

1925-2025

UN AN AVEC HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT

#156 | 7 JUIN 1925

L'idéal d'une littérature pure, suprême et sans mélange.
La conduite de l'organe officiel en tant que représentant de ce qu'il y a de meilleur dans l'écriture amateur, conservateur mais représentatif, et impartial dans toutes les controverses.

Assimilation des recrues existantes plutôt que recrutement intensif. Promotion des clubs locaux selon les principes des administrations précédentes, en particulier ceux de l'administration Hoffman. Rapprochement des clubs de l'association générale et plus grande attention aux membres isolés.

Encouragement à la discussion ouverte de toutes les questions concernant le public amateur, à l'exception des controverses politiques, qui doivent être évitées autant que possible. Attitude impartiale et réceptive à l'égard de toutes les questions et controverses littéraires.

Encouragement à la publication individuelle et collective, et reconnaissance des magazines ronéotypés et diffusés sur un pied d'égalité avec les magazines imprimés.

Reconnaissance de la distinction essentielle entre la critique publique et la critique privée. Une plus grande attention et un personnel plus important pour le bureau privé. Développement progressif du bureau public en une revue générale de la littérature amateur actuelle importante et représentative. (Reconnaissance des goûts littéraires actuels comme significatifs, même s'ils ne sont qu'éphémères. A. G. Jr.) (Préservation d'idéaux littéraires sains en dépit de la décadence contemporaine. H. P. L.)

Suppression des cours de poésie et d'étude, et suppression de toutes les restrictions concernant le nombre d'inscriptions nécessaires pour obtenir des prix. Maintien du titre de *Literatus* et des restrictions qui y sont liées.

Regroupement des fonctions de secrétaire et de trésorier en un seul poste nommé, et regroupement des deux bureaux de manuscrits en un seul.

Augmentation des frais d'adhésion à un dollar et des cotisations annuelles à deux dollars. Maintien d'un fonds spécial pour l'organe officiel.

Attitude amicale envers les autres associations, sans prosélytisme ni autorisation de prosélytisme parmi nous.

*Signé Alfred Galpin, Jr., président, et H.P. Lovecraft,
rédacteur en chef, janvier 1921.*

[1925, dimanche 7 juin]

Up early — work on U. A. — read — work on U. A. again — call on Kirk
— Kamin staying there — return & retire.

*Levé tôt. Travaillé au numéro annuel de l'United Amateurs. Lu. De
nouveau sur l'United Amateurs. Je descends à la librairie de Kirk,
Kamin maintenant y habite. Retour et couché.*

« [...] peut-être pourrais-je être comparé à l'humble pomme de terre dans sa quiétude souterraine et isolée » Lovecraft la patate ? Attention que la répétition de ce journal au quotidien n'affaiblisse pas la rigueur personnelle ! Aujourd'hui — mais hier et avant-hier et avant-avant-hier le dense article critique sur John Ravenor Bullen était déjà destiné au *United Amateurs* de septembre, il va y consacrer deux jours. Parce que l'assemblée générale de l'association, avec bilan des mandats et renouvellement du bureau, se tient en juillet, juste un gros mois. Et qu'il y a un rapport à préparer, plus des états financiers, et redonner confiance aux troupes. Et puis le numéro de septembre, justement ce rendez-vous annuel principal, dont il est le rédacteur en chef. Dans les *Collected Essays*, plus de 440 pages serrées pour le volume 1 consacré au *United Amateurs* (plus l'expérience du *Conservative* qui l'a précédé) et la part qu'y prend Lovecraft, qui en renouvelle les rubriques et chroniques : le « bureau des critiques » puis le « service de la critique publique », les suggestions de lecture, les polémiques (« *The vivisector* »), les nouvelles des membres et leurs publications (« *Among the Amateurs* »), plus bien sûr les éditoriaux et autres rédactions plus officielles. D'où, pour comprendre l'homme (mais aussi : en quoi pour lui écrire a toujours été lié de plain-pied à la question de publication, indépendamment du destin livre des textes), l'importance de ces deux textes de janvier 1921 (co-signé avec Galpin, ci-dessus) et de février 1921, totalement autobiographique (« ce que le monde amateur et moi-même nous devons l'un à l'autre », en annexe), et l'importance d'explorer aussi ce continent « non fiction » de l'œuvre protéiforme de Lovecraft. « Ce que j'ai donné au journalisme amateur est malheureusement peu ; ce que le journalisme amateur m'a donné, c'est la vie elle-même. » Dans le journal : toujours la canicule, on laisse les enfants se baigner dans les fontaines, mais sans certaine réprobation latente. Scopes essaye de concilier Darwin et la Bible, ça suffira pour lui éviter le procès ? Renforts policiers à Brooklyn après le meurtre de Florence Kane. Dans le supplément littéraire : une

édition complète des 200 nouvelles de Maupassant (mais on n'indique pas les traducteurs), une édition complète de Conrad, Guillaume Budé en Français de service, et... une belle page en l'honneur de mon cher Samuel Johnson, indépendamment de va vie par Boswell (deux mois que c'est ma lecture du soir). Partie magazine : Beebe toujours, un dessinateur plutôt qu'une photographie pour la liaison de nuit Chicago New York pour le courrier postal, toujours en suspens, et l'inventaire des nouveaux buildings, les derniers à venir avant l'Empire State...

New York Times, 7 juin 1925. Avec le consentement tacite du maire Hylan, la fontaine du City Hall, qui fait jaillir et éclabousser l'eau froide et rafraîchissante des Catskill Mountains sur les pieds farouches de MacMonnies, héroïque emblème de la vertu civique, a été sacrée hier nouvelle piscine municipale. Par de cérémonie pour fêter l'événement. Mais venant du maire, fermer les yeux vaut clin d'œil approbateur. Le maire Hylan a fait passer le mot à la police : ne pas mettre dehors les gamins du jardin du City Hall, mais les laisser nager et plonger à leur aise dans le bassin aux pieds du farouche homme de marbre. Alors, par quelque mystérieux système de télégraphie sans fil, une marée joyeuse a commencé d'arriver du jardin pour un spectacle jamais vu un samedi d'été. De midi jusqu'au coucher du soleil, des centaines de gamins, y compris des bébés de quatre ou cinq ans, s'éclaboussaient et pataugeaient dans la fontaine comme des dauphins, criant et hurlant de joie. Certains arrivaient de chez eux déjà en caleçon de bain ou shorts et vieilles chaussures pour protéger leurs pieds des écorchures du bassin. D'autres, venus avec leurs habits ordinaires, retroussaient pantalons et chemises avant de courir sous les jets d'eau. Des centaines de piétons ont commencé de s'arrêter, appuyés sur les rambardes de la terrasse, tout sourire au spectacle inattendu et probablement envieux de la fraîcheur dont bénéficiaient les baigneurs. Les journaux et les sociétés de cinéma ont envoyé leurs appareils et caméras pour immortaliser cette innovation aquatique. Et tous ces garnements, ainsi encouragés, ont alors pris la liberté d'escalader le monument aux vertus civiques. Ils se sont assis sur ses genoux, se sont accrochés à sa taille, enlaçaient affectueusement son vaste torse. Ils s'allongeaient sur les sirènes amphibies de marbre, et ces incarnations du génie de MacMonnies elles n'ont plus ne savaient faire cesser les cris de joie et les éclaboussures. Et pas un agent de police à l'horizon pour calmer leurs ardeurs, quand, les années précédentes, ils sont si occupés à chasser ceux qui se déshabillent un peu trop ou s'allongent sur la belle pelouse du parc. Le maire Hylan, s'épongeant d'un mouchoir et s'éventant de son chapeau de paille, s'était de lui-même arrêté un instant sur le perron en sortant déjeuner, et avait souri en voyant deux enfants escalader subrepticement la rambarde qui protège de la foule l'emblème de la vertu civique, tandis qu'un autre plongeait pesamment dans le bassin de marbre. « Comment ça se fait qu'il y ait si peu de gamins à en faire autant par une chaleur pareille, a demandé le maire ? » Quelqu'un lui répondit que la police interdisait l'accès au bassin, quelle que soit la chaleur. « Dites aux flics de fermer les yeux », dit en riant le maire à son chef de la sécurité, l'inspecteur Tom Riley. « Ils ont juste à regarder de l'autre côté, au moins pour aujourd'hui. Moi je voudrais bien faire comme eux... » Le maire partit déjeuner, la bonne nouvelle se répandit d'elle-même et la plus chère piscine municipale fut inaugurée à l'instant même.

BOYS SPLASH FREE IN CITY HALL FOUNT

**Bathe In Civic Virtue's Basin
With Never a Policeman
to Say Them Nay.**

MAYOR LOOKS ON AND GRINS

**"Forget It," He Says, When
Told Orders Forbade Young-
sters Diving in Pool.**

With the consent of Mayor Hyman, the City Hall fountain, which spurts and splashes refreshingly cool streams of Catskill water over the rugged feet of MacMonnies's heroic figure of Olivia Virtue, was unofficially dedicated yesterday as a public municipal swimming pool.

No ceremony attended the event. But from a Mayor a nod is as good as a wink. Mayor Hylan passed the word to the police not to run the boys out of City Hall Park, but to let them swim and dive to their hearts' content in the basin under the marble "Rough Guy."

By some system of radio telephony or telepathy the glad tidings spread and City Hall Park never before witnessed such a Summer Saturday spectacle. Between noon and dark hundreds of boys, ranging from high school age down to mere infants of four or five years, splashed and floundered in the fountain like sportive porpoises, shouting and squealing their delight. All through the afternoon they came and went in animated groups. Some arrived from their homes already clad in bathing suits or trunks and with old shoes to protect their feet from the scorching pavement. Others, who had donned tights beneath their scanty regular clothing, doffed shirt and trousers while on the run toward the sparkling jets of water.

Hundreds of pedestrians paused, leaning against the iron rail, to smile at the wretched picture and to envy the boys their cooling bath. Newspapers and movie companies sent their camera men to "shoot" the aquatic innovation. Then the urchins, inspired to greater prowess, vied with one another in scaling the heights of Civic Virtue. They sat on his knees and his thighs. They posed leaning against his torso. They swarmed over the amphibious marble sirens, and these creatures of MacMonnies's genius were as powerless to stop the shouting, splashing boys as they are to lure the marble giant from his pedestal.

All through the merry water carnival not a policeman appeared to mar the mirth. In former years, on the first day the water was turned on in the City Hall fountain, especially if the weather were warm, policemen from the Oak Street Station were kept busy chasing half-clad lads out of the basin and over the grassy stretches of the park.

Mayor Eylan, mopping his face with a handkerchief and fanning himself with his straw hat, paused on the City Hall steps on his way to luncheon. He smiled as he observed two youngsters furtively peering under the iron railings of the guard's Civic Virtue from the mob while another, clad in swimming trunks, stood poised, about to take the plunge into the marble basin.

"What's this?" asked the Mayor. "Why aren't there more boys getting acquainted with Civic Virtue on a hot day like this?"

HEAT KILLS 67 IN CITY AND ENVIRONS; SIXTH DAY'S TOLL BRINGS TOTAL TO 99; HOPE FOR RELIEF IN SHOWERS TONIGHT

COOLING RAINS IN PROSPECT

Local Storms. Are Promised New England and Interior New York.

WASHINGTON REGISTERS 96

**Cool Weather Expected From
Canada, Where 2 Below
Freezing Is Recorded.**

MAY REACH MIDDLE STATES

**Area Affected by Present Wave
Said to Extend From Mississippi
River to the Azores.**

Special to The New York Times.
WASHINGTON, June 6. — The "Bermuda High," which is what the Weather Bureau calls the wave of terrific heat that has held a large part of the country in its grip for nearly a week, is combating cooler atmospheres seeking to find a weak spot in the hot blanket and penetrate it. In fact, there are indications that the weak spot has been found and that a certain but painfully slow disintegration in the Bermuda High has begun.

But the coolt, as Rudyard Kipling would call it, is only on the fringes of the heat blanket and the Weather Bureau holds out no definite promise of relief in most sections afflicted by the hot spell until Monday, perhaps Tuesday. There is a probability, the Weather Bureau says, of local thunderstorms in New England and the interior of New York. These are expected to bring lower temperatures on Sunday. Else-

Temperatures of the Six Days.

Although yesterday's high temperature equaled that of the day before, reaching a maximum of 90, a breeze which sprang up about noon brought about a little mitigation of the humidity and made the heat more stifling. The hourly temperature for yesterday and those of the five pre-

| | Mon. | Tues. | Wed. | Thurs. | Fri. | Sat. |
|-----------------|------|-------|------|--------|------|------|
| Midnight | | | | | | |
| 1 A. M. | 69 | 79 | 73 | 80 | 81 | 80 |
| 2 A. M. | 70 | 78 | 73 | 80 | 80 | 80 |
| 3 A. M. | 69 | 75 | 74 | 78 | 80 | 80 |
| 4 A. M. | 68 | 74 | 73 | 77 | 80 | 80 |
| 5 A. M. | 67 | 73 | 73 | 77 | 80 | 80 |
| 6 A. M. | 69 | 74 | 71 | 74 | 78 | 80 |
| 7 A. M. | 68 | 73 | 73 | 75 | 80 | 80 |
| 8 A. M. | 70 | 74 | 74 | 76 | 81 | 80 |
| 9 A. M. | 72 | 75 | 77 | 78 | 81 | 80 |
| 10 A. M. | 73 | 76 | 78 | 79 | 81 | 80 |
| 11 A. M. | 74 | 82 | 86 | 84 | 89 | 89 |
| Noon | 73 | 83 | 88 | 88 | 89 | 89 |
| 1 P. M. | 83 | 84 | 89 | 90 | 92 | 90 |
| 2 P. M. | 84 | 86 | 90 | 91 | 94 | 94 |
| 3 P. M. | 85 | 86 | 90 | 92 | 94 | 94 |
| 4 P. M. | 88 | 89 | 92 | 94 | 94 | 94 |
| 5 P. M. | 87 | 81 | 88 | 95 | 98 | 98 |
| 6 P. M. | 87 | 89 | 89 | 94 | 93 | 93 |
| 7 P. M. | 86 | 78 | 90 | 92 | 91 | 91 |
| 8 P. M. | 85 | 74 | 88 | 91 | 90 | 90 |
| 9 P. M. | 84 | 73 | 86 | 91 | 90 | 90 |
| 10 P. M. | 81 | 71 | 84 | 87 | 88 | 88 |

NATION'S DEATH LIST 300

Prostrations Mount as Record Temperatures Roast the Cities.

CROWDS SLEEP IN OPEN

Thousands Pour Out of New York to the Beaches, Where Camps Rise as by Magic.

SEEK REFUGES IN CITY

Many Nap on Subway Stairs to Catch the Breeze—Police Guard Hosts in Parks.

As the sixth day of terrific heat raised the total of dead for the period in the metropolitan area to 99 with 232 prosternations, the local Weather Bureau issued a special forecast at 11 o'clock last night held out hope for slight relief tonight with local showers, the day being partly cloudy and continuing warm. Tomorrow, it was forecast, both here and in Washington, would bring thundershowers and somewhat lower

There were sixty-seven deaths and seventy-three prostrations in and around New York City yesterday, nearly three times the number of deaths on the preceding day. From other cities came the same reports of increasing fatalities, and Associated Press figures indicated that the total deaths in that section of the country affected by the present heavy wave were more than three hundred last night.

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The New York Times
Magazine Section

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, JUNE 7, 1936

TWENTY-FOUR PAGES

BEEBE GATHERS MARINE WONDERS

Deep-Sea Expedition Finds in the Pacific the Focal Point to Which Warm and Cold Currents Bring a Teeming Population of Odd Fish and a Surprising Variety of Tiny Animals

In the following article, the first centered from the *Barbours* and the last from the *Woods*, we have the two extremes of the range in which we may expect to find the significance of nature. The first is a simple, direct, and straightforward statement of the facts of nature, while the last is a highly poetic and somewhat exaggerated statement of the facts of nature. The two extremes are in a great way.



⁷ A Remarkable Catch—New Species of Deep-Sea Fish With an Immense Mouth and a Distensible Stomach Which Can Gulp as Many as 100 Times Its Own Bulk.

[illegible]

The Academy Sessions Must Begin the Outside World

SCOPES HERE, SHYLY DEFENDS EVOLUTION

Sees No Clash Between Science and Religion—Hopes Trial May Serve Some Good.

PRAISES BRYAN'S ORATORY

Just Country Boy on First Visit to New York, He Says—Is Diffident at Publicity.

John Thomas Scopes, youthful teacher of biology in the high school of Dayton, Tenn., who faces trial next month for teaching evolution in defiance of the Tennessee law, came to New York yesterday for his first time. He came to discuss with lawyers his defense. He was somewhat embarrassed by the attention he received, and, although not reluctant to talk about his famous case, showed some diffidence in putting forward his own opinions.

He is twenty-four years old, only two years out of the University of Kentucky, and speaks with the drawl of the South. He is tall, slim, blond and alert. He has a quick, easy way of expressing himself. He seemed to wonder what all the excitement was about, for having quieted all the fights in Dayton which started over the mooted question of "are or aren't we related to the apes," he seemed to think that he should be taken merely for a young teacher in a mess, rather than the central figure in a fight for liberty of conscience and thought.

"I'm just a country boy," he said, with a slow, pleasant smile, when he admitted he had never been here before.

What the issue of the trial would be, Mr. Scopes would not guess. He said that good many people thought he was sure to lose, but that did not bother him. Whatever happens, the case will go to the Supreme Court of the State, he said. The charge against him is a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine of from \$100 to \$1,000.

"That isn't very much," he said, "but it would be a lot to me."

Here to See Lawyers.

He was accompanied by Dr. George W. Rappleyea of Dayton, who persuaded him to stand trial to test the new revolution law and who caused his arrest. He was met by officers of the American Civil Liberties Union, the legal staff of which will cooperate with Mr. Scopes's counsel in planning his defense. A two-day conference will begin here tomorrow, at which the lawyers and witnesses to be called in his behalf probably will be decided upon.

Mr. Scopes showed his amusement at the way in which citizens of Dayton, who had been so ardently opposed to his teaching, seized upon the opportunity of the trial to advertise themselves and their town.

125 NEW POLICEMEN SENT TO BROOKLYN

Enright Adds 15 to Force In Precinct in Which Kane Murder Occurred.

50 MORE GO TO QUEENS

**Eighty-five Others to Be Distributed
In Other Boroughs—23 Lieuten-
ants Transferred.**

Police commissioner Enright continued his realignment of the department yesterday by sending 175 of the 260 new policemen just graduated from the police school to Brooklyn and Queens. Fifteen were sent to the Empire Boulevard Precinct, in which occurred the murder of Miss Florence Kane, at whose funeral the Rev. William J. Costello attributed the crime to insufficient police protection. None of the recruits, however, was sent to the Liberty Avenue Station, which is nearer to the scene of the crime than the Empire Boulevard Station. One hundred and twenty-five of the new policemen were sent to Brooklyn, and fifty to Queens. The other eighty-five of the graduating class will be distributed among the other boroughs and the traffic divisions.

The following twenty-three desk Lieutenants were transferred yesterday to make room for the new Lieutenants just appointed by Commissioner Earlight:

Charles Goss, from the Oak Street Station to the Simpson Street Station, Bronx.

Patrick F. Gunn, from the Clinton Street Station to the Liberty Avenue Station, Brooklyn.

John Redden, from the East 10th Street Station to Harbor A, Marine Division.

Thomas F. Hanley, from the West
123d Street Station to the 182d Street
Station.

George M. Renselaer, from the 182d Street Station to the West 123d Street Station.

George F. Bishop, from the West

OLD SAILOR PREDICTS COLD JULY AND AUGUST

**All Summer Being Packed Into
June, So Enjoy It While You
May, Is His View.**

Summer is being concentrated in the first days of June, and after their passing it will be cool, cooler and cold till snow files again, according to Captain Adam Kinsley, who has followed the sea for forty years and studied skies, tides and weather from a strictly practical point of view.

The Captain came over to Long Beach last evening from a life-saving station down the Long Island coast. He was dressed in his land clothes, the same suit that he wore at the christening of Anna Louise, the daughter of his first mate, Peter Larsen, twenty years ago. He is a bachelor himself. He said he found the weather more interesting than

"There's agoin' to be a powerful change mighty sudden," the skipper said. "I dread to think of it. I like the Summer, I do, after all the blustery, bitter days of Winter and the chilly, slow draggin' of Spring. Yes, all of the Summer is here, all to once, packed in a few days. The hour is drawin' near when it will be ended—for

"I don't think there'll be much wind, leastways not enough to kick up much surf. But the heavenly hogsheads are agoin' to be turned bottom up. And it will rain, and rain, and rain. At first it will be a mfd-tempered rain, lots of

It, but soothin' and mild.
'Gradually, overnight, the sky's
warmth will be clean washed away.
The rain will grow colder and
colder till it just thretates the marrow
When it clears off the air will be what
it is on a bracing morning in October.
'You won't put on your heavies, but
you will be mighty glad of your middle-
weights. Even then you'll be shivery
all through July and August. Every
night or so you'll be afraid of a frost
nippin' the garden sassa.

"I tell ye, enjoy Summer while it's here, because I ain't agoin' to linger. It's most over now. We're in for a season that will make Eskimos jealous and polar bears envious."

YOUNG MANHATTAN FARMERS BUSY WITH SPRING HARVEST

Two Thousand Children Are Now Bringing Home the Fruits of Toil in City Gardens—Land Redistributed Again This Month.

FARMERS in the Ukraine are not only producing more food than they planted any year before, but they are also producing more grain than they need. The extra grain is being sold to the government by the State Grain Office, and the money is being used to buy new machinery and other equipment for the farms. The government is also buying the extra grain for export, and the money is being used to buy new machinery and other equipment for the farms.

FREE STORAGE

RUGS DRAPERIES
CURTAINS BLANKETS
FURS CLOTHING

Any of These Cleaned by
Us Will Be Stored Free
for the Summer.

*"53 Years of
Knowing How"*

Moni Légrand

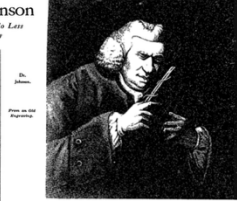
CLEANERS AND DYERS

Main offices and plant, 110 Berry St.
Phone **Other Brooklyn Branches**
Grasspoint **1402 Coney Island Road**
1618 **and Livingston Street**
1188 Fulton Street

In Defense of Dr. Johnson

He Had Qualities as Writer and Thinker No Less
Attraction Than Boswell's Biography

ANOTHER NEW biography, Dr. Johnson's by Sir James Spedding, is a book of some 1,000 pages, published by the University of Chicago Press. It is a very different kind of biography from the one by Boswell, which is a masterpiece of literary art. It is a book of facts, of dates, of events, of the life of a man who was one of the great minds of the eighteenth century. It is a book of the life of a man who was one of the great minds of the eighteenth century. It is a book of the life of a man who was one of the great minds of the eighteenth century.



Dr. Johnson

Edith Wharton, Novelist of Manners

WHARTON'S new novel, *The Age of Innocence*, is a masterpiece of literary art. It is a book of the life of a man who was one of the great minds of the eighteenth century. It is a book of the life of a man who was one of the great minds of the eighteenth century. It is a book of the life of a man who was one of the great minds of the eighteenth century.

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Edith Wharton

The Guillaume Bude Collection

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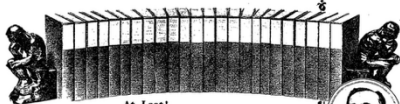


Guillaume Bude, France

Baedeker Comes Back To His Own

THE new book, *Baedeker Comes Back To His Own*, is a masterpiece of literary art. It is a book of the life of a man who was one of the great minds of the eighteenth century. It is a book of the life of a man who was one of the great minds of the eighteenth century. It is a book of the life of a man who was one of the great minds of the eighteenth century.

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At Last!
THE INCLUSIVE EDITION
OF JOSEPH CONRAD

—at a saving of \$100.75 over the limited
Autographed *Sauvage* Edition

MOST English people have heard of the name of Joseph Conrad. The great novelist, who wrote *Heart of Darkness*, *The Secret Agent*, *The Nigger at the Gate*, and many other great works, is now being published in a new edition. This edition is the most complete and authoritative edition of his works yet published. It is a masterpiece of literary art. It is a book of the life of a man who was one of the great minds of the eighteenth century.

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What Other Writers Think of Conrad

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All Guy de Maupassant's
Short Stories [200 matchless
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Now in ONE Volume

BROUGHT to America at last! All of the short stories of Guy de Maupassant! All the immortal masterpieces of the greatest master of the short story that ever lived. Two hundred genuine de Maupassant tales. Many of them never before published, except in rare editions now out of print! And All in One Volume!

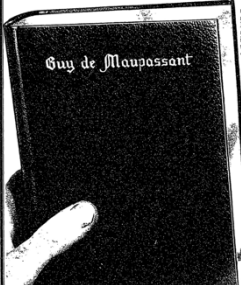
Here at last is the full glory of this brilliant Frenchman's art of the short story—every sparkling gem from his matchless pen. And every story absolutely complete, authentic and unexpurgated. A treasure trove of genius!

You know some of Maupassant. You know his marvelous power to lay bare, with a few vivid strokes of his pen, the intricate secrets of human hearts. You know his almost pagan frankness in describing

human passions. You know that he does not evade the facts of life. But if you know the real Maupassant you know that he does not write merely to arouse morbid interest, but as a true artist who paints life's pictures with surpassing skill.

Everything in ONE amazing volume. Now for the first time you can know and enjoy all the superb short stories of Maupassant without repetition. What an amazing possession of French life in the greatest collection. Whether he writes of a simple peasant maid or Parisian coquette, of glittering boulevard or soft shaded by-paths, tale after tale holds as spellbound, each one different, unusual, enthralling, each one a flawless masterpiece of literature.

Think of having the full two hundred of these unrivaled Maupassant stories in your library. And all in ONE single, extraordinary and magnificent volume!



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ANNEXE

H.P. Lovecraft, 21 février 1921,

« ce que l'amateurisme et moi avons fait l'un pour l'autre »

Je me suis lancé dans le journalisme amateur sur le tard, à près de vingt-quatre ans, je ne peux donc pas attribuer toute mon éducation à son influence. Ce retard n'était toutefois pas du tout de mon fait. Dès que j'ai entendu parler de l'existence du journalisme amateur, j'en suis devenu membre, et je regrette profondément de ne pas l'avoir découvert dix-sept ans plus tôt, lorsque, à l'âge de sept ans, j'ai publié mon premier ouvrage littéraire immortel, *Les aventures d'Ulysse, ou la nouvelle Odyssée*.

Après avoir rejoint la United Amateur Press Association, j'ai passé les premiers mois à essayer de découvrir ce qu'était exactement le journalisme amateur et ce qu'il n'était pas. Mes idées étaient plutôt vagues et je ne savais pas si c'était le plaisir ou la désillusion qui m'attendait. En fait, j'ai trouvé les deux, mais le plaisir l'emportait tellement que j'ai vite compris que j'étais un amateur invétéré. C'était en 1914. En 1921, je peux affirmer que mes sentiments sont restés inchangés.

Ce que j'ai fait pour le journalisme amateur est probablement très modeste, mais je peux au moins affirmer que j'y ai mis tous mes efforts pour coopérer à une cause qui m'est extrêmement chère. En commençant à percevoir les différents éléments qui composent le monde associatif, j'ai constaté que, comme dans tous les domaines, l'hétérogénéité et les conflits étaient la règle. En essayant de juger impartialement, j'ai conclu qu'à cette époque particulière, c'était l'élément purement littéraire qui avait le plus besoin d'être soutenu. La fraternité et la bonne humeur sont largement entretenues. La politique, à mon humble avis, est un mal. Ce qu'il fallait encourager, c'était précisément l'objectif que les amateurs professaient comme suprême : aider les écrivains en herbe. J'ai donc décidé que, tout en partageant toutes les responsabilités générales des membres actifs, j'utiliserais principalement le peu d'influence dont je disposais pour encourager l'entraide littéraire.

L'occasion de faire quelque chose de concret se présenta plus tôt que je ne l'avais prévu. À l'automne 1914, je fus nommé président du département de critique publique de l'*United*, ce qui me procura un moyen d'expression bimestriel et conféra une certaine autorité officielle à mes propos. Je me suis donc lancé dans une campagne visant à élever le niveau littéraire, en démontrant d'une part, avec franchise et analyse, les grossièretés qui

prévalaient, et en proposant d'autre part, sans relâche, des suggestions d'amélioration. J'ai complètement abandonné la politique consistant à louer les articles et les textes grossiers pour des raisons obscures liées à leur statut amateur, et j'ai insisté pour que les écrivains et les éditeurs se fixent au moins comme objectif la correction et la finesse. Sachant qu'une telle exigence impliquait une obligation d'aide personnelle, j'ai entrepris un travail assez important de critique privée et j'ai offert mes services à toute personne souhaitant réviser des manuscrits ou des articles de magazines. Cette offre a suscité de nombreuses réponses et je me suis immédiatement retrouvé très occupé à reconstruire des textes en prose et en vers et à préparer des articles pour divers journaux amateurs. J'ai rencontré une certaine opposition et je me suis fait beaucoup d'ennemis, mais je pense que dans l'ensemble, j'ai peut-être fait quelque chose de bien. Le niveau de correction dans le *United* s'est certainement amélioré, et la plupart des écrivains et des rédacteurs que j'ai aidés ont rapidement commencé à faire eux-mêmes des efforts, de sorte que mon aide est devenue de moins en moins nécessaire. Cela n'est toutefois dû qu'en partie à mes efforts. Mes successeurs au « bureau des critiques » ont été nettement meilleurs, et le travail a été facilité dès le départ par un changement de politique de recrutement, mis en place par d'autres, qui a permis de recruter nos nouveaux membres parmi des personnes ayant suivi une formation plus complète.

Dans d'autres domaines, je crains d'avoir fait trop peu pour le journalisme amateur. De 1915 à 1919, j'ai publié un journal indépendant intitulé *The Conservative*, mais les circonstances m'ont depuis contraint à suspendre sa publication. J'ai participé à des projets d'édition coopérative, mais sans résultats très brillants. En tant que rédacteur officiel de l'*United* cette année, je m'efforce de publier un journal de la meilleure qualité possible, mais je ne parviens guère à progresser en raison des contraintes quantitatives. J'espère avoir fait ma part dans les tâches administratives fastidieuses, tant officielles qu'officieuses. Malgré mon aversion pour les fonctions officielles, j'ai accepté divers postes au sein de l'*United* chaque fois que mes services semblaient souhaitables, et j'ai essayé de me rendre utile en remplaçant des fonctionnaires incapables.

En tant qu'écrivain, le domaine dans lequel j'aimerais le plus m'investir, il semble que ce soit celui où j'ai le moins contribué. Lorsque je suis entré dans le monde des amateurs, j'avais malheureusement l'illusion de pouvoir écrire de la poésie, une illusion qui m'a éloigné de mes lecteurs à cause de mes vers longs et d'une monotonie affligeante. Un style désuet et démodé a contribué

à l'échec total de mes tentatives. Depuis que je suis sorti de mes illusions poétiques, j'ai été presque aussi malheureux, car en suivant mon penchant naturel pour la fiction fantastique et imaginative, je me suis à nouveau heurté à un genre qui intéresse peu la majorité. Mes tentatives semblent être accueillies pour la plupart avec froideur ou dégoût, bien que les encouragements de quelques critiques comme W. Paul Cook, James F. Morton, Jr. et Samuel Loveman aient largement compensé l'hostilité des autres. La clique de Cleveland-Chico, qui cherche par le ridicule à me chasser de la presse amateur, est largement compensée par n'importe lequel des gentlemen que je viens de citer. Seul le temps dira si mes effusions ont une quelconque valeur.

Heureusement, je peux être moins réservé pour dire ce que l'amateurisme m'a apporté. Il est impossible d'exagérer, car le journalisme amateur m'a offert le monde dans lequel je vis. De tempérament nerveux et réservé, affligé d'une aspiration qui dépasse de loin mes capacités, je suis un inadapté typique dans le vaste monde des entreprises et singulièrement incapable de tirer du plaisir des activités ordinaires. En 1914, lorsque la main bienveillante de l'amateurisme m'a été tendue pour la première fois, j'étais aussi proche de l'état végétatif que n'importe quel animal, peut-être pourrais-je être comparé à l'humble pomme de terre dans sa quiétude souterraine et isolée. Avec l'avènement de l'*United*, j'ai retrouvé une nouvelle volonté de vivre, un nouveau sens à mon existence, qui n'était plus celle d'un poids superflu, et j'ai trouvé un domaine dans lequel je pouvais sentir que mes efforts n'étaient pas totalement vains. Pour la première fois, je pouvais imaginer que mes tâtonnements maladroits dans le domaine de l'art étaient un peu plus que de faibles cris perdus dans le vide.

Ce que le journalisme amateur m'a apporté, c'est un cercle de personnes parmi lesquelles je ne suis pas tout à fait un étranger, des personnes qui ont des penchants intellectuels, mais qui ne sont pas pour autant arrogantes au point de mépriser ceux qui luttent. Dans la vie quotidienne, on rencontre peu de personnes comme celles-là : nos amis fortuits sont pour la plupart soit franchement peu littéraires, soit désespérément « arrivés » et intellectuels. Plus on est absorbé par ses aspirations, plus on a besoin d'un cercle de personnes intellectuellement proches ; l'amateurisme a donc une fonction unique et perpétuelle à remplir. Aujourd'hui, tous mes véritables amis sont des journalistes amateurs, des universitaires sympathiques et des écrivains que je n'aurais jamais connus sans l'United Amateur Press Association. Eux seuls m'ont donné l'envie d'explorer des domaines de

pensée plus vastes et plus nouveaux, de déterminer les tâches qui me conviennent le mieux et d'apporter à mes écrits le soin et la finition exigés de tout travail destiné à être lu par d'autres que son auteur.

Après tout, ces remarques constituent davantage une confession qu'une déclaration, car elles sont le témoignage d'un échange très inégal dont je suis le gagnant. Ce que j'ai donné au journalisme amateur est malheureusement peu ; ce que le journalisme amateur m'a donné, c'est la vie elle-même.

Nota : transcription automatisée DeepL.

STRUCTURES THAT WILL CHANGE MANHATTAN SKYLINE

NEW 2,000,000 DOLLAR PROJECT FOR SOUTHWEST CORNER OF 19TH AVENUE AND FORTY-FIFTH STREET, HARVEY & VAN VLIET, ARCHITECTS.

BIG APARTMENT HOUSE BUILDING BOOM ON THE UPPER WEST SIDE
Hundreds of High-Class Apartment Houses Will Be Ready for Occupancy Before the Fall Renting Season Opens.

While the recent under occupancy on Madison Street, a tall house with some 100 apartments, has been a disappointment to the city, the new apartment boom on the Upper West Side is a different story. In the past few months, a number of high-class apartment houses have been completed, and many more are under construction. The boom is expected to continue for some time, as the demand for high-class apartments is high.

NEW BUILDING FOR ROYAL EXHIBITION COMPANY, AT WILLIAM, FALCON AND AM STREETS, HARVEY & VAN VLIET, ARCHITECTS.

It is the intention to put on light and airy building, in contrast with the present heavy and solid structure. The new building is to be a landmark in the city, and will be a credit to the city.

NEW 1,500,000 DOLLAR DRIVE APARTMENT HOUSE, BEING ERECTED BY THE ALBERT BUILDING CORPORATION OF 115 BROADWAY, LEVINE BROTHERS, PRESIDENT, ARCHITECTS.

COOPERATIVE HOMES FOR BRAIN WORKERS
Perfecting Plans to Erect Comfortable Building in City for Teachers.

An important cooperative housing scheme is being planned for the city. The plan is to erect a building for teachers, who will be able to live in the building at a low cost. The plan is being perfected by a committee of teachers and city officials.

CITY'S TAX BURDEN

General Curtis Left Building Being Erected at 113 West Thirty-Third Street, New York City, by Max Aronson.

NEW BUILDING AT 15 MADISON AVENUE.

First of a Group of Seven Buildings to Be Erected in General Curtis by Curtis Construction Company, Mack Kanner, President.



"With Luck the Pilot Will Land His Ship in Time for Early Delivery in New York."

WHEN THE NIGHT AIR MAIL HOPS OFF

By HOWARD MINGOS

A MOTOR TRUCK rumbles out on the field shortly after sunset and halts alongside an airplane. Sealed pouches of mail are transferred to the winged creature and stored in a fireproof compartment. At the top of a fifty-foot tower a huge searchlight comes to life. With its 500,000,000 candle power it shoots a straight beam across the westward horizon, a long, steady finger pointing the night.

Nine-cherry ecology. Another beam, broad and flat, flashes across the field, strikes low and remains on the ground, lighting a fan-shaped pathway. The pilot gets into his parachute harness and eases himself into the narrow cockpit. He straps on his helmet, pulls the goggles down over his eyes, and then the rear of the engine shatters the silence in which phantoms flurries have been working.

In five minutes or so the motor has been warmed into a state of efficiency. The pilot waves his hands as a signal to the men on either side. They pull away the checks against which the wheels have been strained. The plane becomes a live and vibrant thing of fabric and wood, wire and steel, with lines as trim and smooth as a race horse before the barrier. The checks are off, the throttle is opened—and the night mail is off down the lighted pathway straight into the wind.

Up to the Pilot Now

After that it is up to the pilot. Everything possible has been done by the ground forces to insure his safety—and that of his cargo, which weighs hundreds of pounds. Railway mail clerks have handled the cargo. Scores of employees and many officials have spent years perfecting the system of setting the pilot into the air with the mail, which the Post Office Department will soon and nightly by plane between New York and Chicago.

Pilots who must fly heavily loaded mail planes over the new night route are not looking forward to the job with any sense of ecstasy. They say it is the worst flying country in the

Pilots Expect Hard Flying in the New Service Between New York and Chicago this Summer

United States; and they are qualified to express an opinion, for they have been flying it in daylight hours for many years. The new schedule calls for one plane a night each way between the two cities. If the business warrents, officials are prepared to add more planes to the route. They have the machines and the pilots to carry any number of loads.

But many noted resources of the Government will be required to reduce the hazards of the trip. When the mail plane rises at night at New Brunswick, N. J., the Eastern terminus, messages will have come in from the Weather Bureau indicating the local conditions. The radio operator will have tabulated special reports from mail stations along the route, giving temperature and the wind velocity on the surface and at various altitudes, and outlining the areas of clouds and their height.

The field supervisor has checked a report card on which is recorded everything done to the machine since it returned from its previous flight. Riggers have been over it, tightening wires and adjusting controls. The engineers have been at the motor, testing and doctoring it until, in their opinion, it is in perfect condition. The parachute has been opened and repacked to make sure that it is in working order. The mechanics have noted the exact quantities of gasoline, oil and water put in to feed the engine.

A neglected fuel tank would mean the loss of several thousand dollars' worth of Federal property, and a first-class pilot whose training has cost the Government about \$50,000, and whose machine he has wrecked. Then, too, a flock of love motives, business letters and valuations, such as bank paper and jewelry, would surely be sent crashing into the unfriendly landscape before the mail was well under way.

The long-range beacons at the

main fields may help the pilot, or the smaller beacons of 1,500,000 candlepower which mark the route every eight miles. As long as he can keep them in sight he is a straight and narrow path, with an emergency route every sixteen miles, marked by a beacon. In case of trouble he is supposed to drop into one of those fields. But if he is blown off the course, or engine failure forces him down between the fields, his landing is largely a matter of luck and nerve.

Always the Unexpected

Always the unexpected lies in front of the whirling propeller blades. He may encounter fog, high winds, rain, sleet, snow or hail. Low clouds, ground mist and cross-currents of cold air are other obstacles that offer sinister possibilities. Add to that the impenetrable blackness of a stormy night. As he flies high over the earth the surface is at best a little more than a blur. There is always the chance of bringing up against a mountain top or landing against a tree or barn or tearing through fences. And the high-tension power wires, ditches, rivers and bridges are also there to menace the pilot who is forced to fly low.

For a hundred miles out of New Brunswick he feels reasonably safe. His path is lighted by a constant blaze from villages, factories and motor highways, except when they are blotted out by a sudden blanket of fog. Fog will obliterate any landmark, even the high-powered beacons, though the chances are that when a beacon is obscured by mist the next light on higher ground will be shining clearly.

A flash of lightning to the right warns him that a thunderstorm is brewing in the north. Something strikes his face. Handdrops. Shall he come down at the nearest field? No. He doesn't like the idea of spending the night in the caretaker's

shack. He passes that field 2,000 feet up. The wind has changed. Coming from the northwest, it tends to drive him off the course. But by nosing against the wind he can hold to the route as long as he sees it. It cuts down his speed, however, and he has no means of telling how fast he is traveling, because the mist hides some of his landmarks, while now and then the propeller blades churn stray clouds to pieces, smoke-like tatters which swirl about the lighted instrument board. He must depend upon his compass.

The steady, monotonous hum of the engine is reassuring. He noses the machine down slowly. No use the mist is thick below. He goes higher. The raindrops have become pellets of hail which sting his face and hands. He seeks a lower level. For a while he thinks he sees a beacon light. There it is, off to the right. But there are no others. It proves to be the headlight of a locomotive creeping along an apparently deserted countryside.

Now the pilot knows that railroad and how far it lies off his course. He swings back against the north-west wind. Five, ten, twenty minutes! He is flying heady and alone, utterly detached from everything. No wonder he feels in a heroic mood, for he is for the moment master of a monstrous steel hurtling through space with flame leeching from its engine exhaust. But it responds to the slightest touch on controls or throttle. He pays little attention to them because his mind is set in one direction. He bends all his energy toward the one effort to pick up a beacon light. His back holds steady. There it is blinking up through a jockey in the mist. He picks up another light, then another. He is out of the storm.

Passing another light set on the top of a hill, the pilot knows his location. Over that and a few minutes

crossing the range, and he will strike his half-way station at Bellefonte, Pa., where he must refuel the plane. But he must not go too low over the hills nor through the valleys, for high tension wires form a veritable network of danger. The increasing number of super-power operations in Pennsylvania makes flying most hazardous. Poured landings at night would mean risk of sinking those wires. His only hope is to set into an emergency route if no engine runs. Or would his chances be better by jumping out and trusting to his parachute? He doesn't know. Time enough for a decision when the engine stops, as it probably will some time. The engine is fairly reliable, however. Engines do not fail as often as one might think.

Steep Glide to Bellefonte

Bellefonte Field is in a valley. The pilots do not like that station, though it is better than the old daylight field that was abandoned because of the difficulty in landing under any circumstances. But the new field is in the same valley which is more for its flight. If he cannot see his way into that field, the pilot must jump on over to Snoverboro, on the summit, fifteen miles distant. There leans his fog, he comes into Bellefonte in a steep glide.

While the mechanics are refueling the machine the pilot sets his lunch in the flying office and draws out the chili which, with his cramped position, has become irksome. He scans new radio reports of the weather. Heavy winds ahead. Low "red" over the Alleghenies. A bad night is promised.

In another minute—he is in the air again, moving toward Snoverboro and then over the "hump," the highest point of the Alleghenies, where the trees stick up like needles in a well-filled cushion. They seem to be reaching for his landing gear. He goes higher. Thick clouds. He swings about in a wide arc, finds a thin stratum and dives through. There is nothing below but trees and rocks in an inhospitable region. The emergency fields are reassuring as he

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