

The Weekly PALMA POST

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PALMA DE MALLORCA
SEPTEMBER 10-16, 1933

THE COPY
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Local Toreros Get Chance At Press Corrida

ON THE ISLAND

Mrs. Fulton Leser, proprietress of «Anne's» in Tereno, has returned to Palma after a visit of two weeks in Paris. She brought back with her many new and fetching models which she will exhibit at Anne's fashion show next month.

Mr. Dudley Dean Bigelow entertained Mr. and Mrs. Dorr Newton and Major Charles Goetz for dinner Thursday night at the Hotel Bellver. Later they assembled at Mr. Bigelow's apartment for bridge.

During the early part of the week Miss Pat Byington was confined to her home at 8, Calle Dos De Mayo with an attack of grip. Señor Jaime Carera was host at dinner Friday evening to Miss Pat Byington, Miss Jean McMillan, and Mr. David McMillan. Mr. McMillan has recovered from a recent severe illness which kept him confined to his bed for two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Dorr E. Newton were dinner hosts Wednesday evening at their home Son Vich in Esporlas in celebration of Mr. Newton's birthday.

Miss Pat Byington and Miss Kay Amm are taking the boat Sunday for Alicante from where they will motor to Madrid. Miss Byington and Miss Amm plan to spend the winter in the Spanish capital, but hope to make a return visit to Palma over the Christmas and New Year holidays.

Mrs. Lucinda Reichenbach was hostess at dinner Saturday night to Mrs. Mary Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Pinckard, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Newhall, and Mr. Walter Ogden. During her stay on the Island, Mrs. Lee is the house guest of Mrs. Reichenbach.

Miss Betty Halle and her niece Mrs. W. B. Colving, have returned to the United States after a protracted stay in Palma.

Mrs. Ernest Raffloer, mother of Mrs. Robert Gavett, has returned to Palma after an extended trip through Germany. Mrs. Raffloer is staying with her daughter until she finds a suitable house.

On Sunday afternoon Miss Jean and Mr. David McMillan will be hosts at a tea dance in their apartment at 83 Calle Armadams in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Hogen, who are visiting stay they will be house guests of Mrs. S. E. Strong and her son and daughter.

Among those invited are Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bower, Mr. and Mrs. Dorr E. Newton, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson C. Ranney, Mr. and Mrs. Huntington Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Pinckard, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gavett, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Goetz, Mrs. Mina Middleton, Miss Daisy Dellart, Señorita María de Gracia Salva, Señor Francisco Salva, Miss Lillian Tierney, Miss Terry Tierney, Señor Jaime Carera, Miss Kay Amm, Miss Pat Byington, Señor José Garca Alonza, and Señor Miguel Puigserver.

Others invited are Mrs. Albert E. Bolson, Baron Wilhelm von Bessedow, Signor Tito Cungi, Miss Dagmar Anderson, Mr. Bert Mullin, Mr. Charles Marshall Señor Xavier Sans, Miss Dickie Scoville, Señor Tomeo Ramonell, Señorita Isabel Cereda, Miss Elizabeth Lundquist, Señor Pedrico Ramonell, Mr. Courtney Gosling, and Baron Franz von Schulenburg.

(Continued on page 4)



JAIME PERICAS

Local talent will get its chance at the Sunday Press Bullfight in the Coliseo Balear.

Both Jaime Pericas, pictured above, and Quinito Caldentey, two of the three novilleros who will take part in the spectacle, are sons of Mallorca.

The two Islanders will pit their skill against Juanito Giménez, Madrid torero who enjoys a considerable following in the bullfight capital of the world.

(More bullfight illustrations on the last page.)

«Story», Six Months After Moving From Island To New York, Becomes Monthly, Lowers Price

So great has become the interest in the new short stories published by the magazine «Story» since its removal from Palma to America six months ago, it will now appear monthly. Heretofore it has been published every two months.

The editors, Whit Burnett and Martha Foley, also announce that the price of «Story» will be reduced from 50 cents to 25 cents a copy, although the annual subscription rate for the 12 issues will be raised to three dollars. The changes, which are largely mechanical, will involve, the editors say, no change in the editorial

(Continued on page 4)

Governor Manent Fought Monarchy And Dictatorship

Don Juan Manent, the new governor of the Balearic Islands, fought the old monarchy and later the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera back in the days when few Spaniards dared more than whisper their dislike for the régime of Alfonso XIII, the Church and the Army.

For a quarter of a century, Señor Manent worked with the Republican Movement, and during that time he came to have a first hand acquaintance with the courts and jails of the monarchy.

The new governor's political activities began in the little Menorcan town of Villa Carlos, where he was born, but he soon transferred his activities to Mahon, capital of the island of Menorca.

Later, he went to Barcelona, where he devoted three years to the Republican cause, writing revolutionary articles, organizing meetings and, not infrequently, finding himself in the hands of the police.

After an active period in the Catalonian capital, Señor Manent

(Continued on page 4)

Cap. De Skossyreff Summoned To Court

Captain Boris de Skossyreff, accused of opening mail addressed to the Marqués de Respaldiza and his sister the Baroness Rothenthal, has been summoned to appear in court Tuesday, September 19.

The court summons is the outgrowth of a long and involved quarrel between the marqués and the baroness on the one side and Mrs. Florence Marmon and Skossyreff on the other.

Mrs. Marmon fired the first gun, accusing the marqués of misusing checks signed by her. The Marqués de Respaldiza countered by saying that the checks could not be misused, as they were worthless.

(Continued on page 4)

Daphne Merrick's Page To Women

Cathedral, Lonja, Bellver Castle On Excursionists' List

For the benefit of some new arrivals to Mallorca who may glance at this column, I think a very brief outline of what may be seen of interest around Palma itself may not be amiss.

First of course there is the cathedral. It is what most impresses the eye as we view Palma from the steamer deck on our arrival. It was built by Jaime I. in 1230 in fulfilment of a vow. The vow was that if he succeeded in winning Mallorca from the Moors Jaime would build the largest cathedral yet constructed. The building was not completed till 1600. It is a fine example of Gothic architecture. There you may see the tombs of the three kings of Mallorca.

The Monastery of San Francisco may be visited next. It is only a short walk from the cathedral at Plaza San Francisco. The monastery was built by Jaime II. in 1276 as a gift to his son who renounced his inheritance to become a monk. He was a pupil and follower of Ramon Lull, Mallorca's most esteemed historical personality. The tomb and effigy of Ramon Lull is in the church. The Gothic Cloister served as a prison until recent times.

The Lonja is our next objective. Paseo Sagrera on the water front. Of pure Gothic architecture it appears by its style to have been destined originally for a church but was in fact used as a mercantile exchange. Now it is a museum and can be visited any day between the hours of 10 a.m. and 12 noon. It contains Roman remains and a mixture of ancient and modern paintings etc.

To get to Bellver Castle you can take a tram or bus to el Terreno. The castle stands on the hill surrounded by woods. It was built as a residence and fort for Jaime II, in 1290 and was occupied from time to time by the kings of Mallorca. It is in extremely good repair in spite of its great age. There is not much of interest to be seen there now but the view

WINDOW SHOPPING IN PALMA

A white handbag looks nice with the fashionable white linen outfit. La Gruta Calle Colón 16 has some at reasonable prices. Amongst other things white organdie collars, men's ties and socks and the fashionable large round powder boxes for the handbag can be bought at La Gruta. The last are simply fitted with a muslin powder sifter and you fill it with your own powder, which is a practical idea.

Mix your face powder differently for each season of the year and for different times of the day. The DeFoe Beauty Parlor, Plaza de Cort will sell you a blend to any shade you desire if you don't want to do it yourself.

A large bottle of Agua de Cologne may be bought at the Perfumeria Inglesa, Calle Cadena 6, for 2.75 ptas. At Miro Calle Colón 18 you can buy powdered menthol for 25 céntimos. Put the menthol into the Cologne and you have the iced eau de Cologne of which I wrote the other week, at a very low cost. Perfumeria Inglesa sells attractive dressing table accessories. A set in black and white glass and another in amethyst colored glass are both smart.

Half eau de Cologne and half orange water or rose water is good for a greasy skin. Use as an astringent after washing with hot water. This is also good for mosquito bites and spots.

If you indulge in much sunbathing it is a good plan to massage entirely with oil from time to

of the surrounding country from the tower is well worth the climb. Of most interest perhaps in the interior is the kitchen with its original old tiles. There is also a dungeon and you will see a where General Lacy was executed brass plate which marks the spot for his political views. Bellver castle belonged to the crown until recent days and is now town property.

time to keep the skin from getting too dry.

Use a little Borax for softening the water for washing. It is well to use it in the bath as well.

Eno's fruit salts makes a nice drink for hot days. A small teaspoonful in a tumbler of water is very refreshing. At Vda. Ignacio Forteza, Plaza Marqués del Palma 8, you can get any of the things mentioned above.

Don't forget to wash your eyes. Rey, the chemist on the left as you enter the market place sells a good eye wash.

For bathing the face try Lotion Colbert. There is also one for men to use after shaving. You can buy it at the Perfumeria Inglesa.

O. K. With Us, But Not Before Breakfast

One two three four, long short short long short short long. Sounds like morse code or something of the sort. You can hear it any Monday or Thursday at Calle 14 Abril between the hours of 9.30 and 11.30 p.m. It is in fact Mrs. Olmos drilling her recruits. Turning raw material into the finished ballroom dancer.

The first round of 20 lessons is nearly at an end but Mrs. Olmos wants you to know that the classes will continue just the same. The original pupils will continue to learn new steps and new dances and new pupils will be started off at the beginning.

Enquiries about the classes may be made at the Photo Balear, Plaza Gomila, Terreno.

Want Ads in the PALMA POST bring results

It's Still Hot Enough For Cold Lunches And Tomato Drinks

Hard boiled eggs sliced with some pemiento, seasoned to taste and eaten with brown toast and cream cheese makes a nice dish for a snack luncheon.

A good egg and tomato dish is as follows: Cut tomatoes in four, take out the seeds and squeeze juice into a bowl. Now cook the tomatoes in oil or butter till very soft. Drop in eggs, chopped parsley and a little salt. Stir till well scrambled but not overdone. The number of eggs depends on the amount of tomatoe used. You can put a little chopped onion or garlic in the oil or butter for cooking the tomatoe if you like.

This is a good way to use the tomato juice: First strain it well. Mix with a little water or vegetable juice. Add a few drops of lemon and Worcester sauce and you have a tomato cocktail. Tomato juice can also be bought in bottles. It is a Hientz preparation.

Fillings for Savory Sandwiches:
(1) Finely chopped walnuts, grated cheese and a little cream or milk salt and a little cayenne. Mix all into a paste.

(2) Bone and mash sardines, add a little pepper, and lemon juice, and then spread a thin layer of cucumber.

(3) Celery and grated cheese, little pepper and salt on brown bread.

(4) Chopped walnuts and dates, mixed into a paste. Use with brown bread.

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Stiffer Competition

France has lost considerable tourist trade to Spain and other nations whose currency is cheaper than the franc, and she cannot be expected to take that loss lying down.

Recently, the financial newspaper *L'Information* printed an article comparing prices in France with those in other countries. France, the journal showed, offers a much less attractive price scale than does Spain.

As long as that situation exists, everything is going to be hotsy tosy on the Peninsula and in these Islands. The trouble is, *L'Information* advises an immediate price revision in France, and the paper is important enough to gain a hearing.

If prices come down in the French resorts they will have to come down here. The Palma Post has always maintained that, with a few exceptions Mallorcan establishments dealing with tourists charge fair prices. But those prices may become unfair if rival resorts cut to the bone.

L'Information declares that a meal costing 20 francs in France would cost 12 francs, of about six pesetas, here. Assuming that the writer means *vin compris*, his comparison seems correct.

With the franc at its present level, it does not seem probable that French resort concessionaires can reduce their prices very much and still show a profit, but if the franc is debased, even by a small amount, Mallorca will have something to worry about.

Also, there is the possibility that the dollar and pound will settle still lower in which case neither France nor Spain will enjoy much of a tourist trade unless it is found possible to offer the foreigner a decent living for a lower price.

Fortunately, there is already a noticeable tendency towards price cutting here. A number of cases where house tenants have renewed their leases at lower figures have been reported. And when rents start down it is usually a sign that other expenses are soon to follow.

THE NIGHT WATCH

A few days ago we ripped open our typewriter with our customary abandon and threw off the opening sentence of what was to have been a column on boxing.

Imagine our consternation when we found that we could not, off hand, name the heavyweight champion of the world. Not only that, but after his name came to us, we could not for love or money recall the conditions under which he won his title.

Perhaps old age is getting the better of us. As we say, perhaps; we prefer to think, however, that the moguls of heavyweight boxing have allowed that attraction to sink to such a level that it is impossible for the old-time fan to keep up much of an interest in it.

In the reign of the Manassa Mauler had anyone asked us to name the champ we would have hung our head in shame if unable to snap back, «Jack Dempsey, you sap. Where's you been keeping yourself?»

Well, our head isn't bowed in shame now. The present crop of heavies simply isn't worth bothering about. Sharkey, whom the aging Dempsey swears he can lick again any time; Carnera, the Spaghettimunching meandering Mountain; Schmeling the Prussian Dandy; McCorkingdale, the Solid Man from South Africa—not one of them fit a fit sparring partner for a Dempsey, a Carpentier or even a Tunney.

The antique Paulino Uzcudun, who never reached the top of the heap in the days of his prime, right now can go the limit with anyone of half a dozen leather-pushers whose managers think they are of championship stuff. And the Basque Woodchopper doesn't pretend to be anything more than a good has-been with the guts to come back.

Since writing the above, we have made the startling discovery that we really *can't* remember the details of the last fight for the heavyweight championship.

We thought we were writing with our tongue in our cheek, and here we were telling the truth all the time. We distinctly remember that the fight was our assignment, but we would have to look through the files to find out what we said at the time.

It has long been the opinion of this department that Gene Tunney is largely responsible for the decline of boxing. Before Gent Gene appeared on the horizon, a heavy was supposed to knock somebody out once in a while.

When the erudite Marine pushed his way on to the front pages, a different type of battling was seen. It became of far more importance that the fighter possess some outside distinction than that he be the proprietor of a deadly right hook.

In Tunney's case, the outside distinction was a familiarity with Shakespeare and a speaking acquaintance with George Bernard Shaw.

Schmeling, who once earned the championship by projecting his nether portions into a low swing of Jack Sharkey's, toys with a mean mashie.

Sharkie is good to his wife and kiddies and Don McCorkingdale, the South African contender, doesn't beat his wife, who happens to be the daughter of his manager, Ted Broadbill.

Carnera is rapidly acquiring more fame as the author of love letters than as the originator of haymakers.

Back in the good old days it was possible for a fighter to get along on his ring reputation alone. Gorgeous Georges shook a mean tango, but it was never held against him until he quit the ring, and even Phainting Phil Scott, the British dancing master, kept away from the ballroom during his brief and ludicrous career as the English Hope.

Conditions being what they are, we pin our hopes on Paulino Uzcudun. We don't think he can knock out Carnera, but we have hopes.

Whatever is said against the Axman, nobody can accuse him of fancying himself something he is not. The stocky lad from the Pyrenees gets into the ring for a fight, and the only time he fails to deliver the goods is when he is matched with an opponent whose style is so different from his own that the two can't mix.

Paulino doesn't boast 40 suits of clothes, and he doesn't have secretarial managers and managing secretaries. He has a good manager in Europe and another in New York, and these worthies are employed for no other purpose than the see that he gets fights and plenty of them.

The worst poseur we ever saw in the ring was Al Singer. Singer had the goods, and he would have gone far if he hadn't been too busy counting ladies in the audience. It cost us 40 bucks to learn this and we are not disposed to argue the matter.

We saw Singer and our 40 dollars take the count of 10 when the former took an inopportune moment to smile at a young lady next to us. (Had she been *with* us, we would have billed her for our loss.)

Singer went down under a vicious left delivered by a fighting little Filipino named Fernandez. Fernandez had a certain amount of the stuff in him, but he never could have whipped the East Side Jew if the latter hadn't attempted intimacy with a cash customer.

And so it goes. Nearly all have something the matter with them.

**Free Hand Might
Conceal Weapon--
Hence Hand Shake**

How many people know the reason and origin of certain customs which they use in their every day life? Would you be surprised to hear that the origin of the hand shake dates from the days when everyone casually encountered was suspected of being an enemy unless he showed some sign to the contrary? Your acquaintance in fact extended his palm to assure you that it did not conceal a weapon. The custom of raising the hat is explained on much the same lines. A knight would raise his vizar to show that he was a friend.

Many practices date from early pagan days when man imagined himself to be surrounded on every hand by evil spirits who were jealous of his happiness and ready at any minute to visit him with misfortune. «Touch wood» for instance derives from knocking wood to drown the voice of the speaker. It was believed that a spirit hearing of good fortune might quickly turn it into the opposite.

In our wedding customs we have practically preserved intact these ancient beliefs. Take the custom of bridesmaids. By dressing up several girls almost like the bride herself our forbears hoped to confuse the spirits as to which was the lucky one. The same applies to the best man. The reason for hanging and old shoe on the back of the conveyance in which the happy couple leave for the honeymoon is to hoodwink the spirits altogether. They are meant to suppose that this is no subject for rejoicing but presumably something to do with the sale or removal of old clothes.

The custom of eating fish on Friday was adopted by the Christian church from its pagan predecessor. The fish being a very prolific parent was held symbolical of life and dedicated to Venus. It was eaten on Friday because Friday was Venus day, one of the numerous names of Venus being Frigga.

It is believed that numbers took on a magical significance only because it was believed that they could be arranged in different ways, added and subtracted and so on. But this is debatable ground and might raise a wail of protest from many people who have tremendous faith in them. It is almost the exception to find a person who has not adopted some number as being his lucky number.

M. E.

Thil looked like a real champ until he got married and decided to keep the title for an heirloom. Tunero, the Cuban looks good right now because there is no one around except Pape Thil, who isn't looking for a fight, thank you.

The Spaniard, Arilla, may come along with training, and Al Brown really has the goods. Note, however, that those of whom kind words can be said are not heavyweights. The big boys ought to sign an International Recovery Act.

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The Watchman

ON THE ISLAND

(Continued from page 1)

Tito Cungi will render songs and Mr. Mullin provide the music for the dancing.

Mrs. de Livis Prizer gave a cocktail party at her apartment in Son Alegre Tuesday in honor of Princess Ranujoghon and her friends. The Princess while cruising around the island in her yacht, the «Etoile Polaire» was forced to take refuge from bad weather in the Bay of Alcudia. Among the guests who accompanied her to Palma were the Countesses Maria and Georgette Negrolatis, Countess van Hoyenpot, Mr. Thomas Haren, Mr. Nicolainis the captain of the «Etoile Polaire», and Count Boudinitch.

Other at the party were Colonel Ricard, Major Leslie Mundi, Major Percy Bailey, Captain Walford, Mrs. J. Armstrong, Mr. Thomas Radnell, Colonel and Mrs. Nesbit, Brigadier General Clensar, and Commander Heirst.

A farewell party was given at the Hotel Bellver Wednesday evening to Miss Lulu Aleman who is leaving Mallorca for Berlin after being on the Island for six weeks.

Mrs. Roe and her daughter, Miss Alison Roe, left for England Monday. En route they will visit Mrs. Roe's uncle, Major Langworthy, at his state near Malaga.

Miss Drina Harris entertained with a picnic near Paguera Tuesday. Among the guests were the Countess Stracowitz, Miss Lulu Aleman, Mr. Chocó, Mr. Thomas Randall, and Mr. F. R. Gibson.

New arrivals at Los Pinos include Mr. Oscar Lorenzo, Cuban engineer Mr. Domingo Jorganes, also of Cuba, and Mr. Mario Visconti, noted Spanish singer.

Among the recent arrivals at Hotel Victoria are Mr. Alfred A. Whitney of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Michel Talmon of Paris, Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Berbinan, Señor José Ciarana, Miss Marie Slaishous, Señor Antonio Garcia of Madrid, Señor Eduardo Sendra, Señora Dolores Sacarina Moles, Mrs. Josephine Consendier and Mr. and Mrs. Jean Rey of Paris.

Recent departures from the same hostelry were Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Roscoe, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil R. Forde, Mr. and Mrs. Rowland T. Freeman, Mr. and Mrs. Rene Toussain and family, Mr. David Farrer, Mr. Harry T. Morris and Mr. Archibald W. Steen.

Arrivals And Departures

Arriving in Palma on the «Excalibur» Friday were Mrs. Emyly Bell, Miss Julia Grant, Dr. William German Mrs. Heler German, Mrs. Grace Solei, and Miss Elizabeth Soley.

Those who left on the same boat for Marseilles were Miss Frances B. Wharton, Mr. Joseph D. Rosenberg, Mrs. S. H. Kondrup, and Miss A. L. Kondrup.

Passengers staying with the «Excalibur» as far as Naples were Mr. Donald Newhall, Mrs. Newhall, Mrs. Lucylle Goldberg, Miss Phyllis Goldberg, Mr. George V. Peak J., Mrs. Grace Schauffler, Miss R. E. Schauffler, and Mrs. M. B. Jarvis.

Arriving in Palma Friday on the Burma were Dr. A. Atock, Mrs.

Atock, Miss C. E. Bassin, Mrs. G. Hardy and her son, Master Hardy, Mr. W. J. Hooper, Mrs. Hooper, Mr. G. V. Jacks, Mrs. Jacks, Mr. J. B. Leith, Mrs. Leith, Miss E. Mawer, Miss Richmond, Mr. G. O. Stewart, Mrs. Stewart, Mr. Stewart, Miss A. Sullivan, Mr. T. H. Woller, Mrs. Woller, Mr. To Wilson and Mrs. Wilson.

Leaving on the same ship were Mr. A. D. Evans, Mrs. Evans, Mr. C. Meissirel, Mrs. A. Chaoe and Mrs. B. Hardy

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If «Dirt Is Matter In The Wrong Place» Then Barcelona Music Is Nothing Other Than Dirt

By E. H. HOOKER

Needing an idea for this article, we took the lift to the roof of a certain store where there is a fountain, and a café. Iced coffee, a fading sunset, and the sound of falling water, we thought would be conducive to thought.

We had just begun to wiggle the straw about in that delightful brown slush that reminds us of a Surrey lane on a mild day after snow, when someone out of sight did something to the machinery, and a clear South English voice sang «Today I feel so happy».

A cheery song, if not exactly new, and just what we needed. For it reminded us of innumerable other occasions when music was most emphatically the one thing we did not want.

If dirt has been truly defined as «matter in the wrong place», then most of the tuneful din in which city dwellers are compelled to live nowadays is just dirt. No one can sing any more, unless he is being paid for doing it. Even in your bath, where, if nowhere else, you can enjoy the sound of your own voice, the sound of your neighbor's loud speaker can reach you.

Dictatorship—and this definition is our own—means that someone with an over developed self-confidence is trying to make everyone else think, act, dress,

drink, or otherwise act just like his infallible self. What more tyrannous dictatorship can be imagined than that which compels a man to listen to music when he wants to talk or think, or to hear the Pilgrim Song from Tannhauser when he wants to be humming «Ramona»?

«Read this!» was the cry of the advertising vandals who covered the face of rural England, and of several other countries, with evilly colored boardings. One had no choice but to go about with one's eyes shut, or to obey. «Hear this!» shout the far too public gramophones, radio sets, organ grinders, and those pests who crowd café terraces misusing fiddles, accordions, banjos, and every other portable means of interrupting your conversation and torturing your eardrums, till you pay them to depart.

Let no superficial thinker deduce from all this that we hate music. It would be as reasonable to accuse us of hating our dinner. One doesn't have to be an ascetic to object to indigestion caused by unremitting forcible feeding.

Which reminds us to pay honor where honor is due. There is a café-restaurant in this city of Barcelona whose proprietor is a right-thinking man. He put out an advertisement not long ago which ended thus; «No hay música durante las comidas»—«There is no music during meals.»

Magazine «Story» Becomes Monthly, Reduces Its Price

(Continued from page 1)

good stories sent us.»

Three instructors of English literature are among the contributors to the first monthly issue of «Story». Alan Marshall, who teaches English, has written a short story called «Death and Transfiguration.» the scene of which is an inbred New England community which has remained isolated from modern development.

R. C. Woods, an English instructor in the San Francisco College for Women, is the author of a story whose effects are achieved by a musical phrase.

Governor Manent Fought Monarchy And Dictatorship

(Continued from page 1)

returned to Mahon, where he took charge of the editorial end of the daily *Voz de Menorca*.

Not until the abdication of Alfonso did the pioneer Republican earn any reward for himself, but his advancement, when it came under the new régime, was rapid. The new ministers in Madrid did not forget their ally in the Balearics.

At first, he was made the republic's representative on the island of Menorca, but this honor was quickly followed by a yet higher one. He was made governor of the Balearics, a post he held 16 months.

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Cap. De Skossyreff Summoned To Court

(Continued from page 1)

Furthermore, he declared, the checks had been given to him for cash. He and his sister also charged de Skossyreff with opening mail addressed to them, and it is this charge that will be investigated in court.

To date the victims of the quarrel have been former house guests of Mrs. Marmon, who were exposed as low characters. They left the Island by the order of Señor Ciges Aparicion, who was governor at the time.

Captain de Skossyreff says he will offer his own defense against the charges when he comes to court.

He has, however, obtained the services of a London lawyer who will attempt to clear him of the affair in which Mrs. Marmon, the Marqués de Respaldiza and the Baroness Rothenthal are involved.

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INDEFINITE HUNTRESS--By Robert McAlmon

(Continued from last week. Re-production prohibited)

V

Lily mused. «Both the younger Granger girls and Dion have something that upsets a person. The one you liked isn't so pretty now, but three years back I used to feel sick about myself seeing both her and the other girl. I felt like a head of meat. My mother was beautiful in that dainty, delicate way, but you couldn't tell it by looking at me. I don't know why, I never wanted to be that way, still I like looking at girls who are beautiful their way. Its funny too, because Dion's that way, and he isn't girlish. Its just that they are beautiful, and it hasnt anything to do with their being girls. Oh, I haven't enough education to express what I feel, but it's poetical, I suppose.» Lily said the last very youngly and for a flash was a crude, romantic, farm girl. Before the last romantic admission Red had been bothered by her wondering about his devotion to the Grangers. She calmly assumed that he felt about them all, Dion included, as did she, and it disturbed him to think that she was right. He hated to have her know how keenly he felt about Dion.

Driving out into the country after dinner Lily was not talkative. Her quietness put Red off his guard, and he finally, in a wooded section of the road, tried to put his arm about her. She did not resist until he tried to caress her arm. She merely pushed his hand away and sat back. Red was nervous. His legs were jerky, and he felt restless, wishing he was on the train towards Minneapolis. He tried to tell himself that he had this girl going, and that she would tantalize her. A look in the depths of her cool eyes upset his calculations however. She was warm and fully blooded. He was not going to believe that she was an iceberg, and Swedes are all ice. She bothered him. Her knowing Dion and the Grangers bothered him too. He didn't want her telling that he was a lousy roué. Moments of tiredness with the game he believed he was playing came to Red. Why bother with her? She was right. There were girls in the city, and maybe this girl did run straight. He might get into a jam playing with her. Her Swede father might have more money and influence than people in town knew. You could never tell about those Swede farmers. Still Red later tussled with Lily, to kiss her. She resisted only mildly.

«If you treated me the way you did Dion this afternoon you could do anything,» Lily suddenly blurted out. «It struck me you were more hurt than he was when that baseball hit him. I knew then you weren't a tough man. I never saw anybody act so tender. Your treating me this way won't get

you anywhere. I never did like being handled.»

Red gulped and got red in the face. «Whatcha driving at?» he said gruffly.

«You make me want to be kind to you, because of how I see you can feel, but you don't let me be as much as I can be. I'd talk honestly to you, if you would, but if girls you know want being played with like this, I'm not like them, that's all. If I wanted to do anything, I would, but you act as though you thought you could play a trick on me and have things happen I'm able to think too, remember.» Lily's tones were not antagonistic though. They were confiding, cajoling, and Red felt, somehow aggressive. He sensed that with a hunting and hard curiosity this girl was tantalizing and analyzing him.

He in no way understood how few contacts with people Lily had had in her life. Whatever she knew she had observed from a distance. Her alone childhood, her early look of maturity because of size, and her mother's mansion-lady attitudes towards farm neighbors, had kept her from intimate friendships, on the farm, and away at school her self-consciousness had stopped her.

Country quiet and new-cut grain odours were giving Lily tranquillity, but a feeling of indifference, or abandon, also. She felt perplexed, for at dinner she saw that she had attracted Red, and now he treated her with a familiarity she thought cheap. Possibly that is how sex is, but she didn't like having him start things. She felt drawn to him whenever he looked helpless or confused, as she had managed to make him feel several times. She liked the feel of him beside her now, but at this moment he seemed coldly detached. She hadn't observed it acutely before but seeing his hands on the steering wheel she saw that they were finely made with very well kept finger-nails. A sensation of desire went through her. She loved beautiful hands. Seeing that Red's were fine made her appraise him more. His straight shoulders, and his strong elastic body, made her feel the pulse of life keenly. Suddenly she patted his arm, and then held it comfortingly in her hand.

«I get crazy blue and lonely sometimes too. Don't look cut off from everything, and fighting about it. I'd be a good friend to you, and just let it go at that if you'd take things simply.»

Red was uneasy. Lily attracted him more than he wanted to admit, and he was incapable of taking her comradeship suggestion. Without distrusting her, he was on his guard. She was aggressive in a strange way. He squeezed her hand, trying to believe he thought he had her but also he told himself she was one of those foreign freaks who don't

have any passion or feeling. When he pressed her hand Lily responded. He kissed her, and she responded, but not passionately, Lily let him kiss her again, and patted his backhead with a comforting gesture. Red felt somehow timid, but forced to go on, to tussle when Lily's hand against his bosom kept him from crushing her to him. He saw that her strength was greater than his.

Lily drew away finally, saying, «You're afraid of me. Why? I know you don't feel anything much about me. You don't feel tender, anyway, and I guess you know I won't let myself be treated like you're used to treating some girls. Let me tell you, if anything happened between us it would be because I wanted it but I don't want anything with you thinking I'm just another girl who's gone out for a ride in the country with you. When I do that it will be with someone I pick up and take out riding. I want to be liked.» When Lily started speaking she had been antagonistic, but a dismal quality of desolation came into her voice. It clutched into Red. He saw Lily in a flash as a great lonely child, overgrown, and groping. And passion came into him too. «I want you,» he said. «You want me. That's it. We want each other.» He caught her in his arms and held her close. She did not fight, but let him kiss her deeply, with long kisses. Then slowly she forced him away.

«I'm stronger than you,» she said drily. «That kind of kiss means nothing. I was ready to offer you something but you wouldn't understand.»

«Some fellows would make you walk home,» Red said roughly. Lily was quiet for a moment, looking at him with a stunned air. Then she laughed, tauntingly until real mirth of dismay was in her voice.

«They would have to be stronger than you are I might put them out of the car and let them walk home. You're funny with your idea that because I'm a woman you can make me do anything I don't want.»

Red looked at Lily. Her face was impassive. He thought her icy with fury. «Come now,» he was placatory. «I didn't mean that. Don't get all het up.»

«I don't understand why you make things bad that needn't be so,» Lily said, with childish bitterness. Drive to town. I'm sick of things sick of the way people treat each other. I want things nice. You were nice to Dion, why don't you act so with me? When I stayed with Mrs. Watkins people talked about me when I didn't know what they meant at first. Whatever she does she does for money, I suppose. I can't see that she's worse than women married to men they don't like, but I don't understand women like her or most other women anyway. You think I'm a stupid farm girl, but

you're only the Irish owner of a cheap restaurant. I have more to be proud of than you, because I don't try to make anyone cheaper than they are.»

«Do you want me to offer marriage because I kissed you? Red said gruffly, it dawning on him that Lily was young, and not as knowing as he had thought.

«Why would I want that when I wouldn't marry you? That would be no compliment to me,» Lily said, but she had detected bewilderment in Red's manner. Possibly, she thought, he had known only the wrong sort of women, and men. We might do as well as most married people at that,» she said after a silence. «I wouldn't be a home woman, and I wouldn't stop doing what I wanted to do and thought right because I was married.

«I didn't want to marry till I could leave a little money if I passed out,» Red said, blood panicking through him. He told himself this big girl was not his type; that she was being clever and leading him on: but he was afraid too she was as indifferent as she claimed to be.

«I have money,» Lily said shortly. Suddenly she felt decisive. «Yes, I will marry you. I have a business head, father will help me stock a ranch, and I can raise horses or cattle. It will be better if I am married, because people won't think they can trick a simple, unmarried, young girl then. I want to do something to keep from being bored and restless.» There was in Lily's tone no doubt but that now she'd decided the marriage was arranged.

Red fidgeted and felt caught. Lily sensed his trapped emotion and felt sympathetic. It gave her a physical urge towards him and she felt his magnetism. Her wish to have him gentle has passed. She felt the bewildered, awkward, maleness of him, towards her again. She knew she was handling the situation, and she felt protective towards him, even to the extent of wanting to let him feel the master enough not to feel beaten. His arm rested now about her waist simply. She put her arm about his shoulder to look at his face. She felt the sinuous flux of his muscle beneath her palm, and it made her desire to hold him closer. However, watching his face she saw mingled emotions expressed there; panic at being trapped, withdrawal, abashment, and still Red was feeling her presence keenly. She aroused his desires.

Lily wanted him to look her in the face. His profile struck her as beautiful against the moonlight, and she had her old marvel at

the wonder of faces. She had too a keen, deepthrusting emotion that Red had been up against a hard life, and she wanted to pet and comfort him. When she started to draw him towards her he was taut in her grasp, and curiously hunted in his expression. Red wondered if she intended to have him, to force him to marriage. Her aggressiveness made him wary. If she had him caught, she had him licked too, he knew.

Lily's arm slipped away. Red looked at her. She was apathetic, with a beaten, uncaring look on her face. «No, you're not my answer,» Lily said. Red felt a pang of pity and sympathy for the cold distance in her voice. She was different. She was something real. He wanted her, by God, and she was slipping away if he didn't act quickly.

«Hell Lily, let's get married. I don't know why you would want me. I'm not much, and the idea of marrying and being responsible for kids that might turn out bad, or not like the racket, has always put me off.» Red was humble with reality now, feeling defeat about life. «I get sick of that damn restaurant, but I haven't much hope. You don't know what you want either. Let's give marriage a shot. We can quit if it doesn't go.»

«I was ready to go ahead with you and didn't think about marrying. That doesn't solve anything,» Lily said, gloomily. «You think I'm trying to force you into a marriage, and all I want is to know what's nice in you. I don't know people, I guess, and I don't like them much. I want things nice. You don't want to marry me, even if you don't manage to get the kind of a woman you really like.»

«You ask Dion,» Red became persuasive now that Lily held back. «I said today I ought to marry a girl like you and began to have sense.»

Lily was distant with a distrustfulness which was that of a wild but unafraid animal. She didn't want Red now, but wished rather to fight him off apathetically. «You're a wise Jane,» Red insisted. «Say the word and we'll head towards the preacher's. You don't start things you don't finish. You aren't that sort.»

«Don't call me a Jane,» Lily said curtly. «Go to a minister's then. Maybe there's a little something between us, and we will stop antagonizing each other. I'm ready to try marrying, and if it doesn't go, I have my living to make, and we can each go on our own.»

(To be continued next week)



New Book Teaching Spanish Given High Praise On Continent

Apparently there is still hope for the befuddled foreigner who can't master the Spanish language.

A new book, «The Basis and Essentials of Spanish», by Charles Duff, has just been published by Harmsworth of London and not only the publishers, but reviewers on the continent as well, say it's the goods.

Waverley Lewis Root, writing in the Paris «Chi Trib», notes with relief that the author breaks away from convention and doesn't demand that his reader learn to say, «Have you the pen of the brother of the gardener?» Amen to that.

We hereby break down and confess that we haven't read «The Basis and Essentials of Spanish.» Plenty of reviewers review books without reading them, but few will admit their oversight.

Although we haven't read the book, we don't hesitate to recommend it, if only on the strength of Mr. Root's review.

We had a colleague here not so long ago who spent good pesetas to learn how to say, «Put the plate on the table.» That colleague was something of a yachtsman, and before long he found himself in serious difficulties that demanded his giving orders to his sailor. The only Spanish sentence he could manage was «Put the plate on the table.» when he wanted to say, «For cripes sake, Gerónimo get that goddam engine going.»

We are squarely behind, as the politicians say, any movement towards the teaching of useful Spanish. Any book that shows the reader how to get a gin fizz in a local café, without first teaching him to say, «Put the plate on the table in the corner», is more than O. K. with us.

T. W.

Menorca Welcomes Rodriguez Soriano, New Civil Authority

Menorca last week celebrated a double event when the residents of the Island welcomed their new representative of the provincial governor and at the same time learned that a native son had been named highest civil authority in the Balearics.

Don Carlos Rodriguez Soriano was named governor's representative to Mahon.

Governor Juan Manent, who also got his appointment last week, is a native of Menorca, whose residents once before have had him for their civil chief.

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TALKING OF BOOKS

By Howard N. Rubien

THE AMERICAN SCENE

As the books of American publishers are to be obtained as easily and rapidly as those from British houses—for all the larger American firms have representatives in London who keep their current books on hand—this column will from time to time review books appearing in the United States as well as in England.

The outstanding aspect of the American Scene is the detective story. While England has its quota of detective novels and thrillers, and France and Germany does a brisk business in 'policiers', this type of literature does not hold the important place in the publishing world that the mystery tale does in America.

American Detective Stories

Of the fairly recent arrivals in the field of mystery writers none has been so successful as Ellery Queen who boasts of six best sellers in a row. All published by Frederick A. Stokes, they are *The Roman Hat Mystery*, *The French Powder Mystery*, *The Dutch Shoe Mystery*, *The Greek Coffin Mystery*, *The Egyptian Cross Mystery*, and now his latest which is receiving enthusiastic reviews, *The American Gun Mystery*.

'Ellery Queen' who under this pseudonym succeeds in keeping his real identity well hidden, has in an article in one of the weekly literary papers explained that he judges detective stories, his own as well as those he reviews, by the success with which they fulfil the following 10 'obligations' of a detective story: *plot, suspense, surprise solution analysis of solution, style, characters, setting, method of murder, clues, and fairness to reader.*

This seems a reasonable way to evaluate mystery stories. By giving credits on a basis of one to 10 for each category, a score for any given book can be derived quickly. By such a system of marking Ellery Queen rates the novels of Barnaby Ross, especially the *Tragedy of X*, as high as any others, with the S. S. Van Dine *Greene Murder Case* and Agatha Christie's *Murder Of Roger Ackroyd* close behind.

Of the old stand-bys, the names that are constantly seen are Carolyn Wells whose *Fleming Stone* figures in her recent *The Broken O* (Lippincott), and Freeman Wills Croft whose *Inspector French solves The Strange Case Of Dr. Earle* (Dodd, Mead). Mary Roberts Rinehart has achieved another best seller with a murder story *The Album* (Farrar & Rinehart). Scribners is bringing out another S. S. Van Dine story with Philo Vance as hero, *The Dragon Murder Case*. Their other writers of detective tales are Jackson Gregory (*A Case For Mr. Paul Savoy*) and

Kirby Williams who has received favorable comment for his *The Opera Murders*. Lippincott is selling an English translation of the *Prix Du Roman D'Adventures* by Jean Toussaint-Samat called *Shoes That Walked Twice*.

Octavus Roy Cohen, known for his mystery tales as well as his humorous Negro stories, has written a novel for his sleuth, Jim Hanvey, which was written to be broadcast and is now brought out by Appleton. Robert Hichens has a best seller in *The Paradine Case* under the colophon of Doubleday, Doran.

In the weekly lists of best sellers, about half of them are detective stories. But enough of this now. Later I will speak of other American books; but no more murders for a time.

CINQUECENTO

We seldom see an English translation of a contemporary Italian novel; consequently *Venetian Lover* by A. De Nora (Stanley Paul, 7s.6) was looked at with some interest. This is a sentimental, and at the same time melodramatic (as so frequently happens), love story of the renaissance having for its juvenile lead the painter Giorgione. These pseudo-historical novels are in one way rather an imposition upon the memory of an historical character dear to many. But on the other hand they are pleasing because they lend a kind of verisimilitude to a thin and unconvincing tale.

There must still exist lovers of the Marie Corelli romances; these will enjoy this story of a nun who 'escapes' from a convent to be 'protected' by the great Venetian artist. It really isn't too bad, for it restores the glamor of renaissance Venice with all its intrigue and romance, but I do hate to see a genuine personality like Giorgione being made into the hero of a novel and being forced by the author to do all sorts of things which the reader knows had no-

thing to do with the real person. It doesn't seem quite fair.

When Hubby Leaves Home

F. E. Mills Young has written half a hundred popular novels, so he has by now a large following. His latest book is called *Missing* and is published by The Bodley Head. In it he tells of a man who decides upon disappearance as the solution of his problem—how to get rid of one family and start another.

That worked out all right until he was recognized. He does not admit his identity, however, and both wives continue to live in doubt until a corpse is found which is falsely identified as his. Then the first wife can marry again, and the second wife can be secure in the knowledge that her husband wasn't that naughty man who did a bunk.

The situation is interesting enough for a short story. I think Chekof or any one of a dozen Russian writers might have made quite a pleasing bit out of the attitude of the first wife who wants to marry again but is too fundamentally 'respectable' to do so as long as she believes her husband is alive—though he denies his identity. But if Chekof—or whoever might have made the short story of it—tried it I think that he would, as a sort of makeweight, have thrown in as a diverting detail an account of how the husband planted his old clothes, motorcycle, watch, cuff links, and such odds and ends upon the body to establish the alibi. But these are sordid details which our author passed over. But whether that problem was resolved or not, it would have been written as a short story. It was rather a fault that Mr. F. E. Mills Young ran it (or dragged it) out to novel length. But then he must have had his eye on the score—for how else can a fellow run up a score of half a hundred books without stretching his hits?

Rumors Of Coming Air Mail Service Again Heard On Island; October 1 Believed Date

Rumors that the Island is soon to have an air mail service again were heard last week, although the cry «Wolf» has been heard so often that this latest report was taken with a grain of salt.

The service was announced for last September 1, but that day dawned and waned with the mail reaching Palma as usual—by boat.

Still, it is becoming an accepted belief that air mail and passenger service is in the offing.

The Daily Palma Post took the latest rumor seriously enough to

change its press time, in order to be prepared for stiffer competition; and arrangements were made to make use of a faster mail service for those items of «feature» interest that customarily reach the newspapers via the post.

The company planning the service is said to have a Dornier flying boat all ready to take off and to be awaiting nothing more than official permission to go ahead.

Want Ads in the PALMA POST brings results.

Aficionado Roosevelt Pays Through Nose For Liking Bullfights

A columnist whose daily stint appears in this paper and in The Daily Palma Post predicted a short time ago that F. D. Roosevelt, Jr.'s admission that he enjoys nothing better than a bullfight would get him in hot water.

The columnist has been proved correct. A survey of various columns of letters to the press reveals that the president's hopefulness has indeed let himself in for it. Roosevelt's new-found love is called un-American, and the same description is tacked on to him for being bloody (in the dictionary, not slang, sense of the word) enough to admire it.

The same thing happened when Lindbergh went to a corrida in Mexico, City, but in spite of the high place in public esteem held by the flier the indignation was less than that aroused by the sight of the chief executive's son actually praising the matadors of Spain.

About the best that most of the prolific writers of letters to the editors can say is that Aficionado Roosevelt is a callow youth who will regret, in later years, having traduced the American people whose dislike of gore is so great that they will turn out for nothing more violent than a 500-mile automobile race where they know in advance that several deaths of serious injurie will take place.

As far as can be learned, only one follower of the Roosevelt versus His Public controversy wrote to the press a letter suggesting that the young man's likes and dislikes are after all, his own affair, and anyway, it would have been impolite to visit Spain as a favored guest, only to attack the nation's greatest spectacle.



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Best Year It Was Mistinguett; This Season It's Maxine Elliott Who Entertains Juan-Les-Pins

JUAN-LES-PINS—Last year it was Mistinguett, with her *Cage aux Folies*, who entertained Juan-les-Pins. This year, it's Maxine Elliott, who has taken over the Chateau de l'Horizon.

The Chateau de l'Horizon actually is in the Golfo Juan, but is so near Juan-les-Pins that the vacationers here have annexed it for their own.

Golfo Juan is a bit more convenient for yachtsmen than its sister resort, for it has a long breakwater and comfortable anchorage, which Juan-les-Pins lacks.

The Chateau de l'Horizon overlooks the harbor and the yachtsman can sit on its terrace with his boat in full view—an advantage apparent to anyone who has ever had his anchor drag in his absence.

The Golfo is conveniently located

for quick dashes either to Juan-les-Pins or to Cannes, where the Palma Beach summer casino is in full swing.

Here in Juan-les-Pins, it's the new Hollywood that attracts the newcomer, although the Casino and Maxims still hold their own on the strength of their worth and their fame built up over a period of years.

The Casino has been the scene of countless contests—dancing, fashions, beauty and what not. Maxims, on the other hand, continues to get along in its old, informal way, with people doing as they please and unconcerned about the beauty of somebody else's whatchamacallit.

Lately the daily excursions by motorboat to the two Marguerite Islands, off Cannes, have proved extremely popular. The larger island is supposed to have been the place of imprisonment of the «Man in the Iron Mask», whoever he may have been.

«The Man in the Iron Mask» of Dumas, however, was largely a fictitious character. Whoever it was who was imprisoned on the island here served for an original but he actually only wore a mask on days when visitors were allowed and the mask was of cloth.

The real «Man in the Mask» died when his friends tried to effect his release by giving him a narcotic that produced catalepsy. The governor was asked to allow removal of the body for burial.

«Willingly», said the governor and drove his sword into the heart of the unconscious prisoner.

LE TOUQUET GETS PERFECT WEATHER AND GOOD SEASON

LE TOUQUET—Whoever said, «The Channel coast is finished» a few years ago, when all Europe suffered from a cold summer, is out of money today if he had the courage to back his conviction.

Le Touquet has enjoyed one of its pleasantest summer seasons in years, with plenty of sun and sufficient breeze to keep the beaches free of an overdose of heat.

As usual there have been numerous fetes and contests this summer, but one in particular stands out as the most popular in the eyes of those resorters who do not shine at the more difficult sports.

No particular ability, in fact nothing except plenty of good looks and a wagonload of flowers, was essential to get into the recent Flower Festival, and those who were banned from participation because of their sex or the cut of their jibs had a good time anyway as spectators.

Apparently, the dollar's slide down the toboggan hasn't too greatly hampered American tourists, for a good half of the entrants in the float parade in the Flower Festival were American.

For the snooty individual who doesn't care to have his or her name associated with those of the *hoi polloi*, the recent Horse Show was the thing.

At this event, everybody who looked well in riding habit turned out, even if they mounted their horses somewhat gingerly, and of course many able riders turned out in spite of the fact that riding apparel added nothing to their charm.

The show was sponsored by the local Club Hippique, an organization of the upper crust that has had the pleasure of refusing membership to a number of American and British scions of families long

Prince Of Wales Continues To Lead In News Interest In Front Page Colony At Biarritz

BIARRITZ—This colony of front-page society celebrities continues to play second fiddle to a casual visitor—the Prince of Wales.

Since the closing of the polo matches last week, when the prince presented the trophy to the winning team upon which Prince Alexis Mdvani was a player, the heir to the throne of England has been a daily player on the golf links.

The Prince of Wales is residing in a house near the links and is able to partake of his favorite sport in the early morning hours, when a small degree of privacy is possible.

Long before completing his round, however, the royal player is surrounded by a crowd of followers who would ruin the game of anyone less accustomed to throngs than a prince—or a professional golf player.

Although the polo matches between the Blue and the Red teams are over, there is still a lot of playing on the Biarritz field, with several combinations from among the local addicts available for wellmatched teams.

Also, now that the top-notchers have done their stuff, there is room for the tyro to get up with his mallet and practice the game on bankrolls and short on family trees.

he would not have the nerve to try if the real hard-hitters were about every day.

The Chambre d'Amour pool continues to enjoy a large cocktail crowd, although almost as many guests turn up for a swim as there are others lurking around in hopes that somebody will take their pictures for the papers. A few mix business with pleasure, going in for a dip before joining the spectators at the tables.

Deauville, Like Other North Coast Resorts, Enjoys Fine Weather

DEAUVILLE—This Channel resort, like all the others, is enjoying the best summer weather it has seen for years.

The weather has been a boon to yachtsmen, many of whom are at present here, with their boats.

The large number of racing boats has naturally spelt excellent competition, but besides pure racing craft there are many palatial steam, motor and sail yachts now cruising these waters.

Deauville shortly will assume a gala appearance, when there will be new flower festivals, contests for most beautiful cars, and so forth.

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The PALMA POST Hotel Guide — a convenient directory for the arriving tourist or the departing resident.

Labor Difficulties Reach Formentera, Baby Of Balearics

Labor difficulties last week alighted upon the island of Formentera, baby of the Balearics.

As usual, the troubles had to do with labor organizations and their refusal to leave to themselves those workers who do not care to join.

The civil government, last Tuesday received a complaint that a group of workers in the little island had set themselves as labor arbiters and had infringed seriously on the rights of those who refused to deal with them.

The complaining persons had previously laid their difficulties before the mayor but that harassed individual found himself without means to cope with the situation and passed the buck to the provincial authorities.

Investigation proved the situation serious enough to warrant the presence of additional Guardias Civiles and several were promptly despatched from Ibiza, the location of the nearest major station serious enough to warrant

With the presence of the Guardias, the disturbing element quickly cooled off and whatever trouble is caused now will not, it is thought, be of a violent nature.

The civil government that went

A LETTER FROM HOME

The N. R. A. still heads the news and rightly so for if America is to win its war against depression it must give this experiment every possible assistance

The end of August found the country nearly 100 per cent N. R. A. minded. The five basic industries, steel, coal, automobile, oil and textile have formulated tentative codes.

These codes will be replaced later by permanent ones and will continue under the terms of the law until June 1935.

The aim in the early stages was to bring into line textiles with around 1,700,000 workers, lumber with 875,000, steel with 880,000 coal with 700,000, oil with 500,000, and autos with nearly the same amount of workers.

Though there is bound to be some pessimism as regards the success of the N. R. A., Article One of the N. R. A. creed is that there

out of office last week made but slight effort to mediate the difficulties existing between employers and labor organization, but it did fight a vigorous battle against those who tried to interfere with the liberty of those workers who do not care to join the unions.

It was when action was needed for the protection of this liberty that the civil authorities stepped into the disputes in the little island of Formentera.

will be no turning back until it has conclusively succeeded or failed.

The return of the speakeasy is hinted by several big shots in the wholesale liquor business. With only a dozen states needed to complete the thirty-six necessary for repeal, the toll for a license is being discussed by several states. A beer license at the start, was \$25 generally in the east. It has increased to \$100 in most sections now and there is talk of the tax being \$500 for beer alone when the repeal is put through.

Hard liquors are to be taxed \$1,200 per license. Now the bootlegger can avoid all that and also buy his liquor cheaper, and no duty on his sales.

The senate when it convenes is to take this matter up, for one of the main ideas of the repeal was to rid the country of bootleggers and gangsters.

The government's drive on kidnapers and gangsters has been so severe that the result is very evident.

The state of New York has passed a law giving life imprisonment for kidnaping, and many large states are following suit. A few prescribe capital punishment.

Brooks Cowing

New York.

Ex-Governor Waged Bitter Campaign Against Undesirables Up To His Last Day In Office

Don Manuel Ciges Aparicio, who last Wednesday resigned as highest civil authority in the Balearic Island, will be remembered by Mallorca residents as the ousting governor.

Señor Ciges Aparicio, right up to the day he tendered his resignation, conducted a bitter campaign against certain unlovely characters who had camped on the Island either to prey on the residents or to practice certain vices that might never have landed them in trouble had they had the good taste to practice them privately.

The last group to get walking papers from the now ex-governor was composed of two mainland Spaniards and a Cuban.

Members of the foreign colony who came to feel that the civil government was out to «get» foreigners were quite mistaken. Although a large number of extrajeros received their marching orders, the number was small in comparison to the boatloads of Spaniards who were sent away.

The Spaniards as a rule went out unknown to the foreign colony, although one young fellow from Valencia, who admitted that

he had never worked and never would, succeeded in crashing the foreign language newspapers printed here.

American and English deportees, on the other hand, were known personally to many of the extrajero residents and their willy nilly departure was highly publicized, both in the press and by word of mouth.

It must be said for the Spaniards who left by request that their offenses were, in most cases, less serious than those of the strangers.

The civil government in one case showed considerable leniency to a stranded foreigner before putting him on the Barcelona boat. He was put up in a clean, inexpensive hotel at the expense of the city and was not sent away until it became apparent to the police that he had no hope of supporting himself here.

In cases such as the one just mentioned deportation from the Island does not necessarily mean exile from all of Spain. The Barcelona authorities are informed that the person is on his way, but if he can find work permissible for foreigners in the Catalonian capital he is not, as a rule, ordered to move on.

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THE LOCKET

**Beric Gown Shop In
Terreno Moves Into
Larger Headquarters**

Beric, the Terreno fashion house has been closed for the past few weeks, has moved into new larger quarters on Calle de Abril.

Coincident with the moving, the proprietors announced the arrival in Paris of the latest thing in fashions for women.

One of the partners in the establishment recently journeyed to the French fashion capital in time to attend the great shows for designers that the French couturiers invariably put on in August.

She returned to this not unimportant style distribution point loaded down with the creations of the arbiters of the Gran' Boulevards.

Hats, afternoon dresses, evening gowns, morning wear, in fact everything necessary for the turning of the smart woman were brought back by the laden proprietress.

So far, few have seen the new garment, which will be offered for sale very shortly.

Beric, in the near future, is expected occasionally after the first

**Epping Forest Gives Lodon A «Lung» Only
10 Miles From Metropolis' Busiest District**

By ERIC LEWIS

Within 10 miles of London in a north-easterly direction is a «lung» about 15 miles broad from west to east, and occupying a square mileage considerable enough to contain half a dozen respectably sized cities. That is Epping Forest.

There are many routes by which you can reach Epping Forest. The most direct if you wish to get into the heart of the forest as quickly as possible is by train from Liverpool Street to Chingford. That route is not to be recommended to strangers to London because part of the way lies through dingy east end districts and is liable to create a false impression.

To visitors staying in central London or the west end, a much preferable pournery would be by tram or bus. Transit in that direction is very frequent and cheap.

Position of the sort Palma came to expect occasionally after the first one was popped on an unsuspecting public a year ago at the now defunct Little Clut.

Whether or not a show takes place, the women of Palma have ample opportunity to look over the Beric stock, for the new shop has a large store window and there is also a permanent exhibit of Beric wear at the Oasis.

Officially, the fashion house will not be opened until the end of the week, but many customers have learned of the presence in Palma of both the proprietors and already a considerable amount of work has been accepted.

The official opening will, it is believed, take place according to schedule, in spite of getting work done in face of the current masons' strike, which threatens to become something of an institution.

Many jumping off stages will be found to choose from; Chingford, aforementioned. Woodford, Loughton, Theydon Bois (which takes one through some of the loveliest parts of the forest) and Epping itself.

Epping is not, as may be thought, in the center of Epping Forest, it is on the northern border, but within half a mile of the town there are beautiful glades where one may lose oneself in solitude, or enjoy picnicking in delightful surroundings.

In fact, Epping Forest may be described as a picnic paradise. It is so popular in that direction that on Sundays or holidays the plains and precincts of the nearest arrival centers are crowded by all sorts and conditions of Londoners in search of sylvan joys. The visitor should choose a weekday and take a little trouble to get off the beaten track. If that is done, one is amply repaid for one's pains.

The forest, like most large areas of common land in England, is governed by a system handed down from the old feudal days. The officials are all «rangers» and the chief ranger is quite a high and mighty person. The rangers, however, are very good fellows when you get to know them. Their duties are carried out in an unobtrusive manner and the ordinary law abiding individual scarcely knows of their existence.

My recollections of Epping Forest extend over a period of nearly 40 years, during which time I have explored its beauties on countless occasions. One especially happy association I can recall is when an old friend of mine, his two sons and various other pals got together and instituted a series of midnight walks, through the heart of the forest in midwinter and managed to get a tremendous kick out of it.

We used to catch the midnight train to the town of Brentwood, about 20 miles east of London, which is almost on the extreme eastern border of the forest. From there, by devious routes known to most of us and picked for their beauty or quaintness, we hiked throughout the night.

Naturally, we rested now and then for light refreshments, hard boiled eggs, sandwiches and the like, washed down by cold tea, beer or a small nip of whiskey according to taste. Our destination was the extreme border of the forest in the west, Nazing Common.

We generally arrived at Nazing about 8 a.m. and always previously arranged with the landlord of the local hotel to put on a really gorgeous breakfast. Porridge, ham and eggs deviled kidneys, steak and kidney pie all were waiting for 15 hungry wayfarers who were ready for anything in the way of good wholesome food after a tramp of about 24 miles.

**Ohio Lad Clicks
Abroad; Name In
Home Town Paper**

Once upon a time, back in Canton, Ohio, there sweated and strained one Richard Roberts Harter, whose task it was to turn out a daily column for the «Repository», a weighty journal proud of its career that reaches back into the dim past for nigh on to a century and a quarter.

Man and boy, the «Repository» has seen Ohio emerge from the forest primeval and take its place in the hall of fame as the state that produced Warren Gamaliel Harding, Coxe the Dayton Flood and now Dick Harter.

Dick gradually outgrew his job on the «Rep.» Little by little, he grew too big for his chair, then for the office, and finally for the flourishing city of Canton, whose pride and joy the «Repository» and Dick Harter are.

Pagan hills were calling. When an Ohio boy gets the wanderlust, he usually turns missionary, but not Mrs. Harter's hopeful. Perhaps he would have, but Harry's New York Bar in Paris, that half-way station that has side-tracked so many a knight errant, changed all that.

While Harter mused into the unknown, Cantor pursued the even tenor of its ways and all but forgot about him. A year faded into the past, and Harter the Tenderfoot emerged from his cocoon as Harter, the Sourdough of The Palma Post, alert, hardbitten, quick on the trigger. «When you call me that, smile.» Grrr.

And then, one morning while

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in

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VIENA

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Canton was drowsing in the sun the postman burst out of his cubicle to run down the street to the old Harter mansion and tell Aunt Min that Dick was alive and well. A letter from Dick! Alive and well, and he'd struck oil, or gold or something. It turned out it was printer's ink, and he was fairly well up to his elbows in it.

The wheels of the «Rep» began to grind. Copyreaders adjusted their eyeshades and undid the painstaking work of the rewrite men. Dick's letter gradually was transformed into a story. «A Letter from Dick», the story was headed. Another local lad makes good in the big city—pardon, in the pagan hills.

**Jean Hoyt, Spearing Around For Perfect Mate,
Says She'll Take Briton For Seventh Husband**

Mrs. Jean Hoyt, who until last spring was a resident of Mallorca, has announced that she will take her seventh in the near future.

Mrs. Husband's present fiancée is an Englishman named Ken McConnel of London, where she is now staying.

The report apparently ends rumors that Mrs. Hoyt is contemplating returning to her last mate, Morton Hoyt of Nice and Washington. She first married Mr.

Hoyt after he threatened to jump out of a window if she refused him and, after a divorce, remarried him.

The couple has been divorced now for several years. The second marriage went on the rocks after a brief honeymoon.

In the interim between her two marriages to Mr. Hoyt, Mrs. Hoyt found time to enter and dissolve marriage contracts with four other men. She says she was looking around for the perfect mate.

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READER'S INFORMATION SERVICE

Places to Visit

Ayuntamiento Palace — In the winter this museum may be visited from 9 to 1 o'clock, and 3 to 4:30 P. M. every day, except holidays. In the summer it is open from 10 to 12 o'clock and from 4 to 6 P. M. The charge is 1 peseta—free on Sunday.

Palace Courtyards—The palaces of the following families are open to visitors upon request: Vivot Oleza, Morell, Palmer.

Bellver Castle — Open from 8 o'clock in the morning until sundown, every day. There is a charge of 1 peseta.

The Lonja and the Provincial Museum of Beaux Arts — May be visited every day, including Sunday, from 10 to 12 o'clock in the morning; and from 3 to 5 in the afternoon. Charge 25 céntimos, free on Sunday.

Cloisters of San Antonio — Every day at any time.

Arabs Baths — May be visited every day at any time. Fee voluntary.

Cloisters of San Francisco and the Church — The beautiful cloisters and the sepulchre of Raimundo Lullo (Raimon Lull) may be visited every day, without charge.

Cathedral — May be visited every day at any time. Considered one of the four finest in world.

Guasp Printing Press — One of the oldest printing presses in world, founded in 16th century.

Original wood blocks and prints on exhibition, Calle Morey, 8, the floor, from 9 to 1 and 4 to 6, work days.

Casa Mulet, (Genova)—Mallorcan country house, One of the few untouched structures of bygone days still existing in its original condition and open to the public.

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TELEGRAPH OFFICES

Branch in Terreno — 5 Calle Gomila, (near Mediterraneo Hotel).

Office hours: 9 a. m. to 1:30 p. m. and 4 to 8:30 p. m. daily. 10 a. m. to 1 p. m. Sundays and fiestas.

General office—25 Calle San Fello, Palma. Open all day and all night.

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EXCURSIONS AND SHIPPING MOVEMENTS

REGULAR SERVICES to the CONTINENT and the ISLANDS (Cia. Trasmediterránea)

Barcelona Daily service, Sundays excepted, leaves Palma at 9 p. m. arrives Barcelona 7 a. m.
Weekly service from ALCUDIA on Sundays at 7 p. m. arrives Barcelona 7 a. m.

Valencia Weekly service from Palma on Sundays at 8 o. m. arrives Valencia 7 a. m.
(Via IBIZA) Weekly service from Palma on Wednesdays at midday.
From IBIZA weekly service on Wednesdays at 10 p. m. Arrives Valencia 7 a. m.

Alicante (Via IBIZA) Weekly service from Palma on Fridays at noon.
From IBIZA Weekly service on Fridays at 9 p. m. arrives Alicante 7 a. m.

Tarragona Weekly service from Palma on Tuesdays at 9 p. m. arrives Tarragona 7 a. m.

Mahón Weekly service from Palma on Thursdays at 8 p. m. arrives Mahón 7 a. m.

Ciudadela Weekly service from Palma on Tuesdays at 9 p. m. arrives Ciudadela 7 a. m.

WEEKLY SERVICE BETWEEN FRANCE AND ALGERIA (Cie. de Navigation Mixte)

Marseille Every Tuesday at 10 a. m. from Palma arrives Marseilles 7 a. m.

Algier Every Saturday at 6 p. m. from Palma arrives Algier 7 a. m.

CRUISE BOATS — REGULAR CALLERS

AMERICAN EXPORT LINES.—Palma - Gibraltar - Boston - New York arrives and leaves Palma: September 23 S. S. EXCALIBUR. October 7 S. S. EXCALIBUR.
Palma-Marseilles-Naples-Alexandria-Jaffa-Haifa-Beirut arrives and leaves Palma: September 29 S. S. EXETER. October 13 S. S. EXCAMBION

HENDERSON LINE.—Palma-Gibraltar-Liverpool or London arrives and leaves Palma: September 21 S. S. KEMMENDINE. October 6 S. S. «BHAMO.»

Palma-Marseilles-Post Said arrives and leaves Palma: September 29, S. S. «YOMA». October 13, S. S. PEGU.

ORIENT LINE.—Palma-Gibraltar Plymouth and London arrives and leaves Palma September 23, S. S. ORONSAY October 21 S. S. ORAMA.

Palma-Toulon-Naples-Port Said, arrives and leaves Palma: September 21, S. S. ORONTES. October 5, S. S. ORFORD.

UNION CASTLE LINE.—Palma-Gibraltar-London arrives and leaves Palma: October 6, S. S. DURHAM CASTLE November 2, S. S. LLANSTEPHAN CASTLE.

Palma-Marseilles-Genoa-Port Said arrives and leaves Palma: October: 10, S. S. LLANDAFF CASTLE. November 7, S. S. LLANGIBBY CASTLE.

GERMAN AFRICAN LINES.—Palma-Málaga-Lisbone-Southampton-Rotterdam - Hamburg arrives and leaves Palma: September 28 S. S. USAMBARA 26 October S. S. WATUSSI.

Palma-Genoa-Port Said arrives and leaves Palma: September 24, S. S. USSUKUMA. October 29, S. S. UBENA.

AUTO-CAR EXCURSIONS

Monday: Caves of Drach and of Hams.—Valldemosa Deyá, Sóller.
Tuesday: Pollensa, Formentor.
Wednesday: Caves of Drach and of Hams.
Thursday: Valldemosa, Deyá, Sóller, Banalbufar, Estallenchs.
Friday: Pollensa, Formentor.
Saturday: Caves of Arta, Cala Ratjada.
Sunday: Valldemosa Deyá, Sóller.

TRANSATLANTIC

Steamer	Leaves	Port of	For	Due	Company
Rochambeau	Sep. 18	Vigo	New York	Sep. 26	French
Europa *	Sep. 19	Cherbourg	N. Y.	Sep. 24	N. G. Lloyd
Gripsholm	Sep. 19	Gothenburg	N. Y.	Sep. 27	Swed. Amer.
Olympic *	Sep. 20	Cherbourg	N. Y.	Sep. 26	White Star
Paris *	Sep. 20	Havre	N. Y.	Sep. 26	French
Resolute	Sep. 20	Cherbourg	N. Y.	Sep. 28	Ham. Amer.
Pres. Harding*	Sep. 21	Havre	N. Y.	Sep. 29	U. S. Lines
Cte. de Savoia	Sep. 21	Nice	N. Y.	Sep. 28	Italia

* Ships carrying mail. Mail Marked to go via a North Atlantic liner should be posted before 7 P. M. at the Post Office or at the ganplank of the Barcelona boat by 9 P. M. THREE days before the sailing date of the liner. On Sundays mail should be posted before 1:30 P. M. since it is to go via Alcudia to Barcelona.

CLASSIFIED ANNOUNCEMENTS

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To Let Furnished house Terreno. Apply Calle Salud 55.

Wanted Secretary in Grand Hotel, Ibiza. Must know Spanish and French. Apply PALMA POST, Conquistador 18, Palma.

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LINES

Balear Gains New Branch Located in Neighboring Ibiza

Balears the travel agency organized for the express purpose of fostering tourist traffic in the province, has gained a new branch on the neighboring island of Ibiza.

Antonio Slopez, founder of the National Tourist Bureau in Palma, has turned his organization over to Viajes Baleares and is now manager of that company's newly acquired office there.

Mr. Slopez started the travel agency in Ibiza several months ago after having turned a successful Mallorca hotel company over to new managers.

Ibiza now has its own Fomento de Turismo, an official bureau which is expected to do much to develop the island as a resort.

Mr. Slopez was one of the most active residents in organizing the new Fomento and in gaining for the bureau the official sanction of the civil government in Mallorca.

Ibiza is also one of the most prominent of the hotel promoters in the nearby island, and is to a large extent responsible for the modern conditions which the tourist will find there.

That Viajes Baleares in adequately represented in Ibiza, plans being made for the arrangement of numerous excursions from Mallorca to the sister island.

Tickets will be sold to persons who prefer to travel "on their own."

Ibiza already has a sizeable foreign colony, besides being the destination of many permanent residents of Mallorca who occasionally feel the need of a change.

A comfortable boat service to the island has long been in existence.

Want Ads in the PALMA POST results.

THINKING IT OVER

By DICK HARTER

Those of us who have been looking forward to the restoration of the old fashioned barroom in America are doomed to disappointment if the statement issued by the United States Association of Beer and Liquor dealers is to be taken seriously.

The association is headed in the wrong direction if we are any judge of what Americans want. It has taken a high hat attitude as to what a good saloon should be like.

For instance the spokesman for the organization has said that the bartenders (fortunately not bartmen) of the new era will be men of scholarly attainments. He also announced that the saloons will cater equally for feminine and masculine patronage.

There is no objection to a bartender being a man of education. He should be able to converse intelligently on all varieties of subjects. As the immortal Robert Burns has said however, «A little knowledge is a dangerous thing.»

It would seem that the small amount of learning might be especially perilous in the cases of men who earn their livelihood by dispensing the cup that cheers. It requires little flight of the imagination to picture what would happen to a bartender when some uncouth individual might step up to the bar and command, «Gimme a scuttle of suds and make it snappy.» should the dispenser reply in correct Harvard accent, «I presume you desire a potion of beer, old chap.»

It is all very well for bartenders to possess intelligence, but it is doubtful if it would be a wise course to insist on their being high school and college graduates, as the association intimates. It would be better to require that they receive their education in that broadest of educational institutions known as «the university of hard knocks.»

The association's statement also

says that the bartenders of the future must be immaculate in appearance. That is all very well, but it is nothing new. When we think of the personification of neatness, we often hark back to those gentlemen who stood between the mahogany bars and polished mirrors of the days.

They fairly crackled with cleanliness as they worked at their posts in those stiffly starched jackets and aprons.

Some time ago we suggested a school for the training of bartenders. It was our idea that such an institution would be necessary because of the mortality of the old timers. As dean we nominated Bob Card, super dispenser of liquids at Harry McElone's New York Bar in Paris.

So far as we know Bob makes no claim to higher education. He is equipped with an admirable knowledge of drink mixing. He is also an excellent judge of character. His long experience in meeting seekers after refreshments has taught him the art of sizing up human nature to an enviable degree. Above all he is of a highly sympathetic nature. He is willing to listen to anybody's troubles who wishes to make his bar a confessional. He is also capable of handling obstreperous customers with the least possible display of violence. What is best is that he never forces his conversation on those he serves unless it is sought by them.

Having made frequent references to our friend Bob, we might be accused of building ourself up a great number of free drinks on our next visit to Paris. Besides he is not the proprietor of the place.

It is to be hoped that the purveyors of liquor, when that calling becomes legalized, will abandon their grandiose new fangled idea and seek to reinstall the better element of old time bartenders. The new ones should be taught to emulate their technique.

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«Charley And Billy» Will Reopen Morisco Bar Next Thursday

«Charley and Billy», the popular German bartenders who, at one time or another, have served drinks in most of the American bars of Palma, have formed a partnership and taken over the old Morisco.

The Morisco, which has been shut for several months, will reopen under its new management next Thursday, when the two boys from the Rhineland will again greet old customers who have not sampled drinks, from their shakers for some time.

The Morisco is one of the most luxurious bars on the Island, but in the past it has catered to a large extent to Mallorcan trade and is comparatively unknown to foreigners.

Decorated by a well-known artist, the interior arrangement is decidedly Moorish, rather in the manner of the Moorish art of Granada, last continental stronghold of the North Africans.

The bar contains a small but good dance floor, as well as ample room for an orchestra. However, the new managers have not as yet decided to run the place as a cabaret.

The price scale will be low Charley says, cocktails selling for as little as two pesetas.

As a further economy, the customer will not be expected to tip, inasmuch as the managers them-

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selves will serve both at the bar and at the tables.

Charley and Billy will be remembered for their long months behind the bar of the Trocadero.

Charley, before succumbing to the lure of Spain's largest cabaret, worked for a long time at the Bar International in Terreno, where he became well-known to the residents of the nearby hotels, as well as to the numerous householders in the neighborhood.



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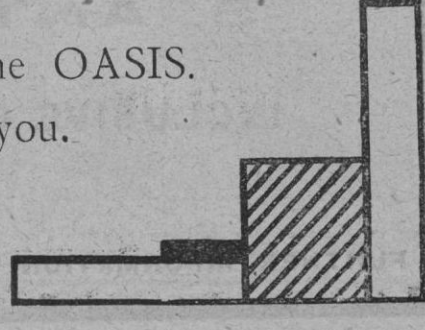
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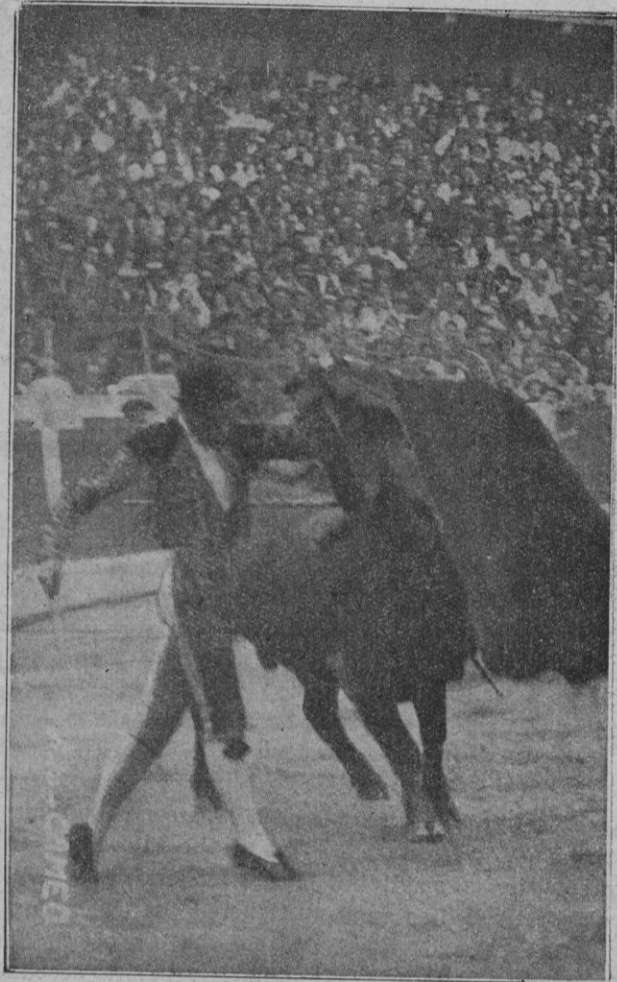
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Aficionados Await Press Bullfight



NOVILLADA, IN WHICH HORSES WILL BE USED, OUGHT TO BE ONE OF THE BEST OF SEASON NOW DRAWING TO A CLOSE

Sunday's Press Association bullfight should be one of the most colorful of the season now drawing to its close.

Although the spectacle is a novillada, the use of horses indicates that the bulls are of the largest size possible for their class.

The novilleros themselves are certain to try their hardest, for two of them are Mallorcans, and the third is a Madrileño. The local fighters will try to outdo the visitor and he, with a following on the mainland to consider, will not allow them to excel him if he can help it.

The local toreros are Jaime Pericás and Quinto Caldentey. The novillero from the Peninsula is Juanito Giménez.

Giménez has enjoyed a very successful season in the mainland arenas and the critics on the Mallorcan dailies see no reason why he should not repeat here, unless flushed with too much confidence.

Both the Mallorcans are considered excellent in their class. Both possess considerable grace with cape and muleta, and both usually

kill easily and in the approved manner.

The three illustration on this page show Quinto Caldentey in the arena. Jaime Pericás' photograph appears on page one.

Pericás is only 17 years of age, while Quinto is a veteran by comparison having recently turned 21. The visitor is slightly older than either of his Mallorcan colleagues, but is also one of the rising young novilleros now being watched by Spanish bullfight experts.



The two illustrations above show Quinto Caldentey performing the *pase de pecho*.

In this pass with the muleta, the red serge sweeps upward, across the bull's face and over his horns.

Because the serge «wipes the nose» of the bull, foreigners frequently mistake it for the *verónica*, which also enfolds the face of the animal.

The *verónica*, however, is made

with the cape, while the *pase de pecho* is performed with the muleta, extended by the sword. The performance with the muleta immediately precedes the kill.

Quinto after a kill. The expression on the novillero's face indicates that he has despatched his animal successfully and is enjoying the applause of the audience.

In his left hand, Quinto holds the muleta, which a few minutes

ago concealed his sword, now buried in the bull.

If his kill was as successful as Quinto seems to think it was, he

probably received an ear, or possibly two. If it was absolutely perfect, he may have been awarded the tail as well.



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