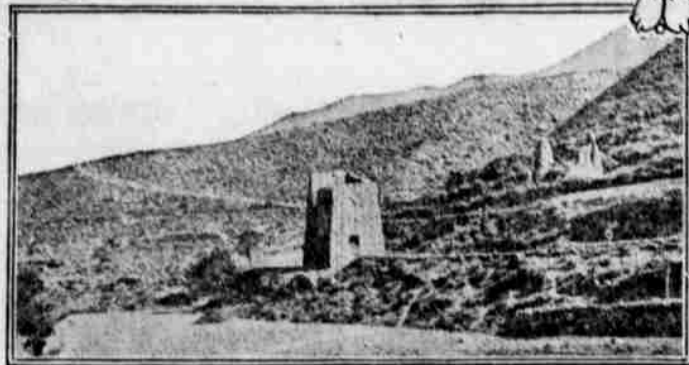


YUNNAN



Mud Watch Towers in Mekong Valley.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

WHERE in all the world is to be found scenery comparable to that which awaits the explorer and photographer in northwestern Yunnan province, China, and in the mountain fastnesses of Tsarung, in southeastern Tibet?

Few have been privileged to climb the towering ranges separating the mightiest streams of China, if not of Asia. The whole region, so geologists tell us, was once one vast, high plateau, now intersected and eroded by some of the longest rivers in the world.

These rivers changed this high plateau not merely into a land of lofty mountains, but of deep valleys with gloomy shadows and forbidding gorges never trodden by human foot.

In these trenches the Salwin, Mekong, and Yangtze, cutting through mountain ranges 20,000 feet in height, make their way to the oceans. These three rivers, flowing parallel, north to south, for some distance in western China and southeastern Tibet, at one place come within 48 miles of each other, as the crow flies, and yet their mouths are separated by thousands of miles.

It was this region into which the National Geographic society recently sent its Yunnan province expedition under the leadership of Joseph F. Rock.

No white man had previously had a glimpse of many of the scenes photographed by the expedition, for the few explorers who have penetrated these terrifying fastnesses have done so when the snow-capped peaks were hidden from view by the enveloping monsoon clouds of summer.

All three of these rivers have their origin in the high plateau land of Tibet, but their ultimate sources are still unknown.

The Salwin, which flows for a long distance through Tibet proper, enters Yunnan south of Tibet. In its southward course it becomes part of the Burmese Siamese borders and finally enters the Indian ocean at Moumein, made famous by one of Kipling's poems.

The Mekong parallels the Salwin to about the twentieth degree of latitude; then turns westward, forming the border of three countries—Burma, Siam, and Indo-China—and finally enters the tropical South China sea near Saigon.

Twists of the Yangtze.

The Yangtze, the mightiest and longest of them all, is also the least consistent. It flows parallel to the Mekong to a point near Shiku, and thence makes a sharp curve, turning directly north; describes a huge loop which adds hundreds of miles to the length of the river; returns to the south, then turns to the east, becoming in part a boundary for the provinces of Yunnan and Szechwan, and at length bends to the northeast; and enters the Pacific ocean near Shanghai.

Of these rivers, the Salwin is the least known. It is navigable for only a short distance above its mouth. The Yangtze, on the other hand, is navigable for a distance of some 1,500 miles, to Chungking, and thence by small boats as far as Suifu. Beyond that point it is navigable by skin boats or coracles, but only for short distances. Extensive stretches of this river, which is more than 3,000 miles long, are unknown and parts of its course appear on accurate maps as dotted lines.

Much has been written about the Yangtze gorges in the vicinity of Ichang, so well known to tourists, but very little has been said about the much grander gorges north of Likiang. Few have penetrated even part way into this most terrific of all canyons, among the first being J. Bacot and Doctor Handel-Mazzetti, who ventured as far as the hamlet of Djipalo, while Rock continued the journey to near Taku.

That long stretch of the easternmost arm of the great loop, from Fungkou to Tullikiang, has also been unexplored, especially south of Lapo. This the National Geographic society expedition followed nearly all the way, bringing back the first photographs of that part of the Yangtze which flows through arid gorges, the walls of which are partly covered with a cactus, a species of opuntia native to America, but now widely distributed in Yunnan by birds, which feed on the succulent fruits, disseminating the unharmed, undigested seeds.

Great Mountain Ranges.

The grandeur of the deeply entrenched rivers is enhanced by the mighty ranges with snow-clad peaks which separate them. One of the finest is undoubtedly the Kuakerpu range, separating the Salwin from the Mekong, and which must reach an eleva-

tion of 24,000 feet, the highest peak of that range being Mount Miyetziuu. The Mekong-Yangtze reaches its highest points, some 20,000 feet, in Mount Pelimashan, while the Salwin-Irrawaddy divide culminates in Mount Kenyichunpo, nearly 20,000 feet in height, the eastern branch of the Irrawaddy flowing parallel to the three greater streams for some distance, especially in the Chinese part of its course.

Lured by the magnificence of the mountain ranges and the weird and little known chasms in which these mighty rivers flow, as well as by the strange tribes living on the slopes of their gorges and in their valleys, early one October the expedition leader left his headquarters in the little Nashi hamlet of Poshakal, on the Likiang snow range, to explore and to photograph.

The monsoon rains were not yet over when the party of fifteen men set out accompanied by a large caravan, which carried supplies for more than three months. The trail took them down the Likiang plain to the hamlet of Poshakal; thence over a small spur, on the top of which the noonday meal was taken at a Nashi wayside kitchen.

The paved road was execrable and the rain made the much-worn rocks so slippery that whenever possible a narrow track beside the pavement was used. Thus, roads in this part of the world are often entirely abandoned and new ones made by the constant trot of passing caravans.

The following day the party climbed a high spur, reaching an elevation of 10,000 feet, and passed through country where enormous sinkholes filled with shrubbery afforded excellent hiding places for roving brigands. A well graded rock trail led down into the Yangtze valley, and along the left bank upstream to the hamlet of Shiku, or Rock Drum.

It was market day in Shiku and its single street was crowded with men, women, mules, pigs, dogs, children, and what not. The crowd was composed mainly of Nashi, Lissu, and Lolo tribespeople, who brought vegetables, pigs, etc., to the market.

In the central part of the town, built out into the main street, is an open-air theater. Since there are no steps to the stage, the photographer of the party climbed over a memorial stone giving the names of the donors and the amount of money donated toward the building of the theater, and took pictures to his heart's content, while the crowd at the foot of the stage looked on.

Funeral in Budsuclo.

At Budsuclo, a Nashi village farther up the Yangtze, some one had given up his mortal coil; mourners were parading around in grayish-white garments and headdresses, while leaning against the wall of the deceased's house was a long row of almost life-size human effigies made of bamboo framework covered with paper. There were also huge paper horses, sedan chairs, castles, and towers of paper, all to be burned at the grave. These imaginary servants, horses, etc., were to minister unto and comfort the departed in the shadow world.

The fifth day from Likiang the party reached Chutien, on the banks of a tributary of the Yangtze, along which the trail now followed a mountain range, up and down through valleys and villages, till it led out upon the plain of Lutien and a much-scattered village of the same name, nestling on the slopes of the Mekong-Yangtze divide.

Below lay a beautiful amphitheater; to the right an imposing building on the hillside, a lamasery, the first outpost of the Tibetan church.

The way now ascended through pine and spruce forests to the summit of the Yangtze-Mekong watershed. Likiang, as the divide is known, is one broad, undulating range of alpine meadows, some 11,000 feet in elevation, bordered by a dense forest of the loveliest hemlocks.

The undergrowth consists mainly of a canebrake (Arundinaria), while a thick carpet of moss covers the ground. The meadows were one sea of blue and white, for the gentians as well as the edelweiss were all in bloom. Rhododendron bushes, tall anemones, and lilies formed a border on the outskirts of the hemlock forests.

The air was bracing, the sunshine glorious; birds were singing and all seemed glad for life.

The view toward the Yangtze in the east was wonderful, the long ranges stretching from north to south as far as the eye could see, while below lay the scattered hamlet of Lutien, still enshrouded in morning mist.

Egg Brings Relief.

If the white of an egg is applied to a burn or scald as soon as the accident happens it will ease the pain.



HIS LAST QUESTION

The tourist guide was getting tired. He had to answer too many dumb questions.

"And just where did you say this boulder came from?" inquired one numbskull.

The guide politely replied that a glacier brought it down.

Then up spoke the inquisitive one again: "And where did the glacier go?"

"Aw," said the guide, "it went back after another boulder."

WORST THING ABOUT HER



"What is the worst thing about her?"

"That insignificant little Percy Snapp who is always at her side."

Individual Efficiency

"Efficiency" reward must win. As life goes on, through thick and thin. For any man with courage blent, Who goes ahead and does his best.

No Credit

"Rufus, aren't you feeling well?"

"Nossuh, ah suah ain't."

"Have you consulted your doctor?"

"Nossuh, and Ah ain't gwine to."

"What's the trouble? Aren't you willing to trust him?"

"Oh, yassuh, but de trouble is dat he ain't altogether willin' to trust me."

Miss Chameleon

First Merchant—I have a bookkeeper in my office who has gone gray in my service.

Second Merchant—That's nothing, old lad. Miss Smith there has gone brown, blonde and Titian red in my service.—London Passing Show.

These Girls

Marie—Hello, Jane.

Jane—Oh, I just yesterday heard of your marriage. I hope I'm not too late to congratulate you.

One Not Often Accepted

"Pa, what is a standing invitation?"

"The look a fered woman gives the young man who is sitting down in the street car, son."

LEAD UNNECESSARY



Wife—George, there's a burglar in the pantry eating my pies. I do believe.

Hubby—Do you think so? Then it won't be necessary for me to give him a dose of lead.

Happy Histrion

A statesman has to take a chance in speaking for a cause. The kid who does a song and dance is sure of his applause.

Not a Timorous Girl

Lady (engaging maid)—Regarding your evening out, I'm quite prepared to meet you half way.

Maid—That'll be all right ma'am; I ain't a bit worried o' coming home in the dark.

Gathering His Own

Constable—How did you come by that pot of honey?

Tramp—Well, I admit I don't keep bees, but wot's to stop a bloke squeezing 'in' out of the flowers himself?

Now, Youngster

Ardent Swain—The first time I looked into your eyes you set my pulses racing.

Little Brother (breaking cover)—I say, Mr. Jones, which of them 'zon't'-Passing Show.

Heap Big Chief

Stranger—So you are the postmaster, storekeeper, justice of the peace and constable of this town.

Native—Yassir! You might say I'm the Mussolini of Buckeye Corner.

OUR COMIC SECTION

Interference



THE FEATHERHEADS Something Felix Shouldn't Have Mentioned



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

Peg, Don't Be Cruel

