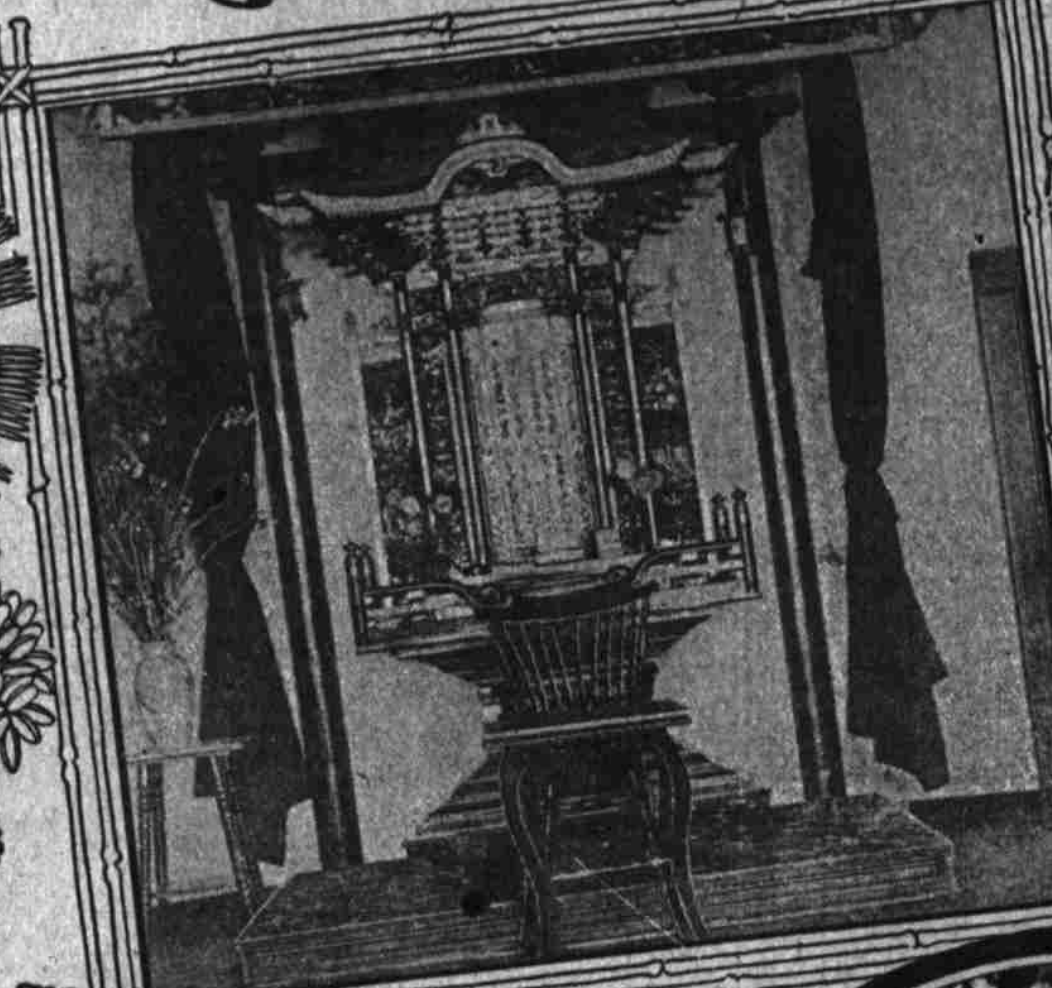


BUDDHIST RITES IN PORTLAND



WAKABAYASHI
BUDDHIST PRIEST IN CHARGE
OF LOCAL TEMPLE.

TWO weeks ago 100 Japanese residents of Portland in a little room at 48 North First street that is being used as a Buddhist temple, commemorated the anniversary of the birth of Sydartha Gautama, the most important religious event of the year. It is to Buddhists what the twenty-fifth of December is to Christians.

Rev. S. Wakabayashi, local priest in charge of the Buddhist temple, presided at the ceremonies. There was a representative of practically every Buddhist or Japanese family in Portland at the meeting.

BUDDH THE TEACHER

on His law of cause and effect, an improvement on the old Brahminic conception, is universally accepted by all men spiritually minded. The aims and methods of Buddhism are the same as those of Christianity. The two religions together have nearly two-thirds of mankind as followers. The west is more Christian and the east more Buddhist.

The two principal religions tally with each other. No Buddhist becoming a Christian should therefore cease to be a Buddhist, and no Christian adopting Buddhism should therefore cease to be a Christian. Buddhism and Christianity, blended or side by side, are here forever.

All Loyal to Buddha

"Let no Buddhist ever waver in his loyalty to the great Buddha. When here where Buddhism is but little known, he meets any one who knows only about Christianity, let him say: 'I practice those same virtues which Christianity preaches, and I am apt to fall short like you. My aims and aspirations are the same.'"

Do not act as if you were ashamed of Buddha. Respect him whom you should honor, and respect yourselves. Never deny your faith, proclaim it boldly, and live up to it.

History of Gautama

The sermon was translated into English in part by Mr. Wakabayashi. He is regarded as a scholar of note among his people and, though unable to speak the English language with fluency, reads and writes it with perfect understanding. He translated that portion of his sermon which, he thought, would be of general interest. The subject, he said, was "What Shall the Harvest Be?" by the way, that is used with frequency by Christian preachers. His translated version follows:

"Tomorrow, April 24th, 2481 years shall have passed since Sydartha Gautama was born. Who was he? His father was king or rajah of a princely state in India, near the foot of the Himalayas. He was an only child, and greatly beloved by his father. A life of ease and luxury was at his command. He had a charming wife and son. He was heir to a well-ruled kingdom. Nothing that can make mere earthly existence happy was lacking to him.

He was a Brahmin of a deeply religious mind. It struck him that earthly life is only a mere speck in eternity. He longed for a higher existence, and he longed to know the truth about the great problems of existence.

Combated Evil for Years

"For 16 years of wandering and privation he had to combat evil spiritual influences which would lead him on a wrong track, and he tried one way after another without finding a solution to the problems which perplexed him. At last, when 35 years of age, light by intuition dawned upon him. He got light on the way man has to travel for reaching a heavenly goal. He improved on the philosophy of Brahminism and evolved a religious system since called Buddhism.

He himself became the most enlightened seer who yet had appeared, far above all others. The light which had dawned on him he spread till he became 80 years of age, when he died in peace near Kushinara, a city on the border of the river Shriranira-ryti in India. All the years since his enlightenment he had been traveling and enduring hardships, waking up people, inspiring them with lofty ideas and leading them to a higher life.

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THE ALTAR IN THE BUDDHIST TEMPLE, 48 N. 1ST ST.



THE ENLIGHTENED ONE.



THE LAST SERMON.

THE DEVIL AS A MONK

rule about prayers, and nothing solemn. The food-offerings are selected from the family cooking. The murmured or whispered prayers are short and few. But trifling as they may seem, the rites must never be overlooked. So long as the family exists they must be made.

In the household the dead are not thought of as dead; they are believed to remain among those who loved them. They guard the home and watch over the welfare of its inmates. They dwell most within the lettered tablets, according to the Buddhist rites. They may animate a tablet, change it into the substance of a human body and return in that body to active life, in order to succor or console.

Require Vapor of Food

They require nourishment, but the vapor of food contents them. They only exact the daily fulfillment of duty. From their shrine they observe and hear what happens in the household. The prayer that is daily rendered to them is very simple. A Japanese priest has translated it as follows:

"For aid rendered, by day and by night, August One, our reverential gratitude is offered."

The Buddhist dead are not called gods, but Buddhas, the Japanese term for which expressing pious hope rather than a faith. The belief is that they are only on their way to some higher state of existence; and they should not be invoked or worshipped as the deities of the regular gods. Prayers should be said for them, and not to them.

Family Itself a Religion

The family itself is a religion; the ancestral home is a temple. Filial piety in Japan means the cult of ancestors, reverential service to the dead, the gratitude of the present to the past, and the conduct of the individual in relation to the entire household. One of the most noted of old Japanese authorities declared that all virtues are derived from the worship of ancestors. A translation of his words follows:

"It is the duty of a subject to be diligent in worshipping his ancestors, whose minister he should consider himself to be. The custom of adoption arose from the natural desire of having some one to perform sacrifices; and this desire ought not to be rendered of no avail by neglect. Devotion to the memory of ancestors is the mainspring of all virtues. No one who discharges his duty to them will ever be disrespectful to the gods or to his living parents. Such a man will also be faithful to his prince, loyal to his friends and kind and gentle to his wife and children. For the essence of this devotion is indeed filial piety."

Soul-Commemoration

The Buddhist mortuary tablets are called by a Japanese term which signifies "soul commemoration." They are lacquered and gilded, usually having a carved lotus flower as pedestal; and as a rule they do not bear the real, but only the religious and posthumous name of the dead. The mortuary tablet in shape suggests a miniature tombstone. The shape or form is slightly varied to indicate sex and age.

The number of tablets in a Buddhist household shrine does not generally exceed five or six—only grandparents and parents and the recently dead being thus represented. The names of more remote ancestors are inscribed upon scrolls which are preserved with the greatest care.

upon ethics. He admitted that a former religion had taken men to heaven and to God, but not to Nirvana. Gautama declared that naked asceticism rarely, as permitted to enter paradise because of their neglect of ethics. Most Buddhist scriptures, however, affirm that only Buddhists are assured of final release. But the same time Buddhism has always been tolerant, and when it enjoyed political power did not persecute other faiths, but only heretics of its own.

A Japanese poet has described Buddhism in these words: "Ceasing to do all wrong, initiation into goodness, cleansing the heart: this is the religion of Buddha." Patience and long-suffering are the supreme aceticism, the supreme Nirvana, the author says.

Ancestor Worship a Feature

With all followers of the faith, but especially among Japanese Buddhists, ancestor worship an especial feature. Reverence for the dead is one of the greatest of all virtues and rites which have of departed ancestors are never neglected by the Japanese.

Before the Japanese were united into one kingdom there were various forms of funeral rites, or religious services over their dead. Between the ancient Japanese funeral customs, however, and those of antique Europe there was a vast difference. In early European countries it was the custom to bury the family dead within the limits of the family estate. Sometimes the dead were buried close to the house.

But in ancient Japan men fled from the neighborhood of death. For a long time it was the custom to abandon, either temporarily, or permanently, the house in which the death had occurred. Some Japanese authorities declare that in the very earliest ages there was no burial, and that corpses were merely conveyed to desolate places and there abandoned to wild creatures.

the child is left in the hands of some one else, where it grows up to regard its parents as some strange creatures, who are always going somewhere, or coming from somewhere, who have no time, though they have plenty of money, for their little boy or girl.

The Denver maiden is far wiser than the great crowd of girls who would jump at the chance of going on the stage. She knows her mind, and sticks to it, and were there more girls like her, who loved the home as thoroughly as she, home life would mean more, would be lifted to a higher plane in every sense of the word.

120,000 First Nighters

The theatres of New York, all of them together, hold about 120,000 persons. If it is supposed that at an average performance they are only two-thirds full, it follows that 80,000 persons in the metropolis must go to the play every week day night—a number equal to the population of Savannah, Georgia.

Our Impossible Sky Scraper

An ingenious statistician has reckoned that if a flat hotel were built covering one entire block, with 50 apartments on each floor and five persons to each family, it would have to be 16,000 stories high in order to accommodate the entire population of Greater New York.

to perish under the beaks of birds and the teeth of wild beasts. This custom was abolished by the Emperor Suinin about 1800 years ago. Being grieved by the crying of the victims interred in the funeral mound erected over the grave of his brother, the emperor is recorded to have said:

"It is a very painful thing to force those whom one has loved in life to follow one in death. Though it is an ancient custom, why follow it, if it is bad? From this time forward take counsel to put a stop to the following of the dead."

The substitution of earthen images of men and horses for living victims was then suggested and approved. It continues to a certain extent to the present time, according to the Buddhist rites. But the voluntary following of the dead continued for many hundred years after. With the rise of the military power there gradually came into existence another custom of following one's lord in death—suicide by the sword.

Suicide by the Sword

It is said to have begun about 1323, when the last of a certain family of regents committed suicide, and a number of his retainers took their own lives by "hara-ki-ri," in order to follow their master. This incident is said to have really started the practice of "hara-ki-ri," which has never been entirely abandoned. By the sixteenth century it had become an honored custom among the Samurai. Loyal retainers esteemed it a duty to kill themselves after the death of their lord, in order to attend upon him during his ghostly journey.

A thousand years of Buddhist teaching had not sufficed to eradicate all primitive notions of sacrificial duty. The practice continued for centuries, when laws were made to check it. These laws were rigidly applied, the entire family of the suicide being held re-

sponsible. Yet the custom cannot be said to have become extinct until long after. Even now there are occasional suicides performed in the hope of being able to serve or aid the spirit of the master or husband or parent in the invisible world.

By degrees, under the influence of Buddhism, the household religion became a religion of tenderness as well as of duty, and softened and softened the thoughts of men about their dead. Ancestor worship is now the universal religion of Japan. In every home there is a shrine devoted to it. If the family worships its ancestors according to the Buddhist rite, the mortuary tablets are placed in the Buddhist household shrine, which occupies the upper shelf of one of the inner apartments. One may be seen in the Buddhist temple in this city, and indeed all good Buddhists in Portland have one in their homes.

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The family rites of a Buddhist household are not neglected under any circumstances. Their performance is usually entrusted to the sisters or to the women. There is no long ceremony, no

A Girl Who Prefers the Kitchen

By Carolyn Prescott.

WOULD you believe that in the United States there lived and breathed a girl who would rather do housework than to appear behind the footlight? There is. She is away out in Denver, where, perhaps, the high altitude is responsible for high-minded actions. Her name is Lulu Richards. She is good looking and has good prospects of following in her sister's footsteps and of becoming a footlight favorite. But she has set her little No. 3 down on the reject and has said, "Rather a household drudge than a public play toy," and that settles it.

And when the girl who seeks glory on the stage must at the beginning renounce any

hopes she may have for a peaceful and contented married life. The exigencies of the profession are such that in order to be successful the home life must retreat farther and farther into the background, in direct proportion to the amount of success.

The girl of Denver is wise in choosing rather a life in the home. She knows something of the drudgery of the profession, having sisters who are actresses. She knows that they take a hard row to hoe, starting, as she would be compelled to do, at the foot of the ladder. She knows of the trials and tribulations that come to the chorus girl who is trying to live an honest, womanly life, and she is sensible in choosing housework rather than the life that the stage offers her.

And after all, what would her life on the stage bring her? Stars are few and far between. For every star there are a hundred girls who plod along, earning a few dollars a week, playing in strange towns among strange people, leaving the theatre late at night, sleeping until noon. Surely this is not the most enjoyable life in the world. And if the girl of the stage marries, what then?

If she and her husband are engaged in different companies, which is usually the case, they see each other for a few weeks in the summer. The rest of the time one may be in San Francisco, the other in Boston. Holidays pass, sickness and sorrow come, it makes no difference; both are under contract which cannot be broken.

No; the outlook is not pleasant. Place beside it the vision of the home where the girl, as wife or daughter, is leader, if she is at all tactful and clever. She is something in that home, something besides one of fifty or a hundred other chorus girls, all dressed exactly alike, and making the same gestures, all singing the same song, all getting the same pay—she is the queen, or may be queen if she possesses even ordinary intelligence.

Home! How much better than some room in a big hotel is a home with husband and children to watch over and to care for. Children! Here's another mark against the life of the actor and actress. Where is the child's place in a theatrical company? What can the mother do with her child when her time is all taken up with rehearsals and the play? At best

How the World Will End

By Camille Flammarion.

IN A comparatively few years, astronomically speaking, this beautiful planet upon which we live, so full of life today, so full of activity, so busy, so rich—on whose surface generations succeed generations so rapidly, will be dead, more—destroyed! Just as she crumbles in her bosom today the elements and dates of her beginning, so she contains there, the germs of her decadence and end.

And not only she, but her companions also—Venus, her younger sister, who resembles her so closely and whose present humanity is undoubtedly centuries behind our present stage of progress; Mercury, fiery and swift; Jupiter, now pursuing his course with noble and majestic movement; Saturn, girdled with his triple ring and guarded by his eight satellites; Uranus, slow and venerable; Neptune, whose years are centuries—all these worlds will shortly have ceased to exist.

Inside an infinitely small fraction of eternity they will have lost all heat—water, air, liquids, gases, cohesion, affinity—all the elements of existence and of life will have disappeared. Silent deserts roll in melancholy

space, they will present only ice and barren rocks to the enfeebled rays of the sun.

Meteors, winds and rains will have leveled the mountains with the plains, they will revolve like black balls around another black ball. The heavens will have become unrecognizable, the earth decrepit, dried up, disintegrated, will have fallen into fragments which, spreading themselves along her orbit, will continue to revolve around the dead sun.

Diminutive skeletons revolving around a giant skeleton, scorpions carrying into darkness the last fragments of a formerly inhabited earth, they will, perhaps, be enveloped in its passage by some hyperbolic comet which, carrying some of them with it in its course, will scatter them in another system on some unknown planet, whose inhabitants, gathered them up to preserve them under glass in a museum, will analyze them, without finding in them any clue to the history of the globe from whence they came.

But how can Cubans be expected to behave themselves, with Magoon sitting on the cockfighting lid?