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FRIDAY March 8 1912

REED AND CARLISLE.

A Verbal Duel in the House Between the Parliamentary Masters.

Following is an interesting story of an encounter between Reed and Carlisle as Senator La Follette reports it in his autobiography in the American Magazine:

"Reed was one of the ablest men in either house of congress. Some of his passages with Carlisle when Carlisle was speaker were among the best examples of close forensic reasoning I have ever heard. Both were as fine parliamentary athletes as were ever to be found. I remember vividly a characteristic passage between them. It was near the end of the session and 3 o'clock in the morning. An appropriation bill was pending. Some one offered an amendment. It passed some advantage would accrue to the Democrats; if it failed, some advantage to the Republicans. A point of order was raised against it, and Carlisle overruled the point. Reed was on his feet—Reed, 300 pounds, six feet tall. He was the leader on the Republican side. I remember he had just two gestures, one an impressive downward movement with his extended index finger, and in the other during his higher flights he held one great clenched fist high above his head, like some colossus. He was a striking figure.

"I contend," he said on the occasion to which I refer, that the speaker is wrong."

"Carlisle, standing there in the speaker's place, answered, 'I shall be glad to hear the gentleman from Maine.'"

"Reed retorted, 'The speaker is wrong for this reason'—and put it in a nutshell.

"Ah, but the gentleman from Maine is in error because"—and Carlisle stated his contention without a superfluous word.

"Yes," answered Reed, "but Mr. Speaker, and for ten or fifteen minutes it was parry and thrust, thrust and parry, Reed pressing Carlisle from position to position until finally the speaker said:

"The gentleman from Maine is clearly right. The speaker is wrong and reverses his ruling."

FORGED SIGNATURES.

Little Things That Expose the Fraud to Handwriting Experts.

Forgery has a great attraction to a certain element of the criminal world. Some are so skillful in this line of work as to get past the most eagle-eyed bank teller, but always when the microscope is brought into play it is possible to detect the fraud, or, if not the microscope, then more modern testing appliances are used.

Here is a secret divulged by a man who has made a study of handwriting: No person ever wrote his name twice alike. In some small or big detail one signature always differs from another. Therefore when the same man's name appears twice alike—as it does in the course of business events, when the forger gets after a little easy coin—there must be a matter of tracing. It stands to reason that the exact fac simile of the one has been gained by the overlay or tracing process.

When a man undertakes to write another man's name in the free hand style of him the Penman there is always noticeable to the practiced eye a cramping movement or a radical departure from the way in which the name should be written. Such a small thing as the particular position of the dot above the "i," for instance, will reveal forgery or the crossing of the "t" or the shading of up or down strokes. A man will overlook the fact that the name he is writing when written by its owner always leaves the straight line at a certain letter and returns on another certain letter. Some business men place after their signatures on checks a period, some a comma, some a rough star, others a short or a long dash, making the genuineness of the signature depend more upon this slight characteristic than the name itself.—New York Tribune.

Beau Brummel's Impudence.
Beau Brummel's favorite dish was roasted capon stuffed with truffles. When he was living almost on the bounty of Mr. Marshall he attended a dinner party at that gentleman's house, taking with him, according to his most impudent custom, one of his favorite dogs. The Beau was helped to a wing of roast capon; but, choosing to fancy that the wing was tough, he delicately seized the end of it with a napkin covered finger and thumb and passed it under the table to his dog with the remark, "Here, Atout, try if you can get your teeth through this, for I'll be — if I can!"

More Likely.
"They say she fell in love with him while he was filling her teeth."
"No; that's a mistake. She went to him to have some of her teeth filled, but it was when he informed her none of them required filling she fell in love with him."—Judge.

A CASE OF TRESPASS

By EDWIN L. DANFORD

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I was crossing the big Atlantic pond on my way to London. When we were all just aboard, the stateroom doors lying open and everything higgledy piggledy, I noticed among a family whose rooms lay in the same aisle as mine a girl about twenty, pretty as a peach and demure as a Quakeress. I kept going out of and into my room for the express purpose of passing her, and every time I did so I hoped she would at least glance at me, but she didn't. The family had two rooms, both outside. One of them was occupied by a boy of sixteen and another of twelve.

The next morning I met the young lady on deck and raked my brains for some method of scraping an acquaintance with her, but couldn't think of any way in the world to do it. There were plenty of chances, but she blocked every one of them. I didn't know a soul on the ship to introduce me, and it looked as if we should cross the ocean together without my speaking a word to her.

One day when I met her I fancied I could see the faintest suspicion of a smile on her face indicating that she knew well enough that I was trying to make her acquaintance and she was giving me all the trouble she could in doing so. That made me mad.

One night I was lying in my berth sound asleep when I was awakened by a soft hand clasping mine.

"Feel any better, Bunny?" asked a sweet voice.

I gave a grunt as much as to say "No."

"Want anything?"

I gave another negative grunt, but I didn't withdraw my hand. Another hand was laid on my forehead, a deliciously soft hand.

"You haven't any fever."

I supposed I should say something, but I uttered never a word. I knew perfectly well what had happened, but I didn't care to interrupt the proceedings. The girl, whose acquaintance I had been trying to form and who had headed me off, was forming mine with a vengeance. I had heard her mother in the next stateroom ministering to the eldest of her two boys, who seemed to be ill, and it was plain that the daughter, intending to go into see him, had got in my room instead. "Well," she said finally, "I don't see that I can do anything for you, so I'll leave you. Good night."

She bent down and kissed me, then went out.

If I was mean enough to let her do all this I wasn't the man to let her know of her mistake—at least in any but a delicate way. I dreamed of that kiss all night and in the morning on waking saw on the door a dainty handkerchief, evidently a woman's. Then I knew I had the game in my own hands.

But I waited. If she didn't mention the visit to her brother she supposed she had made him she would never know she had called on me instead. When she met me again she showed not the slightest consciousness of her visit. Later, while she was sitting in a steamer chair, I stepped up to her, raised my hat deferentially and, holding out the dainty bit of linen, said: "Pardon me, but I think this is your handkerchief."

The look of surprise on her face was a sight to behold. She evidently expected me to tell her where I found it, but I bowed a second time lower than the first and walked on with my nose in the air.

The tables were turned. Knowing of my advantage, though, I afterward often passed the young lady deferentially.

I never noticed her. One day while sitting on deck she came up and took a seat not very far from me. I felt that this was the first step in a resolve to gratify her curiosity. Indeed, I suspected from her manner that she had fancied something was wrong and may have interviewed her brother. She sat near me for a long while. I was reading and did not move. Presently she arose and, coming to where I was, stood before me. I pretended to be so absorbed in my book that I did not see her. She spoke, and I stood up at once and uncovered.

"Will you kindly tell me where you found my handkerchief?" she said, red as a rose.

"To avoid wounding your sense of delicacy I should have to lie to you; therefore I beg of you to excuse me."

That only made her more determined to know, and after some persuasion I said:

"The other night you got into the wrong room."

She was not only now red as a rose, but red as a jack rose. I knew the next thing she would ask was, "Why didn't you stop me?" so to forestall her I went on:

"I will excuse the trespass if you will do me the honor to dispense with an introduction and permit me to consider myself an acquaintance."

She seemed to take the trespass part of it in earnest and thought the penalty for her blunder a very light one.

I followed her all over Europe, proposed to her in Venice, we were married in London and returned on the same ship that took us over.

She claimed to consider that I was very good to forgive her trespass, as I had called it, till after we were married, when she said my permitting her to kiss me, thinking I was her brother, was abominable.

R. G. Collins, Postmaster, Barnegat, N. J., was troubled with a severe grippe cough. He says: "I would be completely exhausted after each fit of violent coughing. I bought a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and before I had taken it all the coughing spells had entirely ceased. It can't be beat." Sold by Bandon Drug Co.

Honey in History.

Hindus for centuries have used raw honey as a laxative and old honey as an astringent. Aborigines of Persia offered honey to the sun. Greeks still mix it with milk or water and use it as a libation to the dead. In one section of India milk and honey are handed to all bridegrooms as they arrive at the door of the bride's father, and in ancient Egypt honey was long a chief ingredient of embalming fluid.

Clay Pipes.

Virginia has the world's largest clay pipe factory, the clay of Appomattox county being especially adapted for the purpose.

Queer Name For a Hotel.

There is only one hotel bearing the curious sign of "The World Turned Upside Down," and that is to be found in Old Kent road, London. The reason of the inn receiving this quaint title was the wish to perpetuate the memory of Captain Cook, whose exploits in the antipodes at one time thrilled the sea going and sea loving residents of that part of the metropolis.

Trifles That Count.

The Bank of England has made \$900,000 merely by retaining the fractions of pennies from interest payments on the national debt in the past 120 years.

Animals and Toes.

A horse has one toe only. A deer or a goat has two, really, however, a split hoof. The camel has a genuine pair of toes, unlike those of a goat. The rhinoceros has three toes the hippopotamus four and the elephant five. That is the limit in toes.

Numbered Baby Carriages.

A Berlin city ordinance compels the numbering of all baby carriages, so that nurses cannot exchange them by mistake.

The Russian Empire.

Few persons realize how vast is the area of the Russian empire. Into that enormous country you could put all of non-Russian Europe and yet take up only a little more than one-eighth of the czar's domains. Then you could add the United States, including Alaska, and still have almost enough territory left to place Canada in. In fact, the Russian empire comprises one-seventh of the land surface of the globe.

German Grape Culture.

In Alsace-Lorraine there are over 80,000 people employed in grape culture and about 76,000 acres planted in grapes, which is the largest acreage of any state in the German empire.

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Lodges are requested to notify this office on election of officers and on change of meeting night. Cards under this head are 75c per inch per month.

Lewah Tribe No. 48, Imp. O. R. M.

MEETS First and Third Tuesdays of each month at 8th run at the Bandon Wigwam. Sojourning Chiefs in good standing are cordially invited to attend.

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W. O. W.

Keep the logs rolling boys! SEASIDE CAMP NO. 212, WOODMEN OF THE WORLD, Meets First and Third Thursdays. Visiting Neighbors welcomed.

C. M. Gage, C. C.

H. E. Boak, Secretary

Masonic.

BANDON LODGE, No. 130 A. F. & A. M. Stated communications first Saturday after the full moon of each month. Special communications second Saturday thereafter. All Master Masons cordially invited.

W. E. Craine, W. M.

Phil Pearson, Secretary

Eastern Star

OCCIDENTAL CHAPTER, No. 45, O. E. S., meets Saturday evening before and after stated communication of Masonic Lodge. Visiting members cordially invited to attend.

Louise M. Boyle, W. M.

Merta Mehl, Secretary.

I. O. O. F.

BANDON LODGE, No. 133, I. O. O. F. meets every Wednesday evening. Visiting brothers in good standing cordially invited.

Wm. Lundquist, N. G.

S. A. McAllister, Secretary.

Knights of Pythias

DELPHI LODGE, No. 64, Knights of Pythias. Meets every Monday evening at Knights hall. Visiting knights invited to attend.

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