

# SHED LIGHT ON DARK PLACES OF THE EARTH

## CONTINENTS ARE BEING MAPPED

### Marvelous Results Achieved by Systematic Exploration

Tremendous Tracts Have Been Opened Up in the Last One Hundred Years—Northern Asia Still a Field for the Venturesome—Peary Now Undertaking One of the Greatest Feats.

PEARY'S new expedition to the north pole opens up an interesting field of thought, writes Edmund Noble in the Boston Sunday Herald. It emphasizes some of the inconsistencies of human achievement. This is an age of scientific marvels. Man has harnessed nature to do his bidding, and is daily discovering new forces or new ways of utilizing them. After penetrating to the depths of the sea, he is already aspiring to the dominion of the air. He weighs planets and suns in his balances, and writes down their composition in the unerring formulas of the chemical laboratory. His telescopes and prisms fetch exact information from the very "confines of the universe." He has not yet completed the survey of his own planet. The night skies have become to him as an open book, yet there are worlds at his very elbow which the most recent geographical science is compelled to class as "unknown."

This delay in mapping the earth is less surprising when it is remembered that geographical science could begin only at a late stage in the evolution of man. For its very possibility, systematic exploration of the planet needed highly civilized peoples, good at conquering, as well as in trade and travel. The earliest promoters of geographical knowledge were those peoples like the Babylonians, Assyrians, Egyptians, Phoenicians and Greeks. None of them knew the shape of the planet on which they lived; many of them believed it to be a flat plane, diversified by hills and valleys; some pictured the territory of their "known world" as surrounded at distance by a wide river called ocean.

Five hundred years B. C. this nucleus of culture, from which modern civilization was to come forth, comprised a patch of territory considerably smaller than the United States, reaching from the confines of the Persian empire on the east to Spain and the coast of Africa on the west, the whole bounded to the north by the "Hyperboreans." The subsequent expansion of these limits up to the beginning of the Christian era was mainly the work of the Greeks, the Carthaginians and the Latins. The "known world" of the Roman empire reached from Britain to India and China. Germany had then come into view, and Scandinavia was outlined. The northern fringe of Africa had widened somewhat, but the ancients continued to style northern Asia as "Schiythian," by 1,000 A. D. Iceland and Greenland were talked about; "Russia" had taken the place of "Sarmatia;" Mongolia and Manchuria found mention on the maps; and there were recorded "landfalls" on the coasts of North America.



Africa as Known in 1800.



Africa as Known in 1900.

It took 500 or 600 years more to trace out the general features of the seas, islands and continents. The chief steps in this advance, which included the brilliant exploit of Magellan, whose ship, the Victoria, first circumnavigated the globe, were the discovery of the Americas and of Australia, and the partial exploration of Africa and Siberia. Columbus reached San Salvador in 1492, and his succeeding voyages revealed Jamaica, Trinidad and the Orinoco. Amerigo Vesputi coasted down the continent of South America in 1498, and Magellan discovered Patagonia and Terra del Fuego in 1520. Mexico was added to the map in 1518 by Grijalva and California visited in 1532 by Cortez. For 300 years thereafter the work of exploring the Americas proceeded by leaps and bounds, yet in 1800 more than half of their territories remain geographically unknown. The whole region west of the Mississippi was

Leone, and the knowledge of it was advanced a further stage when in the fifteenth century Portuguese explorers, including Vasco da Gama, rounded the cape. In Africa, exploration had followed the flow of the great rivers, and will ever be associated with such names as Livingstone, Mungo Park, Bruce, Baker, Stanley, Speke, Schweinfurt, Du Chaille, Serpa Pinto, Wissmann and Donaldson. The Niger had its course determined in the early part of the nineteenth century. "Today," says a geographical expert, "the Nile has been scientifically explored for its entire length of 3,400 miles; the Niger, with the exception of a small portion of its middle course, for 2,400 miles; the Zambezi for 1,500 miles; and the Congo, which in volume is exceeded only by the Amazon, for nearly 3,000 miles." In Africa, where vast areas are still "dark" for geography, the position has sometimes followed, has now and then accompanied the ex-

plorer. This immense continent first fed the demand for slaves, then satisfied the greed for territory. Unlike China, it was not coveted too late to be partitioned, and to-day, outside Morocco and Abyssinia, there is not a square mile of its area which is not claimed and owned by one or other of the European powers.

#### EXPEDITIONS TO POLES. Last Portions of Planet's Surface to Be Reached.

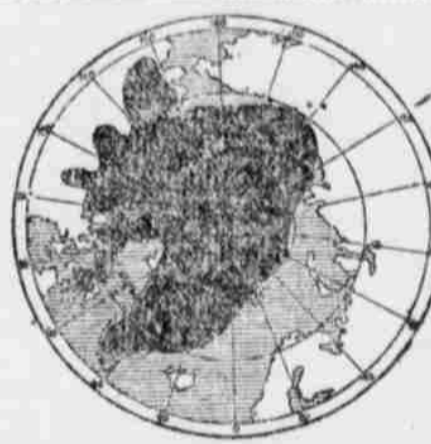
THE last portions of the planet's surface to be reached and explored are the poles, both of them more or less ice-bound. The south pole, especially remote from the great centers of civilization, has never attracted more than a scientific interest. The first work done in the geography of the antarctic was done by the discovery of the South Shetland Islands in 1816 by Capt. Smith. Various "lands" have since been revealed—among them Enderby Land and Graham Land by Biscoe in 1831, Wilkesland in 1840, by Wilkes, and Victoria Land by Sir James Ross, two years later—but it is not yet definitely known whether these are mere islands or parts of a continent. Extensive land areas around the south pole are meanwhile suggested by the slope of the ocean floor and by the character of the antarctic icebergs. The coasts are fringed with glaciers, which project long distances into the sea, showing that if an antarctic continent exists it must be covered everywhere by immense sheets of ice. Ross passed an ice front 200 feet high and 150 miles long; he saw great mountain ranges on Victoria Land, including two volcanic peaks whose height he estimated at from 7,000 to 15,000 feet. One of these was in eruption, pouring forth its lava upon the surrounding snow. The supposed antarctic continent, if one exists, has been estimated at nearly

purely scientific and culminated in the "dash for the north pole." In 1827, with the aid of sledges, Parry reached 82 degrees 45 minutes. Nearly 50 years later Markham raised this record to 83 degrees 20 minutes. In 1883, as a member of the Greely expedition, Lieut. Lockwood succeeded at 83 degrees 24 minutes in coming within 450 miles of the pole. The year 1895 marked the attainment of 86 degrees 14 minutes by Nansen, who had adopted the "drift" method of attack. The Abruzzi expedition came in 1900, when Cagni raised the figures to 86 degrees 23 minutes.

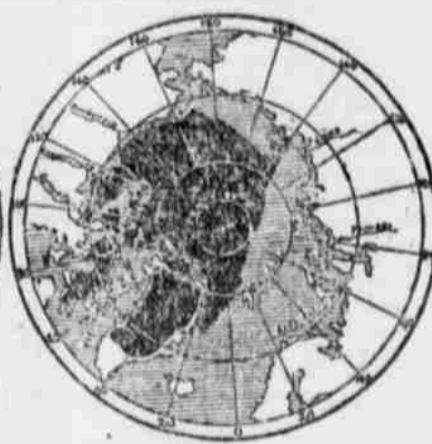
"Farthest north" is now 200 miles from the pole. It was attained by Commander Robert E. Peary in his last expedition of 1905-6. Leaving civilization in the Roosevelt, Peary spent three weeks in boring through the narrow ice-walled channel between Greenland and America, only to have his ship driven ashore into winter quarters at Cape Sheridan. In a subsequent sledge trip over the ice, the explorer was cut off from his supporting parties. The final dash, with eight men and six teams of dogs, enabled him to reach 87 degrees 4 minutes, where the condition of the ice and lack of food compelled immediate return.

#### BRINGING GOLD FROM KLONDIKE. Estimated That More Than \$30,000,000 Will Be Sent to Seattle.

Gold from the candle-lit clefts of placer mines in the Tanana and Nazina districts, from Gold Bar creek in the Klondike and from the thousands of "lays" on winter diggings in the Nome district, dug out by hand and cleaned up at the end of the sluice boxes in the good old-fashioned "sour dough" way, was not brought to Seattle last spring, but is coming by



Arctic Regions as Known in 1800.



Arctic Regions as Known in 1900.

4,000,000 square miles. Up to the present, and in spite of several recent expeditions, navigators are much farther from the south than from the north pole. In 1842 Ross reached 78 degrees 10 minutes, one of the latest records is that of Borchgrevink, who in 1899, gained 78 degrees 50 minutes by using sledges in a dash over the ice.

The romance of polar exploration—of its perils and its heroism—centers in the north. The arctic pole is much nearer to civilization than the antarctic, has a closer connection with the great continents, and is or ought to be somewhat in the line of the world's travel. The movement northward began with the discovery of Greenland by Gunbjorn at the beginning of the tenth century, and with the planting of colonies on its shores by Eric the Red in 985. Nearly ten centuries thereafter were spent by explorers, first from the Asiatic, then from the American side, in discovering and defining the contours of the Arctic coasts. Both mercantile and scientific aims were in evidence. On the one hand was the search for the northwest passage by Davis, Frohisher, Hudson and Baffin; on the other the no less eager pursuit of the northeast passage by Harems, Chancellor and others. In 1850-51 McClintock successfully accomplished the northwest passage, and gained the reward of \$50,000 which had been offered by the British parliament in 1763. By an equally successful feat in 1878-79, Baron Nordenskjold, the Swedish scientist, made the northeast passage in the Vega by passing from Norway along the Asiatic coast into the Pacific ocean.

#### FRANKLIN'S FATAL JOURNEY. One of the Most Terrible Episodes of Arctic Exploration.

ONE of the most terrible episodes of Arctic exploration was the loss of Sir John Franklin and his crew of 129 men. He began his voyage in May, 1845. A year later his vessels, the Erebus and Terror, became ice-bound near King William Land. After the death of their commander in June, 1847, the crew made a vain effort to fight their way over the ice to Great Fish river. Many expeditions were sent out, both by land and sea, to search for the missing, but they succeeded only in finding three graves of men who had died at an early stage and had been buried in Beechey Island. In 1854 Rae met a young Eskimo who told him that four years previously 40 white men had been seen dragging a boat to the south on the west shore of King William Land, and that a few months later he had found the bodies of 39 of these men. In 1854-55 McClintock discovered in King William land a human skeleton lying on its face, and his companion, Hobson, found a record of the Franklin expedition, stating its history between 1845 and 1848. Further searches were continued up to 1879, in which year Lieut. F. Schwatka of the United States army, discovered several graves and skeletons.

The northward movement, after exhausting mercantile, exploratory and humanitarian motives, finally became

the \$50,000 pocketful when the first steamships arrive from Nome.

Later vessels arriving from Valdez will bring the first dust from the new gold finds in the upper Copper river country, says the Seattle Times, and by fall it is estimated between \$30,000,000 and \$40,000,000 will be added to this year's Seattle gold receipts from the north.

Eleven years ago July 17 there landed from the old steamer Portland at a Seattle dock less than 100 rough coated, bearded miners from the Klondike and in the "outfit" there was more than a million dollars in the yellow dust. The man with the big poke was in command of the squad of lucky ones who came down the Portland's gangplank and quietly chased away in carriages to the fashionable downtown cafes to order great thick beefsteaks and all the trimmings.

"It's a little early yet for the big influx of miners from the north, bringing the gold from the gulches just as they found it," said Jack Burton at the Diller hotel. Burton arrived on the steamship Jefferson, which brought upward of a million dollars in gold from the north.

"We had three men aboard that I knew brought more than \$100,000 each, but the money was in drafts and currency. The purser's strong box carried more gold than half a dozen men could carry, and in the mail shipments, under the protection of Uncle Sam, there was enough to pay the salary of John D. Rockefeller for a year or more."

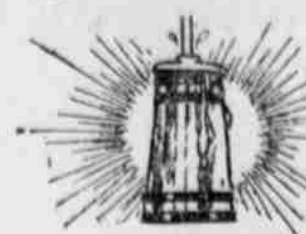
Old-time Alaskans say that the day of the individual miner's poke is about gone. Time was, they say, when all the gold that came out of the Yukon valley was brought to Seattle in the leather bags of the miners and sold to the melting shops. Then a United States assay office was established and the miners found it necessary to "mush" up the hill to Ninth avenue. But even these improvements over the old-time way of handling the golden product of the creeks and gulches of Circle, Birch and Eldorado were forced to the background when the miners began shipping their gold to Seattle by mail.

When the first steamers reach here from Nome it is expected that the price of ice cream and watermelons will be boomed considerably. This is the statement of old-time "sour doughs," who assert, backed by evidence, that men who have lived all winter on bacon and beans in the north have a hankering for ice cream and watermelons that nothing else can satisfy.

Next to the ice cream and watermelons the miners demand fresh green vegetables, young onions preferred, and then later on perhaps they become learned in the mysteries of cauliflower au gratin. Rich and luscious beefsteaks stand at the top of the list and clam chowder is not far behind.

By the time the men from the glacier-bound gulches become acclimated they turn from these enjoyments, carefully examine their bank accounts and then buy a ticket on a railroad to visit "the old folks at home."

# JOHN HENRY ON BUTTERMILK.



BY GEO. V. HOBART, ("HUGH M'HUGH.")

Dear Bunch: I'm not yet hep to this gag of hiking across the geography from town to town, like a hop-toad in a cabbage-patch.

It may be interesting to some people, but it gets me peeved. I found your letter waiting for me here.

So they've steered you up against a new cure for your dyspepsia, eh?—buttermilk!

And a great idea, Bunch, believe me!

It certainly is lucky to drink buttermilk.

Buttermilk is to the worn-out system the same as a fat-office is to a stout politician.

As a thirst-splasher buttermilk is the one best bet, but don't ever tell any-

Catch the freckle just before going to bed and wrap the buttermilk around it.

I was reading a book on the train the other day which attempted to put me wise to the reincarnation gag. It's a far shout from buttermilk to reincarnation, Bunch, but maybe you need something like that last thing, after so much buttermilk.

Reincarnation is a long, loose-looking word, and to a perfect stranger it might sound suspicious, but its bark is worse than its bite.

The idea of a man being somebody else in a previous existence, then switching to another personality in the present, is interesting to think about, to say the least.

I've cooked up three or four studies along these lines which may interest you, Bunch!

Go to it, my boy!

#### FIRST STUDY.

The ghost of Julius Caesar looked threateningly at Brutus, the Stabbiest: Brutus sneered. "You," he said, "to the mines!" Not one of Caesar's muscles quivered.

Brutus used a short, sharp laugh. "You," he said, "on your way!" Caesar never batted an eyelash. Brutus pointed to the rear.

"Go away back," he said, "and use your laziness!"

Caesar pulled his toga up over his cold shoulder.

Brutus laughed again, and it was the saucy, triumphant laugh of the man who dodges in front of a woman and grabs a seat on the elevated railroad.

"The next time we meet you will not do me as you did me at the base of Pompey's statue," said the ghost of Caesar, speaking for the first time since we began this study.

"We will not meet again because I refuse to associate with you," said Brutus.

Caesar smiled, but it was without



"The Tides of March."

one in Milwaukee that I made such a statement.

Drink it, Bunch, every time you can, because buttermilk comes down to us from the remotest ages with splendid recommendations.

Every great man in history was a buttermilk drinker, Bunch. Every great man who is now spending his time trying to get into history is a buttermilk drinker, Bunch.

Read between the lines in your history of ancient Rome, and you will see how buttermilk would have saved the life of Julius Caesar if he hadn't had such a weakness for hard cider.

"Where are you going?" inquired Calathumpia, the wife of Julius Caesar, as he fastened the gold safety pin in his toga and reached for his umbrella.

"I am going down to Rudolph March's cafe in the Forum," answered Julius; "you don't need to wait lunch for me, Callie."

"But, Julius," whispered Calathumpia; "why do you spend so much time at March's cafe in the Forum? It isn't a good place for you to go, my dear. Besides, there is always a bunch of loafers hanging around that joint. Why don't you sit here at home with me in the cool Stadium and drink buttermilk with your loving Calathumpia?"

"Buttermilk!" sneered Julius; "such a drink is only for mollicoddies and pink fingers. It doesn't make rich blood in the veins like the hard cider I get at March's. Avault and rans mittim!"

"But please don't go to that cafe this morning," Calathumpia kept on pleading. "Stay at home just this once and spread some of this delicious buttermilk over your thirst."

"No buttermilk this day for me," answered Julius. "I seek a vintage



"The Next Time We Meet—"

more expensive, and which tickles more as it goes down."

"The tides of March," whispered his wife; "remember, the tides of March!"

"Would this be the first tide I ever got from March?" Julius whispered back.

"The tides of March, remember," was her only answer; and away went Julius to the cafe in the Forum, giving an imitation of Joe Weber whistling "Girls! Girls!" from the Burlesque of "The Merry Widow," which was then running at the Amphitheater.

What happened in the Forum when the loafers used Julius Caesar for a pin-cushion everybody remembers.

And when Julius dropped on the marble slab at the base of the bar he gasped out: "Darn the luck! Why didn't I fall for the buttermilk which stingseth not, neither does it help people to bite the dust?"

You won't find these exact words in history, Bunch, because Julius gasped them in Latin, and Latin hates to get itself translated.

Many other times in the ages passed did buttermilk come to the surface, so you may take it from me, Bunch, that it is lucky to drink it.

Yes, Bunch, and I'll give you my solemn word that buttermilk will remove freckles.



"Napoleon Stood Weeping."

mirth, and as cold as the notice of suspension on the door of a bank.

"Yes, we will meet again," said Caesar.

"Where?" asked Brutus.

"In the far, far future," said the ghost of Caesar, shriekingly, "you will be born into the world again by that time, and in your new personality you will be one of the Common People, and you will burn gas."

"And you?" inquired Brutus.

"I will be the spirit which puts the ginger in the gas-meter, and may Heaven have mercy on your pocket-book," shrieked the ghost of Caesar.

Brutus took a fit, and used it for many minutes, but the ghost kept on shrieking in the Latin tongue.

#### SECOND STUDY.

Napoleon stood weeping and wailing and gnashing his eyebrows on the battle-field of Waterloo.

He was waiting for the moving-picture man to get his photograph.

The victorious Wellington made his appearance, laughing loudly in his sleeve.

"Back, Nap! Back to the Boulevard des Dago!" commanded Wellington.

Napoleon put his chin on his wishbone and spoke no word.

"You," said Wellington; "you to the Champs Elyse! This is my victory, and you must leave the battle-field—it is time to close up for the night."

"We will meet again, milord," answered Napoleon. "Avec beau temps is long awat!"

"What does that mean?" asked Wellington.

"It means that the next time we meet I will do the swatting," answered Napoleon, bitterly.

"And when will that be?" inquired Wellington, laughing loudly.

"In the far, far future," replied the Little Corporal. "You will then be one of the Common People."

"And what will you be?" Wellington asked.

"You will live in Brooklyn," Napoleon went on, like a man in a dream; "and I will be the spirit of progress, which will meet you at the Brooklyn Bridge at eventide and kick you in the slats until your appetite is unfit for publication. Bon soir mes enfants du spitzbuben!"

Then the Little Corporal called a cab and left Wellington alone on the battle-field.

Don't mind me, Bunch; there is no more harm in me than there is in a rattlesnake. Yours as indicated,

J. H. (Copyright, 1908, by G. W. Dillingham Co.)