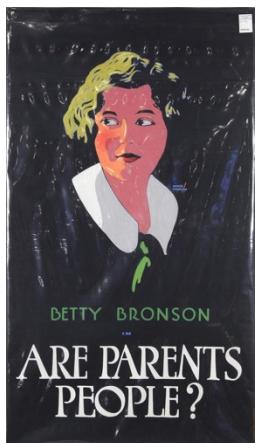


10 ^{up early - read - H.P. Lovecraft}
 out with S.H. to do
 errands - dinner Joe's - cinema -
 "Are Parents People" - walk around
 Bklyn Hts. - return, read, & retire.
 Carl

1925-2025

un an avec Howard Phillips Lovecraft

#189 | 10 juillet 1925



« Le lendemain — le vendredi 10 — je me suis levé
 tôt et me suis aussitôt souvenu de l'anniversaire
 d'A. E. P. G. (comme je le fais pour tous les
 anniversaires, sauf celui de M. Hoag), mais trop tard
 pour envoyer mes vœux à temps ! En début de journée,
 j'ai lu, puis je suis sorti faire quelques courses avec S. H. ; nous sommes
 passés chez Joe pour un excellent dîner, après quoi nous sommes allés au
 cinéma, puis nous sommes promenés dans quelques-unes des rues les plus
 anciennes et les mieux conservées de Brooklyn Heights. Enfin, de retour
 au 169, nous avons lu un peu et nous nous sommes couchés.

*Fatigue maintenant qu'il arrive à la fin de sa lettre ? Depuis plusieurs
 jours, ô ce bonheur : Lovecraft développait pour Lillian les
 annotations du carnet. Voilà qu'aujourd'hui : ce qu'on a mangé chez
 Joe, quel film on est allé voir (« Are parents people », pourtant une
 question qui ne les concerne que de loin), on en saurait presque plus via
 le carnet que par la lettre !*

[1925, vendredi 10 juillet]

Up early — read — bkfst — read — out with SH to do errands — dinner
Joe's — cinema — *Are Parents People* — walk around Bklyn Hts. — return,
read, & retire.

Levé tôt. Lu. Petit-déjeuner. Lu. Dehors avec Sonia pour faire des courses. Dîné chez Joe. Cinéma, le film de Malcolm St Clair : « Les parents sont-ils des gens comme les autres ? » Promenade dans le vieux Brooklyn Heights. Retour, lu & couché.

À noter que dans le petit agenda, la page de gauche, qui va du 5 au 11 juillet, comporte les cases habituelles mais que la page en vis-à-vis est celle d'un tableau où, selon qu'on est payé par mois de 18 à 60 dollars (les colonnes respectives sont 18, 19, 20, 25, 30, 35, 40, 60) on peut estimer jour par jour combien on a gagné. Et dans le tiers inférieur, selon qu'on est payé par semaine 3 dollars, 3 1/2, 4, 4 1/2, 5, 12, 15, 20, combien on a gagné selon le jour de la semaine. Il est précisé que c'est calculé sur la base de 26 jours travaillés par mois, mais qu'en cas où on travaille 30 jours par mois et 7 jours par semaine, on peut corriger en suivant la ligne écrite en italiques. Pour ce qui est des revenus de Lovecraft, cette page ne lui était d'aucune utilité. Qui ira corriger Wikipedia qui annonce la sortie du film pour le 14 juillet 1925 alors qu'il est visible aujourd'hui ? C'est grave ! Un scénario dérivant d'une histoire publiée dans le *Saturday Evening Post* dès 1923, et la voici. Malcolm Saint-Clair (1897-1952) sera une des jeunes gloires du muet que le « parlant » éclipsera. Il est l'inventeur de techniques narratives pour la caméra, le « back shoot » ou le 'hand and foot shoot », accélérant aussi le rythme des gros plans pour décupler l'immensité par rapport au personnage. Il réalisera de 1919 à 1929 quarante-deux films muets, et de 1929 à 1948 trente-deux « parlants ». Pour Lovecraft, comme récemment avec Murnau, le « director » n'a pas le statut d'artiste, il ne les cite pas. Saint-Clair a travaillé notamment avec Laurel & Hardy, et réalisé plusieurs Buster Keaton. (dont *The Goat*, 1921). *Are parents people ?* est disponible sur YouTube, profitons-en à l'heure de la sieste (on y notera par exemple l'usage narratif du téléphone, longtemps avant *La voix humaine* de Cocteau) ! Dans le journal : une prise de conscience concernant la pollution atmosphérique ? L'avion, beaucoup plus sûr que la voiture en proportion de morts et d'accidents ? À Paris un cambrioleur tombe amoureux de sa victime : abandonne le butin, emporte son portrait photographique (Huguette Duflos, actrice au Français, la voici !).

New York Times, 10 juillet 1925. Le haut-commissaire à la santé Frank J Monaghan a annoncé hier l'ouverture d'une enquête pour découvrir si le monoxyde de carbone présent dans l'atmosphère de New York constituait un danger. Des échantillons d'air ont été prélevés à plusieurs carrefours où la circulation automobile est particulièrement dense, et apportés aux laboratoires de la ville, au 30 Worth Street, où un nouvel appareil a été installé pour mesurer le taux exact du gaz mortel dans l'atmosphère. Le monoxyde de carbone est le principal poison des vies d'aujourd'hui, le nombre de ses victimes dépasse celui des victimes d'empoisonnement au plomb. Selon les calculs des physiciens de Yale, pour déterminer la ventilation nécessaire aux tunnels de circulation, sa concentration porte préjudice aux policiers et à ceux qui y sont exposés tous les jours. Les prélèvements d'air ont été effectués au coin de la 57ème rue et de la Vème avenue, de la 47ème et de la Vème, de la 34ème et de la Vème. D'autres échantillons seront prélevés en divers lieux de la ville, et cette mesure sera renouvelée en permanence.

Street Air Tested for Carbon Monoxide On Reports That Auto Gas Injures Health

Health Commissioner Frank J. Monaghan started an investigation yesterday to discover whether carbon monoxide exists in the atmosphere of any part of New York City in such quantities as to be injurious to health.

Samples of air were taken at several corners where the automobile traffic is heavy and the air carried to the City Testing Laboratories at 30 Worth Street, where new apparatus has been installed for the exact determination of the amount of the deadly gas in the air.

Carbon monoxide is the chief industrial poison in existence today. Its victims exceeding in number the victims of lead poisoning. According to physiologists of Yale, who have conducted careful tests of carbon monoxide in order to determine the ventilation necessary in vehicular tunnels, there is enough in the air in some parts of this city to impair the health of traffic policemen and others who have to breathe it constantly.

The samples of air were taken yesterday at Fifty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue, Forty-seventh and Fifth Avenue,

and Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue. Later samples will be taken from various parts of the city, and a permanent check will be kept on the amount of the gas in the air.

The new apparatus is a combination of the device used by the Bureau of Mines and that used by the Fixed Nitrogen Research Laboratory to measure the amount of carbon monoxide. The sample of air is passed through a seven-foot series of glass tubes and towers which, by the aid of liquid air and various chemicals, remove carbon dioxide, gasoline gas and other impurities. In the end the sample of air, purified of all foreign substances except the monoxide, is drawn into a receptacle containing iodine pentoxide, where two compounds form carbon dioxide. The amount of oxygen which the iodine compound gives up can be measured very precisely and it shows how much carbon monoxide was in the sample. This method detects the presence of carbon monoxide if it is present to the extent of one part in 300 parts of air.

TAKE BELL-ANS AFTER MEALS
for Perfect Digestion.—Advt.

Mitchel Field Planes Made 1,827,000 Miles; Only 3 Deaths in 31,363 Flights in 25 Months

MITCHEL FIELD, L. I., July 9.—Mitchel Field airplanes have flown a distance equivalent to four round trips to the moon since Major William N. Hensley Jr. assumed command here on June 7, 1923, according to a report made public today.

The 31,363 flights which were made during that period required 18,277 hours and are calculated to have been at an average speed of about 100 miles per hour, or 1,827,700 miles. The mean distance between the earth and the moon is 238,857 miles.

No pilot of the army, Reserves or National Guard leaving Mitchel Field was

in a serious accident. A Reserve officer was killed by flying as a passenger in a plane which side-slipped to the ground; an enlisted man was dashed to death in falling from a landing rope of a dirigible to which he clung as the craft ascended; and the tip of a propeller, broken in the crash of a plane, killed a sergeant, but these were not recorded as pilot fatalities.

Lieutenant Marion L. Elliott, aid to Major Hensley, holds the flying field record for the period covered by the report. He put in 1,073 hours in the air, covering a distance equal to about four times around the world at the Equator.

French Burglar Finds Victim His Stage Ideal; Returns the Loot, But Takes Her Photograph

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By Wireless to The New York Times.

PARIS, July 9.—Admiration for the things, madam, and will confess to beauty of Mme. Huguette Duflos, which according to his own written admission was "enormous," did not prevent General von Gaben from removing a large number of valuable objects from a large, superbly furnished house of the formerly famous Comedie-Francaise artist's country house during the invasion and taking them to Germany. But what they could not do for the German General her charms did for the burglar. A hasty glance at the picture of the woman reputed to be the most beautiful in France made him an honest man. Arriving yesterday at the house of Valentine and Olga, her husband, M. Raphael Duflos, was surprised to find a large trunk standing on the porch. Upon opening it he found it filled with jewels and other varieties of art which had been removed from the rooms of the house. Entering, M. Duflos found a bitter actor to demand. Huguette Duflos placed conspicuously on a table. Opening it he read the following amazing epistle:

"I did not go so far as to steal your

"When entering here I swear to you I did not know whose house it was. Passing by chance, I thought it looked like a likely place to contain nice things. You will be able to see I am a man of good nature. While continuing my inventory I happened to come across pictures of the woman whom I admire most in the whole world, both in the theater and on the screen. Imagine my surprise. I am sincerely sorry to have damaged your character and honor and make every apology and abandon everything I coveted to take along. My companion cannot understand what he terms my admiration for the woman and for him. But allow me, madam, to take your pictures. Your radiant beauty, which seems to me also to speak of great goodness of character, is extremely attractive. Some day I will write and tell you my life story. Perhaps it will be you, madam, who will prove to be my redeemer."



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ARE PARENTS PEOPLE?



There They Were—Her Mother Looking Down at Her From the Gallery and Her Father Waiting for Her Below. What in Thunder Was She Going to Do?

THE girls marched into chapel singing Jerusalem the Golden. Some of the voices were shrill and piping, and some were clear and strong, but all had that peculiar young freshness which always makes old hearts ache, and which now drew tears to the eyes of many visiting parents looking down from the gallery, and trying not to crane their necks conspicuously when their own offspring appeared in the aisle.

On Sunday the whole school came out in blue serge and black velvet tam-o'-shanters. The little girls marched first—some as young as eleven years—and as they came from the main school buildings and marched up the long aisle they were holding the high notes, "Jerusalem the golden," and their voices sounded like young birds', before the older girls came marching in with the next line, "With milk and honey blest." They marched in single file—in, as a tradition of the school—divided to right and left, and filed into their appointed places.

Last of all came the tall senior president, and beside her a little figure that hardly reached her shoulder, and seemed as if one of the younger children were out of place; yet this was an important figure in the life of the school—Lita Hazlitt, the chairman of the self-government committee in the school.

Her face was almost round except for a small point that was her chin; and was blond; but a dusky blond. There was something alert, almost naughty in her expression, although at the moment this was disguised by a air of discretion hardly avoidable by the chairman of the self-government committee in the school.

In this her last year at Ellbridge Hall, she had come to love the chapel. Its gray stone and dark narrow windows of blue or amethyst, the organ and the organist, and the organist's pipe organ, all had a sense of peace almost mystic—a mood she could never have attained had she been a nature essentially practical. Like most practical people, she was

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

so easy for Lita to see what was needed—to do a problem in geometry or mend a typewriter or knit a garment. She was always doing such things for her friends, not so much from unselfishness as from sheer competence.

The seniors sat in the carved stalls against the wall, and Lita liked to rest her hand on the rounded head of a dragon which made the arm of her chair. It had a polished surface and the knobs of the ears fitted into her fingers.

"Darby, Deborah, brethren, the Scripture moveth us, in sundry places, to acknowledge and confess—"

Lita loved the words of the service, and she noted that part of their beauty was the needless doubling of words—dissemble and cloak—assemble and meet together—requisite and necessary. Yet Miss Fraser, who taught English at Ellbridge, would call that tautology, a tautology.

She sank on her knees, burying her small nose in her hands for the general confession.

As they rose from their knees and the choir broke out into Come, let us sing unto the Lord, Lita allowed herself one glance at the gallery, where her lovely mother was just rising, slim and erect, with a beaming smile that even then Lita could see one of the most beautiful faces in the world.

She was most beautiful, and she was a good mother.

The whole school had an orgy of trimming hats and remaking dresses after Mrs. Hazlitt had spent a Sunday at Ellbridge.

She was as blond as her daughter, except that

somehow in the transmission of the family coloring she had acquired a pair of enormous black eyes from some contradictory ancestor.

Even across the chapel Lita could see the dark splashes that were her mother's eyes.

It was great fun—the Sundays that Mrs. Hazlitt came to the school, and yet Lita was always a little nervous.

Her hands for the general confession.

ARE PARENTS PEOPLE?



A Paramount Picture