GLIMPSE OF BURMA

More Interesting Than Any Other Section of India.

PASSED UP BY TRAVELERS

Marvelous Sights Missed by Those Who Stick to Beaten Tracks of Travel—City of Rangoon the Gem of the East.

(By Francis E. Clark, D. D. LL. D.)
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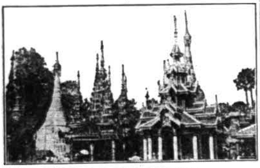
Rangoon, Dec. 9.—One of the corners of the world too much neglected by travelers in the past has been the marvelous country that lies at the northeastern end of the Bay of Bengal.

It is not too much to say that Burma contains more of interest than any equal section of the Indian Empire, and yet probably not one American traveler in ten who visits India extends his journey to Burma. If he



Shrines Along the Shwe Dagon Pagoda.

is going east, he sails directly from Calcutta to Colombo, and thence to the Straits Settlements and China, or if his face is turned westward, he cuts across India from Tuticorin or Madras to Bombay, but in either event misses the Gem of the East, the great Burmese city of Rangoon.

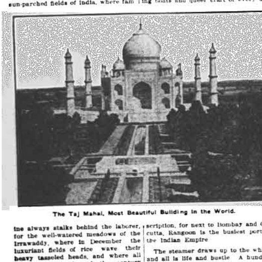
Many people think of Burma as a part of India, and the Burmese as Indians, but they are no more Indians than the Chinese are Americans. To be sure, Burma is a province of the Indian Empire, of which King Edward

Elephants at Work Carrying Mahogany Logs.

VII., is the emperor, though it ought to be as much a separate dominion as Australia or Canada.

It is a three days' journey on a fast steamer from Calcutta to Rangoon and when one reaches the latter city he finds people of a totally different race, different language, different customs, different complexion, different costumes and different religion.

He finds that he has exchanged the sun-parched fields of India, where fam



The Taj Mahal, Most Beautiful Building in the World.

ine always stalks behind the laborer, for the well-watered meadows of the Irrawaddy, where in December the luxuriant fields of rice wave their heavy tasseled heads, and where all the year around and the century through famine is unknown.

Instead of the straight-featured, thin-limbed, agile Aryans whom he left in Calcutta, the traveler finds in Rangoon, three or four days later, round-faced, jolly, plump Mongolians, with slant eyes and yellow skins and the merriest of black, twinkling eyes.

Instead of the three and thirty million gods whom he saw worshipped in Benares, he finds no god in Rangoon, but only the placid, unwinking, half-smiling image of Gautama Buddha, who 500 years before Christ, attained to Nirvana, and whose image is to-day worshipped by one-third of the human race. Buddhism believes in no personal god, but only, as one of its disciples declares: "In the eternal principles of mind and matter inherent in the universe." Though Buddhism was driven out of India, it has apparently found a secure home in Burma.

In India, one finds temples carved with all sorts of curious and often hideous figures of everything that is in heaven above and the earth beneath and the waters under the earth. In Burma, graceful, slender pagodas, oft-encrusted thickly with gold leaf, and rising from 50 to 300 feet in the air, are seen, and everywhere, in every stately pagoda and every little jeweled shrine, the same image, calm, unseeing, immovable to earthly joys or sorrows, Gautama, as he attained the long-sought Nirvana.

Come with me for a glimpse of this wonderful and seldom visited city on the banks of the Irrawaddy. The big steamer plows slowly up the muddy waters of the great river, which at its mouth is so wide that you cannot see from shore to shore. On either side are luxuriant paddy fields, for Burma is by far the greatest rice-producing country in the world.

After some hours we see signs of approach to a large city. There are tall chimneys and big oil tanks on one side of the river, for Burma is a great oil-producing country, and the Standard Oil Company is no stranger to her wells.

On the other side of the river, as we approach nearer fine business blocks become visible and wide tree embowered streets, and dominating all, a great pagoda that glistens in the intense tropical sunlight as though of solid gold. This is the great Shwe Dagon pagoda, the wonder and glory of the Buddhist world, which we shall shortly visit.

The harbor is lively with large steamers and little sampans and native boats and queer craft of every description, for next to Bombay and Calcutta, Rangoon is the busiest port in the Indian Empire.

The steamer draws up to the wharf, and all is life and bustle. A hundred gharries, box-like carriages with close-drawn blinds to keep out the sun, await the passengers. The tough little Burmese ponies start off at a gallop, and we are soon in the heart of the city. Here are great godowns or wholesale storehouses filled with the choicest wares and products of the east, large department stores which would not blush to stand beside Wanamaker's or Siegel's, public buildings, postoffice, custom house, etc., that would do credit to any city in the world. Here, too, is a beautiful public park, charming lakes, an extensive zoo, all in the heart of the city.

The ever-changing panorama of street scenes is entrancing. The Burmese and Karens, with their fresh, smooth yellow skins and bright skirts of every conceivable shade of gorgeousness, the sallow Chinamen with their long cues, the jinrikishas darting in and out, the lumbering ox-carts loaded with the produce of the country, the elephants patiently and intelligently moving great mahogany logs, taking them up in their trunks and balancing them on their tusks—all these sights made a ride through the streets of Rangoon more fascinating than any lord mayor's show, and more varied than the midway of a World's fair.

But the spot to which all travelers' paths converge in Rangoon is the Shwe Dagon pagoda, the most sacred spot in all the Buddhist world. Up a long flight of stone steps we walk, on either side of which are chattering venders of curious wares—silks and lace and gongs of brass, huge cheroots, eight or ten inches long and as large around as your two thumbs, which contain tobacco enough for a family smoke, oranges, mangoes, jack fruit and pawpaws; jade ornaments and tinsel jewels—indeed almost anything that a Burman would want to eat or wear or bedeck himself with.

At the top of the steps a gorgeous, glittering sight indeed strikes the eye, for there rises a great and graceful column of gold, a hundred and fifty feet above the vast platform on which it is built, and which itself rises 170 feet from the ground. The pagoda is very wide at the base, and tapers gradually to a bell-shaped top on which is a crown of solid gold and jewels alone worth a round half million dollars.

From top to bottom, however the pagoda is covered with gold, gold plates near the top and gold leaf at the bottom, and in the glaring sun which for three-fourths of the year beats down upon it, presents an indescribably gorgeous appearance. One can fancy that a conical mountain of solid gold had reared itself in the center of its swarm of children, for all around are little pagodas or shrines clustering close to the base of the parent, and each one vying with all the others to show itself the richest and most bejeweled.

In the great pagoda is a huge Buddha, so covered with gold and gems that the covetous public is kept away from it by strong iron bars, while all the lesser shrines have other images of the placid saint and some of them many, but all with exactly the same expression of ineffable content. Buddhas sitting and Buddhas lying down, Buddhas large and Buddhas small, Buddhas in marble and bronze and silver and clay, but always the same unmistakable Buddha.

In every shrine more or fewer worshippers are bowing and mumbling, while the pretty girls as they worship, smoke the "whacking big cheroots" of which Kipling sings.

No pain, no sorrow, no worry, no care is depicted on the faces of these innumerable images, but at the same time no interest in human affairs, no sympathy, no love. In these figures, too, it must be confessed there is little of the lofty sublimity of contemplation one sees in the Japanese Buddha at Kamakura, the most beautiful and impressive of all the world's Buddhas.

In them all, however, whether impressive or insignificant, one sees cold, self-centered indifference to all mundane things. This self-absorbed indifference is characteristic of the religion that worships these idols, and herein lies its supreme weakness.

A multitude of other sights, odd, beautiful, bizarre, but all interesting, attract the traveler.

"On the road to Mandalay,"

which lies some 20 hours' journey up the Irrawaddy. They are well worth the notice of any one who can wander from the beaten tracks of travel long enough to enjoy them.

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Americans Drink Much Water.

Our habits of water drinking have been so generally noticed, chiefly in Europe, that physicians must have thought frequently of what reasons led to our great use of water.

In England as well as in Europe the climate is decidedly more humid than in the United States. Here we have long periods of dry, sunny weather. In the autumn there may be a succession of weeks of clear, bracing weather.

In France and in much of western Europe since the annals of Caesar the humidity of autumn has been proverbial. We may well expect such great differences in climate to produce variations in habits and the evaporation from the skin in the weather prevailing with us might account for our greater use of water.—Medical Journal.

First to Find Gold in Colorado.

After living in Colorado most of the time since 1858, James H. Pierce, the oldest pioneer of the state, died Friday night, says the Denver Republican.

In the spring of 1858 he started for the Rocky mountains with a party under the command of Russel Green in search of gold. They prospected along Ralson creek and discovered the first gold known to have been found in Colorado at the mouth of Dry creek, near where Englewood now is.

For several years Mr. Pierce had been the only survivor of the party that came in 1858.

WAY TO SET TABLE

SIMPLE DECORATIONS THAT WILL MAKE IT LOOK ATTRACTIVE.

Present Day Table Etiquette in the Placing of Silver Explained—The Hostess Now Serves Herself First.

To make a dinner table look attractive attention must be given to its decoration. For example, in the middle of the table there should be a pot of flowers or cut blossoms, and radiating from the center at four corners there should be candlesticks, glass or silver. About the center may be laid any large fancy silver spoons as ornaments, and four small dishes, glass or silver. In one dish there should be jelly, in two others candies and salted nuts, and pickles in the fourth. One of these dishes should be placed between two candlesticks, only farther from the middle. These are left throughout the meal, except that the jelly and pickles are removed when the crumbs are wiped from the cloth; that is, before dessert is served.

No more than three forks are put at one place nowadays, others being brought in afterward if extra courses require them. A fork and spoon are used with dessert, and plates for each person are arranged before being brought from the pantry. A small doily is put on each dessert plate, and on that is the finger bowl, also in a little plate. The latter should match the bowl. A second doily should be placed between the bowl and its plate. A fork and spoon should be placed on each dessert plate, the silver resting on the margin. The fork should be on the left and the spoon on the right side, the handles pointing toward the person who will use them. When this plate is set on the table the guest removes the fork and spoon, putting one either side of the plate.

She then takes the finger bowl, its plate and the doily under and places them a little to the left in front of the dessert plate, which is thus left ready for the sweet when the maid brings it.

When that course is finished the maid takes off the plates used and puts the finger bowl plates in their proper places before each guest. This serving of dessert plates is the most complicated part of a dinner for an inexperienced maid.

Candies are not passed about the table till the finger bowl plates are in front of each guest after dessert. The guest raises the bowl, puts it a little in front, thus leaving the plate empty for the candies. If coffee is served at the table it is brought while the candies are being eaten.

A serving plate is used at each plate, which means that the maid, when she removes a plate used, has a clean, empty one in her right hand, which she immediately slips into place. When plates for the next course are brought the empty one is taken up. In this way places before persons at the table are never without a plate.

There is a fad at present for all dishes brought from the pantry to be handed first to the hostess to serve herself instead of to the guest of honor. In these days of complicated and elaborate dishes it is frequently tactful to follow this fashion, that others may see how the dish is served. Carving should be done in the pantry and neither meat nor vegetable dishes put on the table.

A good menu for a formal dinner consists of a hors d'oeuvre of sardine paste on toast, clam cocktails, soup, fish, an entree, poultry with two light vegetables, a salad, ices, candies and coffee.

ROSANNA SCHUYLER.

Fillet of Beef.

Buy the short fillet under the rump, using two if needed. Wipe, remove the fat, veins and tendinous portion in the middle. Trim into shape, rub with salt, pepper and flour, and cover with beef fat and some pork over the top. Put two slices of pork in the baking pan with a slice of onion and bit of bay leaf. Put the meat on this and bake in very hot oven 30 minutes. Remove scraps and serve with mushroom sauce poured round the meat.

Cooking of Rice.

To two cupfuls of boiling water in the upper part of double boiler add one-half teaspoonful salt and one-half cupful of rice (washed). Cook directly over the fire for one minute. Place pan in lower part of boiler half filled with boiling water, and cook about one-half an hour, or until the rice has absorbed all the water. Do not stir while cooking. The grains will be large, flaky, separate and unbroken.

Spinach With Crackers.

Boil half peck of spinach until tender, drain and chop fine, have eight crackers soaked in milk, two onions fry in a tablespoonful of butter a few minutes, but do not brown, add crackers and spinach, pepper, salt, let simmer over a slow fire ten minutes. If too thick add milk or water.

Making It Easy.

Dishwashing must be done. There is no way out. However, why not set your supper dishes in a pail in the sink and cover them up to wash with breakfast things? This will do away with that "horrid after supper."

Flaxseed Lemonade.

Pour on four tablespoonfuls of whole flaxseed one quart of boiling water and add the juice of two lemons. Let it steep for three hours, keeping it closely covered. Sweeten to taste. Excellent for colds.

STATE HAPPENINGS

Rock Island.—Maj. W. C. Hawes, head clerk of the Modern Woodmen of America, stated that in view of the charges filed against officers of the society before State's Attorney Wayman, at Chicago, he proposed this week, when the executive council meets in monthly session, to demand that the state insurance department be asked to make an investigation of the society's affairs.

Hawes pointed out that while the directors are charged with exacting commissions for themselves from banks as the terms of depositing the funds of which they have charge, no reflection had been made on the management of the society's affairs.

"I do not propose that there shall be any misunderstanding by the public with reference to the management," he said, "and for that reason I propose to ask that every department be examined without delay. We have nothing to conceal here."

Chicago.—State's Attorney Wayman will this week investigate the charges that certain officers of the Modern Woodmen have been enjoying a "rakeoff" from deposits of the order's funds in banks. These deposits on April 1 last were about $3,200,000.

F. S. Webb, who is preparing a demand that State Superintendent of Insurance Fred W. Porter investigate the Woodmen order, which has not been the subject of such an inquiry since 1906, finished his formulations of charges, and said his document will reach Springfield this week.

"Much worse matters than extravagance will be shown," he said. "My work in this direction is not to harm the order, but to save it."

Springfield.—The losses of the Farmers' Elevator company of Illiopolis, 23 miles east of Springfield, will depend largely on just when the farmers who stored grain in the elevator during the winter demand payment. The elevator has been closed down for a week pending an investigation as to why the company had sustained losses estimated as high as $40,000. The stockholders held an informal meeting and decided to increase the capital stock of the company from $10,000 to $26,000 and failed to reappoint G. H. Gray to the position of manager. It developed at the meeting that stored grain had been shipped to commission merchants and the proceeds used to buy futures on the board of trade. The futures were in May corn which suffered a big drop, and the necessity of putting up sufficient margins to cover these deals resulted in big losses.

Chicago.—Concealed in a gunny sack, the bodies of two male infants, twins apparently, were found in a ditch in East Ninety-fourth street near Cottage Grove avenue. Police of the Grand Crossing station began a search for the parents, but have no clue. The sack was found by Mrs. John Turel, wife of a farmer. She notified the police and the bodies were removed to Pierson's undertaking rooms, 7350 Cottage Grove avenue.

Chicago.—Little girls and boys, inmates of the Chicago Home for the Friendless, 5061 Vincennes avenue, mourned the death of Miss Jennie Van Bergen, the only "mother" known to them. She dropped dead, presumably of heart disease, after returning from a walk with her young charges. Miss Van Bergen lived with her parents at 215 East Seventy-second street. She was nineteen years old.

Highwood.—Upon charges, Postmaster W. E. Cummins at Highwood, in Representative Foss' district, has been separated from his office. A department inspector called one day when Mr. Cummings was a little bit short in his accounts. He made the shortage good, but was discharged anyway. Miss Cox, a long time the assistant, has been made the acting postmistress and will probably continue in the place.

Bloomington.—James Murphy, a local painter, has been taken to the federal prison at Fort Leavenworth under sentence of three years' imprisonment for stealing $680 from the Bloomington post office while seeking employment as a painter.

Rock Island.—Henry Kos walked down to the river bank and shot himself twice, once in the heart and once in the head. He had $189 on his person and apparently there was no reason for the deed.

Bloomington.—Dr. John Little, seventy-seven year old, for 50 years a prominent medical practitioner, pleaded guilty in the federal court to an information charging him with sending obscene matter through the mails. He was fined $25 and was required to sign a public apology to Mrs. Tinia Kirkby, who has been given prominence in the case. The doctor says he was jealous when Mrs. Kirkby, whom he regarded as a foster child, told him that she had decided to be married to Holmes B. Riley, of Stanford.

Anna.—T. J. Houlihan and R. E. Malone have been convicted in the county court for selling liquors in Anna precinct, which is anti-saloon territory. They are charged with conducting a club, which sold keys to members for 50 cents.

Eureka.—Commencement exercises of Eureka college were held in the Christian church. Herbert Martin, Ph. D., of New York city made the address. The five graduates were: Inez Humphrey of Palmyra, Maurice Ball, Toluca, Carl B. Boore, Brimfield; A. L. Huff, Lovington, and L. H. Herrington, Eureka.

AT A CRITICAL PERIOD

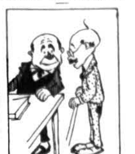
Of Peculiar Interest to Women.

Mrs. Mary I. Remington, Highberry St., Gilroy, Cal., says: "I suffered so severely from pain and soreness over the kidneys that it was a task for me to turn over in bed. My kidneys acted very frequently, but the secretions were retarded and the passages scalded. I was weak and run down. After taking other remedies without benefit, I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and was permanently cured. I was going through the critical period of a woman's life at that time and after using Doan's Kidney Pills there was a miraculous change for the better in my health."

Remember the name—Doan's.

For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

AUTHORITY NOT HEARD FROM.



State's Attorney (to prospective juror)—Have you formed any opinion on this case?

Mr. Henpeck—No, sir. I don't think my wife has read anything about it yet.

Docile Cheese.

Andrew Carnegie, while eating with appetite and courage last month the dishes cooked by the young girls of the Margaret Morrison school in Pittsburg, said:

"I have no fear before these experimental dishes. He who has eaten in France learns to eat boldly.

"Think of the French cheeses alone!

"Why, one afternoon in a restaurant in the Boulevard des Italiens, I heard a guest shout angrily:

"'Waiter, look here, this cheese is walking all over the table!'

"'Ah, have no fear, monsieur. It won't escape,' the waiter replied. 'If it goes too far, just call "Jules, Jules!" It always answers to its name.'"

The Rude Visitor.

There is a story about the secretary of a golf club who was a man of diminutive stature. It was summer time, and the grass had been allowed to grow rather long. The secretary was playing in front of a visitor who was a very long driver, and kept dropping his ball in the neighborhood of the secretary all the way round. At last the little man could stand it no longer and walked back and remonstrated with the visitor on his conduct, but the only reply he got was: "If you would cut the grass, one might be able to see you."

Casey at the Jet.

"What's this I hear about Casey?" asked McGinnis.

"He's been trying to asphyxiate himself," said O'Reilly.

"G'wan! What did he do?"

"He lit every gas jet in the house and sat down and waited."—Everybody's.

According to some it makes no difference how many dead cats you throw into the well so long as you keep the pump handle polished.

A DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCE

Medicine Not Needed in This Case.

It is hard to convince some people that coffee does them an injury! They lay their bad feelings to almost every cause but the true and unsuspected one.

But the doctor knows. His wide experience has proven to him that to some systems, coffee is an insidious poison that undermines the health.

Ask the doctor if coffee is the cause of constipation, stomach and nervous trouble.

"I have been a coffee drinker all my life. I am now 42 years old and when taken sick two years ago with nervous prostration, the doctor said that my nervous system was broken down and that I would have to give up coffee.

"I got so weak and shaky I could not work, and reading your advertisement of Postum, I asked my grocer if he had any of it. He said: 'Yes,' and that he used it in his family, and it was all it claimed to be.

"So I quit coffee and commenced to use Postum steadily and found in about two weeks' time I could sleep soundly at night and get up in the morning feeling fresh. In about two months I began to gain flesh. I weighed only 146 pounds when I commenced on Postum, and now I weigh 167 and feel better than I did at 20 years of age.

"I am working every day and sleep well at night. My two children were great coffee drinkers, but they have not drank any since Postum came into the house, and are far more healthy than they were before."

Read "The Road to Wellville," found in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.