

[1925, dimanche 9 août]

Retired in morning despite intention of staying up. Rose late — read weird book — read — home meal — Retired late.

Me suis couché au matin malgré intention de rester debout. Réveillé tard. Lu le Weird Tales. Puis livres. Mangé à la maison. Couché tard.

Faire l'exercice suivant : aller directement lire ce qui se passe dans la nuit de lundi à mardi, puis revenir à dimanche. Pas d'importance en soi, sauf si on le replace dans le contexte : l'énorme temps d'écriture du samedi, prolongé toute la nuit, et incluant une longue lettre à Lillian qui est une forte interrogation sur lui-même, et puis là ce retrait. S'enfermer, lire, ne pas écrire. Le ressort se tend : pour les 6 jours à venir, on ira 2 jours par 2 jours. Mais la bascule se sera faite — naissance enfin de Lovecraft ? Expression exagérée, allégorique bien sûr : mais tant que ça, vraiment ? Dans le journal : et si, assistant dans un cinéma à votre film parlant préféré, la radio diffusait les dialogues enregistrés par les acteurs eux-mêmes ? Et si en plus cela nous permettait le cinéma chez soi, juste en tournant un bouton, ce n'en est pas, une invention, ça ? Et puis : un premier gardien noir à Sing Sing, mais démonstration à 40 000 du Klu Klux Klan à Wahsington. Marblehead enfin : la ville fétiche de Lovecraft, qu'il a emmené un à un tous ses amis visiter (et certainement, plutôt que Salem, du Marblehead dans l'extraordinaire *Rêve dans la maison de la sorcière*).

New York Times, 9 août 1925. De Washington, le 8 août. C Francis Jenkins, un inventeur de Washington, a annoncé hier avoir testé avec succès un appareil radio pour le « cinéma parlant », et dit que son appareil a transmis les images animées sur l'écran tandis que leur description vocale simultanée était diffusée par un haut-parleur sur une longueur d'onde réservée. Pour l'expérience, a dit M Jenkins, il a quitté la salle avant le démarrage du film, et a décrit ses actions pour les spectateurs depuis une autre pièce, tandis qu'ils regardaient les images reproduites et entendaient la voix de l'inventeur par le haut-parleur. En vue de généraliser l'usage de son appareil était envisageable avec un coût de production modeste, M Jenkins a dit qu'il l'avait rendu compatible avec les standards des récepteurs radio habituels.

Airplane and Auto Analogy Applied to Radio and Screen

THE theatre and allied industries need fear the radio as a transmitter of motion pictures no more than the automobile business fears the encroachment of the airplane, in the opinion of Samuel Goldwyn, prominent producer.

"Even though it is reported pictures may soon be received via the air," he says, "there is no need for lament on the part of the alarmists."

"If the transmission of motion pictures by radio is perfected, feature pictures will be necessary as now, in order to make them more than a passing fad. No source of income to the producer is apparent from radio pictures, and naturally he would hesitate before investing the hundreds of thousands of dollars

necessary to make features of the calibre filmed today without at least a prospect of reward."

"Now, it is readily apparent that if radio were so highly developed that one could see productions in his home by simply turning the dials, there would be no incentive for us to expend the great amount necessary for production."

"Besides, the radio has not yet hurt the theatre, spite of the fears expressed by the more fearful a year ago. There is a certain psychology about the showhouse, a love of the lights, laughter, the carefree camaraderie of the audience, and the appeal to the optic sense aside from the actual sight of the screen drama, which will never be supplanted by any domestic makeshifts."

Sing Sing's First Negro Guard Assigned to Outside Patrol

Special to The New York Times.

OSSINING, N. Y., Aug. 8.—When Henry Quarles of 510 Classon Avenue, Brooklyn, a newly appointed guard, appeared at Sing Sing prison today with his credentials the officials discovered that for the first time in the history of the prison a negro had been selected as a keeper. Warden Lewis E. Lawes, as the law requires, appointed him from the civil service list of eligibles without knowing anything about his color.

Word of the new guard spread through the prison and caused much discussion. Warden Lawes decided that the guarding of white criminals by a negro might cause friction and assigned the new guard to work at night as a watchman outside the walls.

40,000 KLANSMEN PARADE IN WASHINGTON AS 200,000 SPECTATORS LOOK ON QUIETLY; CALLED ORDER'S BIGGEST DEMONSTRATION

8,000 Masons Sit Down to London Banquet
Served by 2,000 Girls Directed From Tower

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Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

LONDON, Aug. 8.—A man in a conning tower armed with a huge megaphone today led 30,000 enthusiastic followers—not to battle but to dinner. He was up in the tower to direct the greatest banquet ever held, so far as known, in the world—the Freemasons' festival at the Olympia here tonight, where 8,000 Freemasons sat down to dinner attended by 2,000 waitresses specially selected for their good looks.

So huge was the affair that it was soon realized that nothing but strict discipline and military tactics could insure the success of the festival. The director sat amid a mass of telephones and electric signals. Now he would press a button; now shout a fierce order into a telephone; now listen to messages from a squad of lieutenants and map out messages in reply which they would transmit to the uttermost corners of the great Olympic Hall.

Before the thousands of diners entered the hall the voice of the man in the tower resounded through the loud speakers, calling on the battalions of waitresses to do their duty to the last gasp.

"Keep cool!" roared his voice. "You have nothing to worry about."

Thus encouraged, the troops of waitresses took up their stations and waited

for the soup signal. At another call from the tower, the diners poured in. The Duke of Connaught, the Grand Master of English Freemasonry, presided at the festival. As he entered, a deafening cheer shook the hall.

Then the big banquet began. There were 3,000 pounds of salmon, 1,500 chickens and 3,000 bottles of champagne. There were 50,000 plates, 40,000 forks, 30,000 knives and 20,000 spoons.

Hovering behind the scenes was a squad of ambulance men headed by a doctor, lest somebody be overwhelmed by the occasion.

"Keep cool!" the voice from the tower kept imploring as waitresses rushed back and forth. There was no need of his worrying. All moved like clockwork.

The festival was held in an endeavor to collect £1,000,000 toward erecting Masonic headquarters in London. The Duke of Connaught, amid tremendous cheers, told the diners that the London lodge alone had collected more than £400,000 and that the grand total from the entire British Empire amounted to over £800,000.

At this announcement the diners seated at the tables—there were five miles of tables—leaped to their feet and cheered madly, making a spectacle unparalleled in the entire history of banqueting.

SIGHT ASTONISHES CAPITAL

Robed, but Unmasked,
Hosts in White Move
Along Avenue.

EVANS IN PURPLE LEADS

Is Warmly Received by Onlookers, Who, However, Do Not
Cheer Marchers.

HYMNS PLAYED BY BANDS

Many Paraders Exhausted at
End—Rain Halts Rites in
Sylvan Theatre.

Special to The New York Times.
WASHINGTON, Aug. 8.—The Ku Klux Klan staged in the capital city this afternoon the greatest parade, so far as

17 TRAPPED 2 HOURS IN ELEVATOR CAGE

Lift Stalls Between Floors,
Cries of Imprisoned Pas-
sengers Are Unheard.

MAN CRAWLS OUT TOP

Then Gets Police and Fire Squads,
Who Free Frightened Men
and Women.

Seventeen persons—fourteen men and three women—were imprisoned in an elevator between the ground and the second floor of the Bingham Building at 656 Broadway for more than two hours yesterday afternoon. Before the elevator could be released the police rescue squad and firemen were called.

The passengers, all garment workers, boarded the elevator, which was run by Frederick Di Maat of 35 Crosby Street, at the twelfth floor. At the second floor Di Maat tried to slacken the speed of his car. Instead of slowing down it came to a grinding halt midway between the first and second floors.

Di Maat worked his controls but could move neither up nor down. It was sweltering hot, and calls for help failed to attract attention. Finally, at 2 o'clock, Di Maat suggested that it might be possible for some one to climb through the safety hole at the top of the elevator and lower himself to the ground floor.

Paul Heller of 1,305 Morris Avenue, the Bronx, volunteered, and gaining the roof of the car lowered himself twelve feet to the roof of an adjoining elevator which was not running. On Broadway Heller called Patrolman William Whalan of the Mercer Street Station, who

summoned the police rescue squad from the West Thirtieth Street Station, in charge of Sergeant Oscar Johnson, and Fire Truck Company 20, in command of Captain Peck.

Firemen hurried to the roof and found that two of the cables had bent causing them to cross each other, with the result that the car could move neither way. They were startled and the car was lowered to the ground floor. The passengers were frightened but unhurt.

The persons imprisoned besides Heller were: Tillie Lerner, 245 Hooper Street, Brooklyn; Fannie Weiler, 326 East 100th Street; Rose Heller, 228 East 100th Street; Nathan Miesel, 304 Fifth Street; Mack Heller, 73 East 112th Street; Isidor Kodur, 120 East 106th Street; Joseph Hoffman, 71 New Lots Avenue, Brooklyn; Joseph Freistadt, 1,297 Howe Avenue, the Bronx; Louis Wolkofsky, 305 Henry Street; Harry Melamed, 349 Livonia Avenue, Brooklyn; Jack Lepp, 105 East 118th Street; Nathan Abrams, 510 Clermont Avenue, Brooklyn; Albert Klapper, 322 East Ford Street; Sam Stone, 1,450 East 19th Avenue, Brooklyn; and Isidor Heller, 1,487 Bushwick Avenue, Brooklyn.

MAN'S DEATH LAID TO FALL.

Machinist Believed to Have Plunged
From Window While Ill.

After an investigation yesterday detectives of the Clason Avenue Precinct in Brooklyn, reported it as their belief that William Stebe, 42 years of age, a worker in the navy yard, whose body was found in front of his home at 18 Clinton Avenue shortly before daylight, fell from the window of his apartment while seeking relief from an attack of asthma, from which he suffered.

Stebe was a widower and had four children, with whom he lived. His body was found by a fruit dealer on his way to Wall Street Market for supplies. Dr. Silverman of Cumberland Street Hospital, who was called, said that the man had been dead for more than an hour. There were several wounds on the head and several ribs were crushed.

Detectives George Futton and James Donlon notified the Medical Examiner's office, and Dr. Auerbach who made an investigation, said that he thought the wounds were caused by a fall.

FINDS \$10,000 GEMS LEFT IN HIS TAXICAB

Driver Gives Them to Police Two
Hours After Owner, a Woman,
Had Reported Their Loss.

Solon C. Sondalitz, taxicab driver of 228 East Fortieth Street, walked into the West Thirtieth Street Police Station yesterday afternoon and deposited a handbag on the desk.

"Somebody left it in my cab," he said. Upon opening it the police found \$10,000 worth of jewelry, which they promptly turned over to Mrs. Mariana Davids of 248 West Seventy-second Street, who had reported its loss two hours earlier.

Mrs. Davids told the police that she had hailed a Twentieth Century cab in front of her home to take her to Pennsylvania Station, on her way to Freeport, L. I. At Broadway and Forty-second Street she decided to do some shopping and got out of the cab. Forgetting the police regulation requiring drivers to inspect their cabs before discharging a passenger, Sondalitz pocketed his fare and drove on.

"I didn't know the bag was there," he told the police. "I just drove around for an hour and half looking for a passenger. Finally I gave it up as a bad job and drove into the garage near Times Square, happened to look in back, and there it was."

When the bag was opened there was disclosed \$60 in cash, a diamond necklace, two diamond bracelets, two emerald earrings, two diamond harpins and a diamond-studded brooch.

Mrs. Davids was overjoyed in Freeport last night when Detective Digney telephoned her that the jewels had been brought to the station and looked up for safe keeping. The jewels, according to Digney, will be called for some time today by Mrs. Davids.

SCOTT GOES TO ASYLUM, SHOUTING 'I AM SANE'

Father of Youth He Killed, Ill and
Poor, Asks for Dead Son's
Clothes to Wear.

CHICAGO, Aug. 8 (AP).—At about the time today that Russell T. Scott, his fight to dodge the gallows won, was leaving Chicago in the custody of Deputy Sheriffs for the Chester Insane Asylum, there appeared at the detective bureau an old, work-worn man whose interest in Scott's case was next to that of Scott's family and of Scott himself.

He was Jacob Maurer, the aged father of Joseph Maurer, the nineteen-year-old drug clerk for whose murder in a hold-up Scott was sentenced to hang, escaping the death penalty twice by a margin of a few hours, and finally being found insane since his conviction.

Bitter and unforgiving, the old man recited a story of hardship and privation that has befallen his family since the boy's death in April, 1924. Then he sought to recover the clothing worn by his boy the night he was slain, which has been held by the State for evidence against Scott.

"You probably want them as keepsakes?" some one suggested. But Maurer shook his head.

"I want them," he said, "to wear myself. I've been sick and I've been out of work because I've devoted my time to this cause, and I've got to be better dressed to get a new job."

The old man explained that his daughter is now the sole support of the family, and that in addition to being in poor health, he is unable to sleep.

"Joey," he said, and his voice broke, "always used to wake me up at 12:30 every night when he came home from work, and now I can't help waking up at that time and expecting to see him."

Scott, heavily shackled and in charge of two Deputy Sheriffs, left here for the asylum shortly after noon. The commitment papers were changed to read that in case he regains his sanity he is to be returned to the custody of the Sheriff of Cook County and the death sentence carried out.

"Last message for Chicago," he shouted as his train started to move. "Tell them I'm both sane and innocent."

Scott's father bade him farewell at the train. He had said good-bye earlier to his mother and to Mrs. Catherine Scott, his wife, who fought dauntlessly for months to save his life.

Scott and his guards traveled by way of St. Louis and were expected to reach the asylum about midnight.

MARBLEHEAD REMEMBERS AGNES SURRIAGE

Bridal Pilgrims Re-
vive Interest in
Story of Old
Romance

By MARY TAF²
NEARLY 200 years have passed since the birth of Agnes Surriage, and to Marblehead, Mass., there came recently a bridal couple to say honor to the memory of a fisherman's daughter who married a titled Englishman and provided New England with a bit of thrilling romance.

The story of the fair Agnes, whom Sir Harry Frankland found, barefooted, scrubbing the steps of the town's only hostelry, and to whom he gave a crown so that the night boy himself a pair of shoes, had grown dim with time; but interest in her remarkable career has been revived to such an extent that Marblehead plans to hold a 200th anniversary celebration which, it is intimated, will prove worthy both of its heroine and of the town in which she was born.

It is interesting indeed that a bride and groom should have come as pilgrims this year to the scene of Agnes Surriage's early life. Last Winter the little town of Marblehead was set all agog by news that some descendants of the English Franklands were planning a visit to the shrine of its fairest daughter.

Descendants of Frankland

This news arrived in the form of a letter, its stationery bearing not the Frankland coat-of-arms, but that of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, of which the writer, Lieut. Col. G. S. Worsey, is Lieutenant Commander. He directed his epistle to the Marblehead Historical Society and asked for information about Agnes Surriage, stating that he had Frankland blood in his veins and that his brother, Charles also of Canada, would spend his honeymoon in Marblehead.

The family, he said, was an old Yorkshire family, descended from Oliver Cromwell (this, the records of Sir Harry, in America, also state), and giving a little genealogical outline which showed how the family was connected with the Pretender, and how the Worsey name came into it.

When the honeymooners actually arrived, visited the site of the old inn and drank from the Agnes Surriage well—still dispensing cold



"He Came Upon Lovely Agnes Surriage Doing Menial Labor Before the Hostelry."

spring water—the town could hardly contain itself, and determined, then and there, to hold the anniversary celebration in 1926. For Marblehead has never forgotten the fisherman's beautiful daughter, who won Sir Harry's heart, and who—after years of vicissitude and much social contumely—became Lady Frankland.

What follows is the romantic story, as pieced together from native accounts and from old records. Unfortunately nothing in the way of a portrait remains today to reveal to the eye the loveliness of Agnes Surriage, about which the towns still talk with pride and affection.

She was born in the Massachusetts coast village in 1726. Her mother, brought to Marblehead at the time of the King Philip War, was the granddaughter of a certain celebrated John Brown, merchant of London, who had settled in Pennsylvania, Maine, in 1625.

Sir Harry, Charles Henry Frankland—was the son of Sir Thomas Frankland. He served as governor of the East India Company factory at Bengal in 1716, and, being a first son, was heir to the baronetcy and estates of Thicketty and Mattemore.

The family was one of the oldest and wealthiest in the north of England.

Through the years 1743-44 and 1746-54 he was Collector of the Port of Boston, held a pew in King's Chapel and was annually elected vestryman. It was a time of "free living" in England, and Sir Harry, when he came to Puritan New England, did not change his manner of life. He was a man of distinction, highly respected both here and at home; and there is nothing to suggest that his first attentions toward the Marblehead fisherman's daughter were anything but right.

Discovers the Fair Agnes

Sir Harry's early visits to Marblehead were business visits. He felt that the town, in its defenseless condition, was threatened by French cruisers, and authorized the erection of a fortification now known as Fort Sewall, and one of the present-day sights. An appropriation of \$200 was made, and the Collector of the Port of Boston had certain overseeing duties to perform.

Those were days of gorgeous warring apparel for both men and women. The young Collector, as heir to a great estate, had been brought up with every luxury. He knew nothing of the simple life of a little town, and it seemed to him pitiful in the extreme when, one day, he came upon lovely Agnes Surriage doing menial labor before the hostelry and with no covering for her feet.

She received the crown he gave her for shoes with the deepest gratitude and took the money home to her mother. When Sir Harry returned to Marblehead a second time he found the little maid-of-all-work of the inn still barefooted.

"I am saving my shoes to go to meeting," she answered wonderingly, when he questioned. Why submit such treasures to daily wear!

It was after this that he saw her parents and arranged to have Agnes educated. The girl was at that time 16 and Sir Harry 25. In Boston he placed his young protégée under the protection of some of his aristocratic friends and the fisherman's daughter was given the best education available, which included everything that a gentleman of the time was expected to know. She was docile and industrious, easily adapted herself to her new conditions, and, with the splendid health which was her birthright, grew in beauty and distinction. Day by day, as more and more deeply she realized the advantages that had come to her, the gratitude of Agnes increased until it had become a deep and tender love for the Englishman.

On the part of Sir Harry Frank-

land there is everything to show that he reciprocated this affection; that Agnes Surriage was the love of his life, and that he bestowed upon her his untiring devotion. He felt, however, that marriage with a servant girl could not be considered; so that Agnes became a member of his household, but not his wife.

This arrangement Boston, though so highly esteeming the man, could not sanction. There are several references to Sir Harry Frankland and Agnes Surriage in the two thick volumes which form the "Annals of King's Chapel." One of these reads:

"He [Sir Harry] was elected annually a member of the Vestry of King's Chapel; but the displeasure with which his life was regarded in Boston, outside the circle of those who made ample allowance for country English fashions, notwithstanding the baronetcy which devolved upon him in 1747, caused him to remove to the country estate [in Hampshire], where he had purchased."

Sir Harry's estate at Hopkinton was extensive and splendid. He had purchased 480 acres, more than 100 of which were reduced to tillage. Large orchards of imported fruit trees were planted. He erected a commodious manor house; a costly barn surmounted by a cupola; a granary set upon wrought-iron freestone pillars, brought from England and "houses for his servants, including some dozen slaves equal to those of many of the farmers of the neighborhood." There were beautiful flower gardens, and the house was approached through a chestnut forest. Still standing are some of the great elms Sir Harry planted 150 years ago.

The interior of the house was equally fine, containing a spacious hall with fluted columns, chimneypieces of Italian marble, beautiful cornices and magnificent tapestry hangings. Here, in this charming spot, Sir Harry and Agnes Surriage enjoyed the pleasures of early American country life.

This anomalous position Agnes found less trying at Hopkinton; but when Frankland was called to England in 1754, the community heaped disdain upon her. It resulted in a European trip, which ended at Lisbon. There an earthquake brought Sir Harry Frankland to a dramatic realization of the suffering to which Agnes had been subjected. At length—if tardily—the Marblehead fisherman's daughter became his lawful wife.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, who looked up the facts, tells much of the tale in his long poem "Agnes." In the beginning he says:

It's the old, old story—fair, and young
And fond—and not too wise—
That matrons tell with sharpened tongue,
To madden with domestic eyes.

He describes at length the tragic story of the earthquake, Frankland, one of the poorest in that gay city of Lisbon, riding with a woman companion to witness the All Saints' Day celebration, was pinned beneath falling buildings. Agnes Surriage, who had remained at home and was safe, hastened to the rescue. The poet relates how—

—she brushed her tender breasts
Against the crushing stone,
That still the strong-armed clown
No man can lift alone.

"She found her lover uttering vows in which her name was joined," says the "Kings Chapel Annals." She saved her liege lord and he, repentant, called in a priest. Agnes Surriage was made Lady Frankland. On shipboard, returning to England, the ceremony was repeated by a Protestant clergyman.

Arriving in England, Lady Frankland was warmly received by her husband's family. She was of an affectionate nature, and through all the changing course of her life had kept in touch with her family in Marblehead. A Massachusetts historical record refers to this:

Never Forget Old Friends

"Altogether a very lovely creature, with majestic gait, dark, lustrous eyes, clear, melodious voice, and a sweet smile, graceful and dignified manner, readily adapting herself to her rapid change of position, winning the affection of her husband's well-born relatives, while she never forgot or forsook her own humble kindred."

Returning to Boston in 1756, she was greeted (being now a wedded wife) with the highest marks of esteem in the best social circles of the city. The Franklands continued their life at Hopkinton, and a beautiful town house was purchased on Garden Court Street. Later, they went back to Portugal because of the declining health of Sir Harry. He died, aged 52, at Bath, England, and was buried at Ireson Church, where an inscription, placed on the wall of the nave, informs:

"This monument is erected by his affectionate widow, Agnes, Lady Frankland."

Lady Frankland's own eventual life was not yet over. She crossed the ocean again, bringing with her to America a married sister and her children. As a Royalist she was

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"She Was Greeted With the Highest Marks of Esteem in the Best Social Circles."