

COOS BAY TIMES

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Dedicated to the service of the people, that no good cause shall lack a champion, and that evil shall not thrive unopposed.

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THE CUBAN SITUATION.

UBA is again on the threshold of trouble, and the war department is anticipating the necessity of intervening for the preservation of order.

The Cuban national election occurs in September and the new President will be nominated in July. The soldiers who fought against Spanish rule have organized what is called the veteran movement a pro-Cuba and anti-Spaniard movement not unlike the proscription against the American Tories that followed the war of the revolution.

The movement is taking with the masses of the people, and in the breaking down of old liberal and conservative party lines there is a threat at the stability of the government.

The war department has denied that any further provisions for intervention have been made than are always ready in case action under the Platt amendment is warranted. But the department is ready for intervention and is watching developments anxiously.

WITH THE TOAST AND TEA GOOD EVENING.

THOUGHTS ON LOVE. "Hate hath no harm for love," so ran the song: "And peace unweaponed conquers every wrong." —Whittier.

Some weep because they part And languish broken hearted, And others—oh, my heart— Because they never parted. —Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

When love is strong It never tries to take heed Or know if its return exceed Its gift. In its swift haste no greed. No strifes belong. —Helen Hunt.

The light of love shines over all; Of love that says not mine and thine. But ours, for ours is thine and mine. —Longfellow.

HER SHOULDER BAG. When Evelyn goes forth upon Her daily promenade, Lo! from her shoulder hangs a bag Of velvet or brocade, A costly fad of fashion, fringed And trimmed with cords of gold And big enough with room to spare Her dainty self to hold.

But in its soft, capacious depths, With richest satin lined, A handkerchief and powder puff Are all that one can find. Because when Evelyn had bought This fancy of the minute She did not have a penny left Alas, to carry in it. —Minna Irving.

JAMES WATSON. When politics begins to boll and candidates line up to fight, When horny-handed sons of toll can not decide just which is right; You'll find Jim Watson right in line, A soldier of the G. O. P. Without a flick without a whine, He plugs away for lib-er-ty.

H. B. HICKEY, of the Standish-Hickey Lumber Company, is here from San Francisco to arrange for the purchase of some timber in this section. His company a year or so ago bought a lumber mill at North Bend, of which W. E. Best is manager and for which he wishes to secure timber.

My AEROPLANE ADVENTURES BY J. ARMSTRONG DREXEL

V.—Bumping the Bumps In the Air

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TO the man on the ground flying in an aeroplane looks like the smoothest sailing in the world. Under ordinarily favorable weather conditions the air craft seems to skim along on a perfectly even keel and without the slightest deviation from a straight line, and that is possibly one reason why the average man thinks that the life of the aviator must be one constant succession of pleasant and exhilarating experiences. Air conditions 500 feet from the earth are vastly different from those 5,000 feet up. The lower layers of the atmosphere are enticingly smooth and easy to sail upon and offer none of the unpleasant surprises which we get as we go higher and higher. There is nothing in the first 500 or 1,000 feet to look out for except the vagaries of the wind, and these can usually be pretty well forecast from the indications on the ground before starting and from the conditions met in the first few minutes of flight.

But up above that, in the realm of the scudding mists and the drifting fringes of clouds, where one dashes out of a warm air current into the coolness of suspended moisture, one meets surprise after surprise and is forced to be always on the alert, with brain calm and hands and body ready for instant action at the first sign of an aerial hillock or ravine.

"Bumping the Bumps" In the Air.

Have you ever on a warm summer's evening gone to a pleasure resort, paid your nickel or 10 cents through a little

est fight with the "bumps" in the air. The weather was ideal for climbing. It was cold, but the air was fairly still, and the first few thousand feet of my ascent were made smoothly and without much difficulty in a steady rise that was almost mechanical in its exactness.

The barograph record is interesting in showing the progress of this flight. For those who do not know it may be well to explain that the barograph is an instrument which registers altitude, and by means of a pen point filled with indelible ink it records the variation in a constant line on a piece of paper which is moved around by clock-work.

Story Told by Barograph.

This barograph record shows that in the first fifteen minutes I rose to a height of 4,500 feet. The increasing difficulties of the climb are indicated by the fact that at the end of the next fifteen minutes I was only about 7,700 feet high, but the line traced by the pen up to this point is fairly steady, and only when it passes the 7,000 foot mark does it begin to waver. It was during this part of my flight that the strain began to tell upon me and the steadiness of my climb was interrupted by frequent descents.

In the next few minutes I got myself together better, for the line shows a sudden jump of nearly a thousand feet in about five minutes, and then it is plain to be seen that my troubles began, for the line from 8,700 feet to the topmost limit, which was gratifyingly close to the 10,000 mark, is little more than a blur. It shows that the pen point was vacillating up and



"HAD ANYTHING FAILED THERE WOULD HAVE BEEN NO ALTERNATIVE BUT A BACKWARD DROP TO AWFUL DESTRUCTION."

box office window, got into a little car with six or seven other persons and for several minutes thereafter coasted up and down a series of artificial hills and valleys at a thrilling speed? In other words, have you ever tasted of the excitements of "bumping the bumps"? Well, "bumping the bumps" is just what we do when we climb for height; we engage in aerial rough riding. Sometimes we do it voluntarily, but most of the time the "bump" comes with the complete and sudden surprise that spells disaster for us unless we are on the alert to cope with its difficulties.

I think I may claim without boasting that I have done more altitude work than any man now living. Twice I have set the world's height mark, but in my practice work I have made several climbs which to me were even more notable than those which were officially recorded, and on at least two of these my barograph registered higher than the then world's record figures. I was preparing myself for work that should be officially recorded in open competition, and in this preparation I have had experiences with the "bumps" of the air which I shall not soon forget and which have taught me always to expect the unexpected in the upper strata of the atmosphere. As I write I have before me several barograph records of my various flights and the thin tracing of the pen points on one or two of them recalls to my mind the experiences through which I passed while making them, and one in particular I pick out as being a souvenir of as strenuous a day's work as I have ever done.

It was a little jaunt into the heart of the heavens, made because of my long cherished desire to go up to the 10,000 foot mark, and it gave me my hard

down and up and down, and I shall not soon forget the plunges and jumps—the bumping the bumps—the rough riding—that caused this line to take such an appearance.

I had set out to make 10,000 feet, and when I was sure that I must be somewhere near there I looked at my barograph and found that it registered nearly a thousand feet short of my mark. I had almost reached the limit of my strength. It seemed impossible to make the Bleriot climb any higher, yet I shoved her nose up at an angle that threatened destruction if anything went wrong, but the motor only spat protestingly and dragged her forward horizontally without seeming to pull her up an inch.

I decided to see what an increase of speed would do. Accordingly I headed the nose of the Bleriot downward, and, with the engine running at its utmost, I took a deep plunge into the space below and kept plunging until my speed must have been somewhere near 100 miles an hour. Then, with this tremendous impetus, I headed the machine upward again at a good angle and was rejoiced to find that I not only flung above my starting point, but that the propeller seemed able to hold me there without difficulty.

Time after time I tried this extremely dangerous expedient, and at the end of each rise I found myself a little higher than I had been before, and, best of all, I found that I was able to hold the advantage thus gained.

Attended by Shrieking Fiends.

I cannot explain adequately just what a tremendous impression was made upon me by these aerial hurdles. On the downward slope I seemed to be hurtling madly into eternity, catapulted toward the earth and attended by

(To Be Continued.)

Charles Durham, Lovington, Ill., has succeeded in finding a positive cure for bed wetting. "My little boy wet the bed every night clear thro' on the floor. I tried several kinds of kidney medicine and I was in the drug store looking for something different to help him when I heard of Foley Kidney Pills. After he had taken them two days we could see a change and when he had taken two thirds of a bottle he was cured. That is about six weeks ago and he has not wet in bed since." RED CROSS DRUG COMPANY.

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Oregon Power Co.

Condensed Statement of the condition of The First National Bank OF COOS BAY at the Close of Business, Dec. 5, 1911.

Table with Resources and Liabilities sections. Resources: Loans and Discounts \$229,329.87, Bonds, Warrants and Securities 73,161.50, U. S. Bonds to secure circulation 25,000.00, Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures 81,472.94, Cash and Sight Exchange 141,131.93. Total \$550,096.28. Liabilities: Capital stock paid in \$100,000.00, Surplus and undivided profits 10,797.39, Circulation, outstanding 35,000.00, Deposits 414,298.89. Total \$550,096.28. INTEREST PAID ON TIME AND SAVINGS DEPOSITS. MARSHFIELD OREGON

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Home Permanency vs. Home Monotony

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