

# A PANAMA DELUGE

### On the Isthmus They Know What a Real Rainstorm Means.

### LIKE SOLID WALLS OF WATER

It Comes Down in Torrents So Dense That the Rest of the World Seems to Be Blotted Out—One Three Hour Downpour That Established a Record.

Before us spread the reposing, powerful, sun shimmering Pacific. Across the bay, clear as an evening, lay Panama, backed by Ancon hill. In regular cadence the waves swept in on the sands. Such was the scene described by Mr. Harry A. Franck in "Zone Policeman 88" when he and three comrades went one day for a swim in the ocean.

We dived in, keeping an eye out for the sharks, although we knew they never came so far in and probably would not bite if they did. The sun blazed down white hot from a cloudless sky. The lieutenant and Sergeant Jack had been unable to come, but we arranged the races and jumps in the sand, for all that, and after our swim went into them with a will and—

A raindrop fell, then a few more, then many more. Before we had finished the hundred yard dash it was undeniably raining. Half a minute later "bucketfuls" would have been a weak simile. The blanket of water blotted out Panama and Ancon hill across the bay, blotted out the distant bathers, then even those close at hand. We remained under water for a time—to keep dry. But the rain whipped our faces as with thousands of stinging lashes. We crawled out and dashed blindly up the bank toward the sawmill, the rain beating on our all but bare skins. It felt as if it might feel to stand in Miraflores locks and let the sand pour down upon us from sixty feet above. When at last we stumbled under cover and up the stairs to where our clothing hung it was as if a weight of many tons had been lifted from our shoulders.

The sawmill was without side walls and consisted only of a sheet iron roof and floor. The storm pounded on the roof with a roar that made the sign language necessary. It was as if we were surrounded on all sides by solid walls of water and forever shut off from the outer world—if, indeed, that had survived.

Sheets of water slashed in farther and farther across the floor. We took to huddling behind beams and under saw benches—the militant storm hunted us out and wetted us bit by bit. "The admiral" and I climbed up and tucked ourselves away on the forty-five degree I beams up under the roaring roof. The angry water gathered together in columns and swept in and up to soak us.

At the end of an hour the downpour had increased some hundred per cent. That was the day when little harmless streams tore themselves apart into great gorges and left their pathetic little bridges alone and deserted out in the middle of the gulf. That was the famous May 12, 1912, when Ancon recorded the greatest rainfall in her history—7.23 inches, virtually all within three hours.

Three of us were ready to surrender and swim inland through it. But there was "the admiral" to consider. He was dressed clear to his surflaps, and Panama tailors tear horrible holes in a policeman's salary. So we waited and dodged and squirmed into swastika holes for another hour and grew steadily wetter.

At length dusk began to fall, but instead of dying with the day the fury of the storm increased. It was then that "the admiral" capitulated, seeing fate plainly in league with his tailor. Wigwagging his decision to us, he fed the way down the stairs and dived into the water as usual.

Well? We had not taken the third step before we were streaming like dirt up hose. There was nearly an hour of it, splashing knee deep through what had been little, dry, sandy hollows; steaming by guess, for the eye could make out nothing fifty yards ahead, even before the cheese thick darkness fell; bowed like nonpareils under the burden of water, staggering back and forth as the storm caught us crosswise or the earth gave way under us. "The admiral's" patent leather shoes—but why go into painful details?

The wall of water was as thick as ever when we found our bowed and weary way up over the railway bridge. When we had gathered force for the last dash we plunged forward our several goals. As the door of 111 slammed behind us the downpour suddenly slackened. As I passed before my room to drain it stopped raining.

**Dancing.**  
Dancing was originally a mode of expressing religious feeling, for instance, David's dancing before the ark and was often used in military displays, though the Romans, like our descendants, usually had their dancing done for them by hired slaves.—London Answers.

**A Test.**  
Mrs. Knagg—I tell you, women are every bit as efficient as men. I can do anything you can. Me Knagg—Zat so? Lemme see you hang all your clothes on one hook in the closet.—New York Globe.

Thrift of time will repay you in after life with a thousandfold of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams.—William Ewart Gladstone.

## COLOSSAL EXPLOSIONS.

One Through Human Agencies and One Engineered by Nature.

What do you think of an explosion which scoops a hole 300 feet long by 65 broad and 39 deep? That was what a trainload of blasting gelatin and thirty cases of detonators did to a skid 300 yards from the city railway station of Johannesburg. Pieces of the engine were found a mile away, and beside the fifty more or less complete human bodies discovered twenty sacks were filled with human fragments.

A most extraordinary piece of good fortune attended this terrific explosion. A red-hot missile, hurtling through the air, fell into another dynamite factory nearer the town. Had that factory exploded Johannesburg would have been laid in utter ruin. But it fell into the only pool of water in the place and instantly quenched itself.

But all this is a mere nothing to what nature can do. In modern times the biggest explosion engineered by nature was the one which blew the island of Krakatoa to smithereens, blotted out every trace of a town of 60,000 people and killed 150,000 more. It was caused by the floor of the sea cracking and letting in the water upon the interior fires of a volcano.

The fine ash was so thick that it was necessary to burn lamps all day in places 600 miles away. These ashes were proved to have been carried completely round the world three times. It affected the sunsets of England for three years, giving them exceptional brilliancy. The whole northwest coast of Java was covered six and seven feet deep in ashes. The debris was shot miles up into the sky. The city of Anger now lies a hundred feet below the sea.—Pearson's Weekly.

## WOUNDS IN TREES.

Dressed and Healed by the Action of the Plants Themselves.

When a bullet or any foreign body penetrates a tree not sufficiently to kill it the wound clarifies almost in exactly the same way as a wound on the human body heals. If it did not destructive microbes would enter and cause decay of the tissues.

"Trees," writes Henri Coupin in Nature, "are very well equipped for healing their wounds, and, more fortunate than we, an antiseptic dressing is almost automatically applied. As soon as the lesion has taken place the vegetable reacts to the wounded spot. Its breathing at this point is quickened and at the same time protein matters are rushed to the scene.

"Many plants are provided with secretory canals filled with more or less gummy substances, which are instantly poured out over the wounded surface and protect it. This is true especially of the conifers—pines, firs, etc.—of which the resin makes a swift and impermeable antiseptic dressing."

In trees that have little or no resin the wounded part turns brown. This is due to the appearance of a juice that seems to be a mixture of gums and tannin. And the cells of the tree start into activity, proliferating and filling up the cavity with new cells. If the wound be large these take the form of vegetable cicatricial tissue, which makes a plug and remains as a scar. In the event that the wound be confined to one of the limbs of the tree it not infrequently happens that the limb becomes dead and drops off, the wound healing and leaving the tree in no wise the worse for the loss of its nobles member.

**A Welcome Change.**  
"You look very smiling this morning, Blinks," said Harkaway.  
"I guess I ought to be. I went to a fortune teller last night, and she prophesied immediate financial reverses," chuckled Blinks.  
"I fall to see anything very joyous in that," said Harkaway.  
"You would if you knew anything about my finances," said Blinks. "I tell you right now that if they don't reverse pretty dinged quick I'll be bustled."—John Kendrick Blinks in New York Times.

**Carlyle Would Talk.**  
Professor Blackie said of Carlyle: "I admire his genius. But how he would talk, talk, talk, and give no body a chance to put in a word! One night I actually shook him. His wife had been trying all the evening to say something, but there was not the smallest chance. I took hold of him and shook him, saying, 'Let your wife speak, you monster!' But it was of no use."

**Teacher Unsatisfactory.**  
"Why did you take Elmore away from school, Aunt Mandy?" a lady asked her cook one day.  
"Cause de teacher ain't satisfactory tuh me, M's Mally. What you reckon she tell dat chile ystidy? She 'low dat IV spell four, when even a idiot 'ud know dat it spell ivy."—Normal Instructor.

**Reflex Benevolence.**  
"Don't be so hard on the cynic. He fills a useful office."  
"I'd like to know what?"  
"Why, his sneering disbelief in the domestic virtues makes other people spur up and practice them."—Boston Journal.

**Three Legged Stools.**  
In ancient times it was the custom for disputants in philosophy and for priests and sibilys when rendering oracles to be seated on three legged seats.

The arrow that pierces the eagle's breast is often made of his own feathers.

## An Indignant Poet.

Beranger, the famous French poet, whose greatest gift lay in writing little poems which he called songs, was particularly dependent upon the chance visits of the muse.

He was once visited by the author and academician Viennet, who said to him:

"You must have written several songs since I saw you last."  
"I have only begun one," answered Beranger.

"Only one? I am astonished!" exclaimed Viennet.

Beranger became indignant.

"Humph!" he shouted. "Do you think one can turn off a song as one turns off a tragedy?"

**Outlawry.**  
Outlawry existed in England and Scotland from very early days. Earl Godwin and Hereward the Wake were famous political outlaws. At one time the sentence was used to punish any one who would not pay the "were," or blood money, to the relatives of a man he had killed. In old days an outlaw could be killed whenever or wherever he was encountered, but this part of the penalty was abolished.

**A Modern Solomon.**  
A Philadelphia police magistrate was called on to decide the ownership of a dollar bill which was found in the street by a negro and claimed to have been lost by a white man. After hearing the story of each claimant, the court said:

"I believe the dollar belonged to the white man, but since the negro found it he is entitled to a reward. I therefore decree that each take 50 cents and call it a day's work."

**Rusty Steel.**  
Onions are good for cleaning steel articles that have rusted. Rub the rusty spots with a piece of onion and leave for twenty-four hours. Wash and polish with lard brick dust, moistened with turpentine. Wash again in suds and scrub with clear water. Knives that have rusty spots of long standing should be rubbed into an onion and allowed to stand for some time. Finish the cleaning process as above.

**Wise Judge.**  
A Montana woman sued for divorce because her husband kissed the servant girl.  
"You want this man punished?" said the judge.  
"I do," said she.  
"Then I shall not divorce you from him," said the judge.

**Not Quite.**  
"How is the baby getting along in trying to talk?"  
"Well, I must say his efforts have not as yet met with pronounced success."—Haltmore American.

**Opportunity seldom comes with a letter of introduction.**  
See Edwards for good house painting.—Adv.

To the Editor of The Bulletin:

SIR:—Below is given a copy of the body of the complaint sent in a few weeks ago by the Water Users' Association of the Central Oregon Irrigation project. It is a matter that should be thoroughly studied by every settler and land owner on the project, for the time is coming soon when all will be called upon for earnest and substantial support to carry it through.

It is an undisputed fact that the unsettled conditions now existing between the company and the settlers has hindered progress in this part of Central Oregon. Settlers and investors have become discouraged and gone to other places leaving unimproved and idle lands all through the segregation. Money invested is dead capital and even the speculator is passing these lands by.

Every settler now living on the segregation should make it his business to find out who owns the idle or unimproved land adjoining him. If the owner lives outside the segregation he should be kept posted as to the progress of this move. For it is definitely known that many of the owners of ditch land living out of Central Oregon are willing to take their share of the financial responsibility that is very likely to come up before the matter is finally settled.

It is to certain of these outside land owners that the settlers are indebted for the suggestions and inspiration that brought about this plan of a complaint to the Public Service Commission. A few consultation meetings were held near Bend by some of the water users who were in touch with these investors. This with some legal advice put the complaint in its present shape. It was then brought up before the regular meeting of the water users association at Redmond in October. The members present at that meeting unanimously voted to adopt the measure and carry it through.

As has been publicly stated the complaint has been served on the company by the Commission. The water users have engaged the legal services of H. H. De Armond to present their side of the question and all are hoping for a speedy and satisfactory adjustment of affairs.

The complaint is as follows:

The plaintiff for cause of complaint against the defendant alleges and shows, That it is generally known and officially declared both verbally and in printed report that the canal of the Central Oregon Irrigation Company are not of sufficient size or capacity or adequately constructed so as to

carry water sufficient to reclaim the lands embraced within their various projects and that if all the lands now sold under said projects were being cultivated and demanding the water as called for according to contracts for each particular sub-division or tract of land, that the said Central Oregon Irrigation Company would not be able to supply said lands with water to irrigate their lands.

That the said Central Oregon Irrigation Company has constructed a certain flume which diverts water from the Deschutes river through the Central Oregon Canal to lands under this project; said lands being solely and entirely dependent upon this flume for their water supply, and that said flume is at the present time worn out and condemned and is liable to go out at any time, in which event all the settlers under the said Central Oregon canal project would be without water for either irrigation or domestic purposes, and that the Central Oregon Irrigation Company knowing the condition of said flume falls and refuses to make any provision for the reconstruction or the rebuilding or of the properly repairing of said flume so as to take away the danger of its going out, and declines to spend any money for the benefit of the settlers using water flowing through this flume, and that there are hundreds of settlers under these projects whose livelihood depends upon the existence of this flume.

That the contracts of the Central Oregon Irrigation Company with the State of Oregon for these projects will expire about June 1, 1917, at which time the said irrigation system consisting of flumes, canals, etc., will be turned over to the settlers and that this plaintiff representing practically all the settlers on the project state that by June 1, 1917, the said flume will be in a much more serious condition than it now is and that it is the intention of the company not to spend any more money on said flume or on its ditches knowing that the people will take the same over on said date.

That the said Central Oregon Irrigation Company collects from the settlers each year thousands of dollars in maintenance fees ostensibly for the purpose of keeping the said system in good condition, but that instead of using these said maintenance fees for the purpose of repairing said canals and flumes as required and needed, only a small portion of such money is put back into the segregation for repairs and up keep of the system. The balance thereof being used for the payment of high salaries and for other purposes unknown to the plaintiff, and that the said defendant refuses to allow any of the members of the plaintiff herein access to the books of the company or enlighten them in any respect regarding the use made of the moneys received for maintenance fees.

Wherefore the plaintiff prays that the Public Service Commission compel the Central Oregon Irrigation Company to keep its flumes and

ditches in first class repair, and that the maintenance fees collected shall be used for the purpose of repairing and keeping in good condition the said system and to enjoin the defendant from allowing the said system to deteriorate anticipating the

turning of the same over to the Water Users on about June 1, 1917, and to take such other and further action in the premises as may seem just to the settlers on the said project.

Signed,  
A. SETTLER.

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