

Woman Suffrage Defeated.

Columbia, S. C., Jan. 22.—The house of representatives of the South Carolina general assembly today by a vote of 93 to 21, adopted a concurrent resolution offered by Representatives Bradford and Hart, of York county, rejecting the Susan B. Anthony federal amendment for woman's suffrage. This, however, may not mean that ratification has been defeated.

The resolution now goes to the senate for consideration. Parliamentary leaders of the general assembly disagree as to what effect the passage of the resolution will have. It is contended by some members that a joint resolution of the amendment may be consid-

ered by the house regardless of the action taken today.

Will L. Poston, facing trial next week on charge of having killed his neighbor, Otto Morrow, last October, was found dead in his cell at Statesville, N. C., Thursday when jail attendants went to give him breakfast. Poston had hanged himself to the cell door during the night, according to the officials. He was 51 years old and had a wife and four children. The widow of Morrow had instituted civil action against Morrow to recover \$10,000 for the death of her husband.

Coal is cheaper in China than anywhere else in the world.

HIS UNSEEN GUEST

Waitress Tells of Experience in Serving Ghost.

Old Gentleman May Have Been a Little "Off," but Her Notion is That He Had Recently Lost a Loved Grandchild.

Jane, who has worked in one particular section of the lunch counter of one of the great New York hotels since the day it was opened, is the best waitress that ever set down a dish without a spill or a clatter—so say the discriminating. Her deftness, her quiet manners, her promptness—above all her unflinching politeness—stamp her as one apart from the sisterhood. She was serene and composed while she dealt with one of those peckish, snappy men who had dropped in under the impression that because one sits on a stool in this excellent place it is cheap. It isn't. He was a little ashamed to fuss about the prices, so he fussed about everything else. But at last he departed, and serene Jane permitted herself a weary smile.

"You have to get along with all kinds, don't you?" remarked a patron. "Indeed, yes," said Jane. "I served a ghost yesterday morning."

"An old gentleman came in quite early, for breakfast. He was beautifully dressed; I think he was one of the hotel guests; at least he came in that entrance. He chose a stool and when somebody tried to sit beside him, he said, 'Pardon me, but can't you see that seat is taken?' He ordered toast, soft boiled eggs and coffee. Then he turned to the vacant stool and asked, 'What would you like, my dear?'"

"He paused as if for an answer. Apparently he heard one, for he said to me with a smile, as if amused at the notion, 'A piece of pie and a cup of weak coffee with milk and some rolls.'"

"There wasn't any pie at that hour and so he ordered sliced peaches. I brought all the things and arranged them as if for two. By that time people were moving away from him. He buttered the rolls at the vacant place before he ate a bite himself. Then he made his own breakfast. I thought there might be a scene about the two checks, but no. He added them up aloud and correctly; counted out the change in his hand; left a tip in front of each plate and then asked for a paper sack. In it he put an unbroken roll. Then he paid the cashier and went out. They found the paper bag with the roll in it outside on the steps."

"Could you make out whether he thought he was talking to a man or a woman?" asked the patron.

"I thought it was a little child," said Jane softly. "He always looked down when he spoke to it, and he buttered the rolls, and the pie order for breakfast was childish, too—I thought," and Jane's eyes seemed a little misty. "I thought maybe he had lost a favorite grandchild."

Bananas Make Berlin Glad.

As I was passing down the Friedrichstrasse, says a correspondent of the London Times writing from Berlin, my eye was caught by a crowd of people which suddenly collected in front of a delicatessen shop.

It was only with difficulty that one could get near enough to see what it was that attracted so much attention. I heard exclamations of wonder and admiration, and on looking a little more closely saw—a bunch of bananas which the shopkeeper had just hung up in the window and which was a novelty to the Berliners, who for nearly five years have seen not a trace of fruit, once so plentiful in the capital.

The smiling faces and little jokes made it quite evident that the banana was recognized as a symbol of peace, and that the delight felt at its presence was due to the evidence it afforded that the blockade is a thing of the past.

Took Ride on Torpedo.

Probably the only man who ever rode a naval torpedo under way is Nelson H. Blount, a Yale graduate, now at the Newport torpedo station. Some time ago, when Mr. Blount was experimenting at New London, he wanted to go with the torpedo, so he rigged a saddle and two small pontoons on the sides, and taking his seat, had the missile fired from the surface and started on his daring ride. When the torpedo spent itself the inventor was still on top.

Only One Language for Honolulu.

A committee of the Honolulu Alder rising club, appointed to investigate the dual language schools as now conducted, has reported that the system is objectionable and should be abolished. It recommends gradual elimination of schools conducted in any language other than English through development of an enlarged government school curriculum. Christian Science Monitor.

Making a Distinction.

"The people in your community seem all mixed up in the vote on prohibition." "Well," replied Uncle Bill Bonington, "some of us highbrows attempt some mighty fine distinctions. We approve prohibition as a theory, but not as a condition."

An Instance.

"Like produces like." "Not always," for the doctor told us it was the well water that made us all sick."

"PERFECT" MAN GETS ROAST

London Writer Refuses to Envy Women Who Are "Blessed" With Such a Life Companion.

Every one envied a certain lady because it was apparent that she had such a perfect husband.

True enough, the gentleman neither drank, swore, looked at other women, grumbled, nor did he spend any time away from his wife except when at business. Yet the woman who "possessed" this model of perfection found him a most irritating companion with whom she was forced to spend her life, says London Answers. For instance, if she got worn out trying to pacify baby, who was cross, and eventually lost her temper with the child, her husband would come in, take the little one in his arm and amiably try—and often succeed, as a fresh person sometimes does—to work the oracle with calmness.

That would be all very well if he didn't put on the "See how much better my method is" air, which is most tantalizing.

Perfect men are so anxious to obtrude their perfection upon their womenfolk that they often defeat their own ends. They spend money on seats for the opera or buying little presents with no knowledge of whether such will be the most acceptable or desirable gifts.

It is because these men are so good in intentions that their wives haven't the heart to say, "I'd rather have had 5 shillings for a new box iron. It would save me such a lot of trouble."

The husband who has a few glaring faults is pretty sure to look over his wife's failings and humor her whims. The perfect man has a horrible knack of breaching at his womenfolk.

The woman with a faultless husband often feels like doing something to make him swear at her. Perfection is apt to become dull and monotonous.

Don't envy the woman with a perfect husband, you wives who wish your own men wouldn't drop cigarette ash on the carpet or storm a bit when things go wrong; for these careless, "temperish" men have a lot of good qualities to balance their faults.

The man who never raises his voice to complain rarely softens it to wife with loving words of praise.

Shells Still Flying.

Residents of the devastated districts of France are still fleeing from bursts of shell and shrapnel.

The new menace is caused by the small grass and swamp fires, which frequently set off the shells that have been piled up to be hauled away and exploded in some safe place.

Maj. H. C. Greene of Boston had a thrilling ride and narrowly escaped a hall of shrapnel on his way from St. Quentin to Laon as a result of one of these fires. A French woman working in a field near Bouconville was gassed and considerable damage has been done.

In the vast, desolate fields, thousands of unexploded shells have been picked up by German prisoners, and though there are details hauling them away and exploding them in remote valleys every day, there are still long ranks of them everywhere. Sparks from locomotives and from small fires where battlefield rubbish is being burned occasionally set fire to patches of dry weeds, and the accidental bursts are numerous.

Brazilian Church 100 Years Old.

Christ church of Rio de Janeiro, which soon will celebrate its centenary, is said to have been the first Protestant church to be built in South America.

It was erected to provide a place of worship for the English community. Two restrictions were placed on the church, the exterior was to resemble a dwelling house and not a temple, and no bells were allowed. Out of this concession grew the religious liberty which now exists in Brazil.

Today there are two Anglican dioceses and 40 churches in South America.

Jack of All Trades.

Although President Emeritus Eliot of Harvard university no longer takes an active part in the conduct of the institution he has been characterized as "Professor of Everything." A man of his acquaintance overheard the following conversation of two rural folk at Bar Harbor a few days ago:

"There goes Professor Eliot."

"Who?"

"Professor Eliot of Harvard college."

"What's he professor of?"

"Well, I dunno, but I guess he's professor of the whole darn thing."

Just a Pocket Piece.

The Newcomer—I can't just get the hang of this American money. This nickel, for instance; what's it worth?

The Old Timer—A nickel? That has no purchasing value these days. It's merely the change you get out of a dollar.

At His Age, Too!

Arriving in Minneapolis to attend the Minnesota state fair, Chief Ka-Be-Na-Wey-Wence, meaning "wrinkled meat," seated on the floor of his hotel, announced that he is 120 years old and desired to make immediately a trip in an airplane.

Best Thing to Do.

The theater was in an uproar. "They're calling for the author," said the stage manager.

"Oh, I can't make a speech," replied the man responsible for the play.

"Well, just go in front and tell 'em you're sorry."

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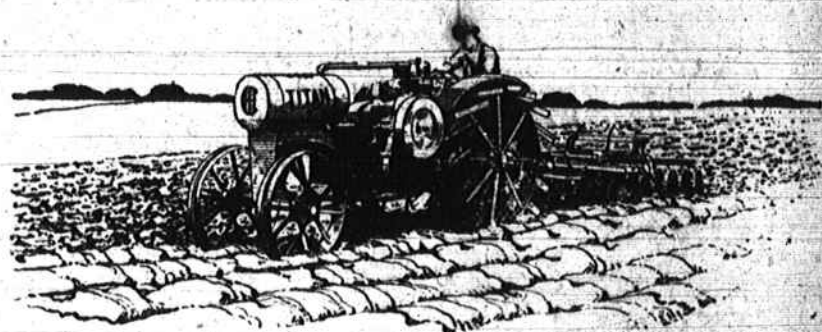
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