

## How the Burmese Conduct a Funeral

**T**HE great ambition of a Burmese boy is to enter a Buddhist monastery as a novice. His entrance is marked with festivities. The aspirant rides to the monastery on a sacred pony and over his head is held a golden umbrella.

When the lad arrives at the monastery he is received by yellow robed priests, who take him to one of the inner courts. These monasteries, by the way, are usually erected at the expense of some pious person desirous of gaining merit in the next world. Unfortunately no merit attaches to those who repair the building, and so in course of time after the builder's death the monastery becomes a mass of ruins and is abandoned.

The school room in the center of the temple and here the boys and novices are instructed in the rudiments of a Buddhist education. The books are written on

the boy novice decide to take the vows of a priestly life.

Especially attractive to the boy novice is the idea of the priest's funeral which may one day be his own. It is the occasion of a popular festival and draws pleasure-loving crowds from far and near.

When a Buddhist priest dies the body is embalmed and placed in a gorgeous gilded shell, which in turn is deposited in a special building in the temple ground until the heaping bowls of the brethren have collected enough for a spectacular funeral. This generally takes place in February or March after a successful rice harvest, when money is plentiful and the people are anxious for some little festival after months of hard labor.

A big open space is chosen in the temple grounds and booths spring up with marionettes, shows, jugglers, minor theaters, fortune tellers, quack doctors and the like.



FUNERAL PYRE OF A BURMESE PRIEST.

palm leaves of a special kind or else on thin strips of ivory.

The most valuable book of all is the king's waistcloth, which consists of ivory cut amazingly thin and covered first with black and then with red lacquer until it becomes as flexible as a piece of whalebone. The material is then cut into strips eighteen inches long and four inches broad, and the sacred writings are painted on it with either gold or black varnish.

Having been received in the monastery the lad assumes the Burmese yellow robe of mourning, abstinence and humility. He receives at the same time the eight requisites of life, most important of which is the begging bowl in which to collect the daily food from the faithful.

The boy's head is shaved and then for a period ranging from a few days to several months he is an inmate of the temple, learning the sacred writings, waiting on the priests and collecting his daily bread by marching through the village and pausing at every door for the cup of rice or other offering which every householder is expected to pour into his bowl. Many of

Most important of all a typically Burmese structure, pagoda-like in shape, is erected around a timber framework and then decorated with oriental art with pasteboard, colored paper and bunting.

The lower part of the templelike hearse is filled with combustibles saturated with oil, and immediately above this is the platform on which the body of the dead priest rests. The shell containing the body is drawn an hour or two previously to the fair ground in an elaborate car decked with gold and tinsel, and the coffin is immediately hoisted by pulleys high up into the funeral pagoda.

The temple bells begin to tinkle, and amid cries of delight from the crowd showers of colored rockets are fired into the pagoda, which instantly takes fire and blazes furiously. Thicker and thicker fly the rockets, until the entire structure is a mass of flames.

In half an hour or so nothing remains of the pagoda but a heap of ashes, from which certain fragments of bones are carefully collected and buried with reverence, after which a pagoda is built over them for a memorial.

## Gleanings by the Story Teller

**Something Had to Be Done.**

**T**HE visiting minister was walking along the shady country road to a church where he was to preach that day when he saw a little boy digging vigorously into the bank by the roadside. He stopped and asked the boy why he worked so hard on Sunday.

"I'm digging for a woodchuck, sir," replied the boy.

"Well, my son, don't you know it is wrong to do that on Sunday, and you won't get him?"

"Not get him!" exclaimed the boy; "why I've got to get him. The minister's coming to our house to dinner today and we ain't got no meat."—Philadelphia Ledger.

you loll back and not look as if the water was boiling over."—New York Tribune.

**Extra Charge.**

He was a stout, pudgy person, liable to be irritated early in the morning—evidently subject to indigestion—and he walked into the dining room with anything but good grace. Turning to the Italian waiter he said:

"Haven't you people any conscience here?"

The child of the sunny south only shrugged his shoulders and suavely replied:

"Eef eet ess not on ze bills eet ess charged extra for."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Constant in Purpose Only.**

General Sir Alfred Horsford, once in authority at Aldershot, believed in an army of unmarried men, and invariably turned a deaf ear to privates who were in love and who wished to take wives. When Horsford was in command of a battalion of the rifle brigade, says Sir Evelyn Wood in his recent entertaining volume, "From Midshipman to Field Marshal," a soldier came up to him for permission to marry.

"No, certainly not," was his curt reply. "Why does a young man like you want a wife?"

"Oh, please sir," said the soldier, "I have two rings (good conduct badges) and £5 in the savings bank, so I am eligible, and I want to marry very much."

"Well, go away, and if you come back this day year in the same mind, you shall marry. I'll keep the vacancy."

On the anniversary the soldier repeated his request.

"But do you really, after a year, want to marry?"

"Yes, sir, very much."

In spite of himself, Horsford was visibly impressed.

"Sergeant Major," he said, "take his name down. Yes, you may marry. I never believed there was so much constancy in man or woman. Right face. Quick march."

"Thank you, sir," he said, gratefully. "It isn't the same woman."

**Struck Bottom.**

James R. Koene loves to tell the story of the Irish coal miner who fell down the shaft. Pat had a curious experience. The shaft was a new one, about seventy-five feet deep, and when the Irishman tumbled in he did not go the whole distance immediately. He lodged about a third of the way down, and his fellow workmen struggled to save him. Pat directing the operations. Just as they thought they had succeeded, he crashed down another twenty-five feet, when an obstruction caught him, and the rescue campaign was begun anew and with greater difficulty. When they were a second time on the point of success, to the dismay of the rescuing party, Pat went headlong into the lower deep. Now all was silent, no sound from the unfortunate Hibernian.

Leaning far over the edge of the shaft, the foreman shouted through a trumpet:

"Pat, I say, Patrick."

"From the darkness and mystery of the underworld came the solitary word, 'Hur-roo!'"

"Are you much hurt, Pat?"

"I am not, begorra."

"Where are ye, Pat?"

"Where are ye, Pat?"

"Where are ye, Pat?"

"Where are ye, Pat? Where the devil are ye?"

"Where am I? Where am I? Glory be to God, I'm on the bottom at last!"—New York Tribune.

**The Chicago Uplift.**

A Chicago man tells of a resident of that city who had been unsuccessful in one venture after another. At last, however, he made a large sum of money by means of an invention in car wheels, and very soon thereafter his family, consisting of his wife and two young daughters, were to be seen taking their daily outing in a motor car.

One day the three were being driven rapidly through the park, while a look of painful self-consciousness overspread the features of the inventor's wife, as she sat bolt upright, looking straight before her.

"Now, ma," coming in clear tone from one of the daughters, whose keen face was alive with enjoyment, "now ma, can't

**He Was Sitting Down.**

The late James A. Bailey, famous as the successor of P. T. Barnum, once accepted an invitation to a dinner tendered to a bride and groom among the "freaks" of his circus. He was late in arriving and found the company politely awaiting him. There were living skeletons, dwarfs, Circeasians, snake charmers, the "girl that spoke seven languages and had two heads, which made fourteen languages in all," the "dog-faced boy" and others. Beaming upon them with paternal air, the happy man openly acknowledged the general "Hello, pop," that went around the festal board.

"I am sorry I kept you waiting," he said, taking his place at the table. "I believe there are several new additions

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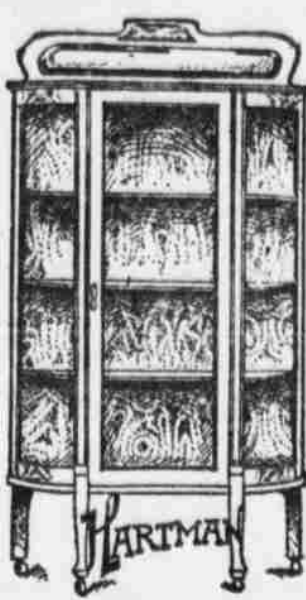


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It is an ornament to any dining room. It is a thoroughly high grade china closet. It is a special. Contracted for by us in such immense quantities as to make the lowest price possible.

**Imperial Monarch Brussels Rug, Size 12 ft. x 9 ft., Price, 15.75**

This is our Celebrated Imperial Monarch Brussels Rug—specially made for us—controlled exclusively by the great Hartman chain of stores. It has no miter seams to wear off; it is not made up from remnants; it is a full woven rug, made of best materials and thoroughly guaranteed.



**Solid Oak China Closet**

Made of selected material and beautifully polished. Has bent ends and double strength, glass side and door three adjustable shelves—16.50—mirror top.



**Handsome 3-Piece Parlor Suite Upholstered in Imported Velour 14.90**

This Parlor Suite is another of Hartman's wonderful values. Consists of large divan, comfortable arm chair and smaller chair. Frame is of polished birch, mahogany finish and upholstered in the best of material, with expert workmanship and a value positively beyond duplication.



**Solid Oak Sideboard 13.85**

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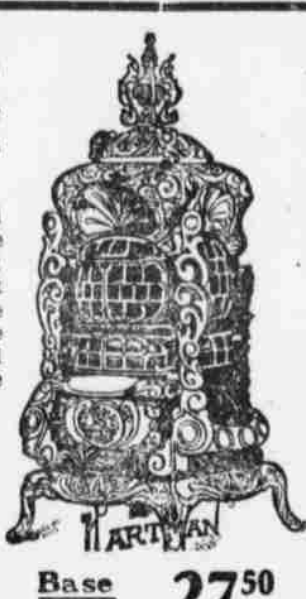


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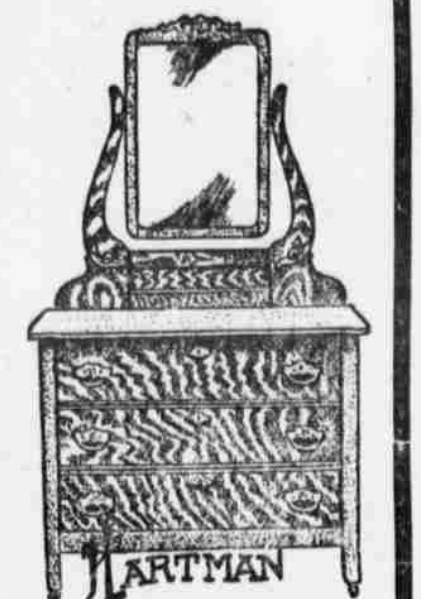
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This Mattress is of our own manufacture, is of superior quality, but by saving the manufacturer's profit we are able to sell it at the special price above quoted. It is made of elastic felt, soft, resilient and comfortable. Will never lump. Made with imperishable stitched edges that cannot break down, and taped, equal to \$15.00 mattresses advertised and sold throughout Omaha.

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**Solid Oak Pedestal Extension Table 14.75**

We firmly believe that this is by far the biggest Pedestal Extension Table value on sale in Omaha. This table is made of best selected solid oak with large quartersawn oak top, brilliantly polished. It is very massive, very substantial and is extra well finished.

to the company. Is this the groom?"

"No," replied a deep voice from the full beard addressed, "I am the bride."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Bailey, "I did not recognize the bearded woman. But, tell me, which is the groom?"

"I am," proclaimed a very thin voice. In astonishment Mr. Bailey glanced up at the figure towering near his elbow.

"I congratulate you, my man," said the manager. "Sit down, let us on with the feast—sit down."

The guest addressed at once began to ascend seemingly until his head was in the neighborhood of the canvas roof, from which height he looked down and said: "I was sittin' down, pop—I was sittin' down!"—Success Magazine.

**Doesn't Believe in Hoodoos.**

Governor Johnson of Minnesota was only 13 when his father died, and he supported the family by money earned doing all sorts of odd jobs. He pumped the bellows in the blacksmith shop, once owned by his father, and once a week inked the roller of the press in the local print shop. Besides this he carried mail and newspapers to outlying houses. His ambition was to take a course in pharmacy. He had to give up this idea for a time because of family expenses. When at last he managed to get a certificate as a registered pharmacist it was No. 13. But he says he never believed much in hoodoos.

**Worth Waiting For.**

An old gentleman, rather portly and clad in a somewhat youthful suit of light gray flannel, sat on a bench in the park enjoying the spring day.

"What's the matter, sonny?" he asked a small urchin who lay on the grass just across the walk and stared intently.

"Don't wanter," the boy replied.

"But it is not natural," the old gentleman insisted, "for a boy to be so quiet. Why don't you run about?"

"Oh, I'm just waitin'," the little fellow answered. "I'm just waitin' till you get to the Louville Courier-Journal, he was sitting at the telephone table in the local room one night waiting for a call.

The office dictionary is kept on that table. Brownlow was turning the leaves idly when Marsie Henry Waterston came along.

Marsie Henry does not see very well. He made out a figure at the table and said: "Who's that?"

"Brownlow, Mr. Waterston."

"What are you doing, Brownlow?"

"I'm reading the dictionary."

"Well, skip the adjectives, skip the adjectives, for I'm the only one on this paper who can use them."—Saturday Evening Post.

**Marsie Henry's Monopoly.**

When Louis Brownlow, now a Washington correspondent, was a reporter on the Louisville Courier-Journal, he was sitting at the telephone table in the local room one night waiting for a call.

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**Hard Fight Against Sleep.**

Hitherto I have thought that traveling by cars over stony roads and staying in Chinese inns at night was the hardest thing a foreign traveler in China was called upon to endure, but since I have traveled with a caravan of camels I have changed my opinion. The monotony of the desert by day

and the bed of camels' saddles at night, the evil smell of camels and the slowness of their drivers and the acrid, choking smoke of the little fire on which one's food is cooked—none of these things are so trying to the foreigners as the sleepiness which attacks one in this high region. This to me was a real torture. Traveling through the cold night with no other company than dull Chinese, who seem to sleep while walking alongside the camels or while sitting on their backs, and being weighed down by heavy sleepiness, is the worst thing I have endured.

You sit on your horse and, in spite of every effort, fall asleep. Presently you wake up and find yourself on the ground with your horse standing bewildered at your side, wondering whether you are alive or dead. Then you try to keep yourself awake by walking and talking a bit to the camel drivers, but you soon find that they are just as sleepy as yourself. A few words are exchanged and then you are too tired to open your mouth to talk or even to think of anything but sleep, sweet sleep. Oh, for just a few minutes there at the roadside on the soft ground. The caravan cannot wait and your servant would not watch over you; he would soon fall asleep like yourself. The wolves would then have an easy time.

Yet in spite of all this reasoning you feel as if you were drawn to the ground by the power of a thousand strong magnets and soon yield to sleep again. Suddenly your watchful horse, whose reins you have kept slung around your neck—this is a wise thing to do—pulls up, starts, and jerks you wide awake. You jump up, not knowing where you are for some seconds, but you see your horse trembling and realize that danger is near.

For a few minutes you are fully awake and feel glad and refreshed. You jump on your horse and catch up with the caravan, which has gone a few li (a li is 64 yards) ahead.

After another ten li or so sleep creeps on again like a huge box constrictor embracing you in its irresistible grasp. The same fight has then to be fought over again. Then at last the caravan arrives at the halting place for the night.—North China News.

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