

JULY, 1925

up noon - read all day,
SUN. though out now & then for
19 errands. Bkfst - puff's wheat,
banana, & cream. Bn - beef - spaghetti
sup - ginger ale. read fracture

1925-2025

un an avec Howard Phillips Lovecraft
#198 | 19 juillet 1925



« Le dimanche 19 — donc hier — j'ai passé la journée à lire et terminé l'ouvrage de Dyer intitulé *Early American Craftsmen*, qui contient de nombreuses informations d'un intérêt extraordinaire. Il semble par

exemple que votre chaise à dossier ouvragé soit d'un type très ancien, descendant des chaises hautes de la période de la Restauration, précédant même la période Windsor. On y parle aussi beaucoup de la poterie de Bennington, et de la valeur désormais élevée de ces petits caniches en porcelaine au poil duveteux que l'on voyait partout. N'en avons-nous pas eu un jour ? Je pourrais grincer des dents en voyant tout ce qui a été vendu, donné ou jeté ! Je suis descendu faire des courses quelques reprises mais me suis couché assez tôt.

« *Bennington pottery fuzzy haired little china poodles* », pauvres Lovecraft, Annie et Lillian : s'être débarrassés de ces horreurs de caniche en céramique à poils duveteux sans savoir la valeur qu'ils prenraient !

[1925, dimanche 19 juillet]

Up noon — read all day, though out now & then for errands. Bkfst —
puffed wheat, banana, & cream. Din — beef — spaghetti sup — ginger ale.
read & retire.

*Levé à midi. Lu toute la journée sauf brèves sorties pour des courses.
Petit-déjeuner céréales, crème et banane. Dîner : boeuf et spaghetti,
limonade au gingembre. Lu et couché.*

Le livre qui le retient toute la journée, c'est *Les premiers ouvriers américains* de Dyer, « qui recèle de vraies merveilles ». On mange à la maison, mais c'est Sonia qui cuisine : spaghetti aux boulettes de bœuf ! Et confirmation (enfin) qu'ils ont bien un évier dans l'alcôve cuisine, puisque c'est dessous qu'on capture (et qu'on s'en va nocturnement la déposer dans la benne à ordures de l'immeuble) une nouvelle souris. Dans le journal : très *Cthulhu* l'histoire de ce William Galten qui se perd dans les marais, entre canal et voie ferrée pourtant, et en perd la raison — sinon qu'on est dans cette zone désormais en plein dans le grand New York, là où on construira bientôt, l'espace se faisant rare, l'aéroport de Newark. Propagation jusqu'à Paris du procès Scopes : un singe humain se promène à quatre pattes en pleine rue, disant à la police qu'il rentre chez lui en forêt, rires. Mais Philippe Bellat, 65 ans, finira à l'asile. Des repas légers, pas d'alcool et du bon air : un business man anglais avance les raisons de la supériorité américaine. Échec français à Fez : le maréchal Pétain envoyé à la rescouasse. Les habitants désertent les villes, le reporter du *NYT* est aux avant-postes, à nous de réapprendre les réalités coloniales. On voit Knapp dans trois villes différentes à la fois (mais nous — merci M.K — qu'il ne sera repris qu'en 1931, revenu tranquillement vivre auprès de son épouse, et sous son nom à elle, à Staten Island). Dans le supplément littéraire du dimanche, deux pages sur « Dosotyevsky le prophète », à propos de son livre *Les démons* et de la publication du journal de son épouse... On a vu, dans ses *Suggestions pour un guide de lecture*, que Lovecraft (qui utilise la même orthographe) le place au niveau de Shakespeare — néanmoins aucune traduction dans sa bibliothèque personnelle. Étrange mention aussi dans une lettre à Robert Howard : « certainement les plus grands romanciers du XIX^e siècle (il parle de Dostoievski, Tolstoï et Tourgueniev) mais d'une culture si différente de la nôtre, et si névrotique qu'aucune étude objective n'en est possible », fermez le ban. Nietzsche et Shaw « pris par la barbe» pourquoi pas, et les Français de service : Barbey d'Aurevilly et Verlaine, plus encore une fois Anatole France,

qui à Saint-Cyr sur Loire (c'est où ?) remplissait sa baignoire de livres d'occasion (dessin — très — satirique). Le procès Scopes fait marcher le commerce : « l'histoire de la Création n'est-elle pas l'histoire de Dieu ? »

New York Times, 19 juillet 1925. Vivant, mais presque fou, William Galten, de Secaucus, New Jersey, qui s'était perdu dans le marécage de Moonarchie, entre Secaucus et East Rutherford, la nuit de jeudi à vendredi, a été retrouvé hier soir. Galten, un employé de la compagnie Bergen pour l'extermination des moustiques, était entré dans le marais vers 19 h jeudi pour ramasser des myrtilles. À minuit, ne le voyant pas revenir, sa femme avait prévenu la police et on avait commencé des recherches. Tout vendredi et tout samedi, avec des chiens et un avion volant en rase-mottes sur les 5 000 hectares recouverts de broussailles et buissons, les équipes de recherches ont battu la boue et les étangs sans succès. Les premiers à repérer Galten furent les passages d'un train en direction de Jersey City. Les voies de chemin de fer sont séparées du marais par un canal et on pense que Galten a tenté de le traverser à la nage. Ces témoins le signalèrent à la police d'East Rutherford, et le chef McClelland se rendit aussitôt chez Jacob Kraft, Paterson Plank Road, qui vit ici depuis 30 ans et est sans doute le meilleur connaisseur du marais. Kraft partit en bateau, et le chef McClelland emmena une équipe au long des voies. Kraft dit que dans l'obscurité il n'aurait jamais retrouvé le disparu, si son moteur n'avait pas calé. Il entendit alors des gémissements 50 mètres plus loin. Quand il le découvrit, Galten tenta de le frapper avec un bâton mais il était trop faible, et lui demanda si c'était l'heure de quitter le travail. « Oui », répondit Kraft, découvrant que l'homme n'avait plus ses esprits. « Monte dans le bateau, on revient à la maison. » Il ramena Galten chez lui, où il lui donna des habits et du café. La femme de Galten les y rejoignit avec des voisins, elle ne croyait plus qu'on puisse retrouver son mari vivant. Respirant avec difficulté, pris de fièvre, il leur fit un récit incohérent, se souvenant de quand il avait enlevé ses habits à cause de la chaleur, et combien il était heureux d'être revenu à la maison. S'il était décidé à traverser le canal à la nage, il ne savait le dire. Galten est le troisième à se perdre dans le marais en une semaine, après la mort de Herman Worn, de North Bergen, qui s'y était perdu avec son beau-frère il y a une quinzaine de jours, eux aussi en cherchant des myrtilles.

MAN LOST IN BOG IS FOUND, HALF-MAD

Strikes Feebly at Rescuer, Who Comes on Him Naked, Muddy and Harried by Flies.

DISCOVERED BY A CHANCE

Searcher in a Motor Boat Hears Moan After His Engine Stalls and Traces It to Galten.

Alive but nearly out of his mind, William Galten of Secaucus, N. J., who became lost Thursday night in Monmouth Swamp between Secaucus and East Rutherford, was found last night.

Galten, an employee of the Bergen County Mosquito Extermination Commission, went into the swamp about 7 o'clock Thursday night to pick huckleberries. At midnight, when he had failed to return, his wife notified the police and searching parties were sent out. All day Friday and yesterday, aided by dogs and with an airplane skimming low over the four-mile-square marsh covered with scrub cedar, maple and bushes, searching parties beat through the bogs and bogs without success.

Galten was first sighted by passengers on an Erie train bound west from Jersey City. The Erie tracks are separated from the swamp by a canal and it is thought that Galten may have planned to swim the canal. Those who saw him notified the police of East Rutherford, and Chief McClelland went at once to the home of Jacob Kraft on the Paterson Plank Road, which borders the swamp. Kraft has lived there for thirty years and his knowledge of the swamp, the police felt, would be invaluable in rescuing Galten. Kraft in his motor boat proceeded along the edge of the swamp and Chief McClelland led another party along the railroad tracks.

Kraft said that in the darkness they never would have found the missing man had his engine not stalled. When it stopped he heard moans about 300 feet away. When he first went ashore, Galten struck at him feebly with a stick but finally recognizing him, asked if it wasn't about time to knock off work.

"Yes," Kraft answered, realizing that Galten was nearly out of his mind from his terrible experience. "Come in the boat and I will take you home."

Galten was taken first to Kraft's home where he was clothed and had some coffee. On the way home he revived enough to tell his rescuers a little of his adventure.

Human 'Monkey' Walks on All-Fours in Paris; An Asylum Warden Until He Read of Dayton

Copyright, 1923, by The New York Times Company.
By Wireless to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

PARIS, July 18.—Dayton has found its first victim in Paris. From the Tennessee court the contagion of "Banderlog" behavior has spread to France.

This morning surging crowds on the Faubourg Saint Martin stopped and then followed a man who went on all-fours along the street. Gravely on toes and palms he ambled down the sidewalk.

A policeman intervened. "Who are you?" he asked.

"The man who descended from the monkey," was the answer.

"Where you going?" the policeman asked.

"Down there into the woods," answered this would-be apostle of nature.

The crowd roared with laughter, for Dayton is now a name at which men laugh here.

Gently at first the policeman strove to raise this would-be monkey to an erect position, but obstinacy is one of the greater simian characteristics. Neither forward, backward nor upright would he go, and at last had to be lifted into a taxicab. His name was found to be Philippe Bellat, and his age 65 years.

Up till the time he began to read accounts of the Dayton trial he was the chief warden of a lunatic asylum. Now he is going back there as an inmate.

American Efficiency Due to Light Lunches And Our Bright Air, Says Sir Alexander Roger

Copyright, 1923, by The New York Times Company.
By Wireless to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

LONDON, July 18.—Drunkenness is almost a distinction in America nowadays, Sir Alexander Roger, prominent London business man, said in an interview today on his impressions of his recent visit to the United States.

"Those who can afford to, buy whisky and drink it quickly, but the working classes cannot afford it," he continued. "The result is that every workingman's house has for its equipment a phonograph and a motor car.

"I think you can trace the cause of American prosperity not only to their wealth of raw materials, but also their inspiring bright air."

"I have seen a startling American frequently in the last twenty-five years and amazing changes have taken place. The

average millionaire New Yorker now spends only a few cents for his lunch, which consists of what is called half-and-half and a plate of biscuits.

"Twenty-five years ago the American business man's lunch was a most elaborate and indigestible affair, with the result that big business men went back to their offices to sleep. Now the universal slogan is efficiency and an afternoon spent in a nap does not make for efficiency, consequently the big lunch is a thing of the past. In this they are wise, especially in their climate.

"This milk craze has extended to the Atlantic liners and it is customary now for a friend to send down to a ship as a gift a special arrangement, medically sealed bottles of milk in quantities sufficient to last the whole voyage.

"This efficiency idea has been a wonderful thing in America."

KNAPP IS REPORTED IN THREE MORE TOWNS

Nassau Police Following Clues From Florida, New Jersey and South Carolina.

The police of Nassau County continue to be informed that Philip K. Knapp, the army deserter, alleged slayer of Louis Panella, a Hempstead taxi driver, has been arrested. Several widely separated sections of the country have sent this information to Police Captain Frank E. McCahill of Mineola, but it has always turned out to be a case of mistaken identity. Yesterday Knapp—or somebody like him—was seen in two places—Orangeburg, S. C., and Deland, Fla.

E. H. Blackman, Chief of the Orangeburg police, sent the information that a man resembling Knapp had been arrested there. McCahill immediately mailed to Blackman by special delivery photographs and reproductions of Knapp's finger prints and then called Orangeburg on the long-distance telephone. He said later that the man under arrest there probably was not Knapp. He was more impressed with the information from Florida.

This came in a telegram from Deland,

an inland Florida town about twenty miles west of Daytona on the east coast, from a man who signed himself George Raymond. The message read: "Philip K. Knapp here now, or has left for Cuba. Came on same train. Sure of party's reason." McCahill said he believed "the name 'Cuba'" meant that Knapp and Raymond were fellow-passengers on their way to Deland, that "sure of party's reason" probably meant that the sender of the message was sure of Knapp's reason for intending to go to Cuba, and hence was positive of his identity.

The Chief of Police of Deland was informed of the receipt of the message from Raymond and was requested to investigate. Then McCahill discussed with Major William N. Hensley Jr., Commandant of Mitchel Field, the advisability of sending an airplane to the Florida town with persons familiar with Knapp's appearance. It was decided this would be inadvisable because of the intensive training schedule now being followed by the Mitchel Field pilots and because of the uncertainty of the value of the information from Deland.

Special to The New York Times.

ELIZABETH, N. J., July 18.—Military authorities at Mitchel Field, L. I., have informed the police of Linden, N. J., to send an airplane there to search for Philip Knapp, it was said today.

Charles Yeidle, who is building a new house on De Witt Street, Linden, told the police there that when the workmen went to the house Thursday morning they found a man sleeping there who answered Knapp's description. When aroused, Yeidle said, the sleeper went into the basement of the house to wash. Then he disappeared.

ANATOLE FRANCE HAD HIS OWN IDEA OF THE USES OF LITERATURE

He Filled His Bathtub With Presentation Copies of Books, Receiving Fifty Francs Per Tub From a Second-Hand Book Dealer.



HEAVY LOSSES HALT RIFFS' DRIVE ON FEZ

French Report Severe Casualties Inflicted on Enemy and Their Attacks Repulsed.

NAULIN SEES A HEAVY JOB

New Commander Calls Situation Serious—Petain's Arrival Heartens Exhausted Troops.

Copyright, 1925, by The New York Times Company. Special Cable to The New York Times. PARIS, July 18.—General Naulin sailed from Marseilles for Morocco at 11 o'clock this morning, and he told newspapermen that the situation in Morocco was very serious indeed.

"Plan and method are necessary," he said, "and it is impossible to do everything one would like. It must be remembered that it is a war in a hot climate at the hottest time of the year, and that communications are very rudimentary and often non-existent. We cannot improvise in a war like that, and we must face up to the difficulties we are up against."

The General said he intended to negotiate nothing to *defend the country*, but when asked if he would not do what it would take he said that was something he had no way of knowing. He denied that he had any desire to end settle Abd-el-Krim's business quickly.

The situation along the front was slightly better, he said, while the French, succeeding in fighting off the enemy wherever he presented himself. Many regiments were observed marching northwest from Oujda, and two reasons are given for this: that the Spanish

northeast of Ouezzan, has surrendered to the tribesmen on account of lack of munitions. The French officer and 100 soldiers and fifty-three Senegalese troops comprising the garrison, were made prisoner and taken to Shesuan.

Communiqué Reports Betterment.

FEZ, Morocco, July 18 (AP).—Abd-el-Krim's Riffian offensive against the French is diminishing in the Ouezzan region, and the official French communiqué declared.

The enemy attacks are decreasing because of heavy Riffian losses in recent attempts to capture positions leading to the city.

The French communiqué speaks of a "most friendly" Spanish attack on the Riffians, and exchanges of courtesy visits by French and Spanish high officials in Morocco.

French reinforcements against the Riffians are continuing and a second battle of Ouezzan, in which 1,000 troops from Madagascar are entering the active zone.

The communiqué adds that the enemy renewed attempts against Ain Alcha and Ain Zouhour, during the night, but with no more than preceding attacks. All of the enemy's attacks were repulsed, and on the morning of July 17, the Riffians, fearing the dispersed bands of Riffians that had made the attempts upon the French

el-Krim and distributed by airplane all over the Rif, are now believed to be used in communicating the peace terms which they finally are established.

General Etcheverry, who in March began negotiations with Abd-el-Krim, has now come to an agreement and has informed the Riff leader that he must obtain his information through him in Taza.

In Paris there is a certain uneasiness about the peace negotiations, which is not reassured by the almost daily conferences between Abd-el-Krim and General Etcheverry.

The feeling is growing that practically all hope of any peaceful agreement with Abd-el-Krim is gone, and that what is being decided in Madrid is what is to be done with the Rif after the tribesmen have been defeated.

TAZA A DESERTED CITY.

Women and Children Are Gone, but War Signs Are Lacking.

Copyright, 1925, by The New York Times Company. Special Cable to The New York Times.

TAZA, Morocco, July 17 (DeLaveda).—Taza at present is a peculiar sight—a European town without women and children, and most of the stores locked with shutters closed. Some of those remaining open have their windows shuttered, as if in readiness for quick departure.

There are curious anomalies—a candy hawker dozing in the shade of a cart in the street, which otherwise is empty much of the time, while a lone Mohammedan mason continues methodically at work on a half-built Christian church.

These are the only figures I sighted.

Today I counted a total of one hundred and five girl and five women—three of whom had returned today despite orders.

They are allowed to remain at their "own risk and peril," the authorities appearing rather glad to have a few of them come back, as their presence has a good psychological effect on the natives.

Practically all the 1,200 women and children evacuated from Taza are re-

maining at Oujda, where many of them are quartered in a large hotel.

The hotel is overflowing.

The automobiles which furnish the principal passenger service between Oujda and Taza are once again functioning normally. There are some patrols along the road, but in general the scene is one of comparative quiet.

Contrary to alarmist rumors a state of siege has not been declared at Oujda, and as far as can be seen there is no need whatever for such action.

AIRMEN REMAIN AMERICANS.

Lafayette Fliers Will Retain Citizenship and Operate Under Sultan.

Copyright, 1925, by The New York Times Company. Special Cable to The New York Times.

PARIS, July 18.—In order to protect the national status of American aviators who are volunteering to serve in the resurrected Lafayette Escadrille, Premier Gouraud has issued a royal warrant in the circumstances of those aviators would be allowed to interfere with their duties as American citizens.

The airmen will fight "to defend the cause of the peaceful Moroccan populations, placed under the authority of the Sultan."

In this sense will they be members of the French Army, and whatever operations they participate in will be not by order of the French, but on the American's own initiative. It is natural that they may ask the French staff for suggestions as to what might be the most useful way of accomplishing their mission.

Some of the fliers are correspondents for American newspapers, and because they are not members of the French Army they will be allowed to send dispatches to their papers on the basis of their personal experiences. It is felt in official circles here that the voluntary aviators will be subject to the same laws, now will not be required for the issuance of American passports.

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Is not this story of Creation also to the glory of God?

Below are the opening lines of H. G. Wells' "Outline of History." It gives the modern understanding of how Man came to be what he is. The story begins with the earth a cloud of flame, before life could exist upon it. Then out of that dim past, through countless tens of millions of years, in traces, the man from a speck of protoplasm, jerked into life, comes in primitive form. What view of this awesome history can you read that breath-taking romances of science and recorded history, and say that such an account of Creation is not also to the glory of God?

"THE earth on which we live is a spinning globe. Vast though it seems to us, it is a mere speck of matter in the greater vastness of space.

"Space in, for the most part, emptiness. At great intervals there are in this emptiness flaring centres of heat and light, the 'fixed stars.' They are all moving about in space, notwithstanding the fact that they are scattered over such a space that they did not realize their motion. They are so vast and at such tremendous distances that their motion is not perceived. Only is the motion of many of them visible, as it is apprehensible. These fixed stars are

so far off that, for all their imminence, they seem to be, even when we look at them through the most powerful telescopes, mere points of light, brighter than the heat and light, continually leaving them, which we see as 'stars.' When we turn a telescope upon them, we see to the while and clouds of shining vapour which we call nebulae. They are so far off that they consist of millions of miles

consider that, vast ages ago, the sun was a spinning, flaring mass of matter, not yet concentrated into a compact centre. It is a ball of fire, 93,000,000 miles in diameter, moving very much faster, and that as it whirled a series of fragments detached themselves from it, which became planets. Our earth is one of these planets. . . .

"Our sun, however, is no sun, we see that it is like a great ball of flame. This is the sun. . . . Astronomers and cosmologists and other physiologists have been able to tell us something of the origin and history of the earth. They

have been in days of a much

higher temperature than now.

High tides, great heat, tremendous storms and earthquakes, the life of which we have been able to trace, upon the world. —

From the opening chapter of "The Outline of History."



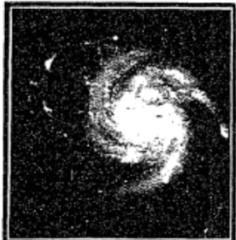
Pithecanthropus Erectus—not a man, but an ape, though man-like, who lived through millions of years ago.



The Neanderthal Man, who lived in Europe for over 100,000 years ago.



The Cro-Magnon Man—the first "true" man to live in Europe, from 30,000 years ago.



3 methods, the beginning of a world—how our solar system was probably forming billions of years ago.



(Photograph by Frank B. Carpenter, U.S. National Museum of Natural History.)



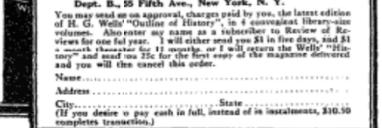
Our earliest, most primitive, and most ancient man lived here.

(From a painting by Frank B. Carpenter, U.S. National Museum of Natural History.)



Our second, step by step, more intelligent man, making fire.

(From a painting by Frank B. Carpenter, U.S. National Museum of Natural History.)



Review of Review Corp., Dept. B, 25 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

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Really to understand Evolution—read *The OUTLINE OF HISTORY*

By H. G. Wells

ONE thing at least has resulted from the Tennessee indifference of Mr. Scopes. Today, more than ever, it is impossible in an otherwise educated person, not to understand what Evolution really means.

Too many people say, "Of course I believe in Evolution. Yet, in fact, their notions about it are quite hazy, childish and inaccurate.

This widespread and profound ignorance, however, is not due to the want of facts to support it; it is due to the "text-book" nature of much of the literature about it. This literature is almost uniformly hard for the layman to understand—it is heavy, "dry," reading.

A long panorama of man's climb

Today, however, there is one book that tells the story of Evolution in a way that makes ignorance of the subject forever inexcusable. It is H. G. Wells' "Outline of History." No one can read that this account of Evolution is hard to understand.

For what fiction can ever equal, in immensity of conception and in breathlessness of interest, this account of the slow climb of man from a speck of jelly floating on the waves of an ancient sea?

"From that dim distant day—*to today!* That is the scope of this great work. And Wells paints the picture so that you read and it comes to life, and comes to life. No wonder Dr. Frank Crane burst out: "Thankful am I that

I can still burst into flame at such books as these!" So everyone feels as he reads the "Outline."

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If you have not read the "Outline of History" you should. If you do not own it, you should obtain it at once, for yourself and for your children. Here, now, is an unusual opportunity to get it, with the American Review of Reviews, and at a 25% saving over the cost of the original two-volume work. This is positive, last edition, the latest of Mr. Wells' revisions; it comes in four volumes instead of two, and with several hundred wonderful illustrations.

The whole theme of the "Outline" is that the story of man, impressive as it is, yet is not isolated; Wells' "Outline" is a drama of man, over hundreds of millions of years. He stops at today, but he does not end. Where he stops, you should take up the story; you should keep abreast of what is going on in the world; you should obtain a comprehensive and unimpassioned view of great affairs, as they unfold themselves.

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