

1925-2025

UN AN AVEC HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT

#93 | 5 AVRIL 1925

« Club de la Prospérité ».

Ligne suivante : « Croyons en Dieu » (ajout de Lovecraft : *plus ou moins*).

Puis : « Confiance, espoir, charité » (ajout de Lovecraft : *& naïveté*).

Le texte principal : « Cette chaîne a été lancée dans l'espoir de vous apporter la prospérité. Avant trois jours, faites cinq copies de cette lettre, enlevant le nom du haut, et ajoutant votre propre nom et adresse au bas de la liste, et envoyez-la à cinq de vos amis auxquels vous souhaitez la prospérité. Quand vous rayerez le nom du haut, envoyez à cette personne 10 cents, glissés dans l'enveloppe comme un don de charité. En retour, quand votre nom atteindra le haut, vous recevez 15 625 lettres de donation, soit une somme de 1 562 dollars et 50 cents. Ayez la confiance qu'ont vos amis, et la chaîne ne sera pas rompue. »

Commentaire de Lovecraft : « C'est une expérience peu orthodoxe du point de vue de l'économie — pas vraiment aimée par les Postes — qui arrive dans les mains de votre ami si doué. Juste pour s'en moquer, & comme pied-de-nez à l'idéologie capitaliste conventionnelle, j'ai envoyé ma dime, et fait suivre des copies à Cook & Belknap & Woodburn Harris & d'autres rebelles contre l'ordre existant. »

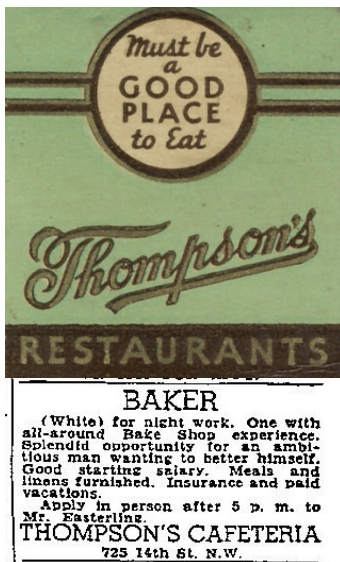
Il est donc sûr que Lovecraft a perdu ses 10 cents (envoyés à une dame de Denver, Colorado), il est quasi sûr aussi que s'il avait bénéficié d'un seul 10 cents en retour, il nous en aurait fait part dans une autre lettre. 1500 dollars ? À peu près la somme de tout ce qu'il aura touché de son vivant par l'écriture.

Source : lettre à Barlow, 11 mai 1935.

[1925, dimanche 5 avril]

Up 2 p m — wake GK — guests arrive — Sonny — Loveman & Leeds — RK absent & both discuss — out to Tiffany — over to Loveman's without GK — back to GK — SL lv. HP descend & read — out with GK & Leeds to Thompson's — return & read — retire.

Levé à 14h. Je réveille Kirk. Les invités arrivent. Sonny, Loveman, Leeds. Kleiner absent. Discussion. Dehors au Tiffany. Puis chez Loveman, sans Kirk. Retour chez Kirk. Loveman repart, Lovecraft rentre chez lui et lit. Dehors avec Kirk et Leeds au Thompson's. Retour, lecture, couché.



Dîner au Thompson's, où pour prétendre à un travail de boulanger il faut être blanc. On vous le promet : demain Lovecraft nous donnera dans son carnet meilleur spectacle, puisque recommencera la guerre aux souris ! Qu'on nous excuse ne pas commenter plus avant son dimanche. En compensation, cet article un peu long du *New York Times* : mais souvenez-vous, toute la radio se passe en studio, où on fait venir les orchestres et les acteurs. On garde la médiation du spectacle, c'est un spectacle qu'on va radio-diffuser. Mais la radio sort pour la première fois de ses enclaves de ciment, et s'en va dans le monde réel, ou presque. Et c'est notre imaginaire, celui en tout cas que nous forgeront

et lègueront les hommes de ce temps, qui franchit devant nous une étape, où technique et boniment se mêlent, et où la réalité ne se plie pas forcément à ce qu'on en attend, mais fait rêver quand même. Dimanche pour eux, le *Times* probablement acheté la veille au soir et lu dans la nuit : en première page cette ville souterraine dans le Sahara, comme si *La ville sans nom* de Lovecraft avait trouvé réalité. Chapman condamné à mort, retour sur sa vie. Du poison décelé dans les corps exhumés à Chicago. Publicité des appareils-radios vendus par les grands magasins Gimbel : on met l'accent sur le gros potentiomètre rond à scroller sans fin parmi les stations. Dans le supplément littéraire la traduction américaine de Stendhal, *La vie d'Henri Brulard* (pas sûr que ça ait rejoint Lovecraft, lui qui plus tard dira qu'aucun écrivain n'arrive à la cheville de Marcel Proust) — malgré ce beau titre : en gros Stendhal apprend à devenir lui-même. Dans la section magazine une page consacrée à Élisabeth la mère

d'Edgar Poe, et une autre à l'épopée des frères Dodge (ô le mot Dodge de mon enfance), une belle publicité pour les cabriolets Franklin, une autre pour les dictionnaires Webster (Lovecraft dira à Barlow, plus tard, que le sien tombe en miettes) et autres pioches. Et puis radio encore : pour la première fois depuis une piste de cirque !

New York Times, 5 avril 1925. Ils ont fait l'erreur de donner vingt kilos de carcasse de boeuf à Rajah, le grand tigre du Bengale, juste avant qu'il soit censé venir devant le micro apporté hier au cirque et émettre la paire attendue de rugissements et quelques grognements pour la radio locale WJZ, repris sur les stations WGY et WRC. Rajah ne fit à peine que chuchoter sa partie. L'idée de retransmettre les bruits du cirque entre 18 h et 19 h était évidemment venue de Dexter Fellowes. Il y pensait depuis un an, et ce fut un tel succès malgré le peu qu'on put entendre d'animaux livrés joyeusement à leurs bruits sauvages, ce que qu'imaginait Dexter tout comme Lester Thompson et Ed Norwood, et qu'il faudra refaire. L'émission du cirque dans l'ozone était dirigée par Lew Graham, qui est ce très grand monsieur portant ce tout petit chapeau que son père n'arborait que les jours de mariage. Et juste avant 18 h, alors que tant de jeunes oreilles se collaient anxieusement devant les hauts-parleurs, Lew fut paralysé d'angoisse aussi. Les câbles transmettant le show avaient été suspendus au rez-de-chaussée de la ménagerie par les électriciens de la RCA. C'étaient des hommes qui n'avaient pas la moindre notion des lubies de Bozo, la plus grande des girafes. Laquelle, voyant les câbles à proximité de son long cou, commença immédiatement à les mâcher. Lew, cependant, avait lu le Manuel de survie de Gish et eut comme un flash l'idée de sortir une carotte, tirée comme par magie de son chapeau et sauva la situation. Lew fait partie du cirque depuis trente ans. Lester Thompson dit qu'il a présenté le spectacle à une moyenne de 20 000 personnes par jour. Mais aujourd'hui, voici ce qu'il annonça : « Et maintenant, mesdames et messieurs, chers enfants et tous nos auditeurs, je vais adopter la façon dont les chers bonimenteurs du cirque des anciens temps présentaient leurs numéros... » Un silence, des grésillements, puis le son lointain de l'orchestre de danse du Waldorf-Astoria, puis retour de la voix de Lew : « Et maintenant, mesdames et messieurs, voici Mlle Cleo, dont tous vous avez entendu parler. À l'évidence la plus grande parmi les dompteuses des féroces et venimeuses vipères, celle qui n'a absolument jamais peur, la merveille de tous les temps. Elle s'en, approche maintenant, avec soin, avec lenteur, l'entendez-vous. Et cette frêle jeune femme, mince comme une petite fille, Mlle Cleo les a toutes apprivoisées. Et moi je demande à Mlle Cleo de commander à Grande Verge, notre python géant, de se dresser sur sa queue et de siffler. Et vous voici face à Richard le python, 32 pieds de long, qui va siffler pour vous... » Honnêtement, nous avons alors entendu deux sifflements. Et Lew déjà continuait : « Et maintenant les animaux de la jungle. Ils sont nés dans la jungle sauvage et sont devenus de plus en plus sauvages, le sont restés depuis leur naissance, je ne sais plus dans lequel des quarante-neuf États mais quelle importance. Non, vraiment, pas d'importance. Et pourquoi, demandez-vous ? Parce que vous allez les voir vous-même, et que, comme disent les anciens sages, voir c'est croire. Et aucun danger pour les enfants, mesdames messieurs je vous l'assure : nous y veillons. Laissez venir les petits enfants.... » Une voix rocailleuse fut entendue, criant : « Limonade, cacahuètes, eau fraîche bien chaude... »

Et Lew qui reprenait : « C'est ainsi messieurs dames, un jour ici, ailleurs le lendemain. Nous sommes un peuple étrange, disent les gens du dehors que nous pensons un peuple étrange. Vous voyez ces jeunes hommes, là près de la grille ? Arrêtez-vous un instant près de Jolly Irene, cette belle dame bien grasse. Si elle sortait de sa cage, que ferions-nous ? Elle pèse 342 kilos, savez-vous... » Ainsi allait le monologue de Lew, comme surgi de l'éternité du cirque. Alors on entendit sur les ondes le peuple étrange lui-même. Et de Jolly Irene, l'otarie qui mangeait trop, nous passions à Iko et Eko, les curieux petits hommes de Mars, au baron Paucci, l'homme-puce qui parlait tous les langages, à Kliko l'Africain, l'homme caoutchouc aux cheveux de feu, à Herman et Jérôme, les clowns parlants, et Zip l'homme au crâne de bronze. Lew prétendit que Zip allait parler pour la première fois depuis cinquante ans, et qu'il annoncerait devoir bientôt se marier pour la troisième fois. Et après que les clowns eurent chanté, ils nous accompagnèrent à la trompette pendant que nous nous rendions à la ménagerie où on nous raconta que le dernier à avoir tenté de polir la trompe des éléphants était maintenant le gardien du grand cimetière où on enterrait les animaux morts. Et donc rien ne se produisit avec Rajah. Mais King, le lion de Nubie, émit un généreux rugissement qui fit trembler le micro, et donc les auditeurs. Et Zeke, la hyène rieuse, émit un gloussement ou deux, avant que Old John, le doyen des éléphants, vienne faire sa parade, mais se refuse à barrir pour le micro, à cause d'un mal de gorge dû à trop de coquilles de cacahuètes avalés. Dans une déclaration faite après l'émission, la Société américaine de prévention de la cruauté envers les animaux félicita les frères Ringling de leur proposition de retirer les animaux sauvages du programme des cirques.

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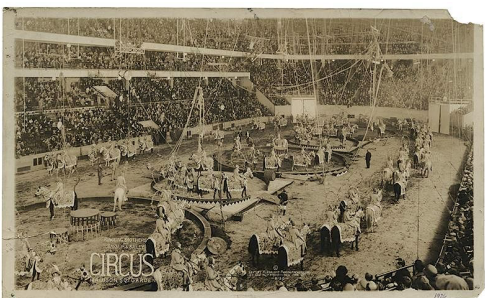
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THE DUMBIE SPECTACLE
RINGLING BROTHERS' BE-BURNING A BALLYHOO CIRCUS
HADDISON SQUARE GARDEN—(N.Y.)—NEW YORK, CITY

THE NEW YORK TIMES, SU

CIRCUS BEASTS ROAR FOR RADIO AUDIENCE

Perform Thrillingly, Though the
Giraffe Tries to Eat the
Microphone Wires.

BALLYHOO ARTIST "SPIELS"

Introduces Snake-Charming Lady
and the Wild, Wild Men. Just as
In Our Childhood Days.

They made the mistake of feeding forty pounds of raw beef to Rajah, the big Bengal tiger, just before he was scheduled to face the microphone at the circus yesterday evening and broadcast a couple of growls and a few wiled roars through local station WJZ and stations WGY and WRC, at Schenectady and Washington, respectively. The result was that Rajah grew too confidential and merely whispered his stuff.

Naturally, the idea of putting the circus on the air between 6 P. M. and 7 P. M. was Dexter Fellowes'. He thought up one last year, and it was such a success and so many tiny listen-

ers-in got joyously thrilled at the wild animal roars that Dexter thought, and so did Lester Thompson and Ed Norwood, that it should be done again. It was a bit again, sure enough, even if some of the animals acted as though they had contracts with a phonograph company.

The circus in the ozone was conducted by Lew Graham, who is the very tall man who wears (all the time) the shiny tall hat that dad wears only to a wedding. And just before 6 o'clock, when small ears were being glued anxiously to head receivers, Lew had an agency of anxiety himself. The wires carrying the show out to the stations were stretched across the basement managers by electricians. They were men who hadn't the slightest notion of the ideas of Bozo, the tallest of the giraffes, so when they put the wires within reach of Bozo just stretched out and started to chew them apart. Lew, however, had been reading the clock trial and quick as a flash he pulled a carrot from his top hat and saved the situation.

An Old-Timer of the Circus.

A word about Lew before he bends down to the "mike." He has been with the circus thirty years. Lester Thompson says that he has announced the act to an average of 20,000 persons a day. In that time, said Mr. Thompson, hardly figuring it out, he has addressed—let's see—how many? Well, now these strange people, who call them freaks—now these strange people!

Those Mischievous Boys. Again there was a break. Lew's next words indicated that he had hated to fix an indignant eye on:

"Those boys, now, those boys near the gate! You'll have to stop tickling Jolly Irene, the fat lady! It's can't have that, you know. She'll fall off the stage and where'd we be? She weighs 685 pounds, you know. Now, the first of the strange

vipers, ah—so—lately without fear, a marvel of all times. Stop close now, but carefully, carefully, and note the steel-bound den. It literally seems with writhing, angry, fearsome poisonous vipers. And this little lady, this freckle little girl, Mlle. Cleo, tames them all. I will now request Mlle. Cleo to command Big Dick, the giant python, to stand on his tail and to his. Stand by and Richard the python, 32 feet in length, will bite for you."

Honestly, you heard Richard hiss twice—violently, too. And then Lew continued: "Now for the wild people, they were born wild and they actually have been getting wilder all the time, and they have lived in that state since birth—I don't know which of the forty-nine States it was, but it doesn't matter. No, indeed, it does not matter. And why? you ask. Because you are going to see them yourselves and as the wise old saying has it, seeing is believing."

"I reiterate, seeing is believing. Right in this way, ladies and gentlemen, and bring the children for there is no danger, we take care of that. Bring the children—"

A hoarse voice broke in sing-songing: "Lemonade 'n' peanuts; ice cold, all hot." Lew was back on the air in a second, however.

"Right this way, step this way," he was saying, "you might as well see it all: we're here today and some place else the next day. Now these strange people, who call them freaks—now these strange people!"

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people," and so Lew monologued on, just as they did years ago.

Then the strange people were put on the air themselves. Jolly Irene, battling for Jolly Whynka, who had too much luncheon; Leo and Dick, the curious men "from Mars" Baron Pauced, the smallest midget who ever spoke four languages; Cliko, the rubber-haired man from Africa; Herman Joseph, and Ed Jerome, the talking clowns, and Zip, the man with the bronze dome. Lew Graham said Zip was making his first speech in fifty years. It may be fifty years before he speaks again, for he announced that he wanted to get married for the third time shortly.

After the circus impresario had impersonated an old-time "ginger clown," who accompanied himself with trills on a trumpet, as he told how he "polished up the elephant's trunk" only to lose his job and become "doorkeeper of a big graveyard," the animals were put on.

It was no go with Rajah. But King, the Nubian lion, let out a roar that nearly howled the microphone and the auditors over. "Zoke," the laughing hyena, gave a chuckle or two, and then they paraded the microphone over to "Old John," the leader of the elephant herd. He developed temperament. Lew began to get indignant. "Old John," however, escaped the microphone by plunging a sort through the result of sawing several peanut shells.

In a statement yesterday the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals condemned the action of the Ringling Brothers in dropping wild animal acts from the circus program.

Engineer Scalded to Death in Wreck.

MONCTON, N. B., April 4.—Engineer Leslie Sherlock was scalded to death and others were believed to have been injured this afternoon when the engine and three cars of the Prince Edward Island express were derailed near Port Elgin on the Cape Tormentine Branch of the Canadian National Railway.

CHAPMAN. LEGEND WAS NATION-WIDE

But This "Super-Bandit" and
"Mastermind" Always Failed
to Cover Up His Tracks.

13 OF 37 YEARS IN PRISON

He Has Been Free Only Five Years
In Last 18—Audacious Rather
Than Intelligent.

Gerald Chapman has been called a "super-bandit" and a "master mind" of the underworld. Prosecuting attorneys have paid tribute to him as "a very clever and very dangerous man." Since his \$2,000,000 mail truck hold-up on lower Broadway four years ago, and his subsequent escape from the Atlanta Penitentiary after being wounded, his name has become a household word in the United States for the most desperate, resourceful bandit of the day.

A legend has grown up around him and until his arrest three months ago in Muncie, Ind., he was suspected of every particularly daring robbery or hold-up wherever committed. Stories of his wide reading, his cultured manner, his soft voice, his fine clothes, his big automobiles, his luxurious homes and apartments, were around Chapman a great personality.

Yet this "super-criminal," this great intellect of the underworld, this gentleman crook, this "very clever man," has enjoyed only five years of freedom in the last eighteen years, since he was first sent to prison at the age of 19. Thirteen years, more than one-third of his life, has he spent behind prison walls. And now, at the age of 37, when honest men whom he has mocked are enjoying the prime of life, Chapman faces death upon the gallows, with less than three months to live before he is to be hanged.

Deliberately Chose His Course.

Chapman himself is satisfied with the legends he has created. If age considerations are to be believed in their statements of what he has told them while in prison. They say that he adopted a purely materialistic philosophy early in life, without thought of God or conscience. He decided, according to these men, that he would have all the good things of life at any cost. To him a few "great moments" of excitement and pleasure were better than long life and peaceful happiness. He has had his "great moments," and now he is condemned, as an enemy of society, to pay for them.

The question whether Chapman was really as intelligent as he had been represented in one in which students of human conduct and behavior are intensely interested. If he was actually far superior in mentality to the average criminal, he still lacked enough intelligence

sons, so that they could study the building. In Atlanta, themselves with the movements of the mail trucks, and part of the plans for the hold-up. On the night of Oct. 24, 1921, the three held up a mail truck driven by Frank Haverach. They followed it up Broadway until a dark place was reached, then they stepped up to the car, seized the truck to the curb, held up the driver with pistols. Paying him to turn into unfrequented Leonard Street, they transferred the mail pouches to their car, and escaped without difficulty.

Chapman, Anderson and Loebler drove to an abandoned farm near Lake Ronkonkoma, L. I., where they divided the loot in an old barn. It consisted chiefly of securities, with some cash and jewelry. Despite the value of the loot, the robbers had to dispose of large blocks of securities through professional receivers, of stolen goods, who paid them only a fraction of the market value. Accordingly in view of the high cost of their way of living, the robbers soon found themselves short of cash. Then they went to Niagara Falls and held up an American Express Company truck, getting \$50,000 worth of travelers' checks.

Trick Escape on Day of Arrest.

When the robbers were caught in 1922, Chapman and Anderson were living in style in an apartment in the Gramercy Park section, while Loebler was still acting as their chauffeur. Both the mail robbery and the Express Company robbery had been traced to them because of their carelessness in disposing of part of the loot. Some of the stolen securities and travelers' checks turned up to time various cashiers, and finally the authorities found that they had been cashed at the bank by Chapman and his companions.

Chapman made the first of his daring attempts to escape while being questioned in the Post Office Building on Thirty-third Street on the day of his arrest for the mail robbery. Feigning sickness, he asked for a glass of water, and leaped through a window when the guard turned his back. He walked around the stone coping of the building, entered a vacant room through a window, and hid until a search of the building led to his discovery.

On March 27, 1923, after he and Anderson had been sentenced to Atlanta for twenty-five years, Chapman and a former named Frank Gray escaped from the prison hospital, but were caught a few days later near Athens, Ga., after a pistol battle in which Chapman was shot three times. He made his successful escape from a hospital in Athens, April 4, while the authorities were waiting to take him back to Atlanta.

Investigation showed that Chapman had used large sums of money and had been aided both inside and outside of the prison. Two men who went to Athens from New York to help him escape were later arrested. A young woman nurse admitted that Chapman had worked on her sympathy and had persuaded her to take a note to these men. Anderson escaped from Atlanta several months later. He and Chapman were again arrested in the same building at the trial in Hartford, they engaged in bootlegging operations in Baltimore and Savannah, and had shared in a whiskey-smuggling ship plying between Bermuda and the United States.

The story of Chapman's recent activities, including the New Britain murder and his arrest in Muncie, Ind., has been told during the trial at Hartford, and need not need retelling. As final answer to the myth of Chapman's "super-intellect," however, it may be emphasized that he was not caught because of any remarkably clever detective work, but simply because he left in his hotel room at Springfield a traveling bag with a tag addressed to a dealer in Muncie, Ind., and because he then went back to Muncie, the police merely watched the dealer's house until Chapman showed up. Then they arrested him.

Traveler Visits Underground Sahara City Where Dwellers Find Coolness Under Sand

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By Wirephoto to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

GENEVA, April 4.—A Swiss traveler recently paid a visit to the underground town of Gharlan (or Assabat), constructed under the sands of the Sahara Desert in Tripoli, not far from the Mediterranean coast. It has a Mohammedan population of 30,000.

On the surface the only building visible is a small Italian military outpost, and the town, built several centuries ago, lies several hundred yards below. A winding and narrow path leads down to the principal square, which is surrounded by houses, resembling catacombs cut into sandstone and clay.

April at Flacabur, N. C.—Most beautiful month of the year. Visit the Wire General Office, Pinehurst, and come.—Advt.

There are flats several stories high, in which roost chickens, etc., share the rooms with their owners.

The subterranean city has two great advantages, a cool temperature all the year around and freedom from sandstorms. Its great drawback is a lack of light. Long before the sun sets it is there, and primitive oil lamps are lighted.

The greatest sufferers are the harem women, who must be in their rooms at sunset and are not permitted to have lamps. Excellent water is obtained from wells, and ventilation, it is stated, is good.

DRINK POLAND WATER. Perfect for the table, pure and healthful.—Advt.

FINDS POISON TRACE IN DR. OLSON'S BODY

Coroner's Physician Reports
Signs of Mercury in Man
Visited by Shepherd.

BROTHER SUSPECTED CRIME

And Had the Body Exhumed—Missing Witness, Dr. H. E. Hewitt,
Is Located.

Special to The New York Times.
CHICAGO, April 4.—Traces of mercury poisoning have been found in the exhumed body of Dr. Oscar Olson, it became known late tonight.

Coroner's Physician W. D. McNally has made the discovery, it was learned, but further analysis must be made to determine whether the quantity of mercury was sufficient to cause death by itself.

The discovery in connection with the death several years ago of the physician, brother of Chief Justice Harry Olson, principal agent in bringing about the murder charges against William Darling Shepherd, was predicted by the Chief Justice many times. He always maintained that there was something of a suspicious character surrounding his brother's death.

It has also been testified that Shepherd was one of the last visitors at the home of Dr. Olson before his death, bringing the sick man some fruit, although it was said he hadn't been in Dr. Olson home for years before.

Another development in the McClintock million dollar murder mystery was the finding by Lieutenant William Blount and Dr. H. E. Hewitt, a night before the coroner's jury, who had been sought by the police for a week.

Dr. Hewitt was taken to the office of the Assistant State's Attorney, John Starnburg, for questioning about his statement that he overheard John B. Marchand tell Earl P. Clark that he, Marchand, wished he could find a certain letter and that it would be worth \$50,000 to him.

The new witness also will be questioned closely as to whether he ever saw C. C. Faiman and Shepherd together.

CHICAGO, April 4.—Mrs. Luella Rheubell, formerly business manager of the National University of Sciences, operated by Charles C. Faiman, who was indicted with William D. Shepherd, for the alleged murder by typhoid inoculation of Shepherd's foster-son, young William Olson, McClintock said tonight to testify before the reopened coroner's inquest into the youth's death, it was announced by Coroner Oscar Wolf tonight.

Rheubell want to question her as to whether Faiman had any germ cultures at his school, and to get from her a list of students in attendance there during the past year," the coroner said.

Mrs. Rheubell is said by attorneys for Shepherd to have asserted that Faiman's school never had living typhoid cultures in its laboratory, despite Faiman's confession that he had supplied the germs to Shepherd with instructions how to administer them for a promised \$10,000, to be paid him from the McClintock estate. Shepherd inherited the major portion of his foster-son's \$1,000,000.

Meanwhile, attorneys for Shepherd are preparing to take their fight for his release on bonds to the Illinois Supreme Court on a writ of habeas corpus. But has been denied Shepherd in three hearings before lower courts.

NOT AN IDEAL HUSBAND, SAYS SUICIDE'S NOTE

Wife Finds Young Veterinary Dying
of Poison With Despondent
Letter Beside Him.

Dr. Aaron L. Rush, 26 years old, a veterinarian, of 838 Bergen Avenue, Jersey City, died in Jersey City Hospital yesterday from the effects of morphine sulphate. The police found a note he had written and say he took poison in a fit of despondency.

"To whom it may concern," the note read. "Poor me! I'm not an ideal husband—just a failure. Like a damn fool I thought it worth while to work like a slave from morning to night to get where I am, and just when I am becoming established—oh, well, I guess I'll be better off in hell. I'm sorry to leave my son behind—poor little mite."

"God forgive you all. LOUIE." Mrs. Rush told the police she was preparing some food for her husband's return to their bedroom she found Rush in a stupor. She ran into the street and called in several neighbors. She discovered the note. The police induced her with difficulty to reveal its contents.

Rush was taken to the hospital. He died two hours later. Mrs. Rush, who accompanied him, said she was unable to understand what prompted the suicide.

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- 1 Storage "A" Battery
- 2 45-Volt "B" Batteries

\$89.75

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made in the order
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When these extra 1100 are gone—as they probably will be by Monday night—there'll be no more. The Magnavox Radio is nationally advertised and nationally known for its unsurpassed performance and service. It has no wire entanglements. No dual dials. But one tuning dial, which brings in all stations—loudly and clearly. It combines supreme efficiency, convenience and beauty.

These sets are brand new—absolutely perfect in every detail. And each is packed in its original factory carton and guaranteed to prove satisfactory. And the equipment which is included at the seasonally low price of \$89.75 is of the same unquestioned excellence as the Magnavox Receiver.

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Ready to Serve at 9 A. M.**

The entire Radio Section—Eighth Floor—with additional space from neighboring departments—will be devoted to this great sale. And, for your convenience, the Downtown Radio Shop will also sell these Magnavox Radios. More than 100 salesmen will be on hand to serve you. Salesmen who know Radio and who can wait on you quickly and efficiently. Extra attendants will be there to write down orders and sign contracts.

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anything you want to know
about this marvelous Radio
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\$15 Cash and \$10 a month

*In "The Life of Henri Brulard," the Biography
of His Youth*

Stendhal has a definite trick of presenting character which may be learned from this book. His way is not that of Flaubert's "mot juste," for example, or de Maupassant's painful search for the adjective which will distinguish any one conjuncture of Paris from all other con-



Bayle's father is the personification of narrow-minded snobbery, a bourgeois who pretends to be an aristocrat. Aunt Séraphie rules the household as a complete and perfect thing of evil. Thus through the whole line of relations, tutors, friends and enemies, every character is carefully reduced to a simple formula and labeled. If it is not the highest art it has the advantage of amazing clearness.

His hatreds in his early life are more notable and numerous than his loves. For it was not until he arrived in

"The Little Church Around the Corner" is put together from church records, diaries and letters of its two pastors, and from personal knowledge. As a piece of constructive editing, it is an admirable work, earned out with accuracy, insight and understanding.

well off as at a good inn.

HONOR FOR THE MOTHER POE NEVER KNEW

Monument at Grave of Elizabeth
Arnold, Actress, to Bear
Poet's Filial Tribute



Edgar A. Poe, in Maturity.

BY CARTER IRVING

On the top of Church Hill, overlooking the Chesapeake Bay and the wide curve of the river which bears the name of James I. of England, stands among the ancient gravestones of its churchyard a painted-plaster house of worship. It is called St. John's. There the representatives of the people of Virginia met after the royal Governor, and the Virginians were not too hot for them, and there Patrick Henry spoke the words "Give me liberty or give me death." One of the graves in that old churchyard is the grave of the poet John Donne. Allan Poe, and above that grave, out of all the graves in that God's acre of mouldering headstones, is soon to be erected a monument to commemorate a man who has left his mark on the world over a great poet and a music teller of tales.

In his life and in his death Poe was a tragic figure; in her untimely death tragedy attended upon his mother, who in her life had worn the mask of comedy. Elizabeth Arnold, with whom Poe's father adopted when his wife, a Quaker, died, was an English actress, described in all the contemporary accounts as young and beautiful. Before she came to America, in the last decade of the eighteenth century, it seems she had won favor as a singer at Covent Garden. She was playing at the Richmond Theatre when on Dec. 8, 1811, she fell a victim to pneumonia and was buried among

In The Richmond Inquirer of Dec. 10 you may read:

"Went on Monday last Mrs. Poe one of the actresses now playing on the Richmond boards. By the death of this lady the stage has been deprived of one of its brightest ornaments, and to say the least of her she was an interesting actress and never failed to catch the applause and command the admiration of the audience."

Father Died Soon Afterward

A few days later died David Poe the father; and the second son of Elizabeth and David, then less than three years old, was adopted by John Allan, the wealthy Richmond merchant to whom the poet owed his education as the son of a rich man's house which many have counted a net the least contribution toward encouraging his wayward tendencies. So it came about that Edgar Allan Poe, who was born in Boston and came on his father's side of an Irish family, settled in Baltimore, spent his early boyhood and a part of his

However, it is not Poe that we are celebrating, but Poe's mother, in her grave, until now so casually marked beside the wall of that old wooden church whose rafters had echoed

Henry's defiance of George III. The stories of the lives of strolling players as they wandered about our Atlantic States in the years that ushered in the nineteenth century can only be picked up, a bit here and a bit there, from the newspapers which record their appearances, now in one city, now in another, all the way from Boston to Charleston.

America as Rosetta in "Love in a Village," and it seems clear that her first fame was won as a singer, though she captured favor later in comedy parts. J. H. Whitty of Richmond, an editor of Poe and a collector of Poe material, notes that contemporary recognition of her vocal reputation is implied in the fact that Carr's "Musical Repository" for 1800 published among the song hits of the day, "Tink a Tink" and "Chica Cho" as sung by Miss Arnold in "Bliss Beard."

In the late 1790s a man named Soley, who came from France, was manager of a company of actors who appeared in Charleston, Philadelphia and New York. In the year 1797 Soley took over from Hodgkinson the John Street Theatre in New York for two months, beginning in August, and in the meantime, the Editor of the *Am. AME*. In she played Maria in "The Spoiled Child," which leads Joseph Ireland in his "Record of the New York Stage" to note that "she was making a name for herself as a very pleasing comedienne and songstress." In the next few years she played up and down the coast in the company of the English actor, but she was not concentrated in New York as it is now, and probably it felt as if she had not, met her, with her.

At that time she was described as the widow of C. D. Hopkins. Hopkins having been probably an English actor who made his first appearance in this country in 1799. However that may be, the father of the 18-year-old bridegroom was one who, though born in Ireland, had been reared in the Presbyterian faith. The elder David Poe, originally a wheelwright by trade, then enjoyed

the title of General in right of service as Deputy Assistant Quartermaster General in the Continental Army. He had been favored with the personal friendship of Lafayette, but he did not hold with actors or play acting, or with having his family marry with actresses. He cast off the son who had run away with Elizabeth, and young David abandoned the law for his wife's profession. He went on the stage.

That was unfortunate, for David Poe 2d does not seem to have been much of an actor. The second note that his first appearance in New York was with his wife at Vauxhall Gardens, a pretentious Summer theatre which was opened in 1806 in the Bowery where that old Dutch highway now joins Third Avenue. His debutant rôle was Frank in "Fortune's Prolic." "The gentleman," Ireland says cruelly, "was literally nothing," but Mrs. Poe "became a favorite with the audiences."

The not recorded appearance of the pair in New York was Sept. 6, 1880, when the New York Theatre reopened with the tragedy of "Castle Spectre," in which David Poe played Hassan and Elizabeth Poe Angela. The after-piece, the comic dessert served after the strong meat of tragedy after the custom of the times, was called "The Komp," and in that Mrs. Poe appeared as Tricella Tomboy. The comment at this point is that "Mr. Poe soon sunk into insignificance, but his wife proved a pleasing and acceptable actress."

Played Many Roles

Among the offerings in which Elizabeth Arnold has appeared in the course of this season were "Princess or No Princess," a comedy, the rustic opera "Rosina," in which she had the title part, and "The Edle of Siberia," which enjoyed great success, and "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Other plays in which she has been were "Free Knights" and "The Gracioso." In the company also was the veteran Mrs. Oldmixon, whose reputation as an actress and singer continued to be very high though she had not to recommend her the youth and beauty which are so uni-

In 1810, during a period in which David Poe had disappeared, Elizabeth Arnold Poe was playing in Norfolk and Charlestea, in both of which places the press was kind to her. The part of Angela in "Castle Spectre" seems to have been one of those she played in Richmond in that last engagement.

This was the mother to whom, on Jan. 10, 1869, during a theatrical engagement in Boston, a son was born who, for all the misfortune that

dogged his doomed footsteps through life, was to win, as a genius of letters, such worldwide recognition as no other American has won. No doubt that mother, with her "countenance of much simplicity," had

plenty of hard times as she followed her wandering life from theatre to theatre in a new country.

For she had three children tagging along — there was a son older than

Edgar, and a daughter younger than he, a hand who, pro-
literally nothing.
as one of the
it, "a hard drinker
of an Irish whee
risen to the title
the father of the
"The Raven"—an
Upon the stone
be set up over t
old churchyard
muddy river in v
he once performe

swimming, and the literary career which he became editor of Literary Menus carved, along with the dates that Arnold's short life years, some words. They are taken from mother, which a Broadway Journal something like for own lamentable d

These are the
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heart indeed, if h
contempt upon
even a king. Th
himself the son
invariably made i
earl was ever pro

than he of the des-
who, although w
not to consecrate
brief career of

It is comfortable monument is the efforts and joint of Raven Society, of Poe tradition at Virginia, which mater, and the association here in stand at the ca wooden church w



Elizabeth Poe, the Poet's Mother.

the entrance of the building, which dates back to 1741. Pilgrims who come to feel the presence of the spirits of the Revolutionary worthies who haunt the place, will still find also in that monument what they found before in the grass-grown grave among the other grass-grown graves—a reminder of the gentle ghost of a woman, young and beautiful, "with a countenance of much simplicity," who there also may revisit the glimpses of the moon.

It wascher son who wandered by night disconsolate among the graves of that same city in his first passion of boyish grief. The sepulchre he haunted then was that of an older woman—the mother of a physician—who had used kind words and gentle ways with the strange young creature, among so many proud folk, was painfully growing up into a poet. Out of the inspiration that Helen Stannard gave that boy came into being some of the best known of I've's earlier poems, like those lines, written when he was 14, he is signing:

*Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, way-worn wanderer
 bore*

Poe's Old Garden Preserved

Richmond has many memories of Poe and another memorial to him is the Poe shrine and garden, coveys after an old garden behind one of the houses in Linden town, Franklin Street, where Poe lived and worked for a while. That square of home of red brick Georgian type befitting their stone terrace, was the loveliest of gardens. The garden city as it was before the war. It is now being torn down bit by bit; but the garden embalmed by Poe in his writing has been, if not preserved in fact, a

All that, too, is the work of the poet's admirers. Yet it seems that around no shrine or other commemorative tribute could the spirit of Poe so consistently be imagined as lingering as around the grave of his young mother.

The man's life has been made into a legend that will always hold within its weird design something of the grinning grotesquery put into it by Griegwood, his first inkling being a rhapsody. The weird was not the thing Griegwood painted. But, outside his work, who is most keenly remembered about him is his relation to three women—his child wife, his first cousin, Virginia, whom he married in 1902, and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Clemm, who was also his aunt, and who, as N. E. Willis says, did not spare even to beg for him; and this young Enfield was the singing voice and the poetic mark.



In the Foreground of St. John's Cemetery Is the Unmarked Grave of Poe's Mother

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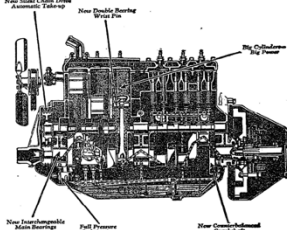
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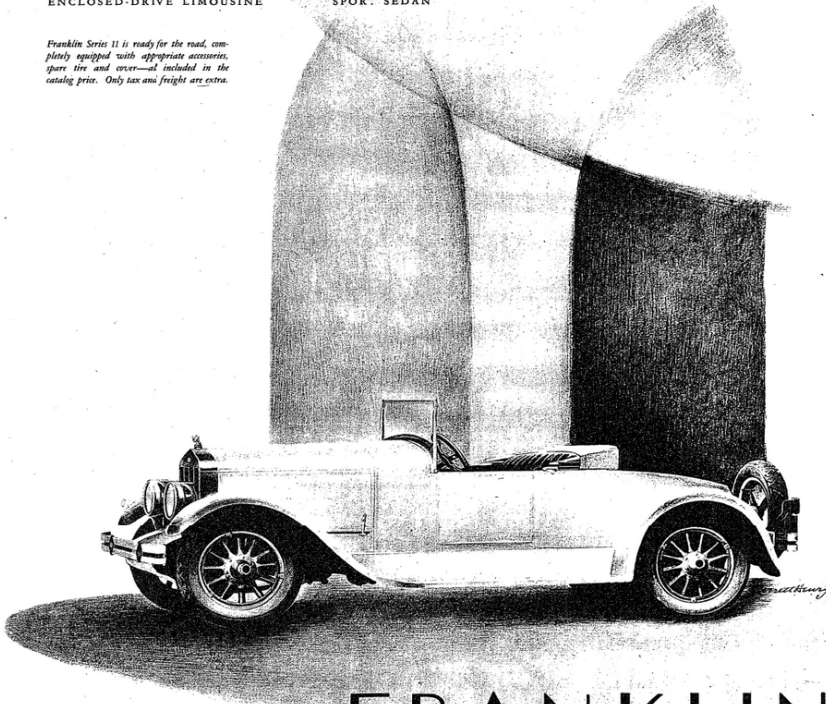
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