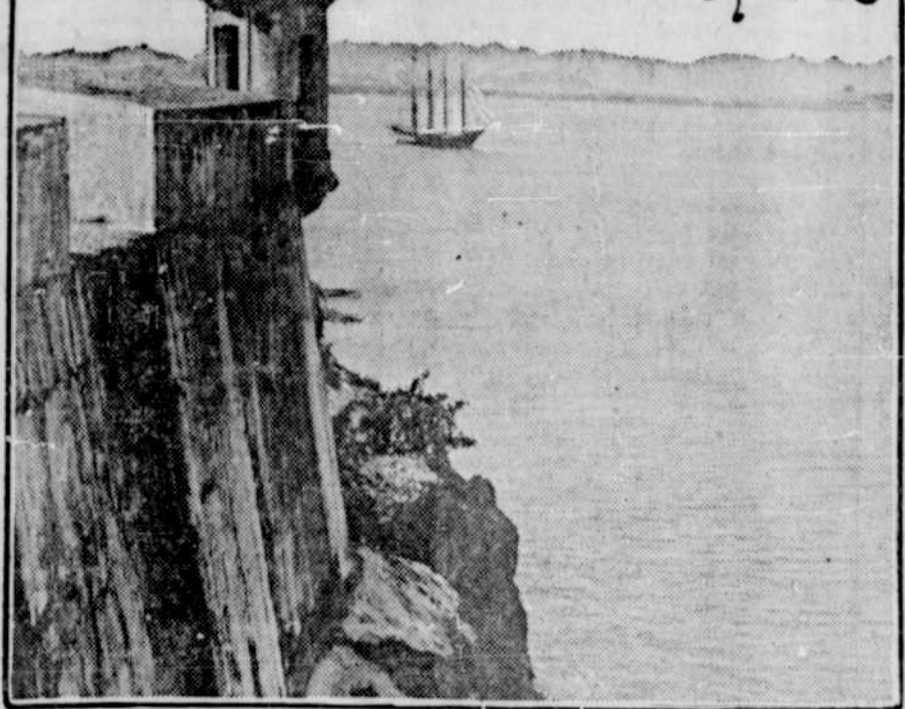


Spain in America



Fortress Wall at San Juan, Porto Rico.

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

HERE is a large Spanish-speaking world today, comparable in a way to the English-speaking world. But unlike the latter the Spanish-speaking region is not to a considerable extent under the wing of a mother country, but is instead divided among more than a score of independent nations.

The great empire of Spain—the most extensive that up to that time had existed—was based chiefly on a papal bull. Soon after Columbus sailed west to America and Vasco da Gama sailed east into the Indian ocean, the bull was issued dividing the world approximately south of the Pillars of Hercules into two realms, and giving Portugal a monopoly of exploration to the East and Spain a monopoly to the West. The dividing line was fixed 37 degrees "west and south" of the Azores and Cape Verde islands, so that it ran just east of the West Indies and roughly cut Brazil from the South American continent. All the rest of the new world was left vaguely to Spain. Spanish explorers and adventurers poured westward on the heels of Columbus, and had soon staked out for Spain all of the West Indies, most of South America, and large areas in the southern part of North America.

The first settlement was established at the end of the Fifteenth century in Hispaniola, the present island of Santo Domingo. Then in the first decade of the Sixteenth century settlements were started or attempted in rapid succession in Jamaica, Porto Rico and Cuba. Such widely separated regions as the Isthmus of Panama, Florida, and the coast of Argentina were reached in 1513. In the same year Balboa crossed the isthmus, waded into the Pacific and made that classically sweeping claim in the name of the king of Spain. To that sovereign, he proclaimed, belonged, as a result of his wading party, the entire ocean and all land which its waters touched.

Swift Growth of the Empire.

In 1519 Magellan (though a Portuguese) was sent out by Spain to traverse the newly discovered ocean. Finally he reached the Philippines, which by strict interpretation lay within Portugal's "mandate." However, with the comforting philosophy that east was west if you arrived there by sailing westward, Spain claimed this large group of islands and 35 years later established settlements there.

In the meantime Spanish power was growing rapidly in the new world. The conquest of Mexico began in 1519. Panama City was founded the same year and became a starting point for expeditions north and south along the shores of the Pacific. Peru was invaded in 1532 and Chile came at least partly under control soon after. The California coast was explored in 1542 and land expeditions went about the same time into regions that are now New Mexico, Texas, Arizona and even Colorado. Settlements had previously been established in Venezuela and Colombia on the Caribbean coast of South America.

By 1580 the Spanish possessions were at their greatest. In Europe they included in addition to Spain itself, the Low Countries, Naples, Milan, Sicily and Sardinia and the Canary Islands; in the new world, the West Indies, most of South America, all of Central America, and the southern part of North America, even including large areas now in the United States; in Africa, small settlements on the north coast; and in the East, the Philippines and sundry small islands of the Pacific.

Today there exist between 90,000,000 and 100,000,000 people whose native language is Spanish. The Spanish-speaking world, therefore, has

roughly half as many members as the English-speaking world. The area of this cultural remainder of the Spanish empire is roundly 5,000,000 square miles. The region still in allegiance to the Spanish language thus covers about one-eleventh of the land area of the earth and embraces about one-twentieth of the earth's population.

Many Millions Speak Spanish.

In setting out to explore this Spanish world, the logical starting point is Spain itself, the fountainhead of the influences which deeply affected a large slice of the earth; and equally logically the direction of the journey is west. On the west coast of Africa two patches of territory are encountered where the Spanish flag as well as Spanish influences rest. Off shore are the Canary Islands. There the Spanish flag is left behind.

The next bit of the Spanish world encountered lies in the new world. It is Uruguay, smallest republic of South America, where the children of Spain are carrying on the culture of the mother country. Beyond, eight other countries—all those of South America save Portuguese Brazil and British, French, and Dutch Guiana—fall, too, under the banner of Spanish culture.

In the West Indies there have been defections. Trinidad and the Leeward and Windward Islands, although once all claimed by Spain, have lost or never felt Spanish culture. Over Porto Rico the flag of the United States flies; but it is still a part of the Spanish world. Spain is dominant in blood, traditions and language. In old Hispaniola, where the Spanish seed was first planted in the new world, the eastern half of the island still shows strongly the Spanish impress. This is the Dominican republic where language and law are still Spanish. But in the western half of the island, covered by the Republic of Haiti, Spanish culture succumbed to that of France and Africa.

Jamaica, once a stronghold of Spain, has long been dominated by British culture; and the Bahamas, claimed by Spain, have known only British influences. Cuba has been independent of Spanish political power since 1898, but is still culturally a part of Spain—the most Spanish of West Indian islands.

Cultural Influences.

Through the Isthmus of Panama, Central America and Mexico, Spanish cultural influences sweep unbroken as they have for the past three centuries and more. Florida shows little effect of her former Spanish ownership save in a few architectural touches and a few geographic names. Texas, too, was lost to Spain, but the effects there are greater; and in many a community near the Rio Grande the Spanish language is almost as necessary as the English. In Arizona and California, once under Spanish influences, the situation is much like that in Texas.

But one American state stands on a different footing. New Mexico has barely passed the point at which its English-speaking influences weigh more heavily than its Spanish factors. Only a few years ago it could have been listed as a part of the Spanish world. Then its legislature was conducted in Spanish or in the two tongues; and Spanish was the current language on street and range and farm.

Continuing westward one finds no further traces of Spain's world-wide empire until he reaches the Philippines. There, in spite of the mixture of blood, Spanish culture took firm hold, at least in the non-Mohammedan country. Spanish customs, laws and architecture will no doubt color life in the Philippines for many years to come.

ONLY UNFADING FLOWERS

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

MINTA BASSETT raised the window shades just far enough to let in what she thought was sufficient light to display to advantage her newly furnished parlor.

"Though they call them living rooms now, Dora, I had that decorator at the Golden Rule do everything exactly right. It cost a pretty penny, too. Isn't that a handsome shade of lavender in those draperies?"

Dora Hilton said yes, very nice indeed. And tightened her lips a bit as she said it. She had noted the absolute neatness of the room and wondered how Minta managed it with two such active youngsters as Bill and Belle Bassett.

"You must have just finished here. Minta? An hour of one seventeen like Bill would turn the whole place upside down, and from what I can see, Belle is only worse. That mahogany table is beautiful, but a session of lesson-getting with candy and gum as assistants would make the top look like the map of Europe after the World War. How do you—"

"How do I? Why, the idea, Dora! We don't use this room for common. The dining room is plenty good enough for a couple of young animals like mine. Certainly. Now, just look at the quality of this rug—the best of its kind, the decorator told me. See the shades in it—like the insides of hyacinths. A regular picture! I've always wanted something like this—beautiful—to come and look at."

"No, Belle, you can't come in. I'm just showing Auntie Hilton the new room."

"The girls up for supper? Indeed not! I can't have them underfoot, and your father likes to read his paper in the dining room. To dance? Mercy, Belle, you'll drive me crazy. Dance? Where? In here? In my new room? What would it look like afterward? The floor is like a mirror now and the new chairs haven't a spot on them."

"Roll up the rugs? Now, Belle, that's enough. Go on out and let me show Auntie Hilton that print I coaxed out of your father."

Belle went out, but the look on her face was not a lovely one, and the slam of the front door added an unpleasant note to the happening.

"Now, as I was saying, Dora, I've always wanted something beautiful in my home. And with Auntie Minta's legacy to spend, I wasted no time in having this one room made perfect. It is, isn't it? There wasn't enough, though, for pictures, and I begged that old print from Dick. Simply begged it, for he was determined to buy Bill a radio with the money. A radio would only draw a lot of boys into the house, too—look how they all flock to the Salmons. So I made it plain that this room had to be right."

"Yes—if you'll step out first I'll draw the shades again—these draperies will fade I'm perfectly sure, although the decorator assured me they would not. You'll stay for supper, Dora?"

No, Dora would not. Somehow the air of the house seemed like a funeral. That closed room with its long sweeping draperies of lavender silk, its shining tables and tapestried chairs had made her unconsciously look about for the hearse and mourners.

"Supper? No, I'll be getting back home. It's quite a drive over to Leesburg and I might have an accident after dark—the new road isn't nearly finished, you know."

Accidents and evil chances loomed high after that depressing best room. Living room? Dining room, Dora gloomily thought.

She was still conning over the dreary things which trooped through her mind as she steered her little car down the side street which led to Leesburg. She would need to hurry a bit to reach home by even bedtime and she had planned to stay all night with Minta and have a good, old-fashioned visit.

"To think she could change so over a few hundred dollars spent in furnishing that room. It was such a cozy place before, with the faded, humpy sofa and the sleepy-hollow chair that petted every tired bone to rest as soon as one dropped into it."

"And now they sit in the dining room!"

"No more of those jolly sings they used to have with the phonograph leading the way. A radio would have been even better, too. And Bill and Belle—just the age to need fun at home."

With an added burst of speed Dora turned into a smoother highway that would be better traveling, only to almost collide with a car parked half across the road. Stopping as soon as she could she alighted and went back to see what was wrong, for it was ap-

parent all was far from right in the great touring car.

"Anything I can do—" she began. "Bill Bassett! And Belle—what are you doing here? Why, Belle, it's not more than half an hour since I saw you at home. What's going on, anyway?"

Belle had a queer, flushed look, but Bill was clear-eyed, and, indeed, the only member of the party who was. He had been trying to arouse the others from the half-sleepy, half-silly mood they were in and now he turned with relief to Dora.

"Why, Auntie Hilton, you know Ed here came along in his dad's car awhile ago and Belle was so mad at moth' for not letting us have any fun at all any more and so she hopped in when he asked us. I got the steering wheel away from Ed just in time—I'll get them all back home safe, but when dad sees Belle!"

"It's all because mother won't let us play at home now—that old room with its curtains that fade and the flowers that the sun will chase out of the tapestry! I wish we had our old parlor—and fun, and candy-makes and dances! Belle never listened to these fast guys before—and there's plenty decent ones if we could stay at home."

Dora resolutely forced back the tears that came to her eyes as she helped Bill get Belle from the large machine into her own small roadster.

"I'll take her home—and I'll make sure that her mother sees her first. You can bring that car, if you like, Bill. Only keep on being as sensible as you are now."

Sensible? Dora fiercely wondered if there was any sense in the world any more. Lavender hangings, hyacinth tapestries, imported rugs were of more value than the immortal souls of a boy and girl.

She said something like that and a great deal more to Minta Bassett while she was helping get Belle to bed. What she said hurt, but it cured, as such things do. When she went home the next day she had the satisfaction of seeing the "living room" door wide open and a crowd of jolly boys and girls admiring and envying Bill's new radio set, just installed that morning.

Bill hurried out to her car with her and as he gave her a farewell hug, whispered:

"Gee! Auntie Hilton! You're the best ever! Not only on account of that dandy set, but because moth' is human again. She never said a word when I spilled the candy box on that chair."

"You bet you, home's good now!" It sounded like it, Dora reflected as she started away to the tune of happy laughter. And it was worth doing without that new set of chintz and paper for her own living room. Even in an old maid's rooms, she thought, there should be only unfading flowers.

Light and Heat by Sun

Prediction of a time not very distant when office buildings and factories will be so equipped that the sun's rays may be used for heating and lighting has been made.

The theory is not particularly new. But the promise of its early development along practical lines arouses a rather keen interest. Especially so since mortal ingenuity has been doing so many revolutionary things in recent years.

When that day comes what is possible in the factory and office building will speedily be applicable to the home as well. And with a fire resistant, permanent common brick home, upkeep wiped off the slate and sunlight utilized for storing up light and heat, life will really be worth living.

Mrs. Rollinson Was Right

Mrs. Rollinson, who was thinking of buying an automobile, had had the agent show her the carburetor, the differential, the transmission and everything she thought seemed important about the car. Then she said, "Now, are you sure that you've shown me all the things I ought to know about?"

"Why, yes, madam, I think so," said the agent.

"Well, where is the depreciation? I am told that is one of the most important things to know about when you are getting a car."

Mother Dog's Gratitude

Honore Hutchinson of East Braintree testifies that gratitude is another admirable quality of a good dog. He saw a puppy struggling in the ice in the river and a moment later the mother dog plunged in and swam frantically to the little dog. Hutchinson got a ladder and succeeded in rescuing both animals. On reaching shore the mother dog jumped upon him, placed both paws on his shoulders and kissed him again and again. Then puppy and mother trotted out of sight.—Boston Herald.

Always Some Darned Thing

Just about the time a man gets everything on a smooth basis at the office something goes wrong at home.—Los Angeles Times.

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Alibi Ike

Judge—If, as you say, you did not enter the house for a wrong purpose, why did you take off your shoes?

Prisoner—Because, your honor, there was somebody ill in the house.—Madrid Buen Humor.

Turned Down

Ann (rather stout)—You want to marry me? You're quite ambitious? Ted—Yes, I always strive for big things.

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