

[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 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

Special Cable to The New York Times.

London, Aug. 8.—A mad in a coming tower armed with a telephone followed—no to battle but to dinner. It was up to the Duke of Connaught to arrest the greatest banquet ever held, so far as known, in the world—the Freemasons' festival, at the Olympic here tonight, where 8,000 Freemasons and their dinner attendees by 2,000 waitresses especially selected for the grand look.

So far as the affair there was

soon realized that nothing but strict discipline and military tactics could insure the safety of the guests. The

director sat amid a maze of telephones and electric signals. Now he would press a button; now shout a few words into a telephone, then listen to messages from a squad of lieutenants and snap out messages in reply which they would transmit to the remotest corners of the great Olympic Hall.

Before the thousands of guests entered the hall the voice of one 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."

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

for the sound signals. At another call for the sound signals the diners poured in.

The Duke of Connaught, the Grand Master of British Freemasonry, presided at the feast. As he entered, a deafening cheer shook the hall.

Then the big banquet began. There were 3,000 men, 1,000 women, 3,000 boys and 200 girls.

There were 25,000 plates, 40,000 forks, 30,000 knives and 20,000 spoons.

Nowhere in the hall was there a

squad of ambulance men headed by a doctor, lest somebody be overwhelmed by the heat of the occasion.

"Keep cool!" the voice from the tower kept imploring as waitresses rushed back and forth, sweating and out of breath.

The worry was over. There was no more of his

worrying. All moved like clockwork.

The festival was held in an endeavor to collect \$1,000,000 toward creating public health facilities in India.

The Duke of Connaught, amid tremendous cheers, told the diners that the London masons had given \$100,000, that the Empire amounted to \$400,000 and that the grand total from the entire British Empire amounted to

At this announcement the diners seated

at the tables cheered five miles of

the road on which their feet had 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 Passengers 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 stall between the ground and the second floor of the Brighton Building at 260 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 Masi of 33 Crosby Street, at the twelfth floor. At the second floor Di Masi tried to increase the speed of his car. Instead of slowing down it came to a grinding halt midway between the first and second floors.

Di Masi 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 Masi 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 Whelan 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 the two safety holes had been causing them to cross each other, with the result that the car could move neither way. They were straightened and the car was lowered to the ground floor. The passengers were frightened but unharmed.

The persons imprisoned besides Heller were: Willie Laemmle, 240 Morris Street, Brooklyn; Fannie Walker, 226 East 100th Street; Rose Helper, 226 East 100th Street; Nathan Melzel, 304 Fifth Street; Mack Heller, 73 East 112th Street; Isidor Kodur, 120 East 105th Street; Joseph Hoffman, 71 New Lots Avenue, Brooklyn; Joseph Freidstein, 129 Howes Avenue, Bronx; Louis Wolofsky, 305 Henry Street; Harry Melamed, 349 Livonia Avenue, Brooklyn; Nathan Abramson, 240 East 118th Street; Nathan Abrams, 610 Clermont Avenue, Brooklyn; Albert Klapper, 322 East 100th Street; Isaac Smilie, 1,050 East 160th Street; David Fretz, 1,100 Fretz, 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 Stoehs, 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.

Stoehs was a widower and had four children, two of whom live with his body found by a fruit dealer on his way to Wallabout Market for supplies. Dr. Miller, who examined the body, had been dead for more than an hour, and several ribs were crushed.

Detectives George Patton and James Dugay, now of the New York City 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. Sondaltsi, taxicab driver of 228 East Forty-fifth 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. Marian 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 Brooklyn. She got out of the cab at Freeport, L. I. At Broadway and Forty-second Street she directed the driver to do some shopping and the out-of-towners got into getting the police regulation requiring drivers to inspect their cabs before discharging passengers. Sondaltsi pocketed his fare and drove away.

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

When the bag was opened there was diamond jewelry, including a diamond necklace, two diamond bracelets, two emerald earrings, two diamond barpins and a diamond-studded lorgnette.

Mr. Sondaltsi, who worked in Freeport last night when Detective Digney telephoned him that the jewels had been broken out of the bag, checked up for safe keeping. The jewels, according to Digney, will be called for some time to day 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 AGNESSURRIAGE

Bridal Pilgrims Revive Interest in Story of Old Romance

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

The story of the fair Agnes, whom Sir Harry Frankland found, barefoot, scrubbing the sties of the town's swineherd, came to him when he gave a crown so that she might buy herself a pair of shoes, had grown dim with time; but interest in her remarkable career had been re-awakened to such an extent that the Marblehead plans to hold a 20th anniversary celebration which, it is estimated, 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 a little town of Marblehead sent all the best of its local descendants of the English Franklands to pay 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 coats-of-arms, but that of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, of which the writer, Lieutenant G. S. Frankland, is a member of the Command. 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 speed his honeymoon to the shrine of his fairest daughter.

The family, he said, was an old Yorkshire family, descended from Oliver Cromwell (this, the records of the town in Agnes' day records of and giving a little genealogical outline which showed how the family was connected with the Pretender, and how the Worley 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 in the same spirit. The Marblehead has never forgotten the "fisherman's" beautiful daughter, who won Sir Harry's heart, and who—after years of vicissitude and much social tumult—became Lady Frankland.

What follows is the romantic story, as pieced together from many sources and from old records. Unfortunately nothing in the way of a portrait remains today to reveal the eye the loveliness of Agnes Surriage, about which the town still talks 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 Puritan colonel named John Brown, merchant of London, who had settled in Pemaquid, Maine, in 1625.

Sir Harry, Charles Worley Frankland, was the son of Sir Frankland. He served as a vice-consul of the East India Company factory at Bengal in 1716, and, being a first son, was heir to the baronetcy and estates of Thirkleby and Matherne.



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

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

Through the years 1742-44, and 1746-54 he was Collector of the Port of Boston, held a pew in Kleg's Chapel, and was annually elected vestryman. It was a time of "re-education" in England, 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 he ever paid any attention to the Marblehead fisherman's daughter.

Discovering 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 fortifications not only at Marblehead, and one of the present-day eight. An appropriation of \$500 was made, and the Collector of the Port of Boston had certain over-riding duties to perform.

Those were days of gorgous warping apparel for both men and women. The young Collector, as he grew up a great estate, had been brought up to the ways of the world, and the ways 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 in the laundry, still dispensing cold

water 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 wear to my wedding," she said, smiling, 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 years old. Sir Harry Frankland placed his young protégé under the protection of some of his aristocratic friends and the fisherman's daughter was given the best education available, which included learning 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 into a dainty, trim, and gay young girl.

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 deep and tender love for the Englishman.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, who looked up the facts, tells much of the last in his biography "Agnes." In

the beginning he says:

land there is everything to show that he appreciated this affection; that Agnes Surriage was the love of his life, and that he honored her in his undying 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 third volumes of the "American 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 of which his wife was very great in Boston, outside the circle of those who made ample allowance for courtly English fashions, notwithstanding the baronetcy which descended upon him in 1747, caused him to remove to the country estate [in Pemaquid], which he has purchased."

Sir Harry's estate at Hopkinton was extensive and well built. He owned 480 acres, more than 100 of which were reduced to tillage. Large orchards of imported fruit trees were planted. He erected a tremendous manor house, a court surrounded by a colonnade, a granary, set upon wrought-concrete freestone pillars, brought from England, and "houses for his servants, including some dozen slaves equal to the number of the slaves of his neighborhood." There were beautiful flower gardens, and the house was approached through a chestnut forest. Still standing are some of the grand old trees Sir Harry planted 150 years ago.

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

The 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 trial which ended in

There was an earthquake brought Sir Harry Frankland to a dramatic realization of the suffering to which Agnes had been subjected. At length he married the Marblehead fisherman's daughter became his lawful wife.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, who looks up the facts, tells much of the last in his biography "Agnes." In

the old, old story—fair, and young
And fond—and not too wise—
That tongue was tawed with sharpened
tongue.

To mads with dovecast eyes.

He describes at length the tragic story of Sir Harry Frankland and Agnes, the gayest in the 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 been left at home and was hastened to the rescue. The poet relates how:

"She bruised her tender breasts
Against the crushing stone,
That still a strong-armed clown
No man can lift alone.

"She found her lover uttering vows
In which her name was joined," says
"King's Chapel Annals." She saved his life and was rewarded
ant, and in return Agnes Surriage
On shipboard, returning to England, the comedy was repeated by a
assistant chaplain.

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

Never Forget Friends
"Altogether a very lovely creature, with majestic gait, dark, lustrous eyes, clear, melodious voice, and a sweet smile, graceful and dignified in deport, ready adapting herself to her new change of position, winning the affection of her husband's well-born relatives, while she never forsook her own humble abode."

Returning to Boston in 1760, she was greeted (being now a wedded wife) with the highest marks of esteem in the best social circles of the city. She had a house of her own 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 in 1772, and Lady Frankland was buried at Ireson Church, where an inscription, placed on the wall of the nave, informs:

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

Lady Frankland's own eventful life was not yet over. She crossed the Atlantic with her husband and with her America a married sister and her children. As a Royalist she was

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