



Where the Monsoon Breaks Loose, Sheathing Mountain Crest and Flank in Perpetual Ice.

Photograph Courtesy of Roerich Museum Press.

## IN THE MYSTERIOUS LAND OF THE MONSOON

By L. H. ROBBINS

JOURNEY north from Calcutta for 350 miles across the flat plains of Bengal and up to the top of the first ridge of Himalayan foothills and you come, at Darjeeling on the northern edge of British India, to a mountain picture unsurpassed on this planet.

Darjeeling rests on a northward-pointing spur of that first foothill ridge. Below the spur on west, north and east are the river valleys of Sikkim, 6,000 feet deep. Across these valleys and across range after range of wooded hills with other deep valleys between them you look to the eternal snows of earth's noblest mountain chain. Clouds rise continually from the valleys; down there it is tropical Summer, yet in the same picture, among the stupendous peaks that fill the northern sky line, Winter dwells forever.

This hundred-mile amphitheatre that lies before you, this "crumpled world" and "chaos of corrugation" is the scene of the greatest scientific and sporting adventure now afoot: the attempt of the Dyhrenfurth expedition to climb Kanchenjunga. The expedition is international, and so is the panorama seen from Darjeeling, as if it were too sublime for a single country to contain.

In the north, forty-five miles away, stands Kanchenjunga, spreading its ramparts for leagues into Sikkim and Nepal and lifting its hoary head more than 28,000 feet into the blue. Northwest, and twice as far distant, looking down over the shoulders of nearer peaks, is the highest mountain, Everest, between Nepal and Tibet. To the east, beyond the misty valleys of Sikkim, are the hills of Bhutan and Chumhari's white pyramid, sentinel over the Eastern Tibetan highlands, backs up the Kanchenjunga group.

From Everest around a full quarter of the horizon stretches a continuous line of gleaming silver. Twelve peaks in this wall of ice and snow exceed 20,000 feet, and between them are glacier-guarded passes higher than Mont Blanc. The beholder echoes the marveling cry of Kipling's Kim as he stood before this same appalling range in Garhwal: "Surely the gods live here. This is no place for men!"

Nature for millions of

### Here the Mighty Himalayan Peaks Are Sacred to Hillmen And Lordly Kanchenjunga Is the Abode of Their Gods

years has been setting a mighty stage for the Kanchenjunga drama of 1930. Ages ago she caused the crust of the earth to buckle across Central Asia, lifting mountain tops two miles higher into the deadly cold of space than any other mountains on the globe. To make those supreme heights the more inviolable she sent the monsoons of millenniums to sheathe their crests and flanks in perpetual ice.

On the south she put monsoon-fed rivers to work digging a trench system of mile-deep gorges, a labyrinth reaching 100 miles to the Indian plains. On the north she peopled the land with those most jealous barbarians, the Tibetans. For good measure, she added cloud and lighting effects, backdrops and foredrops of fog, and a chorus of weird, gnome-like hillmen to adore the snow-crowned monarchs as sacred and to screen them from human familiarity behind a veil of superstitious mystery.

Europeans, although they have had a foothold in India for three centuries, have let the Himalayas

and the lands beyond them remain largely blank on the maps. There have been political and religious barriers that were almost as hard to surmount as the peaks themselves. Native surveyors disguised as monks and merchants have charted parts of the region at the risk of their lives. As lately as 1848 in Sikkim, where the Dyhrenfurth party has trekked this month, Sir Joseph Hooker was taken captive and held as a hostage.

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THE Nepalese, in permitting the present expedition to pass through their country along the eastern border, have broken a precedent. Always heretofore they have kept explorers away from the snow range along a 500-mile front. Hindu pilgrims, a quarter of a million in a single year, may swarm over the killing hill trails into the almost fabulous Vale of Nepal to worship at the shrines of their gods; but interlopers from west of Suez are treated as spies.

Isolated Tibet has never opened

the gates to the mountain except between 1921 and 1924, when it allowed the British to approach Everest from the north. Since then they have been closed. Tibetan politics might still be mollified, for Lhasa has been on friendly terms with Delhi since the breakdown of monarchy in China. Tibetan religion, however, has a stronger voice in the decision.

Did not the British assault on Everest cost many lives? Therefore the gods of the mountain resent these invasions. The British party contained geologists who went about tapping on rocks with hammers, annoying the goblins that reside there. Shall the authorities at Lhasa invite the displeasure of the world of demons by suffering impious aliens to enter and rove at will? Lhasa turns thumbs down and busily whirls a prayer wheel, hoping that the disturbed gods will be propitiated.

Darjeeling stands truly at a frontier. Beyond its tea plantations Western ideas cease to have even the slight value that they have in

India proper. Here the unadulterated East begins, and here within sight of Observatory Hill is one of the strangest jumbles of creeds and customs that the East contains.

Descend into the sultry valleys below Darjeeling spur and on the shaky bamboo bridges that span the mountain torrents you find countless bits of printed cloth and paper fluttering in the wind, sending up a prayer with every flutter. On the hilltops, or hanging like swallows' nests on dizzy cliffs, are Buddhist lamaseries, some of them centuries old. Sky-pointing rock cairns line the trails—chortens built to honor gods or saints. Around them are little forests of bamboo poles with more prayers waving from their tops.

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"Om mani padme hum," the prayer of Cheresi, patron god of Tibet, is repeated millions of times a day in the Eastern Himalayas. It means, "Hail to the jewel in the lotus flower!" and alludes to its author's mystic advent on earth in the heart of a pond lily. Each of the six syllables has power to bar the gate of one of the six possible worlds of existence in which a man may be reborn, and from which all good Central Asian Buddhists, with their longing for the eternal peace of complete extinction, pray to be excused.

The flags send up the prayer and so do the prayer wheels—hand wheels, like a child's rattle; water wheels kept ever in motion by the flow of a spring or a river; wheels in racks by the doorways, for the passer-by to spin, and huge wheels in the monasteries, in shape, size and weight like rolls of newsprint paper, made of written prayers innumerable and turned day and night by faithful monks. "Om mani padme hum!"

The harsh blare of a trumpet breaks the silence of the mountain valley. The trumpeter, a lama poised on the edge of a precipice, is warning away any hailstorm that may be lurking about to destroy the local barley crop. Before a wayside temple a troupe of lamas in hideous masks are holding a devil dance to the music of horns and drums—a gruesome sight to strangers, but enjoyed with shouts of the best-natured laughter by the dark-skinned native audience. A man dressed and painted to represent an



Kanchenjunga, as Seen From Darjeeling, Fifty Miles Away.

Photograph Copyright by Ewing Galloway.



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## NEW YORK: IMAGE OF TOMORROW'S WORLD

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New York has borrowed from everywhere. Just as Venice brought home to her lagoons the marbles of Byzantium, the statues of the Acropolis, wonders of jade from China, treasures of wood from Ethiopia, treasures of tin from Ireland, Manhattan took from the English countryside first her new name, then her "mansions"; from France she took her châteaux and her cafés; from Italy her palazzi and her workmen; from Greece her temples. Just as the swallow takes from the bounty of nature all the materials it needs to make that thing which is so unique, a swallow's nest. The barbarities of the red Indians, the cruelties of the Spanish buccaneers, the mysticism of the Quakers, the rebelliousness of the Irish, the poetry of the German dreamers of 1848, the analytical spirit of the Jews, the nihilism of the Slavs—New York, the laboratory, has put them all to the test, the good and the bad; it has reduced all that to powder and then turned it into gold. That is why New York is the best of all courses

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Upon tomorrow above all. An American passes almost insensibly from Chicago or from Detroit to New York; but with what excitement a denizen of our tranquil Europe, after the long stillness of the voyage across the sea, opens his eyes suddenly to the strenuous and strident life of Manhattan! It seems to him that he is living in the future, that he has stepped from one century into another; he is overwhelmed by the sensation that time exists no longer, or rather, as Einstein tells us, that all the periods of the world are co-existent and that the succession of years and centuries is a mere method of artificial classification, invented for our convenience by the professors.

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I DO not go to New York just to look at the wonders of a distant city; I go there to see a prefiguration of my future—visions presented at random of what my own life may be, or at least the life of my son. I cannot regard Manhattan in the detached spirit in which a tourist gazes at foreign sights; I open wide my eyes and my heart to take note of my destiny. "Oh, Mother England!" cries Dodsworth in Sinclair Lewis's book, with sudden emotion, just as every good American does at the sight of his old mother, Europe; I myself, a European, find it hard to hold back my tears at the first sight of New York, and I exclaim: "Oh, my daughter, how lovely you have grown away from your family!" And I thank heaven that I have

been able to witness in my lifetime my child's success.

The entire world admires New York; but admiration is not the same thing as sympathy. I like New York and I have sought to make it liked by others. The press, sport, the police, the skyscrapers and the cinema, it is true, are nothing but money-making machines. But money in New York is turned to so many marvelous accounts, and there is so much of it and it is so easily earned that no one craves for it avariciously, just for itself: it is craved for because it permits its possessors to buy what today is the most precious of all things—the sensation of being thrilled.

New York is the greatest market for thrills. It overflows with wholesale purveyors of emotions, traffickers in excitements with their stores on Broadway, dealers in new thrills of every imaginable kind. Spread out before you are all the diversions of the universe; all the new inventions, all the latest novelties are there to be bought or sold. Paris or London still sometimes invents a new fashion, but one feels that they have no longer enough vitality to launch it and to bring it to triumphant success. Every one who is ardent, every one who is young, dreams of New York, in China as in Italy, or at Moscow. What I go to New York to seek and find is a bath of youth, a bath which sometimes over-excites the nerves and fatigues the heart, but which gives me nevertheless an extraordinary impression—or illusion—of freedom from care, of enjoyment of life.

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SEE New York and live! The young are stifled in Europe; they do not live there. They all ask their elders: "Where can one live best and most intensely?" When I myself embarked on the Ile de France a year ago I really felt that I was not making a voyage of my own choice, but that I was being carried on by a current of emotion, impelled by a kind of impersonal curiosity—I felt carried away by a mystical fervor. It was in this kind of spirit that Musset and Gautier must have set forth for Spain and Italy 100 years ago; they set forth almost in spite of themselves, urged forward by an obscure need, the need of a message for their country. Had they any premonition, these leaders of the international romanticism of 1830, that it was to be their task to influence the destinies of two peoples, to fertilize a far distant world?

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# "DRY" CAMPAIGN IN FRANCE MADE VIVID BY POSTERS

## Worst Evils of Drink Are Strikingly Pictured in a Drive That Aims at Temperance Through Education



"The Voluntary Slave—Workman, Cease to Enrich the One Who Shackles Your Freedom."

Cartoons on This Page Are Used in the French Campaign of the National League Against Alcoholism.

By JAMES C. YOUNG

PARIS. At a moment when the American people are discussing prohibition with increasing fervor, a prohibition campaign in France, well organized and closely resembling American campaigns of other years, shows promise of gaining some political strength.

Perhaps the term prohibition is drastic as applied to the French movement. It is directed toward temperance, rather than prohibition. At least the present goal is temperance, but the French champions of abstinence possess the same zeal as the American. One of the striking impressions one recalls of a walk in Paris is of the prohibition posters. From dead walls along the way, from bill posters' boards and similar places, vivid warnings meet the eye of the evils of drink.

Among the many kinds of modern art in which the French specially excel is the poster art. On the day that a French poster artist applies himself to evolve something to scare the beholder, he is likely to produce startling effects. The range of these posters is wide and varied, but strongly reminiscent of our own prohibition posters of a few years ago. Exactly the same force is at work here.

One of the most impressive of this type of poster shows a working man standing against the bar, a glass in either hand, while a chain binds one leg to the bar footrail. Behind the bar, Death, in the person of the bartender, prepares to fill the drinker's glass. The poster is entitled "The Voluntary Slave," and it would be hard to call up a more graphic warning.

Such posters reflect a definite and growing body of opinion. There is much sincerity in this opinion. Its leaders look toward America as the shining beacon of their inspiration, and it is evident that they have studied the American methods of bringing about prohibition. Their posters excel anything of the kind ever seen across the sea.

Another of the vivid class shows a workingman just arrested by two agents of the police. Another man lies upon the floor, knocked down in a tavern brawl. The arrested man shakes his fist at the proprietor, saying: "You are responsible!" Perhaps this might be criticized as art; but it appeals to the eye and brings home its message.

A third poster departs from this theme. It shows a child standing at a drinker's knees, with the glass proffered to the youngster. A smile wreathes the drinker's face, sunk in sodden stupidity. Any one, drinker or non-drinker, feels himself

tempted to cry, "Stop! Stop!" Among the dozens of posters currently distributed, this one is especially effective.

But the last word in the poster campaign is represented by one picturing the flight of Colonel Lindbergh across the Atlantic. That feat has not been forgotten in France, and since Colonel Lindbergh is the particular hero of small boys over here, the dry advocates have enlisted him in their cause. This poster, in striking black upon a pink background, shows the Eiffel Tower upon one side and the Statue of Liberty upon the other, with a plane in flight midway between. Then comes the dramatic touch, a quotation attributed to Lindbergh: "I never touch alcohol."

THESE posters and many others are being distributed throughout France and her colonies. The Ligue Nationale Contre l'Alcoolisme, embracing the Federation des Sociétés Anti-alcooliques Française, has branches in practically every important centre, in numerous towns and in the colonies. Its funds, however, are limited for the prosecution of such a task; therefore, members carry

on a considerable part of the poster distribution, defraying the expense from their own purses. The posters are usually small and may be purchased at from 75 centimes—3 cents—up to the colored variety costing 3 francs—12 cents. Any one in sympathy with the campaign may prove his sincerity by buying a half-dozen posters and arranging for them to be conspicuously displayed.

As might be assumed, the posting of such propaganda has not been carried on without opposition in a land famous for its vintages. In the wine-growing sections it is difficult to keep the prohibition posters in place. The wine growers

have strong sentiments about the matter, and, with a population largely sharing the vintners' viewpoint, there is always a ready hand to rip down the posters.

Yet the federation members persist. Their campaign is going ahead. This organization had its inception twenty-five years ago. For a long time it made little headway and the period of war temporarily discouraged efforts toward social betterment. But in the years since 1918 the organization has grown steadily, becoming decidedly aggressive within the last year or two. The poster campaign is evidence of its vitality.

But the campaign does not stop

well-known aspect of French psychology that every man shall have his chance to be heard. And thereby depends the prohibition campaign in the schools.

The lecturers do not merely lecture, however; they endeavor to enlist the active interest and support of the children. Whole classes are asked to hold up their hands and declare that no member ever will touch alcohol. Such pledges are received daily in schools from Belgium to Spain. As France is not a statistical nation, it would be impossible to state the number of pledges received, but workers of the federation estimated the number at not less than 50,000 within the last two years.

Not content with warning the young and receiving personal pledges, moreover, the lecturers invited the children to become junior members of the federation at 10 francs a year. Again it would be enlightening to learn the number of these

may be construed favorably to the cause is condensed into these columns. Then there are such pieces as "A testament from a victim of alcohol." Periodically the paper sets forth statistics of ravages upon health and the number of deaths caused by alcohol. Even the literary gods of France are not beyond attack, one recent number holding up Guy de Maupassant as an example of what drink may do to a man. There are appeals to parents as well, revolving around the perils to youth that lurk in the bottle.

THE French liberality of thought is famous. It never was better demonstrated than in the case of the federation's propaganda in the army and navy. Not only is L'Etoile Bleue distributed in the ranks: the federation actually is trying to remove alcohol from the service canteens! Although it is not likely that one man in ten would agree to any kind of restrictions, yet the federation is permitted to further its cause as best it may.

One of the most heartening signs, according to the federation workers, is the new measure restricting Berlin drinking places to one for 500 of population. Americans may consider that a reasonably liberal allowance, but it is said to be the



Apres tout tu as raison... Ne fais pas comme moi... Ne bois pas

with a visualized picture. It extends particularly to education. In schools all over France members of the federation are lecturing upon the evils of drink. They enter both the religious and public schools, and this has aroused further protests from the wine growers. In Champagne there has been much feeling aroused. Yet it is said that at no time have the lectures been forbidden. The wine growers may protest as much as they like, but it is a

Above—  
"Good Advice—  
'After All You  
Are Right.  
Don't Do as I  
Do, Don't  
Drink.'"



"The Newspapers: 'I Never Touch Alcohol'—Lindbergh."

### Le Bouilleur de Cru



"The Brandy Maker—'Have a Drink, My Boy, It's On the House.'"

junior members, but such records are kept by the branch societies and no general poll has been taken. It is believed, however, that at least a fourth of the 500,000 giving the pledge are regularly constituted members.

In exchange for the 10 francs these young members receive a membership card and L'Etoile Bleue every month, the latter being the federation's official paper. As might be expected, it contains material of an informative character, some of it vivid enough. What ever happens in the world that

most progressive step in the restriction of alcohol that the Continent of Europe has known.

Admittedly there will be no prohibition in France for some time to come. But the 2,000 sections and the 100,000 members of the federation are earnest and persistent. Although their program has not been expressed in definite terms, it is the federation's present wish to achieve restriction. It is doubtful whether prohibition ever will be the goal, but rigid restriction is believed to be possible.

It is in the schools, in the minds of the young, that the French reformers see hope for tomorrow.

Another aspect of the educational methods involves an attempt to convert the medical faculty of France. The French physician commonly prescribes wines for various ailments and French opinion holds good wines to be sovereign remedies. On July 6, 1926, however, the Academy of Medicine condemned the excessive use of alcoholic drinks. What may constitute excessive is not defined. But this condemnation of "excessive" was regarded by the prohibition workers as a long step forward.



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