

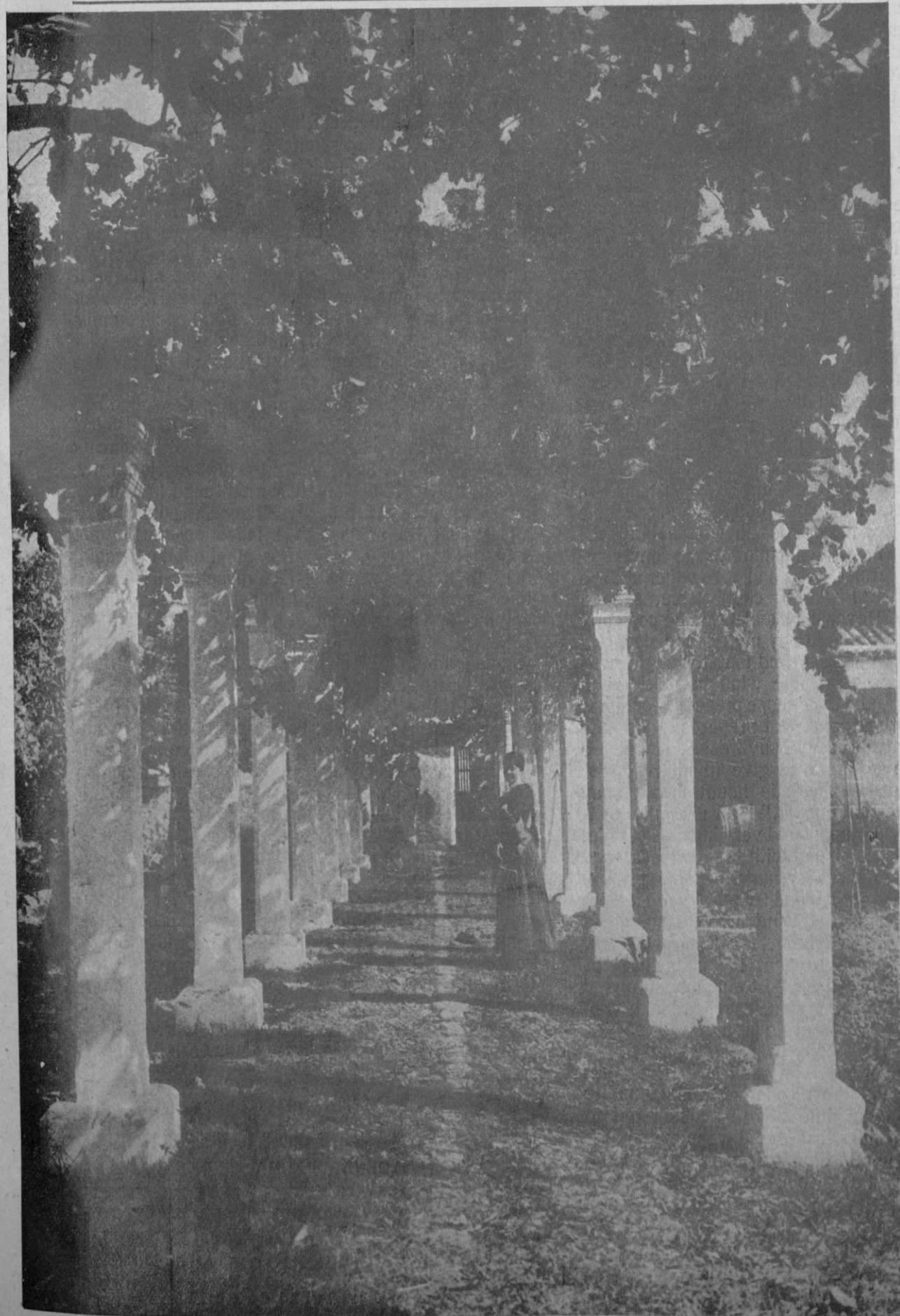
The Majorca Sun

50 Céntimos

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A Voice in the Night.

By C. F. HUCKLESBY.

I had recently retired from Government Service in Ceylon and was staying with my wife at Swallow Combe in North Devonshire, a quiet little place in a valley which runs two miles inward from the coast. Five miles away to the southwest is Ilfracombe, and on the other side, somewhat more distant, lies Lynton and Lynmouth. The whole district is very beautiful, whether one is surveying the great rounded hills covered in places with heather or bracken, the rugged cliffs generally green with verdure down to the sandy coves and bays which lie at their feet, or the wooded valleys through which a stream, fern fringed, splashes and gurgles.

I am very fond of walking, and one afternoon I set out alone for the Cove Inn, which is situated about four miles away in the direction of Lynton. The Inn is a very picturesque old place in a beautiful valley full of trees through which runs the Helion stream. The path from Swallow Combe goes steeply up the hillside, turns right along the summit of the ridge, then when it meets the main road turns left through a collection of summer bungalows on the cliffs, then dips down into the valley in which the Cove Inn lies. The sun had not put in an appearance all day, the sky was overcast with heavy clouds, and it was very gloomy down among the trees, through which the wind was sighing and moaning as it came up from Hellon's mouth and the sea. In the Inn, however, all was bright and cheerful. The gas had been lit, a nice fire was burning in the grate, and with a bottle of Guinness before me, I sat listening to the conversation of the local farmers who had foregathered for a drink and a chat. I was so comfortable, and so interested in the Devonshire dialect of the company that when at last I rose to pay my bill and depart, I found that the sun had set, and that the night was black as a raven's wing. The wind had risen and was shrieking aloud. I bade those present goodnight, buttoned up my coat, and, as I prepared to go one of the company called out "I say Mister, should ee met Sir John Lovering, do ee give 'im my respects. They do zay that 'is ghost do haunt the 'ighway betwixt 'ere and Watermouth." I am naturally of a highly strung temperament and very impressionable, and these words, combined with the darkness, and the howl of the wind set my nerves on edge. The door, too, suddenly opened with a bang which made me jump, and the wind swept some dead leaves hissing round the floor. I half turned away from the door, but seeing that the company was watching me, and was inclined to be humorous at my expense, I recovered my self, and walked, with a dignity I was far from feeling, out into the darkness.

The murmur of the river was like the hum of a myriad voices, and the dry leaves rustled under foot, as I crossed the little bridge and set out to traverse the four miles that lay between me and my destination. To an imaginative man, and a town dweller, it is a strange and eerie experience to

walk along a dark country road. The significance of sights and sounds is not understood. Wayside trees seem like arms stretching down to seize the passer by. The swish of dead leaves as the wind catches them up along the highway, the creaking of a bough or a gate, the sigh of the wind, the cough of a sheep over the hedge, the melancholy cry of an owl or other night bird, sound uncanny to inexperienced ears. The silence was continually broken by queer little noises, as I walked along in the blackness, and I fancied that a host of eerie things was rushing at me from all points of the compass. I could see nothing except the ground immediately under my feet. All around was an almost impenetrable darkness, except where, far away, the light in a cottage gave a ghastly glimmer through the mist. I stuffed my hands into my pockets and stepped out briskly, starting at every sound. The road ascended sharply out of the combe on to a heathery common, which when bathed in the autumn sun was a delight to the eye, but on a dark winter's night was a place of desolation.

I had just reached the junction where the lane from Trentishoe meets the main road when a rabbit jumped across my feet. Startled, I stood still for a moment to listen and recover myself. I was conscious of my heart thumping, and I could faintly hear the surge of the waves breaking on the cliff foot far below. Then an owl hooted among the trees on my left, and the wind caught up some dead leaves and swished them in a circle round my feet. Then—silence. Suddenly I heard a voice somewhere in the darkness. "Good God," I ejaculated, "What was that?" A cold wave ran riot in my veins; in fear, I impulsively turned round to retrace my steps, but hesitated. My wife was expecting me, and would be anxious if I failed to put in an appearance shortly, and after all the voice could only be that of a wayfarer like myself. So turning towards home once more, I pulled myself together, and moved forward to meet whatever might befall. For some time I pushed on, but met no one, and I was beginning to feel quite normal, when I was suddenly accosted by a voice out of the darkness which said—"Good evening stranger, whither away?" The voice was of a deep timbre, and refined, the tone as of one used to command. I strained my eyes in an endeavour to see the speaker, but my sight could not pierce the gloom, and I could make nothing of him. My heart nearly ceased to beat, as he spoke, and it was some time before I could stammer in reply to his query. "I—I am bound for Swallow Combe." "May I have your company along the road?" he said. "I am very careful what company I keep Sir" I replied. "I cannot see you. May I ask who you are and whither you are bound?" "I am a wayfarer bound for Watermouth," said my companion. "Many times have I traversed this highway but seldom have I had a companion We will journey together." "I am glad to have met you," was my answer. "When I



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left the Cove Inn I was told, though probably in joke, that the spirit of Sir John Lovering haunts this highway. Of course I do not believe in such nonsense, but on a night like this, company is pleasant." "Sir John Lovering," said my companion, "What know you of Sir John Lovering?" "Nothing," I replied, "If you know his story, I beg you will tell it me as we walk. It will pass the time." "Aye, aye, my friend. I know his story well. Alas!"

He sighed and paused awhile. Then he went on. "In the year 1795 Squire Sir John Lovering, Magistrate, lived at Lovering Hall, now called the Cove Inn. He owned all the land for some miles round, and was very wealthy. His wife had died some years before, and with him lived his only son, and an adopted daughter, Lady Mary Irwin, a charming girl of eighteen, the daughter of a dead friend. Sir John Lovering had a strong desire that his son should marry Lady Mary. There was no doubt that the girl was in love with Thomas Lovering, but alas, Fate or Providence, what you will, decided otherwise. The old Squire was a man of strong character, and he ruled his household and his retainers with a rod of iron. His will was law to all but one, his son, who had a will and character as strong and stubborn as his own. Though the Squire loved his son dearly he could not brook opposition, and the two often quarrelled." At this point my companion sighed deeply, and after a pause, continued—"Not far from the Hall there was a cluster of cottages in which lived some of the labourers on the estate. One of them, Jimmie Glover, had a daughter, a beautiful girl, with the cream and rose complexion of a true Devonshire lass. She had a winsome figure, and a manner surprisingly dignified for one in so humble a station, and she was as good as she was fair. Young Thomas Lovering had known her from childhood. He had often played with her while his nurse was chatting with her mother, and, all unsuspected by his father, the two had fallen in love with each other. They met in secret, and wandered happily through the woods together, while Lady Mary, reading to the Squire in the library, was very sad at heart, for with a woman's intuition she knew that Thomas did not love her, and indeed guessed that his affections had strayed elsewhere.

One evening the Squire broached the subject of the match dear to his heart to Lady Mary. "Ah girl, how glad I shall be to see you married. Has my son said nothing to you on the subject?" "Nothing dear foster father," she replied, "Why should he? He-he-does not love me," her voice faltered a little, "of that I am sure." Well he's a young idiot," returned the Squire. "I shall have to speak to him." "Oh dear Sir John, I beg that you will say nothing. Love must come of itself," she said. A tear dropped on her hand. "I could not bear to marry him unless he really had a deep affection for me. And you know he has a stubborn will like your own, and to try to force him to marry me will have the opposite effect, for it will arouse his opposition, and will be fatal. Then goodbye for ever to happiness." Sir John patted her hand affectionately and said, "Well, since you wish it, I will say nothing just yet."

That night however, brought about a crisis.

The Squire had noticed that his son disappeared very quickly every night after dinner, and had often wondered where he passed his time. Without intending to spy on his son's movements he went for a walk after dinner through the woods towards Hellon's mouth, and on his return saw in the twilight two figures walking along the river bank below. A young man had his arm round a girl's waist, and they were so absorbed in each other that they did not observe the Squire, who, after giving them a casual glance, was about to proceed when something about the young man seemed familiar, and on looking more closely he was astounded to recognize his son apparently on very affectionate terms with a girl very like Jimmie Glover's daughter Hettie.

His anger blazed up against his son, and that night he sent for him, and accused him of behaving dishonourably. "What do you intend to do about this girl. you young dog? Our family have ever had the character of being composed of men who knew their duty and did it," said the Squire. "Would you drag our name in the dirt by carrying on a licentious intrigue with a girl you cannot marry; or has the girl tried to entangle you?" You have no right to suggest that Hettie is an adventuress. She is good and beautiful and I love her." "Love her, you idiot," roared the Squire, "How dare you permit yourself to love the daughter of one of my labourers, when you must know that I desire you to marry Lady Mary." "That I will never do," replied Thomas. "I have a great respect and liking for her, but I will not marry her. Hettie Glover is the only wife for me." "Fool, dolt," shouted the Squire furiously, and seizing his hunting crop which lay on the table, he, in his bitter disappointment and rage struck his son a heavy blow with it."

Again the speaker sighed deeply, and was silent for several minutes. A gust of wind moaned round us, and the voice continued the narrative close beside me, though I could not see the speaker.

"Sir John Lovering deeply regretted that blow for the remainder of his life, but his regret could not cancel the act or its results. Thomas Lovering gave his father a look that he never forgot, and turning towards the door said—"Father, you have acted as a tyrant, and you will live to regret this night's work. I can remain here no longer. I go, and shall never return." No sooner had the door closed on his son that Sir John began to repent, and his anger died away. He realized that he had acted tyrannically. He must recall Tom and beg his pardon. The door opened and Lady Mary entered weeping bitterly. She ran to the Squire and seizing one of his hands she begged him not to let his son leave the house. "He has told me all that has passed

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I beseech you, Sir, to recall him, and let him marry whom he pleases. I will not stand in the way of his happiness." "Dear girl, I will do as you wish. Tell Tom to come back. I will apologise for my conduct. I was mad with rage." Lady Mary flew to execute the Squire's orders but Thomas Lovering had gone. He had stayed a moment only to speak to his sweet-heart, had saddled his horse and had vanished. The Squire sent messengers in all directions but unavailingly. Hettie Glover followed him soon after, but for ten long years nothing was heard of him. Then his father saw him once more and for the last time.

A long silence ensued and I fancied I heard my companion sobbing quietly to himself as though overcome by some strong emotion.

"My story is not finished," he said at last. Ten long years passed. The old Squire was no longer the forceful character he had formerly been. The loss of his son had left its mark. Ten unhappy years, and then—a troop of Hussars come into the neighbourhood, and the Captain in charge was a frequent visitor at the Squire's table. He was attracted thither partly by the Squire's hospitable friendliness, and partly by the bright eyes of Lady Mary. The district had been disturbed by wreckers and smugglers, and the Government had given instructions for a special effort to be made against them. Sir John Lovering was particularly keen on the business, and when any of these gentry came before him they received no mercy. They were summarily tried and sentenced without quarter or delay.

One evening information was brought by a horseman that a strange vessel was hovering about the Watermouth caves, and was thought to be a smuggler's craft. The Captain was dining that night with Sir John and Lady Mary, who had been the Squire's greatest comfort all these years. "This vessel may be carrying contraband, Captain," said the Squire. "I'll take some of my men, and see what's toward." "Go, and goodluck," said Sir John. But Fate and Sir John were not in harmony, for he was neither fortunate in his life, nor in his wishes. The Captain was brought back on a gate—dead. The soldiers had surprised the smugglers landing spirits from France in one of the caves. Shots had been fired, there had been a melee. The leader of the smugglers, a stalwart man with a huge beard had a hand to hand struggle with the officer, and had killed him with a pistol. But he and some of his band had been captured, and were brought before the Squire next day. Pained and angered by the death of his friend, and responsible for law and order in this district, Sir John was determined to give no quarter, and ordered several gibbets to be erected along the high road.

"The first prisoner to be tried was the leader of the smugglers. The charge against him was that he murdered Capt. de Martignes, an officer of His Majesty, while in discharge of his duty. The evidence against him was fairly clear. Several of the soldiers testified that during the combat they had witnessed a hand to hand struggle between the two leaders. The officer had freed his sword arm and was about to plunge his weapon into his opponent, when the smuggler had drawn his pistol, produced

in court, and had shot the officer dead. Guilty was the only possible verdict. Sir John Lovering, who was rather shortsighted peered at the prisoner and said—"Prisoner, you have been found guilty of the death of Captain de Martignes while in the discharge of his duty. I know not who your parents were, but in you they begot a scoundrel and a villain. I am determined to put down smuggling and violence in this district, and I hope the sentence I am about to pass on you will save others from a like fate. My sentence is that you be taken from here, and hanged on Marcombe gibbet, and may God have mercy on your soul."

A woman screamed in court, and feeling ran very high among the spectators, some sympathising with the prisoner, a stranger, others thinking that he deserved his fate. The prisoner himself had remained calm during his trial, but he became very agitated while the Squire was speaking, and when he had finished, the condemned man thrust out his arms towards his judge, and said, in a voice broken by emotion—"Father, what have you done? You have condemned your only son to death."

There was tense silence in court. All voices were hushed and the atmosphere became electric. Sir John Lovering stood up and strained his eyes towards his son, whose beard and changed appearance had prevented any one from recognising him. The judge stretched out his arms, and the blood rushed into his head as he cried out, "My son, my dear son. I—I—" He could say no more. His knees gave way, and he suddenly collapsed. There was a rush to help the old man. Even the prisoner was left unguarded, and he might have escaped in the excitement, but he too came quickly to where his father lay. The crowd made way for him recognising his rights as a son in such tragic circumstances. Even his gaolers forgot for a moment that he was a condemned prisoner. A doctor was immediately sent for, and after a brief examination pronounced that the Squire was dead. The grief of Thomas Lovering was pitiable. His own imminent fate was temporarily lost sight of in his sorrow for the death of an unhappy father who had died at the moment when he had condemned his own son to the gibbet.

"And what happened to Thomas Lovering?" I asked "Was the sentence carried out?" "No, thank God" replied my companion. "Influential local people made representations in the proper quarters and a new trial was ordered. The case aroused so much sympathy that Thomas Lovering was acquitted of the charge of murder. Later he returned to Lovering Hall with his wife, and she and Lady Mary became inseparable companions. The unfortunate Sir John Lovering, the old Squire, unhappy in his life as in his death, lies in Trentishoe churchyard, where you may see his tomb.

My companion, of whom I had not been able to obtain a glimpse, ceased to speak, and we walked on in silence in the mysterious night. My frayed nerves troubled me, and the sad story I had

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listened to filled my mind with gloomy thoughts.

Suddenly my companion spoke again. "Here I must leave you friend, as our roads diverge at this point. Do not forget Sir John Lovering" Silence once more. No sound of retreating footsteps reached my ear: only the whisper of the wind, and the rustle of dead leaves.

As for me, my imagination over came me, and I ran wildly down the hill towards Swallow Combe as fast as my trembling legs would carry me. At the time I felt convinced that my mysterious companion was the poor unhappy spirit of the old Squire but in saner moments I realize that this is a non-sensical idea. To this day I donot know who he really was; he remains in my memory as but a voice in the night.

LONDON Stockings. Socks.
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23 SAN NICOLÁS

The British Vice-Consul requests us to publish the following Note on the position of Sterling.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his speech to the House of Commons on the 10th December, announced the intention of the Government to pursue the policy of maintaining the internal purchasing power of the pound. He said that the total note circulation today was rather less than it was 12 months ago, and that the situation was entirely different from that which obtained either in France or Germany at the time of the depreciation of the franc or the mark. There were large deficits in the budgets of these countries which had to be met by printing notes, but there is no ground for believing that the British budget will show any deficit this year, and still less the budget of next year. The Chancellor went on to say that he had every reason to suppose that the Government would be able to meet all obligations out of current annual revenue, and at the same time make a substancial contribution to the provision for debt redemption.

	<i>Millions of pounds.</i>
The active note circulation to day is	359
As compared with similar dates in previous years this shows a substantial reduction:	
In 1930 nearest date	364
In 1929 nearest date	365
In 1928 nearest date	375

This shows clearly that there is no inflation.
Madrid 16. 12. 31.

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Some curiosities of the English Language.

There are three words in the English language each containing all the vowels, a, e, i, o, u, in their proper order.

- Abstemious.
- Arsenious.
- Facetious.

The shortest word containing all the five vowels, but not in order, is Eulogia, and this word contains but two consonats, other words containing all the five vowels are.

- Authorise.
- Dialogue.
- Edacious.
- Education.
- Euphonia.

It is also interesting to consider the word «Cleave», as it is used to express entirely opposite meanings.

- To part asunder: to cleave a block of wood.
- To join together: a man cleaves to his wife.

For those of us who have been struggling to obtain a working knowledge of the Spanish language and who have at time been somewhat discouraged; let us point out some of the curiosities and intricacies of our own language.

There are twelve different ways of spelling the sound «use»:

Blues	Bruise	Chose	Ewes
Carouse	Lose	News	Ooze
Queues	Ruse	Shoes	Twos

Also there are seven different ways of spelling the sound «shun»:

Action	Coercion	Connexion	Cushion
	Luncheon	Passion	Shun

And to add to the confusion, eight words ending in «ough» offer nine different pronunciations:

Bough	is pronounced as:	Bau.
Cough	"	Corf.
Dough	"	Doe.
Plough	"	Plo, or Plau.
Sough	"	SooH.
Through	"	Thru.
Tough	"	Tuf.
Trough	"	Troff.

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Tourist Steamers.

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Tourist Agents: Wagons-Lits-Cook.

S/S "Laurentic", 18724 tons, arrives on the morning of February 18 from Monaco and leaves the same afternoon for Alger and Southampton.

German African Lines.

Agents: Baquera, Kusche y Martin.

S/S "Adolph Woermann", 9000 tons, arrives on the morning of February 2 from Port Said, Genoa, and Marseilles and leaves the same afternoon for Málaga, Lisbon, Southampton.

S/S "Usambara", 9000 tons, arrives on the morning of February 7 from Southampton, Lisbon, Málaga and leaves Palma the same afternoon for Genoa, Port Said, and African Ports.

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PALMA.

Last Sunday, Jan. 17th, was the "Fiesta of San Antonio". This saint is the patron of the horses. The "Horse Society" of Majorca arranged a cavalcade with decorated coaches and horses, and distributed prizes for the best team. In the streets of the town all horses and mules were also gay with flowers and bells.

It is reported that the Shipping Company intends to increase the fare for the trip between Palma and Barcelona, and other ports on the continent. Interested bodies in Palma have forwarded a protest against the proposed increase.

January 19.—The Alcalde of Palma has returned from Alicante. The Alcalde informed the journalists that the President of the Republic replied to his invitation to visit Majorca: "Señor Alcalde, I wish that I were already on the way to Palma, so great is my wish to see your beautiful Island!" It is confirmed once more that the President of the Republic will visit Majorca in May.

Honest finder. A workman engaged in the demolition of the big wall in the Paseo de Sagrera found a silver rosary, and at once delivered it to the contractor. The Alcalde will make him a present for his honesty.

SPAIN.

Madrid.

The Reform of the Electoral Law. The drafting of the new Electoral Law is almost finished. It is understood that the Electoral system will be radically modified. Every 50,000 voters will be able to elect a "diputado". The elector will not, in future, be able to erase a name from the list, and insert another, as he could formerly. The urns will be more carefully protected so that they cannot be tampered with.

The Minister of Public Works, Señor Prieto,

has informed the journalists, that in Spain there are more than half a million unemployed workers, according to the statistics of the "Unión General de Trabajadores".

The new Law of Divorce has been placed before the Cortes to be voted on as soon as possible.

It is understood that the Law concerning the expulsion of the Jesuits has been drafted, and that it will be published next week in the "Gazetta".

January 19.—The President of the Republic returned from Alicante where he had an enthusiastic reception.

Fontainebleau.

The report that the Prince of Asturias, the eldest son of the ex-King Alfonso of Spain, will marry the daughter of the Grand Duke Cyril of Russia, is now stated to be untrue. The Prince is ill in hospital at Neuilly-sur-Seine.

Gerona.

Hard to believe. It is reported that a woman who had escaped from the lunatic asylum of Salt, was found wandering in the streets still wearing a strait-jacket.

Oviedo.

January 20.—An explosion occurred in the mine "La Fontica". There are 3 dead and 6 gravely injured.

Barcelona.

Last Saturday the 16th January, the Rotary Club of Barcelona celebrated its 10th anniversary. The Barcelona Section was one of the first founded in Europe. Mr. P.E. Powell, its first President, made a speech. There were about 350 guests, including many ladies, and seldom has the large hall of the Ritz Hotel held so much beauty.

Last Sunday, January 17th, the Majorcan Football Club "Mallorca" had a game with the Club "Martinenc". The result was 2 : 2.

CHURCH SERVICES.

Church of England.—Until April 30, 1932, Services by Rev. J. de B. Forbes, at 37, Av. 14 de Abril, Terreno. The Chaplain's address is at the Hotel Victoria.

ON SUNDAYS.—Holy Communion at 8.30 A.M.—Prayer and Sermon (followed on first and third Sundays of month by Holy Communion) at 11 A.M.

EVENING PRAYER (except on third Sunday of month) at 6 P.M.

ON SAINTS DAYS.—Holy Communion at 8.30 A.M.

Wesleyan Methodist Mission.—Services by Acting Pastor, Miguel Pascual Morey, at 44, Calle Murillo: on Sundays at 10.30 A.M., on Thursdays at 7.30 P.M. Children's Services: Sundays at 4 P.M.

Roman Catholic Church. Cathedral at Palma.—Holy Mass is celebrated on Sundays every half hour, beginning at 6.00 A.M. until 11.30 A.M. At 10.30 A.M. High Mass accompanied by the organ.

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- Mr. A. C. Clear.
- Mrs. Harold G. Henderson.
- Miss S. A. Holland.
- Col. J. O. D. Ingram.
- Mrs. J. M. E. Ingram. (3)
- Mr. Cecil Jordan. (3)
- Col. Charles Lynch. (2)
- Mrs. William M. Morgan.
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Thomas Cook & Son have letters addressed to:

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- Mlle. Georgette Rauffy.
- Mr. Oliver Baker.
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15 CALLE DE LAS MONJAS.

Exchange of the Week.

Quotations of the Madrid Bourse furnished by Crédito Balear.

Date.	One pound.	One dollar	100 francs
Jan. 18	41.50	11.86	46.50
Jan. 19	41.30	11.86	46.50
Jan. 20	Holiday.		
Jan. 21	41.10	11.86	46.60
Jan. 22	41.10	11.86	46.60
Jan. 23	41.65	12.02	47.30
Highest Quotation for			
Month of Dec.	40.90	12.10	47.05
Week of Jan. 4.	40.40	11.86	46.50
Week of Jan. 11.	41.50	11.86	46.50
Week of Jan. 18.	41.65	12.02	47.30

ATTRACTIONS.

CINEMAS.

- RIALTO: (at 3.30, 6, 9) "DADDY LONG LEGS" with Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter.
- BORN: (Sunday at 3, 6, 9; other days at 6 and 9.) "TABU".
- MODERNO: (Sunday at 3, 6, 9; other days at 6 and 9.) "HALLELUJAH".
- BALEAR: (Sunday at 3, 6, 9; other days at 6 and 9.) "SECRET ORDERS", German Ufa Film.

THEATRES.

- LÍRICO: (Sunday at 4 and 9.30; other days at 6 and 9.30) SPANISH REVIEW COMPANY. 70 Artists.
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- HOTEL MEDITERRÁNEO: Sunday 4.30 to 7.30 (see advertisement.)
- CÍRCULO MALLORQUÍN: Wednesday 5 to 8.
- PRINCIPAL ALFONSO HOTEL: Thursday 4 to 7.
- GREYHOUND RACES: Monday at 2.45. Sunday at 10.15 A.M.

EXCURSIONS: Caves of Drach, Manacor. Arranged by the Patronato del Turismo. Concert at 12 N.

Monday:	La Santa Espina.	Morera.
	Toc d'Oració.	Ventura.
	Jota Aragonesa.	
	Souvenir de Mona Lisa.	Schebek.
	Unter dem Lindenbaum.	Eberle.
Wednesday:	Typical Mallorquin Dances.	
	Reunión.	Seybold.
	Heure de Recreation.	Wohlfahrt.
	La Mère au Berceaux.	Loewe.

OTHER ATTRACTIONS.

- HOTEL ROYAL. Sunday 24th: Fancy Dress Ball. Begin at 10 P.M
- AT VICTOR'S. Saturday 30th: Gala Night. Attractions.

Train Schedule Palma-Sóller.

Departure from the Sóller Railway Station at Plaza Conquista, Palma.

7.00	: 9.30	: 12.00	: 15.00	: 19.30
Arrives Sóller.				
8.00	: 10.30	: 13.00	: 16.00	: 20.30
Leaves Sóller.				
5.45	: 8.15	: 10.45	: 13.30	: 17.30
Arrives Palma.				
6.45	: 9.15	: 11.45	: 14.30	: 18.30

There is also an Excursion daily including Lunch at Sóller: See Adv. in this number.

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Sunday 24 th: FANCY DRESS BALL Begin at 10 P.M.

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S.S. "Watussi."

The S.S. "Watussi" of the German African Lines arrived in Palma from Southampton and Lisbon on the morning of January 17, and left in the afternoon for Genoa, Port Said, and African Ports.

The following passengers landed in Palma:

Herr Lieutenant Gerard Marx.	From Hamburg.
Mrs. Barrand.	" Southampton.
Mr. David Coe.	" "
Miss J. G. Coe.	" "
Miss Alice M. Fleming.	" "
Mrs. Richards.	" "
Miss K. Shepherd.	" "
Miss M. Shepherd.	" "
Mrs. May J. Warden.	" "
Herr Carl J. Jepsen.	" Hamburg.
Herr Captain Lothar Persius and Frau.	" "
Mr. and Mrs. Buffington and children.	" Southampton.
Mrs. May Dunn.	" "
Miss May Dunn.	" "
Miss Dorothy Dunn.	" "
Mrs. Margaret M. Gaskell.	" "
Mr. H. E. Guimaraens.	" "
Miss M. A. Rae Sims.	" "
Mr. D. F. Wilton.	" "
Miss Wingate.	" "
Col. and Mrs. G. H. Stewart-Browne.	" Lisbon.
Mrs. H. Anderson.	" Southampton.
Mrs. Edith M. Berkeley.	" "
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HAPPY SNAPS!
BRING THEM TO CHARLES
 YOU WILL BE HAPPY TOO!
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Victor's Snack Bar. Owing to the great success last week of the Mallorquin Dances, Victor has decided to start another show in the near future.

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Permission has now been given for the vessels of the German African Lines to book passengers to Spanish Ports. This was formerly forbidden. The ships call at Málaga and Ceuta.

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Latest News.

Palma. January 23. — The Governor of the Balearic Islands left Palma for Ibiza.

Barcelona. January 21.—A general strike has been declared at Manresa where collisions have occurred between strikers and the Civil Guard. Two guards were wounded and 200 strikers were arrested. Troops have arrived with strict instructions to maintain order.

Madrid. January 21.—The most beautiful girl of Spain... a Catalan.—From a group of the 12 nicest girls in all Spain, the Señorita Teresita Daniel, daughter of a well known composer of Barcelona, has been elected "Miss España".

Madrid. January 21.—The Spanish Foreign Minister left Madrid for Geneva to participate in the Disarmament Conference.

Bombay. January 21.—Gupta has been arrested by the Indian Police when he entered the port on the Italian steamer "Gangos". His wife said that the captain of the steamer opposed the arrest of Gupta saying that he was at that moment under the protection of the Italian flag. Thereupon the Police went to the Italian Consul and obtained permission to arrest Gupta.

Riga. January 21.—The celebrated pianist Eugène d'Albert has been divorced for the eighth time.

London January 21.—The Aircraft "Helena" of the Imperial Airways, left Croydon for Capetown with three passengers, 20,000 letters, and 150 parcels. This is the largest established line with regular service. The flying time is 8,000 miles in 11 days, but it is believed that it will shortly be possible to do the trip in 9 days. The Company are using a motor of the "Atlanta" type which will permit of a speed of 140 to 150 miles per hour.

Palma. January 23.—"The seditious movement initiated at Manresa, which is part of an organised plan timed for the 25th by anarchists and syndicalists, has easily been suppressed, the mere presence of troops having been sufficient."
(*"El Día"* of Palma.)

The Governor has received from the Grand Hotel and Hotel Victoria the sum of 200 pesetas for the unemployed workmen and the Milk Fund.

Deyá, Majorca. January 23.—Yesterday died the Spanish Painter Antonio Gelabert. He was a great interpreter of the beautiful landscapes and sea views of Majorca. His work has been much discussed. He gathered about him at Deyá a number of foreign painters which he called, half ironically "the school of Deyá".

Cairo. January 22.—Lord Reading is lying ill at Luxor with bronchial trouble and influenza. An aircraft of the Royal Air Force left Cairo with a doctor and nurse.

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S.S. "Resolute".

The S.S. "Resolute" of the Hamburg American Line stopped at Palma on her voyage round the world. She arrived in Palma in the early morning of January 18th. Many tourists visited the town, and a number of them made a trip to Sóller, and the Puerto where they took lunch at the Mar-i-Sol Hotel. Among the Tourists was the ex-Mayor of Philadelphia, Mr. Harry A. Mackey, who told us that he really had been fascinated by the marvellous views on this excursion, and that he will not forget to write in the Philadelphia Press about this wonderful Island. There were also Mr. and Mrs. Walter Camp. Mrs. Camp, before her marriage was Miss Ruth Elder who last year attempted to fly round the world, but was forced down and was rescued near the Azores Islands by a French fishing boat.

The "Resolute" left Palma the same day at 5.0 o'clock in the evening, after having landed here the following passengers:—

- Mrs. Francis B. Austin.
- Miss Austin.
- Mrs. Frederick Clark.
- Miss Martha Shippy.
- Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert M. Weeks.
- Mrs. J.V.G. Dunn.
- Mr. and Mrs. Salvador Androtta.
- Mr. and Mrs. T.S. Matthews and son.
- Master John P.C. Matthews and Governess.

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The reasons we come and go—
She thells what hunted us hither—
We reap what we do not sow!

At tea of an afternoon—
At "Bridge" at eight o'clock—
She's up with the same old tune—
"I'm here with a tale to shock!"

What Hell wind harried her hither?
What rapture of rage begat
Our Lady of Blight and Blither.
The Old Ungibbeted Cat?

The Borgian Lords of Old
Held Death in a finger grip—
But the gay old Cat, we're told,
Has a tongue with a toxic tip.

Her speech is as slime to slither—
She is kind as a vampire bat
She wilts—but she will not wither—
THE OLD UNKILLABLE CAT!

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