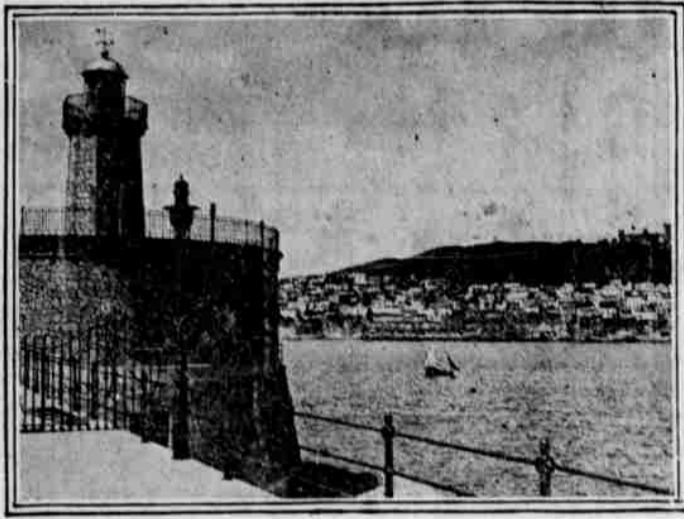


Balearic Isles



Lighthouse and Port, Palma, Balearic Islands.

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

THE Balearic Islands, in the Mediterranean off the coast of Spain, are off the beaten path today, but once when that inland sea was the center of world culture these isles throbbled with life and activity.

There are five main islands in this Spanish group, and several islets. They are ruled as a military district, but the mother country has been wise enough to recruit the soldiers needed for discipline from among the islanders themselves, thus insuring a sympathetic rule.

Majorca is the main island. It is a delightful spot, not very well known even to Spaniards and almost wholly missed by the stream of outside tourists that courses through other parts of the Mediterranean. The island is almost square, about forty miles along each side, and lies as though hanging by a cord from the eastern end of the Pyrenees by one corner. Thus a corner point in each of the cardinal directions, while the sides are exposed to the northeast, the northwest, the southwest and the southeast.

Along the northwest side, which faces Spain, is a high mountain range whose loftiest peaks, nearly a mile high, bear patches of snow in winter. But even in the summer their tops are gleaming white, for they are of marble and the crests of many are devoid of vegetation. The lesser peaks and shoulders are clad in a mantle of dark green pines while lower are groves of flex and flowering shrubs. On the gentler slopes of this northern coast and in its valleys man has placed vineyards and orange and olive groves. The whole panorama, sweeping from the blue sea through varying greens to the shining white peaks, makes a picture of incomparable loveliness.

It is south of the mountains that Majorca's garden spot is found, and the fertile plain that sweeps off from the foot of the range to the hills that rim the southeastern side of the island is called just that, the "Huerta." This level region supports many thousands of acres of almond and apricot trees, and in the spring is a vast sea of blossoms. Among the trees gardens are cultivated and grass is grown for pasturage. The hills that rim the plain have been terraced for centuries and on them rise tier after tier of grape vines and olive trees.

Palma Has an Ancient Site.

Palma, the capital of Majorca, lies in a broad bay that indents the southwestern side of the island just south of the high mountains. A city has existed there probably since the days of Carthage when colonists from that African empire occupied Majorca; but there is little evidence now of anything but Spanish influence. Scattered about the city are numerous interesting old palaces of the leading island families—ones at least for almost every street. The population is about equal to that of Mobile, Ala., or Portland, Maine.

Majorca, like the Spanish mainland, was overrun by the Moors. For 500 years they held the island with Palma (then Mallorca) a flourishing Moorish city. It was a thorn in the side of the Spanish Christian kingdoms, however, for the Majorcan Moors became piratical in the twelfth century and no Christian ship was safe. King Jaime I of Aragon organized a strong expedition which sailed from near Barcelona in 1229, and, after a siege, captured Palma. Soon the whole island was subdued and divided among Jaime's knights and soldiers. It has remained Spanish ever since and there is no trace of Moorish blood among its inhabitants.

The Spanish Majorcans followed in the footsteps of their Moorish predecessors in so far as developing nautical ability was concerned. As traders they rivaled the Genoese for a time and once dominated the entire western Mediterranean, controlling Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, Malta and the Balearics. Palma had a great dockyard for galleys. In the middle of the fourteenth century more than 30,000 sailors and 400 vessels were in the Majorcan service. The Majorcan navy constituted one of Christendom's chief bulwarks against the ravages of the Barbary pirates.

Minorca Looks Very English.

During their prime as merchant shippers, the Majorcans were famous as the leading geographers of Europe. They invented crude but effective instruments of navigation and drew the most reliable charts then known.

Minorca is the easternmost and second largest of the Balearic Islands. No one visiting Majorca or Ibiza, sister islands, would doubt their Spanish ownership once he mingled with the inhabitants or studied the architectural of their buildings.

But Minorca, although ruled by the Spanish king and but 27 miles east of Majorca, differs from its neighbor islands. Except in a few spots, its people and its buildings would fit an English village outside of London. Owing to early British occupation Miss Minorca stays at home, while her Spanish sisters work side by side in the fields with their husbands; and instead of the soft oxide Spanish sandal the Minorca maid wears shoes. And proudly she tells how Lord Nelson, during the war with France, came to Mahon, Minorca's capital, seized and lived in a mansion house overlooking Mahon's fine harbor.

In the protected inlets around the island are small fishing villages, made spotless by frequent coats of whitewash. Back of these villages the natives raise sufficient wheat for home consumption. Wine, olive oil, potatoes, hemp and flax are produced in moderate quantities; melons, pomegranates, figs and almonds are abundant; some cattle, sheep and goats are reared; and were it not for the scarcity of fuel, the lead, copper, and iron deposits could be profitably worked. Near Mercadal there are fine marble, limestone and slate quarries. Incidentally Mercadal is the ancestral home of Admiral Farragut.

In the eighteenth century the British built a road from Ciudadela on the northwest coast to Mahon on the southeast coast. Travelers enjoy beautiful panoramas where some energetic Minorcan has taken pride in his estate, but unkempt spots are numerous. Stone monuments, caves, and historic relics have been discovered, but one has to penetrate deep into the fields and byways to find them. Ancient, windowless stone structures are found in the interior. Pottery and other antiquities are frequently unearthed by the natives. Scientists could, perhaps, trace their origin to prehistoric times or to the time when the Phoenicians, Greeks, Romans or Arabs occupied the island. Many of the stone monuments are falling to pieces and some of the pottery and historic implements now adorn stone walls where they were carelessly thrown by their finders.

Mahon Lacks Spanish Color.

Minorca could be expanded four times its natural size and then not match the area of Rhode Island. Its population could be housed in a small American city. More than half of the Majorcans live in Mahon, the capital, the most English spot on the island. From the steamship, the city has a Spanish aspect with church bellfries dominating the panorama. But in the streets, which rise terrace above terrace up the cliff side, English influence prevails. There is little Spanish color. Shining brass fixtures, square-paned windows with white frames, and unshuttered windows during the day time are decidedly un-Spanish.

At the other end of the British-made road, Ciudadela, while not as Spanish as Palma, Majorca, is not as English as Mahon. Cliffe Mahon, it occupies the side of a cliff overlooking a fine harbor. Many of its buildings are whitewashed and even the nearby rocks are frequently given white coats along with the houses; but here and there a dash of color—pink, blue, green or yellow—and an occasional iron grill balcony lend a Spanish touch. The easy-going life of the Latin prevails in Ciudadela more than in Mahon. One of the most exciting events at Ciudadela is the arrival of boats from the other Balearic islands or from Barcelona.

Minorca's authentic history begins with the arrival of Mago, brother of Hannibal, in 210 B. C. He founded Mahon. The island was the cause of frequent conflicts between European sovereigns and the scene of pirate raids for centuries. Under British rule, Minorca prospered from the early part of the eighteenth century until the Seven Years' war. The ownership of the little island also was involved in the American Revolution when the French and Spanish captured it while England was busy over seas. Sixteen years later, at the beginning of the long struggle with Napoleon, the British again captured Minorca and it remained British until 1802 when, under the Peace of Amiens, it passed to Spain.

An Adventure of the Scarlet Pimpernel

WNU Service Copyright Baroness Orczy

BY THE BARONESS ORCZY

CHAPTER I

Sir Andrew's Story

"You really are impossible, Sir Percy! Here are we ladies, raving, simply raving, about this latest exploit of the gallant Scarlet Pimpernel, and you do naught but belittle his prowess. Lady Blakeney, I entreat, will you not add your voice to our chorus of praise, and drown Sir Percy's scolding in an ocean of eulogy?"

Lady Alicia Nugget was very arch. She tapped Sir Percy's arm with her fan. She put up a jeweled finger and shook it at him with a great air of severity in her fine dark eyes. She turned an entreating glance on Marguerite Blakeney, and as that lady appeared engrossed in conversation with his grace of Flint, Lady Alicia turned the battery of her glances on his royal highness.

"Your highness," she said, appealingly.

The prince laughed good humoredly. "Oh!" he said, "do not ask me to inculcate hero worship into this uneducated subject. If you ladies cannot convert him to your views, how can I—a mere man?"

And his highness shrugged his shoulders. There were few entertainments he enjoyed more than seeing his friend, Sir Percy Blakeney, badgered by the ladies on the subject of their popular and mysterious hero, the Scarlet Pimpernel.

"Your highness," Lady Alicia retorted, with the pertness of a spoiled child of society, "your highness can command Sir Percy to give us a true—*a true*—account of how that wonderful Scarlet Pimpernel snatched M. le Comte de Tournon d'Agény from Madam la Comtesse and their three children out of the clutches of those abominable murderers in Paris, and drove them triumphantly to Boulogne, where they embarked on board an English ship and were ultimately safely landed in Dover. Sir Percy vows that he knows all the facts."

"And so I do, dear lady," Sir Percy now put in, with just a soupçon of impatience in his pleasant voice, "but, as I've already had the privilege to tell you, the facts are hardly worth retelling."

"The facts, Sir Percy," commanded the imperious beauty, "or we'll all think you are jealous."

"As usual, you would be right, dear lady," Sir Percy rejoined, blandly; "are not ladies always right in their estimate of us poor men? I am jealous of that demure elusive personage who monopolizes the thoughts and the conversation of these galaxies of beauty who would otherwise devote themselves exclusively to us. What says your highness? Will you deign to ban for this one night at least every reference to that begad shadow?"

"Not till we've had the facts," Lady Alicia protested.

"The facts! The facts!" the ladies cried in an insistent chorus.

"You'll have to do it, Blakeney," his highness declared.

"Unless Sir Andrew Ffoulkes would oblige us with the tale," Marguerite Blakeney said, turning suddenly from his grace of Flint in order to give her lord an enigmatic smile; "he, too, knows the facts, I believe, and is an excellent raconteur."

"God forbid!" Sir Percy Blakeney exclaimed, with mock concern. "Once you start Ffoulkes on one of his interminable stories. Moreover," he added, seriously, "Ffoulkes always gets his facts wrong. He would tell you, for instance, that the demure Pimpernel rescued those unfortunate Tournon d'Agénays single handed; now I happen to know for a fact that three of the bravest English gentlemen the world has ever known did all the work whilst he merely

"Well!" Lady Alicia queried, eagerly. "What did that noble and gallant Scarlet Pimpernel merely do?"

"He merely climbed to the box seat of the chaise which was conveying the Comte de Tournon d'Agény and his family under escort to Paris. And the chaise had been held up by three of the bravest

"Never mind about three of the bravest English gentlemen, at the moment," Lady Alicia broke in, impatiently; "you shall sing their praises to us again. But if you do not tell us the whole story at once we'll call on Sir Andrew Ffoulkes without further hesitation. Your highness!" she pleaded once more.

"My fair one," his highness rejoined, with a laugh, "I think that we shall probably get a truer account of this latest prowess of the Scarlet Pimpernel from Sir Andrew Ffoulkes. It was a happy thought of Lady Blakeney's," he added, with a knowing smile directed at Marguerite, "and I for one do command our friend Ffoulkes forthwith to satisfy our curiosity."

In a moment Sir Andrew Ffoulkes found himself the center of attraction. He was in his element; a worshiper of his beloved chief, he was called upon to sing the praises of the man whom he admired and loved best in all the world. Had the heavy of beauties around him known that he was recounting his own prowess as well as that of his leader and friend they could not have hung more eagerly on his lips.

In the hubbub attendant on setting down so as to hear Sir Andrew's nar-

rative even the popular Sir Percy Blakeney was momentarily forgotten. The idol of London society, he nevertheless had to be set aside for the moment in favor of the mysterious hero who, as elusive as a shadow, was still the chief topic of conversation in the salons of two continents.

The ladies would have it that Sir Percy was jealous of the popularity of the Scarlet Pimpernel. Certain it is that as soon as Sir Andrew Ffoulkes had started to obey his highness's commands by embarking on his narrative, Sir Percy retired to the farther end of the room, and stretched out his long limbs upon a downy sofa, and promptly went to sleep.

"Is it a fact, my dear Ffoulkes," his highness had asked, "that the gallant Scarlet Pimpernel and his lieutenants actually held up the chaise in which the Comte de Tournon d'Agény and his family were being conveyed to Paris?"

"An absolute fact, your highness," Sir Andrew Ffoulkes replied, while a long-drawn-out "Ah!" of excitement went the round of the brilliant company. "I have the story from madame la comtesse herself. The Scarlet Pimpernel, in the company of three of his followers, all of them disguised as footpads, did, at the pistol point, hold up the chaise which was conveying the prisoners, under heavy escort, from their chateau of Agény, where they had been summarily arrested, to Paris."

"Inside the vehicle M. de Tournon d'Agény, with his wife, his young son, and two daughters, sat huddled up, half numbed with terror. They had no idea who had denounced them and on what charge they had been arrested, but they knew well enough what fate awaited them in Paris. The revolutionary wolves are fairly on the warpath just now. To prove their



"Did at the Pistol Point, Hold Up the Chaise."

love for France, lovely France, whose white robes are stained with the blood of her innocent children; and to show their zeal in her cause, they commit the most dastardly crimes.

"Madam in comtesse assured me that her husband, and, in fact, all the family had kept clear of politics during these, the worst times of the revolution. Though all of them are devoted royalists, they kept all show of loyalty hidden in their hearts. Only one thing had they forgotten to do, and that was to take down from the wall in madam's boudoir a small miniature of their unfortunate queen."

"And for this they were arrested?" "They were innocent of everything else. In the early dawn after their summary arrest they were dragged out of their home and were being conveyed for trial to Paris, where their chances of coming out alive were about equal to those of a rabbit when chased by a terrier."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

People Must Reform

The people have revolted many times throughout their history, but have never yet revolted against their own worthlessness.

We can never have real reform until the people are somehow made to realize that there is but one reform; for the people themselves to reform; not to glorify their race or pastors, but to make themselves more comfortable.

The one great thing to strive for is to render life as easy, comfortable and successful as possible; to modify savage nature. This can best be done by people behaving better; to help rather than fight each other.—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

First Armored Ships

The first iron armored vessels were the floating batteries used at the siege of Gibraltar in 1787. France was the first to produce a seagoing armored ship. Four were commenced in 1858. The first to be completed was the *Gloire*. In 1863 the United States congress passed an act providing for armored vessels. Under the provisions of this act the *Galena*, the *New Ironsides* and the *Monitor* were built.

How Rashes do Itch!

BATHE them freely with Cuticura Soap and hot water, dry gently, and apply Cuticura Ointment. It is surprising how quickly the irritation and itching stop and after a few treatments the rash disappears. There is nothing better for all forms of skin troubles.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sample each free. Address: "Cuticura," Dept. B7, Malden, Mass.



Rodent Has Worn Out

Its Welcome in Hawaii

Those who know the mongoose only through Kipling's immortal story of Rikki-Tikki-Tavi may be surprised to hear that Hawaii hunts the little brown rodent as a pest. Originally brought to the islands on the theory that it would do battle with sugarcane-gnawing rats, the mongoose has become a nuisance which many people feel is worse than the rats. Its destruction of birds, small poultry and eggs is perennial and extensive. Some years ago the legislature put a bounty on the mongoose in the hope that sufficient scalps would be collected to diminish its ravages. However, the mongoose is both wily and prolific, and his kind has not appreciably diminished. A bill in the present territorial legislature proposes to do away with the mongoose bounty on the grounds that were the little chap welcomed and encouraged instead of chased and persecuted, he might co-operate with society more cordially in campaigning against the sweet-toothed rats.

Many find Russ Ball Blue good tonic for chickens. Large package at Grocers.—Adv.

Wrongly Diagnosed

"A wrong diagnosis." Representative Clarence Cannon, at a luncheon in Troy, was arguing the question of the farmer's ills.

"A wrong diagnosis," he repeated. "It reminds me of a story.

"A young mother on a train was doing her best to quiet a crying baby. Now she placed it here, now there. Now she raised the cushion under its head, now she stretched it out at full length. But nothing would do. The baby cried and cried.

"At last an old gentleman bent over the young mother and murmured politely.

"Pardon me, madam, but don't you think it is hard the baby wants instead of lodging?"—Exchange.

Mastering Temptation

Two-year-old Keith was very much interested in the deck of cards lying on the floor by his mother's chair at a euchre party. He started a game of his own but was told by his mother to replace the cards in the box. A moment later he had his game going again and was again corrected by his mother, this time more severely. The young culprit immediately sought out the hostess and pleaded: "You put those cards up where I can't get them; my mamma don't want me to have them."

Protecting Rubber

Most of us have had more or less experience with the deterioration of rubber goods and will, therefore, be interested to learn that, as the result of a recent discovery, rubber can be protected against the destructive effects of oxygen. A substance called neozone is mixed with the compound and is said to cause the goods made of it to last almost indefinitely.—The Engineer.

Regular From Now On

Curate—I am very glad to see you coming to church regularly, Mrs. Black. Mrs. Black—Oh, yes, sir. I'll be coming often now, sir. I do it to spite me old man. He hates me going to church.—Baltimore Sun.

What other kind of regret is there than "vain regret?"

We are always saving the country and wondering how it get along at all.

From Youth To Old Age

THERE are three trying periods in a woman's life: when the girl matures to womanhood; when a woman gives birth to her first child; when a woman reaches middle age. At these times Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helps to restore normal health and vigor. Countless thousands testify to its worth.



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., LYNN, MASS.



Kill Rats Without Poison

A New Extremator that Won't Kill Livestock, Poultry, Dogs, Cats, or even Baby Chickens. K-R-O can be used about the home, barn or poultry yard with absolute safety as it contains no deadly poison. K-R-O is made of Squill, as recommended by U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, under the Comstock process which insures maximum strength. Two cans killed 578 rats at Arkansas State Farm. Hundreds of other testimonials. Sold on a Money-Back Guarantee. Insist upon K-R-O, the original Squill exterminator. All druggists, 75c. Large size (four times as much) \$2.00. Direct if dealer cannot supply you. K-R-O Co., Springfield, O.

K-R-O KILLS-RATS-ONLY

Woman Makes Bricks

The only woman in England who carries on the ancient craft of hand brickmaking is Mrs. Bessie Gibbs, of Crossways farm, Ingham. Her father died a year or two ago, leaving an old brickyard in a corner of his farm. Mrs. Gibbs turned her attention to brickmaking, and became an expert. She motored with samples of her work to local builders and architects, who welcomed her fine hand-made bricks.

For Foot Rot in Sheep and Fouls in Hoofs of Cattle

HANFORD'S BALSAM OF MYRRH

Money back for foot rot if not cured. All dealers.

Foo'ed the Doctors Good

Taken to a New Orleans hospital Marie Felicie was told by doctors she could not live more than three days. So she sent for her sweetheart, E. H. Peyronin, and they were married in the hospital. That was in 1870. The Peyronins celebrated their fiftieth anniversary the other day, still hale and hearty. Sometimes doctors make a bad guess.—Capper's Weekly.

When the Serpent Entered In

Mother—George, why are you striking your little sister?

George—Well, we were playing paradise and I gave her an apple so she might tempt me and then she ate it all.

As a tonic for a rundown reputation try a dose of charity.

Movement of the planets is perpetual motion or its equivalent.

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Leading Ribbon Fly Catcher



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