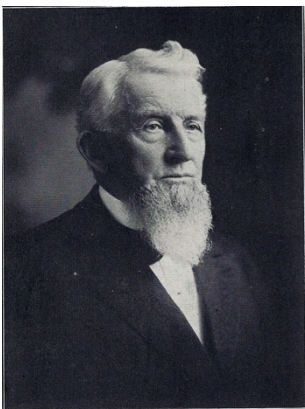


1925-2025

un an avec Howard Phillips Lovecraft

#193 | 14 juillet 1925



Jonathan Hoag.

C'est ainsi qu'il est aujourd'hui, à l'âge de quatre-vingt-douze ans, exprimant à travers une longue vie de goût, de réflexion, de beauté, d'honneur et de vertu, ces images si profondément et si délicatement colorées par la carrière qu'elles reflètent. Il réside à Vista Buena, sa charmante maison de village à Greenwich, dans l'État de New York où, avec son fils et ses petits-enfants, il tisse ses rêves, tandis que la cataracte de Dionondawa déverse son incessante musique à ses oreilles. La poésie de M. Hoag se distingue par une pureté et une simplicité doriques qui, associées à une tranquillité réfléchie et à quelques touches domestiques, la rattachent sans équivoque à l'ancienne école américaine. Elle est fraîche, coloniale et dépourvue d'ornementation consciente. Elle a échappé non seulement à l'abîme du modernisme, mais aussi à la serre de la préciosité et de l'affectation victoriennes ; conservant l'ancienne austérité verbale telle que Bryant l'a préservée, et conservant également une bonne partie de cette aisance et de cette verve du XVIII^e siècle qui, comme dans les meilleures œuvres du Dr Holmes, sont un véritable héritage de notre tradition locale de Byles, Sewell, Freneau, Trumbull,

Dwight et Barlow, plutôt qu'une reprise pédante du piquant de la reine Anne et de l'époque géorgienne à la manière du regretté Austin Dobson. La souplesse est toutefois une caractéristique dominante, qui conduit le poète à adapter sa mesure à son humeur, de sorte qu'on nous sommes parfois surpris par des variations par rapport au style général, comme dans des vers tels que *The Celtic's Dream of His Erin Home*. Dans les passages plus légers, M.

Hoag parvient avec un succès inhabituel à éviter l'insipide, le puéril et le banal, et atteint une sorte de simplicité grâce à sa diction si correcte et à des images tirées directement de l'expérience. Cette évocation d'images atteint parfois une félicité qui frôle le génie, car « Scriba » semble savoir instinctivement quelle allusion originale permettra de mieux évoquer en quelques mots les images vivantes que son thème exige.

Alerte sur la santé du vieil homme et ami : mais Hoag, qui vient de fêter ses 94 ans, ne décèdera qu'en 1927. Ci-dessus extrait de l'introduction de HPL au livre rassemblant ses poèmes (financé par Hoag lui-même).

[1925, mardi 14 juillet]

Up noon — write — Hoag ill — Sonny call up — in Braith. An th. —
write — SH return with dinner — mutton pie — apple tarts — tea —
cookies — pickles — write more — read & retire.

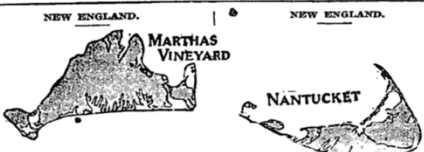
*Levé à midi. Écrit. Hoag malade. Visite de Sonny. Son poème cité
dans l'anthologie annuelle de poésie de Braithwaite. Retour de Sonia
avec de quoi dîner, tourte au mouton et tarte au pomme. Thé, cookies,
pickles. Puis écrit de nouveau. Lu & couché.*

L'Amérique a honte de ce procès anachronique : à Dayton, dans le Tennessee, pas le droit pour un enseignant de citer la théorie de Darwin, pourtant universellement reconnue ailleurs. Paradoxe de la défense : ne pas remettre en cause quoi que ce soit de la religion, avoir seulement à prouver la compatibilité de la théorie de l'évolution avec ce qui est écrit dans la Bible. Quel prodige ce Rabelais, dans le Quart Livre, quand il invente une île où le temps se dilate à mesure qu'on avance vers le centre, créant une origine ouverte là où le dogme, quand on ajoute tous les âges de la Bible, fait naître le monde 4 004 ans avant Jésus-Christ, prophète du Tennessee. C'est un procès presque en sorcellerie, qui fait accourir les foules paysannes de tout l'État. Le *New York Times* se moque un peu, mais fait comme si les deux camps avaient même légitimité, et produit les pétitions de soutien signées par les intellectuels. Et quel spectacle, la défense puis le procureur produisant chacun son tour, dans un but opposé, un véritable chimpanzé au tribunal, et ce « chaînon manquant » (il avait quel visage, cet homme — quel dommage de n'en pas retrouver l'archive) qui prouverait que l'homme aujourd'hui peut régresser suffisamment pour réinventer l'anthropoïde primitif. Mieux vaut applaudir Désirée Ellinger (Dorothy Sophie, dite...), chanteuse d'opéra anglaise qui cherche un peu plus de fortune dans la comédie musicale, et qui s'offrira de venir de Boston à New York pour chanter : ovation de la foule ! Quel avantage pour monsieur le patron s'il utilise un dictaphone avec sa secrétaire ? un peu de



fraîcheur dans le bureau bien sûr, si l'on en croit la pub. Et toujours pas de nouvelles de Knapp. Suspense : il s'est précisément réfugié dans les Thousand Islands, où les Belknap Long ont dû arriver hier. Au fait, il lit tout ça, Lovecraft ? Oui, il le précise à Lillian : c'est Sonia qui l'achète, probablement pour ses temps de transport entre Brooklyn et Manhattan aller-retour, et lui... et lui eh bien il doit attendre son retour pour en disposer ! mais comment ne réagirait-il pas à cette discrète publicité pour excursion à Nantucket, dans l'implacable chaleur de New York ?

New York Times, 14 juillet 1925. Dayton, Tennessee, le 14 juillet. Deux chimpanzés et un homme d'apparence-bizarre, qu'on nomme le « chaînon manquant » sont arrivés hier à Daytona. Après que la foule soit venue en masse les examiner, Dayton a décidé que ce n'était pas l'homme qui avait évolué depuis l'anthropoïde, mais l'anthropoïde qui était une dégénérescence de l'homme. Les deux chimpanzés et le « chaînon manquant » en étaient la preuve. Cependant, le premier chimpanzé à être exhibé au procès sur l'évolution a été amené par la défense pour l'aider à prouver la théorie de l'évolution. Ce chimpanzé est Joe Mendi, qui a été reçu à New York par des notables comme le maire Hylan, mais quand on sut à Dayton qu'il serait montré comme la preuve d'une possible origine humaine d'après un ordre d'animaux inférieurs, la ville s'indigna et il ne fut même pas possible à Harry Backenstahl, son dresseur, de trouver un logement.



NEW ENGLAND. NEW ENGLAND.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD

NANTUCKET

**Waiter Prichard Eaton Writes
of Nantucket, Massachusetts:**

"A great many people, to be sure, visit the Island every summer for quite other purposes. They go to have a good time at a summer resort. But like the case of the men who went to church to scoff and remained to pray, the Island lays its spell over every one of them, they come to love best of all its ancient flavor, they choose by preference its oldest houses to live in, they resent every suggestion that the cobblestones be removed from Main Street in favor of asphalt, they walk at sunset down the ancient, crooked streets and call Nantucket home."

of Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts:

"When you sail from New Bedford, the port of the old whalers, or pick up the boat at Woods Hole, and cross the half-dozen miles of Vineyard Sound, diving nearer to the low, hazy, long-lying, green bluffs of Martha's Vineyard, you seem, somehow, to be slipping away from the 20th century, to be embarked on an adventure that promises enchantment, whether Prospero's and Ariel's, or another's."

"Perhaps all trips to islands are like that. Perhaps all islands, ringed and isolated by the sea, hold this promise of taking us out of our humdrum life of daily cares. But few islands hereabouts, surely, are so large, so varied, so many things to many men, as Martha's Vineyard, and none is so near our mainland and so easily accessible, over quiet, protected water."

Complete information at Consolidated and Grand Central Terminal Ticket Offices or Pier 14, North River.

For descriptive booklet write

The Vacation Bureau, Room 118-N, Pier 14, foot Fulton St., North River
The New England Steamship Company
The New York, New Haven & Hartford R.R. Co.

DARROW SCORES IGNORANCE AND BIGOTRY, SEEKING TO QUASH SCOPES INDICTMENT; STATE ARGUES FOR ITS POLICE POWER

List of Scientists and Ministers to Aid Scopes If Evidence Is Admitted on Evolution and the Bible

Special to The New York Times.

DAYTON, Tenn., July 13.—The complete list of witnesses for the defense in the Scopes trial called so far and who are either here or on the way was announced today as follows:

W. M. GOLDSMITH, Professor of Biology, Southwestern University, Winfield, Kan.

H. M. NEWMAN, Dean of Science, University of Chicago.

DR. W. C. CURTIS, Professor of Zoology, University of Missouri.

DR. FAY-COOPER COLE, Ethnologist and Anthropologist, Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago.

DR. MAYNARD M. METCALFE, Professor of Zoology, Oberlin College, Ohio.

WILBIE A. NELSON, State Geologist of Tennessee, Nashville.

KIRTLER A. MATHER, Professor of Geology, Harvard University.

DR. JACOB G. LIPMAN, Director of the New Jersey Agricultural Experiment Station.

CHARLES H. JUDD, Dean of the Chicago University School of Education and Psychology.

DR. AVERY E. LAMBERT, Anatomist, University of Alabama School of Medicine.

DR. W. A. KEPNER, Professor of Biology, University of Virginia.

DR. ELMER ROBERTS, Authority on Evolution of Domestic Animals, University of Illinois.

THE REV. DR. SHAILER MATHEWS, Dean of the Divinity School, University of Chicago.

WATSON DAVIS, Geologist, Science Service, Washington, D. C.

THE REV. DR. C. F. POTTER, New York.

The defense counsel said it had more witnesses in reserve who might be called if Judge Raulston would consent either to permit scientific evidence to be presented to the jury or him alone to aid him to decide on the motion to quash because the theory of evolution does not conflict with the Bible.

DECISION TODAY IS LIKELY

Judge Will Also Decide on
Whether He Will Hear
Scientists.

FLOOD OF SATIRE LOOSE

Darrow Denounces the Statute
as Unconstitutional and the
Indictment as Faulty.

STEWART DEFENDS BOTH

He Contends That the Legisla-
ture, Supporting the Schools,
Has Right to Fix Curriculum.

Special to The New York Times.

DAYTON, Tenn., July 13.—Clarence Darrow, as champion of evolution and chief counsel for John Thomas Scopes, on trial for teaching evolution in violation of the Tennessee law, bearded the lions of Fundamentalism today, faced William Jennings Bryan and a court room filled with believers of the literal word of the Bible and with a hunch of his shoulders and a thumb in his suspenders defied every belief they hold sacred.

"This is as brazen and bold an attempt to destroy liberty as was ever seen in the Middle Ages," he thundered, one arm stretched out before him, his eyes flashing around the ranks of those before him.

"Not a single line of any Constitution can withstand bigotry and ignorance when it seeks to destroy the rights of the individual," he cried.

He prowled around inside the big arena of the court room, his voice sinking to a whisper at times, again rising in a burst of rage as his head dropped to his chest and thrust forward. He knew that he was defying the lightning.

GET FORTUNE IN FURS IN THICKET OF POLICE

Burglars Raid Loft in Trade
Centre Despite Special
Squad and Patrols.

STATION A BLOCK AWAY

Bronx Storage Man and \$100,-
000 Fur Coats Gone—He Mails
Back Pawn Tickets.

CROWDS JAM COURT TO SEE CHAMPIONS

Fill Aisles, Windows and Doors
to Hear Arguments and Watch
Protagonists.

NATIVES IN SUNDAY "BEST"

Only the Judge, Malone and One
Juror Have the Fortitude to
Wear Their Coats.

FLIES FROM BOSTON TO ACT A ROLE HERE

Miss Ellinger Covers Distance in
3 Hours 15 Minutes to Star
in "Rose-Marie."

OVATION BY THE AUDIENCE

Dons Stage Costume in Auto Dash
From Curtiss Field—Miss Ellis
and Understudy III.

Desirée Ellinger, the Boston Company's young prima donna in the musical comedy "Rose-Marie," flew from Boston to New York by airplane on an hour's notice yesterday afternoon, to take the place of Mury Ellis, star of the New York production, who had been taken ill suddenly.

Miss Ellinger was plotted through the clouds by Lieutenant Frank C. Crowley of the Air Service in a Boston Airport C-6 standard biplane, which left East Boston at 4:25 P. M. and arrived at Curtiss Field, Mineola, L. I., at 7:30.

The singer, immediately upon arrival, was rushed to a waiting automobile, which took her to the Imperial Theatre in an hour and fifteen minutes. She changed her costume as the car sped along, to be able to step into the stellar role the moment she reached the theatre.

The performance was delayed only fifteen minutes. The audience, keyed to a high pitch by the announcement that Miss Ellinger was on her way from Boston by airplane and motor, gave her a rousing ovation when she appeared on the stage.

Understudy Also Ill.

The call for Miss Ellinger was telephoned to Boston at 3 o'clock, just after Miss Ellis had telephoned to the manager that a cold would prevent her appearance. Miss Ellis's understudy, Miss Madeline Massey, is in a hospital, recovering from an operation of last Thursday for removal of tonsils.

Arthur Hammerstein happened to be in Boston and arranged for airplane transportation of Miss Ellinger, who was signed to come to New York by the producer after hearing her sing in "Mime Butterfly" at Covent Garden last winter. There was no train leaving Boston that would bring her here in time for the evening performance.

Miss Ellinger hurriedly packed her stage costumes in three pasteboard boxes, as she was rehearsing there when she received word to leave for New York.

The only stop was made at Hartford for fuel. East of Hartford the pilot dodged a thunder storm. Miss Ellinger never before had ridden in an airplane, but she was game. She wore a leather coat, a helmet and goggles, and big leather gloves, and her face was spattered with oil when she stepped from the plane at Curtiss Field.

Just before she alighted the pilot turned to her and said, "You are a very plucky girl," for he had flown at a high altitude.

Mrs. Arthur Hammerstein, who is Dorothy Dalton on the stage and the screen, was waiting at the field for Miss Ellinger, and soon bundled her into the car for the dash to Manhattan. There were many obstacles on the way. At Fushing they had to detour for a wagon wrecked by a trolley. Two children driving a goat in a small wagon got in their way, and the car, in making a quick swerve, just missed overturning.

KNAPP NOW SOUGHT NEAR SCENE OF CRIME

Long Island Phone Call Gives
Clue in Hunt for Man Accused
of Killing Taxi Driver.

PREDICT END OF CHASE

Fugitive Believed to Have Tried
to Communicate With Friend
in Syracuse.

STILL WATCH THE BORDER

Army Filers Aid Troopers Who Are
Searching Thousand Islands
Region for Deserter.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., July 12 (AP).—Philip Knox Knapp, member of a leading Syracuse family who is sought as the perpetrator of a murder for a thrill, was still a jump ahead of the law tonight.

The latest turn in the case today put the man-hunt once more on Long Island, not five miles from the lonely gully where Louis Panella, Hempstead taxicab driver, was slain two weeks ago.

Detective Sergeant King of the New York City police and Sergeant R. W. Morris of the North Syracuse substation, State Troopers, were in Alexandria Bay Sunday morning working on information that Knapp planned his hiding place among the Thousand Islands. They were checking telephone calls at Alexandria Bay switchboard, when a long-distance bulb flashed.

The call was from a pay station a few miles from Garden City, L. I. It was for a Syracuse youth, intimate friend and confidant of Knapp until about a year ago, at his cottage on Wellesley Island. The call was transferred by the bay operator to the Westminister wire, but there was no answer at the cottage.

King and Morris put two and two together. The call was personal to the same Syracuse youth who, New York reports, based on Knapp's correspondence and confidences to other enlisted men at Mitchell Field, Mineola, had linked with Knapp in his plans for a meeting on Wellesley Island following the latter's desertion from the army. King got in touch with his chief in New York. He and Morris hurried back to Syracuse and the New York detective took a midnight train for New York.

This development today gave the first inkling that King had been in Syracuse, checking the local angle in the hunt for the accused slayer since Saturday, and with Detective Sergeant Hamrick, of the Syracuse police, had made extensive investigation here from his arrival until he left with Sergeant Morris for Alexandria Bay.

Although the search for Knapp in the St. Lawrence border section and in the vicinity of Watkinsburg has not been slackened, the Garden City telephone call development was held by Knapp's pursuers as likely to mark the beginning of the end of the chase.

What's Wrong With Shorthand

Executives say—

- "She can't get out all she's taken."
- "I'm forced to cut dictation short."
- "She can't help me with other things."
- "If I could only dictate while it's fresh in my mind."
- "If she could only take it as fast as I think."
- "Out sick, so my letters have to wait."
- "I had all this clear in my mind last night."

That's enough! I'll send the coupon below on general principles.



Miss Hansen, Mr. Collins's secretary, saves time through The Dictaphone to help Mr. Collins with important executive details.

What's Wrong With Shorthand

Secretaries say—

- "He talks so fast I'll be getting writer's cramp soon."
 - "Those awful waits while he chats over the phone."
 - "Nothing doing till I and then two days' work."
 - "No one else can read my notes."
 - "Hours wasted while he's in conference."
 - "I can't do much more."
- That's enough! I'll show him this coupon right now.

James N. Collins

Starting only 12 years ago, now manufactures 25 tons of "Honey Scotch" and "Walnettes" every day.



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Answer: Ask the men who use it. (See coupon below.)

"A GREAT deal cooler!" says James N. Collins; and he speaks from experience.

"Shorthand was my tyrant," he tells us. "Bad enough to keep Miss Hansen overtime in winter. Summers I simply wouldn't! But the thought of my undictated letters kept me on the jump all day. Interviews, lunch-hour, everything—rushed! The strain was terrific."

"The Dictaphone takes this frenzy out of summer. I no longer

worry about late dictation. I dictate to The Dictaphone at my convenience. I keep my pep all summer!

"With The Dictaphone Miss Hansen is never rushed, either. If she has too many cylinders, she sends some to the Dictaphone Department."

"This brings up another advantage of using The Dictaphone: it eliminates the annoyance of substitute stenographers during vacations."

If you want to know more about how The Dictaphone helped Mr. Collins—and others—use the coupon below.

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