



The Bullfighters Now Join Unions

Malaga, Spain, before shot and shell marred its beauty.

Civil War Makes World Conscious of Modern Changes Felt in Spain

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

CIVIL war in Spain signalizes the startling changes which have swept that ancient land in recent years.

In the swift rush of daily news, more is said of military leaders and their campaigns, of statesmen and changing governments, than of the deep social and economic transformations behind the news, or the character of this land and its people.

Long before King Alfonso fled, these changes were of course under way, and because of them his monarchy failed.

These transitions have gathered momentum, until today this once romantic land of duennas, monasteries, bullfights and leisurely pastoral life has written a new and dramatic chapter in its long history.

Where centuries-old country lanes and mountain trails used to wind, fine new concrete roads now streak over the hills. To a large degree, men have exchanged their saddle mules for flivvers, and the high-wheeled, clumsy oxcart yields to the whizzing motor truck.

Senoritas Bob Their Hair.

From the Bay of Biscay down to the blue Mediterranean, traditional peasant costumes are being discarded and men are dressing in plain blue overalls. Black-eyed senoritas today lay away the time-honored mantilla, get their hair bobbed and hunt city jobs as typists, telephone girls and shop clerks, as do their sisters in many lands.

New thinking, as well as new machines, changes the way of Spanish life. Bullfighting still goes on, but now the intrepid toreadors belong to a labor union! You may still find guitars and fandangos, for Spaniards are ever a music-loving people, and possibly you may find here and there a lovesick couple mooning at each other through an old iron-barred window. More and more, however, the radio supersedes the guitar and the girl has come out from behind the historic grillwork and gone to the movies with her sweetheart—or to the street barricades to fight with him!

One fact to grasp, in understanding the social muddle here, is that Spain is divided into 50 provinces; and not so many years ago it was commonly said that it also had 50 different national dances and costumes, together with almost as many dialects.

Comparatively sudden advent of new high-speed roads, faster vehicles, speeches and news broadcast by air, and the breakdown of church influence, all combine now to dissipate this old conservative provincial spirit. Thus has Spain been turned into a milling, restless land. For the first time country and town life are freely blended, and the peasant can hear the exciting talk of city radicals and revolutionaries that yesteryear came only as a remote murmur.

Spain is now becoming so modernized that busses of every kind

and color race along from village to village, from town to city. Till a few years ago, many country people never journeyed more than 20 miles from home in their lives. Now by cheap, or even free, rides in war times, they travel all over the country!

Political Parties Are Many.

With the rise of the republic came, of course, more liberty of speech and action; but, born of the 50 provinces and their 50 different ways of thinking, came also wide division of opinion and action.

Political parties of all shades sprang up in great variety and number. Certain factions held that progress should be attained gradually through education of the masses—masses as yet untrained in the art of government. This is obviously a slow process and one would suppose that in a romantic "land of manana" a slow process would be acceptable.

But the manana idea is another of those old Spanish customs so rapidly disappearing; many now demand a quicker approach, a faster progress.

Thus a peek at Spain of today reveals a startling modernity of

thought, civilization and up-to-the-minute comforts and contrivances, superimposed upon the stubborn survival of many local ways and prejudices that bend or break but slowly.

Irresistibly, however, the cities put on a more modern dress and quicken their pace. Consider, hastily, some of the cities and towns that have figured in recent war news.

The New York of Spain.

Take a look at Barcelona, the New York of Spain. It is the largest city in the country, the most important financial and industrial center and by far the busiest seaport.

The sun shines in air crisp and exhilarating as you stroll down the Paseo de Gracia, Barcelona's most important thoroughfare and indeed one of the most interesting and modernistic streets in the world. Fine motorcars (no trucks allowed on this wide avenue) stop and go at modern American traffic signals.

At the foot of the Paseo is the very heart of Barcelona—the Plaza de Cataluna—a large open space filled with statues, fountains, flower beds, paved paths, and benches.

Use American Cash Registers.

All these business houses use American adding machines and cash registers, and the offices hum with American typewriters. Many of the fine new apartment buildings are equipped with American doors and electric refrigerators. Here "foreign trade" is a pulsing thing far removed from the dry statistics of our commerce.

"Rambla" really means a dry ravine, but in Barcelona the word is used to designate a wider street or boulevard. The original fascinating Rambla of Barcelona is like no other thoroughfare in the world! It is a long, straight avenue with a wide promenade for pedestrians in the center and is lined with tall plane trees.

Busy stores flank the Rambla from end to end, interspersed with theaters, cinemas, an ancient church or two and a large number of cafes. Under bright, wide awnings that canopy the sidewalks and shade the little tables, idlers sit and watch the lifeblood of the metropolis stream up and down its main artery—streaming at a much quicker tempo since recent shooting started!

An English Diet for Freckles



London.—On warm days ice cream cones are just the thing for boys who have freckles, says this youngster, photographed while spending a holiday on the south coast of England. It's our guess he could win any freckle contest.

BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

WHAT SAMMY JAY TOLD BLACKY THE CROW

THIS is the story, the amazing story, that Sammy Jay told to Blacky the Crow as they sat in the Lone Pine. It is the same story he had tried to tell all the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest, but that in his excitement he had mixed up so that nobody could make head or tail of it, and so everybody had thought he had gone crazy.

"I had gone way, way into the Green Forest just to look around a little," said Sammy. "I had seen nothing and nobody for a long time, when suddenly I saw something moving on the ground. I flew over to see what it was, and when I got where I could see clearly I nearly fell from the tree in which I was sitting. Yes, sir, I was so surprised and—frightened that I nearly fell out of that tree!"

Blacky looked as if he didn't quite believe this, but thought that Sammy was just trying to make a big story. But he didn't say anything, and Sammy went on.

"At first I thought it was Farmer Brown's boy, or the stranger was standing on two legs, just like Farmer Brown's boy, and his back was to me. But in a minute I saw he had on a black fur coat, and I've never seen Farmer Brown's boy wearing a black fur coat, have you?"

Blacky shook his head. "Was it as black as mine?" he asked.

Sammy nodded. "Just as black," said he. "In a minute he began to walk, and he didn't walk on two feet—he walked on four feet!" Sammy was beginning to get excited again. "I was so surprised that I guess I screamed. Of course, he heard me and looked up. 'Hello, Mr. Jay!' said he, and grinned, and when he grinned he showed his teeth and they were very big. I had begun to think that nobody lives around here and was getting kind of lonesome. You don't happen to know where there is any honey, do you?"

The idea of thinking that there would be any honey as early in the spring as this! Then he walked over to a big tree and stood up and stretched his hands way up as high as he could and scratched the bark of the tree, and he has the awfulest claws you ever saw! I didn't suppose anybody ever had such claws. When I saw those I

just spread my wings and flew away as fast as ever I could. And now when I try to tell about it everybody calls me crazy."

Blacky scratched his head thoughtfully and Sammy suspected that he, too, thought him crazy. "Did he have a tail?" asked Blacky.

"I—I don't know," confessed Sammy. "I didn't stop to look."

"And you say he is as big as — as Reddy Fox?" asked Blacky, his sharp eyes twinkling shrewdly.

"I said he is as big as Farmer



Blacky shook his head. "Was it as black as mine?" he asked.

Brown's boy!" replied Sammy indignantly.

"And he walks on four legs?" persisted Blacky.

"Yes," replied Sammy, "but he stands on two legs."

"Hm-m-m," said Blacky. "I've lived a long time in the Green Forest, but I've never seen or heard of any one like that. You are sure you did not dream it, Sammy?"

"Of course, I didn't dream it!" cried Sammy. "Did you ever know me to go to sleep in the daytime? I tell you he's a stranger!"

"Where did you say you saw him?" asked Blacky.

"Deep in the Green Forest, beyond the pond of Paddy the Beaver," replied Sammy.

"I believe I'll go have a look for myself," said Blacky. "Won't you come show me the way?"

"No, thanks," replied Sammy promptly. "I've seen him once, and that's enough!"

And so Blacky the Crow started alone to hunt for the stranger in the Green Forest.

© T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service.

First Aid to the Ailing House

—By—

Roger B. Whitman

DON'T BUY WORN-OUT HOUSE

WHEN a family goes house-hunting, the first thought is for location, and the second for a house with the necessary number of rooms. Satisfied on these points, the choice is likely to go to the house that is attractive in appearance and prettily decorated. Unfortunately, little thought may be given to another point, although as a matter of fact, it is of high importance. This is the judging of the house by what it will cost to occupy; what the heating cost will be, and the probable need for future repairs and replacements. The purchase price is paid but once, while the costs of occupancy go on for as long as the house is lived in. The lower they are, the better. For an example, consider two houses, that while otherwise the same, have differences in construction that make it possible for one of them to be heated for \$50 less per winter than the other. The house that makes the saving is a better buy than the other, even though the purchase price may be higher.

If the previous occupant of a house can be located, he should be asked

about the amount of fuel that was burned. Another source of information is a local dealer in coal or oil. Quite often a next-door neighbor will know.

A house that has previously been lived in will need redecoration and the refinishing of floors. This is to be expected. But before papers are signed, the prospective owner should know more about the house than shows on the surface. He should know the condition of the water pipes, the stiffness of the house, the length of life that is to be expected from the roof, and other matters that are usually beyond the knowledge and experience of an average prospective home owner.

A house is security for the money that it costs, and like any good security, should retain its value. I believe that a buyer will find that his money is well spent in engaging an architect or a competent and unbiased builder to make a thorough examination of the house, and to report on its condition. This will show the extent of depreciation. It will also be a guide as to the repairs and replacements.

© By Roger B. Whitman WNU Service.