

1925-2025

UN AN AVEC HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT

#73 | 14 MARS 1925



*Le USS Arkansas accoste à Brooklyn, s'ensuit un peu de pagaille dans les
rues de la soif et rues de la nuit !*

[1925, samedi 14 mars]

Up noon — wrote — tailor — met SH downtown — automat — back to
Bklyn — groceries — home & wrote — SH serve supper 8 pm WROTE
LDC////Out to P.O. candy shop, & stationery store — home & read —
out for papers midnight — home & retire.

*Levé à midi. Écrit, puis tailleur. Je retrouve Sonia centre-ville, on mange
à l'Automat. Je reviens à Brooklyn, épicerie au passage. Maison et écrit.
Sonia s'occupe du dîner à 20h. Terminé lettre à tante Lilian. On sort
jusqu'à la confiserie du bureau de Poste, et le magasin. Maison et lecture.
Je descends à minuit acheter le journal de demain. Maison et couché.*

Pour l'extrait du journal à nouveau j'avais trop de choix. Des petits carrés dans la surface du journal qui emplissent la grande dalle 27" reliée à mon ordinateur, semblent émettre d'eux-mêmes des signaux vers Lovecraft, l'homme ou son univers, ou nous-mêmes et notre présent, directement. Ça aurait pu être l'émission d'un nouveau timbre-poste à 1 ½ cents, mais qu'il est imprimé à mille quatre cents millions d'exemplaires : et l'irrigation du courrier postal, rapportée à nos flux d'e-mails, prend une autre dimension. Ou bien au contraire le fait minuscule qu'arrive au paquebot du Havre le nouvel ambassadeur américain, fonctionnaire ayant déjà usé vingt postes autour du monde, et que son épouse ne retrouve plus son manteau de fourrure à 25 000 dollars ni son sac à 850 dollars : alors à l'arrivée on fouille tous les passagers, bien sûr sans rien trouver. Mon préféré c'était ce fait singulier : pour pallier à des méfaits commis par deux huluberlus déguisés en marins de la marine, la police arrête ce jour-là tous ceux qu'elle aperçoit en uniforme de la Navy. On prend la précaution de couper préalablement le téléphone dans toutes les bases, y compris les navires à quai. Soixante-cinq arrestations, et tous sont ramenés à la caserne principale de l'amirauté, dont le portail s'orne d'une flamboyante inscription *Join the Navy & see the world*. Mais ce sont deux élèves ingénieurs qui se rendaient à leurs examens techniques et ne savaient pas qu'ils devaient s'habiller en civil, ou des matelots sur les bateaux garde-côtes des villes voisines, auxquels on apprend qu'ils n'ont pas à venir habillés en marin hors de leur juridiction, et quand même un « imposteur », un type viré de son bateau il y a quatre ans de ça et qui continuait de porter l'uniforme pour être respecté dans son quartier. Le journal du samedi n'a que vingt-huit pages, c'est le plus bref de la semaine, on réserve l'essentiel pour le numéro du dimanche, avec ses petites annonces et ses suppléments livre ou finance ou magazine, série de pages avec photographies. Quel intérêt à recopier ce que seul le journal a pu retenir, mais un si bref instant ? C'est la marche ordinaire des jours, que rend

cependant fantomatique ou symbolique l'immensité de la ville, l'incroyable humanité qu'elle brasse, et le caractère aigu de mutations techniques qui ne cesseront plus mais qui — automobile, téléphone, radio, cinéma, presse et information — sont comme le premier laboratoire de notre horizon noir. Alors c'est un autre entrefilet que je prends, et tant pis si c'est marcher pour rien : cet inconnu qui porte bien, et qui vient mourir au bord de la ville sans révéler qui il est. On est revenu à l'autre solitaire, quand même embringué jour après jour dans sa bande d'amis, et quand même je ne saurais en dire autrement le lien. Homme sans nom, comme Lovecraft n'est pas encore entré dans son nom, et comme en nous-mêmes chacun de nous porte un homme sans nom.

New York Times, 14 mars 1925. De Nyack, New York, 13 mars. Refusant de révéler son identité et racontant des histoires contradictoires, un homme de soixante ans, aux cheveux blancs et d'apparence raffinée, est mort cette nuit à l'hôpital de Nyack des entailles qu'il s'était infligé à lui-même au cou et aux poignets. Une des raisons qu'il a données pour son acte était la rupture de sa relation avec une femme dont il prétend qu'elle est « très bien connue dans la bonne société de New York ». Et que cependant, ajoute-t-il : « Jamais je ne dirai qui elle est ni qui je suis. Je mourrai d'abord. » On a trouvé cet homme à 4 heures ce matin, contre la porte de service arrière d'un immeuble appartenant à Mme C C Allen, pas très loin de l'hôpital. Sa gorge saignait et sa main droite était gravement entaillée au poignet. Il prétendit d'abord, à la police, avoir été attaqué par des voleurs, mais déclara ensuite qu'il avait tenté trois fois de se tuer au cours de la soirée. Mme Allen fut réveillée dans son sommeil par un bruit sourd sur la porte arrière. Elle descendit voir et aperçut l'étranger. Il gémissait. Elle appela M & Mme Joseph Pahon et leur fils John, locataires d'un des appartements de sa propriété. Bahon emmena à l'hôpital dans sa voiture l'homme qui perdait son sang. Il perdit connaissance à l'arrivée. Le shériff Shriver de Rockland County fut prévenu. Quand l'homme revint à lui, il déclara s'appeler James Walsh, domicilié 12ème rue Est à New York, et être professeur de musique, mais plus tard dénia s'appeler Walsh. Il prétendit qu'il était malade de trop de travail et que son médecin lui avait conseillé d'aller marcher à la campagne. En traversant un bouquet de bois la nuit dernière, dit-il, deux voleurs avaient surgi des buissons et l'avaient blessé dans l'assaut. Il avait cependant repoussé les voleurs, dit-il, et avait marché jusqu'aux lumières de la ville et cette maison. À ce point de son histoire il perdit à nouveau connaissance et on l'opéra. La police de New York avait cependant enquêté et transmit que personne ne le connaissait à l'adresse de la 12ème rue. Le patient admit que l'histoire du hold-up était de son invention. Puis il donna ce qu'il déclara être la vraie version, une tentative de suicide. Il dit avoir entretenu pendant un cinq ans une amitié avec une « femme de la meilleure société ». Il y a un an environ, ils se séparèrent après une dispute et il tenta d'en finir avec la vie en respirant du chloroforme lors d'une excursion en bateau sur l'Hudson River, mais échoua. Cette semaine, selon lui, ils se disputèrent de nouveau et il se résolut de nouveau à mourir. Il prit hier soir le train pour Nyack et partit dans les bois. Vers 21 heures il sortit un flacon de chloroforme et en inhala le contenu, s'évanouit. Quand deux heures plus tard il se réveilla, il se découvrit encore en vie. Alors il se trancha la gorge au rasoir et, survivant

à la blessure, se trancha aussi poignet. Il rejoignit la maison de Mme Allen dans l'état de délire qui suivit.

Police Arrest 65 Sailors Here in Round-Up; Admiral Hunting Impostors in Uniform

Saying that they acted on a request from Rear Admiral Plunkett, the New York police for twelve hours yesterday arrested all persons about town wearing the uniform of a sailor in the United States Navy.

Sixty-five men were taken into custody by the police solely for the reason that they were wearing the naval uniform. They were escorted by the police to the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

The purpose of the round-up was said to have been the detection of impostors. The search for sailors started at 8 o'clock in the morning and lasted until 8 o'clock at night. All the sixty-five men were reported to have proved themselves genuine enlisted men.

The idea attributed to Admiral Plunkett by the police was that, by arresting all in uniform, it would be possible to capture men said to be using the uniform to cover begging and rowdyism.

An embargo on telephone calls to and from the Brooklyn Navy Yard last night prevented an explanation from that source for the unprecedented action of the police.

At 8 P. M. the police were requested to desist from arresting sailors. Accord-

ing to the police, the order was given because the Arkansas came in from Hampton Roads last night, and, dropping anchor off Fort Hamilton, permitted seamen to go ashore. This flooded the streets with sailors under other commands and made the local naval authorities decide it advisable to recall their request to the police.

One of the arrested sailors showed that he had been honorably discharged from the navy on March 4 of this year and had not yet changed to civilian garb.

Another sailor, who was carrying two books of engineering under his arm, was taken into custody in spite of his protest that he was on the way to take an examination in an engineering school.

Five members of the Coast Guard, arriving at the Grand Central Station from New London under orders to proceed to the Coast Guard office at the Battery, were arrested despite their protest that they were not under the jurisdiction of the naval authorities. Twelve of the other men arrested were Coast Guard officers.

First Sergeant Thomas F. Lawlor of the Marine Corps received the men arrested by the police and escorted them to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, past the sign "Join the Navy and See the World," and into the yard for the examination as to whether they were impostors.

PINEHURST, N. C., 16 hours from New York. Many sport tournaments. Best hotels, ideal spring weather.—Adv.

Mrs. Huntington Wilson Loses \$25,000 Coat And \$850 Bag on Olympic Trip to Cherbourg

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CHERBOURG, March 13.—Mrs. Huntington Wilson on landing here from the Olympic today informed the police that she was the victim of extensive robbery aboard the ship. A chinchilla coat valued at \$25,000 is missing, she said, together with a diamond studded handbag worth \$850.

Mrs. Wilson proceeded to Paris on the boat train.

The Chief Port Detective, M. Loisel, is making an inquiry.

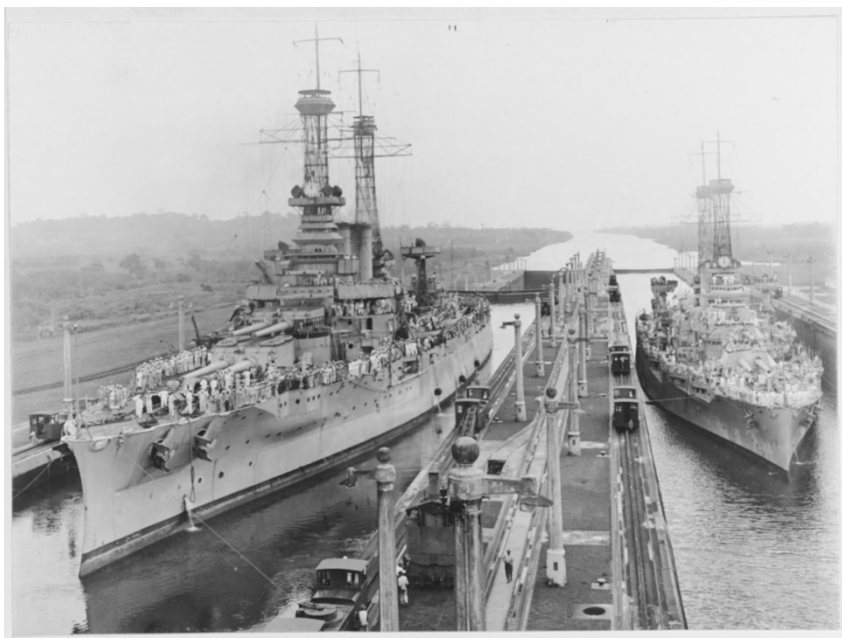
CHERBOURG, France, March 13 (Associated Press).—A chinchilla coat belonging to Mrs. Huntington Wilson, wife of the former American Assistant Secretary of State, vanished on the steamer Olympic while the vessel was on its voyage from New York to Cherbourg.

When the passengers of the Olympic disembarked here this afternoon the po-

lice scrutinized them, searched the ship and examined a lot of baggage, but did not find the coat.

Huntington Wilson resigned as Assistant Secretary of State on March 21, 1913, after a career in the diplomatic service that had begun when he was appointed Second Secretary of the United States legation at Tokio in 1897. He had charge of several South American and Balkan missions and later came to the State Department. As Assistant Secretary of State under President Taft, Mr. Wilson helped Secretary Knox frame the policy of "dollar diplomacy."

Although he had made every preparation to leave the department when the Wilson Administration was elected, Secretary Bryan asked him to remain. He differed sharply with President Wilson over the latter's attitude in abandoning the Knox policy toward China in 1913 and resigned in a letter expressing criticism.



Un autre versant de la vie de Brooklyn, les accostages de navires militaires, dont le célèbre Arkansas.

WOMAN, NEARING 100, DEFENDS THE 'FLAPPER'

**Danced, Too, in Her Youth, Says
Mrs. Mary Schultz—Birthday
Party Tomorrow.**

Mrs. Mary Schultz will celebrate her one-hundredth birthday tomorrow at the Home for Aged and Infirm Hebrews, 121 West 105th Street. She is the oldest woman there. The youngest is 60 years old. The 300 residents of the home are looking forward to Mrs. Schultz's party. Mrs. Schultz retains her faculties to a remarkable degree, and looks at least twenty years younger than she is.

"I know I look much younger than I feel," she said yesterday. "but that's because I took good care of myself when I was young. That's not saying I didn't have a good time. I went to balls, danced and stayed out late the same as the young people of today."

This oldest resident of the home is a philosophical old lady, and a near century of experience has not embittered her against life. She danced in Berlin and Paris in the mid-nineteenth century, and started life in New York at the age of 27.

"I was no Spring chicken when I landed in New York," she said with a twinkle in her eye, "and in spite of my age I got a very fine husband. I was a fine dancer in those days. I liked the polka, gallop and square dances the best. Nothing like they dance today, of course."

"I like what they call the 'flapper.' You can't expect the young girls of the present to act as we did when I was young. Girls all feel alike when they get around 20, and a century makes a difference only in the way we show our feelings."

When Mrs. Schultz was 99 years old she received a bouquet from a friend of ninety-nine tulips. On Sunday, she says, she expects to get one with 100 tulips.

INDICT SIX IN THEFT OF ELEVEN RADIO SETS

**Four Are Employees of Freed-Eisenmann Corporation, Brooklyn,
Which Reported Loss.**

Six men were indicted in Kings County yesterday on charges of grand larceny for the alleged theft of radio sets from the plant of the Freed-Eisenmann Radio Corporation at 40 Flatbush Avenue Extension, Brooklyn. Four of the defendants were employees of the corporation. They are accused of stealing eleven sets, valued at less than \$500.

Three of the indicted men were arrested last night by Detectives Robert Kelly and Francis McCarthy. The prisoners described themselves as Harry H. Stringham of 750 150th Street, Bronx; William Bender, 24 Chapel Street, and Albert Carney, 614 Chauncey Street, both of Brooklyn. They were locked up at Police Headquarters for arraignment in court today. The police said they had no information regarding the other alleged accomplices who are included in the six indictments.

It is alleged that the indicted men used their positions in the factory to ship out stolen sets with goods consigned to the firm's regular customers, and with the aid of confederates on the outside the stolen sets were taken from delivery trucks at a place in Brooklyn and another in Manhattan. From these points the sets were disposed of to dealers or individual customers.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE, DYING, HIDES NAME

**Discovered on Back Porch of
Nyack Home, With Throat
and Wrists Gashed.**

TRIED TO END HIS LIFE

**First Told Police Robbers Had At-
tacked Him — Mentions
"Society Woman."**

Special to The New York Times.

NYACK, N. Y., March 13.—Refusing to reveal his identity and telling conflicting stories, a man of 60 years, with snow-white hair and an appearance of refinement, is dying in the Nyack Hospital tonight from self-inflicted wounds on the throat and wrist. One reason he gave for his act was the disruption of a friendship with a woman whom he termed as "very well known in the social world of New York." However, he added, "I'll never tell who she is or who I am. I'll die first."

The man was found at 4 o'clock this morning huddled in a chair on the back porch of the home of Mrs. C. C. Allen, near here. His throat was gashed and his right hand was nearly severed at the wrist. At first he told the police he had been attacked by robbers but later said he tried three times during the night to kill himself.

Mrs. Allen was awakened from her sleep by a thud on the back porch. She hurried downstairs to investigate and saw the stranger. He was moaning. She called Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bahon and their son John, who live in one of the cottages on her estate. Bahon took the bleeding man to the Nyack Hospital in his automobile. He became unconscious during the preliminary treatment.

Sheriff Shriver of Rockland County was notified. When the man revived he told the Sheriff he was James Walsh of 8 East Twelfth Street, New York, a music teacher, but later denied his name was Walsh. He said he was ill from overwork and his doctor had ordered him to take a walking trip in the country. While traversing a stretch of woods back of Nyack last night, he said, two robbers jumped out of the underbrush, held him up and wounded him in a struggle. The robbers fled, he said, and he made his way to the Allen home, in which he could see the light.

At this point of his story he lapsed into unconsciousness again and an operation was performed. The New York police meanwhile had discovered that the man was not known at the Twelfth Street address, and finally the patient admitted that the story of the hold-up was a fabrication. Then he gave what he declared was the true version of his attempted suicide.

He said he had maintained a friendship with a "socially prominent woman" for five years. About a year ago they had a quarrel and he tried to end his life with chloroform on a Hudson River excursion boat, but failed.

This week, according to his story, the quarrel, which had been patched up, broke out again, and he determined again to die. He said that he left a West Shore train at West Nyack last night and started through the woods. About 9 o'clock he took from his pocket a bottle of chloroform and swallowed the contents. He fell unconscious.

Two hours later, he said, he found himself still alive. Then he cut his throat with a razor blade and reviving from these wounds, he said, he made a third attempt by gashing his wrists. He wandered to the Allen home in his delirium.

JACK SELDOW HELD FOR BIGAMY INQUIRY

District Attorney Wins Delay of Assault Charge Against Mary Woodson's Husband.

BRIDE STILL CONFIDENT

Prisoner, Downcast, Reproaches Girl With "I Thought You Were Going to Get Me Out."

Jack Seldow's hope for freedom faded yesterday when three justices in Part VI. Special Sessions, held him, without bail, until Monday upon the request of the District Attorney, who said the interests of justice required an investigation as to whether the ex-convict was a bigamist or merely the victim of a strange coincidence.

Seldow, who became the centre of a succession of dramatic events with the discovery by Mrs. A. B. Woodson that her daughter Mary, missing for two years from Washington, D. C., was his wife, was depressed by the decision. Reproachfully he turned upon the girl.

"I thought you were going to get me out of this," he said, and Mary, in tears said she would. For a time the girl and her mother were downcast, too, but later they affected gaiety and insisted that all would end well on Monday.

Seldow's appearance in court grew originally out of his detention for the violation of his parole. Mrs. Woodson engaged Bernard H. Sandler to obtain her son-in-law's freedom. Mr. Sandler's writ of habeas corpus, however, met with a check when the District Attorney's office discovered that Seldow had been convicted of an assault one year ago. That assault occurred when Seldow was a motorman, and he and the conductor of his car became involved in an altercation with a negro. Seldow, on parole from prison, where he served a term for burglary, was afraid he would be sent back and did not appear in court. The conductor answered the charge and was fined \$50.

Had \$1,000 Bail Ready.

It was in the expectation that Seldow would be fined and freed that his wife and mother-in-law accompanied Mr. Sandler to court. The lawyer brought as much as \$1,000 for cash bail, should it be required.

When court convened, William Connors, a probation officer, read a report that he had prepared on Seldow a year ago. Justice McInerney then asked why Seldow had not appeared. "I think he got cold feet," Connors replied.

Assistant District Attorney Daniel Dizenzo then drew attention to the marriage of a man of the same name, the same birthplace and the same parents to Annie Mitchell, in 1921, and asked a question.

Mr. Sandler protested. He demanded that if any other wife existed she be produced. The Court, however, granted the delay, and a guard turned to take Seldow back to the Tombs. His wife and his mother-in-law went to his side, and Seldow reproached them and added: "You're going away to leave me." Mary Seldow reached up to her husband and embraced him. "No, no, Jack, I'm not," she declared through her tears. Seldow turned to Mrs. Woodson.

"Mother," he said, "it's not true. Mary's the only girl I ever looked at."

"I believe it, Jack," said Mrs. Woodson. Seldow was led back to the Tombs, and as he went his young wife thrust cigarettes and papers into his hands. From Special Sessions the two women went to the Municipal Building to look at the two marriage licenses, that of Jack Seldow to Annie Mitchell and that of Jack Seldow to Mary Woodson. The latter license was there, but the former was in the Hall of Records, and there was a wait until it could be brought over. The two women compared them. Both became agitated, but neither was convinced that the Seldow who married Annie Mitchell was "our Jack." Mrs. Woodson said she was sure the writing on the Seldow-Mitchell record was not that of her son-in-law.

KIDNAPPING 'TALE' HAS SEQUEL OF FACT

Man Who Convinced Police Boy Had Fabricated Abduction Story Is Now Held.

ADMITS HE ISN'T FATHER

Arrest Follows Telegram From Columbus Authorities Bearing Out Lad's First Statements.

Ten-year-old Paul Fennell's story of being kidnapped in Columbus, Ohio, and held a prisoner in a house on East Thirty-first Street, which he admitted was false Tuesday when Charles McClen of 302 East Thirty-first Street identified him as his son John, who was followed yesterday by a sequel in which the man admitted the child was not his own, but in which Paul continued to claim him as his father until he reverted to his original story of kidnapping.

Paul, carrying a bottle of milk and a clipping from a Columbus newspaper, walked alone into the West 123d Street Station Tuesday morning and told Lieutenant John Baxter he had been kidnapped Jan. 6 by a bald-headed man and kept locked in a house in East Thirty-first Street until that morning, when, he said, he had been sent to buy some milk. Detective John Dent searched for the man whose description the child gave him. Later in the day McClen appeared at the East Thirty-first Street Station and reported the disappearance of his son.

But when the police brought the man and child together at the West 123d Street Station and McClen declared the boy was fanciful and "always talking of kidnapping," the child admitted he was McClen's son. The police let them leave together.

Yesterday Chief of Police H. E. French of Columbus sent a telegram to Police Headquarters here to arrest John McClen, 38 years old, a tightrope walker known professionally as Anton Kari, as the kidnapper of Paul Fennell and as a fugitive from justice.

Detective Dent arrested the man while James Keene, an agent of the Children's Society, took charge of the boy. McClen insisted he was the child's father. The boy supported him, declaring he was only joking on Tuesday when he appeared at the West 123d Street Station and that he knew nothing of the Fennell child save what he had read in a newspaper.

But, confronted with the telegram, McClen broke down. He said he and his wife had become fond of Paul when they had lived with his family at Cleveland. His attachment for the child grew, he continued, after his wife's death in a gas explosion, and when the child's father, Clark Fennell, had got into financial straits he spent on the family most of \$5,000 he got as damages for Mrs. McClen's death. He had brought Paul, his father's brother and two stepchildren to New York to enable them to look for work, but that all had returned to Columbus several months ago. He said the elder Fennell had left the child with him.

Paul, however, told the police, according to the latter, that the whole family had returned together to Columbus and that McClen approached him one day in the street and offered him a new suit if he would accompany him.

WRITER, BANKRUPT AND ILL, A SUICIDE

Charlotte Carter Flather, Once "Best-Dressed Girl," Is Found Dead of Poison.

WON NOTE ON THE STAGE

Then Turned to Scenarios and Fiction With Success—Had Just Finished a Novel.

Charlotte Carter Flather, 30 years old, of 100 East Fifty-sixth Street, a free lance writer and former actress, committed suicide yesterday morning by taking sodium cyanide. She was a friend of Mary Roberts Rinehart, the novelist, who once dedicated a book to her, and the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert E. Flather, who live at 933 East Main Street, Meriden, Conn. Eight sealed and addressed letters were found in her room. One of these was addressed to her father. The police would not disclose the other names.

According to Dr. Charles S. R. Casassa, the Medical Examiner, the motive of her suicide was despondency due to ill health and financial and literary difficulties. She recently had filed a petition for bankruptcy in the Federal Court. In it her liabilities were given as \$25,000.

Miss Flather, who was once known as "the best dressed girl in New York," was found by her negro maid, Matty Jones. Evidently she had prepared for death carefully. She had bathed and carefully done her hair. She was found with her hands folded peacefully. An empty shoe polish box evidently had contained the poison.

When the maid found her mistress dead she called Frank Conline, the superintendent of the building. He in turn summoned a patrolman from the East Fifty-first Street station. Then Dr. H. A. Dismouth of Bellevue Hospital was sent for. On his arrival he pronounced her to be dead.

Miss Flather's father arrived at the apartment at about 10 o'clock last night. He read the letter addressed to him, but refused to disclose its contents or to make any statement.

Funeral arrangements have not been completed.

According to Miss Flather's parents, she had planned to spend the week-end with them. At the last minute they received a letter saying she had postponed the visit to save money. "It is said she had been asked to accept a process from her work should be given to her."

Four years ago Miss Flather attempted to commit suicide by drinking veronal. At that time her life was saved by the hotel telephone operator, who overheard Miss Flather telling a friend of her intention. The operator notified Dr. L. L. Hill, the house physician, who reached her room in time to save her life. At that time as now despondency due to financial difficulty had been the cause. She had reached New York after a trip to Europe, almost penniless and had been unable to find employment. She attempted suicide when the hotel management informed her that she owed them \$350 and that she would have to vacate the room the next day.

The career of Miss Flather had been brilliant. At one time she was on the stage against the will of her parents. Because that McClen approached him one day in the street and offered him a new suit if he would accompany him.

1,400,000,000 Stamps Of 1 1/2-Cent Kind Ordered

Special to The New York Times.

WASHINGTON, March 13.—A portrait of President Harding will adorn the new 1 1/2-cent stamp designed for use on third class mail matter—circulars—under the increased postage rates authorized by Congress. The stamp will be printed in sepia brown, the same color as that used on the present 4-cent Martha Washington stamp. The Bureau of Engraving and Printing has promised to deliver the first sheet of these stamps to the Postmaster General March 17. Shipment to postmasters will begin the next day.

With less than half the country heard from, Postmaster General New said today he already had requests for 1,400,000,000 of the new stamps. The old rate on third-class matter was a cent an ounce. The new rate is a cent and a half an ounce. Since the new rates become effective April 15, and many firms have on hand large numbers of one-cent stamps, the department will issue a new one-half cent stamp. This will carry a profile of Nathan Hale.