

1925-2025

UN AN AVEC HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT

#110 | 22 AVRIL 1925

Dimanche dernier, Mme Greene est arrivée à Providence à 13h45. Ma tante cadette et moi étions là pour l'accueillir, mais elle nous a manquées et s'est lancée dans une chasse aux oies sauvages en s'engouffrant dans un taxi jusqu'à la maison et vice-versa ! Lorsqu'elle a finalement rejoints, ma tante l'a emmenée manger à l'hôtel Crown et l'a devancée en payant elle-même l'addition ! S'ensuivit une marche triangulaire jusqu'à la maison, et une session de cinq heures de discussion quadrangulaire au cours de laquelle les trois femmes s'éloignèrent tellement de la littérature que Grand'Pa s'éclipsa pour faire une sieste de vieux gentleman, un autre repas (*gawdelpus* !), et enfin une marche de retour avec Grand'Pa comme guide local. Cette escapade s'est terminée sous des trombes aquatiques. La journée s'annonçait douteuse et Mme Greenevsky avait emprunté un parapluie. À mi-chemin de la ville, les arroseurs automatiques se sont mis en marche et la voile a été hissée. Je n'en avais pas moi-même, car je déteste ce genre d'appareil. Tout aurait été parfait si le seul dispositif existant avait été en bois solide... mais ! juste au pied de la colline, à environ cinq cases du point de départ, le nimbi céleste commença à décharger sérieusement sa cargaison aqueuse, et le foutu dôme portatif du Panthéon se dissolvait en ses molécules constitutives ; les débris du parapluie furent jetés dans le caniveau le plus proche ! Sans être totalement dissous, les navigateurs atteignirent finalement au port dix ou quinze minutes avant l'heure du train ; et la seule façon pour moi d'empêcher Mme Greenevsky de louer un taxi pour transporter mes restes à la maison en vue de leur identification fut de lui faire remarquer que tous les ruisseaux de Pater Oceanus ne pouvaient pas me rendre plus mouillé que je ne l'étais ! Mon chapeau de paille de 1921 et mon costume d'été de 1918 étaient certainement des objets que Triton aurait été ravi de draper d'algues marines fraternelles. Mme Greenevsky avait un manteau

merveilleusement opportun, mais pour ce qui est de son chapeau, c'est une chance qu'elle travaille dans la chapellerie ! Ce couvercle ne déploiera plus jamais ses fleurs au soleil d'été. Et alors que je quittais la gare pour reprendre la route, voici que la pluie s'est remise à tomber. La pluie, qui avait fait des ravages, s'était arrêtée ! Mme Greenevsky a donc bénéficié d'une sacrée visite, qui a commencé par une fausse alerte en taxi et s'est terminée par une inondation. Je me suis excusé au nom de la Providence qui avait apporté de telles calamités.

*Sonia découvre Providence et ses deux futures tantes par alliance, lettre à  
Jime Morton, 21 juin 1922.*



HABERDASHERY : IN THE NEW YORK MANNER



That dark rectangle  
is the new toe

The makers of Esquire Hose import the finest grade of raw silk in bales from Japan.

When the silk is thrown, twisted and dyed, it is fed to knitting machines of uncanny ingenuity, and, under the supervision of expert workmen, fashioned into men's hose.

The "full-fashioned" knitting machines shape the sock as it is being knit, so that the finished hose fits the natural curves of the foot and ankle. No amount of laundering can alter the fit of a full-fashioned sock.

The toes, heels and cuffs of Esquire Hose are made of a fine quality of lisle for extra wear.

No short-cuts are taken in the manufacture of Esquire Hose. Every operation is complete. Materials are of the finest. The finished product is worthy of the high standard of quality which distinguishes all Weber and Heilbroner merchandise.



The Mark of Quality  
Esquire Hose, of pure silk,  
lisle toe, heels and cuffs, \$2.  
Other Esquire Hose, in plain  
and fancy effects, some  
beautifully checked, up to \$3.

## Esquire Hose

with the new  
re-inforced toe

Two years ago, we made an effort to provide our customers with the best value in full-fashioned silk hose we could find in America.

We chose Esquire Hose. In every way it measured up to our idea of what a superfine silk hose should be.

Today we're glad to announce that Esquire Hose is a better hose than ever before. It is not only better-looking—it is longer-wearing.

The reason? A new toe. An extra interweaving of strong lisle at the point where all socks wear out first—the point where the big toe usually rubs a hole through the fabric.

Not a big patch. Just a neat rectangle of re-inforced strands—barely large enough to be seen, yet plenty strong enough to make the sock last about twice as long!

We think that a dollar pair of Esquire Hose is now about the biggest dollar's worth now being offered in silk hose. We know you'll think so too.

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[1925, mercredi 22 avril]

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Write — get collars — retire — up at 6 — GK & SL call — fix laundry — meet GK & SL at Tiffany — up to SL's — Belknap's — JFM — MN — RK there — sandwiches — SL & JFM lv. — discussion — all lv. 1 a.m. — cafeteria — down with MN — home & write — stay up.

*Écrit. Reçu les faux-cols. Puis couché, dormi jusqu'à 18 heures. Visite Kirk & Loveman. Je dépose mon linge, puis retrouve Kirk & Loveman au Tiffany. Ensuite on remonte chez Loveman, on y retrouve Belknap, Morton, McNeil, Kleiner. Sandwiches. Départ Loveman et Morton. Discussion continue, on reste jusqu'à 1 h du matin, puis je raccompagne McNeil. Retour, puis écrit, nuit blanche.*

Rythmes intercalés du spmmeil et de l'écriture : le jour suivant il avait écrit « jusqu'à l'aube », aujourd'hui c'est en pleine matinée qu'il s'allonge, après réception de ces faux-cols (allusion dans lettre du 11 avril, ce pourrait être un achat en solde d'une douzaine de ces faux-cols aussi obligatoires en société — on se souvient du choc que cela avait été pour lui, à Cleveland en 1922, de ne les plus porter), et il dort jusqu'à 6 heures du soir. Ensuite c'est de nouveau Kirk et Loveman qui frappent à la porte, crochet par la laverie avant de les retrouver au Tiffany, puis le rituel de retrouvailles de la bande, même Morton est présent (ou bien : comme Morton est à New York, tout le Kalem Club est de sortie, et si c'est avec McNeil, cette fois c'est Leeds qui s'abstient. Lovecraft ne croisera donc pas l'explorateur MacMillan, pourtant venu à New York réceptionner les avions qu'il va lancer, depuis l'île de Gramwell au nord du Groenland, au-dessus du pôle Nord : au sommet de l'inatteignable, y a-t-il une terre inconnue, le pôle Nord est-il une terre comme on le sait désormais de l'Antarctique ? La figure de Lovecraft reclus, du soi-disant solitaire de Providence s'effrite. Nous le savons pour nous-mêmes avec Internet : la présence sociale et l'échange ne sont pas liés au partage géographique, les milliers de lettres et cartes postales qu'il laisse témoignent de cette ouverture sur le dehors (Beckett laissera aussi plus de 3 000 lettres en cinq langues, sans qu'apparemment la nécessaire solitude d'écrire en soit abîmée), et les témoignages de Belknap ou Kirk sur ces soirées avec Lovecraft bavard, toujours prêt à philosopher pour refaire le monde, prouvent cette étrange continuité avec le grand flux oral, manipulateur de syntaxe, inventeur de langue, qu'est l'immense charroi de sa correspondance. Encore n'avons-nous pas de trace de Lovecraft au téléphone, dont la présence est désormais quotidienne (avec Sonia aussi ? question ouverte). Lorsqu'il ira pour la

première fois à Québec, quelques années plus tard, profitant une fois de plus d'un de ces billets touristiques circulaires vendus à prix promotionnels, il écrira que c'est faute d'argent pour aller voir l'Europe, qu'il a voulu découvrir cette ville qui en est un peu l'image. Jusqu'à sa mort, chaque printemps il partira tout au long de la côte Est, restera à deux reprises plusieurs mois dans la famille de Barlow en Floride, partira en vacances avec les Belknap Long, comme il reviendra presque rituellement à New York chaque Noël. Mystère aussi, on y reviendra, de ces *travelogs* qui sont comme des guides touristiques, presque dépouillés de tout affect personnel, qu'il accumule sans avoir le temps de les finaliser et publier. Sans doute Lovecraft, jusqu'à la mort de sa mère, a peu voyagé. Mais quand il s'affirme dans le monde du journalisme amateur, il fait sans cesse le trajet de Boston, devient familier de ce dernier train qui en repart vers 23 h pour le ramener à Providence vers 1h20 du matin. Peu après la première venue à New York, il s'embarque pour Cleveland, c'est là qu'il fera la connaissance de Loveman, Kirk, Morton. C'est dans cette pulsion incessante de *partir* qu'il faut aussi aborder Lovecraft : une expédition comme celle de MacMillan, né seize ans avant lui, mais qui ne mourra qu'en 1970, à 94 ans, et a mené près de 30 expéditions en Arctique, le premier à utiliser la radio, les avions, à filmer le pôle et le cartographier, en rapportera des milliers de photos, c'est aussi le monde intérieur de Lovecraft, et une image du pays inconnu que constituent le mystère géant de ses récits. Et, si on ne construit plus d'avions dans le ventre des villes, l'aventure technique de la découverte ici devient collective — c'est peut-être un des déplacements majeurs que nous aurions à considérer symétriquement lorsqu'un Lovecraft se voit refuser l'accès au livre, mais que le monde des magazines en reprend le rôle. Ailleurs dans le journal : un instituteur, ex-joueur de football, part de Buenos-Aires avec deux chevaux qu'il utilisera en alternance, pour rejoindre à 16 000 kilomètres de New York en dix mois. Einstein aujourd'hui ce n'est pas Albert mais Izzy : le responsable d'une brasserie clandestine alimentant Harlem et le Bronx préfère ouvrir toutes les vannes de leurs citernes à bière, les fédéraux ont failli être noyés, mais les preuves envolées. Des ados ont récupéré six pains de carbure de calcium et pour rigoler les jettent dans les égouts de leur rue et jettent une allumette : ils finissent à l'hôpital. Il n'en va pas de même pour James Doonan, 13 ans, élu par ses pairs pour être à Albany gouverneur de l'État de New York pendant deux heures (qu'on se rappelle Sancho Pança gouverneur provisoire lui aussi : bel exercice ici pour l'apprentissage de la démocratie). « *On which no man's eyes ever has rested* » dit l'article sur McMillan, ça pourrait valoir pour l'oeuvre de Lovecraft, et c'est bien ce qui nous mène ici.

*New York Times*, 22 avril 1925. Donald B MacMillan, qui est arrivé hier en ville, a procédé à l'inspection de ses deux hydravions, construits par la Loening Aeronautical Engineering Company dans la 33ème rue Est, lesquels partiront en août prochain du cap Hubbard, sur la terre Axel Heiberg, en quête d'un d'éventuel continent dans les millions de kilomètres carrés qui s'étendent depuis le pôle Nord jusqu'à la Sibérie et l'Alaska. Ces avions sont équipés de caméras Fairchild pour la cartographie, avec l'intention de filmer les lignes côtières du continent ou des archipels que les explorateurs s'attendent à trouver. MacMillan portera le drapeau américain et le plantera sur chacune des terres qu'il trouvera, mais souffre d'un gros handicap de temps sur ses rivaux se préparant eux aussi à survoler cette région inconnue. Amundsen, qui doit s'envoler en mai depuis le Spitzberg avec le drapeau norvégien, a selon MacMillan de grandes chances de survoler le pôle le premier, qu'il y découvre une terre ou pas. Selon les autres informations disponibles, Grettier Algarson emportera le drapeau anglais dans un dirigeable, tandis que Haakon Hammer, un ancien associé d'Amundsen, conduira l'expédition japonaise et disposera d'une flottille d'avions pour déposer le drapeau de l'Empire du Soleil Levant. Si, comme on le suppose, on découvre un continent dans cette immensité, il sera pour ceux qui partiront les premiers. Mais s'il est d'un périmètre restreint et difficile à atteindre, alors MacMillan reprend toutes ses chances, et son programme prévoit au moins trois vols, alors qu'il est celui qui partira du point le plus proche du pôle, là où nul oeil humain ne s'est jamais posé [...]

## 6 Boys Throw Calcium Carbide Into Sewer; Lighted Match Causes Blast; 5 in Hospital

Six boys took seven cakes of calcium carbide from a Department of Water Supply truck yesterday and threw them into a sewer in front of 62 Cherry Street to see what would happen.

They could hear the water boiling below as huge volumes of gas were generated. Then some one suggested that a match be thrown in.

Thomas Connors, 15 years old, of 15 James Slip, dropped the lighted match while the others hastily pushed the manhole cover in place. Instantly there was a burst of flame and an explosion which blew the manhole cover twenty feet in the air and shattered the windows in adjoining houses.

The boys were thrown to the sidewalk screaming with pain, and hundreds of residents in the neighborhood, mostly

Italians, who suspected a bomb had exploded, ran to the street. Somebody telephoned Police Headquarters and reserves were sent from the Oak Street Police Station.

Patrolman Charles Bohan, the first to arrive, found the boys badly burned. All save one were taken to Beekman Street Hospital suffering with burns about the face and hands. Richard Brown, 16, of 344 Water Street, is expected to lose his eyesight. The others are Edward Pembroke, 14, of 344 Water Street; John O'Leary, 13, of 106 Roosevelt Street; Frank Dwyer, 15, of 5 Batavia Street, and young Connors. Edward Perry, 7, of 65 Cherry Street, was only slightly burned and was sent home.

### LINCOLN MOTOR CARS.

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## MACMILLAN HOPES TO WIN ARCTIC RACE

Inspects Planes for Dash in  
Search of Vast Unexplored  
Land Near the Pole.

### OTHER NATIONS SEEK HONOR

Explorer Tells of Plans for Flight—  
Will Sail From Here for Nova  
Scotia in June.

Donald B. MacMillan who arrived in the city yesterday, inspected his two amphibian planes which are being built at the foot of East Thirty-first Street by the Loening Aeronautical Engineering Company, for the flight next August from Cape Thomas Hubbard on Axel Heiberg Land, in search of an Arctic continent in the unexplored 1,000,000 square miles extending from the Pole toward Siberia and Alaska.

These planes are being equipped with Fairchild mapping cameras, with which it is intended to film the coast lines on the continent or archipelago which the explorer expects to find.

MacMillan will carry the American flag to hoist on such land as he finds, but he is under a heavy handicap in time as compared with his rivals who are preparing to fly to the undiscovered region to annex it for other countries. Amundsen will fly from Spitzbergen in May bearing the Norwegian flag, and, according to MacMillan, has a very good chance of reaching the Pole, whether he finds new land or not.

According to other announcements, Grettier Algason, carrying the English flag, will dash for the Pole and the undiscovered region in a blimp, while Haakon Hammer, Amundsen's former associate, is to make an attempt, under Japanese auspices, to make an airplane hunt in the Arctic for undiscovered land on which to raise the Rising Sun flag.

If the supposed continent is a great body of land which occupies most of the million square miles, one of the earlier expeditions may reach it. If it is small and hard to find, MacMillan has the best chance, for his plans include at least three flights from the point of land which lies nearest the region, on which no man's eyes ever have rested.

Will Start in June.

MacMillan will sail in June from Wiscasset, Me., coal at Sydney, N. S., and then make the trip to the main base at Etah, in northwestern Greenland. From Etah the two planes will fly 250 miles to Cape Thomas Hubbard, land off and provisions. Then they will fly back to Etah and come back with a second load to Cape Thomas Hubbard, after which they will be all set for continent hunting.

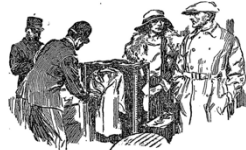
Cape Thomas Hubbard is 175 miles from the nearest edge of the unexplored area. The planes will be fuelled for a flight of 450 miles and back. If they fail to see land the first trip, they will make a second. Later they will make a third. These three flights will clear up approximately one-half of the unexplored million miles. If they fail to sight land, they will know that the unexplored continent cannot be larger than 500,000 square miles and must lie between Siberia and the Pole.

If they do find a continent, one party will land there and the other will fly back to Cape Thomas Hubbard and then to Etah, and will shuttle between the three places, carrying food, oil, geologists and naturalists to the continent.

"If we are the first to raise the American flag there," he said, "I believe it vests the title to the territory in this country for a given period of time, during which it must be revisited or the title lapses. I'm not very well informed about the other projected flights in search of this country. I understand that Amundsen and Algason were having a race to the Pole, but were not so interested in finding new land."

The belief that land exists in the unexplored area is based on the slowing down of the Arctic tide which, according to oceanographers, acts as if it were obstructed by a great body of land in the unexplored region, and to the northward flight of wild birds which appear to fly toward the Pole from North Greenland and from Wrangell Island.

Little Snow Near Pole.



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lost in Europe without  
your letter of credit"

THIS CAPTION is taken from the letter of a business man who made his first trip abroad last summer. He carried an ETC Letter of Credit.

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"When I went to Paris, at the start of an extended tour, a great load was lifted from my mind by your Travel Service Bureau there. It not only answered many questions with authority, but performed a score of services one would not ordinarily associate with a banking organization."

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## 10,000-Mile Ride to New York To Test Argentine Horses

BUENOS AIRES, April 21 (Associated Press).—An attempt to make a 10,000-mile horseback ride from Buenos Aires to New York was begun today to test the endurance of the criollo, or native Argentine horse.

A. H. F. Schiffely, a schoolmaster and former football player, left here on the first stretch of a ride that will take him, if all goes well, across Bolivia, Peru and Ecuador into Central America and through Mexico to San Francisco.

Mr. Schiffely will use two horses which were bred on the ranch of Emilio Solanet, Vice Governor of the Province of Buenos Aires. He expects the journey to last about ten months.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1925.

## Dry Agents Nearly Inundated in Beer Flood; Thousands of Gallons Tapped Before Raid

Federal prohibition agents under Divisional Chief R. Q. Merrick were almost inundated yesterday by thousands of gallons of beer in the James Eyerard Brewery, 12 East 133d Street.

A tip that raiders were on their way reached the employees in advance of the agents' arrival and was the signal for the release of every drop of beer in enormous vats. There were 4,500 barrels of beer in the vats, and much more in great casks about the brewery, the agents said.

When the agents reached the brewery with search warrants in contemplated injunction proceedings they found beer flowing from scores of barrels, vats and casks. The employees wore solemn faces as they watched the prohibited fluid flow torrent-like through gutters and then drain off into sewers.

The agents scooped up enough for evidence and asserted that the beer contained 3½ per cent. alcohol. The streams of beer which descended to the street attracted a crowd of several hundred. Philosophy could not console some of them. Tears stood in their eyes. "Enough to sink a battleship," remarked one man with a heavy sandy mustache.

"Make it a draught, brother," replied his neighbor sadly.

The raid was made on evidence gath-

ered by "Izzy" Einstein and "Moe" Smith. For six days and nights they watched the activities in the brewery and then filed a complaint with Chief Merrick.

The agents obtained entrance one night to the brewery and their rough clothes made the watchman regard them as employees on the night shift. Once inside the agents found the brewery operating at capacity with a large staff of night workers.

The brewery, according to the agents, does not possess a Government license to manufacture beer, even for near-beer purposes. They said that its operation not only violated the Volstead act in this respect but they also said they had evidence causing them to suspect that the brewery was supplying full strength beer to retail establishments in Harlem and the Bronx.

Upon the information obtained by "Izzy" and "Moe" Chief Merrick planned a surprise attack; but there was a "leak." When the agents reached the brewery the vats and barrels were practically empty.

The agents gave it as their opinion that the brewery officials were prepared to open all vats on a signal that Federal agents might visit the place and acted promptly when they received the word.

## James Doonan Jr., Aged 13, to Be Governor; Will Occupy Smith's Seat Two Hours Today

Today at noon Governor Alfred E. Smith will surrender his chair in the Capitol at Albany to James Doonan Jr., "the boy Governor of New York." James, whose nickname is Bobby, is 13 years old. He will hold office for two hours. He was elected to the Governorship by ballots cast by the Board of Education, the Boys' Clubs of New York, the public and the parochial schools of the city, on a Boys' Week ticket, his platform being education in leadership for boys.

In the offices of the Rotary Club of New York in the Hotel McAlpin yesterday the Governor-elect was besieged by press photographers and reporters. Seated at his desk on the twenty-second floor, young Doonan posed for the camera, men and answered his interviewers with due Gubernatorial dignity. Asked whether he would do anything about prohibition, or sign the tunnel bill while Governor Smith wasn't looking, he proved himself a proper politician by evading the question.

"Al Smith is my greatest hero," he said.

Doonan lives at 46 Rose Street, just around the corner from the Governor's house. He is an honor student in the first year of the Cathedral College Preparatory School. Last year he was graduated with honors from the St. James's Parochial School in Oliver Street. He intends to become a priest. His favorite sport is baseball.

"Next to shaking hands with Al Smith

tomorrow the thing I look forward most to is the ball game at Macomb's Dam Park Thursday afternoon," he declared. "I play first base."

According to Father Patrick Daly of the Church of St. James, who has been one of Doonan's teachers, Governor Smith knows Doonan's father, who is a retired traffic manager, and has met the boy himself. The group of boy workers who came to find James to tell him that he had been picked for Governor discovered him on the steps of the Smith residence at 25 Oliver Street.

The boy Governor left for Albany on the 3 o'clock train yesterday afternoon. When he returns late today as the ex-Governor it is expected that a group of his boy constituents will meet him at the station with a brass band.

ALBANY, N. Y., April 21.—Governor Smith worked late tonight cleaning his desk of an accumulation of bills pending the advent tomorrow—for a day—of "the boy Governor," James Doonan Jr., 13, of New York City. Arrangements were made with Governor Smith for the accession of "Governor" Doonan to his office early tomorrow morning as a preliminary feature of boys' week.

"I suppose I'll have to give him a couple of bills to sign," the Governor commented today on the probable activities of his young successor. The lad will be taken into the Governor's inner office, where the real executive business of the State is transacted, and allowed to disport himself for a few hours, to the tune of clicking cameras.



## **“Cooked” Air**

“Cooked” air is the term used by scientists for the devitalized product of ventilating systems of the usual type.

The Smithsonian Institution at Washington, the Government Scientific Bureau, has stated that one-third the deaths in the United States are caused by respiratory diseases due to bad heating and ventilation; or, in other words, due to “cooked” air in one form or another.

Nevertheless, “cooked” air is the fashion; monumental buildings are evidently not considered in good taste unless the air in them is thoroughly devitalized, and even the humble home has its pipeless furnace.

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*Dans quelques semaines, Lovecraft écrira « Cool Air », qu'il situe là où habite McNeil, dans le quartier Hell's Kitchen de New York — un lien à maintenir avec cette généralisation encore laborieuse de l'air climatisé.*