

The



incorporated in  
**Majorca Sun**

25 Céntimos

3<sup>rd</sup> Year, N.º 37, August 12, 1934

Published every Sunday

## SPAIN'S LITTLE COUSIN

**P**ORTUGAL, the Lusitania of the Romans, that strip along the western seaboard of the Iberian peninsula, looks at first sight as though it should be part of Spain, and so it probably would have been, but for the accidents of history. During the break up of the Moorish kingdoms in the peninsula, Portugal early achieved independence, and since the twelfth century, with the exception of sixty years' subjection to Spain, she has maintained it.

Portugal was the first of the maritime nations to push out into the Atlantic, and by the middle of the fifteenth century Cape Verde had been rounded and the Gulf of Guinea explored. Bartholomew Diaz rounded the Cape of Good Hope in 1488, and in 1499 Vasco de Gama made the voyage to India. In the following year Brazil was discovered.

By 1505 Portugal was the mistress of a vast far flung empire, embracing the west and east coasts of Africa, settlements in India, Malaya, and China as well as Brazil. She rapidly became one of the richest and most powerful nations in Europe, rivalled only by Spain. Now, little is left of that proud empire, except two territories in Africa, the settlement of Goa in India, and Timor and Macao further east.

### England's Ally

Portugal was early an ally of England. Catherine of Braganza was Charles II's bride, and her dowry was the royal one of the city of Bombay. The Methuen treaty of 1703 still closer united Portugal with England, and started port becoming the national drink of the English upper classes.

The attractions of the country at the present day from the visitor's point of view, are the scenery and the climate, the courtesy of the people and the cheapness of living. The country has not the ashen grey appearance of Spain and Italy; instead there are forests of pine and eucalyptus, and fields of maize which is harvested in October and stored in little stone granaries. The coast is not particularly fine, in spite of being exposed to the full fury of the Atlantic. The sunsets however, are gorgeous.

The men are squat and plain, and there is a considerable admixture of negro blood in the south. But they have many good qualities, and anyone living in the country for a few months cannot help being struck by their similarity to Irishmen. Their innate courtesy and good humour; their tempered with a taste for assassination; their horror of the death penalty when legally imposed;

their love of secret societies; their reckless courage, but liability to panic, and their idealism, which often leads them to mistake oratory for statesmanship.

In the country, the men wear a peculiar red or green nightcap, and a short jacket which does not reach the top of the trousers but leaves an inch of shirt showing. They carry a long copper-shod stick, the pao, with which they herd their oxen, and which is a formidable weapon of defence.

### Moorish Melancholy

Unlike the men, the women, especially in the north, are often strikingly handsome. They wear a variety of gay costumes, and on Sundays carry their savings about in the form of heavy gold jewelry. Although happy, there is a melancholy tinge in their disposition, their dances are slow and sedate, and their music always in the minor. It may be a relic of their Moorish blood.

The bullfight is the national amusement, as in Spain, but they are usually comparatively harmless affairs, though in the big centres Spanish corridas are often held. Simao da Vega, the famous Rejoineador is a Portugese. The heat of summer is tempered by ocean breezes, and the winter, though damp, is not cold.

The main food of the people is rice, fish, pork and maize flour. In the south, chestnuts and figs are important articles of diet. Besides port, good wines are Collares in the south, and Bucellas or Mirandella in the North. The wine we know as Port is a red, occasionally white wine from the Oporto district, considerably fortified with brandy. Most of the trade is in the hands of British shippers.

Lisbon is a splendidly situated city on the estuary of the Tagus, containing many fine buildings, and the second town in size and importance is, of course, Oporto. The best way to see the country is to enter it from the south, and follow the Spring northward, or to reverse the process in the autumn. Good trout-fishing can be had about twenty-five miles from Oporto.

Portugal has been a republic since the expulsion of King Manoel in 1910; there have been frequent revolutions since, and temporary dictatorships.

The Portugese language resembles somewhat the Gallego dialect of Galicia in the North West of Spain. It is considerably different from Spanish, though less so than Catalán. Experts say it is nearer the original Latin than Castilian.



## REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

President von Hindenburg went to his last rest on Tuesday on the field of Tannenberg, the scene of his great victory over the Russians in 1914. His funeral procession was notable for a display of pageantry and military splendour such as has not been seen in Germany since the war.

Late at night the funeral cortège left the late president's estate at Neudeck, travelling to the Tannenberg memorial along a route lined with torchbearers.

During the ceremony inside the great arena of the memorial, was an impressive display of uniforms. Field Marshal von Mackensen was there in scarlet and gold of a regiment of foot guards, the great busbies of the Death's Head Hussars were to be seen, as well as the Uhlan helmets, and pickelhaube by the score. Followed the more sober field service uniforms of Germany's present day army.

Herr Hitler pronounced the funeral oration in almost identical terms as his speech in Berlin the day before. He said that the old warrior had gone to Valhalla.

In Berlin too there were impressive scenes on the Konigplatz. Germany has taken its last farewell of President and Field Marshal von Hindenburg.

### The Launching of 534

Arrangements for the launching of the giant Cunarder, with which Britain hopes to regain the supremacy of the Atlantic, are now complete.

On Tuesday the rudder, the largest in the world, 163 tons of streamlined steel, was swung into position. Work on the ship in a very forward condition. She will be launched by Her Majesty the Queen from the yards of Messrs. John Brown and Co. at Clydebank on Sept. 26th.

The great ship's first voyage will be a world cruise, and Palma is one of the ports at which she is scheduled to call.

### U.S. President's Tour

President Roosevelt has arrived in St. Paul, Minnesota, after his tour of the drought-stricken areas in the United States. Twenty states have been seriously affected by the drought, particularly Omaha, Kansas, Nebraska and Missouri. It is estimated that twenty five per cent of the farming families in Montana and North and

anne's

Sport

Afternoon

Evening

Fashions

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South Dakota can find salvation only by migrating. Between seven and ten million head of cattle on drought stricken ranches will have to be slaughtered.

The President will proceed to Washington to confer on relief measures, which are expected to cost many millions of dollars.

### A Wonder Child

Mexican correspondents report the birth of a child in the state of Guerrero who was able to speak immediately it was born. The infant spoke perfect Spanish and at once proceeded to foretell six months of calamities, chiefly earthquakes.

### Ex-Royalty in Italy

The Archduke Otto of Austria, accompanied by his mother, Ex-Empress Zita, is on a visit to Italy. The visit has no political significance, but it is believed that the Archduke intends to sue for the hand of the youngest daughter of the King and Queen of Italy.

It is highly improbable that such a marriage will be permitted, as it would be tantamount to a declaration that Italy favoured a Hapsburg restoration in Austria.

### Endeavour Reaches Port

Mr. Sopwith's yacht «Endeavour», challenger this year for the America's Cup, arrived in Bristol Rhode Island on Thursday, where she was accorded a hearty welcome after her sixteen days crossing of the Atlantic. Mr. and Mrs. Sopwith were not there to greet her, as she was not expected till much later.

The amateur crew of the yacht will have some time to accustom themselves to handling the vessel under racing canvas, as the work of converting her from the yawl rig under which she made the crossing to a racing cutter is to be undertaken at once.

Choice of the defender is believed to lie between Harold Vanderbilt's «Rainbow», and Charles Francis Adams' «Yankee».

### Sport

The Empire Games were concluded at the White City Stadium, London, yesterday, and several superb times were put up. A. W. Sweeney won the 220 yards with the grand figures of 21 9/10, G.L. Rampling won the quarter in 48 seconds, a new British record, while J.E. Lovelock won the mile in 4. 12 4/5. Miss E. Hiscock won the ladies 220 yards in 25 seconds, a new British record.

«Westward» won the race for King's Cup at Cowes on Tuesday, while the King's cutter «Britannia» won a race on the following day.

Sussex remain at the head of the County Cricket Table, closely followed by Lancashire.

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## GOING ABOUT IN GOTHAM

By Theresa Tweakpatrick, the Notable Chronicler of the Great Middle Class.

Great impetus was given the waning Spring Social Season last Thursday evening in Central Park, the occasion being the initial «Danse du Concrete» arranged by the Board of Governors of the Plants and Structures Department. The affair was a well timed attempt to enlighten the Upper East Side as to how, why and if, the Upper West Side really lives. A great blow was struck for Democracy, it seems... or something.

The large open space in front of the band-stand on the Mall was roped off from the roller-skaters and the pavement liberally besprinkled with powdered borax. An orchestra, so-styled, dispensed.. or dispensed with, music for dancing. Paper lanterns were hung about and the whole scene resembled nothing so little as one of Louie Le Grand's famous soirées at the Petite (small) Trianon back in the Hey-Hey-days of France. The Board, composed of some of the more eligible members of the smart political coterie received at the various entrances to the dance field. They wore high corsages of gardenias, the City's official flower, and each had an ornate badge, the gift, it is understood, of our liberal Mayor. The invitations were limited to some fourteen thousand, exclusive of the visiting fleet, and included many names prominent in Social and Police annals. Basket parties were welcomed on the surrounding hillocks which added just the necessary devil-may-care tone to the ambient green-sward. The permanent drinking spigots, which dotted the dance floor, were very popular and it is understood Pierre's are following the suggestion for their new ball-room. The most decorous deportment was insisted on by the sponsors of the affair and actually not more than sixty or seventy arrests were made during the evening, a fine record according to the attending police. In fact, only two

outward incidents marred the perfection of the evening. The first when Mrs. Leffingwell Brauhaus, of the colony Annex Club and East 86th Street, lost her footing while doing an exhibition «carioca» and fell into a tree-box, losing her lorgnettes and being arrested for damaging City property; and second, when Mrs. Yetta Ginsburg-Schlutz of the exclusive Mashoola Arms Apartments, the Bronx, gave birth to an infant son under the apron of the band-stand. Both incidents occasioned a great deal of feeling but were ably handled by members of the Vice Squad present.

The Board have issued invitations for a series of similar bi-weekly soirées, to be held under the supervision of the N. Y. Police force, to follow this immensely successful affair...

Many prominent in the social world were observed at the first annual allcolor ladies relay roller-skating races held in Central Park last Sunday. The Breaknass, a classic of the outdoor rinks, was won by Mrs. Hannah Whelk, team leader for the Harlem Laundresses Athletic Club on a proven foul over Miss Shirley Zwolleheim of the Ladies of Zion, Inc., team. Mrs. Whelk proved biting on the curves... The Smart Set «goes for» roller skating in a large way these days and no evening finds the boulevards deserted entirely of the Haut Monde equipped with ball-bearings... Lady Thwackentwerp-Thorndike, of South Bend, Mich., is an outstanding enthusiast and is often seen skating her husband, Lord T. and T., as he is playfully known, to and from his bench in the Park.

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## Last Sunday's Corrida

By Aficionado

An Englishman can only venture to criticize a bullfight with extreme diffidence. It is obvious that he can never hope to know as much about it as a Spanish *aficionado*. For instance, what pleased *El Dia* most was the aeroplane that flew across the arena; *La Almudaina* declared that smaller bulls made a better *corrida*. We can only say what we thought.

Lalanda's first bull was about the size of the Albert Hall, and advanced majestically into the middle of the ring, where it stayed. It took no notice of capes, except occasionally to hook disdainfully without moving its feet. It objected equally to *picadores*, none of whom were able to use a single spear on it. The President ordered the fire *banderillas* which certainly made it move, but it came to the last division of the fight with its head as high as when it came in, and practically unpunished. No *Matador* in the world could have performed a *jaena* with it, or killed it in the correct manner. It is immensely to the credit of Lalanda's skill and courage that he despatched the animal with his second sword.

Carnicerito's first bull on the other hand, was one of the bulls that a *matador* prays for: a frank fast charging animal, which enabled the swordsman to perform with complete confidence. The Mexican does everything except eat the bulls alive. I should not have been surprised to see him wrench a horn off, or bite off an ear. He seemed to take a particular delight in removing the breeder's ribbons from the bull's shoulder. His work with the cape was flashy, but without style. He worked very close both to the bull and the *barrera*, however, and certainly took risks. He placed the *banderillas* beautifully, again working terrifyingly close to the *barrera*, and when he came out with sword and *muleta*, he had the crowd on its feet with excitement at his hair-raising courage. He killed very finely, with style and arrogance, and received a great ovation, both ears and the tail.

Alfredo Corrochano is a frail pale youth, resembling somewhat the ex-King of Spain as a young man. He showed the beginnings of style, he is certainly brave, but does not kill well. But when he knows bulls better, and can dominate them, he should be capable of first rate work.

But the best bull of the afternoon was Lalanda's second. Marcial showed perfect mastery in every branch of the *matador's* art. His passes were made slowly, with dignity and suavity. He performed a beautiful *mariposa* in a *quite*, placed two good pairs of *banderillas*, and with the *muleta* was statuesque and beautiful to watch. Bravo, Lalanda! He deserved something after the fiasco of his first.

Neither Carnicerito nor Corrochano did anything remarkable with their second bulls, though the Mexican had torn his hand.

A number of spectators, particularly ladies, were in transports over the Mexican's work with his first bull. While admiring the man's bravery, we infinitely preferred Lalanda's performance. The *corrida* is a tragic thing. The formalized and dignified putting to death of a brave and noble animal. Making a mock of the bull, however dangerous to the man, is not real art.

The *peones* did very good work indeed. The *picadores* were bad, except for one, who was an excellent horseman, a rare enough accomplishment among the «caballeros». One could see that the horse had confidence in the way it was being ridden.

An interesting afternoon. But we still await that perfect *corrida* of our dreams.

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# The Siren -- A Short Story

**B**ATTLING Bill Barraclough retired from the ring as Heavyweight Champion of the World, with a fortune approaching two hundred thousand pounds. He deserved it. All through his career, he had combined real boxing skill with a sleep inducing punch in both hands. And then he fell for Audrey Carstairs.

Audrey was without doubt the loveliest girl who had ever walked in front of a camera in Hollywood. Millions all over the world raved about her. She had refused Russian Grand Dukes, several ex-kings, and a number of newspaper proprietors. Her hair was a cloud of red gold, with the sheen of a ripe horse chestnut. Her eyes, long and green and infinitely mysterious, her eyelashes her own. Her little nose was chiselled perfection, her lovely mouth promised but withheld. Sculptors raved about her figure, world famous artists painted her slim beautiful hands or the line of her chin and throat. She was rather richer than Bill.

She loved him, though, and after a hurricane wooing they were married. Bill realized that having married the most beautiful woman in the world, trouble was bound to follow. Men were certain to swarm round Audrey like bees round a honeycomb, and Bill wanted a quiet life after his years in the ring. So he bought a small island in the Mediterranean, built a house on it, and settled down, hoping to enjoy untroubled years of tranquillity.

It was all right at first. Audrey was genuinely fond of Bill, who read Marcel Proust in his spare time, and was really quite good-looking, in spite of one cauliflower ear; and Bill, naturally, worshipped the ground she walked on. It was a novelty, owning an island, and going out in a motor boat and putting down their own lobster pots, even keeping their own cows. But it was impossible for their seclusion to remain, for long, unknown to the outside world. Both had been accustomed, for years, to the full blaze of publicity; Audrey had been too remarkable a figure, as in his way had Bill, to remain forgotten and undiscovered in their fastness. Paragraphs began to appear in the papers, and before long an ardent young man made his way to the island, to sun himself in Audrey's radiant beauty.

Bill gave him a run. He was not an unreasonable man, and Audrey rather enjoyed it. She had few distractions, she was used to admiration, in fact it was far more a necessary part of her life than lobster pots and cows. But after about ten days, Bill made an appointment to meet the young man in the garden, and there he killed him, with the least possible fuss. He was buried on a little hillside behind the house. Audrey was very gratifi-

ed; but before long she began to grow restless, till another young man came along.

Bill continued with his routine. Ten days or so, sometimes more, sometimes less. And then the meeting in the garden, the revolver shot, and another stone on the hillside.

So it went on till twenty four young men, fine upstanding lads, were buried on the hillside. Audrey used to put flowers on their graves, till she got tired of it. And then long months passed without a solitary young man coming to try his luck. Audrey grew more and more apathetic. She stopped bothering about manicuring her nails, and would even sometimes come down to luncheon in a peignoir.

Bill too, began to find time hanging heavy on his hands. So he interested himself in gardening, constructed a splendid rock garden with his own hands, and when he was not working in it, could be seen surrounded with catalogues of expensive rock plants.

And then, one day, another young man came to the island. Audrey cheered up at once. He was really a very nice young man, and Bill felt quite sorry when he had to arrange to meet him in the garden, and do his duty.

When he came out, the revolver rather heavy in his hip pocket, he found him gazing with interest at the rock garden.

«Don't think much of your *Gentiana Verna*,» said the young man. «Very poor specimens.»

«What d'you mean, poor specimens?» said the indignant Bill. «I paid a man specially to collect those, up on the Mont Cenís.»

«I see you haven't got *Primula Allionii*. Ought to do well here. Likes heat, and a limestone formation. Only one or two places where it grows. near the Col di Tenda. Could put you on to it, if you like.»

They spent a fascinating hour talking on the all-absorbing subject. Bill quite forgot what he had come out to do, and they went in to breakfast arm-in-arm. When Audrey saw them come in together, she went as white as a sheet.

She left Bill, for ever, that day. She couldn't possibly go on living with him, after such an insult.

G. L. H.

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# Madrid Report

«The Bed Bug's got  
No Wings at all...»

We were reading «The Times» the other day. A strange occupation for persons of a frivolous bent of mind, it is true. But it is an old habit and not easy to break. Poor Marie Dressler, who has left such a blank on the screen, used to say that she owed her success in life to having read the newspapers assiduously from her early youth. But the nearest we ever got to success was in purchasing a Christmas lottery ticket in the same shop as that which sold the winner of the second prize.

However, to get back to «The Times.» That prim and proper newspaper contained a letter on «Bugs in Bedsteads.» Now having lived nearly four years in Madrid and having changed our rooms often, especially in summer, the title seemed to have a familiar ring. Personally we have nothing against Madrid. It is a very beautiful city and its climate is not much worse than that of Nice and is much better than that of Manchester or Minnesota. But its «Chinches» are unique.

They come of a fine hardy race and are indomitable. Nothing dismays, them not even elderly spinsters. As for hunger they can buckle in their belts for months and be none the worse for going without a bite. But every summer they swarm in their millions. Their blood-lust is terrifying. Neither innocent children nor tender virgins are spared. Now it seems according to «The Times» that in India the Indian «Chinches» are quite as potent and enterprising as their brothers and sisters in Madrid, but that the English residents, with that great and wonderful characteristic of making the best of everything, which has built up the Empire whose loudspeakers are never silent, manage to get fun event out of «Chinches.»

«The Times» informs us—surely the sub-editor blushed when he read—that «a very distinguished lady» after visiting one hospital always used to ask «Now can we have a bug hunt?» Then, the information continues, the bedsteads were taken out into the compound and a blow-flame was turned on to each joint in turn. The invaders hurried out and were followed up and burst with resounding pops.

We hope that the letter to «The Times» will be read by those extremists who love to decry the British success as colonizers and depict them as sadistically lashing negroes in their spare moments. Here we have a touching real-life picture of the flower of British aristocracy amusing themselves at their ease with fine, open simplicity. However, that is not the point we wished to make.

We wonder why this aristocratic sport has never been adopted here. Perhaps the revelation made in «The Times» will animate some of the foreign residents or of the distinguished Spaniards of this capital to try out the new fun for which such magnificent opportunities are offered here. We can see ourselves receiving invitations to «Bug Unts»,

because the English name would certainly be adopted and the poor old «H» would probably suffer, with recommendations to «bring your own blow-lamps» and, probably suggestions as to the kind of dress to be worn.

The Gran Via would certainly be brighter at nights with gay young folks charging about the houses hunting down the «bichos» and everywhere the «resounding pops» echoing as speedy death was dealt. At present there is something sordid and little romantic about the death of these unfortunate animals. We once knew a gentleman who was so violent as to heave bed and bed-clothes through the window in the most profound disgust at three o'clock in the morning, but few go so far as dramatic gestures like this and very fortunately indeed, because the bed might have dropped on a policeman and then the desperate gentleman would have been shot at dawn, for in Spain it is much wiser to shoot your wife or poison your enemies than to say «Boo!» to a cop.

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## THE BASQUE BALL GAME.

Although it is the general belief of foreigners that Spain leads the world only in bullfights and revolutions, living in the country brings one in contact with numerous examples of originality even in the field of Sport, a sphere that the Anglo-Saxon considers as his exclusive domain.

Originating in the Basque country, still its greatest stronghold, Pelota has quickly made itself a favourite throughout the peninsula and is spreading steadily abroad. A company was recently formed in England to construct a Fronton, the name given to the arena, at a cost of several thousand pounds. The first will be built in London within a year or so, and others will be built in the provinces. It is curious that this game, that requires considerable agility and strength, should have been altogether overlooked by British sportsmen for so long. Not many Englishmen are real fans, even when resident in Spain; those who do interest themselves, however, generally do so in order to take part in the betting and not for love of the game. There are, of course, exceptions.

Almost every large sized bar in the smaller Basque towns has its Fronton in the garden. Here come all classes to play and to admire. Doctors, lawyers, politicians and the most distinguished, play side by side with navvies and the most obscure.

Barcelona boasts two first class Frontons and quite a number of smaller ones for amateurs who play with bare hands. The Novedades, in Calle Caspe, the largest in town, is the place where the game can be seen at its best and in surroundings most likely to please the spectator. The Principal Palace, at the bottom of the Ramblas, is a more democratic one and not quite so well appointed. The game is played with a bat called a «pala» at the former place, and with a curved basket called a «cesta» at the latter. The more difficult is with a «pala» but the game played with a «cesta» is perhaps the more spectacular.

### For Strong Silent Men

The game is somewhat similar to our Fives; its fundamental difference lying in the fact that, instead of being played against two adjacent walls, it is played against three walls forming a rectangle, minus one of its long sides. The forward and hind walls are ten metres wide while the long side walls are three times this length. All three are about twenty feet high and the forward wall has a line along it about a metre and a half from the ground. The ball must not be played on to the hind one. A strong stroke, however, will frequently make the ball hit the forward wall and bounce right back to the rear wall before bouncing on the ground. It is naturally very difficult to get behind such a ball and strike it back to the forward wall.

A game generally consists of 45 points and the players wear some distinguishing colour, nearly

always red and blue. Four men take part in each game, in doubles form. Two are servers, called «delanteras» because they stand in front, and the other two are the hard hitters, called «zagueros». The service must strike the forward wall and rebound to any spot between two lines marked across the floor of the court; failure to serve thus means the loss of a point or as the fans call it «un tanto»... students of Spanish should remember that this is not the feminine for «tonto»

### A Basque Game

Nearly all the players come from the Basque country and are enormously strong, frequently having one arm very much more developed than the other. They can earn anything from 15 to 150 duros a game and often play three times a week. Thus a player like Chiquito de Gallarta, perhaps the best in all Spain, will earn as much as 10,000 pesetas in a month's play. This player is not so brawny as one might expect, but he has a remarkable way of placing the ball exactly where he wants it and where his opponents can't reach it.

Betting takes place before the game at the official office on a sort of Totalisator system, and also during the game between the spectators, at odds varying with the fortune of the game. Standing among the spectators are some fifteen or twenty white coated individuals wearing red berets, holding slips of paper and two hollow balls. Let us imagine that the team wearing the red colour are leading and you feel that they will win. You shout to the «corredor» as the red hatted man is called, for instance «10 to 5.» This means that you are prepared to give 10 duros (all betting is done in duros) to 5 that reds will win. The «corredor» shouts out your offer till someone cries «va», which means that he takes your bet. He then tosses a ball containing a slip to each of you and jots the bet down in his book. After the game he settles up for you. If one of the parties to the bet should waltz during the excitement of the game, the «corredor», who is a paid member of the «Fronton» staff, is obliged to pay you in full.

The din during a match must be heard to be appreciated. When the scores run even pandemonium breaks loose, while gamblers fall over each other to cover their bets. As much as four thousand pesetas is often lost by one gambler in a single game, the total at stake on a good game will generally amount to about 20,000 pesetas.

As on all betting courses, here too there is a humorous touch. There is one old fellow at the Novedades who never lays a bet without first working out the horoscopes of the players. He doesn't always win because he sometimes forgets the position of the moon or something like that, but he gets as near as anyone else. If you want to learn how to swear in Spanish spend a few minutes, listening to the curses hurled at a favourite when he lets the punters down... they do say a mouthful.

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# THE SMUG PHARISEE

by Don Robin

«And the sun stood still,» mused Jeff Peters disconcertedly, «What a comforting yet exasperating meditation for a painter.»

He was blinking disfavor at the June glare and stealthy shadows that crawled sinuously down the flying buttresses and finials of the Cathedral. Here was a luscious shot for a full palet, but it was subtle, treacherous and irresponsible. Wonder if it inspires the milkmaid in the morning while she croons announcement of her liquid wares? It's a thought worthy of consideration. Sort of a rabbit punch at old Sol though, but he deserves it—the relentless brute.

Dawdling along the spacious graveled area that surrounded the grizzled structure, he paused at its splayed portal which gave into somber depths through the open doors. A quiet peace dwelt there. The grim gray silent walls and slender towering columns breathed a sacred hush of warning to the irreverent. Jeff forgot the sun—he forgot everything, and seeking support within its shadowy vaults contemplated the celestial mystery.

«Give me the guide book, Julie,» ricocheted down the aisles.

«Blast those pagan tourists,» Jeff hissed, shifting abruptly to get a glimpse of the intruders. Then he stepped back aghast. Of course it was ridiculous beyond any sane imagination, and yet there was no mistaking the oiled condescension in that voice. The same in fact—with a slightly different inflection that had forbidden him to return to Peckham Terrace because the parental shoe of a successful architectural practice pinched his feet at every step.

But it was no illusion. There he stood in poutered arrogance, plucking at a cockily pointed moustache while his aggressive chin aired a fixity of stern indictment. Near him was a rather dark little woman. A youngish person with a pleasant informal face, and sad eyes that displayed a forced, hopeful enthusiasm.

Julie. Jeff mentally turned the pages of the family album; puzzling through the lower and loftier branches but without success, and yet he had a faint recollection of that profile.

«We are anxious to see the castle, Mrs. Peters,» announced one of the group, «Will you and your husband join us?»

Mrs. Peters. So the old bounder has married again. Young wife. Then the whirling haze of his thoughts cleared to reveal his father's office secretary transformed into the role of his stepmother.

It hurt a bit where he cherished the thought of his mother. The understanding and sympathetic

mater whose imperturbable calm had bolstered him during the days that followed the announcement of his aspirations in the field of painting. Yes; it was a blow, but all his pity went out to the girl.

«No, Mrs Courtney,» the austere husband was saying, «I have a bridge appointment at three on board. We shall look around the town a little and return for lunch.»

Poor Julie. Caught by a ring in the welter of a tragic ambition. Wife of a sort, but one who would undoubtedly be instructed to prepare a thesis touching his critical professional findings relative to this structure. Peckham Terrace entered his consciousness. The black paneled front door and garish brass knocker. His mother sitting in quiet endurance at the dining table while her husband dispensed a harsh and imperious warning of the nation's inevitable downfall unless radical measures were immediately adopted. Julie would be sitting there now, listening. Strange, inconceivably foreign. She would get his hat and cane in the morning, and receive a cold fleeting peck on the cheek with the same casual ceremony as he steamed his glasses before reading the newspaper.

«Built in the twelfth century,» Jeff remembered that in the guide book, «Architect unknown. m'm. That's the tragedy of it all. Pages exalting the stupendous benefactions of the king, but the visionary who created this monument, who toiled for an ideal, good or bad as it may be, he is unknown, forgotten. I shall stress this point at the next architectural society's meeting. Make a note of it Julie.»

«Considered one of the four most beautiful Gothic edifices in the world,» he went on fatuously, «Guide books are so impossible and misleading to the lay mind. The building undoubtedly has merits, but such a broad, sweeping statement is impossible to verify.»

Blatant egoist. Jeff muttered with growing disgust. An architect; supposedly a sanctified disciple

Owing to the vagaries of the postal service, the usual «copy» did not arrive this week from our Barcelona representative, so that this page and the next, present rather an unfamiliar appearance. We crave the indulgence of our Barcelona readers that this week we are unable to say what is on at the movies, nor to chronicle the doings of the younger set among the foreign colony.

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of beauty, but concealing a soul as bleached and gray as the stones that compose his barren buildings. In whose hands a home becomes a sepulchre, a school building reeks the monotony of factory fenestration, and a temple of worship is degraded into a forbidding pile that might be mistaken for an armoury. What an old pharisee he is.

«The nave has a sixty foot span. m'm. Widest in the world. I imagine there is some truth in that,» he vouchsafed sardonically. He appeared to be talking to himself while Julie's bewildered eyes roamed up toward the sanctuary.

«It is stupendous,» she agreed, indifferently, «But I was just thinking, Mark, Palma is the place where Mr. Jeff went to paint, isn't it?»

The eavesdropper warmed with sudden embarrassment at the title.

«Jeff,» repeated the father inquiringly. His features slowly sagged into pensiveness under the subdued gleam from the street, while the hand holding the guide book fell to his side. For a long moment he stared back through the years; then, quick as the passage of thought his former rigor returned with the stiffening of his neck muscles.

That was a close shave old boy, almost exposed your hand. Admirable comeback though.

«Julie, I request no further mention of Jeff in my

presence. Always a willfully head-strong boy he grew into stubborn manhood, utterly ignoring reason and my superior judgment. He saw fit to forfeit an enviable professional position in order to starve as a worthless paint smudger. Well; he has made his bed; I find the detail of the apse rather bold and pleasing. It has strength, but lacks the rare purity of the French examples. We must be going.»

Jeff followed, cautiously adjusting his smoked glasses and tipping his panama at a

jaunty angle. The cool blue cloud from his briar relaxed the pent vehemence and cleared his muddled brain of irksome congestion.

What a revelation for the old codger if he but knew, and the frivolity of the moment amused him to the point of a chuckle. Then he stopped abruptly in his tracks.

«Oh look; a lovely painting of the cathedral from the bay.» Julie had paused before the Raphael galleries. Jeff's show, whose sales during the week had given him righteous cause for a trickle of pride. Good taste, Julie. You still have another move.

«I must admit I rather like the thing myself,» conceded Mr. Peters, with arching brows. «It has a certain appeal which is noticeably lacking in most of the moderns.»

«Oh I like it. Can't you imagine it over our drawing room mantel, Mark?»

Good sales psychology — mother.

«We might inquire of its value, and if it is not exorbitant—consider it my delayed wedding gift to you, dear.»

«What irony for the parent,» mused Jeff with a smirk, as he watched his father tuck the picture

under his arm and stride importantly toward the port, «But he's getting a good bargain, and a souvenir from his vagabond son to boot.»

The tender was approaching when Julie glancing whimsically at their recent purchase, said. «It has just occurred to me Mark, how strange it would be if—.»

«What is it dear, finish.»

«But it refers to Mr. Jeff—and you forbade—»

«Never mind, go on. I suppose it's natural that the place would arouse thoughts of him.»

«Well, you see, the-the painting is signed P. Jefferies, which might be a nom-de-plume for Jeff Peters.»

The old man brushed a bead of perspiration from his brow.

If it is,» he answered with welling resentment, «Then his gratitude should be lavished upon his father who has endowed him with an artistic heritage. Be careful when you step into the boat, Julie.»

### The English School

Will be open mornings only during September. Non-pupils of the school will be admitted to this special course. Particulars from Mr. Harskin: SPANISH TIMES.

### When You're Travelling

THE MAJORCA SUN and SPANISH TIMES, besides being on sale at principal kiosks in Barcelona and Mallorca, is obtainable at the following:

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Valencia—Kiosk in the Plaza Emilio Castelar and also at Calle Barcas and Perez Pujol.

Málaga—Excursion and Estate Office, Cortina del Muelle, 57.

Reus—Librería Nacional y Extranjera, Arrabal Santa Ana, 20.

Tangiers—Galleries Marcel Levy.

London—205 High Holborn, W. C. 1.

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# Information, Shipping and Mail Connections

## Regular Passenger Lines From Palma

**Henderson Line:** Agents: Agencia Schembri, Avenida Antonio Maura, 52. Tel. 1417.

Aug. 17—BURMA, from Liverpool and Gibraltar for Marseilles and the East.

Aug. 24—KEMMENDINE, from Marseilles for Gibraltar and the United Kingdom.

Aug. 31—YOMA, from Liverpool and Gibraltar for Marseilles and East.

Sept. 8—BHAMO, from Marseilles for Gibraltar and the United Kingdom.

**Orient Line:** Agents: Gabriel Mulet e Hijos, Avenida Antonio Maura, 62. Tel. 1717.

Sept. 6—OTRANTO, from London and Gibraltar for Toulon, Naples and Australia.

Sept. 22—ORAMA, from Australia Naples and Toulon for Gibraltar and London.

**Union - Castle Line:** Agents: Agencia Schembri, Avenida Antonio Maura, 52. Tel. 1417.

August 15—LLANDOVERY CASTLE, from London, Gibraltar and Tangier for Marseilles and East Africa.

Aug. 22—LLANSTEPHAN CASTLE, from East Africa and Marseilles for Gibraltar Tangier and London.

**American Export Lines:** Agents: Agencia Schembri, Avenida Antonio Maura, 52. Tel. 1417.

Aug. 17—EXCALIBUR, from New York and Gibraltar for Marseilles and Eastern Mediterranean.

Aug. 24—EXOCHORDA, from Genoa and Marseilles, for Malaga, Boston and New York.

Aug. 31—EXETER, from New York and Gibraltar for Marseilles and Eastern Mediterranean.

Sept. 7—EXCALIBUR, from Genoa and Marseilles for Malaga, Boston and New York.

**German African Line:** Agents: Baquera, Kusche y Martín, S. A., Plaza Libertad (Borne). Tel. 1322.

Aug. 16—ADOLPH WOERMANN, from Genoa and Marseilles for Southampton and Hamburg.

Aug. 25—NJASSA, from Hamburg and Southampton for Genoa and East Africa.

## Cruise Liners:

August, 16th—ORFORD, arrives 8 a.m. from Vigo leaves 6 p.m. for Rapallo.

August, 17—BELGENLAND, arrives 8 a.m. for a Mediterranean Cruise.

Aug. 25—MONTROSE, arrives 8.0 p.m. leaves 5.0 p.m. on a Mediterranean Cruise.

Aug. 27—HOMERIC, arrives 10 a.m. from Tangier, leaves 8.0 p.m. for Naples.

## Mail Connections for U.S.A.

Tuesday Aug. 14th. Mail closes at the Palma postoffice at 8.0 p.m. for the BREMEN, Cherbourg, due in New York Aug. 22th.

Saturday Aug. 18th, Mail closes at the Palma postoffice at 8.0 p.m. for the LEVIATHAN, Havre, due in New York Aug. 27th.

Sunday Aug. 19th, Mail closes at the Palma postoffice at 1.30 p.m. for the PARIS, Havre, and the OLYMPIC, Cherbourg, due in New York Aug. 28th.

Tuesday Aug. 21st, Mail closes at the Palma postoffice at 8.0 p.m. for the EUROPA, Cherbourg, due in New York Aug. 29th.

## Island and Mainland Services

Palma-Barcelona: Every day save Sunday. Lv. 9 p.m. Ar. next day 7 a.m.

Palma-Menorca: Lv. Tuesday 7 p.m. Ar. Ciudadela next day 7 a.m. Lv. Thursday 8 p.m. Ar. Mahon next day 7 a.m. Return from Ciudadela Monday 7 p.m. and Mahon Friday 8 p.m.

Palma-Ibiza, Lv. Wednesday and Friday noon. Ar. 6 p.m. same day. Return Friday 8 a.m. and Sunday midnight.

Barcelona-Ibiza: Lv. Monday 6 p.m. Ar. Tuesday 4.30 a.m. Return Tuesday, 5 p.m. Ar. Wednesday 5 a.m.

Palma-Cabrera: Lv. Tuesday and Friday 7 a.m., return same day 2 p.m.

Palma-Marseilles: Lv. Wednesday 10 a.m. Ar. Thursday 9 a.m.

Palma-Algiers: Lv. Saturday 6 p.m. Ar. Sunday 6 a.m.

Palma-Valencia: Lv. Wednesday noon and Sunday 8 p.m. Ar. next day 7 a.m.

Palma-Alicante: Lv. Friday noon. Ar. Saturday 7 a.m.

Palma-Tarragona: Lv. Tuesday 7 p.m. Ar. Wednesday 7 a.m.

## Tramways

Trams run to Cas Catalá from the Hotel Alhambra every 26 minutes, first and last trams from Palma leaving at 5.57 a.m. and 10.12 p.m. respectively. To Genova, trams depart from Hotel Alhambra at 8.35, 9.40, 11.0, 12.10, 1.25, 3.00, 4.25, 5.40, 7.15, 8.55. From Genova to Palma trams depart at 9.00, 10.15, 11.35, 1.10, 3.40, 4.55, 6.35, 8.00, 9.25.

On Sundays and fiestas trams to Génova leave Palma every 40 minutes. 6.0, 6.40, 7.20, 8.00, etc. Last tram 8.40 p.m. Trams return to Palma immediately after arriving in Genova. To C'as Catalá every 13 minutes first and last trams as above

## Electric Railway to Sóller

	A.M. Daily	A.M. Daily	NOON Daily	P.M. Daily	P.M. Weekdays	Sundays Fiestas)
Lv. Palma	7.00	9.30	12.00	3.00	8.00	9.00
Arr. Sóller	8.00	10.30	1.00	4.00	9.00	10.00

	A.M. Daily	A.M. Daily	A.M. Daily	P.M. Daily	P.M. Daily
Lv. Sóller	5.45	8.15	10.45	1.25	6.15
Arr. Palma	6.35	9.15	11.45	2.25	7.15

**Railway to Inca, Manacor and Artá.** Bus connection between Inca and Pollensa and its Port. Manacor for Caves of Drach and Hams, Artá for Caves and Cala Ratjada.

	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Lv. Palma	7.05	8.00	8.25	1.45	2.35	2.45	6.15
Inca	8.21	8.45	9.39	3.00	3.20	3.51	7.00
Manacor			9.38			4.15	
Artá			10.23			5.05	

	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Lv. Artá		6.50				4.00
Manacor		7.42				5.15
Inca	7.48	8.43	11.30	12.49	5.00	6.19
Palma	8.58	9.25	12.30	2.03	6.10	7.12

Trains also run to Felanitx and Santañy.

Excursions are run daily in comfortable motor coaches from the Oasis Tourist Office in the Plaza Gomila Terreno, stopping at the Oasis Office in the Bórne, as follows:

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Thursday, Valldemosa, Deyá, Sóller. Also Bañalbufar, Estallenchs.

Friday, Pollensa Formentor.

Saturday, Caves of Artá, Cala Ratjada.

Sunday, Valldemosa, Deyá, Sóller.

Price of return fare for every excursión except Artá, which is 13 ptas., 11 ptas.

There are also ordinary motor-bus services to most places on the island, most of which start from the Plaza Olivar, Calle San Miguel.

## Where to Go in Palma

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Post Office, Calle Soledad. Open daily from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. and from 4.30 p.m. to 8.30. Sundays and Fiestas 10 a.m. to 1.0 p.m.

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**PROTECTORA**.—Sunday: **FRANKENSTEIN**, and **MOONLIGHT AND PRETZELS**. Closed Mon., Tues., and Wed.

**BORN** — Closed.

**RIALTO**—Sunday, **STATE FAIR** and **NO DEJES LA PUERTA ABIERTA**. Monday, **BROADWAY BAD** (in Spanish.) Thursday, **20,000 YEARS IN SING SING** (in Spanish.)

**MODERNO**—**A CLEAN BLOW**, (in Spanish,) with Thelma Todd and **WHY I WANT YOU**, with Nancy Carroll.

**LIRICO**—Sunday, Jean Harlow and Lee Tracy in **BLONDE BOMBSHELL**, and **A NIGHT IN CAIRO**, with Ramon Novarro and Myrna Loy. Monday, **THE SQUAW MAN**, with Warner Baxter, and a Laurel and Hardy Comedy.

**Note**—It is extremely difficult to find out the cinema programmes even a few days ahead, and whether the films are in Spanish or English. However, unless otherwise specified, the films at the Principal and Moderno are usually in Spanish, while at the Lirico and Protectora English films are frequently shown.

**Dancing:**

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**TITO'S**.—Dancing every night.

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Wednesday saw the closing of the summer camp of the Ecole Internationale, much to the regret of the children who were there. The first tears of the entire month were shed when the time came to pack up. Over thirty children were at the camp, both girls and boys. The youngsters were introduced to rabbits, quail and even shown ferrets, but the flock of turkeys which were taken out to graze on the grasshoppers and put on weight for Thanksgiving were unmolested. Towards the end of the month some of the older campers developed an interest in cooking and were allowed to have their own small individual fires and cooked their own steaks, some even learning to make pancakes. A better summer for young children than such a camp cannot be imagined, combining as it does a marvellous vacation in the open with self reliance unconsciously gained.

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Barcelona: Rambla Catalunya, 66-4.º, Letra F.  
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London: 205-206 High Holborn, W. C. I.

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**AMERICAN EXPORT LINES**



OF PERSONAL INTEREST

A lot of the Foreign Colony were at the Bullfight last Sunday. We noticed Mrs. Philip Bower, her sister and Major Charles Goetz in Barrera seats. Others present were Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Rose, with Capt. Gilson; Miss Ruth Wise and Miss Diana Heiskell from Puerto Pollensa, Mrs. Doris Cameron and Mr. Peter Owen who never miss a Corrida, Mrs. Pamela de Prizer, Mr. Dick Harter, Mr. Tommy Leaman and many others. After the fight, there were several animated post-mortems at the Formentor and the Paris Bar. All the ladies had been thrilled at Carnicerito's performance, but few of them realized the extreme courage and skill of Lalanda in despatching the first beast. A bull that won't charge is far more dangerous to the matador than one that goes baldheaded at everything.

\*\*\*

Staying at Muebles Condal is Captain Charles Gilson, late of the Sherwood Foresters, who for a number of years has been one of the foremost writers of boy's books in England. We can remember reading one of his yarns, called «The Lost Island», round about 1906, and the book is still selling! Captain Gilson has also written a very excellent novel entitled «Wild Metal». He intends settling here permanently, and is looking for a house outside Palma.

\*\*\*

A card from Mrs. Ranney Stafford says that she is enjoying her trip in Spain very much. At the time of writing she was in Madrid. Her itinerary includes Granada, Seville and Toledo.

\*\*\*

The portrait painter Donald Newhall is extremely busy and has so much work ahead of him that they cannot get back here until November. Things must be picking up when a portrait painter is rushed with work in the State of Maine.

\*\*\*

Senora Renteria had a narrow escape at Calamayor Beach the other day. While bathing she became frightened and called for help. As is so often the case, those hearing her believed it to be a bit of fooling and did nothing about it. Her husband, who is the ex-mayor of Palma, appeared and at once dashed into the water fully clothed and pulled her to safety. No casualties beyond one very wet suit of clothes.

Mrs. Pamela de Prizer was in town for a few days during the week as a guest of the Desaulniers in Genova. By this time we expect she is in Puerto de Alcudia.

She will shortly be an authority on the hotel question in Mallorca, and will possibly bring out a tome entitled, «With Grip and Satchel Around Mallorca.»

\*\*\*

Even with the five newly added rooms the Sporting Hotel is completely full and has had to turn away prospective guests. The little Pekinese belonging to Madame Strada has been found after having been lost for ten days.

\*\*\*

«Johnny» of Pullman and Little Club fame is now behind the bar at the Paris. Cocktails and mixed drinks will now be on a par with the food at this place, which is saying something.

\*\*\*

Those who like to have good cake and eat it too had best eat well during the next week. On the 18th of this month the English-American Shop in Calle Pelaires will close its doors for a month. During this period its proprietress plans to do everything but bake and will live exclusively on cold canned goods.

\*\*\*

When are the authorities going to mend the strip of road just by the stream that flows into the harbour, and which smells so delightful in the summer time? So deep are the pot holes that passage over them in any form of wheeled transport is guaranteed to displace the liver of any reasonable citizen.

\*\*\*

The Guturbey Yacht is back again in Palma harbour, and there have been several gay parties aboard since its return. Our waterfront scout, a shy retiring bloke, reports some difficulty in getting the details of these parties, as lying next to the yacht is another Spanish vessel, also loaded with dynamite.

\*\*\*

Terreno does not seem the same place these days with Joe's Bar closed. People are seen wandering distractedly about the streets at noon. Peter Owen and «Mat» Mather have gone into hiding and have agreed to make no public appearance until Joe's return.

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It's nice to see Major Goetz about again without the aid of his stick. He has had a bad session with water on the knee, than which there is nothing meaner.

\* \* \*

Mr. D. M. de Bard of Stone and Webster Service Corporation of New York City arrived here aboard the Excambion on Friday. He has come here on one of the last laps of a journey that has taken him to practically every country in Europe. He is studying continental methods in sales promotion, and is particularly interesting himself in European rental systems for gas and electric appliances. While here Mr. de Bard is living at the Victoria. He expects to leave shortly for England via France before returning to the United States.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Edith Bulson is expected on the 16th. She is coming to spend a week with Mr. and Mrs. Clay in the country.

\* \* \*

We are glad to hear from England that Mrs. Frederick Chamberlain is in much better health, she has improved greatly since leaving here. She plans to return to Palma in November to take care of the disposal of her furniture here.

\* \* \*

Distinguished visitors, now at the Hotel Formentor, are the Marquess and Marchioness of Salisbury.

\* \* \*

Admiral Cumberlege is living aboard his yacht in the port of Soller.

\* \* \*

There are considerably fewer rabbits running about the country since last Thursday when a party of foreigners and Spaniards spent the day at Dr.

Oliver's country estate near Montuiri. Among those who returned here with bulging hunting coats were Mr. Noble Clay, Mr. George Wilkins, Mr. Leo Burgess and Mr. Rafael de Lacey. One of the more difficult shots of the day, we are told, was made by Leo Burgess who, when he retrieved the dead rabbit found it to have a ribbon about its neck and to be one of the family pets. The party sat down at midday to a Mallorquin barbecue. A small pig was spitted and turned before the fire. When half done it was opened and two rabbits sewn inside. They all agree that it made one of the finest dishes ever.

#### Gala at Tito's

It was very gay last night at Tito's. A special gala night was gotten up by the management for the benefit of the Colonial Scholars of Mallorca. This was one of the first benefits that has been undertaken by any foreign enterprise and it proved highly successful both to the guests present and to those wishing to see a worthy cause helped. A large dinner party organized by Mrs. Doris Cameron was very merry. Among those dancing to the «Tarbabies» jazz were: Sir Philip Magnus, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Barney and Mr. and Mrs. Myers. Also stepping about were Miss Joy Petersen, Dr. Miro, and Mrs. Desaulnier.

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**S** Service  
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## IBIZAN INTERLUDES

David and Teddy Gramkow arrived Wednesday to spend the rest of the summer vacation with their mother, Mrs. Wakefield Gramkow.

\* \* \*

Sr. Mario Tur de Montis of Barcelona is here at present visiting his mother, Dña. Cristina Tur de Montis at their lovely house in the old town of Ibiza. He expects to stay until the end of September.

\* \* \*

Sr. Riggoberto Soler of Santa Eulalia has just held a very successful showing of his paintings in Valencia. At the exhibition held in Madrid last winter Sr. Soler won an honorable mention for his work.

M. Zadora, the Polish pianist who has recently won considerable recognition in Germany, returned a few days ago to join Mme. Zadora. He is back from a concert tour of the capitals of South America. Late in September the Zadoras plan to leave for New York where they expect to make their home.

\* \* \*

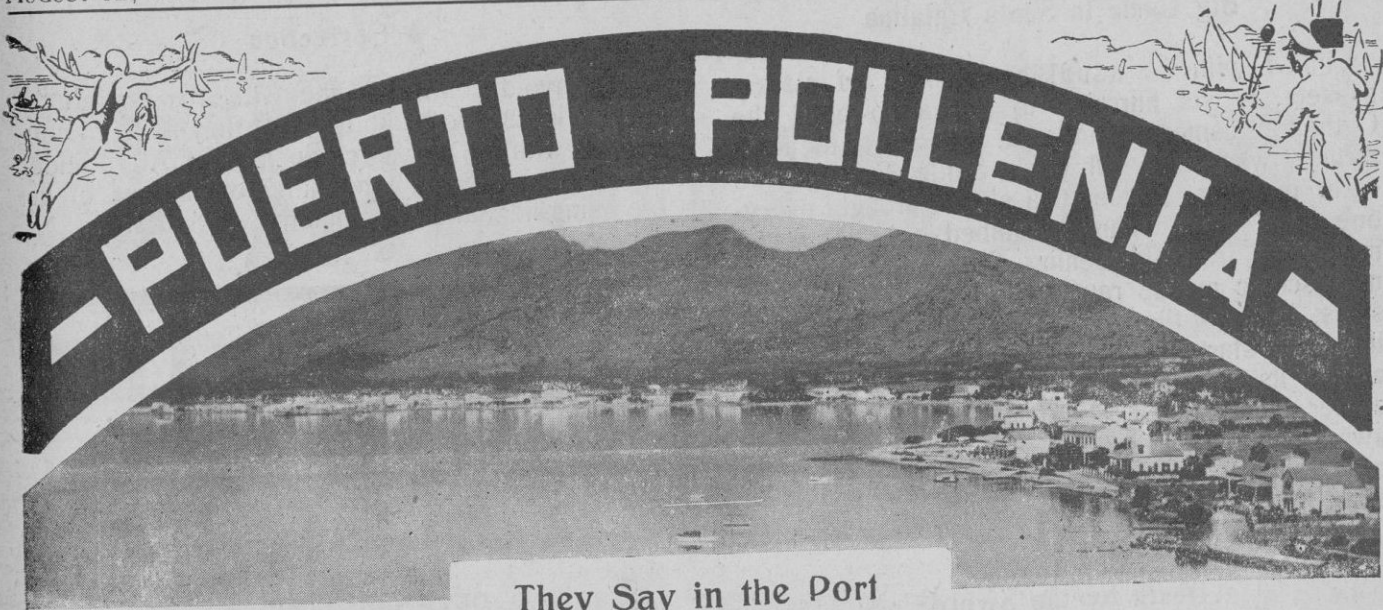
Among those arriving on Wednesday's boat from Palma were: Sr. Costa of the Costa Galleries and Miss Nan Beech who has lived in Mallorca for several years.

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**They Say in the Port**

Felip is running a ping-pong tournament at his bar. Ping-pong is very popular in the Port, and we have some pretty snappy players. We wish Mr. Kenneth Craven would come over and see if we can't find somebody to beat him. By the way, on Sunday nights when your servant goes home, or any other night, for that matter, you really ought to try Felipe's two peseta fifty dinner, wine included.

\*\*\*

Mrs. Steichen remains one of the most intriguing figures in the Port. She never goes out without a long pair of white kid gloves, and during the hot hours can be seen reclining in her hammock, made of the staves of a barrel. Here she reads the latest novel, or knits, or even meditates on some grandiose scheme of landscape gardening on her estate.

\*\*\*

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Mrs. B. Ronalds, three servants and a Hispano-Suiza car arrived at Formentor last week. Mrs. Ronalds has rented Miss Isabel Kemp's villa for a month. On Friday, Miss Katherine Cornell left Formentor for Bavaria. Everybody who had the privilege of meeting her was charmed with her personality.

\*\*\*

Es Pins is very full these days, especially at tea time. The cakes and ice creams are surely the best in the Port.

\*\*\*

Most of the hotels are pretty full. Among recent arrivals are: Hotel Miramar. Mr. John Rowley, Miss Swinnock, Miss Elizabeth Nixon, Miss Emma Guner, Mr. John R. Gibson, Miss Alice M. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Mackay, all from England. Also Dr. O. Theodore Roberg and Dr. Norman Bridge Roberg from Chicago, U.S.A. Hotel Puerto. Mr. and Mrs. Broni Sicurani from Paris. Srta. Maria Chias, and Sr. José Montolin Chias, from Barcelona. Hotel Mar i Cel. Mr. and Mrs. Haines, Mr. Hirsh, Mr. Margeles, Mr. and Mrs. Richards, Mr. and Mrs. Belegere, Mr. and Mrs. Colombain, Mme. Charry, Sr. Ramon and family, Sr. Planas and family, Sr. Cinemond, Sra. Bertrand and Sr. and Sra. Maura and child.

\*\*\*

Casa Barceló is doing well here in the Port. His waves and shampoos are excellent and find more favour every day.

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### Big Game in Santa Catalina

Filled with its usual complement of market baskets, artists hurrying to Palma to paint the Cathedral, cameras and what not, one of the local rattlers was rolling through Santa Catalina the other morning. Suddenly a shriek brought everyone to his feet. Women climbed onto the seats, men hung from the ceiling. Confusion reigned. A microscopic mouse ran here and there under the seats. A few of the hardy souls casting caution to the winds started boldly after it; no luck; afraid to arouse its fighting instincts by backing it into a corner they opened a door and allowed it to run away. It ran along the sidewalk for a block, the tram keeping pace with it until it found an open door. Into this it scurried to join its playmates.

### Death by the Sword

While he was attempting the «descabello» on a bull in the ring at Coruña, Juan Belmonte's sword flew up in the air and fell, piercing and killing a spectator in the fifth row of seats. Another onlooker was also injured.

In Madrid, an amateur leapt into the ring and attempted to play the bull, but was seriously gored and died of his injuries.

### A Correction

To avoid confusion, the «Majorca Society of Arts» wishes it to be known that they have no connection with the «Mallorca Society of Art», under whose auspices the interesting exhibitions of art are being held at Sol y Sombra.

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