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Map of the World Still Has Many "White Spots" – Unclaimed Land

The debate recently at the Williamstown Institute of Politics over territorial claims in the Arctic and Antarctic regions is a reminder that the map of the world still shows a considerable number of "white spots," by which cartographers and geographers designate the unclaimed lands.

Lands in the far north, barren though they may be, have suddenly acquired a new international status in view of the fact that some of them may readily serve as way stations for air transport from America and Europe. In the Antarctic regions, on the other hand, the chief interest relates to the valuable whaling industry, in which British and Norwegian capital has made heavy investments. Late this year the Norwegian whaling ship Norvegia will sail for the Antarctic with the purpose of discovering new lands and claiming them for Norway in the interest of that country's whaling industry. Last year the Norvegia made discoveries of new land in Antarctica, and annexed Bouvet Island, whose sovereignty had long been in dispute.

If luck sails with the Norvegia her master should be able to decrease the number of "white spots" on the coast of the Antarctic Continent. The "white spots" are rapidly becoming fewer on the world map. Already they have disappeared from Asia, Africa, the Americas and Australia, appearing only on the maps of the Arctic, the Antarctic and the South Pacific Ocean. Whether the North or the South polar region has the greater expanse of unclaimed lands depends upon the weight to be given to the pretensions of the various nations whose subjects have discovered, explored, touched upon or flown over them. International agreements have recognized some claims, but many others are still awaiting definite settlement.

In the South Pacific, however, there are more than 188 islands which, although known and charted, are unclaimed. Apparently nobody wants them. Still other islands, also known and many of them inhabited, have been overlooked or neglected by nations having, perhaps, a rightful claim to them. They are geographical hoboes drifting along on their own.

Neglected Guano Islands

Secretary of State Stimson said recently that he had discovered or rediscovered in the archives ninety-nine islands that the United States was in a position to claim. These are what is known as "guano islands." They were "acquired" under a law of 1856 which authorized an American shipmaster who found an island not claimed by any other country to claim it for the United States and thereby obtain the protection of the United States Navy. But these claims frequently were of a doubtful nature, very few of the islands were ever administered, and almost all of them remain to this day ungoverned save by native chieftains.

The Cayssor reefs off the Florida coast are said to be ruled by rum-runners; some of them are so far out that Florida either has forgotten their existence or does not exercise jurisdiction over them. And only a short time ago Gifford Pinchot found a former New York peddler ruling over an island off Nicaragua. The State Department is frequently asked by map publishers if the United States owns this or that island. Under these conditions there would still seem to be a chance for the gentleman adventurer to set up in business in the South Pacific as ruler of a State.

In the Antarctic the white spots are not so numerous as might be supposed, according to publications of the American Geographical Society. Great Britain through her several South Polar expeditions has laid claim to Enderby Land, Wilkes Land, Oates Land, King George V. Land and Queen Mary Land in the Antarctic Continent. Britain's claims are embraced in the Falkland Islands and the Ross Dependencies. France claims Adelie Land, Kerguelen Island and the Crozet group, St. Paul Island and Amsterdam Island. The United States claims in the Antarctic are based upon the expedition of Lieutenant Charles Wilkes in 1844 and Admiral Byrd's recent explorations.

There are extensive sections of the coast which the Norwegians expect to explore and claim. They are really looking for whaling grounds. Although they outnumber the British three to one as whalers, the Norwegians are forced to pay a substantial license fee for the privilege of whale hunting in the Falkland Islands and Ross Dependencies, said to be the best whaling ground in the world.

Arctic Lands Claimed

In the Arctic regions all known lands are accounted for either by claims of a given nation or by international agreement. With the exception of Iceland and Finland, the greater part of the Arctic is claimed by Canada, the United States and Russia. The flag of Denmark flies over Greenland, and Norway has a considerable section, including Spitsbergen. There remains an extensive stretch of sea and land north of Russia that still shows white on the map. This is the unknown, unclaimed No Man's Land. And even here Russia is claiming territory far out from the Asiatic Continent. Only last year she annexed Franz Josef Land, and what had been a white spot is now red.

Native—"Yes, we always have a west wind here." Visitor—"But the wind is coming from the east now." Native—"That's the west wind coming back."

An American widow was anxious to conceal the fact that her late husband had been electrocuted for murder. When inquiries were made she replied that "he occupied the chair of applied electricity at one of our public institutions."

Snigper—"I'm sorry your wife opened that business letter I sent you. You told me she never opened your mail." Snogger—"She doesn't as a rule, but you marked that one 'private.'"

Keans: "When I got home very late last night my wife met me in the hall and for a full minute she regarded me in silence." Bliggs: "At length she spoke:" Keans: "Yes, also she spoke at length!"

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AFTER EVERY MEAL

Jungle Breath

by Ben Lucien Burman

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Attempts have been made on the life of Elise Marberry, owner of extensive plantations outside Porto Verde, Brazil. Vilak, her cousin and protector, believes Gaylord Prentiss to be the instigator of these attempts on her life. Vilak, Elise and Lincoln Nunnally, an elderly chemist, rescue Prentiss from being murdered by the natives. Elise's little two-year-old orphaned nephew, is kidnapped, and they learn that Prentiss has been seen heading into the jungle with a child. They follow with an expedition. Through desertions and disaster they are left by themselves, to finally emerge from the jungle. They come upon what looks like the ruins of an Inca city, and are overcome by gas, evidently released on them by hidden watchers.

NOW BEGIN THE STORY

CHAPTER XXXIX

When Vilak recovered consciousness he was lying on the floor of a narrow stone-walled room, bare of furniture. As his brain quickly cleared, he attempted to rise. The effort was futile; he was bound hand and foot with heavy leather thongs.

But the movement had caused him to turn his head and he saw that he was not alone in the stony chamber. Nunnally, also trussed up in a similar fashion, lay on his back a few feet away. Elise, however, was not to be seen.

After a glance at the old man, which showed that he was still unconscious, Vilak rolled to one of the narrow slits built in the wall to serve as windows and looked out.

From the rows of adobe and straw huts which he could see stretching out below, he concluded that he was on a corner of the artificial mound he had noticed from the mountain. A stone path ran by his windows. On it he could see no one. But at the base of the mound, fifty or sixty feet below him, ran a broad highway, and this was swarming with life.

It was a life little different in essentials from that of which he had been a part at Porto Verde, he reflected, as he saw oxen dragging creaking carts, naked children tormenting howling dogs, and two women arguing passionately over a broken water-jar.

Most of the inhabitants were dressed in the same fashion as the wilder Indians near Porto Verde, the men with breech clouts at their waists, and a rounded stick or stone in their ears, the women naked or with a short cloth apron.

Though at the distance it was rather difficult even for Vilak's keen eyes to make out the exact color of their skins, they seemed to range in shade from the red-brown of the American aborigines to the shining black of the negro laborers on Elise's fazenda. Only one stood out by the brilliancy and picturesqueness of his costume. He was obviously a priest, for the swarming women and children made haste to clear a way for him when they passed. Round his otherwise unclothed body he wore a girdle of brilliantly dyed cloth; on his head was a circle of green parrot feathers.

A slight murmur from the direction where the old man was lying caused Vilak to turn his head quickly. Nunnally had awakened.

"Well, they've caught us all right," Vilak grunted, when the other's bewilderment at his new surroundings had ceased. "One of your nice sulphur compounds did it. Considerate of them not to let us lie there until we strangled to death at least. Wonder how long they're going to keep us waiting here? And what the devil have they done with Elise?"

The bone-tipped end of a spear was momentarily framed in the window aperture then disappeared. Vilak looked outside again. "That's our sentry," he muttered. "Kinky-haired and almost pitch-black. Match him anywhere in the Sudan or Congo, or Alabama or Mississippi for that matter. These are Inca ruins that we're in, all right, but the people occupying them are as far from Incas as anything I've encountred. Probably found these old buildings and began living in them, that's all.

"Judging by those I've seen so far, they're as much of a mixture as the natives around Porto Verde, varying degrees of negro and Indian and possibly a little Spanish or Portuguese thrown in. I'm generally strongly in favor of racial mixtures, but this looks like a bad one. Many bad, degenerate faces."

The spear-end was framed in the window again. The old man crawled forward to look. "He is . . . er . . . black . . . quite black, isn't he?" he stammered. "How do negroes come so far out here? The black race isn't . . . er . . . native to South America."

"Of course it isn't native. But that hasn't prevented it from spreading all over the continent, just as it has in the southern states. The ancestors of these chaps were undoubtedly African slaves Pizarro brought over to work the Inca gold mines and who ran away to the mountains to escape his terrible cruelty. Judging by the ornaments I've seen a few of them wearing, they probably think they're the pure and direct descendants of the original Incas. Easy to get that idea when they're living in Inca ruins all the time. Many far brighter races do it. The Slavs, who form such a large proportion of the present population of Greece, will swear to you that they're the undefiled progeny of the great Athenians."

He ceased speaking as a step sounded outside the door of grotesquely carved wood at the other end of the narrow room. A wooden bar creaked, the door opened and a man strode inside. Small, well-built, he was clad in immaculate white linens and brown puttees. His skin was dark, but it was the darkness that comes to a white skin after long exposure to the tropical sun; his nose was long and thin, his mouth sensitive and small. On his upper lip was a small, carefully trimmed mustache. He gazed at the prisoners smilingly.

Nunnally, whose glasses had been shattered when he fell on the road to the mountain, screwed up his gentle eyes to peer blinkingly at the newcomer. Then he gave a gasp of astonishment. It was D'Albentara, the suave, courtly engineer who had been in charge of the railroad gang at Porto Verde.

He strode toward the prisoners. "Ah, amigos," he murmured in his soft, perfect Portuguese. "It is indeed diverent now than when I have seen you before. Yes. Is it not so? I am sad when I see you like this, tied with ropes upon the ground. It is not good to lie tied with ropes upon the ground. But this way, helas, must it be.

"I wish, whatever happens, that you will not think too ill of Carlos D'Albentara. Though you will die, very soon, I wish you will not think too ill of him. What he does, this Carlos D'Albentara—myself, is it not so, cavalhieros?—he does because it is business. All business, business, business. A word which you as citizens of that great United States should woll understand, cavalhieros. I do not dislike you. No, rather, I like you much. Much. But you have interfered with my plans. And so, like a stone which lies on the tracks of a great railroad, you must be rid of. Business, amigos, always business."

He adjusted the flowered cravat in his white linen collar. "And in this same way of business, Senhor Davis, I would ask you most graciously, what have you done with my ring which you have stolen? I have searched carefully your clothes, and looked at the two rings on your finger, but I find it nowhere."

Vilak gave a slight shrug of his pinioned shoulders.

D'Albentara stroked his dapper mustache. "You will not tell me? No? Very well. It makes little difference. It is but an ornament. Of little importance. I shall not die, nor will the sun cease from setting if I do not obtain it. Yet, if you had restored it to me, I might have made your . . . death, perhaps easier, perhaps quicker. But enough of talk. It is now time to go to see the ruler. . . ." He smiled wryly as he spoke the word. "The ruler of this fair city which you honor with your presence. The ruler of whom I am but a humble servant and lowly advisor.

He clapped his hands. Two negrito-like kinky-haired Indians, such as might be encountered any evening strutting out of the shabby moving picture theatre at Porto Verde, stalked inside. Each carried a bone-tipped spear and a copper dagger. They untied the cords about the legs of the captives, permitted them to rise, then followed with them behind D'Albentara along a ruined stone corridor.

Soon they turned and halted before a great wooden door on which were carved hundreds of suns in the form of stiff, conventionalized human faces. The door swung open from the inside. D'Albentara disappeared beyond it. The guards roughly seized the two captives, stripped off their puttees, shoes and socks, and thrust them barefooted after the Portuguese.

Vilak glanced swiftly about him. They were in a great stone chamber, a chamber which hundreds of years before must have thrilled the beholder with the massiveness of its long, angular lines, and the beauty of its exquisitely wrought detail, but which now gave Vilak only a sense of wreck and desolation. For half of the lofty stone columns which had once stretched in a double colonnade from one end of the great edifice to the other had entirely disappeared, while those which remained were blackened with dirt or obscured with thick growths of vines; great holes were in the huge, crumbling walls and the gray thatch of the roof which showed signs of recent renewal.

In one corner a whole section of the structure, walls, columns, and stone pavement, seemed to be gradually sinking into the ground. Nor did there remain any of that profuse gold ornamentation which so characterized the Inca civilization and had so aroused the cupidity of the invading Spaniards.

There was lavish bold work, however, on the raised stone seat or throne at the end of the room where the building was still roofed and walled, and on this was sitting a figure so ludicrous that Vilak's pronounced sense of humor would have caused him to laugh aloud had he not realized that the act would be instantly fatal.

(To be continued.)

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ISSUE No. 34—'30

Famous Japanese Volcano Erupting

Karuizawa, Japan.—The volcano in Mt. Asama famous double-suicide peak, erupted recently, shaking houses in Karuizawa, popular summer resort in the mountains about 90 miles northwest of Tokio.

Ashes rained over the resort during the brief activity.

The volcanic mountain, nearly 9,000 feet high, has been semi-active for several years, erupting from time to time and constantly emitting sulprurous gases.

Mt. Asama is a favorite spot for "shin-ju," or double suicide. Many couples, frustrated in love, have walked into the awesome crater at dawn.

Thousands of tourists, including many foreigners, climb the volcano at this season of the year to view the magnificent 1,000-foot-wide crater. It is a steep, all-night climb, made difficult by the soft ashes near the peak into which the pilgrims sink, sliding back almost as much at each step as they move upward.

Second only to Mt. Fuji in traditional beauty, Mt. Asama's eruptions in recent years seldom have emitted lava, but ashes not infrequently are spouted into the air, causing more inconvenience than damage.

Personal Character

Personal character is all there is in this world that amounts to anything in the final solution of things.

Dean Inge:—I think middleage is the best time, if we can escape the fatty degeneration of the conscience which often sets in at about 50.

Artificial sunlight is used in an underground garden which has been established in the cellar of Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Great Park. Daffodils were in bloom by the second week in January, and strawberries ripened by March 12th.

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