system for Mr. Doland in 1905 and Mr. Doland's case is not the only one of that character.

It is due the public that the "Citizens committee" inform the public how many members of the "Citizens committee," or members of the chamber of commerce, who are advocating the stand taken by the "Citizens committee," appeared before the city council or called upon councilmen and requested them to grant the advance in wages.

Is it not better to be as Mr. Ostrander, a man of his own convictions, rather than pretended friend of labor at one time and enemies thereof at another?

Mr. Strahorn's letter to union labor does not mention contractors. It is a well known fact that no railroad builds its own line, that it is usually and ordinarily built entirely by contract and the contractors do all the work and employ whatever labor the contractors see fit.

No doubt the union labor of this city is fully aware of the scale being paid to common labor by the railroads now doing business in this city. If not they can readily ascertain by making inquiry of the Great Northern or Northern Pacific.

The proposed recognition of union labor on the work is mere subterfuge. Only skilled labor can be secured through the unions. This proposed recognition, therefore, has no force or effect. There will be very little work for skilled labor; common labor will have to do nearly all the work in constructing railroads.

The statement that $60,000,000 will be spent in Washington and Idaho in construction of new lines is absurd. All of the property of the Oregon Railway & Navigation company in the state of Washington has been appraised by the railroad commission of Washington at less than $20,000,000. All of the property, including road, terminal and everything of the Great Northern in the state of Washington has been appraised by the railroad commission of the state of Washington at less than $60,000,000. The railroad commission of the state of Washington has appraised 900 miles of road and all the terminals and property in the state of Washington of the Northern Pacific Co. at less than $65,000,000. These appraisals include also rolling stock used in the operation of the road.

It is stated upon good authority that a first class railroad can be built from here to the Columbia river—about 40 miles—for $2,000,000, and there connect with river navigation.

Terminal rates will be of vastly more benefit and be a permanent and lasting benefit to all classes and especially to the laboring class of this city.

The ridiculous part of the whole matter is the liberality of the "Citizens committee" in spending their own money so freely and the liberality with which they have subscribed and donated funds to carry on such a vigorous campaign for the railroads, when it was so difficult to secure contributions for the expenses incident to the rate case now pending for the interstate commerce commission. If, however, we are mistaken about this being the money of the "Citizens committee" then it would be interesting to the public to have the "Citizens committee" publish a detailed and itemized statement and the names of the persons contributing to and furnishing the funds for the vigorous campaign which has been waged for the benefit of the railroads, and it especially would be interesting to know how much each of the railroads has contributed. People's Terminal Rate Committee, by J. B. Valentine, secretary.

REFINED LOOKING WOMAN CHARGED WITH STEALING

A handsomely gowned and refined appearing woman, booked at the police station as Jane Doe, but who is believed to be a woman of good family and of considerable prominence, was captured yesterday evening in the act of theft of a purse at the Crescent store. Her arrest is due to the alertness of Mrs. Galusha, for years the house detective of the place, who witnessed the deed and called for the police.

In the woman's possession was found considerable stolen stuff which she admitted taking from various other stores she had visited during the afternoon, yesterday. Within an hour after Officer Chester Edwards had brought the shoplifter to the station, her husband, also a person of excellent appearance, appeared and put up $50 bail for her release until Monday, when she is supposed to appear in court for preliminary trial. The bond will likely be forfeited by her nonappearance.

OFFICER ROUTS BURGLARS AT WORK ON DOOR

Officer Mark Wood's timely appearance at the Kerr grocery store at 1506 Washington street about 11:55 o'clock last night, on the regular round of his beat, undoubtedly prevented the place from being robbed. A series of holes had been bored about the lock on the rear door and from every indication the robbers fled at the officer's approach. Officers kept up a vigil for the rest of the night, expecting them to return to complete the job.

Monday Specials From MARR'S
Spot Cash Store

17 Pounds
Best cane granulated sugar. With $5 other goods, 17 lbs. for $1.00; with $3.00 other goods, 8½ lbs. for ....50¢
$1.50
Marbest flour, exceptionally good, warranted to please; 49 lbs. $1.50
Guaranteed flour; 49 lbs. for $1.25
MARR
Spokane's Only Strictly Spot Cash Grocer
716 FIRST AVENUE
Phone, Main 4286

Flowers
Headquarters for violets. We are receiving daily shipments of California's choicest violets in their original large bunches for 25c
Patronize those who give you your money's worth.
CHOICE LINE PLANTS AND TREES
The Rose Floral Co.
Spokane's Cut-Rate Up-to-date Florist, Opposite Paulsen Bldg.
Phone Main 4378.

Our catalog is free.
W. E. ALLEN, Prin.
Phone 3429. 600 Columbia

Ladies Only
Take the elevator and save dollars.
Beautiful line of tailored and lingerie waists. Sample dresses in pongee and taffeta silk, panama cloth. Wash dresses and silk petticoats at wholesale prices. Low rent and small expenses enables us to sell at such low figures.
The Florence WAIST HOUSE
510 MOHAWK BLOCK.

CLASSIFIED PRESS ADS

MISCELLANEOUS FOR SALE —Continued.

Sell the old furniture that is stored in the attic. It is of no use to you, but it may be just what some one else is looking for. The easiest and cheapest way to sell it is to put a "Want" Ad. under this heading. Phone your ad. to Main 374.

Spokane Auto Top Co. Sand covers, slip linings, neatly made; all styles of tops; general repairing. Wilson & Rohleder, 1202 Second.

Your pick of 5 drop-head sewing machines for $8; also pick of 10 box-tops, including Singers, New Homes and Standard rotary. Phone M. 191. Colville Piano House, 335 Sprague.

Stoves for Sale—One Faultless Malleable, 6 hole; one Majestic, 2 row type, gas; all nearly new. Main 5460.

For Sale or Trade—For any old thing, $100 check on Ellers Piano House. E. L. Perkins. Tel. Glenwood 563. Corner Liberty and Division st.

Live boy to carry route near R. R. and Division. See Hugo, The Press, 116 Division.

Thoroughbred duck, Plymouth Rock and White Leghorn eggs for setting. Sub. 7933.

For Sale—One 5 horsepower motor and wood working machinery. 01218 Ruby st. Max. 362.

Two sets of blacksmithing tools, cheap. 1028 Second. Phone 8514.

The best pine lath. Pine Lath Co., mill at corner Sinto and Oak. Phone Max. 1110.

Practically new grand piano for sale cheap if taken at once. M. 6553.

Furniture; 8 room boarding house; close in. Phone Main 8181.

For Sale—A few fine laying R. I. Red pullets; sell to make room. Address Mrs. H. S. Guilbault, Fairview Heights Poultry ranch, Meadow Lake, Wash., or Cheney R. F. D. 2.

Boston Terrier pup; male; pedigreed; good head; ¾ screw tail. Call today. 1124 Riverside.

For Sale—Furniture complete for 3 rooms; practically new; party leaving city; terms. Call Glen 71 R.

Wanted—Second hand bicycles. C. P. Burch, 222 Sprague, Main 810.

Wanted to sell—100 second-hand bicycles; good as new; old ones taken in trade. C. P. Burch, 226 Sprague.

MISCELLANEOUS FOR SALE—FUEL

Valley Wood & Coal Yard. Phone, Main 2958. W. F. Hohl, prop. All kinds of dry seasoned wood delivered to all parts of the city. Full measure; prompt delivery. E28 Front avenue, Spokane, Wash.

International Fuel Co.—Wood and coal; tamarack, $6.25; pine, $5.25; delivered. Maxwell 71.

C. & C. Fuel Co.—Wood, coal. Tamarack, fir, rick $2.75; pine, $2.50. All kinds 4 ft. wood. Main 3083.

The best mill wood. Pine Lath Co., 01316 Maple. Maxwell 1110.

Johnston Wood Yard for pine or tamarack. 1015 Cora. Maxwell 414

WOOD SAWING.

Martin Amundsen, wood sawing; reasonable charges. Phone Main 4734. E117 Third.

CLASSIFIED PRESS ADS

LIVE STOCK FOR SALE

Horse for Sale—Good; 6 years old; weight about 1400 pounds. 03620 Madison.

For Sale—A young, sound, gentle saddle pony, broke to drive; can't be beat; $65. Main 8883.

PRIVATE SANITARIUM

BURGUND'S SANITARIUM. Human bake oven and electrical massage. Specialists in rheumatism and nervous affections; free consultation. Phone Main 5318. Green bldg., 420½ Riverside ave.

Monroe Park Sanitarium—Specialty on women and children; first class care given. Phone Max. 1533 R; 04403 Lincoln.

Dr. E. Breinholm, graduate midwife; magnetic treatment; home for patients. Office 418 Riverside. M. 2628. Res. E1028 Princeton. Glen. 627-R.

REMOVAL

Drs. D. F. Sells and W. E. S. Coyne have removed to rooms 320-321 Paulsen building. Phone 3148.

Attorney Frank H. Kinsell has removed his office to 1111 Paulsen Bldg.

PATENTS

I can save you time and money on your patents. H. E. Smith, solicitor of U. S. or foreign patents, caveats, trademarks, drawings. 615 Jamieson bldg. Phone, Main 1120 for appointments evenings.

Patents that protect and pay. Advice and books free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best results. Watson E. Coleman, patent lawyer, Washington, D. C.

SECOND HAND GOODS

McBride Co., 0809 Monroe, handles all kinds of furniture; buys and sells. Phone, Maxwell 371.

The O K Furniture Co. has moved to 1020 First ave.

If you want to buy or sell furniture call J. A. Hindman. Main 4486. 338 Post street.

DOCTORS.

J. Edward Lydon, M. T. D., graduate American College Mechano Therapy. Woman's specialist. Chronic troubles. No knife or drug. 310-11 Auditorium. M. 3206.

NO DRUGS—NO KNIFE

Dr. W. F. Grover, Naturopath and Chiropractor—Specialist in chronic diseases. Many testimonials of persons that have been cured. Consultation free. 520 Mohawk blk. M. 3872.