



THEAS DARJEELING

lights in everything—every walk, the sunshine and the snow, the Tibetans, the keens, sparkling, even the huge logs burning in the fireplaces.

Aazaar crowd a variety of interesting people—speaking many languages—Tibetan, Nepalese, as well as Hindi—buying and selling, carrying goods on their backs, begging from tourists, and laughing at every-

thing, an independent state between British territory which contains the most various peoples of Tibetan origin, the most famous of the Gurkhas. The Gurkhas are

set as bulls, agile as monkeys, strong handsome or intelligent, but fearless soldiers and hunters. They are barbaric and live only for fight.

In peace or war the Gurkhas are big, heavy knife, rudely carved blades, with which he will attack his enemy, or slice vegetables with ease and despatch. Through the

cutta these little men will swagger, borrowed airs of the Scottish gentry at a glance to attack a score of Bengalis. The Gurkhas are English, for they despise the

capable of any mental exertion, the mind of the sahib suggests nothing, and love fighting for fight-careless, happy mountain folk.

From come the Lepchas, also short with flat Mongolian faces and yellow hair plaited in the queue, clad in cloaks striped blue and worked in red, loosely thrown round the

leave the arms free, and broad-brimmed or bamboo hats. As well as the women wear a sleeve-cloak covered with crosses and a silver girdle. Unlike the

are mild and peaceful. Hundreds of Tibetans have come to the bazaars with their

Forbidden Land, which lies to the north, with the Kuen-lun chain on the Himalayas on the south, immense tableland, the very "roof" of its mean height above sea-level

imately three miles. The people are pastoral, ruddy and picturesque with magnificent physique and

foreheads, suggesting much nature. They have long, sharp noses, a tanned yellow skin, and

hair twisted into a pigtail. They wear kilts, loose, heavily-padded flowing sleeves, open boots and

side of one piece of cloth, dark round cloth hats turned up and make a big display of ornate brass beads, curious charms and

of turquoise-like copper plates, of silver or coral or solid gold. In manner and carriage of the

mountaineer; and, unlike the Tibetans, are a people who have learned to live. Men, women and children the same exuberant sense of fun.

all day long, with lusty, side-shaking there is no laugh to compare with theirs. They are an uneducated, childlike people who possess all the elements of a robust physique, mother wit, character. They are a big people and have no place in these great

and a long-nosed Tibetan; the third a red-faced Nepali; the last a little Lepcha in a quaint round hat.

A German antiquarian, a student of the Tibetan language, which takes years to master, makes a fine display of curios of the Forbidden Land in his little Darjeeling shop or rather museum. Every article, however crudely made, is stamped with race and character. There is no mistaking any Tibetan thing.

The old German has just prepared a case for the Hamburg Museum. With pride he points out the sacred trumpets and bells; the singing censers and incense-bowls; praying wheels both large and small; beads, necklaces, ear and nose rings of red and blue; a Snow Devil dagger, which in the Tibetan winter is buried in the snow to frighten away the bad spirit that freezes the earth; devils, male and female, of Heat and Light; skulls and human bones made into curios and treasured as relics; great sacred vessels and vases heavily wrought with decorative carving, among which one bowl has held the ashes of a Lama; symbolic pictures of Buddhist rewards and punishments; a multitude of Buddhas of all sizes and materials; yellow ivory idols, dragons, huge hanging lamps, old arms, helmets, manuscripts of sacred books!

As he fixes up the case for the Hamburg Museum he tells a few visitors of his expedition into the Forbidden Land. He travelled through the Jelap Pass, the lowest pass in the range that divides Sikkim from Tibet, the Yalung Valley, the Ammo river, and the Chumbi Valley, now garrisoned by a British force, but where formerly a Chinese guard

turned back all European visitors who hoped to pass into Tibet. He saw, across the frontier, castles and palaces, fantastic temples and pagodas; at one place the Tashi Lama who is regarded as an incarnation of Buddha, in his silken tent; an immense praying wheel turned day and night by a stream of running

water, the sacred words "Om mani padme Hum" (Om, the Jewel of the Lotus, Hum) inscribed many times on rolls and placed in a cylinder, thus continually "making merit"; silken flags on which the same sacred words were embroidered and that "made merit" whenever the wind lifted them; in ancient villages priests beating sacred bells and twisting the dorie, a thunderbolt image to ward off evil spirits; everywhere in the shadowy tableland signs of the strange and elaborate symbolism of Northern Buddhism which differs in so many essential details from the Southern canon, the religion of Burma and Ceylon; the great lakes and sources of mighty rivers; the inaccessible mountain peaks; the strange animals—the bhural (wild sheep that look much like deer), the kiang (wild ass), the snow leopard, the great dogs, and the yak caravans carrying timber over the Phari plains—many of the countless marvels of this secret, mysterious plateau that forms the roof of the world.

"It's just too fascinating," declares a young American girl, eager and enthusiastic, accompanied by her proud mother. "I'm just mad on praying wheels," she further confides to the world in general, "can't we arrange an expedition into the Forbidden Land?"

The old man smiles. "There is no longer a Forbidden Land," he says. "In another year or two Cooks will be running conducted tours to Lhasa."

A sunset, vaguely suggesting something in Shelly or a Turner, illumines the mountains. Darjeeling is hushed. Everybody, tourist or Tibetan, gazes awestruck as the light of evening falls on the snows of Kangchenjunga!

At four o'clock in the morning giant Tibetan "boys," who seem absurdly out of place as hotel attendants, bring in tea and arouse the sleeping guests. The morning is bitter cold; sleepy people rub their eyes, gulp hot tea, scramble into their clothes, and stumble down stairs in the darkness.

Torches flare and disclose forms passing to and fro in the courtyard—Tibetan bearers,

little mountain ponies, palanquins, and tourists wrapped in great coats, rugs and blankets, stamping their feet and clapping their hands.

It is still some hours before daylight. At a signal ponies are mounted and the climb of the hills begins. Some ladies and two old gentlemen take their places in palanquins, which are lifted on the shoulders of bearers and carried off.

The stars are shining. Sheer up precipitous hills, swinging round the edge of cliffs, through dark aisles of the ancient forest, past white man's bungalow and native village, winding ever round and round, higher and higher, the little procession makes for the heights of Sanchal. Down in the warm valley the villages still are sleeping. The stars fade. The procession hurries on, spreading out in single file, through the darkness, in this land of mountains, to reach the heights before daybreak. The roads, lined on both sides by trees, are in good order; the sure-footed ponies, each followed by a "boy," and the stalwart palanquin-bearers, who proceed, laughing and shouting in their peculiar but rapid jog-trot, wind merrily round the steep hill.

There is a clatter of hoofs. Three of the travellers break into a gallop up the last hill. The "boys" race behind. One by one the others arrive, on pony or in palanquin—the fat German professor of botany and his wife; the American lady and her enthusiastic daughter who is fascinated with everything she sees; a young Cockney sportsman—a dozen distinct and separate types drawn from many lands and cities. Big Tibetan bearers lower their heavy palanquins or tether the little ponies.

This is Sanchal, the hill from which a grand view of the eternal snows is promised!

Everything is in darkness. A fire is started and coffee made. The Tibetans sprawl around the fire, strange-looking persons with peaked caps, their queues, their loose cloaks, and their long, pointed boots, smoking big pipes and still laughing. Some of the practical

tourists hold field glasses or cameras in readiness.

The dawn comes up in triumph. Red streaks break and burn upon the dark background of sky. Mists rise from the valley. Vapors roll from the shadowy mountains, forming vast clouds that, at the rising of "Surya" (the sun), scatter and float across the void, and sweeping its mauve and violet, crimson and purple, into illimitable depths of space. Bright rays enkindle the morning world. The golden bars burn brighter. The dome of transparent azure breaks into rose-dappled clouds. Over the edge of the dark distant hills a golden semi-circle rises—a molten mass, a globe of fire—glowing and glittering—triumphant—excitant! This is Surya, the Indian Sun God, with flaming locks, drawn in his chariot by seven ruddy steeds, one of the earliest of Vedic deities, the "Maker of the Day," "the Creator of Light," "the Radiant One," "The Lord of All the Stars," "the Witness of Man's Works!"

Let us meditate on the excellent glory of the divine

may he enlighten our Understanding!

Thus, every morning at his rising, throughout India is the Sun addressed by the devout Brahmin. In the Vedic hymns He is the God among gods; He illumines the earth, He lifts his arms to bless the world; He infuses his divine energy into all his creatures; He is King of the Heavens and grants immortality. There is none greater than Surya!

Now his banners of pomp and splendor are carried across the yielding sky. The mighty mountains exult in the light. Nature undergoes a divine transfiguration. Mists roll from the mountain's heads. Harmony is born of the chaos. Above the clouds, challenging the sky, rise the mightiest mountains of the world, the dawn-light revealing peak after crimsoned peak, the Virgins of the Snows, their white breasts flushed with the rosy kisses of the sun.

The mind goes back to a primeval world—the world of the Vedas. These mountains, regarded without rapture by the blasé and cynical globe-trotters, offered the first grand inspir-

ation to the Aryan mind, and formed the cradle of the Aryan faith.

Upon the Himalayas rests Kailasa, Siva's Paradise; above the summits is the abode of the Devas—the Bright Ones.

Man, face to face with the primitive forces, offered simple invocations to the sky and the sun, fire and water, the winds and the dawn. The first Vedic hymns were chanted to such forces; to Aditi, the Boundless; to Him who is beyond the earth, the sky and the sun, the God of the Heavens; to Varuna, who lifted on high the bright and glorious Heaven and stretched apart the starry sky and the green earth; to mighty Indra, who brings the rains, overcoming Vritra, the demon drought, "saturating the earth with fatness and with drink abundant . . . pouring out food and wealth in kine and gold, and steeds and strength"; to Agni, God of Fire, the Benefactor who with later poets becomes the "maker of all that flies or walks or stands or moves on Earth"; to Rudra, the Roarer, and his sons, the Maruts, Storm Winds, companions of Indra, who with thunder and lightning lash the oceans to foam, shake the mountains, and make the earth to reel; to Ushas, the Dawn, the fair maiden in her glittering robes who ever eludes her ardent lover the Sun, at the very moment he is about to embrace her with his golden rays.

The morning grows clear and brilliant. No mist or vapor clouds the vision. Great rugged ranges lie all about like Titans in a vast primordial world. In a glory of light and color towers Kangchenjunga, with 11,000 feet of eternal snow—virgin, mysterious—his sweeping outlines and glimmering summits as serenely beautiful as on the First Day. And away in the blue distance, 90 miles as the raven flies, the morning light illumines the white, inaccessible crown of Everest, rising above his brothers and sisters, nearly 30,000 feet high, the highest mountain in all the world.

This is the "Roof of the World" for ever in communion with the primal forces—the Clouds and the Sun, the Dawn and the Storm Winds, the Silence and the Snows!

## Ideas on a Visit to Mars

People never tire of dreaming about that day in the far future when communications will be established between us and the Martians. Sometimes rude shocks are administered to their fond hopes when some astronomer who has been puzzling the problem from a scientific point of view, publishes the results of his investigations. Professor Hugo Lieber is one of those who thus seek to abolish some popular delusions. He scouts the common idea that the inhabitants of the neighboring planet are anything like ourselves.

A man suddenly transplanted to Mars (he declares) would probably live about as long as fish out of water, on account of the thinness of the Martian air. If a breathing apparatus could be supplied him his first impression would doubtless be that he was in a horrible sun-baked desert. Not a sign of a mountain anywhere, nor a wisp of cloud in the sky. He would even look in vain for a little hill or a tree to break the bald monotony of dry sun-baked rock and sand.

If he landed in a Martian city or beside one of the canals or locks or other great engineering works, he would be so filled with wonder as not to notice the flat landscape.

The man's first attempt to walk would produce amazing results. Habit would cause him to expend three or four times as much energy as a few leisurely steps he would find himself making a succession of prodigious bounds. Should he wish to throw a stone at an approaching Martian, he would find it as light in his hand as a sponge. A ten or fifteen pound lump of iron or lead would prove a better missile. Throwing it with full force, the piece of metal would sail about a quarter of a mile before it struck the ground. Incidentally the man would be certain to miss the Martian because inevitably his earthly habits would make him throw it over the object's head.

**Curiosities of Temperature.** Looking upward, the man would see a small blue and very bright sun in a cloudless sky by day. If by chance he should land in stormy weather, the storm would be a wind carrying huge clouds of dust, with perhaps lightning and thunder that would have a strange feeble sound in the light air. But in midsummer quite likely the days, especially the early afternoons, would be hotter than anybody could stand on our earth. But on Mars the absolute dryness would make the temperature quite bearable. After sundown there would be a sudden fall of temperature and the visitor would be lucky if he did not catch a cold.

The dryness of the air would parch the man's skin, which would soon be dry and cracked unless attended to with vaseline or something of the kind. In winter doubtless a bitter cold pervades, blanketed as that planet is with such a thin atmosphere, and so far away from the great central heating station of the sun. But here again the lack of humidity would moderate the effects.

The Martian hosts would without doubt take their guest inside their cities and perhaps he would spend the winter under glass-roofed houses and in crystal-covered streets. With spring the man would of course be invited to behold the most important happening of the Martian year—the melting of the polar snows, where each season the scanty water supply is locked up and the vast engineering feat of pumping it all over the planet to give life to

the vegetation which supports the Martians.

**A Very Superior Race.**

As to the Martian cities, they must be a sort of Heaven with a roof over it, for if there be living creatures on the little red globe they must be as far ahead of us in civilization and all the arts and sciences as we are above the jungle dwellers. Quiet, beautiful, dustless, dirtless places they, without a germ or an unpleasant noise or sight, and on all sides devices and inventions which we could neither use nor understand.

Such the cities of Mars must be, for the race that dug the canals cannot be supposed to live in the crude conditions of earthly life. Still, the irrigation of Mars is not such an inconceivably great undertaking as it would be to water the earth from the melting polar snows. In the first place, Mars has no mountains, and therefore no valleys to bar the straight flow of the water toward the equator. Most important of all things aiding the Martian in his titanic task is the weakness of gravity.

Scientists conclude that the Martian, because of the rarefied atmosphere—which demands great lung capacity—and the lesser attraction of gravitation must be at least three times as big as an earth-dweller, and that the Martian's muscular strength equals that of about twenty-seven ordinary men. In a recent article Waldemar Kaempffert, taking the Martian to be such creature as described, says:—"His canal excavating possibilities on a planet where bodies weigh only one-third as much as on earth become truly awesome. A Martian laborer could perform as much work in a given time as fifty or sixty terrestrial ditch diggers and keep pace with a powerful Panama dredger. Two and one-half tons would be the average load that he could throw over his shoulder."

Engines on Mars would do tremendous work for their horsepower and weight, without making allowance for their increased efficiency, due to better construction. Are the Martian power producers chemical engines, or do they draw their power from the sun's rays, or have they discovered a way of tapping the planet's electrical energy?

These things are disputed by engineers just as the build and appearance of the inhabitants are. The only safe assumption about the looks of the inhabitants of the red world is that they in no way resemble us. The law of chances makes it hopelessly improbable that Nature in a distant world under greatly different circumstances would have happened upon the same scheme of being as ourselves for her highest type.

The Martian man may be a monstrous insect with his skeleton on the outside, or a sort of octopus such as H. G. Wells concludes, or almost anything but a human sort of a being.

**Martian Delusions About the Earth.** While our astronomers (says another critic) are peering at Mars and trying to determine what sort of life, if any, the planet holds, it is interesting to consider what the Martians think of us. In the first place, if their telescopes are no better than ours it is quite reasonable to suppose that they have proved to their own satisfaction that the earth is uninhabited.

For thousands of years, perhaps millions, they have been interlacing all parts of their planet with canals, with great difficulty drawing water from the "wells of the world" to

their parched equator. Looking at us they see similar areas of desert such as Sahara and Arizona, and permanent deep blue areas of oceans and seas.

Intelligent beings would of course promptly dig canals, from the oceans so big and accessible and irrigate this waste area. "But there are no canals," say the Martian astronomers, therefore, no intelligent beings.

Some sort of animal form might exist on the earth, the Martians may admit, but it would live at a great disadvantage, according to their ideas.

They would know that our planet is so much heavier than theirs that no Martian creature could stand up here. So they must think of us as small, clumsy, heavy-legged beings, crawling about on short, stumpy legs. Perhaps four legs would not be enough to carry such a weight, and therefore man might be a sort of caterpillar. If four feet would carry us, then man is quite like a sort of turtle, the Martian philosopher may reason.

The telescope must show that our world is full of clouds, storms and rain. Raindrops on the earth are bigger, heavier, and fall with more force than on the ruddy planet. How much bigger and heavier they are must be a matter of speculation by the physicists of Mars.

Quite reasonably they may conclude that our raindrops and hail must fall with such destructive force that only a thick armor like that of the turtle would preserve us from destruction. So Martians charitably conclude that man, being a heavy-footed and slow-brained animal, battling for life in a dreadful sort of world, could not develop the brains or spare the time to improve his home as Mars has been improved.

Observing that our northern ice-cap extends far down the northern continents during the winter, the Martian may think that nobody can live on earth except in the tropics and sub-tropics, because surely such slow-going, stupid, turtle-creatures would freeze or starve in the snow, and could not migrate like birds and cattle.

The one feature of our globe certain to excite his envy would be our great lakes and oceans. According to Professor Lowell, all life on Mars must soon cease, because of the failure of her scanty water supply.

**Plain English.**

Mrs. Banks was just getting ready to go out while her patient husband waited in the doorway, watching her complete her toilet. By the extraordinary contortions of her neck he concluded that she was trying to get a glimpse of the back of her new blouse, and by the tense lines about her lips he concluded that her mouth was full of pins. A writer in the Toledo Blade tells the story.

"Umph—goof—suff—wuff—sh—fispog?" she asked.

"Yes, dear," he agreed. "It looks all right."

"Ouff—wan—so—gs—ph—mf—ugh—ight?" was her next remark.

"Perhaps it would look better if you did that, he nodded; "but it fits very nicely as it is."

She gasped and emptied the pins into her hands.

"I've asked you twice to raise the blinds so that I can get more light, James!" she exclaimed. "Can't you understand plain English?"

Our brains were given us to think with. Therefore form your own conclusions. But be sure your premises are sound.

Read something useful for half an hour each day and you will be surprised at the vast amount of information you will acquire in a short time.

## The Ways of a Wasp

You will observe that I say "a" wasp. My object is not to hold forth on the habits of the genus wasp. The individual I have in view is a particular wasp who has been early on the job this year, and whom I encountered yesterday in a city cafe. I think I recognize him by his style and gait as a gentleman I met last season. He has the same smart coat, the same buzz, the same confident and self-possessed air.

That the genus wasp is a person with a very nice taste is borne out by what White says in his Natural History of Selborne—"The great pests of a garden are wasps, which destroy all the finer fruits just as they are coming into perfection." This wasp to which I refer kept up the tradition of his race. He seemed to be an epicure, because he passed, on entering, some very appetizing but plainer foodstuffs, and continued his course jauntily and without concern to a species of cake which dyspeptics have dubbed "deadlies"—all the while, however, artfully avoiding any human being who might be near him, and carefully avoiding also any cause of offence.

When he had partaken delicately of a pink-iced cake, he stretched himself, buzzed his wings, and then deliberately made his way yawning to a nicely-flowered partition curtain, and alighted on the pattern of a lily, just behind a bowl full of tulips of variegated colors. He did not seem to realize that I was watching him so closely, for he buzzed each wing separately one by one, and stroked the front of his coat, carefully removing one or two crumbs of pink sugar which adhered to it. He looked about him with a self-satisfied expression, and certainly he was not a bad-looking fellow in his shiny silken coat with gold facings.

**Joyous Anticipation**

Something at length seemed to make him lively. His olfactory nerves seemed to have been tickled, for his nostrils were distended, and he was sniffing softly. Soon I saw the cause of his interest. A pretty young woman, in white apron and cap, passed near us with an ice-cream which gave forth a slight vanilla flavor. Taking care to avoid the attention of the maid, my friend Mr. Wasp flew softly behind her, and I actually saw him choose a suitable nook in her cap, where he hid himself until she placed the ice before a charming female, who was seated with a young man who drank black coffee.

No sooner was the vanilla ice placed on the little table than Mr. Wasp left his nook in the maid's cap, and took up a concealed position behind the lady who had received the ice.

The ice took some eating, and was not long in melting. Perhaps the warmth of the conversation had something to do with that. Mr. Wasp gave one or two impatient buzzes as he saw spoonful after spoonful disappearing. But the young lady was too intent on the talk to notice anything of the kind. At last the gentleman and lady got up, the latter leaving nearly half of the ice.

Mr. Wasp carefully reconnoitered, and seeing his course clear descended upon the toothsome ice. It was funny to watch him licking his fingers and giving expression to his satisfaction—the gourmand—by an occasional little buzz of his wings.

At length a waitress advanced in his direction to remove dishes. She was at first unobserved by Mr. Wasp, who went on with his stolen feast. Evidently too, he was unobserved by her until she was almost touching

him. Then her attention was attracted to him as he gave a buzz of gratification. She uttered a piercing scream and drew back. A group of faces turned towards her with startled and inquiring looks. Then she collected herself, blushed and smiled and had to stand some chaff—which, however, did not seem unacceptable—from a young student-looking fellow in her vicinity.

But my eyes were on Mr. Wasp. That astute person had turned with the others when he heard the scream, and impressed by the closeness to him of a human being, made his retreat as quietly and unobtrusively as possible. I saw the 'cute' rascal taking a downward stroke, as it were, and coming up near a transparent jar of raspberry jam, where he had the good fortune to find a hiding-place behind it. I noticed the jar had been opened, and was nearly full.

**From What a Height Fallen**

At length he appeared again full in my view, and after doing a bit of walking round—appearing to be quite indifferent to the raspberry jam, but keeping an eager eye on it all the time—he flew into the air, and alighted on the rim of the jar. Gently he strode down into the luscious jam, and, evidently glad to find it was not treacle or gum, he had another good tuck in.

When he had finished with the jam he appeared to be in rather a gallant mood, and adopted a rakish mien. He flew over to a bunch of white cool-looking lilies and swung his hammock there, nestling in that sweet retreat and revelling in the glorious and nearly overpowering perfume.

All this was life! What a day he was having.

Just then a bright little lady fly seeking a resting place in the same bunch was surprised to find her waist encircled by a wasp's powerful arm. It was quite easy to see what was going on. The lady fly resented it at first with loud buzzing, but the wily wasp overcame her scruples with soothing words. They chatted away for a while, when all of a sudden another wasp appeared on the scene.

The unconscious lovers were caught in the midst of their flirtation, and in a moment the two wasps were wrestling and struggling with each other in deadly conflict. The lady fly stood by weeping and wringing her hands. It all happened so suddenly that I could not see whether the new wasp was a rival or the wife of No. 1, or his father or a creditor.

Suffice it to say that the two wasps rolled, buzzing and gasping and spluttering on to a side table. The conflict was awful. The combatants rolled about in an ecstasy of rage. When the conflict was at its height an elderly clergyman raised his newspaper, and with one overwhelming blow ended the fight, and simultaneously the lives of the two wasps.

The lady fly, who had been flirting with one of the dead heroes, was not to be seen. What a change for that adventurous wasp No. 1. The sunlight, the music, the lilies, the tulips, the lilies, the flirtation, all the chatter and prettiness of the tea-room blotted out in an instant! But still he had had a great time—a royal time. He had got something out of life that day, and he had died an instantaneous and painless death. I found myself murmuring as I walked out into the street—

"One crowded hour of glorious life Is worth an age without a name."

—John O' Groat.