

# WHIMS OF THE AIR

### Curious and Rapid Changes In the Velocity of the Wind.

#### HOLES IN THE ATMOSPHERE.

These Danger Spots, From the Aviators' Viewpoint, Are Born of the Almost Instantaneous Variations in the Force of the Aerial Currents.

Since man has provided himself with wings he has learned more astonishing things about the air than were dreamed of in his old philosophy. He has had to learn them in order to make traveling safe on his new aerial highway. The wind was almost a complete mystery until aeromaniacs began to make close acquaintance with its strange moods and vagaries. The startling experiences of aviators have stimulated the anemometrists—i. e., the wind measurers—to fresh investigations, which have had surprising results.

Consider, for instance, these things which have been found out by the Aerotechnic Institute of the University of Paris.

If two anemometers (wind measurers) are placed side by side about seventy-two feet above the ground when a wind of from thirty-three to forty-eight feet per second is blowing the most remarkable differences in the velocity of the wind are observed. If the anemometers are only ten inches apart both usually show nearly the same wind velocity, but if the distance between them is increased to about thirty-two inches one will sometimes show a wind velocity of ten feet per second more rapid than that shown by the other. But this difference lasts only for an instant. If the distance between the anemometers is increased to twenty-three or twenty-four feet, the usual length of an aeroplane, the differences in the velocity of the wind shown by them are occasionally enormous, but of very brief duration. This must clearly produce a racking effect upon an aeroplane, which may be disastrous, for one end of it may for a second or so experience a resistance double that felt at the other end.

But this is by no means all. Not only does the wind vary in this capricious fashion at places a few feet or a few yards apart, but it varies with equal violence and suddenness at the same point, as is proved by fixing a single anemometer at a height of seventy-five or eighty feet above the ground and observing the successive changes in its indications of velocity. Thus it has been found that a wind whose average velocity was about thirty-eight feet per second maintained that velocity for as much as ten successive seconds and then in a second and a half dropped to less than fourteen feet per second, which it maintained during two seconds, after which in the course of half a second it sprang up to a velocity of fifty feet per second! It maintained the last mentioned velocity for only a single second.

In another case the velocity of the wind rose in three-quarters of a second from twenty-six and one-quarter feet to fifty-seven and one-half feet per second. Considering these facts, it is no wonder that aviators meet with strange accidents by running into what they call "holes in the air," for the sustaining force of the air, on account of the sudden variations of the wind, may almost instantly lose half its value and then with equal suddenness recover, or more than recover, its former power. Such things enable any one to understand the peculiar perils that the aviator has to face. Even ordinary mortals know that the wind is capricious, but to the navigator of the air it becomes sometimes a very demon, or a legion of demons, whose eccentric gambolings are as uncontrollable as they are unexpected.

It took thousands of years for seamen to learn how to face with unflinching hearts the vagaries of the ocean waves and currents and for shipbuilders to devise vessels that could defy them, but it seems likely that we in a few decades shall have mastered the caprices of the atmosphere and have produced airships that will safely ride the wildest wind.

It is the advance of science that has given us the great advantage which we possess over our predecessors in overcoming nature's obstacles, but increase of knowledge would not have served us if there had been decrease of courage. That there has been no such decrease is proved every day by the daring feats of aviators.—Garrett P. Servis in New York Journal.

#### One Way to Clean Windows.

There are so many "best" ways to clean windows that one hesitates to offer her method unless very sure it is the way. Three or four ounces of emery flour in a heavy canvas sack about six inches square will clean and polish windows with greater ease than anything else I know. Simply rub the bag over the window. It also removes streaks from any glass.—Women's Home Companion.

#### Sets of Braces.

The famous test of balls in the belly at Brims is based on the principle of a heavy box, with an enormous drum weighing 2,000 pounds. In the drum are three rows of brass balls which touch the bracers and serve the writer communicating with the ball bearings. The air is changed once each hour but the drum must be moved up every two hours.

Found a few quinine to find out whether a child is worth doing before you spend money on doing it.

# A PLAN FOILED

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

Martin Borland, a man of wealth, having lost his wife, married again. The new connection was especially unfortunate for him and his only child, Mildred, who was sixteen years old at the time of her father's second marriage. Mrs. Borland was no sooner married than she laid a plan to secure her husband's fortune. He was suffering from an incurable disease when she married him, and this enabled her to work her plan more easily.

Her first move was to make the house so unpleasant for her stepdaughter that she was forced to leave it and go to live with an aunt. This enabled her to have her husband to herself, and as soon as his daughter had gone the stepmother began a systematic nagging upon her husband to compel him to make a will leaving his property to her.

Had Mr. Borland been in good health he might have withstood her prodding; but, affected as he was with a nervous disease and made a virtual prisoner by his wife, it was not long before he broke down under the strain and signed a will leaving all his possessions to her, except some swamp lands that were nearly worthless.

Previous to his marriage Borland had willed everything he owned to Mildred. Mrs. Borland knew of this will and would have forced it from her husband had she not destroyed it, but it was in Mildred's keeping. The only thing that Jezebel could do was to torture her husband into making another in her own favor. As Mr. Borland grew worse his wife kept every one from him except his physician and an occasional friend, her brother serving as a reason that the invalid was not in a condition to see any one. She realized that Mildred's friends after her father's death might advise her to try to break the will, but the schemer relied upon her being able to cut off any proof that any undue influence had been brought to bear on the testator. She changed the servants frequently in order that they might not get an inkling of what she was doing. She once a week introduced into the sickroom friends of her husband, but never permitted any of them to remain alone with him a moment.

At last Borland died. His wife produced the will he had made in her favor, and a lawyer to whom she had paid a large retaining fee stood ready to enforce it against any demands that might be set up by poor Mildred, who had not a cent in the world to prosecute with and no one to take an interest in her case.

Soon after her father's death Mildred asked permission of her stepmother to take away a few belongings she had left there. She was permitted to do so, was denied nothing she claimed and went away with a boxful of odds and ends, among them a few books. On getting them to her home she looked them over tearfully before putting them away. Some of the books she had loved when a child. One of these she took up and was reading a familiar passage when she noticed a daub on a word. Turning the page, she noticed another daub on another word. A few pages farther was still another. Turning over the leaves, she found the book full of these daubs that had evidently been made with different substances. Scrutinizing them closely, she found that some of them might have been made with a drop of coffee, some with the juice of a berry, and on one so much of the substance had been left that she was able to examine it closely and surmised it to be potato.

Mildred was puzzled. She tried to remember from what room she had taken it, but could not do so. A suspicion came to her that these daubs might mean something. Two words that were daubed "wife" and "will" directed this suspicion. She wrote the words down in the order in which they came, but they were a jumble. If they had been daubed to tell something the person who had done the work had not been able to find consecutive words for the purpose.

Then Mildred cut out the words she had written and began trying to arrange them so that they would mean something. Several times she gave up the puzzle, but always returned to it. She made certain sentences, but found nothing intelligible for the whole. Finally she hit upon two words—"my" and "wife" for a beginning—which, after many transpositions, solved the puzzle. The final reading was this:

My wife is holding me a prisoner. I cannot communicate with any one except her and her brother. She has forced me to make a will in her favor. It is not my last will and testament. That instrument is possessed by my daughter, to whom I give all my property.

There was no date or signature. Mildred's theory was that her father had managed to keep the book near him and when his meals were brought to him had used bits of food in lieu of a pencil. She carried the book to a lawyer, who took up her case in the courts and by skillful management succeeded in getting the cipher message accepted as evidence. The case dragged a long while, and in time Mrs. Borland's lawyer offered to compromise. But Mildred's counsel advised her to hang on for all or nothing. Finally a judgment was obtained setting aside the will made under duress and restoring the one held by Mildred.

## REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE BANK OF BANDON AT BANDON, IN THE STATE OF OREGON, AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS MAR. 4, 1914.

RESOURCES:	
Loans and Discounts	\$172,585 51
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	178 97
Bonds and Warrants	47,423 58
Stocks and other Securities	
Banking House	10,500 00
Furniture and Fixtures	3,900 00
Other real estate owned	4,066 93
Due from banks (not reserved banks)	585 40
Due from approved reserve banks	40,184 91
Checks and other cash items	1,405 32
Cash on hand	46,345 11
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$327,175 73</b>

LIABILITIES:	
Capital stock paid in	50,000 00
Surplus fund	17,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	6,309 01
Loss and Gain, Recovery	
Postal savings bank deposits	2,209 60
Individual deposits subject to check	216,581 71
Demand certificates of deposit	13,872 07
Certified Checks	691 10
Cashier checks outstanding	
Time certificates of deposit	17,862 24
Letters of Credit	2,650 00
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$327,175 73</b>

STATE OF OREGON, COUNTY OF COOS.—ss.  
I, F. J. Fahy, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.  
F. J. FAHY, Cashier.  
Correct Attest: R. H. Rosa, C. Y. Lowe, T. P. Hanly, Directors.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of Mar., 1914.  
Geo. P. Topping, Notary Public.

### CURIOUS BREADS.

Made in Chains in the Balkans and Laundered in China.

Bread is made in different shapes and in different ways, according to the taste of the various nationalities. Mr. L. Lodian in Forest and Stream says: "The bread of the Balkans, curiously made in the form of chains, is sold from the arms and necks of itinerant peddlers. In tent life in Balkania the detached links are often used for fun at quots or serve a more useful purpose in suspending temporary curtains and awnings. Then when the campers run out of provisions they literally eat their curtains rings! The Japanese bamboo bread, so named from its shape, is a somewhat similar product. It is sliced and sold in strings.

The sun dried bread sheeting of central Asia looks much like chamois leather and is made up in pieces of bed sheet size. It is compounded from flour and raisin sirup and is highly esteemed by coffee drinkers. In the bazaars of the caliphates it is frequently seen hanging in place of awnings to shield the stalls from the sun.

One of the strangest crackers comes from Russia. It is known as fit the month begl and besides being much appreciated as a tea biscuit, is quite commonly used by merchants ignorant of the three R's as a makeshift abacus in counting money, a lower string of ten serving for kopecks and an upper string of the same number representing roubles. More picturesque still is its usage as an extempore ring for marrying poor peasants with whom the gold is lacking.

Most singular of all, however, is the peculiar pith bread of China, which, instead of being baked, is laundered out in narrow strips with a hot iron, much in the manner that a collar receives its finishing. It is made from the central tissue of the fatia trees and is valued highly by the citizens of the "flowery republic" as a dainty cracker to eat with their little cups of watery, unsweetened tea."

### TORPOR OF THE TURK.

Shown in a Quaint Reason For Not Delivering a Message.

An interview in the New York Sun between one of its reporters and Mr. Bedros Keljik bears humorously on the Turkish situation and seems to indicate that what is needed is not increased political activity, but more attention to business. As an illustration of the everyday torpor one of the experiences of Dr. Riza Tewfik, member of parliament for Adrianople, with a Turkish official may be cited.

Dr. Tewfik was visiting a friend at Kade Kony, across the Bosphorus. About 10 o'clock at night he heard the watchman call, "Yagm var, Galatada yangin var!" ("There is fire, there is fire in Galata!"), the usual alarm given when fire breaks out in any quarter.

It happened that Dr. Tewfik's own home was in Galata, and he rushed to the nearest telegraph office to inquire concerning the safety of his family. He received no answer to his telegram, and his fears were roused. But as no boats cross the Bosphorus at night he was obliged to wait till morning.

He got home at last to find everything safe. When he asked why his family had not answered the telegram he was told that they had not received any. So Dr. Tewfik went to the telegraph office and demanded an explanation.

One Osman Agha, to whom Dr. Tewfik's telegram had been given for delivery, was called.

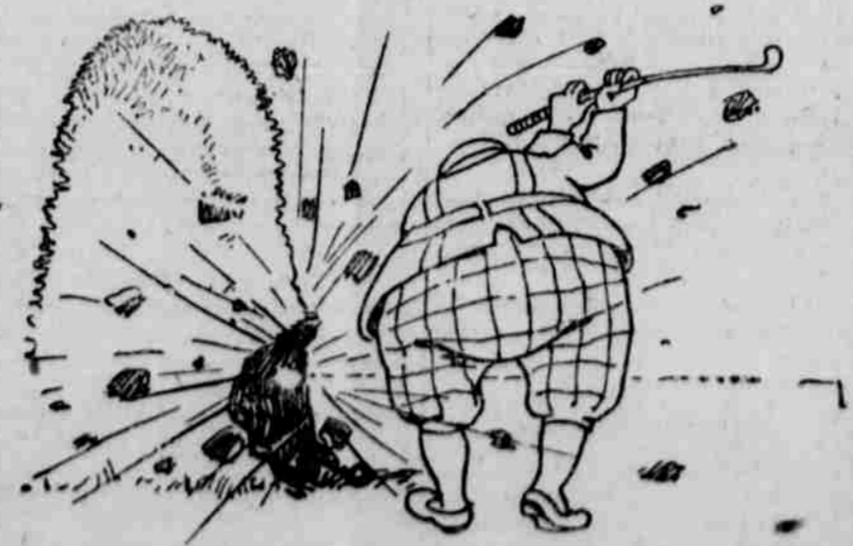
"Where is the effendi's telegram?" Osman Agha fumbled in his pockets and drew forth the message.

"Why did you not deliver it?" demanded Dr. Tewfik angrily.

"Oh, effendi," answered the impercutable Osman Agha, who had evidently perused the telegram to his own satisfaction, "it was needless. I knew that your house was not on fire."

Try the Unique for a good, square meal and sweet bread.—tf.

# "Bunkered!"



When a golf player is "BUNKERED" he is "UP AGAINST IT" and "IN BAD," to use the slang of the day.

Local merchants are "BUNKERED" when you fail to patronize them and send your money out of town to mail order houses.

The town itself is "BUNKERED" when it does not hustle for new industries and support a live Board of Trade.

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