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## Christie's Arrowroots

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

The debate recently at the Williams-town 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 down 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 ho-bos 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.

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A LOT FOR A NICKEL



ISSUE No. 34 '30

## APRIL ESCAPE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

**SYNOPSIS**  
The O'Hara family live in poverty and happiness in San Francisco. The father is dead and the family is supported by Martin and Mary Kate, the two oldest children.

Martin is studying medicine and holding a job at the same time. Mary Kate has been going with Cass Keating, who is very much in love with her.

### CHAPTER III

Cass Keating's affair with Mary Kate was at the delicious point when everything was understood and nothing definite. They thought of each other all the time; every word was significant, every glance. Sometimes they talked indirectly of marriage, of what "anyone" could do on forty dollars a week, of what "anyone" would have to pay as rent for two rooms, or three rooms.

They had been inseparable for more than three months. Gradually Mary Kate's other beaux had dropped away; gradually the skies had cleared. Cass's Aunt Lizzie had died, leaving fifteen cigarettes, and looking at the brother and for Cass. Even after very handsome obsequies there had been several hundred left—a nestegg for house furnishings. Then, after March first, Cass was to be put in the "field," which meant a commission on every sale of real estate, on every lease, on every dollar's worth of insurance.

"I'll bet I'm averaging three hundred a month this time next year!" Cass predicted.

"Oh, act your age," urged Mary Kate.

"Well, whadder you wantin' bet?" Cass was a typical hard young Irishman, handsome, blue-eyed, lean-jawed and shrewd. He knew that he was smart, and that some day the world would know it. "Lissen, I've been up against it, taking care of Aunt Lizzie and paying off my father's doctor bills, and all that," Cass would say. "But lissen—I don't gamble, do I? I don't run around with any neighborhood gang, mixing cocktails and rolling the bones, do I? I tell you I can't lose!"

"You're a marvel. I'm going to write your life, Cass. Birds' Brains, or How Cass Keating Got the Job!"

This in the beginning, when Cass had brought her home from dances, and taken her to picnics in Mill Valley. But of late Mary Kate had been taking Cass, and life, a little more seriously. He had been joining the family pretty regularly for Sunday dinner, and he had often come in informally during the week, for the past six months. And at Christmas time he had helped trim the children's tree, and had gone to midnight Mass with the O'Haras.

Mary Kate could not remember anyone ever doing that before—any outsider in the pew with mother and herself and Martin and Tom and the girls, and little awed and blinking Pat. The cold dark starry night outside, the big church warm and scented with incense and evergreens, the strains of the solemn Noel and the triumphant shout of the Adeste had sobered her strangely this year.

That was the way it began, was it? A wedding—wifehood—motherhood, all wrapped up in the presence of this affectionate, alert man in the brown overcoat, who was breathing hard with emotion and religious ardor as he knelt beside her in the family pew. It was going to be Cass Keating, was it?—Mary Catherine Keating—well, that had a nice sound. Mrs. Keating and the kids, at ten. Mr. and Mrs. Keating going home to Christmas dinner with her folks. In her tan coat with the fur collar, and under her little brown hat, Mary Kate had smiled at him, during the midnight service, and Cass's gleaming smile in return fluttered her pulses whenever she remembered it.

In the weeks since Christmas that graver mood had deepened and intensified between them, all the silly giggles and gaiety of their early friendship had vanished. Cass had gotten the habit lately of asking her little intimate friendly questions almost marital in their sweetness.

"Is that coat going to be heavy enough, dear? . . . Did the aspirin work, Mary Kate; did you get off to sleep? . . . What happened when Tess told Sister Immaculate what she had done? . . . Isn't it maybe just that you're hungry and tired, Mary Kate, and want to go home some fried oysters with me?"

In a few weeks or days some time—there was no hurry, they would tell the others—they would be engaged. Meanwhile, they walked on air.

Tonight, when Mrs. O'Hara and the three younger children had gone, and Mary Kate and Cass and Martin found themselves alone in the kitchen, an interval of peace suddenly descended.

Martin put aside his paper, and Mary Kate, who seemed uneasy, Cass noted with a sort of jealous pleasure, to keep her hands off the persons she loved, went over to sit, precariously balanced, on the arm of his chair, with his own arm braced about her slender waist. She rested a white, well-groomed hand on her brother's dark hair, sometimes ruffling it idly and once or twice looking at the rich mop thoughtfully, before stooping to kiss it.

Cass sat at the table, smoking a

cigarette, and looking at the brother and sister.

"I thought you people were going to a dance?"

"We are," Mary Kate answered indifferently. "But it's only Lermann's, the regular Friday night, Mart, why don't you come? Dolores is going to be there."

"Dolores—ha!" Mart echoed, taking his pipe out of his mouth for a brief cynical laugh.

"If you ask me, she likes you," Mary Kate said.

"Well, I don't ask you," Mart assured her good-naturedly.

"Mart, what have you got against Dolores?"

"Nothing!" Mart stirred restlessly, sighed. "Nor have I against Pat, Tess, Regina, Tom and Mother," he added significantly.

Mary Kate looked serious at this and a sympathetic shadow fell upon Cass Keating's face.

"They have to eat," Martin explained simply.

"Mother has her rents—" Mary Kate offered unhappily.

"Well, of course. But just at the moment—" Martin countered with a shrug. He put his pipe back in his mouth.

They were all silent for a minute, and they could hear the rain beginning again, soft and plushy, against the windows, and the soft restless movement of the spring wind, outside in the dark night.

But in the kitchen everything was warm and bright—too warm and bright indeed to make it easy for Mary Kate to feel any particular enthusiasm for a lance, or for Martin for his library work.

"There's my hundred," Mary Kate said suddenly.

"Oh, you!" her brother jeered affectionately. "You'll want to get married some day. No," he added more seriously, as the other two exchanged a quick, self-conscious glance, and the girl's transparent skin flushed rosily.

"No, if I had the right to leave home now—and if I had a few hundred to leave with Mother for emergencies—" He was thinking aloud, spacing his words deliberately, as he fitted them to his thought. He paused.

"I'd not bother Dolores Boyle," he resumed suddenly, as Mary Kate and Cass regarded him in silence, wondering what was coming. "I've got something better to do than that!"

"Oh, what, Mart?" Mary Kate exclaimed rather than asked.

"Doc van Antwerp wants me to go to Germany with him," Martin admitted impulsively.

The enormity of it smote the kitchen into silence. Cass and Mary Kate stared at the speaker with widened eyes and parted lips. The rain pattered—pattered—pattered outside, the door rattled gently. Pat's big gray cat made a flying, velvety leap from the floor, and alighted on Cass's knee. He stroked it absently, his troubled glance not leaving Mart's suddenly flushed and excited face.

"Martin Joseph O'Hara!" whispered Mary Kate then.

"Yes—of course I can't do it," Martin said, with a gruff careless laugh. "I told him right away that it was impossible."

A moment's pause. Then Mary Kate said incredulously:

"You said you couldn't! Martin, are you crazy?"

"No, I'm not crazy—" Instantly both were scarlet and angry.

"Well, you are, and you make me wild."

"Why should I make you wild? If anyone's going to go wild, it ought to be me, having to turn down a chance like that—"

"But you don't have to turn it down, you poor sap! Listen—"

"Now listen yourself, Mary Kate! I'm the one that knows whether—"

"Oh you don't know anything of the sort!"

She was bending back at arm's length now glaring at him. Both their faces were red; their voices high.

"If you think I'd have any satisfaction running around Berlin—"

"Oh, satisfaction!" She was up from the arm of the chair, frantically pacing the room. "I call it dishonest!" she said passionately. "I call it actually dishonest to pretend that Mother and the children and I couldn't get along perfectly well without you! You're not a slave! You have to have your chance—"

(To be continued.)

A racing yacht is being run solely by women. It is dreadfully undermanned.

A number of Scottish yokels, on seeing an old fiddler in the street, went over to him, and one, handing him some coppers, asked him to play "Scots Wha Hae." The old fiddler took the money and went rasping away the same as before. The yokels getting tired of this, the spokesman again went over to the fiddler and said to him, "Hi, mon, that's no' Scots Wha Hae!" "I ken," replied the old fiddler; "that's the skirmish before the battle!"

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It comes in sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.

Other interesting combinations are daffodil yellow and white handkerchief lawn, dusty-pink sports-weight linen with polka-dots in deeper tone and matching leather belt, Nile green pique and printed tub silk in light blue colouring.

**HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS**  
Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Major-General Seely: A nation whose motto is "safety first" is doomed to extinction.

Unnecessary Repetition: "Then you won't marry me?" "No—a thousand times no!" "You needn't say 'No' a thousand times," said the rejected suitor, resentfully. "I only asked you once!"

Cries for help had attracted Percy's attention. A big man was beating a much smaller individual. "Leave him alone!" shouted Percy, who threw himself into the fray and knocked out the big man with a well-timed upper-cut. "Thanks," said the little man after he had pulled himself together. "Now look 'ere, you share the 10-bob note I took off 'im."

### England's Smokiest City

The record for being the smokiest place in England is held by Newcastle-on-Tyne, where about 900 tons of dust, ash, and tar settle on a square mile of the city in twelve months. Burnley and Rochdale come next, with London fourth on the list.

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

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."

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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Watch Yo And Red

By Mar

What is a C A calorie is a amount of heat pound of water Fahrenheit" there certain by the especially made values which food possess.

So a calorie is food. It is simp We want to calories of food day to bring o weight.

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