

**Searles Describes
Burmah's Splendors**
The Thermometers Register
133 in Sun.—Elephant
Labor in Action.

Indian Ocean-Off Sunatra.
Sunday March 18, 1923
"Dear Tryon Friends;
A smooth, smooth sea, with just an occasional long roll: a very light breeze, of our making, a brilliant sun, mercifully clouded at times, and again shining forth with all its smiting heat: flying fish, a strange sea monster; rugged islands rising abruptly to mountain heights on the port side, clad with green, but with no sign of man; and with it all, such a lassitude as goes beyond words.

The top was blown out of the thermometers while we were at Rangoon so we now have no way of reckoning the temperature scientifically, only by our feelings—such is life at the moment on this World Cruise. Approaching Burmah we skirted around the wide delta of the Irrawaddy River (which is navigable for 900 miles by small streams) thro' an oily brown sea, with here and there great blobs of sticky mud that had just come to the surface, for the river comes out under the sea and rises in a spotty way, a long distance out. Extraordinary also is the 13 foot tide in the Rangoon river, of which we needed every inch for this great ship, as even then we had only six inches of water between our keel and the bar across the mouth of the river.

Anchoring late in the afternoon, four miles below the city, we could see the great golden spire of the Shwe Dagon Pagoda glistening in the sun, above the smoke and shimmering heat of Rangoon.

To reconcile us for not being allowed to go ashore that night, a troupe of Pwe (Poo-ay) dancers came aboard and entertained us, and such "music".

The throbbing of many toned tom-toms, the sheer shrillness of an overgrown fife-like instrument (of torture), the rumbling of a bamboo zylaphone, in jazz time was the accompaniment to the spuekiest singing you ever heard. Two women dancers clad in tight lace waists with long sleeves, and tight skirts of pink silk, that swept the ground and entirely concealed the feet, swayed to and fro, with real grace and suppleness.

There was also the best juggler I have ever seen, who did some marvelous tricks. Between the songs, the ladies smoked cheroots, one inch in diameter, and eight inches long, lending them to the nearest man of the orchestra when they had to dance, so the light would not go out.

To hear the word Rangoon, brings one outstanding picture—that of the golden temple, the Shwe Dagon. Standing on a low hill it rises a conelike spire, literally covered from base to tip with pure gold. The Ti (or umbrella) at the top, higher than St. Paul's in London) is covered with real jewels, and small mirrors, the whole dazzling brilliant in the tropic sun. Its utter simplicity makes it sublime, endows it with primeval manificence and bestows on it the grandeur of a fundamental truth.

Said to have been built in 588 B. C. and only 27 feet high, it has been gradually added to from time to time, but has remained practically unchanged since 1551. The jewelled Ti was added in 1871 as a gift of the King Mindon of Mandalay. The platform below the Ti, or the "plantain fruit" shaped unit, was covered in 1902 with 7000 plates of pure gold, each weighing 10 pounds.

This enormous spire of glowing gold rises from a level land, luxuriant with trees, greener than any tree that grows, and with a ringing background of the bluest sky. The platform on which the Pagoda stands is marble floored, and approached on four sides by flights of marble stairs. These stairways are covered by roofs of heavy teak, held up by immense bare wooden pillars. The ponderous beams of the roofs as well as the architraves of the columns are lavishly carved.

The way to the sacred platform is dark, except where

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some gap in the wall makes a panel of sunshine on the floor.

Between the pillars, are stalls filled with tawdry things for sale,—small candles, paper strips cut out and offered as prayers, flowers of many kinds, offerings at the innumerable shrines.

The Pagoda itself is a solid mass 1355 feet around the base, but all around the base of the Pagoda and around the outer edge of the marble platform are shrines, large and small, each having from one to dozens of statues of Buddha. The shrines are elaborately carved and gilded and before them kneel these simple men and women in prayer.

We were watching one group, when a native woman came up, cut off a lock of her beautiful long hair, and offered that for some especial petition.

The statues of Buddha are graven in alabaster, in silver, in brass, and in teak wood. Buddhas who sit, who stand, who recline— Buddhas who shrunk to mere mannikins, or who have swelled to elephants-chested giants. Bells by the thousand shine on every spire, swing from every roof, guard every shrine. They are infinite in shape and size, from the tiny gong that tinkles on the humblest Ti, to the forty ton monster of green bronze that mumbles from under a mighty beam like a sullen thunder cloud.

The Golden Pagoda is an emblem of a great faith, of a religion which can claim to number more disciples than does any other belief in the world. Buddhism, as formulated by him who founded it, is religion of singular simplicity, a religion of kindness, of compassion and of self-sacrifice.— a tender faith.

In spite of the usual addition of priestcraft and idolatry, Buddhism is found here, and in Ceylon; at its best and must win ones profound respect.

The dive around the city was a delight, especially after Calcutta. A relatively small business section (alho this is the third largest city of India, had wide streets, and fine looking public, and business blocks. All around the business section, except toward the river, were many avenues of fine residences, detached houses of good size, most of dark wood, the second of which were walled with shutters, instead of boards, so that they can open up to the air. The roofs are quite ornate, with a first suggestion of Chinese style. Gardens filled with fine trees, and lots of flowers were about every house, and the effect was of comfort and prosperity. Always we must compare each place with the depressing bareness and somberness of India and its people.

Burmah is a very rich country in natural resources and the people easy going and good natured, hence the Chinese and Indians one sees wherever heavy work is being done. The bazaars, instead of being tiny, dirty holes in the walls such as we have seen so far, were great open sheds, covering a block, thro' which the breezes could blow and which looked so much cleaner that we were not afraid to enter them.

One custom now prevails that we did not care for—that is, to enter the great Pagoda one had to remove both shoes and stockings, but it was worth while even tho' ones soles were scorched on the marble platform.

We saw "elephants apiling teak" at the Government timber yards, and it was astonishing how easily they would

roll, push or lift those great logs. There were a lot of them and often they would come up to us for sugar cane, bananas, or any morsel to cheer them for a moment.

The elephants have the strongest union in the world and will not work between 9 A. M. and 3 P. M.

The temperature of 133 degrees in the sun made the air so scorching that one did not even want to motor after ten o'clock. There are many fine schools, among them a large Diocesan School for girls.

The Baptists are very strong here. The bustling city is pretty well given over to the English and Chinese, and real, beautiful sun-drenched Burmah, with its wondrous forests, and colorful easy going natives, is back in the country, where life is easy, and quiet. This is our first Sunday on board for several weeks, and we enjoyed a good out on deck.

Sincerely yours
J. Foster Searles"

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Kilpin have returned to Tryon and expect to make it their permanent residence.

Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Holmes, of Spartanburg, arrived yesterday to spend the summer season at Roraima.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Bacon arrived home Tuesday afternoon after a week-end visit in Washington D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Hutto, of Spartanburg will arrive in Tryon this week to occupy the Bancroft cottage for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Mertz, of Spartanburg, have returned to Tryon for the summer season. They have leased the Leonard cottage on Godshaw Hill.

Mrs. J. N. Jaskson, Sr., arrived home Tuesday from a week-end visit with her daughter, Miss Genevieve Jackson, who is attending school in Washington D. C.

Mrs. Elizabeth S. Power will leave for her home in New York City the early part of of next week. Mrs. Power who owns Roraima, has been an annual visitor in Tryon for a number of years.

Mr. James Vernor will return to Detroit Saturday to be with his family for the remainder of the summer season. Mrs. Vernor returned North last week to attend the funeral services of Mr. Vernor's brother who died suddenly.

The Misses Pearl and Essie Edwards, of Tryon Route 1, were given a surprise party at the residence of Mrs. S. B. Edwards last week. A large gathering of young people enjoyed the evening. Punch and refreshments were served by Mrs. Edwards.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Law, of Spartanburg, S. C., will arrive Saturday to remain for the summer. Mr. Law has leased Villa Barbara for the season. He expects to begin the construction of his new home near the Tryon Country Club at some time in the near future.

Miss Gertrude Hart of Flat Rock, N. C., spent last week with her aunt, Mrs. S. B. Edwards.

Mother Love Supreme.
The mystery of a mother's love, the sensitiveness of her sympathy, the vastness of vision of her intuition, the sublimity of her self-sacrifice can never be surpassed.—Dr. Alexander Lyons.

In every work that he began he did it with all his heart and prospered. Chronicles XXXI-21.

Business is getting far advanced. The day has passed when the mere handling of the daily transactions are looked upon as making so much money. Certain fundamental business laws must be obeyed but more is required to be successful. One must put his heart into his work. Give the full measure and then some.

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Cauliflower and Vesuvius.
The cauliflower grows best at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, which has figured for so many centuries in history. Torre Annunziata and Torre Del Greco are two of the best centers for cauliflower. Their soil is particularly rich.

Let Them Cut Labor.
The busy day, when the children are clamoring for something to do, set them to cutting out the illustrations of peaches, pears, apples and other fruits or vegetables from seed catalogues. Save these pictures to paste on your fruit cans. They can be identified in a dark closet more readily than the ordinary printed labels.

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Nature Great Teacher.

The problem of our rapidly vanishing forests offers only one example of the result of ignorance and false ideas says Nature Magazine. Give to the child of today an opportunity to acquire an intimate knowledge of nature's ways, and future generations will avoid many of the mistakes of those gone before.

Nero's Golden House.

Nero built the costliest palace the world has ever known. It was called the "Domus Aurea," or Golden House. Remains of one end of this colossal dwelling have just been unearthed. It is said to have contained 100,000 rooms.

Pit Apparently Bottomless.

In a volcanic crater in the Sangro de Cristo mountains in San Isabel National forest is an apparently bottomless pit, with black marble sides, in which depth soundings of 1,500 feet have failed to touch bottom.

Both at One Throw.

J. B. M. writes: "What a saving of time and other things there would be if a fellow could take his first ocean voyage and his first smoke at the same time."—Boston Evening Transcript.

A Singer of Spring.

The song sparrow is one of our most beloved musicians of spring, says Nature Magazine. Many birds sing in a dreamy way; not so the song sparrow. He puts his whole heart into the song.

Present to Past.

When a new literature succeeds, it obscures the effect of an earlier one, and its own effect predominates; so that it is well, from time to time, to look back. What is original in us is best preserved and quickened if we do not lose sight of those who have gone before us.—Goethe.

Fixed for After Life.

A wise man was saying good words about coeducation, and suggested that a young couple might as well become engaged during college days. When asked why, he replied: "Then, for instance, if the girl specializes on mathematics, the boy can take cooking lessons."

Time Properly Spent.

What is meant by redeeming time? It is to fill the hours full of richest freight, to fill them with the life of thought, feeling, action, as they pass by. One moment of self-conquest, one good action really done, yes, one effort to do right, really made, has the seal of time put upon it.—James Freeman Clark.

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