

The Weekly PALMA POST

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PALMA DE MALLORCA
NOVEMBER 20-26, 1933

THE COPY
25 CTS

Workers Back On Job After Five - Day Lay-Off

ON THE ISLAND

At the opening of the Mickey's Club many well known members of Palma society were seen. Among those who attended during the evening were Mrs. Yvonne Arango, Signor Tito Cungi, Mr. William Jean Beauley, Mrs. Mary Richardson, Mrs. Pamela De Prizer, Mrs. Blumenreich, Don Jaime Enseñat, Señor Fuster Faber, Don Manuel Descallar, Don Manuel Nito, Don Juan Cabot, Don Fausto Gual, Don Joaquin Gual, Don Roman Gual, Don Agustín Gual, Don Jaime Guasp, Mr. Parker Holmes, Señor Grau, Don Juan Oliver, Don Sebastián Mourar, Miss Eva Tay and and Baron Basedow.

* * *

Dr. and Mrs. Howard Hansell and their granddaughter Miss Wayne Hansell entertained Mr. and Mrs. Dorr Newton, Mrs. S. E. Strong, Miss Jean McMillan, Signor Tito Cungi, and Mr. David McMillan Monday night at the Hotel Royal.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Hans Dandit, Mr. Eugene Walch, Mr. Frelina Hoeflin, Miss Von Granock, Don Sebastián Ferrer, Don Ramón Sastre Carbonell, Don Juan Parellada Juan, Don Antonio Guferrer Cuni, Don Ramón Romero Ferrell, Don José Girncedo Rodríguez, Don José Pinent Pera, Don Francisco Trias Sopera and wife, Don Julio Martínez, Don Ernesto Giménez Navarro and Don Manuel Giménez and wife are guests of the Grand Hotel.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Jean de la Hire and their two daughters have left the Hotel Royal and have taken a house in Terreno.

* * *

Mrs. Pamela DePrizer left Tuesday for a short visit to Soller.

* * *

At the Hotel Mediterráneo are Mrs. Jessie Marion Forster, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Durget and Mr. and Mrs. Petin.

* * *

Mr. William Jean Beauley, who has been a resident of Soller for a number of years, left Mallorca Monday for an extended tour of Spain and the continent. He will return to his home on the Island in the spring.

* * *

Mr. Achille Donat, Mr. and Mrs. Gabriel Rossignol, Mr. Robert Oliver, Mrs. H. Renjes, Mrs. H. Hipkins, Mrs. C. Dunkleze, Miss H. Gay, and Mr. James Bosch have registered at the Hotel Royal.

* * *

After 11 months visit to the Island, Mrs. Earl Card left on Thursday for Málaga. She will leave for América in the spring after a tour of different cities in Spain.

* * *

Mrs. E. Mason is a guest of the Hotel Victoria.

* * *

(Continued on page 4)

RIGHT LEADERS TO AVOID LEADERSHIP WITHOUT MAJORITY

Chiefs Decide Against Taking Helm Of Government If To Do So Means Tie-Up With Left Wing Parties.

MADRID, Sunday— In spite of their impressive gains at the polling booths, Right Wing leaders are not certain that the time is at hand to attempt to form a government, it was learned here today.

After a long consultation, the conservative chiefs came to the conclusion that, unless next Sunday's follow-up elections show a clear majority in parliament, they will bide their time and let secondary statesmen assume the onus of forming a cabinet that will depend for its existence on the tolerance of the Socialist and other parties of the Left.

The leaders feel that their time will come once an unsuccessful attempt to govern has been made

(Continued on page 4)

Balearics To Elect Only Two Deputies

When the province of the Balearic Islands goes to the polls next Sunday, ballots will be cast for the election of only two deputies.

Of the province's seven deputies, five were elected by the necessary 40 per cent of the count, leaving only two seats to be contested at the secondary election.

The five elected deputies are Señores Zaforteza, Salort, March, Matutes, and Fons. They represent the coalition of the Right and Center parties that was so successful in the November 19 elections.

Of the five, Don Juan March

(Continued on page 12)

General Strike Ends In Mallorca; Shoemakers Have Yet To Settle Differences Over Working Hours, Wages, But Arrangement Seems Near

Free Tram Rides End With Break Of Strike

With the breaking of the general strike there came to an end the pleasant facility of riding free on the local tramcars.

Immediately after the streetcar motormen and conductors walked out upon the order of their union, their places were taken by soldiers, whose only concern was to keep the transportation system moving.

No provisions were made for the collection of fares and for five days residents of Palma and suburbs on the tram lines hopped on and off the cars without fishing coppers from their pockets.

Although sufficient soldiers to man all the cars were not found, transportation was maintained at about 25 per cent of normal. The presence of heavily armed civil guards on all of the platforms assured the safety both of the passengers and the rolling stock.

The bus lines, throughout the strike, were manned by their reg-

(Continued on page 4)

Transportation Again Normal As Motormen Take Posts, Replacing Soldiers; Guards Leave Trams, Buses.

After holding Mallorca in its grip for five days, the general strike that was ordered last Tuesday was broken by common consent Saturday night.

Sunday full transportation services were resumed, with motormen and bus drivers replacing the soldiers who had carried on in their absence and civil guards withdrawing from the tram and bus platforms.

The shoemakers, in whose sympathy the workers in other industries walked out, have yet to settle all of their differences with their employers, but it is believed that an arrangement satisfactory to both parties is near.

Laborers employed in the shoe industry demanded both an increase in wages and a 44-hour

(Continued on page 4)

Anarchist Plot Nipped At Huesca; Police Hold Three Women Charged With Aiding Conspiracy

MADRID, Sunday.—A widespread anarchist plot was nipped in the bud today when the authorities at Huesca, on the southern side of the Pyrenees, uncovered the headquarters of the conspirators.

Among the arrested anarchists are three women, charged with being high up in the councils of the organization. Two men were arrested with them.

The plotters had completed plans for the simultaneous cutting of telegraph and telephone wires and the blowing up of rail and

road bridges, in order to isolate the territory in which their movement was first to take root.

In the headquarters of the extremists the police found 46 well-made bombs, large quantities of ammunition and explosives in bulk, presumably to be used in the manufacture of additional bombs.

There were also sufficient rifles for the arming of a large number of men.

BARCELONA, Sunday — Election

(Continued on page 4)

Daphne Merrick's Page Woman

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Three Methods Of Serving Meat For Younger Children

Some ways of serving meat to a small child:

Scraped Beef

Get a small piece of steak, about two ounces for one child. Scrape with a knife about a dessertspoonful of it on to a plate, and add a tablespoonful of cold water and cook the scraped beef on this, slightly stirring it with a fork, so that it may be done evenly. It will soon cook, as it is so finely divided. Squeeze all the juice out of the little piece of meat that is over and add it. If required add a little more water as you want plenty of gravy. When cooked, put a few bread crumbs in this and serve on the hot plate on which the meat was cooked. Add a mashed potato and sieved greens.

Steamed Cutlet

A cutlet may be cooked between two buttered plates: it will take 30 or 40 minutes and require turning two or three times. Beat it a little first to make it tender. It could be served with a little gravy if it has not enough of its own juices.

Raw Meat Juice

Shred one ounce of beef very finely, remove all fat and gristle, put into a small cup with one tablespoonful of cold water and a pinch of salt. Cover it over and stand in a warm place for one hour. Strain it off and give a teaspoonful at a time, or serve in a cup. Very good for delicate little children.

WINDOW SHOPPING IN PALMA

With the Christmas season approaching, one has a feeling that one should get busy and cast an eye round for Christmas Cards. Not of course that one agrees with the sending of Christmas cards; who could in theory? Most people start off with the firm intention of sending to a few to intimate friends only. They write down these few names, and then a few more and before long there is a list as long as your arm. No weeding out process seems possible so the whole lot has to go. This with the conviction that none of them are really wanted, that no one will know what to do with them when they get them, and that the money would have been much more profitably spent in some other way! Still if you will send Christmas cards you will find a very delightful collection at Mir, Calle Cadena, 11. And please don't take me too seriously.

At Mir you will find Christmas cards which are reproductions of Mr. Erwin Hubert's pictures (the famous portrayer of Mallorcan subjects). Those delightful little sketches of the beauty spots of the island may well be highly appreciated as dainty souvenirs of the place.

Casas

You will be missing something if you do not find time to pay a visit to Casas, Teatro Balear, 55-1, sometime during your stay in Palma. This shop teems with interesting antiques of all sorts. If you are a resident and happen to be furnishing or refurbishing you will be interested in their lovely hand woven Mallorcan materials suitable for curtains, sofa covers etc. Then they have furniture of all sorts and old china and a great deal more of interest.

A FEW HINTS

If you want to clean a suede belt rub it with a piece of flannel which you have first dipped in sawdust or bran. Afterwards raise the nap of the suede by going over it with coarse glass paper.

Here is a good stunt for removing an obstinate glass stopper. Apply glycerine either by painting it round the stopper or by placing the stopper and neck of bottle in an eggcupful of glycerine. It may

be necessary to leave it like this for several hours; the glycerine works its way between the stopper and neck of the bottle and so makes it possible to remove it.

Do your hands get easily chapped and sore? If so keep a bowl of bran or oatmeal handy and plunge them into it after washing. This will keep your hands beautifully smooth and soft.

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School In Terreno Instructs Children Of 4-8 Years Age

To have a small child hanging around the house all day is just that too much of a good thing which broke the camel's back. I mean, well, you know! Perhaps Master or Miss four or five years old takes about the same view if he or she is an only one. Quite an attractive solution of the problem is No. 4 Calle Dos de Mayo, El Terreno.

This little school is so modestly retiring that it does not even advertise itself on its front gate.

There is one class room for all ages. The children are mostly from four to seven or eight years old. In spring and summer, whenever the weather permits, they do their lessons in the woods and for the winter months the classroom is well warmed.

One may find as many as four nationalities amongst the pupils—American, French, English and Spanish, all seated round the room on little chairs which they bring themselves at the beginning of the term.

The hours are from 9 a. m. till 11.30 a. m. and from 3 p. m. to 4.30 p. m.

Señorita Matilde Campano who is the only teacher, seems to be much beloved by her little band. She comes from Madrid so you may be sure that your child will acquire just the right Castilian accent. All the teaching is done in Spanish.

For those parents who are not keen on a lot of mental gymnastics for their children at an early age but would like them to imitate a little Spanish, and also have the benefit of association with other children and a little discipline outside the home, this small school is much recommended. At the same time Srta. Campano is highly capable of giving serious tuition if the parent requires it for her child.

Señorita Emilia Campano, same address, is a highly efficient Professor of Spanish and will give you a lesson at your home or at her address whichever you like. Appointments may be made any time.

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Book On «Etiquette» Taken For Ride By Tauchnitz Collection

Alice-Leone Moats' «No Nice Girl Swears» was designed as an informative hand book on what the young girl about town (meaning New York) should know, but it has been taken for a long ride by Tauchnitz Editions.

In adding the book to its already large collection of books by British and American authors, the Tauchnitz concern admits that it has its tongue in its cheek.

«No Nice Girl Swears» may be all that is claimed for it back in New York, but the European publishers expect it to be a riot on the continent.

The book concerns itself with what the nice American girl thinks she should think about. The Tauchnitz scouts, spearing around for new material, came to the conclusion that their readers should not miss the opportunity to look beneath the New York debutante's curls, and the addition of Miss (the «Miss» is taken for granted) Moats' opus to their list is the result.

Tauchnitz also has added John Galsworthy's «Flowering Wilderness» to its editions. The novel is a sequel to «Maid-in-Waiting» and is described—by the publishers, not by this writer, who hasn't read it—as a «novel of dramatic intensity in which the author has put many a delicate touch to some of his finest portraits.»

Other recently published books in the Tauchnitz collection are Mary Borden's «The Technique of Marriage» and A. A. Milne's «Winnie the Pooh.»

In the latter book, something new is tried by the publishers, who heretofore have been content to let their offerings rest on the literary merit contained within their covers. «Winnie the Pooh» is copiously illustrated with line drawings by Ernest H. Shepard.

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Alice Weizen And Fred Cranz, Accompanied By Miss Kusterko, Offer Concert For Club

A concert by Alice Weizen and Fred Cranz was the attraction offered last Tuesday afternoon by Miss Elsa Kusterko, secretary of the International Language Club, when the organization met at the Trocadero.

Miss Kusterko herself took the piano to play the accompaniment for the two guest artists.

Included in the program offered by Miss Weizen and Mr. Cranz were selections from Mendelsohn, Strauss and Puccini.

The winter season of the club is now well underway, with regular, well-attended meetings being held every Tuesday afternoon and frequent evening affairs being arranged by the secretary.

The International Language Club is also known as *Los Amigos de España*, and as such is the Palma chapter of a club that has chapters in many of the principal capitals of Europe.

During the summer the organization became popular with tourists because of the well-managed excursions organized and conducted by Miss Kusterko. Those trips offered the visitor the opportunity to see much of the Island that ot-

herwise would have been passed by except with the assistance of a personal guide.

Now that the winter season is underway, a series of lectures, *musicales* and other forms of diversion has been undertaken. Due to the international complexion of the club, the lectures are not always in the same language, but the lecturers always speak slowly for the benefit of listeners whose knowledge of the language in use may be slight.



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New Pension Offers Special Bill Of Fare To Vegetarian Clients

Since the appearance in The Weekly Palma Post of Daphne Merrick's vegetarian menus, a number of vegetarians have requested the names of restaurants in Palma where these diets might be ordered.

At the time the inquiries were made, no such restaurant existed, to the best of the knowledge of the members of the staff from whom the information was sought, and vegetarians not possessing their own kitchens were forced to continue to hoist in their spot of spinach with the insecure feeling that it might have been contaminated by simmering in meat stock.

Now, a new pension advertises a special cuisine for persons desiring meatless diets. It is the House Cecile, 101 Calle 14 de Abril, Terreno.

Here, besides a regular cuisine for the less particular diners, are served meals in which meat plays no part whatsoever in the preparation.

The vegetarian menus are made up in strict accordance with the advice of those dieticians who advise abstinence from meat, either as a means for the recovery from an illness or, in some cases, permanently.

Besides its two separate cuisines, the House Cecile operates as a modern hotel, with comfortable, well-equipped rooms and running water.

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GENERAL WALKOUT ENDS; SHOEMAKERS STILL DISSATISFIED

(Continued from page 1)

week. It is considered doubtful that shorter working hours will be granted, but pay increases of some sort already have been promised.

With the breaking of the strike on Saturday, business in Palma prepared to return to normal Monday morning. Newspapers, including The Daily Palma Post and The Weekly Palma Post, ordered their staffs to report for work and make ready to publish the first local newspapers that had been seen in a full week.

The bakeries, which joined the strike to the extent of refusing to bake any but the simplest breads, resumed full operations and once more the Mallorcan *ensaimada* made its appearance in the hotels and cafés.

A check-up of the damage done during the strike reveals that it went off in as orderly a manner as possible. Two agitators were wounded when a bomb in the hands of one of them went off prematurely, and others suffered minor injuries when a mob tried to force its way to the governor's office.

Soldiers guarded all public utilities plants, forestalling any attempts at sabotage.

ANARCHISTS HELD IN HUESCA CONSPIRACY

(Continued from page 1)

activities that otherwise were handled in a competent and orderly manner were marred here when extremists set off two bombs in the industrial section of the city.

Although both explosions did considerable damage, neither caused death or injury to bystanders.

Some disorder has been caused by agitators attempting to turn the scattered strikes into a general affair, but considering the unsettled political condition Catalonia has been comparatively free from wholesale labor difficulties.

Although the police do not believe the disturbances are part of an organized, national campaign by extremists, they are seeking for a possible link between the bombings here and attempted acts of terrorism in other parts of the Peninsula.

Want Ads in the PALMA POST bring results.

ON THE ISLAND

(Continued from page 1)

Mr. and Mrs. W. Oberdoerffer and Dr. Wilhelm Nederland have taken a villa in Soller. While in Palma they made their residence at the Hotel Royal.

The tournaments at the Son Alegre Tennis Club are progressing slowly due to inclement weather. In the mens singles Morey won over Parks on a default and then trounced Armstrong 6-0, and 6-2. In the mixed doubles the team of Ripoll-Clay won over Ballester-Morey by the score of 6-0 and 6-1.

Miss F. Underwood and Miss K. Graham left the early part of the week to visit friends at Costa D'Or. They returned to Terreno after a short stay on the other side of the Island.

Miss Jarvis Kerr has been confined to her room at the Hotel Terreno for the major portion of the week with an illness.

Mr. Walter Blodgett returned to the Island from Barcelona on Saturday after a four day absence.

At the Tuesday evening meeting of the International Language Club at the Trocadero, a concert was given featuring Frederic Cranz, violin, Alice Weitzen, vocalist, and Elsa Kosterko, piano. The three artists presented the second part of Mendelssohn's violin concerto, *Morgen* and *Zueignung* by R. Strauss, Max Reger's *Gluck's Genug*, and a *chardas* entitled *Hejre Katy* by Terio Hutay.

Colonel and Mrs. de Kajaba, with Miss de Kajaba, have returned to their home at Calle de la Salud 15, Terreno. They have been away on an extended trip through France and Switzerland.

Five Americans Held On Charge Of Assaulting Guardia Civil Must Await Court Deliberations

The five American citizens who have been held here since June 4 on charges of assaulting a Guardia Civil must await further deliberations by the Supreme Court before learning whether or not a military verdict freeing them of the charges will be granted an appeal.

The appeal was requested by the *fiscal militar* immediately after a military court consisting of a colonel and six captains found them not guilty by a verdict of four to three.

The five Americans are Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Lockwood, Rutherford Fullerton, Roderick Mead and Walton Blodgett.

According to Mr. Blodgett, they have received no word of the progress of the deliberations in Madrid, but have been informed that they can be represented there by their own attorney at once, in case they do not choose to let matters take their course and defend themselves only if a new trial is granted.

The defendants' case is in the

hands of Don Luis Ramallo Thomas, who successfully defended them before the military court when their trial came up at the Carmen Barracks in Palma.

Señor Ramallo has made a trip to Madrid on behalf of his clients and has expressed optimism over the eventual outcome of the procedure.

The Americans are at liberty on bail which was allowed them before the military trial, but not until they had spent seven weeks in the Prison Municipal.



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RIGHT LEADERS TO AVOID LEADERSHIP WITHOUT MAJORITY

(Continued from page 1)

by a scapegoat in the form of one of the smaller bourgeois groups.

The guess is hazarded here that Alejandro Lerroux, Radical Party chief and last premier but one, will head the next government, for which a short life is predicted.

The cabinet will be composed, it is believed, of about equal proportions of Radicals, Catholics and Agrarians, with perhaps one or two portfolios going to statesmen of the more liberal political organizations.

When the Cortes is convened, Luis Besteiro, colorful speaker ever since the formation of the first Republican parliament, will be absent and his place will be taken, it is thought, by the newly elected deputy, Vilanova.

At the moment, the line-up of the new Cortes is a matter of conjecture, for while the elections of November 19 were conclusive in many provinces, in others it was not possible to vote into office the required number of deputies by the necessary count of 40 per cent of the total ballots cast.

It is to settle disputed seats left over from the first election that the second ballot of next Sunday is to be taken.

Free Tram Rides End With Break Of Strike

(Continued from page 1)

ular crews, who saw to it that the passengers did not ride free.

Like the trams, the buses were protected by armed civil guards riding on the platforms. Both bus

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THE PALMA POST PRESS
Calle San Felio, 4

and tram routes were guarded by mounted guards stationed at intervals throughout their entire length.

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ART AT HOME - - *By William Faulkner*

By WILLIAM FAULKNER

Roger Howes was a fattish, mild, nondescript man of forty, who came to New York from the Mississippi Valley somewhere as an advertisement writer and married and turned novelist and sold a book and bought a house in the Valley of Virginia and never went back to New York again, even on a visit. For five years he had lived in the old brick house with his wife Anne and their two children, where old ladies came to tea in horsedrawn carriages or sent the empty carriages for him or sent by Negro servants in the otherwise empty carriages shoots and cuttings of flowering shrubs and jars of pickle or preserves and copies of his books for autographs.

He didn't go back to New York anymore, but now and then New York came to visit him: the ones he used to know, the artists and poets and such he knew before he began to earn enough food to need a cupboard to put it in. The painters, the writers, that hadn't sold a book or a picture—men with beards sometimes in place of collars, who came and wore his shirts and socks and left them under the bureau when they departed, and women in smocks but sometimes not: those gaunt and eager and carnivorous tymbesters of Art.

At first it had been just hard to refuse them, but now it was harder to tell his wife that they were coming. Sometimes he did not know himself they were coming. They usually wired him, on the day on which they would arrive, usually collect. He lived four miles from the village and the book hadn't sold quite enough to own a car too, and he was a little fat, a little overweight, so sometimes it would be two or three days before he would get his mail. Maybe he would just wait for the next batch of company to bring the mail up with them. After the first year the man at the station (he was the telegraph agent and the station agent and Roger's kind of town agent all in one) got to where he could recognize them on sight. They would be standing on the little platform, with that blank air, with nothing to look at except a little yellow station and the back end of a moving train and some mountains already beginning to get dark, and the agent would come out of his little den with a handful of mail and a package or so, and the telegram. «He lives about four miles up the Valley. You can't miss it.»

«Who lives about four miles up the valley?»

«Howes does. If you all are going up there, I thought maybe you wouldn't mind taking these letters to him. One of them is a telegram.»

«A telegram?»

«It come this a.m. But he ain't been to town in two-three days. I thought maybe you'd take it to him.»

«Telegram? Hell. Give it here.»

The Weekly Palma Post Is Indebted To Whit Burnett, Editor Of «Story», For Permission To Reprint This Short Story, Which First Appeared In His Magazine

«It's forty-eight cents to pay on it.»

«Keep it, then. Hell.»

So they would take everything except the telegram and they would walk the four miles to Howes', getting there after supper. Which would be all right, because the women would all be too mad to eat anyway, including Mrs. Howes, Anne. So a couple of days later, someone would send a carriage for Roger and he would stop at the village and pay out the wire telling him how his guests would arrive two days ago.

So when this poet in the sky-blue coat gets off the train, the agent comes right out of his little den, with the telegram. «It's about four miles up the Valley,» he says. «You can't miss it. I thought maybe you'd take this telegram up to him. It come this a.m., but he ain't been to town for two-three days. You can take it. It's paid.»

«I know it is,» the poet says. «Hell. You say it is four miles up there?»

«Right straight up the road. You can't miss it.»

So the poet took the telegram and the agent watched him go on out of sight up the Valley Road, with a couple or three other folks coming to the doors to look at the blue coat maybe. The agent grunted. «Four miles,» he said. «That don't mean no more to that fellow than if I had said four switch frogs. But maybe with that dressing-sacque he can turn bird and fly it.»

Roger hadn't told his wife, Anne, about this poet at all, maybe because he didn't know himself. Any way, she didn't know anything about it until the poet came limping into the garden where she was cutting flowers for the supper table, and told her she owed him forty-eight cents.

«Forty-eight cents?» Anne said.

He gave her the telegram. «You don't have to open it now, you see,» the poet said. «You can just pay me back the forty-eight cents and you won't have to even open it.» She stared at him, with a handful of flowers and the scissors in the other hand, so finally maybe it occurred to him to tell her who he was. «I'm John Blair,» he said. «I sent this telegram this morning to tell you I was coming. It cost me forty-eight cents. But now I'm here, so you don't need the telegram.»

So Anne stands there, holding the flowers and the scissors, saying «Damn, Damn, Damn» while the poet tells her how she ought to get her mail oftener. «You want to keep up with what's going on,» he tells her, and her saying «Damn, Damn, Damn,» until at last he says he'll just stay to supper and then walk to the village,

if it's going to put her out that much.

«Walk?» she said, looking him up and down. «You walk? Up here from the village? I don't believe it. Where is your baggage?»

«I've got it on. Two shirts, and I have an extra pair of socks in my pocket. Your cook can wash, can't she?»

She looks at him holding the flowers and the scissors. Then she tell him to come on into the house and live there forever. Except she didn't say exactly that. She said: «You walk? Nonsense. I think you're sick. You come in and sit down and rest.» Then she went to find Roger and tell him to bring down the pram from the attic. Of course she didn't say exactly that, either.

Roger hadn't told her about this poet; he hadn't got the telegram himself yet. Maybe that was why she hauled him over the coals so that night: because he hadn't got the telegram.

They were in their bedroom. Anne was combing out her hair. The children were spending the summer up in Connecticut, with Anne's folks. He was a minister, her father was. «You told me that the last time would be the last. Not a month ago. Less than that, because when that last batch left I had to paint the furniture in the guest room again to hide where they put their cigarettes on the dressing table and the window ledges. And I found in a drawer a broken comb I would not have asked Pinkie (Pinkie was the Negro cook) to pick up, and two socks that were not even mates that I bought for you myself last winter, and a single stocking that I couldn't even recognize anymore as mine. You tell me that Poverty looks after its own: well, let it. But why must we be instruments of Poverty?»

«This is a poet. That last batch were not poets. We haven't had a poet in the house in some time. Place losing all its mellifluous overtones and subtleties.»

«How about that woman that wouldn't bathe in the bathroom? who insisted on going down to the creek every morning without even a bathing suit, until Amos Crain's (he was a farmer that lived across the creek from them) wife had to send me word that Amos was afraid to try to plow his lower field? What do people like that think that out-doors, the country, is? I cannot understand it, anymore than I can understand why you feel that you should feed and lodge—»

«Ah, that was just a touch of panic fear that probably did Amos good. Jolted him out of himself, out of his rut.»

«The rut where he made his

wife's and children's daily bread, for six days. And worse than that. Amos is young. He probably had illusions about women until he saw that creature down there without a stitch on.»

«Well, you are in the majority, you and Mrs. Crain.» He looked at the back of her head, her hands combing out her hair and her probably watching him in the mirror and him not knowing it, what with being an artist and all. «This is a man poet.»

«Then I suppose he will refuse to leave the bathroom at all. I suppose you'll have to carry a tray to him in the tub three times a day. Why do you feel compelled to lodge and feed these people? Can't you see they consider you an easy mark? that they eat your food and wear your clothes and consider us hopelessly bourgeois for having enough food for other people to eat, and a little soft-brained for giving it away? And now this one, in a sky-blue dressing-sacque.»

«There's a lot of wear and tear to just being a poet. I don't think you realize that.»

«Oh, I don't mind. Let him wear a lamp shade or a sauce pan too. What does he want of you? advice, or just food and lodging?»

«Not advice. You must have gathered at supper what his opinion of my mentality is.»

«He revealed pretty clearly what his own mentality is. The only thing in the house that really pleased him was Pinkie's colored head-rag.»

«Not advice,» Roger said. «I don't know why he shows me his stuff. He does it like you'd give caviar to an elephant.»

«And of course you accept his dictum about the elephant. And I suppose you are going to get them to publish his book, too.»

«Well, there's some good stuff in it. And maybe if he sees it in print, he'll really get busy. Or maybe someone will make him mad enough to really write something. Something with an entrail in it. He's got it in him. It may not be but one poem. But it's there. Maybe if he can just stop talking long enough to get it out. And I thought if he came down here, where he will have to walk four miles to find somebody to talk to, once Amos comes to recognize that blue coat.»

«Ah,» Anne said. «So you wrote him to come. I knew you had, but I'm glad to hear you admit it of your own free will. Go on to bed,» she said. «You haven't done a stroke of work today and Lord only knows now when you will.»

Thus life went along in its old pleasant way. Because poets are all different from one another, it seemed; this one, anyway. Because it soon developed that Anne

doesn't see this poet at all, hardly. It seems that she can't even know he is in the house unless she hears him snoring at night. Sedit took her two weeks to get steamed up again. And this time she is not even combing her hair. «Is it two weeks he's been here, or just two years?» She is sitting at the dressing table, but she is not doing anything, which any husband, even an artist, should know is a bad sign. When you see a woman sitting half dressed before a dressing table with a mirror and not even watching herself talk in the mirror, it's time to smell smoke in the wind.

«He has been here two weeks, but unless I happen to go to the kitchen, I never see him since he prefers Pinkie's company to ours. And when he was missing that first Wednesday night, on Pinkie's evening off, I said at first, 'What tact.' That was before I learned that he had taken supper with Pinkie's family at her house and had gone with them to prayer meeting. And he went again Sunday night and again last Wednesday night, and now tonight (and though he tells me I have neither intelligence nor imagination) he would be surprised to know that I am imagining right now that sky-blue dressing-sacque in a wooden church full of sweating niggers without any incongruity at all.»

«Yes. It's quite a picture, isn't it?»

«But apart from such minor embarrassments like not knowing where our guest is, and bearing upon our patient brows a certain amount of reflected ridiculousness, he is a very pleasant companion. Instructing, edifying, and self-effacing. I never know he is even in the house unless I hear your typewrite, because I know it is not you because you have not written a line in—is it two weeks, or just two years? He enters the room which the children are absolutely forbidden and puts his one finger on that typewriter which Pinkie is not even permitted to touch with a dustcloth, and writes a poem about freedom and flings it at you to commend and applaud. What is it he says?»

«You tell. This is fine.»

«He flings it at you like—like... Wait; I've got it: like flinging caviar at an elephant, and he says, 'Will this sell?' Not, Is this good? or Do you like it? Will this sell? and you—»

«Go on. I couldn't hope to even compete.»

«You read it, carefully. Maybe the same poem, I don't know; I've learned recently on the best authority that I am not intelligent enough to get by poetry at first hand. You read it, carefully, and then you say, 'It ought to. Stamps in the drawer there.'» She went to the window. «No, I haven't evolved far enough yet to take my poetry straight; I won't unders-

(Continued on page 12)

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Visiting The Balearics

Every American knows a certain type of his fellow-countryman who, after a protracted stay in Paris, returns to his home town to boast of his knowledge of all France. The type is limited in number and certainly does not represent the average traveling American, but it exists. A similar class of English tourists also turns up occasionally.

The fallacy of thinking a trip to Paris all that is necessary to know France thoroughly is obvious, but for not easily discernible reasons, the fallacy of thinking a trip to Palma an open sesame to the mysteries of the Balearic Islands is not so generally recognized.

Almost any resident of Palma knows, off-hand, half a dozen foreigners who speak of themselves as old-timers in Mallorca, yet who have but a superficial knowledge of the Island—most of that knowledge being based on infrequent and hasty trips to the smaller resorts.

The man who settles down in business immediately after his arrival cannot, of course, take full advantage of the countless trips that are offered the out-and-out tourist. But for the latter, with time on his hands, to leave Palma without seeing the rest of the Island, and the neighboring islands as well, is simply to waste that spare time he is so fortunate in having.

Both travel within Mallorca and inter-island tours are conveniently accomplished and so moderately priced that it is possible to undertake either variety of trip without discomfort and without increasing ones living expenses. Certainly, to leave Palma with no knowledge whatsoever of the outlying country and the other islands is to put oneself in the class with the casual visitor to Paris who, before gaping yokels back home, passes for «the man who knows France.»

THE NIGHT WATCH

Thumbing the pages of a «literary» magazine the other day, we were surprised by the number of experts who, for all we know to the contrary, earn a living telling would-be writers know to pen the great American novel.

It struck us as odd none of the instructors who advertised in the magazine could boast a name recognizable as that of a well-known novelist. Presumably, ability to instruct in the art of writing does not demand that the instructor himself possess some writing talent.

Perhaps, after all, writing and football are not so far apart, and the great instructor, like the great coach, need not himself be an adept at practicing what he preaches.

Years ago we ourself penned the first chapter of what was to have been the Great American Novel. Since that day, back in our callow youth, we have thought up titles for two more literary achievements and have dedicated another. On the strength of that experience, we now wonder if we are not adequately equipped to introduce budding Hemingways, Dos Passoses, yea, and even Gertrude Steins, into the realm of literary success and the inner circle at the Algonquin.

The more we think about the idea, the better we like it. In fact, from now on we are prepared to accept a limited number of students for enrolment in our Select School for Unsuccessful Manuscript Mailers.

More than that: purely in the interest of *Belle Lettres* we are prepared to offer valuable prizes (not cash) to the first four suckers—er, prospects—to darken our door. To the first applicant, we will present the first chapter of our unfinished novel, complete and including the card on which are scrawled the word «Bunk!» and the initials «G. B. S.»

To the second and third entrants we will donate the titles of our second and third novels, both, as aforementioned, still curdling somewhere in the back of our mind.

To the fourth applicant we will give, free, *gratis* and in fee simple, the dedication of our final opus. We will not, however, divulge the last name of «Maggie», who is the object of the dedication.

With these four hopefuls as the nucleus of our class, we shall go ahead and lay out our courses of instruction, same to be finished before the recipients of our prizes have recovered from the inspiration contained in those awards.

By that time, we shall have drawn up «Plot A» for the edification of our students, and long before they have mastered it, «Plot B» will be ready for them. And so on, *ad infinitum*.

In due course, our pupils will be ready for their examinations, and this problem presents a few difficulties. Of course, having kept a lesson ahead of our class all the time, we might go over their exercises while they are completing their last lesson, thereby learning enough of the writing racket to frame and correct suitable exams. But no! We are determined to emerge at the end of our first semester uncontaminated by any ability to write fiction of our own!

An alternative scheme is to allow the students to examine each other and pass with flying colors each one not recommended by his fellows for a sabbatical leave on some faraway nut plantation.

So far so good. It seems as easy as that, and we already are spending, in our mind's eye, the money our young novelists will pour into our coffers.

There is, of course, one obvious fly in the erntment. Sooner or later, our pupils are going to realize the necessity of putting return postage on their manuscripts, and when that happens, the mailman might as well hang around after making his delivery, prepared for a round trip. And as for us, the man who made a better mouse trap and had the world beating a path to his door will have nothing on us. Our students can be counted upon to beat a highway to our humble lair, the like of which would have gladdened the hearts of such highway builders as Julius Caesar and Primo de Rivera.

Something tells us we shall be neither the first nor the last instructor in *Belles Lettres* to end his life far from the scenes of his triumph and far from the barrel of warm tar prepared for him by his former flock. Who knows?, we may wind up on some sunny south sea isle writing the Great American Novel again, this time with a correspondence course in novel-writing spread out before us.

The Watchman

IN ONE EAR

Wife—«I can't decide whether to go to a palmist or to a mind-reader.»

Husband—Go to a palmist. It's obvious that you have a palm.—*Judge*.

«I wish to goodness we could go home, mother, but dad wants to stop for three more dances.»

«Yes, dear, your father is a trial, isn't he? But, after all, one can be old only once».—*Punch*.

«Waiter, have you forgotten me?»

«Oh, no, sir, you are the stuffed calf's head.»—*Cologne Gazette*.

«But I couldn't give you enough work to keep you occupied.»

«Missus, you'd be surprized wot a little it takes to keep me occupied.»—*Sidney Bulletin*.

Musician (after much pressing) «Well, all right, since you insist. What shall I play?»

Host—«Anything you like. It is only to annoy the neighbors.»—*Buen Humor* (Madrid).

A colonel of our acquaintance says the Arizona man who was frightened to death by seeing on a trail a rattlesnake which another man also saw was a weakling, and that he has survived seeing in his bedchamber rattlesnakes with horns, when nobody else could see them.—*Louisville Times*.

The manager of a touring theatrical company wired to the proprietor of the theater in a small town where his company was due to appear.

«Would like to hold rehearsal next Monday afternoon at three. Have your stage manager, carpenter, property man, electrician, and all stage hands present at that hour.»

Four hours later he received the following reply: «All right. He'll be there.»—*Drumheller Mail*.

The minister advertised for a man-servant and next morning a nicely dressed young man rang the bell.

«Can you start the fire and get breakfast by seven o'clock,» asked the minister.

«I guess so,» answered the young man.

«Well, can you polish all the silver, wash the dishes and keep the house neat and tidy?»

«Say, parson,» said the young fellow. «I came here to see about getting married—but if it's going to be as much work as all that you can count me out right now.»—*Tit-Bits*.

Mrs. Newrich had given the landscape artist carte blanche and he was showing her over the formal garden.

«What is that?» she asked. He told her it was a sundial. «What's a sundial?» He patiently explained how the sun moving through the heavens cast a shadow which is

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recorded on the dial, indicating the time of day. Mrs. Newrich beamed with interest.

«My goodness,» she exclaimed, «these modern inventions! What will they be thinking of next?»—*Montreal Star*.

Extract from a letter received by a mother from her daughter at college.

«I realize, mother, that daddy is paying a lot to keep me at school and that I must try and learn something. I am taking up contract.»—*Boston Transcript*.

CABRERA, ALMOST WITHIN SIGHT, IS OLD PRISON CAMP

Captives Taken During Wars Of Napoleon's Time Died Of Starvation On Lonely Nearby Island.

For the tourist who wants to see something of the Balearic Islands besides Mallorca, nearby Cabrera offers a convenient goal.

Cabrera, which can almost be seen from Terreno on a clear day, is much touted by tourists' agents for its Blue Grotto, but the seasoned traveler who has seen more blue grottoes than he can shake a stick at probably will find the old prison graveyard the principal point of interest.

The graveyard is the resting place of French prisoners who died of starvation on Cabrera during the Napoleonic wars. Although it often has been charged that no provision was made for their existence after they were dumped on the tiny island, many historians claim that they were supplied with ample food and only died because they refused to ration their supplies properly.

The island today is largely dependent on fishing for the livelihood of its inhabitants, although occasionally it becomes apparent that some of the hardier souls have been experimenting with the more hazardous occupation of smuggling.

The natives of Cabrera are an imaginative lot and some of the tales told of smuggling «back in the good old days» might tax the imagination of the tourist, but they are guaranteed not to bore him.

The traveler who takes in Cabrera will also hear yarns concerning the dire consequences that are certain to befall anyone who touches the remains of the

Ibiza Lures Residents Of Mallorca Who Crave Scenery Change But Wish To Avoid Expense And Trouble Of Lengthier Voyage



A FEW HINTS

A growing number of Palma residents are turning to the island of Ibiza when in need of rest and quiet.

The sister island to the south and west attracts visitors from Mallorca because of the ease with which it can be reached and the moderate prices charged for all-inclusive tours.

Travel agents here recently announced reduced prices for weekend trips to Ibiza, hotel accommodations while there and sight-seeing trips to the island's points of interest.

To the foreigner, who finds Mallorca a modern resort, anxious to cater to his needs, the smaller island offers the opportunity to see French prisoners. The spinner of the most interesting of these gave himself away when he said the disturbed remains were those of his grandfather, a Spaniard.

The trip to Cabrera and return to Palma can be accomplished in one day aboard the mail steamer that plies between the two islands.

Balearic costumes and Balearic customs long obsolete here.

Like Mallorca, Ibiza is rich in historical interest. Vestiges of several civilizations, beginning with the Phoenician, and continuing through the Roman and Visigoth, can be found by the amateur archaeologist, and the Moorish influence, as is the case throughout the Balearics, remains even in the

modern sections to this day.

A number of valuable relics of the Phoenician era are discovered every year, and many of these pass into the hands of visiting foreigners, who purchase them or receive them as gifts during their stay.

Among the supposed hand-me-downs from the Phoenicians are the Ibizan native dogs, which have been said to have been brought to the island by the early navigators for so long that it is no longer customary to doubt the authenticity of the fantastic yarn.

Whether or not there is any truth in the Ibiza dog story, there is no doubt that they resemble those depicted in the examples of Phoenician art that exist today.

In spite of its quaintness, Ibiza is not without its modern comforts. A number of modern hotels and restaurants have been opened recently in Ibiza and in Santa Eulalia.

MENORCA, FORMER BASE OF ENGLISH, NOW QUIET RESORT

Island Holds Many Points Of Historical Interest, Among Them The House In Which Lord Nelson Lived.

Menorca, the large island north of Mallorca, is frequently visited by British tourists because of its historical interest to them as a former naval base and headquarters of Lord Nelson.

The house in which the great sea fighter lived is preserved intact by the present government and may be visited.

Although Americans have less reason to make the trip to Menorca than the British, the island is well-worth a visit on other grounds than that it once was a base for the English navy.

The island is a popular quiet resort among the Spaniards and recently completed modern accommodations make it suitable for either long or short terms of residence.

For the foreigner, many difficulties of language, exchange and so forth are removed by the fact that Menorca has its own Fomento del Turismo to guide the stranger who finds himself in need of assistance.

The English or American visitor to the island will be surprised to hear many familiar words in the difficult Menorcan dialect, for the effect of the English occupancy on the language of the people has not yet died out.

Menorca is a source of many important figures in the history of the Second Republic, among them Don Juan Manent, twice civil governor of this province.

Mahon, capital of the island, is a prosperous business city that is important in the European shoe industry. Because of its white architecture, it often is known as «The White City.»

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TALKING OF BOOKS -- By Howard N. Rubien

At Sunderland House, Curzon Street, London, *The Sunday Times* has inaugurated its Book Exhibition. Here are to be found the current publications of forty-nine publishing firms arranged on their respective stands, as well as the Loan Exhibition organized by Mr. Desmond Flower. Every day there are several lectures by the best-known of critics. Among those who have addressed the meetings are: Desmond MacCarthy, Edward Shanks, J. C. Squire (now Sir John Squire—in case you have forgotten), James Agate, Philip Guedalla, and many others equally well-known.

These addresses were of no little interest. Beverley Nichols here said that during the last decade literary taste had improved out of all knowledge. He went on to say that literature was concerning itself more and more deeply with things; we were living more deeply and more cleanly than we were in Edwardian times. This is the kind of statement I enjoy hearing—whether I agree with it or not. I am a bit bored by the usual pessimistic complaint about how the world is going on the rocks—all that usual line. It is invigorating to hear something new. Beverley Nichols is quite right in saying that we of this era can afford to look with pride upon much of contemporary literary work when it is compared to the Hall Caines, Florence Barclays, and Marie Corellis of the past generation.

The Loan Exhibition contains a first edition of the collected poems of Shakespeare; the first book printed in England by Caxton, an autographed MS. of Keats, and other things of interest to the collector. But perhaps the general reader will enjoy most the room set aside to exhibit the different types of bindings representative of that almost obsolete craft throughout its history in England.

Bindings

Chronologically, this exhibit opens with XII Century Gothic bindings of hand written books—bindings that are exceedingly rare and seldom seen, even in the shops of the best-known dealers in rare books. The next great period represented is the XVI Century when the bindings were in leather ornamented by a design which was forced on while the leather was wet, under pressure, sometimes gilded sometimes not. These bindings were sometimes such works of art that their creators signed them—as in the case of two particularly fine examples seen here by Johannis Spierninch of Cambridge and Peter Auctors of Oxford. The XVII Century was very important for binding. The three great types seen here are the «Sombre», worked in blind on black morocco, a type much patronised by Pepys; the Queen's binder who used elaborate «all-over» designs in gilt and silver;

The Book Exhibition---Old Bindings---T. S. Eliot's Book On The Use Of Poetry---What Is Ezra Pound Talking About And Why?---Andrew Moynihan To Ezra Pound

and the King's binder, wrongly called Samuel Mearne, who originated the «cottage roof» design.

The XVIII Century gives us the work of Roger Payne, that erratic, dissolute, genius who was to give England her greatest bindings and to die in drunken poverty. And now in the XX Century the art of binding has more or less passed away, few collectors being willing to pay the price of fine hand made covers for their books. This Loan Exhibition is most stimulating in that it lays emphasis upon this but little regarded branch of book collecting.

T. S. Eliot

The Use Of Poetry & The Use Of Criticism (Faber & Faber 7s. 6d.) is the title of the collection of the eight lectures delivered by Mr. Eliot at Harvard University in his capacity as Charles Eliot Norton Professor of Poetry. In these lectures Mr. Eliot discusses not only poetry, but more especially the criticism of poetry, especially by the poets themselves, and above all the various conceptions of the use of poetry during the last three centuries. His work takes in the relation of the critic to the poet in Elizabethan times; the age of Dryden; Wordsworth and Coleridge; Mathew Arnold; and the modern mind.

I must make it clear that this book has been designed not as a volume for general consumption. It was written only because by the terms of the Lectureship these lectures had to be submitted to a publisher; otherwise Mr. Eliot would not have written what he calls an unnecessary book. But what sort of audience were the lectures designed for? For professors and professional students of criticism. If you pick up this book hoping to be beguiled for an hour or two, you will be disappointed. It is much too serious for that, and I fear too heavy. I read with great care two of the lectures and found them sound enough but not very interesting. This I consider not the fault of the author. I am not greatly interested in that branch of criticism which treats of poetry, hence my lack of attention to the undoubted soundness and scholarship of the author. But if the criticism of poetry is your subject, then by all means get this book—this almost necessary book in that case. I find that Mr. Eliot's thoughts do not come out on paper very crisply or even very clearly. His ideas are all right, but he wanders off rather painfully leaving unfinished what he appeared to be about to tackle. This results in a natural loss of interest to a casual reader. I have been trying to find something of his to quote but unlike Pope or Gray, he does not appear to have «written quo-

tations»; that is, there is nothing that he can say in less than a page or two which will give you some idea of his theses. After one hundred and fifty pages of learned comment on poetry and criticism the book ends on this rather weak note: «But to say all this is only to say what you know already, if you have felt poetry and thought about your feelings. And I fear that I have already, throughout these lectures, trespassed beyond the bounds which a little selfknowledge tells me are my proper frontier».

EZRA POUND

Ezra Pound's Active Anthology is published by the same people who published the above mentioned book by T. S. Eliot. (Faber & Faber, 7s. 6d.) If they can understand Mr. Pound's *Praefatio* (this, my readers, means Preface—in case you have not the scholarship that Mr. Pound demands of his readers—the English language is so vulgar, isn't it Mr. Pound?), if I say, the publishers can make out what this compiler is talking about, what do they think about it?

For this book's preface is simply an attack upon T.S. Eliot and especially upon the book of Mr. Eliot which I have just reviewed. Unless you had recently read the Eliot book you would be at a loss to discover what Ezra Pound means, for he does not say that he is talking about *The Use Of Poetry and Criticism*, but then Pound has never found it necessary to let his readers know what he is talking about; as he says, «I write as if I expected my reader to use his intelligence». All right Mr. Pound. Let us try to use our intelligence.

My intelligence tells me that Ezra Pound is so jealous because T.S. Eliot had the Charles Eliot Norton Professorship at Harvard that he is incoherent. And for Pound to be annoyed because Eliot has received that distinction is about as reasonable as a twelve year old boy who got a good mark in geometry being jealous of the esteem in which Albert Einstein is held.

Now lest you think that I am unable to appreciate Mr. Pound because his profundities are so deep that I cannot understand him, I am going to quote just one

sentence from this book which ought to settle Mr. Pound's hash for all time. I know it is sometimes unfair to take an isolated statement from a book, because in removing it from its context its very meaning, much less its significance, is lost. But in this case I can, because this flash of lightning in the sombre night is a whole section by itself—quite disconnected from the previous section:

«A long poem is justifiable when it presents something which could not be treated, or could not be so efficiently treated in a short one». Kolossal, Herr Doktor!

After we recover from the brilliance of the compiler of these poems, we can go on to the poems themselves. These poems all show a development which is taking place—and in most cases the writers are not well-known in England, although sufficiently well-known in America or on the Continent. The verse is written by Hemingway, T.S. Eliot, E.E. Cummings, Marianne Moore, and a few others. All of it is of course as ultra modern as possible—and if you like that, why then this book must be in your library. It is the sort of work appearing in *Horn & Hound*, *Exile*, *Pagany*, *Poetry*, *Contempo*. I am not an authority upon modern verse so will make no comment upon it. I will quote

one of the (to me) pleasantest bits; this I quote chiefly because it is short enough to give in its entirety. Blame Dr. William Carlos Williams.

The Red Wheelbarrow

so much depends upon
a red wheel
barrow
glazed with rain
water
besides the white
chickens.
Pictorial in form and content—
but is it art?

I wish to make it clear that I have no opinion about the merit of Mr. Pound's literary work. I have never been able to read him because he bores me; therefore I do not know enough of his philosophy or aesthetic to criticise him. But I believe that I cannot be held for libel if I tell this story about my friend Andrew Moynihan.

Andy was a man with a very nice taste in letters. His degree in philosophy indicates that some considerable part of his study had been devoted to the classics. It was probably for this reason that dear Florence Martin introduced him to Ezra Pound. Andy, who had dined well—I believe that is the correct expression—said, «Mr. Pound, this is a great pleasure for me to meet you. I have read your work for ten years and have always wanted to meet you. I have waited all my life for the privilege of saying to an author 'Yours is the damnedest drivel I have ever read!'».

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Political Amnesty Frees Man Held In March Escape

MADRID, Sunday.—Martinez Hernaliz, former warden of the Alcala Henares prison, today is a free man in spite of his alleged part in permitting the Mallorcan banker, Juan March, to flee from his prison cell.

The official actually responsible for the getaway fled with March, but his superior, Hernaliz, was quickly nabbed and held on charges of aiding and abetting the fugitive banker's hejira.

Hernaliz has been given liberty along with countless other political prisoners whose fortunes took a turn for the better with the gradual disintegration of the power of the Socialists.

In spite of the amnesty, however, it is not at all certain that Hernaliz would have been freed of a charge so serious as the one he was held under had not the elections swept into the Cortes the very man he was accused of freeing, along with a healthy majority of deputies to Right-Center parties.

With the liberation of Hernaliz, it now becomes possible that amnesty will be extended to the prison guard, Vargas, with whom March actually fled.

Upon quitting Spain, March immediately sailed for France, where he knew he could find sanctuary as a political exile, but Fargas, whose claim to be a political refugee was less secure, was taking no chances and fled to Greece, where another fugitive had already tested the extradition laws and found them fine—for fugitives.

Among the prisoners freed within the past week are many who claim they were held under conditions similar to those in which Señor March was confined and that, like him, they were never allowed to face a court where formal charges could be made, weighed and sifted.

«Let Them Eat Cake», Strikers Decide As Rolls, Ensaimadas Disappear From Counter

Last week, when the general strike made it impossible for the bakers to produce rolls and the Mallorcan's beloved *ensaimadas*, members of the foreign colony learned what was meant by the historical remark, «Let them eat cake».

Although plain bread was baked at all times, the fancier stuff that usually lines the bakers' counters was not produced. The result was that more English toast was eaten on the Island than at any time in its history, even the Mallorcans themselves dismally dunking the burned up stuff on the terraces of the better cafes.

The strikes, however, did not deter bakers of fancy pastries and cakes, who at no time were warned to discontinue their activities.

The various foreign stores where cakes and pastries are made did a land office business, more often than not in the very shadow of a crowd of strikers.

Fortunately, the wholesale bakers, whose rolls and buns were taboo during the strike, were permitted to turn out plain bread in sufficient quantities to take care of their customers, and nobody actually suffered from their more or less passive participation in the affair.

By the end of the week most of the small amount of white bread that is baked in the local shops had disappeared and foreigners and Mallorcans alike found themselves on a diet of the brown stuff dear to the hearts of the peasants.

Catalonian Strikes Fail To Materialize As General Walkout

BARCELONA, Sunday.—Although some post-election disturbances and efforts on the part of extremists to enforce strikes occurred last week, nothing in the nature of a general walkout materialized.

The capital of Catalonia was, on the whole, particularly quiet, considering the disturbances that have taken place here in the past and the fact that the principal Catalan political party was in meeting twice.

At no time did any of the daily newspapers fail to appear, in spite of efforts on the part of extremists to force the press men to walk out on their jobs, and at no time was concerted action on the part of the police and the military needed in order to maintain order.

Strikes at present threaten from a number of directions, but it is not improbable that differences existing between labor and employers will be threshed out without such steps being resorted to by the unions.

There are still major disputes to be settled in the building trade, but disorders in this branch of industry have been going on for so long and have weathered so many governments and so many efforts to settle them that it is no longer possible to blame them on politics.

Developments on the labor front will await the results of the voting.

Basques Impatiently Wait For Autonomy

BILBAO, Sunday.—The three Basque provinces, with their cherished autonomy statute almost within their grasp, now anxiously await the eventual election of a parliament and its convention in order that their bill may be drawn up.

In the Basque country, although the demand for autonomy never was as loud as in Catalonia, before that region's request was granted, now autonomy is almost a fact it is the one matter in which the Basque is interested.

Although certain parties undoubtedly will stick for complete home rule, it is generally recognized here that the importance of the iron industry in the neighborhood of Bilbao will not permit the Madrid government to give as full control of Basque affairs to local authorities as was done for the Catalonians.

Madrid Strikes Fail To Stop News Press

MADRID, Sunday.—Sporadic attempts to turn various minor strikes into a general affair failed here last week, in spite of the excitement in the shape of street disorders offered the workers in several sections of the city.

Efforts were made to engage the workers of the daily news press in a walkout, but they failed dismally and no newspaper was unable to appear on schedule.

All classes and parties now are awaiting the December 3 elections, at which time doubtful seats in the Cortes will be scrambled for, and it is probable that further

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Places to Visit

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

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

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

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

Cloisters of San Antonio — Every day at any time.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Museum—Sociedad Arqueológica Luliana—Displays of the medieval arts that should not be missed. Calle Amudaina 8.

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Weekly service from ALCUDIA on Sundays at 7 p. m. arrives Barcelona 7 a. m.

Valencia Weekly service from Palma on Sundays at 8 p. m. arrives Valencia 7 a. m.

(Via IBIZA) Weekly service from Palma on Wednesdays at midday.

From IBIZA weekly service on Wednesdays at 10 p. m. Arrives Valencia 7 a. m.

Alicante (Via IBIZA) Weekly service from Palma on Fridays at noon.

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

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

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Palma-Gibraltar-Liverpool-or London arrives and leaves Palma: November 28 S. S. YOMA. December 13 S. S. PEGU.

Palma - Marseilles - Port Said arrives and leaves Palma: December 1 S. S. AMARAPOORA. December 15 S. S. SAGAING.

Palma-Gibraltar-Plymouth and London arrives and leaves Palma: December 2 S. S. OTRANTO. December 16 S. S. ORONTES.

Palma-Gibraltar-London arrives and leaves Palma: December 1 S. S. DUNLUCE CASTLE. January 12 S. S. DURHAM CASTLE

Palma-Marseilles-Genoa-Port Said arrives and leaves Palma: December 5 LLANDOVERY CASTLE. January 2 LLANDAFF CASTLE.

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Sunday: Valldemosa, Deyá, Sóller.

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ships, the Bhamo of the
erson Line and the Exeter
e American Export Line ca-
Friday in Palma.

Among the arrivals on the Bha-
were W. H. Brown, N. D. Da-
M. N. Findley, Mrs. Lambert,
Lambert, Mrs. Lanigan and
children, Dr. S. C. Loudon,
Loudon, Miss S. M. McNicol,
and Mrs. Nicholson, Miss Ed-
Purnell, Major and Mrs. Ri-
do, Mr. Seath, P. Sheppard, Mr.
Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Gollu-
Mrs. C. Gerstel, Mr. B. Pei-
Mrs. Blanford, Mrs. David-
Mrs. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Se-
nurse and child, Mr. C. J. Tac-
and Mr. and Mrs. Watt.

Those leaving Mallorca on the
ne ship were Mr. E. MacManus,
S. Macmanus, Mr. P. S. Lio-
Mrs. Liozon, Count d'Oul-
mont and Madame Paul d'Oul-
mont.

Eleven persons arrived on the
eter to join the foreign colony
Palma and in other places on
e Island.

Among the departures on the
eter were Mrs. H. H. Hansell,
rs. Hansell, Miss Wayne Hansell,
Miss Ida Ervielin and Miss B.
endelson.

James A. Park, Palma Post Contributor, To Have Novel Published By London House Soon

James A. Park, English writer
who formerly resided in Mallorca
and whose short stories and arti-
cles have appeared in The Weekly
Palma Post, is soon to publish a
new novel in London.

Mr. Park's latest work will be
entitled «Strange Occupation» and
will be published by the Fortune
Press Limited.

The author has chosen continen-
tal dope trafficking and allied
evils for his subject, but he has
not neglected to include a swiftly
moving «love interest».

During his stay in Europe Mr.
Park found time turn out a num-
ber of short stories and articles
during the time he was engaged
in writing «Strange Occupation».

Fortune Press expects to issue
the new novel before Christmas
both in England and on the con-
tinent.

James A. Park will be remem-
bered by readers of The Weekly
Palma Post as the author of «The
Lonely Dancer» and «Undergro-
und», both short stories, and «The
Mad Marquis», a biographical es-
say on the Marquis de Sade.

Ateneo Opens Photo Exhibition Under Its Arts-History Branch

The Ateneo, through its arts and
history division, last Monday ope-
ned an exhibition of photographic
art that will last through this
week.

The exposition was inaugurated
by the president of the division
with a speech, which was followed
by a luncheon for the exhibitors
and their guests.

The lunch and the speech were
attended by representatives of the
army, Mallorcan followers of the
Ateneo and a few members of the
foreign colony.

Among the last were Erwin Hu-
bert, the painter, and Werner
Schultz, German writer, the only
foreigners ever to be admitted as
honorary members of the Ateneo's
arts and history department.

Mr. Hubert is known for his il-
lustrations in color for a recent
book dealing with the Island, and
Mr. Schultz is a well-known wri-
ter and lecturer who often has
addressed various intellectual or-
ganizations in Palma.

In the exhibition, which is open
every day, there are 250 photo-
graphs by local experts. Most of
them have Mallorcan scenes for
their subjects.

Henderson Liner Yoma Changes Sailing Date

The Henderson liner, Yoma,
which was scheduled to sail for
England from Palma Wednesday
is expected to leave on Tuesday
instead of on the date originally
announced, according to informa-
tion received by Agencia Schem-
bri, Palma agents of the line.

The local agency has requested
all persons with recervations on
the Yoma to communicate with
that office.

German-African Liner Leaves Palma Tuesday

The Watussi of the German-
African line will arrive in Palma
Tuesday after a delay of two days,
according to information received
by Baquera, Ausche and Martin,
local representatives of the line.
The vessel is expected to sail on
Tuesday for a voyage around Af-
rica by way of Genoa and Port
Said. Sunday was the date annou-
nced originally for the its depart-
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ART AT HOME

(Continued from page 5)

tand it. It has to be fed to me by hand, when he has time, on the terrace after supper on the nights when there is no prayer meeting at Pinkie's church. Freedom. Equality. In words of one syllable, because it seems that, being a woman, I don't want freedom and don't know what equality means, until you take him up and show him in professional words how he is not so wise, except he is wise enough to shut up then and let you show both of us how you are not so wise either.» The window was above the garden. There were curtains in it. She stood between the curtains, looking out. «So Young Shelley has not crashed through yet.»

«No yet. But it's there. Give him time.»

«I'm glad to hear that. He's been here two weeks now. I'm glad his racket is poetry, something you can perpetrate in two lines. Otherwise, at this rate...» She stood between the curtains. They were blowing, slow, in and out. «Damn. Damn. Damn. He doesn't eat enough.»

So Roger went and put another cushion in the pram. Only she didn't say exactly that and he didn't do exactly that.

Now get this. This is where it starts. On the days when there wasn't any prayer meeting at the nigger church, the poet has taken to doping along behind her in the garden while she cut the flowers for the supper table, talking to her about poetry or freedom or maybe about the flowers. Talking about something, anyway; maybe when he quit talking all of a sudden that night when he and she were walking in the garden after supper, it should have tipped her off. But it didn't. Or at least, when they came to the end of the path and turned, the next thing she seemed to know was his mug all set for the haymaker. Anyway, she didn't move until the clinch was over. Then she flung back, her hand lifted. «You damned idiot!» she says.

He doesn't move either, like he is giving her a fair shot. «What satisfaction will it be to slap this mug?» he says.

«I know that,» she says. She hits him on the chest with her fist, light, full, yet restrained all at the same time: mad and careful too. «Why did you do such a clumsy thing?»

But she doesn't get anything out of him. He just stands there, offering her a clean shot; maybe

he is not even looking at her, with his hair all over the place and this sky-blue coat that fits him like a short horse-blanket. You take a rooster, an old rooster. An old bull is different. See him where the herd has run him out, blind and spavined or whatever, yet he still looks married. Like he was saying. «Well, boys, you can look at me now. But I was a husband and father in my day.» Put an old rooster. He just looks unmarried, a born bachelor. Born a bachelor in a world without hens and he found it out so long ago he don't even remember there are not hens. «Come along,» she says, turning fast, stiff-backed, and the poet doping along behind her. Maybe that's what gave him away. Anyway, she looks back, slowing. She stops. «So you think you are the hot shot, do you? she says. «You think I'm going to tell Roger, do you?»

«I don't know,» he says. «I hadn't thought about it.»

«You mean, you don't care whether I tell him or not?»

«Yes,» he says.

«Yes what?»

It seems she can't tell whether he's looking at her or not, whether he ever looked at her. He just stands there, doping, about twice as tall as she is. «When I was a little boy, we would have sherbet on Sunday,» he says. «Just a breath of lemon in it. Like narcissus smell, I remember. I think I remember. I was... four... three. Mother died and we moved to a city. Boarding house. A brick wall. There was one window, like a one-eyed man with sore eyes. And a dead cat. But before that we had lots of trees, like you have. I would sit on the kitchen steps in the late afternoon, watching the Sunday light in the trees, eating sherbet.»

She is watching him. Then she turns, walking fast. He follows, doping along a little behind her, so that when she stops in the shadow of a clump of bushes, with her face all fixed, he stands there like this dope until she touches him. And even then he doesn't get it. She has to tell him to hurry. So he gets it, then. A poet is human, it seems, just like a man.

But that's not it. That can be seen in any movie. This is what it is, what is good.

About this time, coincident with this second clinch, Roger happens to come out from behind this bush. He comes out kind of happen-so; pleasant and quiet from taking a little stroll in the moonlight to settle his supper. They all

three stroll back to the house. Roger in the middle. They get there so quick that nobody thinks to say goodnight when Anne goes on in the house and up the stairs. Or maybe it is because Roger is doing all the talking himself at that moment, poetry having gone into a slump, you might say. «Moonlight,» Roger is saying, looking at the moon like he owned it too; «I can't stand it anymore. I run to walls, and electric light. That is, moonlight used to make me feel sad and old and I would do that. But now I'm afraid it don't even make me feel lonely anymore. So I guess I am old.»

«That's a fact,» the poet says. «Where can we talk?»

«Talk?» Roger says. He looked like a head-waiter, anyway: a little bald, flourishing, that comes to the table and lifts off a cover and looks at it like he is saying, «Well, you can eat this muck, if you want to pay to do it.» «Right this way,» he says. They go to the office, the room where he writes his books, where he doesn't even let children come at all. He sits behind the typewriter and fills his pipe. Then he sees that the poet hasn't sat down. «Sit down,» he says.

«No,» the poet says. «Listen,» he says. «Tonight I kissed your wife. I'm going to again, if I can.»

«Ah,» Roger says. He is too busy filling the pipe right to look at the poet, it seems. «Sit down.»

«No,» the poet says.

Roger lights the pipe. «Well,» he says, «I'm afraid I can't advise you about that. I have written a little poetry, but I never could seduce women.» He looks at the poet now. «Look here,» he says «You are not well. You go on to bed. We'll talk about this tomorrow.»

«No,» the poet says, «I cannot sleep under your roof.»

(To be concluded)

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Balearics To Elect Only Two Deputies

(Continued from page 1)

Ordinas stands out as the man who will be the most colorful deputy in the new Cortes, due to his sensational flight from the prison at Alcala de Henares a few weeks before being voted into office.

At the secondary elections, all candidates who received eight per cent or more of the ballots cast in the first ballot will again stand for election. The candidates gaining the largest number of votes are the winners, with no minimum percentage being necessary.

Based on their showing at the main elections, the Radical Party candidates, Señores Canet and Juliá are conceded an excellent chance of winning, although the Socialist former deputy, Señor Jaume, is also expected to poll a sizeable vote.

Two Companies Of Stage Stars Expected

Two companies of players are expected to appear on the English speaking stage here during the winter.

The English Players, a company that has made a name for itself in Paris, is planning to make an extended tour of Spain that will take in Palma, among other capitals.

Another company, said to be American, is also understood to be arranging a tour of the Peninsula and the Balearics.

The two companies, if they carry their plans to completion, will be the first English-language stage outfits to visit Palma in several years. During the past year and a half stage performances have been put on by the Palma Theater Guild and the Sybil Sutton-Vane Players, but both companies were composed of talent recruited locally.

The English Players have not yet announced what theater they will patronize, while the visit of the American group is not known to have been definitely arranged.

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