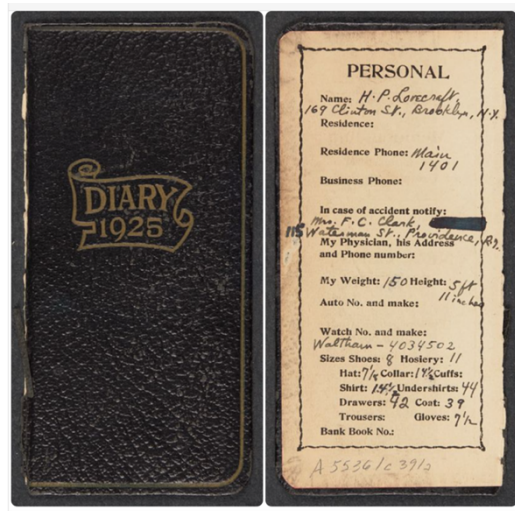
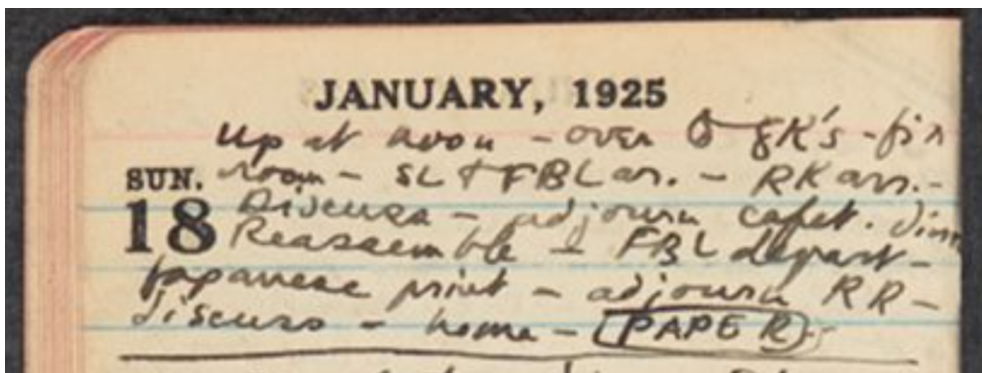


1925-2025
UN AN AVEC HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT
#18 | 18 JANVIER 1925



« 1925-2025, un an avec Howard Phillips Lovecraft » est une proposition du site Tiers Livre, à partir du « diary » tenu par l'auteur tout au long de l'année 1925 à New York. Il comporte pour chaque envoi : la notation logogryphe originale de Howard Phillips Lovecraft, sa traduction/expansion française, un commentaire ou développement portant sur les références et le contexte, ainsi que la traduction brève d'un article du *New York Times* du jour. L'envoi (PDF double page) est accompagné d'un fac-similé du journal de Lovecraft à la date correspondante (source : Brown University), d'illustrations ou fac-similé pris au *New York Times* du jour, ou de photographie d'archives de la ville du New York des années 20.



Sunday noon I was at Kirk's again, & by 4 p.m. had the room as tastefully decorated as its rather mediocre character permitted. Kirk realised that he would have to get a finer room if he wished to enjoy really beautiful surroundings, & I advised him to migrate over here to Brooklyn Heights, where he might have the benefit of an impressive background of bygone splendour. But as things were, the improvement was vast enough to delight & astonish Belknap, Kleiner, & Loveman when they came over; & we passed a most enjoyable evening there & at the "Double-R" Coffee-House in 44th St. downtown. On this occasion Kirk shewed his generosity by giving me a prodigious load of long ($8\frac{1}{2} \times 13$) typewriter paper which formed part of the vast stock he has on hand. It is not exactly my size, but its quality is excellent, & it will last me for years unless my activity multiplies beyond all reason. Surely a mighty cash saving! Monday I rose late, & accompanied Loveman on a tour



Interior of the Roosevelt's "Brazilian Coffee House"

Un rendez-vous privilégié des « Boys » : le Double R.

[1925, dimanche 18 janvier]

Up at noon — over to G K's — fix room — SL & FBL arr. — RK arr. —
Discuss — adjourn cafet. dinn. Reassemble — FBL depart — Japanese
print — adjourn RR — discuss — home — PAPER.

*Levé midi. Je redescends chez Kirk. On continue d'aménager sa
chambre. Loveman & Belknap nous rejoignent, puis Kleiner.
Discussion, puis dîner cafétéria, et re-discussion. Départ de
Belknap L'estampe japonaise. On finit au Double R. Discussion.
Retour. Kirk m'offre une rame de papier machine.*

Ces jours-ci, et ceux qui suivent, Lovecraft me ferait douter de la pertinence de ce projet. Traîner au lit le matin. Retrouver Kirk d'abord pour installer dans sa chambre les coussins et babioles achetés hier, et, quand les autres arrivent, honneur à leur infinie discussion. On peut décorer d'autant de japonaiseries qu'on peut, sa chambre est toujours aussi tristounette, et c'est aujourd'hui que Lovecraft y insiste, emménager avec lui à Brooklyn, dans « un environnement d'une telle splendeur passée ». Bizarre cependant de parcourir les lettres que, tout ce mois de janvier, Kirk envoie à sa fiancée de Cleveland : Lovecraft beaucoup moins présent dans ses lettres que lui dans les lettres de Lovecraft. Et puis les soirées « booze » auxquelles certainement Howard n'est pas associé, sa santé pas si vaillante, le passage chaque dimanche matin à l'établissement de bains douches. Kleiner semble pour lui un plus proche ami, et Lovecraft n'était pas là non plus quand ils sont allés au cinéma pour la sortie du *Peter Pan* de J.M. Barries, si délicieux avec dès le début l'acteur déguisé en gros chien d'appartement. *Tired of trying to continue my existence*, écrit Kirk à sa fiancée : bien loin de l'enthousiasme de Lovecraft, ou bien celui-ci n'est-il si présent qu'à cause de cette déprime de l'ami, dont il ne peut faire part à la vieille tante. « Je ne peux travailler que quatre à cinq heures par jour », dit le futur libraire aux prises avec son écriture. Puis : « Pourquoi je ne peux me faire journaliste ? Et si je te demandais pourquoi toi tu ne travailles pas dans la mode à succès ? » Les cinq migrent ensuite vers le « Double R », 44ème rue, un de leurs cafés préférés (Lovecraft écrira même un petit poème en son honneur, Kirk dans une lettre mentionne le fait que les rencontres hommes hommes ou femmes femmes en seraient un des charmes) — et apparemment ne voient pas le temps durer jusqu'à presque minuit. L'écriture dans ces journées à arpenter la ville ? Kirk en remerciement lui offre tout un stock de papier machine à écrire qu'il a pu récupérer, d'un format un peu plus haut que son propre format habituel — qu'il écrive le mot en majuscule, c'est bien que tout n'est pas perdu pour se remettre au travail : « un énorme paquet... pas exactement le format que je préfère, mais

j'en ai pour des années de machine à écrire ! » ! Cent quatre-vingt-quatre pages pour le *New York Times* du dimanche, et un supplément littéraire (avec Cocteau comme représentant de la gastronomie littéraire française) dans lequel Lovecraft doit mesurer à chaque titre la distance infranchissable qui le sépare de la littérature avec pignon sur rue, et ça n'a pas beaucoup changé. Mais il y a au moins cette page qu'il a dû lire : ce très long compte rendu de visite de l'exposition à laquelle il s'est rendu avec Belknap, et où ils ont failli pleurer devant la mèche de cheveux de Keats. Je me souviens de ma propre stupeur aux merveilles de la collection Morgan, dans leur maison de Philadelphie devenue musée, et la maison en elle-même un joyau. C'est un article intelligent, dont tout le développement semble inaugurer ce qu'on appellera plus tard la génétique des manuscrits. Mais c'est le début que je recopie : la façon dont la machine à écrire provoque les mêmes réserves et réticences que nos ordinateurs soixante-dix ans plus tard.

New York Times, 18 janvier 1925. Pour qui est soi-même esclave de la plume, il y a une fascination spéciale à se promener un après-midi parmi les manuscrits collectionnés par les Morgan père et fils, présentés à la Bibliothèque Publique de New York. L'afflux des visiteurs, jeunes et vieux, est continu. Et ce ne sont pas ceux de la race anglo-saxonne qui témoignent le plus de zèle à prendre des notes. Peu d'entre ces étudiants impatientes pourraient se rendre au British Museum de Londres ; Mr Morgan leur a offert ici l'opportunité, à leur porte, d'entrer dans les secrets de la langue et de la littérature qui est devenue leur propre héritage. Beaucoup d'entre eux s'accumulent à la frontière et la traversent. Parce que les manuscrits autographes de cette sorte sont des « Sésame ouvre-toi » qui nous font entrer dans les autels secrets du métier d'écrire. Nous pouvons pénétrer le nid du poète et nous asseoir à la table du romancier. Nous entendons le raclement de leurs manches usées sur le papier qui à l'époque était cher, rugueux, durable ; et grince dans le silence le bruit occasionnel d'une rature qu'on y gratte. Les instruments appartiennent à une époque révolue : Sterne et Locke ne connaissaient ni la plume d'acier ni le papier buvard. Mais la simplicité de leurs outils participait de leur génie. Après tout, la calligraphie a peut-être encore à nous dire. Sommes-nous vraiment sages d'avoir transformé toute notre écriture en dactylographie ? Est-ce que nous augmentons la qualité de nos livres en les frappant sur papier format commercial dans le staccato sans pitié de nos harpes mécaniques ? De nos jours, Wordsworth aurait bien sûr été le président du Syndicat des Poètes, avec un bureau sur la 38ème rue, un standard téléphonique et des agences à Chicago et Minneapolis, des délégations à Toronto et aux Bermudes. Comme il serait simple pour le poète d'appuyer sur le levier qui déclenche le mouvement automatique du retour chariot, et facile sur sa machine à frappe rapide à double espace de dicter une *Ode à l'immortalité* qu'il signerait *bien cordialement vôtre*. Tout ce dont aurait eu besoin Wordsworth c'était d'un cours d'économie à Harvard ou Duke. © P. W. Wilson.

SECRETS OF GREAT AUTHORS REVEALED

Morgan Manuscripts at the Public Library Enable One to Enter Into the Mysteries of Literature and Handwriting, as Practiced by the Masters



"Scott was a model of continuous efficiency, but to Dickens the story was not more important than the way it was told."

By P. W. WILSON

TO one who is himself a mere slave of the pen there is a particular fascination in an afternoon of browsing among the manuscripts collected by the Morgans, father and son, and exhibited in the Public Library of New York. The stream of visitors, young and old, is continuous. And those who are most zealous with their notebooks belong in many cases to other than the Anglo-Saxon race. Few of these eager students can travel to the British Museum in London; and Mr. Morgan has afforded them an opportunity here at their doors of entering into the secrets of a language and a literature that have become their own heritage. Many of them are pressing forward and crossing the frontier.

For autograph manuscripts of this kind are the "open sesame" which admits us to the inner shrine of authorship. We are able, as it were, to peer into the poet's den and to overlook the novelist's desk. We hear the scratch of the worn quill on paper that was at once costly, durable and rough; and the still air is roused by the scrape of an occasional eraser. The stationery belonged to a former day. Sterne and Locke knew nothing of steel nibs and blot- ters. But somehow their simple tools served the purposes of genius.

If Wordsworth Lived in 1925

After all, there is something to be said even for calligraphy. Are we wholly wise in turning all our writing into typewriting? Is it really a fact that we improve the quality of our books when we hammer them into half-footstep by the pitiless staccato of the typewriter? In these days Wordsworth would have been, of course, the President of the Lake Poets Syndicate, Inc., with a head office on Thirty-eighth Street, a telephone switchboard, branches in Chicago and Minneapolis and agencies in Toronto and the Bermudas. How simple for the poet to press the button that releases the auto-movement of the bobbed-haired secretary straight to whose quick-fingered machine you dictate a double-spaced "Ode to Immortality," with covering letter, signed "Cordially yours." All that Wordsworth needed was a business course at Harvard or Duke.

Milton, of course, had to dictate. And here we may see a specimen of those prolonged amanuensis penances endured by his daughters, of which the artist Munkacsy has painted a too-pleasant picture, in the gallery of the Public Library upstairs. If a man has gone blind, he must make the best of a bad job and

put his "Paradise Lost" as well as he can into blank verse. But could Milton have ever dictated those earlier poems which he actually wrote by hand—"Il Penseroso," for instance, and "L'Allegro"? One doubts it. And line for line the lyrics excel the longer epic.

Beethoven, of course, became deaf as Milton was blind. But this did not mean that Beethoven dictated his symphonies. All that deafness did was to cut out the pianoforte and the fiddle and leave the composer with no ear save his soul. His music—curiously ignored by our popular orchestras, which sometimes seem to think that the only composers are Liszt and Tchaikovsky—was, thus purified to the essential loveliness which alone survives the grave. A recent musical film on Beethoven came as welcome relief from the routine of rhapsodies.

If literature is to be immortal as the music of Beethoven, its sentences must be, not dictated but distilled. Hence it is that some of the best writers produce what printers consider to be the worst "copy." Look for a moment at the manuscript of Scott's "Ivanhoe" and compare it with that of "The Christmas Carol," by Dickens. Scott's page is by far the "cleaner" of corrections. There was, indeed, a certain magnificent monotony

of promptitude in his persistent production of the allotted thousands of words which were the quota that he set himself. For the editorials and the columnar millionaires, Scott was a model of continuous efficiency. But, of course, he would no more pause for a prettier phrase than the River St. Lawrence, leaving the great steamships to the ocean, pauses in its flow when a maple leaf, mirrored on its waters, turns crimson. Scott trusted that the great steamships by the sheer weight of its irresistible volume, would sweep mankind into his oceanic imagination.

But to Dickens the story was not more important than the way it was told. Over a phrase, therefore, he took as much pains as over a plot. Where Scott was content with lucidity and grammar, and allowed eloquence to come, if at all, of itself, Dickens was only content with style. For the sake of a syllable, he would spoil a page. "Old Marley's Ghost"—that was how he titled the first chapter in his "Christmas Carol." Something offended his ear and he struck out the word "old." And "Marley's Ghost" reads eternally right.

Process of Poetry-Building

Many of these manuscripts are, of course, fair copies, prepared for the printers. We may assume, I think, that Robert Burns did not, at the outset, write down "The Cotter's Saturday Night" with every comma and colon precisely in its place. More interesting to the student are, perhaps, those papers which reveal what may be called the processes of prose and poetry building. It is the embryonic manuscript that so well repays a close scrutiny. Some people admire and some barely tolerate the poetry of Pope. But all will agree that what irritates us in Pope's poetry is no more than the perfection of his accuracy. The phrase

and the scansion are faultless; the rhymes are impeccable; the antitheses are exact in their direction. You gather the impression that this prince of versifiers "could do no wrong"; that he was congenitally incapable of a slip in emphasis or of a stumble over a cadence.

Yet of all the script here offered under locked glass, that of Pope is the most cruelly defaced by interpolation and deletion. Much of it is an indecipherable palimpsest. Between alternative couplets this man's mind was perpetually at ink war with itself. And the final ode, when it emerged from Armageddon, was what, at Twickenham—on the Thames, corresponded in the eighteenth century to the Treaty of Versailles. The attention that we devote now to frontiers, men then concentrated on adverbs and adjectives.

Kingsley, too, would shrink over a parenthesis. As a writer of sonnets, few but famous, he was supreme. We sing "The Sands of Dee" and assume its simplicity. The secret of those stanzas lies, however, in a subtle selection and suppression of words, unexcelled even by the Japanese. By looking at the autograph manuscript and reading through the essays we may conjecture how the poem developed. There is a couplet which seems to have originated thus:

Oh! is it weed or fish or golden hair?
A sick and soaking hair.

Several times was the second line cut about until it became—
A tree of golden hair.

But this meant that in two successive lines the word "golden" was repeated; and the first line was changed in its turn, therefore, so as to make the couplet finally read:

Oh! is it weed or fish or floating hair?
A sick and soaking hair.

Elementary? Yes; perfection is quite elementary, when you attain it. Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter

into the kingdom of Heaven called art.

In the companion lyric, "The Three Fishers," the earlier version ran: *And the night-clouds came rolling up ragged and brown.*

To be frank, anybody might have written that line. But the change of one monosyllable added, as it were, the hall-mark of genius. The corrected and published line is:

And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.

Clouds are 'distant'; "rack" is the flying mist that baffles your eyes and, as sailors say, "shivers your timbers." Of his word "rack," when he found it, Kingsley was so careful that he wrote it a second time, plainly, in the margin, lest the printers mistake it.

Problems in Handwriting

Character, we are told, is displayed by calligraphy. And for ecologists in this exact science, here are some amusing problems to be solved. One can understand why Charlotte Brontë rebelled against the sloping style which was taught as "coppinplate" to the boys and girls of her generation. The perpendicularization of "p's" and "q's," as our polysyllabic professors would put it, was then a signification of femino-philosophical emancipation. But why did Charlotte Brontë also misliterate? Whence did she derive the freak of the pen which reduced her letters to food for the microscope? Thomas Gray also wrote small. So did Isaac Newton and John Keble. The expert on handwriting must thus furnish us with the common denominator that includes "Jane Eyre," an "Elegy in a Churchyard," the three laws of motion and "The Christian Year."

Consider another hard matter. Most of us will agree that Thomas Babington Macaulay was a perfectly respectable man who wrote perfectly respectable books. Yet he scribbled like a rake. Emerson himself had not a less reputable "flair." The expert will, of course, reply that the scrawl had nothing to do with the case. Macaulay may have looked at no copybook he ever been allowed to look, but in his "x's" and "g's" there was hidden his required virtues.

Yet it is curious to the casual and uninitiated spectator that Macaulay's script—one might add Edmund Burke's—might have been dashed off by Coleridge, a drunkard, who wrote "Kubla Khan" under the influence of opium, or by Byron after swimming the Bosphorus. Again, what precisely is the common denominator

(Continued on Page 9)



"In these days Wordsworth would have been President of the Lake Poets' Syndicate, Inc."

POPOCATEPETL STIRS ITS VOLCANIC FIRES

Mexican Indians Pray to Still the Mountain That Smokes and Shakes the Earth

By J. H. CORNYN

AFTER four centuries of more or less tranquility Popocatepetl, the Mountain that Smokes, is again in violent eruption. From the roof of my home in La Cima, the highest point of the suburban town of Mexico, I watched dense clouds of smoke issuing from the crater of the volcano, sixty miles away as the crow flies. Only the rumble of electric trains passing by, from moment to moment, broke the stillness of the sun-bathed valley, but evidently a hurricane was blowing on the distant mountain range, when the volcano reared its head two miles above the surrounding plains.

Smokes, Ashes and Fumes

The smoke issuing from the immense crater, almost three miles in circumference, rose with great force and rapidly several hundred feet into the air, only to be seized by the rushing current of wind and hurled downward a mile or more below the summit of the mountain. Thence it was carried in a broad stream several miles wide across the southeastern horizon to the summit of the giant Ajusco that guards the southern confines of the Valley of Mexico, eighty miles away. From time to time the wind carried the volcanic ash and sulphur fumes into the villages situated in the foothills and even to the outskirts of the capital.

The following morning I set out for the volcano, and as I neared it the evidence of its activity became more and more manifest. There was intense excitement in the Indian villages of the lower foothills, which were filled with refugees from the mountain. They brought tales of danger and hardship. One old Indian, hereditary caquero of a native village close to the snow line, who spoke Aztec only, became communicative when he found I could stumble through his native tongue, with the occasional prompting of a villainous interpreter; and he described, with his picturesque language and imagery, the events of the night the volcano awoke from its slumber.

"We all go to bed early in my village. Summer and Winter, for the cold is intense as soon as the sun descends below the horizon, since it is then that the winds of the summit of the Mountain that Smokes go down into the valley for the night," he began. "When we were asleep the earth began to beat and buck like an unwilling horse; and there was a heavy, suffocating smell in

the air. I threw off my blanket, sprang up from the floor [the Mexican Indian sleeps on the floor] and rushed out. But another lashing of the earth threw me on my face. I could hear the cries of my family still in the jacal [Indian hut]. They were too afraid to move.

"Just then the mountain seemed to shake all over as with the ague. About his head was a crown of fire as one sees about the head of the Virgin and the saints; and above this was a great cope of smoke, like a second heaven. The earth was hot beneath my feet and streams of water from the melting snow crept past along the crevices where no water had been a few hours before.

"Suddenly the wind lifted the black cope from the red crown and the crown became a wall of fire shooting upward. But the wind caught it and threw it down the mountainside. Then the smell of sulphur and smoke became so strong I could scarcely breathe. As the hot ashes were falling I crawled back into my jacal.

"Then the wind suddenly changed, carrying the ashes away high into the air. The full moon was shining almost as bright as day, and it seemed as if the whole heavens were on fire.

"All night, as we lay there trembling from fear, the streams of water from the melting snows increased in volume until they became small rivers. In the morning the whole pueblo moved down here, where our friends are taking care of us until the volcano goes to sleep again and we may return to our homes."

Amecameca, a picturesque town of 20,000 inhabitants in the foothills, 9,000 feet above sea level, was filled with refugees from the Mountain that Smokes, at whom feet it nestles. This is the starting point for the long climb to the top of Popocatepetl. Ashes were falling into the town and the side of the mountain was covered thickly with them.

While a friend was hunting horses and guides for the ascent I visited the Sacro-Monte (Sacred Hill), which arises from the edge of the town. Tradition says this was the most sacred heathen shrine in the days of the Chichimeca empire, several centuries before the coming of the white man, and that it was dedicated to the Fire God who made his home in the heart of the great volcano. The slopes of the Sacro-Monte were covered with Indian refugees. Each had left something as a reminder of his visit there and probably as a sort of subconscious offering to the Fire God. One had do-

nated a part of his shirt, another of his coat, a third the band of his straw hat. White and colored papers, especially red, the peculiar color of the Fire God for centuries; bunches of raw cotton, locks of human hair and red and yellow (also a fire color) flowers, offered to the deities of the volcanoes in ages long past, adorned shrub and bush and tree.

On the Sacred Hill is the cave in which lived Pedro Valencia, leader of the "Twelve Apostles of Mexico," who came to New Spain from old Spain in 1523, two years after the fall of the Aztec empire to the Moctezumas, inspired with the desire to convert the heathen to the true faith. The cave has been converted into a chapel, in which lies a life-size figure of the "Dead Christ" in the semicircle, placed there 400 years ago by Valencia. It is blackened by the hand of time, and the natives, who have always manifested a peculiar reverence for the figure, call it the "Indian Christ."

The chapel was so crowded with Indians that it was almost impossible to enter. Some were kneeling, others standing; still others were prostrate on their faces. Some were muttering the prayers of the Church rapidly and with great vehemence in Aztec, Ojibwa or Spanish. Some were sending up their supplications to the "Dead Christ" to protect them from the "evil intentions" of the Mountain that Smokes.

Danger Revives Ancient Faith

The tone of the supplication indicated that these Indians from the sierra, who have lived for uncounted generations in the shadow of the great volcano, look upon Popocatepetl as a fearful being disposed to do them harm, when his anger is roused. This is but a reflection of Indian belief before the conquest, when the mountains and especially the volcanoes were worshipped as gods. In times of great danger this ancient faith rises to the surface in mountain districts.

From the shrine of the "Dead Christ" I ascended to the church further up the Sacro-Monte, where I found a similar scene. On the altars were offerings of fruit and vegetables and crudely drawn but strangely realistic pictures of the volcano in action. On one altar were pigeons, quail and wild doves, placed there by a family of refugee Indians from the upper slopes of Popocatepetl.

Here again was the same confusion of tongues and the same animated supplications to the saints for



Popocatepetl in Eruption.

protection against the evil activities of the Mountain that Smokes; the same intense feeling of the personality of the volcano and of its power to do evil, for the prevention of which the intervention of the Virgin and the saints was necessary. It was the ancient Indian world of thought and theology still projecting itself into the civilization and Christianity of today.

When I returned to the "hotel" it was already crowded with Indian and mestizo rancheros of the middle class who had fled from their little ranches in and around the twin volcanoes, Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl. Of these ranches there are hundreds. The peaks of the two huge mountains are only twenty miles apart, but the great union base from which they rise, above the valleys of Mexico, Puebla, Cuautla and Tlaxcala, is at least 150 miles in circumference.

For ages the descending streams, fed by the perpetual snows of the volcanoes, have cut and seamed the foothills and the mountain slopes in all directions and filled the hollows with rich alluvial deposits, which Indians have been working

for generations. Those on the Popocatepetl side are now all deserted in the face of the threatening attitude of the Mountain that Smokes.

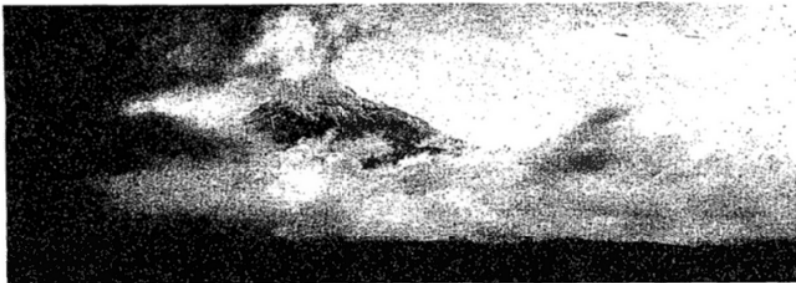
Excited cries and shouts rose from the people in the streets and in a moment the hotel was deserted. I followed the rush. All were looking in the direction of Ixtaccihuatl (the White Woman). Some were pointing and gesticulating, while others were kneeling and praying. As I looked in the direction that claimed the attention of all, immense volumes of smoke, denser and much larger than the titanic puffs of Popocatepetl, rose from the summit of Ixtaccihuatl several miles into the air.

"Popoca in Ixtaccihuatl!" "The White Woman is smoking!" shouted some. "Huel mlec pocell!" ("Very much smoke!" cried others with intensity of expression. Had the twin volcanoes entered into competition?

Only an Illusion

"It looks mighty real, doesn't it?" said my friend, who had returned from his hunt for horses and guides. "But it's like our politics. Often what appears to be the truest reflection of conditions is camouflage. These dense volumes of smoke rising from the ancient crater of the White Woman are there all right; only they are not rising; they are descending. The smoke and ashes from Popocatepetl, as they pass over the snow-covered summit of the White Woman, whose temperature is several degrees below zero, are cooled so rapidly that they literally drop toward the snow below, thus giving the appearance of dense volumes of smoke from a crater that has not been active within the memory of man."

Even with this lucid explanation it was difficult to realize that the huge ancient crater of the White Woman had not again become active. The Indians and mestizos continued kneeling and praying incessantly. But when the wind shifted and the "eruption" of the Ixtaccihuatl suddenly ceased, they rose from their knees with profound



Another View. The Smoke From Popocatepetl Is Enveloping the White Woman, Twenty Miles Away.

Photos by J. H. Cornyn

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HORSE SURVIVES MOTOR BUT LOSES HIS SHY

Silver Jubilee of the Automobile Marks a Change in Equine Manners, Among Other Things

THE automobile is celebrating its silver jubilee and the horse looks on—unapproving (which might be expected) and unconquered (which might not be). For despite the prediction made so freely twenty-five years ago that the horse was doomed to extinction, the horse still remains, and what is more, increases. A glance down the Main Streets of the country might be suggested as evidence to bear out the prediction; and yet the 1920 census lists 10,000,000 more horses than Federal enumerators could find twenty years before.

True, some, too, is still with us, but—strange phenomenon—his shy is gone. For just as the horseless carriage has revolutionized modern life and customs it has wrought great changes in the nature of its four-legged competitor. And on this anniversary it becomes pertinent to inquire: "What has become of the shying horse?" or rather: "What has become of the horse's shy?" Which takes us back to those different days a quarter of a century ago.

Then the horse acted at a scandalous rate when one of the shuffling vehicles approached. Patient old creatures, deemed suitable and safe for women and children to drive, kicked through dashboards, ambled sideways like crabs or plunged and rose on their hind legs like rodeo broncos. Needless to say, some people didn't like automobiles and answered that nothing could induce them to ride in one.

In 1900 the chief worry of automobile makers was not the relative advantages of four, six, eight and twelve cylinders. It was not the superiority of steel wheels and balloon tires. It was not the sedan, the coupé, the coach or the closed car. It was not even miles per hour or miles per gallon. Twenty-five years ago the pioneer automobile men were worried about the horse and his shy.

The Horse Owner Protests

It was then that they attempted to drive the horse from the highways. The animal and his owner came back defiantly at the motorist, and the promised horseless age never came to pass. In its stead came the shyless horse, instead of annihilating the horse, automobile makers brought about a moral or social revolution in the equine kingdom. Only the horse's behavior has changed. The shying horse has not been with us for the past decade, and it is a mystery what has become of the shy. Some of the same automobile makers who set out to displace the horse a quarter of a century ago now own more horses than they ever did.

Back in 1900 the horse shy was a tangible menace to the success of the automobile industry. Central Park was closed to motor vehicles—shying horses kept them out. New

York ferryboats would not accept automobiles, partly from fear that they might explode but mostly because horses would not ride on the same boat with them.

In those days gasoline was 8 and 10 cents a gallon. There were no all-night garages and service stations. Village blacksmiths repaired cars and apologized to their owners for charging so much as 50 cents for two hours' labor. Speed limits for motors were six to twelve miles an hour. There was no limit for horses.

And yet all was not perfect then. Cautious motorists carried whip sockets on the dashboards of their cars. The more pessimistic carried not only sockets but real whips in them; they might need them, if they broke down.

In some sections of the country twenty-five years ago it was unlawful in some cases a felony—for a motor vehicle to approach within 200

feet of a horse and buggy without first coming to a dead stop. Automobile owners were constantly in court defending law suits arising out of encounters with a horse and his owner. In those days if a jury trial was demanded the unlucky automobilist had about as much chance of acquittal as a husband killer who is neither beautiful nor clever. Automobile owners were legitimate game with the average jury and there was no closed season.

In those days the entire horse world was united against automobiles. In 1900 there were about 13,000,000 horses in the United States, about 14,000,000 automobiles and a trifle less than 14,000,000 voters. Every horse, it is fair to assume, therefore, not only had a shy in him but a vote behind him.

In 1920 there were 25,000,000

horses, an increase of 10,000,000 in twenty years. During the same period the motor car output had been raised to 1,250,000 annually and there were nearly 9,500,000 cars in the hands of owners. Only the census can shed any light upon what has become of the horse. It places them upon the farms, certainly there is nothing like the 1900 figure seen on the nation's highways.

What a Breeder Says

One explanation for the disappearance of the shying horse is that so few horses are seen that no one notices whether or not they shy. Investigation shows, however, that horses do not shy as much as they did. The shy has gone alike from city and country horses; from the thoroughbred and the horse fresh from the range.

"Has the horse stopped shying? If so, what has happened to the shy?"



Scene on the Coaching Tour From New York City to Newport, R. I., in October, 1905. Alfred G. Vanderbilt Is Driving the Coach.

The questions were put to a California horse raiser, with thirty years' experience behind him.

"To the first question," he replied, "I must say 'yes.' Wild or tame, renegade just off the range, mustangs, blooded polo ponies and all—they just won't shy. I don't think in the last ten years that more than five out of the several thousand I have trained and driven have shied.

"As to what has become of the shy, I can only presume that since the horse always has been subject to man's will, and often possesses the horse sense which we humans frequently envy, no reflected man's fear of the automobile. The horse once had a serious automotive complex and shied at anything that looked or smelled like a machine, but if you could see how gladly and gratefully he now takes to the motor truck in which I transport him to market, you would understand how completely that complex has gone."

Explanation of a Pioneer

This reply raised the possibility that a psychoanalyst might explain what has become of the horse's shying complex. The proposal was put to one of the pioneer motor car makers. "If we are going to appropriate any money to celebrate the automobile's twenty-fifth anniversary," he answered, "I am in favor of securing one of those fellows not to tell us what has become of the shy, but to tell us whether it will ever come back. The Lord knows we had enough trouble with it twenty-five years ago to last us for all time."

All sorts of highway diplomacy was exerted to subdue the horse and



In the Day of the Divided Skirt. Typical Road Scene. The Black Horse Is "Acting Up."

driver, with the somewhat paradoxical result that when the driver was subdued, the horse was also. The fact that there was no prohibition in those days may have helped, for one of the most effective methods used was free and generous distribution of drinks and cigars on the road. Many touring automobiles carried in those days as part of their equipment a bottle of dollar rye, a box or two of political cigars and a 200-foot tape measure. When a horse and buggy were discovered on the road and the 200-foot limit of legal approach was

haustless engine produced only a slightly favorable effect when a horse was led up to it. The horse had had his nose trained; he could smell an automobile a mile away.

Two events in automobile history serve to explain how the horse lost his shy. The first took place Aug. 27, 1903, on the old race track at Dayton, Ohio. A steam motor car paced the famous Cresceus, the champion trotter of his day, before five or six thousand spectators. The event proved that an intelligent horse, under proper circumstances, had no fear of an automobile. It dramatized the critical situation between the horse and the horseless carriage. Betting was not on the outcome of the race, but whether Cresceus would jump the fence at the sight of the car. He didn't, although the automobile ran abreast all the way.

Newspapers the next day paid as much attention to the wonder of the shyless horse as to the fact that a track record for speed was broken. The phenomenon was explained by horse trainers, jockeys, bookmakers and veterinarians just as the driver of Cresceus explained it.

"I was never afraid he would jump," he said. "Don't you know that a fellow's fear travels down the reins right into a horse's brain?"

The undaunted driver's explanation of his high-spirited horse's reconciliation with its mechanical competitor was seconded by a favorite stable fable of the day. In one of the Kentucky racing stables was a horse of such an unenviable disposition that few had the hardihood to enter his stall. Those who did so approached the animal with fear and trembling. This state of mind by some wireless method was communicated to the horse, who reared and plunged until his visitor was on his way to the hospital. One day a groom so drunk that he was oblivious to fear entered the incorrigible horse's stall and emerged unscathed. The man having no thought of fear, the horse had nothing to shy about.

Vanderbilt Loses a Wage

The second event, which duplicated the Dayton experiment, was in October, 1900, when the late Alfred G. Vanderbilt drove a coaching party from New York to Newport. As an automobile accompanied the tally-ho the entire distance. This was a rare deliberate test the Jayar affair, for Mr. Vanderbilt's coaching companions made the horse's shy a sporting issue and wagered against their bet that the horses would behave themselves. They won.

Alfred Vanderbilt thought that the horse never would become accustomed to the automobile, nor did he ever quite succumb to the motor. It is therefore worthy of note that when he held the reins on the Newport trip, the horses stopped getting gingerly and showed a tendency to shy. On the other hand, when those who were betting against the shy coupled the driver's seal, the horses went along smoothly and gracefully. It was a fair test, for the automobile ran abreast of the horses the entire route, while horses were changed at frequent stops.

From then on the problem of the horse's shy diminished. He kept his feet on the ground and steered a straight course.



A Rustic Scene Typical of Early Motoring Days. This Photograph Was Taken in 1904.

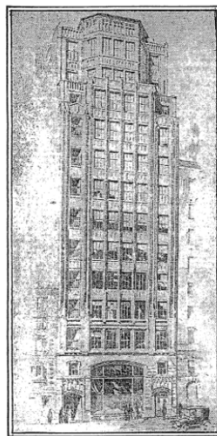
R E

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R E

THE NEW YEAR STARTS STRONG IN CONSTRUCTION PROJECTS



New Union Square Building at 10-12 West Park-Rift Street.
Harcourt and Harbach, Architects.



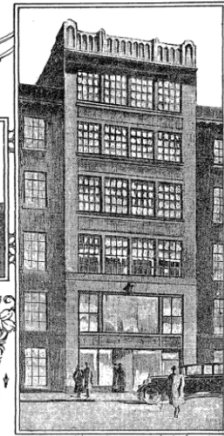
A New Addition to Hotel St. George, Clark and Morris Streets, Brooklyn.
Which will be opened by Spring and will contain 1,000 rooms.



Apartment House on Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn.
Harcourt and Harbach, Architects.



The William H. Keweenaw Residence on Shore Road and Keweenaw Road, which figures in the new building.



New Building Being Erected at 30 East Fifty-Seventh Street.
James E. Cassin, Architect.

A STRONG MARKET IN 1925 SEEN BY THE NATIONAL REALTY BOARD

Reports From 250 Cities to the National Association Show Trading Is Entering the New Year With Vigor—Business Properties in Great Activity.

The real estate market in 1925, according to the reports received from the 250 cities surveyed by the National Association of Realtors, is entering the new year with vigor and business properties are in great activity. The survey shows that the market is strong and that the new year is expected to be a successful one for the real estate industry.

The survey findings are also particularly interesting in connection with the fact that the new year is expected to be a successful one for the real estate industry. The survey shows that the market is strong and that the new year is expected to be a successful one for the real estate industry.

BRICKLAYER PRODUCTION.

With 1924 representing an average of approximately 1,000,000 bricks per day, the bricklayer production in 1925 is expected to be even higher. The survey shows that the bricklayer production is strong and that the new year is expected to be a successful one for the bricklayer industry.

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NEW GOLF COURSE PLANNED

A new golf course is planned for the city of New York. The survey shows that the new golf course is expected to be a successful one for the city of New York. The survey shows that the new golf course is expected to be a successful one for the city of New York.

The survey findings are also particularly interesting in connection with the fact that the new year is expected to be a successful one for the city of New York. The survey shows that the new golf course is expected to be a successful one for the city of New York.

REACTORS MEET AT TROY.

Reactors met at Troy, N.Y., to discuss the new year. The survey shows that the reactors are expected to be a successful one for the city of New York. The survey shows that the reactors are expected to be a successful one for the city of New York.

The survey findings are also particularly interesting in connection with the fact that the new year is expected to be a successful one for the city of New York. The survey shows that the reactors are expected to be a successful one for the city of New York.

LOAN ASSOCIATIONS.

More than 15,000 devoted to home building in United States. The survey shows that the loan associations are expected to be a successful one for the city of New York. The survey shows that the loan associations are expected to be a successful one for the city of New York.

The survey findings are also particularly interesting in connection with the fact that the new year is expected to be a successful one for the city of New York. The survey shows that the loan associations are expected to be a successful one for the city of New York.

NEW HOME CENTRE IN HUDSON ST. ON TRINITY CORPORATION LEASEHOLDS

Hudson Apartments House Are Being Erected on Two Block Front Opposite St. Luke's Church—Shore Residential Trend in the Village West of Sixth Avenue.

The new home center in Hudson St. is expected to be a successful one for the city of New York. The survey shows that the new home center is expected to be a successful one for the city of New York.

The survey findings are also particularly interesting in connection with the fact that the new year is expected to be a successful one for the city of New York. The survey shows that the new home center is expected to be a successful one for the city of New York.

Other Real Estate and Apartments, Section 11

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