

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 prendraient !

[1925, dimanche 19 juillet]

Up noon — read all day, though out now & then for errands. Bkfst —
pufed 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 : spaghettis 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 rescousse. 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 « Dosotjevsky 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 Dostoïevski, 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, Mudd
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 Monarchie 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 bushes 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 Pateron 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 Warder Until He Read of Dayton

Copyright, 1925, 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 warder 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, 1925, 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 whiskey 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 invigorating bright air."

"I have been visiting America 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 God-speed present hermetically 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 same train" 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 Mitchell 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 Mitchell 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 Mitchell Field, L. I., have promised the police of Linden, N. J., to send an airplane there to search for Philip Knapp, it was said today.

Charles Yeldie, 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, Yeldie 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.



THE NEW YORK TIMES.

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 Heart-
ens Exhausted Troops.

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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 newspaper men present 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 recognize the difficulties we are up against."

The General said he intended to neglect nothing to defeat the enemy, but when he was asked how long he thought it would take he said that was something he had no way of knowing. He denied that he ever said he would settle Abd-el-Krim's business quickly.

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

northeast of Ouezzan, has surrendered to the tribesmen on account of lack of munitions. Three French officers, ten soldiers and fifty-three Senegalese troops, comprising the garrison, were made prisoner and taken to Sbaunan.

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

The enemy attacks are decreasing because of heavy Rifian losses in recent attempts to capture positions leading to Fez, officials believe. The French communiqué speaks of a "most friendly Spanish attitude" and refers to recent exchanges of courtesy visits by French and Spanish high officials in Morocco.

It says concentrations of French colonial reinforcements against the Rifians are continuing and that several battalions of recently-arrived troops from Madagascar are entering the active zone.

The communiqué adds that the enemy renewed attempts against Ain Aicha and Ain Aitouch during the night of July 16-17, but with less violence than preceding attacks. All of the enemy's advances were repulsed, and on the following day the aviation forces bombarded the dispersed bands of Rifians that had made the attempts upon the French position.

PETAINE'S ARRIVAL HAILED. French in Morocco See Pledge of Vigorous Action.

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Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

FEZ, Morocco, July 17 (Delayed).—

There has been no news so welcomed in Morocco since the war began as the arrival of Marshal Petain here. To the French here it means that France at last is awakening to the full extent of the danger of the situation, and the fact that Petain came by airplane shows she now realizes the necessity of haste. The Marshal's name and position are regarded here as offering a pledge that the Government is going to make immediately the great effort required.

Petaine has come to a situation which is similar on a small scale to the one he handled so effectively in the dark

el-Krim and distributed by airplane all over the Rif. But now it appears that only the most indirect methods are to be used in communicating the peace terms when they finally are established. Señor Echevarrieta, who last month began negotiations with Abd-el-Krim, has for some reason refused to be the transmitter of the offer now being prepared, and has informed the Rif leader that he must obtain his information through his agents in Tangier. In Paris there is a certain uneasiness about the long delay in these negotiations, which is not measured by the almost daily conferences between M. Briand and the Spanish Ambassador. The feeling is growing that practically all hope of any peaceful agreement with Abd-el-Krim has been abandoned, 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 (Delayed).—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 were the only figures in sight.

Today I counted a total of one baby, one little 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 Oudjda, where many of them are quartered in the college and hospital. The hotel is overflowing.

The autobuses which furnish the principal passenger service between Oudjda, Taza and Fez have never ceased functioning normally. There are some patrols along the route, but in general one sees so few troops as not to realize that a war is going on fifteen to twenty miles north—unless he appreciates that they are all needed at the front.

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

AIRMEN REMAIN AMERICANS. Lafayette Fliers Will Retain Citizen- ship 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 Painlevé today announced that nothing in the circumstances of their service would be allowed to interfere with their duties as American citizens.

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

In no 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 home describing the war and their personal experiences. It is felt in official circles here that the volunteers will have done nothing in violation of American laws, nor will oaths 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, it traces the rise of Man from a speck of protoplasmic jelly floating in primordial seas. Who can view this awesome panorama, who can read this breath-taking romance of science and recorded history, and say that such an account of Creation is not also to the glory of God?

"THE earth as 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 is, for the most part, empty. At great intervals there are in this empty flaming centers of heat and light, the 'fixed stars.' They are all moving about in space, notwithstanding that they are called fixed stars, but for a long time men did not realize their motion. They are so vast and at such tremendous distances that their motion is not perceived. Only in the course of many thousands of years is it appreciable. These fixed stars are

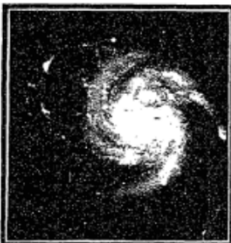
so far off that, for all their immensity, they seem to be, even when we look at them through the most powerful telescopes mere points of light, brighter or less bright. A few, however, when we turn a telescope upon them, are seen to be whirling clouds of shining vapour which we call nebulae. They are so far off that a movement of millions of miles would be imperceptible.

"One day, however, it occurred to me that I was like a great ball of flame. This one is the sun. . . . Astronomers and geologists and those who study physics have been able to tell us something of the origin and history of the earth. They

consider that, vast ages ago, the sun was a spinning, flaming mass of matter, not yet concentrated into a compact centre of heat and light, considerably larger than it is now, and spinning 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.

"It must have been in days of a much hotter sun—hotter, day and night, high tides, great heat, tremendous storms and earthquakes, that life, of which we are a part, began upon the world."

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



A nebula, the beginning of a world—how our solar system was probably formed billions of years ago.



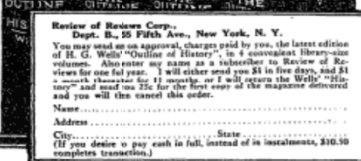
From H. G. Wells' "Outline of History."



From H. G. Wells' "Outline of History."



From H. G. Wells' "Outline of History."



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From H. G. Wells' "Outline of History."



From H. G. Wells' "Outline of History."



From H. G. Wells' "Outline of History."

Really to understand Evolution—read The OUTLINE OF HISTORY

By H. G. Wells

ONE thing at least has resulted from the Tennessee indictment of Mr. Scopes. Today, more than ever, it is inescapable 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, both of the theory of Evolution and of the facts to support it, is due to the "technical" 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 assert 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 waters of an ancient sea?

From that dim distant day—to today! That is the scope of this titanic work. And Wells paints the panorama so that you really see it—just as it is, and as it was! 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."

Now 4 volumes—at a 25% Saving

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 positively the latest edition, with 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 finished; Wells starts with the dawn—hundreds of millions of years ago. 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.

That is why the Review of Reviews and the "Outline of History" are such a fitting combination. Obtain them now. You owe it to yourself, to your family. Mail the coupon to the right, or a letter.

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