

up TUES receiveal - ret. frans Adolph
Early-8 - return 4 p.m.
read papers & write letters - AEPGII
Return 7:30 p.m.

1925-2025

UN AN AVEC HOWARD PHILLIPS
LOVECRAFT

335 | 8 DÉCEMBRE 1925

« Oui, j'apporterai le matelas et la table ronde en chêne. Je pense que j'apporterai aussi la table à machine à écrire et le lutrin. La table est plus pratique, et j'aime que le dessus du lutrin soit dégagé, à l'exception de la boîte japonaise, qui ajoute une touche esthétique. Je suis ravi d'apprendre

que les magasins de Thayer Street sont pratiques. Maintenant que j'y pense, ils se trouvent bien au nord d'Angell. La nouvelle gare postale de l'East Side n'est-elle pas au coin de Cushing ? Je ne l'ai jamais vue. En ce

qui concerne l'emballage — les tiroirs, la table de bibliothèque, etc. — toutes les précautions nécessaires seront prises, et S.H. s'occupera de ce que j'oublierai. J'apporterai la lampe de bureau avec l'abat-jour noir et or — vous conviendrez que c'est une œuvre d'art ! S.H. ne se souvient pas si les oreillers ici sont les nôtres ou non, mais je demanderai à Mme Burns.

demain. Le tissu des oreillers est une chose tellement indécise. Votre description de Mrs Reynolds semble prometteuse, et je pense sincèrement qu'elle ne me trouvera pas si bruyant ou indésirable en tant que locataire. Mme Burns pourra témoigner que je suis la personne la plus discrète et la moins envahissante qui soit, même si je consomme beaucoup d'électricité la nuit ! »

Nouveau flash forward dans notre compte à rebours : on se projette dans la lettre écrite à Lillian les 12 et 13 avril — non pas tant pour la projection intérieure qu'il se fait de sa nouvelle installation, mais bien cependant pour cette remarque touchante rassurant la tante sur la cohabitation Barnes Street !

[1925, mardi 8 décembre]

Up early — read paper & write letters — AEPG///Retire 7:30 p.m.

*Levé tôt. Lu les journaux, écrit des lettres. Courier à Annie.
Couché 19h30.*

Levé tôt ? On peut le croire, puisque la veille il s'est couché à 4 heures de l'après-midi. Et les décalages ne se rattrapent pas en un jour, ce soir ce sera presque avec les poules (il y en a, à New York, au moins sur le marché aux volailles de Newark). Quant à la presse, le *New York Times* avec les suppléments du dimanche, puisque simplement il n'a pas eu le temps et bien sûr — on finit par le connaître, au 335^{ème} envoi, le lundi il reçoit l'hebdomadaire de Providence auquel il reste abonné, le *Providence Sunday Journal*, et si un jour quelqu'un a le courage de s'attaquer au continent des lettres à *Lillian*, ce sont des pages et des pages de commentaires sur les personnes et événements de sa ville chérie, en amont de cette phrase qui, ici, nous a servi de mot de passe : « Quant à mon journal... » (on va d'ailleurs la retrouver dès demain, joie !).

New York Times, 8 décembre. Le cœur lourd, Nicholas Pantriello monta lentement les escaliers pour rejoindre sa femme, Angela, qui l'attendait, les yeux rougis et en sanglots, dans leur appartement de deux pièces situé au deuxième étage de l'immeuble arrière du 3 537 Sherman Street, à Long Island City. Nicholas venait de rentrer de chez le croque-mort, où il était allé voir le prêtre et organiser la messe, les bougies, la musique et les voitures pour les funérailles de leur fils Michael, âgé de 13 ans. Michael avait disparu vendredi après-midi avec son ami Harry Holmes, un Noir de 13 ans. La police avait téléphoné à Nicholas pour lui dire qu'ils avaient trouvé le corps sans vie de Michael dans la cour de l'église congrégationaliste de Manhattan, dans la 76e rue ouest. Ils ont dit que le garçon avait manifestement été tué en tombant du toit, où les garçons allaient attraper des pigeons. Nicholas revenait chercher Angela afin qu'ils puissent tous deux se rendre à la morgue pour récupérer le corps de Michael. Silencieusement, la gorge nouée en voyant à nouveau sa femme en larmes, Nicholas l'aida à enfiler son manteau et la soutint tandis qu'ils se dirigeaient lentement vers la porte. Aucun des deux ne parlait, et Nicholas ne supportait pas de la regarder, tant cela lui était douloureux de la voir pleurer. Il ouvrit la porte. Angela fit un pas vers elle. Soudain, elle s'effondra sur le sol et Nicholas la rattrapa et la serra dans ses bras tandis qu'elle sanglotait : « Non posso ! Non posso ! Je ne peux pas partir ! » Puis, dans l'escalier, Nicholas entendit les pas lourds et réguliers d'un homme qui montait. Une silhouette se dressa devant lui. Il vit des boutons en laiton. Il distingua une casquette de policier et, sous celle-ci, le visage d'un homme. « C'est ici chez Pantriello ? » demanda le policier. Nicholas acquiesça. « Eh bien, continua le policier, « Je viens d'apprendre de Brooklyn qu'un garçon de la Children's Society de Brooklyn dit être votre fils Michael, et ils veulent que vous veniez le chercher. C'en était trop, Angela

s'évanouit dans les bras de son mari. Nicholas sanglotait de soulagement. Les voisins entrèrent dans le hall et montèrent les escaliers, les yeux écarquillés, perplexes, jusqu'à ce qu'ils entendent l'histoire ; puis il y eut des cris de joie et un joyeux brouhaha. Les femmes ont pris Angela dans leurs bras, la plaignant, la consolant, la félicitant, puis, lorsqu'elle a cessé de sangloter et ne pleurait plus que de bonheur, elles ont ri et bavardé comme des pies jusqu'à ce que Michael revienne, dans un taxi, dans les bras de son père, et soit accueilli au milieu d'une fête dont il se souviendra toute sa vie. Michael était allé au cinéma avec son ami. Ils avaient pris une voiture pour rentrer chez eux, mais ils s'étaient trompés de voiture et s'étaient perdus à Brooklyn. C'était tout. Un autre garçon était tombé du toit de l'église. Et hier soir, tous les amis des Pantriello sont venus à la fête. Il y avait aussi le prêtre et le croque-mort. Il y avait un accordéon et un violon. Il y avait des voix qui chantaient. Il y avait des cris. Sur les tables, des gâteaux et des pâtisseries colorés ajoutaient à la gaieté, mais par-dessus tout, il y avait le cliquetis des casseroles sur la cuisinière et les odeurs piquantes du poulet mijoté avec des tomates et des oignons, du bœuf, du veau, du mouton, des spaghetti, des raviolis et de la polenta, et, pour finir, un jeune chevreau, grésillant à l'ail comme si c'était Pâques. Et Michael ? Il se tenait à côté de sa mère, embrassé par les hommes et les femmes, ne regardant personne d'autre que sa mère.

"Now, therefore, I, Alfred E. Smith, to Justice Johnson in the Illinois District, 'DEAD' BOY'S RETURN IS CAUSE FOR FEAST Priest and Undertaker, Who Were to Have Buried Him, Among Parents' Guests. last of all, a young kid, sitting with his mother and grandmother, and holding at no one's nose his mother, BOY'S DEATH BY FALL DUE TO PIGEON SALES Kept Cate in Church Root, His Comrades Say, and Slipped Off His Chair, C. W.

REPORTED KILLED IN FALL
Lad Found at Children's Society in
Brooklyn—Was Only Lost—
ANOTHER WAS VICTIM.

Nicholas Pantricello, his heart heavy,
had just returned from the funeral of his son, Michael, 18
years old, in Brooklyn. The lad had been missing for a week.
Nicholas had just returned from the
undertaker, who was to see the print
and range for the name and the can-
dle, the music and the carriage for
the funeral of their son, Michael, 18
years old.

Michael had disappeared Friday afternoon, a negro, 30 years old. The police had telephoned Nicholas they had found Michael's dead body in the courtyard of the Manhattan Hotel, 1000 Madison Avenue, in West Seventy-sixth Street. They said the boy had evidently been killed in a room at the hotel, where boys go to catch pigeons.

"He saw brass buttons. He distinguished a policeman's cap and under it a man's face.
"This Pantrillo's place?" inquired the policeman.
Nicholas nodded.
"Well," the policeman continued, "I just got word from Brooklyn that a boy over in the Children's Society of Brooklyn has been found. His name is Mike and they want you to come and get him."
It was too much. Anna fainted in her husband's arms. Nicholas sobbed aloud with relief. Neighbors came into

the hall and up the stairs, wide-eyed, wondering, until they heard the story; then there were shouts of joy and a hearty, collective "Yippie!" The women put their arms about Angela, patting, consoling, congratulating and, later, when she had ceased to sob and was only crying with happiness, laughing, chattering like madmen with Michael and the others. Michael had a large area and was set into the midst of a welcome he will remember all his life.

welcome he will remember all his life. He himself had been a boy to his friend. They had taken a car to his home, but had taken the wrong one and were lost in Brooklyn. That was all there was to it. Some other boy had called him *old and fat*.

off after during time.

off traffic in pheasants which three youngers conducted in a cage hidden in a hollow log.

John W. and Anna M. MacEachan, Congregational Church, at 1000 W. 26th Street, were very ill Saturday night, but were at 205 West 115th-second Street. He was killed Saturday night, and Anna died Saturday night, the church in Saturday night's service, the body was not identified.

William (Dinky) Moore, 72 years old, who had been in the piano trade, told police he had been to the 115th Street station that they kept pheasants in a cage in a hollow log.

They heard the birds had got away from the cage, and the men had come to the church to see if the fugitives had any place to go.

Moore said he had been to the church in a building adjoining the church, and had been to the station.

Despite the wet weather, he made the trip.

Following a comment which gave him the idea of the birds being away at the time when he had his piano repaired, he said he had been to the church to see if the fugitives had any place to go.

He said he had been to the church in a building adjoining the church, and had been to the station.

TO RECALL J. T. KING IN COL. MILLER'S CASE

quiry, but He Has Gone Abroad.

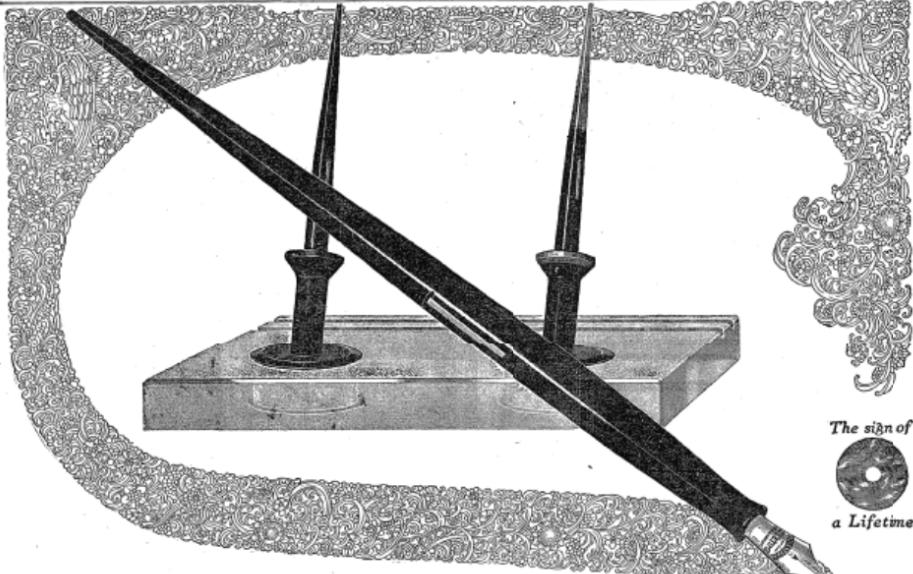
Word reached Federal officials in this administration yesterday that John T. King, former Republican National Committee man from Connecticut, had been summoned to appear before the Federal grand jury in New Haven, Conn., on Friday evening. Once a favorite of Mr. King, was to the effect that he had been called for his last Saturday to spend Christmas with his son, Gilbert, who is serving in the 10th Cavalry, an all-black regiment, in the French capital.

It was not known whether he would be compelled to appear with a subpoena before his departure.

King's testimony before the Grand Jury in the inquiry made last October against the American Metal Corporation, which had paid him a retainer of more than \$17,000 to conduct a defense of himself and his son, Valerie Des Meteaux of New Haven, was the subject of much comment. The agents of the American Metal Corporation, who had been called during the trial as German-owned, were

Out of the Grand Jury Inquiry came the indictment of Colonel Thomas W. Miller, who was the Alien Property Custodian when the transaction was completed. A number of foreign corporations and individuals were also indicted.

When it was learned that a subpoena had been issued for Mr. King to appear again before the Grand Jury it was suggested that the Government was



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 Original and manufactured by Wahl

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THE GIFT OF WORDS
 The words of the writer are the words of the spirit. They have that ring of time and space, bringing the past to the present. In the words, the heartbeats, and the voice music of man, we can hear each other, we can keep those voices of friend and foe, of love and hate, of beauty and ugliness. You will find them here and there, in the words of the great and the good, in the words of the great and the good. Good Words and Good Wishes, may these be your gifts to others, and a pleasant reminder of the great many and many a year.

Yours truly

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