

# Strange Aspects of Man and Nature Noted on the Roof of the World



A SQUAW OF THE HIMALAYAS



**D** (Copyright, 1910, by Frank G. Carpenter.) The Himalayas have 1,000 clouds where the Alps have one, and as you ride through them you see clouds of all kinds and shapes chasing each other over the hills. They crawl up the sides of the valleys, they climb to your feet and wrap themselves around you. For ten minutes the mist is so thick that you can hardly see the ears of the horses you are riding. Then all at once you burst out into the open. A cloud has gone by and it floats up toward the snows.

In my ride to Tiger Hill I had clouds above and below me, and I could see the ghostly masses of vapor resting in the hollows as though taking a siesta. As the sun came up tinged them with fire, spotting the mountains with gold. At the same time there were opalescent clouds at my right and my left, and clouds overhead, above which, at the breaks, the snowy peaks could be seen.

**On the Mountain Railway.**  
In coming here from Calcutta I rode most of the way through the clouds. The sun was at its hottest when we passed out of the plains of the Ganges and came to the foot of the mountains. The way up was all lights and shadows. Now the sun shone, and now the rain came down in torrents. We soon had clouds above and below us, and farther up often lost sight of the engine in the vapor which enveloped the train.

I shall never forget that railroad. It makes one think of the tops of his boyhood. The track is a two-foot narrow gauge, the engine is about ten feet in length and the cars are pigmies in comparison with our American coaches.

The way up is a series of corkerew curves, zigzag and Y's. The train goes about like a snake and the cars are so small that they look like links of a chain, the ends of which now and then seem to touch. There are a dozen horseshoe curves every mile and you make figure 8's several times in your drunken climb up the hill. As you rise you can see the road cutting terraces on the mountains below. You shoot under a hill and come out into a loop, and then cross your own track by a bridge overhead. The Y system is frequently used, and there are double Y's which elevate you from one level to another.

The cars do not make more than six miles an hour. They are open and you can see out on all sides. You skirt precipices covered with green, down which you look for a thousand feet, and climb along the sides of the mountains above valleys which are lost in the plains of Bengal. The railroad was built upon a wagon road which as well as though you were in the clouds, the way, and the trains stop now and then so that the passengers may pick flowers and ferns.

**Through Jungle Lands.**  
In this railroad ride I came through the torrid and temperate zones and stepped out into a land of snow. Calcutta is in the tropics. We rode over hot plains, through patches of rice and banana, into a jungle of bamboos, banyans and other such trees, and the first ranges, reaching a mile and a half above the plain have magnificent forests bedded in mosses and ferns. The limbs of the trees are loaded with orchids, and here and there are tree ferns with trunks as thick as a telegraph pole and almost as tall. The fern leaves come out from the top like those of a palm. As you rise the color of the moss changes from green to light gray; it hangs from the branches in clusters not unlike the moss of Georgia and Florida and the green appears to be dusted with silver. Higher still there are hard woods much like those of our American mountains; the roses bloom and there are tea plantations clothing the hills. Tea grows to an elevation of almost a mile. The trees and hardy grasses rise a mile higher and it is not until three miles that the hardy shrubs disappear. I am told that a few flowers are still found at almost four miles above the sea.

**Above the Clouds.**  
The Himalayas might be called the father of India. They protect the country, and it is largely due to them that it is able to support one-fifth of the human race. They extend like a mighty wall across Hindustan, shutting it out from the rest of Asia. This wall is intensely cold, and against it come the warm winds loaded with the moisture of the Indian ocean. As they strike it the moisture condenses and falls down in floods, watering the great plains below. There is no place on the globe which has such a rainfall as parts of the Himalayas mountains. Here at Darjeeling it is more than 100 inches a year, and there are other regions where there are fifty feet of rain every twelve months.

These winds keep the greater part of the mountains enveloped in clouds, and this adds to the beauties of the scenery.

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LOOP ON THE HIMALAYA NARROW GAUGE

According to the government records, every year, the beasts do not usually attack men, but if they once taste human blood they are crazy for it thereafter. One tiger is known to have killed eighty of the natives within twelve months, and another 108 in a space of three years. One of the agents of the Indian forestry department tells me that about 2,000 tigers are killed every year and that the government gives a reward for every beast destroyed.

The tigers of India are magnificent, but are not equal to those of Manchuria. They are found in the mountains as high as two miles, but even that elevation does not cause the fur to grow so long as the cold winters of north China and Mongolia, and the best skins come from the latter locality. The male tigers of the Himalayas weigh up to about 500 pounds each, and the females to about 300 pounds. Many are caught here and shipped to the zoological gardens of the world's great cities, some of them so fierce that they will jump at you if you come near their cages, wounding themselves against the bars.

**Darjeeling.**  
I am well situated here in Darjeeling. This is a summer resort for the British of the Indian lowlands, and it has excellent hotels, fine residences and numerous furnished villas which are let out for the season. There are also hospitals and sanitariums. There are several stores, and the whole is a little slice of England in the heart of the Himalayas. The buildings are roofed with galvanized iron, but there are many pretty cottages and bungalows. There are several churches, public gardens and also a military camp situated outside the latter locality. The entire homes in the place is that of the lieutenant governor of Bengal, who is here about four months every year.

One of the sights of Darjeeling is the bazar filled with traders and patronized by the natives for miles around. Sunday is the market day, and at this time the town is thronged with Himalayans. Traders come here from Tibet, and there are Nepalese, Lepchas and Bhootiyans. There are natives from Sikkim and the slopes of Mount Everest, as well as laborers from the 200 tea plantations nearby.

**Muscular Mountain Maidens.**  
I find these natives most interesting. Especially the women. You have heard of the strength of the girls of Tibet, where the wife bosses the household, even though she has three or four husbands. From what I see here I judge the statement is true. These girls could handle the average American husband and rest between rounds. I found a score at the depot when I arrived and hired one to carry my trunk to the hotel. The way was steep, but she agreed to take it up the hill for 5 cents, and toted it there on her back. The women wear balls of coral and turquoise as big as marbles on strings round their heads. The men of both tribes look fierce. They carry curved knives in their belts, and when drunk carve up one another. They are said to be bullies and wife beaters, and the woman has to fight for her rights. She often marries four brothers and sometimes has them all to support.

**Business in the Himalayas.**  
I wish I could take you into their bazar and show you how business is done in the midst of the Himalaya mountains. You can hear the people bargaining long before you get to the place. Every trade draws a crowd and the people shout out their views as to the goods and the prices. The market covers several acres. It is filled with traders seated on the ground with their wares piled about them. Here the women are selling smokes, as we call it out in Ohio. They have great crocks of snow white curds, which they serve out to their customers in boxes or leaves. Further on are men with chickens and pigs, and at the right is the open-air butcher, who will kill a sheep upon order and give you a chop hot from the loin. There are Tibetans with prayer wheels, with which you can make something like ten prayers a minute. The wheels are boxes of the size of a pint cup or smaller and about twice as deep. They are of copper or brass, and have Tibetan characters stamped in the metal. Inside each box is a roll of the prayers most efficient in the Buddhist religion. The box is pierced by a wire stuck through the center and this is fastened to a handle about a foot long. By a twist of the handle the box rolls round the wire and at every roll the prayers within are supposed to go up to Buddha and to wipe away the sins of the owner. There are many Buddhist priests in the market, some of them lamas who have come down from Tibet. They are mostly beggars who bellow for alms.

I understand that the trade between India and the tribes on the other side of the Himalayas is increasing. The recent expeditions into Tibet have opened some markets, and a considerable business is now done at Darjeeling. The Tibetans send down musk, skins, tea, salt and wool, as well as ponies, cattle and sheep. They take back sugar dried fruits cotton goods of all kinds and also ivory indigo madder and liquors. Much of the trade is carried on by Mohammedans.

So far there is no wagon road between Darjeeling and Lhasa. The goods are carried over the mountains on yaks or ponies or on the backs of women and men. The most of them come by the Jelep pass, which is less than three miles in height, and is open all the year round. It is only about five days' march from here to the pass and once through it Tibet can be seen. I am told that a wagon road is being planned to go over that route, and if so, Tibet will become open to all.

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MOUNT EVEREST CAPS THE WORLD

## Curious and Romantic Capers of Cupid

**On the Installment Plan.**  
ATHEW BALTHUSZ of Granite City, Mo., who saved for five years in order to marry and provide a home for Miss Mary Ivanchev, a Hungarian girl, sold her on the installment plan to another man in Kenosha, Wis. Miss Ivanchev came to this country six weeks ago, Balthus says, to wed him, but she repudiated this agreement.

She left Granite City several days ago with George Shiroki, who paid Balthus \$35 down and signed an agreement to pay \$5 monthly until a total of \$85 was paid.

Balthus, the disappointed, insisted for hours in demanding \$20 for his rights in the girl, but Shiroki would not go that high.

Balthus based his demand upon the fact he had done to the expense of furnishing a house for the girl, and that he has no use for the furniture.

While the two would-be bridegrooms were haggling over the price, the girl was wed, by writing to know which she was to wed. When her purchase price was settled she walked meekly to a marriage license bureau, did her part toward getting the license and then followed the successful bidder to a priest, where they were married.

**Wireless Proposals.**  
The wireless proposal is the latest wrinkle in matters matrimonial. It has been tested and found not wanting by no less a person than Miss Louise Gaylord, daughter of Mrs. Charles Adams of Kenilworth, reports the Chicago Record Herald.

That wireless telegraphy may be used for a tender purpose than summoning help to a disabled ship became known when the engagement of Miss Gaylord to Walter F. Dillingham of Honolulu was announced. The bare announcement did not include the great feature of the romance, but friends of the young woman added the details, which show that this engagement could not have taken place in any other century, for Mr. Dillingham proposed and was accepted in distant Honolulu, while Miss Gaylord was miles away in midocean. They had known each other three days only.

Last September Mrs. Adams, who is the wife of Dr. Charles Adams and a sister of John J. Mitchell, president of the Ill-

inois Trust and Savings bank, left for a trip round the globe, accompanied by her two children, Miss Louise and Harry Gaylord. In the party were also Mrs. W. R. Linn and her two daughters, Mabel and Dorothy Linn.

The party reached Honolulu in October and remained but three days. While they were there Mr. Dillingham, who is a Harvard graduate and the son of a missionary, was noticeably attentive to Miss Gaylord. They were much together, but none of the party suspected that there was any serious purpose in the young man's attitude.

After three days Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Linn, with their children, set sail for Japan and the east. The ship had not cleared the harbor by many hours when the operator, who was engaged in receiving wireless messages from the shore, took down the most surprising telegram it had ever been his lot to transmit.

This message was addressed to Miss Gaylord and was signed by Mr. Dillingham. It read:

"Will you be my wife?"

Miss Gaylord thought it over a bit after the shock had subsided, and then sent the one word:

"Yes."

Mr. Dillingham explained contritely enough afterward that he hadn't himself known how hard he was hit until the ship had weighed anchor, and he couldn't wait for the post.

Mrs. Adams, with her two children, now is in Paris. On May 2 the wedding will take place at Villa Pietra, Florence, Italy, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Acton, the latter being a sister of Mrs. Adams.

**Married Forty-Four Times.**  
Ludwig Lewishohn of Newark, N. J., a German professor and writer, born in Berlin thirty years ago, claims the unique distinction of being married to his wife in every state in the union except New York.

He has just added New Jersey to the list, the nuptial knot being tied for the forty-fourth time.

This raises the question:

Can a man legally marry his own wife?

Lewishohn, with his wife walked into the county clerk's office and asked for a marriage license. Lewishohn said that he was eager to get a certificate which would add

this state to the list. When he told the official that he was stopping temporarily in the Washington hotel, the clerk directed him to the office of a justice of the peace, and the German again repeated the story of his marriages.

"The laws of New York are very peculiar and I shall some day have the knot tied there," said Lewishohn. "I feel that I am not violating any law; what harm is there in it?"

The bride said her maiden name was Mary Arnold Crocker and that her address was 564 West One Hundred and Seventy-First street, New York City.

Lewishohn removed the band ring from the bride's finger and, while the justice was performing the ceremony, the couple smiled and appeared as happy as if it were their first venture.

**Sequel to a Divorce.**  
Announcement comes from Northampton, Mass., that Mrs. Helen M. Cook Walters of Chicago and Theodore Addis Ryerson were married there on April 1 by the Rev. Dr. John Breaker, thus adding another chapter to a romance exploited at some length recently in the New York courts, where Mrs. Walters obtained a judgment of \$3,000 in her suit for \$50,000 for alleged breach of promise against Mr. Ryerson.

The trial of the suit, beginning last March 7, brought forth many love letters from Mr. Ryerson, who is a young broker. But they did not faze him. He said he meant every word of them, and was willing any time to marry the plaintiff. He said that the reason he had not done so was because he decided that on his income he could not properly support her.

The fair plaintiff was equally as candid, and said she still loved the defendant. All during the trial it was expected that the trial would suddenly terminate in a wedding, but the young woman refused to wed at that time.

March 9 a verdict was returned in her favor for \$3,000. Ryerson had thirty days in which to pay, but a few days later, according to Mirabeau Townes, the plaintiff's lawyer, Ryerson's father paid the judgment in full.

Mr. Ryerson's parents said at their home in New Brunswick today that the broker was in New York and expressed surprise when told that he had married Mrs. Walters.

These Himalaya girls look like our Indians. They have the same copper complexion, the same high cheek bones, semiplat noses and long straight black hair. If you will keep in mind the prettiest squaw you have ever seen you may have a fair type of the native belle of Darjeeling. You must add about two pounds of jewelry to each ounce of flesh and make the eyes of the squaw brighter and her look more intelligent. These mountain girls are loaded with jewelry. The poorest of them has earrings and anklets of silver, and the beauty who took my trunk to the hotel was so loaded with chains, coins and other ornaments that she jingled as she tramped up the hill. I see women who have strings of silver coins as big as 20-cent pieces hung to their necks so that they cover the bust, and there are many who wear gold anklets and leglets, bracelets and earrings. They also wear ornaments of glass and turquoise. The turquoise is one of the cheapest of the semi-precious stones of the Himalayas. It is found in Tibet and brought over the mountains for sale. Some of the earrings are four or five inches long and so heavy that they pull down the lobes. They also wear circlets of coral, amber or jade about their heads and have belts with gold or silver clasps. The woman is the savings bank of the family, and when a new deposit is made it is in the shape of a gold or silver ornament for her.

**Like the Mongols.**  
The men of the Himalayas are like our Indians, only not so tall. They remind one of the Mongols and other natives along the borders of Siberia, leading to the belief that the American aborigines came from the Himalayas and went northward into America across Bering strait. Among the tribes near here are the Lepchas and Bhootiyans, both considerably shorter than our western Indian. The Lepcha women have their hair braided in tails which hang down their backs, and the Bhootiyans paint their faces with brown varnish and

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