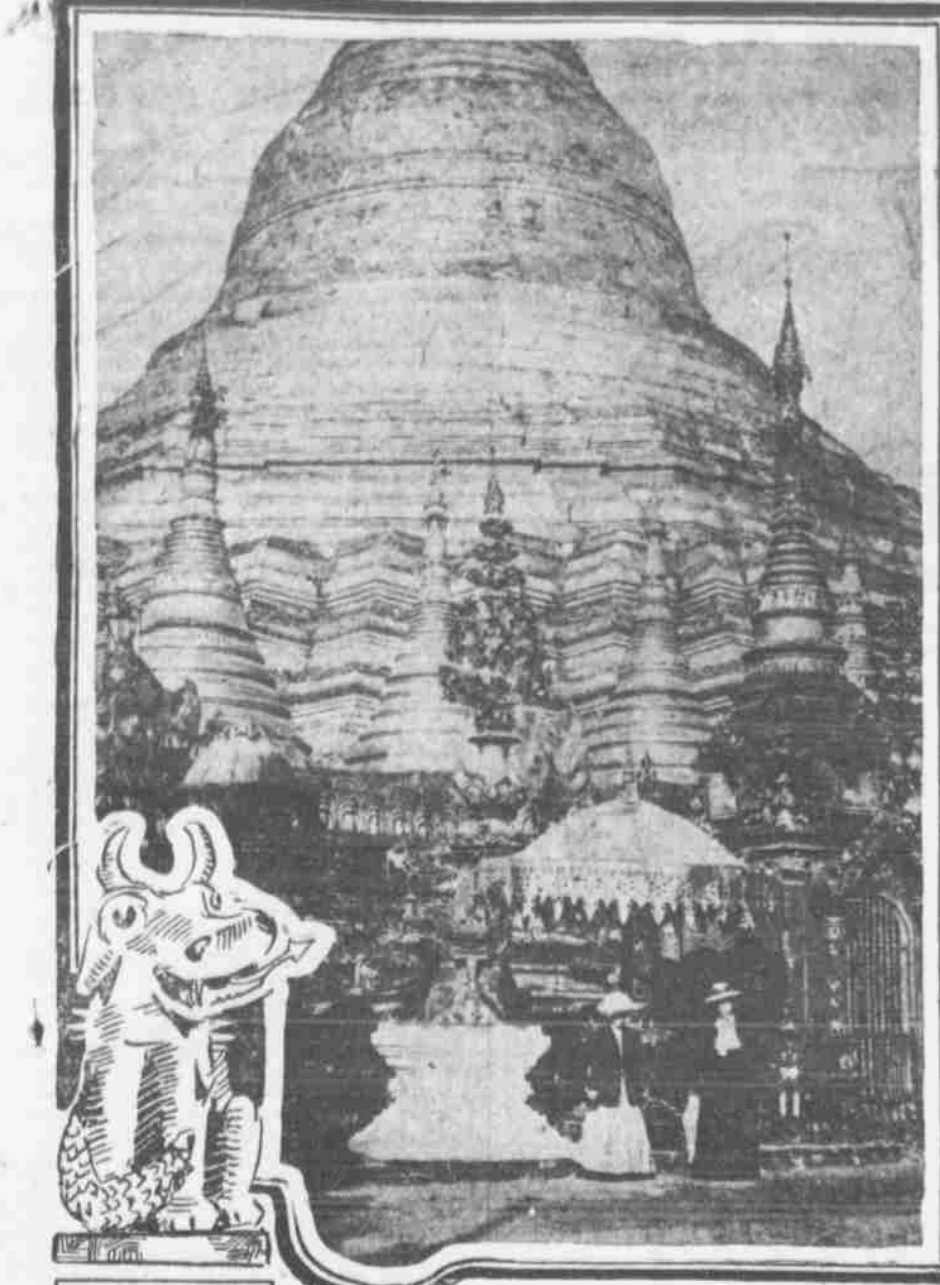


# Buddha's Greatest Monument Built at Rangoon Over Eight Holy Hairs



SHWE DAGON PAGODA.



ON THE PAGODA PLATFORM...



EVERY BOY A MONK...



ONE OF THE CHAPELS SHOWING THE CARVING.

(Copyright, 1910, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

**R**ANGOON, 1910.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—Come with me this morning for a look at the shrine of the Buddhist religion. It is the mecca of one-tenth of mankind, and the nine-tenth followers of the prophet who live here in Burma consider it the most sacred spot upon earth. The pagoda stands on a little hill on the banks of the Irrawadi river in this red-hot town of Rangoon. The sun here is deadly at noonday, and we get up with the crows. Their cawing begins before day, and the light is just coming through the palm trees as we all down in the hotel bed rooms to our tea, toast and jam before starting out.

A black turbaned Hindu with a rat-like Indian pony carries us in his rickety through the wide streets of Rangoon. We pass half-naked coolies on their way to work; jostle the street water works, consisting of bare-legged men, who, with buckets, are sprinkling the roads; turn out for the carts hauled by humped bullocks carrying great loads, and at last pass through a section of fine bungalows, in which the better classes of the city live, and are dropped at the foot of the pagoda hill.

looks small from this point. It is big enough to cover a good sized house, and it is studded with jewels. Listen to the golden bells which hang around its rim, tinkling in the breeze. The sound is mingled with the singing of birds and the rustling of palm leaves. That umbrella cost more than \$200,000 when it was made, something like a generation ago.

**Free Gift to Buddha.**

This great structure and all its surroundings were formed by unforced labor from the worshippers of Buddha. The labor upon it was voluntary, and when the king sent out a notice that it was to be built, money and jewels flowed in to him from all parts of Burma. The monument is kept up by the free-will offerings of the people. It has been plated with gold leaf again and again, until the brick and stucco of which it is made contain more of precious metal than the best ore of our big western mines.

One of the last kings of Burma once made a vow that he would give his weight in gold to the monument. After he had taken a bath, and scrubbed himself down to the lowest possible number of pounds, precious metal than the best ore of our big western mines. It took just enough to make it cost him \$45,000. With the money more gold leaf was bought and the upper part of the pagoda was covered with it. It is covered with gold, pure than that in an American gold mine, and it shines like a new wedding ring. The lower part of the structure is made of brick and stucco, growing smaller and smaller and ends in the spire.

**Eight Holy Hairs of the Prophet.**

The monument stands over certain relics of Buddha, including eight hairs which the prophet pulled from his head, and gave to the two Burmese brothers who planted them here. That was many years ago, and since then the followers of Buddha have come here to worship. The first pagoda was erected on the site 588 years before Christ was born, and the present structure was already in place 100 years before Boston was founded.

Today the Buddhists consider it an almost sure passport to heaven to erect a small pagoda about the base of the great Shwe Dagon, and now there are hundreds of little temples, most exquisitely carved and often plated with gold, running clear around the great monument. These are on the average, I should say, something like thirty feet high, ending in spires plated with gold. They are much like chapels, and inside each of them is a sitting statue of Buddha, often of more than life size. Some of these statues are gold plated, others are of silver, and not a few of alabaster or marble. They hug the base of the mighty pagoda.

**Third Biggest Bell of the World.**

Round the edges of the platform, forming a court several hundred feet wide between, are other temples of exquisite carving, some of which have reclining Buddhas 100 or more feet in length, and at the back at one corner is the great Buddhist bell, which is said to be the third largest of its kind in the world. It weighs forty-two tons, and it would take something like eighty horses to haul it if it could be put upon wheels and dragged over the roads. It is so thick that the yellow-gowned priest who acts as my guide can just touch the inside of the rim with his fingers while the outside rests in the crook of his elbow. He strikes it with a deer horn and the sound booms out on the air.

This bell was presented to Buddha by a native king about seventy years ago. When the English took the country they decided to carry it off to London as a trophy. They got the bell down as far as the Irrawadi river, but in attempting to load it on a vessel it fell into the stream and their engineers could not raise it again. Upon this, some Burmese came up and asked if they might have the bell if they could put it back in its place. The English, with a sneer, granted their request, having no idea that they could succeed. They used no machinery, but by means of thousands of men working together they lifted the great mass up the banks and carried it back to where it now stands on Pagoda Hill.

**Buddhists at Prayers.**

But let us stroll around the pagoda platform and have a look at the people at prayers. All the worshipping is done in the open. There are scores of men, women and children kneeling on the bare bricks. Their hands are folded and they look up at the spire as they pray. They are not idolaters. They do not worship the spire nor the images, but come to this holy place to renew their vows, to think upon Buddha and repent of their sins. Their worship is real. See this woman kneeling here at my right. Her pink silk gown is wrapped tightly about her body, and her bare feet are sticking out behind. She is rising and falling and counting her beads as she sings out her prayers. She has flowers in her hands, and as we watch she rises and lays them on the top of a Buddha in one of the chapels.

On the other side of us are three Buddhist nuns. They are dressed in plain yellow cotton and have little more than a sheet of this stuff wrapped around them. Their heads are shaved close. They hold out cloths, upon which the people throw offerings as they pass by. Each nun has a rosary about her neck, and she tells her beads as she prays.

**Women and Their Sins.**

The Buddhist religion takes but small account of women, and the rules are such that a monk cannot reside under the same roof with a woman. He cannot travel in a cart or boat with a woman, and one of the books of the law says that he must not touch her, and that if any woman, even his mother, should fall into a ditch, he must not offer his hand to help her out. He may hold forth a stick, but if she grasps it he must imagine he is pulling at a

log of wood. According to a Buddhist saying the sins of the worst man are a thousand times less than those of the best woman that ever lived. Nevertheless there are numerous convents all over this country and nuns are everywhere found.

We see many priests worshipping about the pagoda. Here comes one now. He must be sixty years old and his brown face is withered, his neck shrunken and his thin legs seem to totter. He is clad only in two strips of bright yellow cotton, his right shoulder and arm being bare. In his left hand is a pair of old sandals, the sweaty outlines of his foot marked on the yellow leather, and in his right he carries a small bunch of roses, the knobs of the bricks with the tropical sun beating down upon his shaven head, and holds up the flowers as he prays. After a time he goes to a chapel and lays them on the knees of a great golden Buddha.

There are many family parties praying, men, women and children kneeling together. They all act as though their religion was one of rejoicing. They laugh and smoke on their way to and from prayers. They hold their heads high and are evidently proud of both Buddha and Burma.

**Superstitious Worshippers.**

But what is this coming around the corner from the other side of the great golden spire? It is a middle-aged man, alternately rising and falling. He wears a turban and waistcloth and his skin is as black as that of a negro. He is a Buddhist from India and he must have something of the Hindu in his religion, for he is prostrating himself on the brick platform and measuring the distance around the pagoda with his half naked arm, saying a prayer every time he spreads himself out with his face to the bricks. He lies flat on the floor and pulls his bare arms as far out as he can reach, stretching every muscle from the ends of his toes to the tips of his fingers. He presses his fingers hard upon the bricks and marks his limit of reach with a candle. He then rises and walks to his candle, he picks it up and then prostrates himself once more on his face and prays, using the candle to mark the spot where his finger tips rest. He goes fast, the whole circuit of the pagoda being covered in less than an hour. We watch him as he goes forth daily with his begging bowl and takes what is offered. He does this, no matter how high he rises nor how long he stays.

The usual time for entering the monastery is at the approach of manhood. The youth are admitted on probation, and they first act as servants, or chelas, for the monks, having about the same place as Kim had with the old abbot in Rudyard Kipling's delightful novel of Indian life. Once admitted, the boys are supposed to devote themselves to holy living, thinking and doing. They are taught the principles of Buddhist faith and are urged to spend their lives going about doing good. Some of them take the vows of a profession and others stay but a short time, for they can come and go at will.

**Life in the Monasteries.**

I have visited some of the monasteries during my stay in Burma. The life in them is by no means exciting. The monks are awakened at daybreak by a wooden bell, and are supposed to be at their prayers as early as 5:30 in the morning. As soon as he rises every monk washes his hands and face and rinses his mouth. He then smoothes out the robe in which he has slept over night and goes into prayer. After that he takes up his duties about the monastic establishment; he may sweep the floors of the temple, or water the garden, or do odd jobs of various kinds. The work of the institution is divided and each man has his own job. After a short while the monks all meet together and start out to beg. Instructed by the chief priest, they walk in company through the main streets of the town with their begging bowls in their hands. They do not ask alms nor call at the houses, but merely walk along single file in the middle of each street, having their eyes fixed on the ground. Each priest holds his begging bowl in front of him and the people come and pour in their offerings. The priests do not give thanks, believing that they confer a favor in allowing the people to give. The begging procession lasts for an hour or so. When it is completed the monks go back to the monastery where they lay a part of their gifts before the statues of Buddha and spread the mat out for breakfast. I hear it whispered, however, that most of the monasteries have a hot breakfast as well. The monks eat another meal about noon and a dinner toward evening. Those I have seen look fat and healthy and none appears any the worse for the fasting and wear of his religious profession.

(Continued on Page Four.)

## Military Career of General Charles Morton U. S. A.

**A**PTEER having served his country as a soldier for nearly fifty years, still active and virile, Brigadier General Charles Morton was placed on the retired list of the United States army Friday, March 18, with the rank of brigadier general, because of his having reached the age limit which, by process of military law, relegates the soldier to the quietude and inactivities of "retirement."

General Morton, for the last two and a half years commander of the Department of the Missouri, was born March 18, 1848, in a descendant of the early colonial New England Mortons. In the autumn of 1864 he removed with his parents to Daviess county, Missouri. During his early life in Ohio his family was a neighbor of the Garfields, and his older brothers were playmates and schoolmates of President James A. Garfield.

The Mortons were unionists to the core, and when the civil war began the Morton boys attached themselves to young men of like loyalty and determination, and organized a home guard company in their neighborhood in the southern part of Daviess county. They took a solemn oath of fidelity to the union, to protect their homes and the union interests. Charles Morton was the youngest of four brothers, all of whom entered the union army during the war. The home guard company was eventually merged into the service as Company I, Thirtieth Missouri Volunteer Infantry, at St. Joseph, Mo. The regiment was soon called into active service, late in the summer of 1861, and participated in the bloody siege of Lexington, and in which the regiment was compelled to surrender to an overwhelming force of confederates under General Sterling Price. After being released from captivity, the regiment was somewhat demoralized, and was later reorganized into the Twenty-fifth Missouri Infantry. It was assigned to the western armies under General Grant and took a gallant and conspicuous part in the battle of Shiloh, opening that great battle.

Morton's colonel and major were killed and his captain and first lieutenant wounded. Of the six officers of the reg-

iment specially mentioned in the report of the battle for conspicuous bravery, three were the officers of Morton's company, and Charles Morton was the youngest of a congressional medal of honor for distinguished bravery in the battle.

Young Morton was with his regiment at the siege of Corinth and in numerous campaigns and operations down the Mississippi, western Tennessee and southwest Missouri and in the Atlanta campaign of 1864. He was discharged September 14, having participated in the battles of Lovell's Station and Jonesboro after his term of enlistment had expired. He reluctantly abandoned the opportunity to make the March to the sea, in order to accept a preferred commission in the Forty-third Missouri Infantry, then organizing at St. Joseph, Mo.

Returning to Missouri, he barely escaped the Centralia massacre, and found his state invaded by the confederate army, and his home county overrun with depressing guerrillas. He abandoned his plans of a commission and lent all his energies to the hasty organization of the local enrolled militia and started out after the guerrillas. He encountered the noted Bill Anderson and his band on Fishing River, near the present town of Excelsior Springs, and succeeded in scattering the band and killing Anderson. This heroic exploit restored a lasting peace to northern Missouri.

General James Craig, commanding the military district, presented young Morton with one of the revolvers found on the body of Bill Anderson as a recognition of his services in this expedition. Morton was engaged in several other expeditions with the militia, with which he was formally enrolled in the fall of 1864. Later the same fall he received an appointment to the West Point Military academy at the hands of Major General Benjamin F. Loan, to which place he reported in June 1865.

Upon his graduation in 1865 he was assigned to the Third United States cavalry as a second lieutenant and joined his regiment at Fort Union, New Mexico. He was engaged in numerous Indian campaigns against the Apaches and Navajos in Arizona and New Mexico. After two or more years of the hardest kind of



CHARLES MORTON BRIGADIER GENERAL U. S. A.

service in Arizona his regiment was ordered to the Department of the Platte. Lieutenant Morton taking station at Fort D. A. Russell, Wyo. Indian troubles broke out with the Sioux near the White Cloud agency, now the town of Crawford, Neb., and Lieutenant Morton was soon in the midst of them with his troop of cavalry. He was in the saddle most of the time for nearly four years, after the marauding bands, covering the country by his scouting from the Arkansas and Republican rivers on the south almost to the Yellowstone on the north, having numerous encounters with the hostiles. He made an exploration from Sidney, Neb., and located the road to the camp of troops in 1872 that is now Fort Robinson and which later became the stage route from Sidney to the Black Hills.

In 1875 Lieutenant Morton made a survey of the Black Hills country, which had been previously marked "unexplored" on the maps, and that winter he worked up his notes into a map at department headquarters in Omaha. He was then returned from that duty to the Big Horn and Yellowstone expedition. The expedition was one of the most severe winter campaigns and General Crook gave up all hope of accomplishing more than preventing a terrible disaster, the campaign resulting, however, in an splendid engagement on Powder River, March 17, 1876, in which Horns' band and being the overwhelming defeat of the Indians. His subsequent campaigning in the north and northwest included many of the notable battles and skirmishes from 1872 to 1882 with the Sioux.

The outbreak of the Indian troubles in Arizona in 1882, beginning at San Carlos and leaving a bloody trail to the Mexican border, found Morton serving at Fort McKimby. On July 6, 1882, the Indians made a sortie at San Carlos, assassinated their chief of police and broke for the roughest country possible in order to evade pursuit. Morton was assigned to the pursuing command. He participated in the big fight in the canyon of Chevelon's Fork, July 11, where some won medals of honor and others were damned by faint praise, and where there were heavy losses for all, for the Indians got a good drubbing.

Following the surrender of Geronimo in 1885, Morton's regiment was ordered to Texas, a march of over 1,000 miles, where he was stationed for six years. He had reached his regiment at this time. He was assigned to recruiting duty in 1884 and following this duty was detailed as professor of military science and tactics at the De La Salle institute in New York City. It was while so engaged that the Spanish-American war broke out. He immediately applied to join his regiment and was placed in command of one squadron of the regiment which was engaged on the skirmish line at the assault on the Spanish trenches at San Juan Hill. His regimental commander being badly wounded during the

beatific look upon his face, evidently believing that he has acquired merit.

**About the Shrines.**

Later on we make a tour of the shrines. There are a hundred or more, all ending in spires of gold far below the spire of this great golden mountain. All are beautifully carved, and some are walled with colored glass, so set in golden wires that when the sun shines they show the many splendors of the peacock's tail. The Buddhas within have offerings of flowers, fruit and rice lying before them. At some canopies are burning and on their laps offerings of breads and silks have been placed. We are touched by the sentiment shown by the worshippers. They are of all classes and conditions; some poor, sick and sad, but most are rich and well dressed and apparently joyful.

All seem self-respecting and it would be unfair to say that they are not in earnest in their religion. I am told that the Burmese are naturally religious. They are charitable, and whenever one has a surplus he spends it in erecting residences, or places along the road where travelers can have a cool drink of water. They have spotted the whole country with pagodas; they are to be found in every town and village and on almost every hill. There are monasteries everywhere, and the country has more religious monuments, perhaps, than any other of its size in the world. A census some years ago showed that there are more than 15,000 monasteries, and that Burma had on the average one for every ninety-three houses. At that time there were 90,000 men in the monasteries, or more than 10 per cent of the whole population.

**Monks of Burma.**

It must be remembered, however, that the personnel of the monastery is constantly changing. Men come in and go out. Boys put on the yellow robe of the priesthood and lay it aside in order to marry. According to the faith, as taught here, every Buddhist man or boy must be a monk before his soul can be born. Until then he is a beast, and, if he dies, he is sure to be reborn in some filthy body in his next transmigrations.

When a boy enters a monastery he lays aside his good clothes and puts on a single sheet of rough yellow cotton. His head is now shaved, and he goes forth to beg. No matter what his circumstances may have been, while he is in the monastery he must live upon the gifts of the people, and he goes forth daily with his begging bowl and takes what is offered. He does this, no matter how high he rises nor how long he stays.

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