

continue typing - rest at
 midday - write letters -
 retire about 4 a.m.

THUR. 8

1925-2025

un an avec Howard Phillips Lovecraft
 #275 | 8 octobre 1925

THE NEW YORK TIMES, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1925.

Tomorrow at Midnight!

Club Alabam Presents.

*The FOURTH EDITION of the
Alabam' Fantasies
in "Narcisse Noir"
New York's Most Extravagant
Supper Club Production*

SPAIN on Forty-fourth Street!
 Spanish girls with a Matador flavor! Madrid & La Cordonera—Spanish dance on the Plaza of Cannons—new, whisky and wild! The Spanish girls from the beach of the Sunny South gone Spain!

You just won't know the old place never! Spanish girls, Spanish music, Spanish atmosphere better than a native Tancante!

with the world's famous Creole beauties, entwined in all the fury freedom of Fanny Spain!

New has done here as stupendous a production as ever! The most stupendous, the most sensational, the most stupendous! Tomorrow—Friday—at Midnights, the Fourth Edition of The Alabam' Fantasies makes its debut! The most stupendous, the most sensational, the most stupendous! New York's White Way will be hot if you've got the right ticket! Call now for your reservations NOW! Call Lovecrafts 1842.

See the five thousand dollar Charleston Wedding! . . . See the gorgeous Bal de Paris Narcisse Noir! . . . See the famous SILVER BOTTOMS—a unique success to the Charleston, and dance to Billie Fowler's Alabam' Orchestra.

Club Alabam'
 44th Street Theatre Building
 Just West of Broadway

A CUISINE SUPREME has made Club Alabam' famous!
 Sunday Evening Dinner de Luxe
 6 to 9 P.M.—\$3—No Cover Charge

Be sure to phone LACKAWANNA 7845 for reservations—NOW!

Staged by Francis Weldon

Music by DALE DEXTER
 Lyrics by ALICE GERBER
 Directed by
 VANITY FAIR THEATRE CO.
 From design by
 ROBERT E. STETT
 Scenery by
 RICHARD H. COOKE

Le chroniqueur est humblement lié à la matière qu'on lui donne à transcrire et analyser : que faire, certains jours, sinon transcrire : même dans sa lettre à Lillian, puisqu'on retrouve l'accompagnement des lettres, il ne fera que retranscrire exactement la note de son carnet !

[1925, jeudi 8 octobre]

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Continué dactylographie. Reposé à mi-journée. Puis écrit lettres. Couché vers 4 h du matin.

« [...] après quoi j'ai fait la vaisselle et tapé à la machine jusqu'au lendemain, terminant le lourd manuscrit que je joins à présent. Je me suis ensuite reposé, j'ai écrit un peu dans la soirée, me suis reposé à nouveau, et je suis maintenant de retour à ma correspondance. » Se doutait-il, cher Lovecraft, qu'à cent ans de distance jour pour jour nous serions là à piaffer : mais il se passe quoi, là, dans ta tête, à mesure que tu avances dans la dactylographie de *Red Hook* et en pose enfin le point final ? As-tu modifié, complété, t'es-tu ennuyé même, sait-on ? Et la correspondance, puisque la lettre à Lillian qui sera postée le 9 parlera de cette journée comme écoulée, à qui destinée, pour quoi dire, avec quelles surprises ? Allez, profitons de ce temps de répit, de solides nouvelles se préparent. Pour compenser, à quelques rues de chez Lovecraft et sur son habituel trajet de promenade, alerte au serpent, danger pour les chats !

Un capitaine de police, un chirurgien, trois sergents, neuf agents de police, l'inspecteur des chaudières du département et le gardien du zoo de Prospect Park, qui ont utilisé des bombes lacrymogènes, de l'ammoniaque, des soucoupes de lait et d'autres ruses, ont échoué hier soir dans leurs tentatives pour faire sortir un serpent qui, selon un appel à l'aide, avait envahi la maison de Mme Lillian Lowerre, située au 170 Se71st Street, dans le quartier de Bay Ridge à Brooklyn. L'équipe d'urgence du département de police, bien qu'elle n'ait pas réussi à attraper le serpent après avoir lancé des bombes lacrymogènes au dernier étage, au rez-de-chaussée et au sous-sol de la maison, a au moins rendu les lieux inhabitables pour la nuit, et la famille Lowerre a cherché refuge chez des voisins. Le lieutenant McGuirk, du commissariat de Fort Hamilton, a répondu au téléphone à l'heure du dîner, et une voix enfantine lui a dit : « Envoyez un policier chez Mme Lowerre, il y a un serpent. » La voix était celle d'Helene Henslow, à qui Mme Lowerre avait demandé d'appeler à l'aide. Le lieutenant McGuirk envoya l'agent Cunningham sur place, et, armé d'un pistolet dans une main et d'un solide bâton dans l'autre, le policier fouilla la maison sans trouver la moindre écaille. Puis des renforts commencèrent à arriver. Les policiers St. John et Ryan arrivèrent ensuite. Les trois hommes fouillèrent à nouveau la maison, mais le reptile restait invisible. Puis le capitaine Patterson arriva, suivi des sergents Paone et Reardon. Un camion d'urgence fut appelé depuis le quartier général de la police de Brooklyn avec le sergent Beotig et une demi-douzaine de patrouilleurs, tandis que le commissaire du parc Edward T. O'Loughlin envoyait Richard Hogan du zoo. Après eux sont arrivés le médecin légiste David R. Jennings et l'inspecteur des chaudières Edward McCormick. Ce dernier a aspergé l'endroit d'ammoniaque. Les vapeurs ont fait fuir les policiers, mais n'ont pas

dérangé le serpent. Des bombes lacrymogènes ont alors été lancées, et tout le monde s'est posté autour de la maison en attendant que le serpent sorte. Ils ont été déçus et, tard dans la soirée, se sont résignés à l'abandon. Mme Lowerre, la seule à avoir vu le serpent, a déclaré qu'il avait tué son chat dimanche dernier. Le chat a été retrouvé mort dans la rue. Il y a un jour ou deux, Mme Lowerre a déclaré que le serpent s'était enroulé autour de sa cheville. Elle a dit qu'il mesurait environ trois pieds de long et était aussi épais que le poignet d'un homme.

Police Wiles Fail to Coax Snake From House; Woman Says She Saw It; Even Tear Gas Vain

A Police Captain, a surgeon, three sergeants, nine patrolmen, the department's boiler inspector and the keeper of the zoo at Prospect Park, who used tear gas bombs, ammonia, saucers of milk and other wiles were unsuccessful last night in their attempts to coax into the open a snake that, according to a call for aid, had invaded the home of Mrs. Lillian Lowerre of 176 Seventy-first Street, in the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn.

The emergency squad of the Police Department, though they were unable to get the snake after they had set off tear gas bombs on the top, main and basement floors of the house, at least considered the place uninhabitable for the night, and the Lowerre family sought quarters with neighbors.

Lieutenant McGuirk at the Fort Hamilton Police Station answered the telephone just about dinner time and a childless voice pibled: "Please send policeman to Mrs. Lowerre's house; there is a snake there." The voice was that of Helene Henallow, whom Mrs. Lowerre had asked to call for aid.

Lieutenant McGuirk sent Patrolman Cunningham to the place, and with his pistol in one hand and a stout stick in

the other the policeman searched the house without finding even a scale.

Then reinforcements began to arrive. Next came Policemen St. John and Ryan. The three went over the house again, but the reptile remained invisible.

Then Captain Patterson came, followed by Sergeants Faone and Beardon. An emergency truck was called from Brooklyn Police Headquarters with Sergeant Beotig and half a dozen patrolmen, while Park Commissioner Edward T. O'Loughlin sent Richard Hogan from the zoo. After them came Police Surgeon Dr. David R. Jennings and Boiler Inspector Edward McCormick.

The latter sprinkled ammonia about. The fumes drove out the policemen but did not disturb the snake. Then tear gas bombs were set off, and all stood around the house waiting for the snake to emerge. They were disappointed, and late in the evening they gave up.

Mrs. Lowerre, the only one who had seen the snake, said it killed her cat last Sunday. The cat was found dead in the street. A day or two ago, Mrs. Lowerre said, the snake wound itself around her ankle. She said it was about three feet long and as thick as a man's wrist.

*When you think of Writing
Think of Whiting--Advt.*



"Pistols for two, coffee for one"

A duel fought by Coleman, the first Evening Post editor, in 1803, has been called "a milestone in journalistic history." As the result of an exchange of personalities in print, Coleman was challenged by a Democrat named Thompson. They met a dusk in Love Lane, now Twenty-first Street. Coleman fatally wounded his opponent and says George Henry Thompson "was at his deathbed the next day as if nothing had occurred, at least nothing unusual in the life of an editorial publisher. It all seemed in the day's work, and no one recalled that an editor, not a hundred years before, had been threatened with imprisonment for printing."

This duel was a forewarning of that in which Aaron Burr killed Hamilton himself.

After the death of their leader the Federalists rapidly lost strength in New York. The Evening Post, however, continued to stand for the commercial interests of the city, and its editorials were always to bestow particular attention on whatever relates to that large and respectable class of our fellow-citizens."

This romantic episode from the Post's long career is symbolic of its present day fearlessness and activity. Cheap sensationalism is scrupulously avoided by the Post, but forceful fearlessness backed by sound judgment and good writing makes it a newspaper of great influence in the community.

(To be continued)

New York Evening Post

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Twenty Monkeys for Study of Evolution Are Coming to Johns Hopkins From Asia

Special to The New York Times.

BALTIMORE, Md., Oct. 7.—Twenty selected, says Dr. Hartman, chiefly because he is thought to represent a strain distinct from other monkeys and seems definitely a closer relative of man. The climate of Baltimore approaches his native climate, says Dr. Hartman, and for that reason he is more likely to have a normal life here than are other monkeys.

Dr. Carl G. Hartman and Dr. George L. Streeter are to have charge of the work. Dr. Hartman comes from the University of Texas, where he is said to have "run down" the family history of the opossum.

Several large families of these monkeys, consisting of father monkey, mother monkey and the children, are to be established on the Hopkins grounds in surroundings as nearly approaching their natural environment as it is possible to obtain.

Records of births and deaths will be kept.

The work is intended to extend over many years. It eventually will include the most minute details of what the monkey eats, how the monkey mother behaves toward the monkey baby and when the baby learns to walk. When the monkeys die examinations will be made of their bodies to determine how they resemble man in physical structure.

The macaque rhesus has been se-

lected, says Dr. Hartman, chiefly because he is thought to represent a strain distinct from other monkeys and seems definitely a closer relative of man. The climate of Baltimore approaches his native climate, says Dr. Hartman, and for that reason he is more likely to have a normal life here than are other monkeys.

This is the first attempt, says Dr. Hartman, to establish a colony which will be allowed to grow in numbers and which will be studied from one generation to another. Hopkins scientists in the past have been limited in their structural body studies of the animals to those shot in their native wilds.

It is suspected, says Dr. Hartman, that the monkey has discovered a food of which man knows nothing. Efforts will be made to learn whether this is true and what the food is.

Records will be kept of their diet and of the effect of the diet on their dispositions.

"It so happens," said Dr. Hartman, "that, while the smoke of battle rolls from Tennessee over the country and orators make impassioned speeches on evolution, scientists will be quietly learning more about the monkey and its resemblance to man, with a view toward the ultimate alleviation of human ills."

