

WHY SHE BECAME CHRISTIAN

Religions of Orient Make Slaves of Women, Says a Japanese, and Rebelled.

"And how did you happen to become a Christian?" I asked Mme. Hirooka, a widely known Japanese, writes Tyler Dennett in Asia.

"I wanted women to be good and I wanted to help them to improve their lot," she replied tersely. "I found that I could not accomplish what I desired without religion. That conclusion sent me to study religion from the woman's point of view. I found that there is no hope for women in any of the religions of the Orient. They teach that from the cradle to the grave women are inferior to men. They regard women as evil. Confucian ethics, for example, teach that fools and women cannot be educated. A woman cannot be a heavenly creature. It teaches that it is better to see a snake than a woman, for the latter arouses passion.

"Japanese women have been so long oppressed by this kind of teaching that they no longer stop to ask why. They are afraid like slaves. Then I began to read the Bible. I did not like some parts of it any better than I like the religions of the East. I did not see why any woman should call her husband 'Lord and Master.' St. Paul made me very angry. He was an old bachelor; any one can see that. He didn't know much about women. But Peter? He was fine. He had a wife, he understood women. One can see that from his epistles.

"When I read the gospels I found that Jesus made no distinction between the sexes. I liked that. We are all women as well as men, children of God. I came to the conclusion that the only hope for the women of the Orient to attain their true position is through Christianity."

ENGLISH ONE-MAN COLLIERY

Unique Industry Is Matched by Railroad That Is Operated in the United States.

One-man businesses are many in these days of depleted staffs, but a working coal mine, controlled, supervised, and staffed entirely by a single individual is something of a novelty, says London Answers.

This one-man colliery is found at Hether Henge, Ambergate. The owner works the mine every day and all day to secure an output of 1,000 tons of coal a year. The mine is small, and the produce near the surface, while the coal is smut—used hitherto in the manufacture of blacking, but thought of greater value in war time.

The other side of the Atlantic can, however, match us in one-man industries. There, on the Idaho Southern system, is found a road run solely by one man.

The track was once a portion of an irrigation system, long since abandoned; and a high-powered motor car with flanged wheels has been built to run along the rails. It carries 16 passengers, and in the two light trailers go the freight and luggage. This quaint railroad has neither guard nor porter, yet it has a printed time table of its own, and runs its trains strictly on time.

Had First Call on Dance.

Down at Quantico one night recently there was a dance for the men of a certain company, who were to leave for France the next morning.

Of course, other men than those about to go were on the floor. There was one man who was a mighty good dancer, and all the girls liked to dance with him.

There was a very popular girl there, too. She had her dance program full. There wasn't a dance left.

A murmur came up. "May I dance with you?" he asked. The young woman said she was sorry, but her program was full.

"I am so sorry," she said.

"I am sorry, too," replied the young man. "I just came into the hall, and I did want one dance before I leave for France."

He started to turn away. The soldier who had the dance grabbed him by the shoulder.

"You take my dance," he said.

Evidently Had Wrong Girl.

Bouncer was distinctly irritated when he bumped into somebody along the street, until he found that it was an old acquaintance of his.

"Hi! Just the fellow I want to see," he remarked. "I wanted to ask you whether you ever hear anything of Helen nowadays. Did he marry that girl he was so keen on?"

"No, I don't think so. In fact, I've heard that he's rather fond of going to her home, and putting the gramophone on the record of the evening, and every time his back is turned to put a fresh record on. Miss Gladys moves the hands of the clock on anywhere from ten minutes to a quarter of an hour."

Sun Lifts Much Water From Lake.

Evaporation of water from Gatun lake, canal zone, reached a new high record during the month of March, this year, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. Calculations show that the sun withdrew 3,248,000,000 cubic feet of water from the body, the equivalent of 1,213 cubic feet a second for the period of 31 days. This was one cubic foot a second in excess of the volume of water passing through the penstocks of the Gatun hydroelectric station, which, during the same month, produced 4,681,000 kilowatt hours of energy. This in turn shows the loss of potential current due to the sun's effect.



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SEES LITTLE IN ALHAMBRA

Writer Says Famous Building Expresses Mere Beauty, Without Any Sense of Power or Vigor.

The Alhambra is on the shoulder of a mountain. It overlooks the town. Bart Kennedy writes in the Wide World. It was built by the Moors, and I take it that it was built overlooking the town for the usual reason. The ruling Moors lived therein and they wished to be in a position to give the nonruling Moors "what for" when they became too critical. There is a lot of human nature in ruling people just as there is in ruled people. A beautiful place, this Alhambra. But to me its architecture expressed decadence and weakness. There was nothing strong or massive about it. Whether a race expresses truly its character in architecture or not is not for me to say. To be able to give a reliable opinion as to this would necessitate the living of a life that lasted through a couple of thousand years. But certainly the Alhambra did not suggest power and vigor. Beauty, yes, and also fancy, but nothing more.

But on the Cuesta de los Muertos (the hill of the dead), which was outside the actual palace of the Alhambra, were three massive square towers. They expressed strength. In them had lived centuries before—the Mohammedan soldiers of the guard. These towers impressed me and I often went to see them in the moonlight, for then there seemed to be in their strength and power some weird effect.

Sappho.

Sappho's fragments are redolent of flowers; her woven verse, a "rich-red chain" in the sunshine, has a silver sheen in the moonlight. We hear the full-throated song of the "herald of the spring, the nightingale;" the breeze moves the apple boughs; the wind shakes the oak trees. Her allusions to the "hyacinths, darkening the ground when trampled under foot of shepherds;" the "fine, soft bloom of grass, trodden by the tender feet of Cretan women as they dance;" or the "golden pulse growing on the shore"—all these seem inevitable to one who has seen the acres of bright flowers that carpet the islands of the nearby Ithaca of the Asian coast. . . . In her Lesbian orchards the sweet quince-apple is still left hanging "solitary on the topmost bough upon its very end;" and there is heard "cool murmuring through apple boughs while slumber slouches down from quivering leaves."—Francis G. Allinson and Anna C. E. Allinson.

Matter of "Two Evils."

A Londoner whose business is coaching stage aspirants tells this one:

"One day my work was interrupted by a weak-featured but rather pretty

girl of about eighteen. She was tastefully dressed, but had obviously been crying. She said she was wishful to adopt the profession of the stage. Had she ever played in amateur productions? No. Were her parents prepared to pay the fees? She had neither father nor mother. "Well, what are you?" he inquired. Then she sobbed. She was a housemaid in the service of a crochety old lady. When the professor advised her to return to her mistress, she exclaimed: "I can't bear 'er! I'd sooner go on the stage than stand her any longer."

Perfectly Innocent Fun.

"Willie, are you and Roy in any mischief out there?"
"Oh, no, ma," came the reply. "We're just playing with some eggs the goose left, to see how many times we can catch them before they break."—Boston Transcript.

FIRST RECORDED AIR FIGHT

Frenchmen, Rivals in Love, Had Strange and Fatal Duel More Than One Hundred Years Ago.

The first battle in the air and the strangest duel in the long history of the field of honor was fought 110 years ago near Paris. Two Frenchmen were ardent rivals for the affections of a woman, and so bitter did their quarrel become that only blood could wipe it out. Ordinary methods were too tame for these fiery spirits, so it was agreed that the duel should be fought from balloons. The cause of the trouble agreed to marry the victor.

When the selected day arrived the two fighters and their seconds repaired to the meeting place, only to find a great crowd assembled, for word of the strange encounter had spread broadcast. The principals, however, were undeterred. Two balloons, precisely alike, had been prepared, and into these they stepped. To each was handed a carefully loaded blunderbuss.

The word was given and the balloons ascended, almost side by side. At the height of about half a mile, when the great bags were but 80 yards apart, the signal was given and both men opened fire. Soon one of the balloons collapsed, and crashed to the earth. The record says the woman kept her promise and married the victor of the aerial battle.

Dog Recognizes Portrait.

In his reminiscences "Spy" sketches my credulity. He had painted a full-length portrait of his host at a country house. When it was just finished he came down early one morning to inspect it—and found his host's dog sitting up begging before the portrait of his master.

It was Apelles, the ancient painter,

I think, who depicted grapes so realistically that the very birds pecked at them. But in a long association with dogs I have never found one who could recognize a figure or a landscape in a picture.

The nearest approach to such intelligence is when I have set a looking glass on the floor and confronted a dog with his own likeness. He growls suspiciously, uncomfortably, until he walks behind to find the other dog—that isn't there!—London Chronicle.

Easy Way to Measure Distances.

Boy scouts who are interested in emulating deeds of their older friends are practicing many engineering stunts. One of the most interesting is to measure distances without instruments and where the travel from point to point is impracticable. The method followed is one employed by Napoleon when his engineers sought to learn the distance across an unfordable river.

The little corporal took a position on the bank at the water edge, gazed across the stream until the opposite shore line was just discernible below the visor of his cap, then turned on his heel and spotted a point at the same level up stream. After this he paced off the distance and had it approximately correct.

Common Heather Dying Out.

In the case of such a plant as the common heather of England and Scotland, found growing wild in Nova Scotia, it is a matter of curious interest to determine whether it is native to the soil or has been introduced from Europe. Lawson decided that the plant had its home here. There was a time, it is thought, when the plant was abundant in our northern lands, and its present rare occurrence marks a dying out of the species on this side of the ocean. Its vigorous growth in Europe is due to the circumstance that there it is a young plant on virgin soil.

Discovered in 1735.

Platinum was discovered in what is now Colombia in 1735, by a Spaniard named Don Antonio de Ulloa, who accompanied a French scientific expedition, and his account of it was the first information regarding the metal to be brought to the attention of Europeans. In the placer mining of gold in Colombia it was formerly thrown away as waste, and when the rise in price made it more valuable than gold the ground on which the waste had been thrown became in its turn a field for mining operations, and even the streets of the principal center of gold refining in Colombia, Quibdo, were torn up and the soil washed for particles of the new treasure. One man tore down his store in order to get at the ground beneath, and found so much platinum that he was enabled to rebuild and make an extra \$4,000 for his trouble.

MINOR MUSINGS.

If you were to go about for a day with a note-book and pencil in hand and mark down every good and evil thing said and done by those you met you'd be surprised, at night, how greatly the good had overbalanced the evil.

If it be true that you cannot take out of life more than you put into it, a pill-box for baggage is all that some folks will need on their last journey.

There is a small class of mothers that regards children as ornaments to the home—like the piano or paintings or the phonograph.

At which time do you feel better: After you've made a sum of money by a shrewd deal, or after you have helped somebody that needed help?

"Kickers" have their places in the economy of things and we couldn't really get along well without them. They're a good deal like castor oil, that way.

Why worry about the future when nobody has ever agreed with anybody else about what it is going to be.

Anybody can get you "in bad" but who's ready when you want to get out?

A dime in time saves about everything.

The Lord that loves a cheerful giver probably examines the motive for the gift.

The only person that actually cares about how you live is your creditor. We sometimes talk slightly of old-fashioned people, but in our hearts we love them, every one.

The reason that about everybody is more interested in weddings than war is that without weddings none of us would be here and without war more of us would be here.

A genius by any other name would be just as difficult to get along with.

It's terribly hard to convince a man who is all bunged up with the "du," that he is only mentally afflicted. And besides it's likely to make him fighting mad.

LET'S HOPE SO, ANYWAY

When the Kaiser fled to Holland, E'vry Dutchman held his nose; For the Dutch don't like Limberger, Just about to decompose.

Wilhelm begged of Wilhelmina, Who's the queen of all the Dutch, "Make me safe from democratic Revolutionists and such.

"I'm not safe at home or elsewhere, "For this bolshevik bunch "Have no love for me whatever; "I'd be cheese for them at lunch."

"Now you're wrong," said Wilhelmina, "If you think you're safer here; We've no place for cheese in Holland.

"Do I make my meaning clear?" So the Kaiser doffed his helmet, When "To hell mit!" said the queen, And proceeded then from Holland, Seeking refuge more serene.

But there was no place for Wilhelm; E'vry place the Kaiser fled, He could hear the cry, "Let's hang him By the neck until he's dead!"

"By the neck!" The clamor smote him As he hurried on again; He could feel the rough knot tighten; And a mob cried: "Vive Lovain!"

Till at last he found a refuge, And perhaps it's just as well; For he took his Hun Gun, with him, And they settled down in—just what you'd say yourself under the same circumstances.

The Bans Are Lifting

No license is now necessary, regardless of cost, for the erection of farm buildings, flour and feed mills, wheat warehouses and grain elevators, according to an announcement from the non war construction section at Washington, D. C., received by the State Council of Defense.

The telegram reads: "War industries board has removed, effective at once, all restrictions on all buildings including houses and garages costing not more than \$10,000. Between \$10,000 and \$25,000 State Council of Defense can issue licenses. Above \$25,000, Washington approval necessary. No license necessary irrespective of cost on farm buildings, flour and feed mills, railroads and public utility work, highways, streets and bridges, wheat warehouses and grain elevators. When schools, churches, hospitals and municipal buildings do not cost over \$25,000 they can go ahead."

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