

~~ailor - 115 Steene Park - 10:39 TUES. M.~~
~~home & read - retire 2~~

Up at noon - write & read - rest
lit at night - up again for work

1925-2025

UN AN AVEC HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT

#151 | 2 JUIN 1925



As she passed a vacant lot, police believe, Miss Kane was attacked. Persons living near where the body was found told the authorities they heard no screams or sounds of a struggle.

At 6:10 A. M. William Feldman, driver of milk wagon, saw the girl's feet protruding from low shrubbery in the lot. He investigated, found the body and notified the police.

Miss Kane's body lay 15 feet from the sidewalk. Both hands were tied her clothing was torn and her head had been crushed as though from a heavy instrument.

Part of a brown silk sash which she had worn was wound around her head and held a cloth gag in her mouth. The body lay face downward.

Par rapport au 169 Clinton Street, où habite Lovecraft, c'est de l'autre côté de Prospect Park, donc hors de ses itinéraires habituels. Mais, depuis cinq jours, le meurtre atroce d'une jeune femme revient obstinément en première page du NYT : il faut un coupable. Mais fabriquer un coupable (« un homme qui correspond au signalement général du suspect »), ou s'interroger sur les mécanismes de cette fabrique, autant que sur les éléments qu'accumule progressivement l'enquête ?

[1925, mardi 2 juin]

Up at noon — write & read — rest a bit at night — up again & write.

*Levé à midi. Lu & écrit. Reposé un peu en fin de journée.
Levé de nouveau & écrit.*

Rarement si court, depuis le 1^{er} janvier de notre voyage commun, dans le petit carnet noir. Après semaine si dense, mélangeant des strates indépendantes : le cambriolage, l'ouverture de la librairie des Kamin aidés par Kirk, le travail publicitaire proposé par Leeds et les rêves qu'il engendre (et qui s'écrouleront bien sûr) mais crée soudain une nouvelle déchirure avec Loveman, quand celui-ci d'autre part se prépare à renoncer à New York pour revenir à Cleveland, l'échappée Staten Island avec Belknap, enfin la rencontre avec l'imprimeur typographe de Boston, qu'il connaît depuis ses vingt-cinq ans. Et pourtant, dans cette ligne tout ce qui résonne : les deux verbes *write* et *read* croisés, comme aussi indémêlables qu'on les a trouvés récemment dans ses « Suggestions pour un guide de lecture ». Et la fatigue qui s'accumule, à force de deux nuits sans dormir, une nuit pour rattraper : c'est en fin d'après-midi qu'il s'endort, aujourd'hui que ni Loveman ni Kirk ne sont passés cogner à la porte (hier, il a bien spécifié n'y avoir pas répondu) — probablement assis à sa table même, comme si souvent, le menton sur son coude. Et le trouble que ce doit être, après deux heures de sommeil imparfait, d'émerger sans rien savoir de l'heure qu'il est, sinon que la nuit à nouveau est ouverte, et que jusqu'au matin suivant on peut écrire. Et quand, pour un abject crime dans la nuit des terrains vagues de Brooklyn, quand toute la ville s'émeut de ses zones sans lumière, invariablement des jeunes femmes seules pour proies, la machine à fabriquer des suspects de la police tourne à plein rendement (deux arrestations, mais seule la troisième sera la bonne), un bref aperçu de ce dont jamais rien ne témoigne : la vie errante d'un travailleur parti de l'Ohio, quand dans le Queens on trouve encore à s'employer comme valet de ferme, et qu'on passe des cochons aux marchands de charbon. Accessoirement, une indication sur la tentative de fiction de Lovecraft : là où le polar, le cinéma et les séries télé feront leur nid et leur argent dans ces pires fantasmes de la violence montrée, la peur chez Lovecraft se dispensera toujours de cet appareil social exhibé — sauf dans *Horreur à Red Hook* : et si ce fait divers sordide, un mois avant l'écriture de l'histoire, et sur le terrain même sans cesse arpентé par Lovecraft dans Brooklyn, qui va remplir les journaux pendant toute une semaine, en était une des sources ?

New York Times, 2 juin 1925. Walter Johnson, un Noir (*nigro*) de Jacksonville, Floride, a été interrogé hier par le District Attorney Charles J Dodd, de Brooklyn, dans l'affaire du meurtre de Mlle Florence Kane, qui a été battue et étranglée vendredi soir alors qu'elle rentrait chez elle, au 1020 de la New York Avenue Est. Tandis que la police affirmait ne pas disposer d'éléments nouveaux dans l'enquête, et que le District Attorney vérifiait l'alibi de Johnson, on apprenait qu'une autre attaque sur une jeune fille avait été commise sur le quai du métro aérien, à la station de Jamaica Avenue, dans le Queens, au début de la semaine dernière. Agression qui s'est déroulée à moins de 2 kilomètres du terrain vague où on a retrouvé le corps de Miss Kane. Miss Mary Hotz, 20 ans, domiciliée 86ème Avenue, Woodhaven, était la victime. Selon son témoignage depuis l'hôpital Marie l'Immaculée, Jamaica, où elle a été accueillie pour des lacérations du cuir chevelu et des contusions, elle était montée sur le quai par l'entrée Est, où il n'y avait pas de poinçonner. Elle était en train d'attendre le train quand elle a été frappée à la tête plusieurs fois, et n'a pas vu son assaillant. Elle a été battue jusqu'à s'évanouir. Quand elle a repris conscience elle a appelé au secours, un passant a monté les escaliers et elle a été conduite à l'hôpital. La plainte à la police n'a pas eu lieu avant samedi soir. Le portemonnaie contenant la paye de la jeune fille n'a pas été dérobé. Mlle Hotz n'a pu fournir de description de son assaillant, sinon qu'un homme attendait sur un banc à proximité, mais elle ne lui a pas prêté attention. L'enquête s'est orientée sur Johnson parce qu'il correspond, mais seulement d'une manière générale (*but only in a general way*), à la description du Noir (*nigro*) qui a attaqué Mlle Augusta Cooperberg sur Winthrop Street il y a deux semaines. Johnson ressemble aussi au Noir (*nigro*) qui a attaqué Mlle Helen Connors, une formatrice en téléphonie, une demi-heure avant l'assassinat de Mlle Kane. Johnson a été aperçu sur le quai du métro aérien à l'angle de Broadway et Myrtle Avenue par Frederick L Mueller, agent du B.M.T. Le Noir (*nigro*) était en train de pleurer, et quand Mueller lui en demanda la raison, il lui répondit qu'il n'avait ni maison, ni amis, ni argent (*no home, no money and no friends*). Il était nerveux au point d'en être incohérent. Il a été emmené au commissariat de Gates Avenue, inculpé pour vagabondage et mis en prison Raymond Street, où il s'est refusé à parler aux journalistes. « Il y a plusieurs points obscurs dans le récit de ce que Johnson a fait jeudi soir, a dit M Dodd. Il m'a dit qu'il arrivait de Jacksonville, mais qu'en chemin il s'était arrêté à Washington. De là il était allé à Youngstown, dans l'Ohio, où il a travaillé pour l'aciérie Carnegie, et de là partit à Trenton, New Jersey, rejoindre un autre Noir (*nigro*) nommé Calvin Wood, et après avoir travaillé avec lui pendant une semaine dans une ferme à Yardville, ils sont venus ensemble à New York ; ils se sont inscrits à l'agence pour l'emploi de South Street, et ont été envoyés dans la ferme d'un nommé Kraut, à Middle Village, dans le Queens. Ils n'y sont restés que brièvement, avant d'être envoyés à la société des charbons Juniper, toujours à Middle Village. Johnson dit qu'il est allé dormir dans une cabane de la cour à 20 h 30 jeudi soir et qu'il a dormi jusqu'à 6 h vendredi matin, quand le gardien l'a trouvé. J'ai demandé au capitaine McCloskey, en charge de l'affaire, d'envoyer des inspecteurs vérifier tous ces points. Harry Raab, le marchand de charbon, a déclaré que Johnson était sorti jeudi soir jusqu'après minuit. Quand j'ai informé Johnson de ce témoignage, il a changé son récit, et a dit qu'il était resté dans la salle d'équipe donnant sur la cour du marchand de charbon jusqu'à 21 h jeudi soir. Il a nié être sorti jusqu'à minuit. Johnson avait été licencié de chez Juniper pour travail insatisfaisant. »

NEGRO IS QUESTIONED ON THE KANE MURDER

Police Not Satisfied With Alibi
of Man Resembling Annoyed
of Women.

ANOTHER ATTACK REVEALED

Girl Was Beaten Unconscious
on Elevated Platform, a Mile
From Scene of Killing.

Walter Johnson, a negro from Jacksonville, Fla., was questioned yesterday by District Attorney Charles J. Dodd of Brooklyn about the murder of Miss Florence Kane, who was beaten and strangled last Friday as she approached her home at 1,020 East New York Avenue.

While the police were reporting no progress in the search for the girl's killer, and the District Attorney was checking up on his alibi, another attack on a girl was disclosed. This girl was beaten on the platform of the elevated station at Woodhaven Avenue and Jamaica Avenue, Woodhaven, Queens, early last week. The attack took place about a mile from the vacant lot where the body of Miss Kane was found.

Miss Mary Hotz, 20 years old, of Eighty-sixth Avenue, Woodhaven, was the victim of the attack. According to her statement to officials of Mt. Sinai Hospital, Jamaica, where she was treated for lacerations of the scalp and contusions, she entered the elevated station at the eastern end, where there is no ticket agent. She walked through the station to the train platform and while waiting for a train was struck over the head several times. She did not see her assailant.

Rescued by a Passer-By.
She was beaten until she collapsed. When she regained consciousness she screamed for help. A passer-by ran up the stairs and the girl was taken to the hospital. No report of the attack was made to the police until Sunday night. A purse containing the girl's pay was not taken. Miss Hotz was unable to furnish any description of her assailant. She said that as she went through the station she recalled that a man was sitting on one of the benches, but she paid no attention to him.

Attention was first directed to Johnson because he fitted in, but only in a general way, with the description of the negro who attacked Miss Kane. Coroner's inquest at Winthrop Street and Ninety-third Street, Brooklyn, two weeks ago, Johnson also resembled the negro who annoyed Miss Helen Connors, a telephone instructor, thirty minutes before Miss Kane was slain. This negro was standing at one end of the open lot when he began to annoy Miss Connors and a girl friend. They escaped by taking a refuge in the Connors home in Ford Street, which opens on the lot.

Johnson was out again Saturday night on the elevated platform at Broadway and Myrtle Avenue by Frederick L. Mueller, a special officer for the B. M. T. The negro was weeping and when Mueller asked him the trouble he said that he had no home, no money and no friends. He was nervous to the point of being incoherent. He was taken to the Gates Avenue Station, charged with vagrancy and then lodged in Raymond Street Jail, where he refused yesterday to talk to reporters.

ENDLESS CAVERNS BAFFLE EXPLORERS

New York Party Forced to Turn
Back in Trip Through
Virginian Cave.

FOUND PALEOZOIC FOSSILS

His Graptolite, of Clemacograptus Family, Dr. Reeds Estimates, Lived 500,000,000 Years Ago.

A midnight journey into the depths of the earth, where, crawling along the winding tunnel of a subterranean stream, his party came upon caverns and corridors of brilliant hues, grotesquely shaped stone, on a water fall that made no noise, and the remains of creatures that lived at the beginning of the world, was recounted yesterday by Dr. Chester A. Reeds, Associate Curator in charge of the Department of Geology of the American Museum of Natural History.

Dr. Reeds headed a party which went recently from the Explorers' Club, including Horace D. Ashton, Merle Lavoy, Major E. T. Brown and Gordon Brown. Its objective was to penetrate to the extremity of Endless Caverns, near New Market. Van Reeds admitted upon his return to New York yesterday that he failed of that objective. But failed he held, for they had set foot on ground that no human beings had ever trod before. They had even traveled a mile and a half from the entrance, he decided, when they were half from the entrance. The party was half undressed, millions of years back. And the Atlantic Ocean bed aeronauts before that.

Starting from "King Solomon's Temple," the farthest spot within the cave labyrinth to which the public is allowed to go, the party of scientists, armed with tallow candles and tin reflectors, set out at 10 P. M. on the night of May 22. By midnight they had progressed only a few hundred yards. Sometimes they could walk along the smooth limestone ledges, sometimes they crawled through narrow, low places in the rock formations, sometimes they could walk along the smooth limestone ledges, several feet above the stream. The light of their candlelight reflected off the stalactites and stalagmites that lined the way. Sawdust thrown on the subterranean stream appeared to have laid in a never-ending carpet outside the entrance.

In places the river ran through mere holes in the solid limestone, and here it was necessary for the men to get down into the water, climb out and wade, holding their candles above their heads, crawling slowly along until again the cavern opened up.

Many-Colored Rocks.

The rock formations were of many hues, ranging from pale yellow through pinks, deep reds and purples, to pale blues. Dr. Reeds referred to some of the caverns through which the explorers passed as "incredibly beautiful."

After progressing through a mile along the winding path of the hidden river, the party came to a large pool. It was in the cavern surrounding this pool that the startling discoveries of the "tiny" were made—the silent waterfalls and the terrific pressure of millions of years.

At the far end of the pool the water fall was discovered. It was 15 feet high. By flowing over the edge of limestone for thousands of years, the water had made a tunnel straight down which descended. Due to this and to the porous nature of the stone, not a sound was emitted.

Fossil of a Trilobite.

In the course of a candle-light examination of the rock shelves about the pool, Dr. Reeds came across the fossilized shell of a trilobite, a deep sea creature which Dr. Reeds estimates lived about 500,000,000 years ago.

No such animal exists today, he said.

POSITION FULLY AND GENUINELY.

TWO AUTO DEATHS REVEAL ROMANCE

Yale Junior and Follies Girl
Whom He Wooed Killed in
Speeding Car.

CRASH NEAR NEW HAVEN

John M. Griffin and Helen Barnes
the Victims—Car Overturned
After Hitting Two Others.

Special to The New York Times.

NEw Haven, Conn., June 1.—Full identification today of the victims of the fatal automobile accident near Woodmont early this morning as Helen Barnes, a Ziegfeld Follies girl, and John M. Griffin, a Yale junior, both of Schenectady, brought to light a hidden romance involving the couple. Griffin's friends related that he was in love with the woman and wanted to marry her despite of the fact that she was six years his senior. From her relatives came a statement that a "Princess" of the Bronx, New York City, whose name they withheld, was also deeply in love with her.

The couple were almost immediately married in a police station between this city and Bridgeport. Griffin's high-powered machine was traveling at a terrific rate of speed when it struck a car driven by Gerald Casey, who was accompanied by David Rosenthal also of this city. The machine struck a stone at a curve driven by Irvin Weiner of West Haven, who tried to turn off the tumbling machine and evade the onrushing car. After colliding with Weiner's machine, turned over four times before it tore through a fence, careened off a boulder and rolled into the gutter.

Friends of several cars who were not far behind extricated the bodies from the wreckage with difficulty. Miss Barnes in death was clinging tightly to Griffin.

Casey and Rosenthal, when examined by Coroner Mix, admitted that the car they drove did not belong to them and they were held for operating an automobile without a license. Friends of Griffin insist that the accident was caused by the case of the car-Rosenthal car swerving to the wrong side of the road. Griffin and another Yale junior had spent the evening with Barnes, Mrs. Barnes and her sister at Woodmont and the pair had decided to run up to East Haven to one of the all-night lunch stations in the round of the town.

Miss Barnes was the daughter of William Barnes, a New Haven typewriter dealer, and had been on the stage several years and lived on West Ninety-eighth Street, New York.

Griffin stood high in scholarship. He

had hoped to make a career in medicine.

Griffin is the son of a Fort Wayne,

Indiana, manufacturer.

Liberty

Out Today! At All Newsstands!

This picture appears on the cover of Liberty—out today
Can you suggest a title for it?



Liberty will pay
\$1,000 each week
for titles to Liberty Covers

Liberty gives monetary prizes with this week's issue. See inside for details. \$1,000 will be given away each week for titles to Liberty Covers. A dozen or more titles will be given away each week. See inside for details.

16 other entertaining features

The Call Box... By CLARENCE DUNTON NELSON • The Mystery Box... By ROBERT COLE • The Cooking Studio... By KEN HODGE • A Native Son Exploits His Luck... By ERIC SEARLES • The Madeline Judge... By MARGARET TURNER

66 Answering a question for the Advertiser: WHO reads Liberty? 99

We have found out!

11,134 people replied to a "blind" questionnaire mailed on Feb. 1, 1925.

What percentage read Liberty regularly?

85% read Liberty regularly.

What do they do for a living?

32,200 are housewives	1,220 are skilled labor
11,200 are students	1,220 are executives
1,220 are clerical	1,220 are engaged in public service
1,220 are professional	1,220 are skilled artisans and craftsmen
1,220 are not engaged in business	1,220 are advertising

What age are they?

The average age of Liberty readers is 35 years.

Under 18 years 62 18 to 25 years 172 25 to 35 years 313

35 to 45 years 258 45 years or over 265

Of Liberty's circulation 75% is read by those of the ages of 18 and 45—covering the years of greatest interest.

Out Today! At All Newsstands



As the Walrus Said

"The time has come," the walrus said,
"To think of everything
From shoe and ships to trunks and trains
And clothes you ought to bring."



Ready to wear
SUITs
Our Price Only

\$75

Also a complete line of Top-
Groom Dinner Suits, Dress
Suits, Tailored, Jacket-
bokers, and Flannels, all
Moderately priced.

By land and sea the summer migration begins. Whether you plan to spend your vacation—in the woods or mountains over seas or by the shore, a little thought now, about your clothes will add comfort and pleasure to all your holiday.

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Summer clothes, either formal or in-

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from start to finish, in our own

workrooms by experienced, custom-

trained tailors, who, when neces-

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you unusually prompt service without

the slightest sacrifice of fit or satisfaction.

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June 1 Brings Rush for Marriage Licenses; 444 Couples Give Bureaus a Record Day

Yesterday being the first of June, 444 couples decided that it was high time to get the marriage license. So in Brooklyn, the Bronx, Manhattan and Richmond the clerks in the bureaus had a busy day, and when they wound up at night they found that yesterday's total of applications showed a decided gain.

In the Municipal Building 225 couples obtained the legal right to be married, while in 1924 there were only 100 this day. In the Bronx, Manhattan was the leader for the day. Over in the Richmond Borough Hall at St. George, Staten Island, Deputy City Clerk Oscilhi attended his signature to 100 marriages, whereas last year he wished happiness and all that to only six prospective couples.

Stewart Harris, who supervises the issuing of marriage licenses up in the Bronx, said that in the Bronx there was a rush, albeit June is the bride's favorite month. He admitted, however, that 50 more couples came in during the day than for their documents, which was five

more than applied on the corresponding date last year.

Deputy City Clerk Thomas F. Maher said that even before the Brooklyn Marriage License Bureau opened its doors there was a veritable crush of young people waiting for the licenses. When business closed for the day, 160 licenses had been issued. While pointing out that this made the day one of the largest the bureau ever had, Mr. Maher brought out that Saturday was very cold day and his office closed, this might account for some of yesterday's rush.

On June 1, 1924, he stated, 3,061 licenses were issued. The statistics as the record for any month since the opening of the bureau. The next highest figure in June, 1924, was 1,000. In 1923, 3,061 licenses were handed out. Although Mr. Maher did not expect such a large number to be attained, he predicted that the end of the month would find the figures close to that record.

He pointed out that Friday, Saturday and

Sunday are the popular days for marriage license applicants, but he could not offer a reason for it.