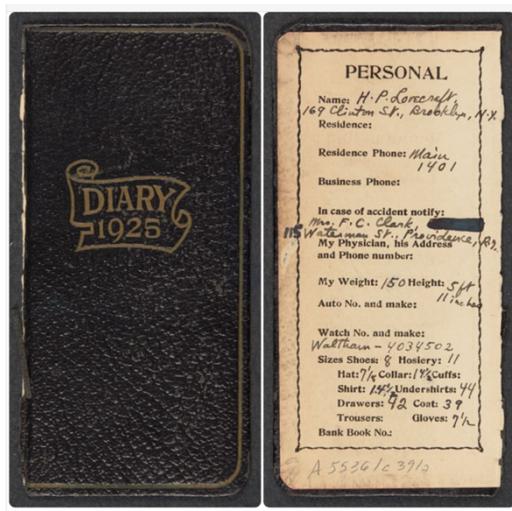


1925-2025
UN AN AVEC HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT
#18 | 18 JANVIER 1925



« 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 logoglyphe 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.

JANUARY, 1925

Up at noon - over to Kirk's - for
SUN. room - SL & FBL car. - RK arr. -
18 Discurs - adjourn cafet. Jim
Reasenable - FBL depart -
Japanese print - adjourn RR -
Discurs - home - (PAPER)

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 (8½ × 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 Roosevelts' "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.

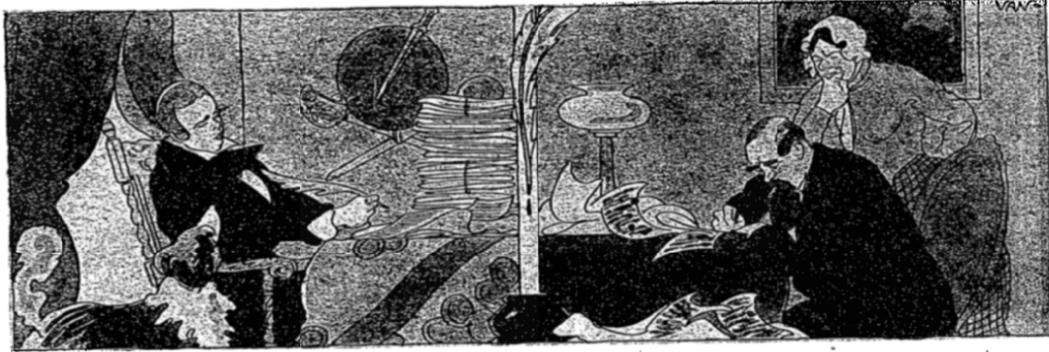
Ces jours-ci, et ceux qui suivent, Lovecraft me ferait douter de la pertinence de ce projet. Traîner au lit le matin. Retrouver Kirk d'abord pour installer dans sa chambre les coussins et babioles achetés hier, et, quand les autres arrivent, honneur à leur infinie discussion. On peut décorer d'autant 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 impatients 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, Worsworth 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 Wordswoth 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

TONE 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 Morgan family, 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 so they have often 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 sanctum of craftsmanship. 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 still air is rasped by the scrape of an octopus of brass and steel that was designed to a former day. Sterne and Locke knew nothing of steel nibs and blotting papers. But somehow their simple tools served the purposes of genius.

If Wordsworth Lived in 1925

After all, there is something to be said even of that. And the words aside 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-folscap by the pitiless staccato of the typewriter? In these days Wordsworth would have been, or could have been, a member of the 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-head, the secretary, straight to the quick, firm and pliant chisel 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 the secret of those prolonged amanuensical 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 exceed the peerless Beethoven.

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 phanteon and the fiddle and leave the composer with no ear save his soul. His music—curiously ignorant by our present standards, 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 bestow to be the worst "copy." Look for a moment at the manuscript of Scott's "Vanhurst" and compare it with that of "The Christmas Carol." Scott's page is as far from the "clean" of corrections, there was, indeed, a certain magnificient monotony of promptitude in his persistent production of the allotted thousands of words, which were the quota that he set himself. For the editorialist and the columnist a model of continuous efficiency.

But, of course, he would no more pause for a prettier phrase than the River St. Lawrence, bearing grandly on its shoulders the ocean, pauses in its flow when a maple leaf, mirrored on its waters, turns crimson. Scott treated his pen as if it were a man, bearing itself, 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 punctuation and grammar, and allowed punctuation 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" underlines 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 punctuation included in its prose. 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 really tolerate the poetry of Pope. But it will agree with what irritated us in Pope's poetry no more than the perfection of his accuracy? The phrase

and the scansion are faultless; the rhymes are impeccable; the anaphrases are exact in their direction. Yet gathering up the manuscript this writer of versifiers "could do no wrong"; that he was congenitally incapable of a slip in emphasis or or a stumble over a cadence.

Yet of all the script here offered written under locked glass, that of Pope is the most cruelly defaced by interpolation and deletion. Much of it is an inchoate, half-baked mass. But

two alternative couplets this man's mind was perpetually at inkky war with itself. And the final one, 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, must then have centred on the boundaries of the page. Kingsley, too, would shrinkish over a parenthesis. As a writer of songs, few but famous, he was supreme. We sing "The Sands of Dee," and assume its simplicity. The secret of those stanzas lies, however, a subtle selection and suppression of words. By looking at the autograph manuscript and reading through the erasures we may conjecture how the room developed. There is a couplet which seems to have originated thus:

Oh! is it weed or

fish or golden

hair?

A silk and soak-

ing hair.

Several times

was the second

line cut out

until it became

A tree of golden

hair.

But this meant

that in two suc-

cessive 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 silk and soak-

ing hair.

Elementary?

Yes; perception is

quite elementary,

when you attain it.

Except ye be

converted and be-

come 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 rugged and brown.*

To be frank, anybody might have written that line. But the chahoe 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 rugged and brown.*

Clouds are distant; "rack" is the flying mist that baffles your eyes and, as a salient, says "baffles your eyes." 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

Clouds were not, as it is said, the calligraphy. "And for calligraphists 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 "cooperative" to her boys and girls of her generation. The perpendicularity of 'p's' and 'q's' and 'r's' and 's's' and 't's' and 'u's' and 'v's' and 'w's' and 'x's' and 'y's' and 'z's' was, however, a feminine manuscript that so well repays a close scrutiny. Some people admire and some really tolerate the poetry of Pope. But it will agree with what irritated us in Pope's poetry no more than the perfection of his accuracy?"

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Consider another hard matter. Most of us, we are sure, have seen Bakunin Macaulay. He was a perfectly respectable man who wrote perfectly respectable books. Yet he scrawled like a rake. Emerson himself had not a less repulsive "list." The expert will, of course, reply that the scrawl had nothing to do with the case. Macaulay may have looked at no copybook, or else he was allowed to look, but in his "s's" and "g's" the rakes was hidden his required virtuous.

Yet it is curious to the casual and uninitiated spectator that Macaulay's scrawl—one might add Edmund Burke's might have been beheaded off by a sergeant, 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



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

(Continued on Page 20)

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 (which might be expected) is un-conquered (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 Street of the country would suggest an endeavor to hear out the prediction; and yet the 1920 census lists 10,000,000 more horses than Federal enumerators could find twenty-five years before.

The horse, you see, 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 companion. On that anniversary it becomes pertinent to inquire: "What has become of the shy 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 shaking, shuddering vehicles approached. Patient old creatures deemed suitable and safe for women and children to drive, the steeds were nervous, wild, animal sideways like crabs or plunged and rose on their hind legs like rodeo broncos. Needless to say, some people didn't like automobiles and announced that nothing could induce them to drive.

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 the price per horse-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 motorists, and the promised horseless age never came to pass. In its stead came the shy horse. Instead of annihilating the horse, automobile makers brought about a most peculiar change in the equine Mosaic. Only, the horse's behavior has changed. The shy 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 used to drive away 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, shy 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.

Then the 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' work. The car drivers were six to twelve miles an hour. There was no limit for horses.

And yet all was not perfect then.

Cautious motorists carried whip

knucks on the dashboard of their cars as though the pessimistic prediction above were true.

That horses do not like whips in them; that 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

horses, an increase of 10,000,000 in twenty years. During the same period the motor car output had been increased from 100,000 to 1,000,000 and there were nearly 9,000,000 cars in the hands of owners. Only the census can shed any light upon what has become of the horses. 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 shy horse is that so few horses are seen that no one notices whether or not they are shy. Another explanation is that horses do not like shy as much as they do.

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



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 substituted, the horse was also. The fact that there were no prohibitions in those days may have helped, for one of the most effective methods used to free a horse from the effects of drink and drugs on the road. Traveling automobiles carried a theory 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

hastless engine produced only a slightly favorable effect when a horse was under the influence of tape 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. On the first round trip, April 27, 1900, on the race track at Dayton, Ohio, a steam motor car paced the famous Crescens, the champion trotter of his day, before five or six thousand spectators. The event was a success, the 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 Crescens 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 of a track record for speed was broken. The phenomenon was explained by horse trainers, jockeys, bookmakers and veterinarians just as the driver of Crescens explained it.

"I 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 brains?"

The undaunted driver's explanation of his high-spirited horse's reconciliation with its mechanical companion was a complete and quite stable fable of the day. In one of the Kentucky racing stables was a horse of such an unenviably nervous disposition that few had the hardihood to ride him. These who did 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 dropped from his back. One day a groom drew him to the stable, oblivious to fear, entered the incalculable horse's stall and emerged unscathed. The man having no thought of fear, the horse had nothing to shay about.

Vanderbilt Loses a Wager:

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, R. I. in October, 1900, when the late Alfred G. Vanderbilt drove a coaching party from New York to Newport, R. I. in the day of the divided skirt. The horses, the entire distance. This was a deliberate test that the Jockey Club affair, for Mr. Vanderbilt's coaching companions made the horse's shy a sporting issue and wagered against that the horse would become accustomed to the automobile, nor did he ever quite succumb to the motor. It is therefore worthy of note that when on his way to the hotel, one of the horses stepped out and stopped.

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 on his way to the hotel, one of the horses stepped out and stopped.

On the other hand, when those who were betting against the shy cued the driver to seat, the horses

stepped out and stopped.

It was a fair test, for the automobile ran abreast of the horses the entire route, while horses were

shy, but to tell us whether it will ever come back. The Lord knows we have enough trouble with us twenty-five years ago to last us for all time."

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

questioned, out came the tape measure, the bottle and the cigars, and all was forgiven. But it was expensive, as a manufacturer discovered when he made one of the pioneer runs in 1901 from New York to Cleveland.

"It took me three days in my touring car," he said. "By the time Cleveland was reached, six bottles of rye and as many boxes of cigars had been expended. I fear that 'entertainment along the route' has cost me more than gas and oil. I'll swear that a lot of those old rustics had their horses trained to shy and to keep on shying until we opened the tape and closed our glasses. Invariably those trained horses quit shying as soon as they heard their owners smack their lips."

"And what names they called us?" "Speed maniacs," "joy riders," "madmen," "mad dogs" and a number of other names.

"I, for one, grew tired of waiting

for the horse to stop.

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 on his way to the hotel, one of the horses stepped out and stopped.

From then on the problem of the

horse's shy diminished. He kept his

feet on the ground and steered a

straight course.

Scenes on the Coaching Tour From New York City to Newport, R. I. in October, 1905.

Alfred G. Vanderbilt Is Driving the Coach.

The Horse Owner Protests

feet of a horse and buggy without first coming to a dead stop. Automobile owners were constantly in court defending law suits against drivers who had driven a horse and buggy over them. In those days if a jury trial was demanded the unlucky automobile had about as much chance of acquittal as a husband killer who is neither helpful nor clever. Automobiles were legitimate 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 automobiles in the United States, about 11,000 automobiles and a trifling 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, the questions were put to a California horse raiser, with thirty years' experience behind him.

"Is the first question?" he replied.

"I must," said the reporter. "With tape ready 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 have been trained and driven and shied."

"As far as I have been able to find, the shy, I can only presume that since the horse always has been subject to man's will, and often possesses the horse's own will, which we humans frequently envy," he 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, which I transport him to market, you would understand him completely that complex has gone."

Explanation of a Pioneer

That reply raised the possibility that the person who might explain what has become of the horse's shy is a 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 honoring 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 have enough trouble with us twenty-five years ago to last us for all time."

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



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

