



Collection Information:

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Chatham, Mass.
June 24, 1918.

June 24 1918
Moore
Gentlemen,
y Evening Post,
a.

Gentlemen:

As a movie company is after the rights of my story "The Shadowy Glass," in the last number of the Post, may I ask you to be so good as to make over the rights on that story to me, at your convenience?

Let me take this chance to say I think the illustrations by Dean Cornwall (whom I do NOT know!) are the most delightful things I have seen for a long while.

Sincerely yours,

Sinclair Lewis

(Sinclair Lewis)

July 3, 1918

Dear Mr. Lewis :

We are enclosing herewith a reassignment of rights in your story "The Shadowy Glass." Kindly acknowledge its receipt and oblige

Yours very truly,

Mr. Sinclair Lewis
H-L

July 3, 1918

Dear Mr. Lewis :

The National War Savings Committee has asked me to help along their work in the Saturday Evening Post and to interest as many of our influential contributors as possible in it. We believe that it is vitally important to sell the big idea behind the work of the Committee to the country, not only as a war measure but as a constructive force that will help America enormously in the situation that will confront us after the war.

It is the idea of the Committee to teach prudence in spending - to make people realize that there are one hundred cents in every dollar and to know just where every one of those cents goes - to substitute substance for show, comfort for flashiness, a bank balance for necessary and unpaid bills.

The campaign that the Committee plans to conduct is much broader in scope than the selling of Thrift Stamps and War Savings Stamps, though they are one concrete expression of it, and a first aid to the savings habit. The Committee wants to sell thrift, savings, and prudence to the country as a permanent investment. It wants to teach that a high standard of living does not mean waste; that liberality does not mean prodigality; that comfort does not mean competition to make as big a show as the next fellow; and that thrift means right living, peace of mind and, finally, opportunity to get ahead in the world. Sense, sanity and savings sums up the whole matter.

Will you help us to bring this home to the American people in stories and articles or in whatever way you find easiest and nearest at hand, approaching the subject from any angle or point of view that your taste and inclinations dictate? From time to time we want to print such stories and articles, and we believe that other periodicals will feel the same way - stories that are as good as the work that we are now using and that you are now doing, for which we should expect to pay your regular prices. It is our feeling that this thing is worth doing both for the good of the individual and the good of the country, and that it can be best done through established agencies, in articles, stories and poems that are intrinsically worth while and worth paying for.

Very truly yours,

Mr. Sinclair Lewis

H-

Miss
Ara

file ✓

Chatham, Mass.

July 5, 1918

W

The Editors,
The Saturday Evening Post.
Gentlemen:

I beg to acknowledge re-
ceipt of the reassignment of
rights in my story "The
Shadowy Glass." & to
thank you for the same.

Sincerely yours,

Sinclair Lewis

Chatham, Mass.

July 8

Dear Mr. Larimer:

Thank you for the
letter about thrift stores, articles,
etc. I haven't been able to
think of any angle of attack on it
yet, but I hope that I
shall, later.

Sincerely yours,

Sinclair Lewis

July 11, 1918

Dear Mr. Lewis :

There's no special hurry. Let the
notion simmer till a good story comes to the top.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. Sinclair Lewis
L.H

Chatham, Mass.,
September 1st.

George Horace Lorimer, Esq.,
The Saturday Evening Post.

Dear Mr. Lorimer:

On a recent trip to New York I learned that, after Carl Brandt had once taken up with you the question of prices on my stories, and the matter had been settled, then his wife, on taking over the office, again got after you.

This action on her part was entirely unauthorized by me, and I thoroughly disapprove it. I understand that Miss Kirkpatrick, Brandt's partner, is now to handle the fiction, instead of Mrs. Brandt, which will be a good thing for the office and the authors represented.

But, even so, I am now again going to handle my own fiction and send it direct.

I am at present not only writing for four different ~~more~~ war funds, but also indulging in the wild luxury of a long and serious novel, but as soon as that is done, I hope to be doing short stories again -- and naturally hope that you will give them the welcome you have always been so good in extending.....And I believe that I have sense enough to know that in these difficult times editors are not vastly increasing prices to authors just for the sport of it!!

Do you and Mrs. Lorimer ever motor up this way? We can give you quite decent beds and a very fair clam.

Sincerely yours,

Sinclair Lewis

September 4th, 1918.

Dear Mr. Lewis:

Thanks for your letter of the 1st. I have been hoping for some time that you would send us something new as we have nothing of yours on the Copy List and I have got to feeling that you belong first of all in the Post.

I want to do anything that seems reasonable and right about prices, but we have had to go a little slow this year on account of the new Postal Bill and the frightful increase in all manufacturing costs.

I am off tonight for the first vacation in fourteen months, but I'll be back home in a fortnight and I hope it will be possible for us to meet up sometime soon after that and discuss the state of the Union.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. Sinclair Lewis

W. L.

1801 James Avenue, South,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

November 8, 1918.

George Horace Lorimer, Esq.,
The Saturday Evening Post,
Philadelphia.

Dear Mr. Lorimer:

A story! Another directly. Thank you for your letter of a month or so ago saying that you could stand the shock of more pieces from me.

Will you please hand this letter over to the mail-forwarding clerk so that he, or she, will have my new address? We shall be here for the next six months at least.

Sincerely yours,

Sinclair Lewis

November 14th, 1918.

Dear Mr. Lewis:

That's a high-water mark story and thank God the hero didn't take twenty or thirty pages of it for a mental struggle as to whether it was his duty to enlist or stay home. Come again!

Sincerely yours,

Mr. Sinclair Lewis.

L-J

1801 James Avenue, South,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.
November 23, 1918.

George Horace Lorimer, Esq.,
The Saturday Evening Post.

Dear Mr. Lorimer!

I'm devlish grateful to you for the unasked raise in price on "Moths in the Arc-light," and I hope I make your having done it worth while for you. I'm enclosing another story, supposed to be humorous, and planning in detail two more which I hope will interest you, and which I am attacking at once.

Sincerely yours,

Swiclain Lewis

Encl:

"The Shrinking Violet"

November 26th, 1918.

Dear Mr. Lewis:

This story is fine as far as it goes, and we are prepared to use it as it stands, but we all feel that it needs an ending as it simply peters out in the last two or three paragraphs. Why not, for a wind-up, expose the hero as a popular novelist?

Sincerely yours,

Mr. Sinclair Lewis.

L-J

1801 James Ave., South,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.
November 29, 1918.

George Horace Lorimer, Esq.,
The Saturday Evening Post.

Dear Mr. Lorimer:

You are dead right. The end of "The Shrinking Violet" needed more conclusiveness -- and along the lines you suggested, I have, in herewith returned ms., tried to follow up.

I wonder if it would be better to omit the last seven lines of this new version -- i.e., everything after the words "back stairs," four lines from the bottom of page 32? I like the present ending a little better, but if you think the back stairs would make a crisper ending, won't you please draw your pencil through the rest of the edifice?

Sincerely yours,

Sinclair Lewis

December 2nd, 1918.

Dear Mr. Lewis:

Thanks. We now have a
real place to get off. Check by the
Treasurer tomorrow.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. Sinclair Lewis.

L-J

1801 James Avenue, South,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.
December 7, 1908.

Dear Mr. Lorimer:

My guess is that you are not precisely ravening for war-stories, now! But as the enclosed is an after-the-war story, the war itself had to come in a little. I have tried, however, to keep it merely as background; and I've avoided, at least, the peerless topic of the gallant young woman who dragged her gentleman friend up to the recruiting officer.

Sincerely yours,

Sinclair Lewis

George Horace Lorimer, Esq.,
The Saturday Evening Post.

December 11th, 1918.

Dear Mr. Lewis:

The new story strikes
twelve, with cuckoo chimes. I have no
doubt that the clock on the stairs had
cuckoo chimes.

Sincerely yours.

Mr. Sinclair Lewis.

L-J

1801 James Avenue, South,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.
January 10, 1919.

JL
George Horace Lorimer, Esq.,
The Saturday Evening Post,
Philadelphia.

Dear Mr. Lorimer:

Here is a serial of "young love and out-
doors," and a long motor adventure, with no war in it.
It probably runs about 56,000 words.

I started and planned it last summer, but
did not complete it till now, because before going on with
it, I wanted to take another long drive myself. This I
did this past fall, with a trip from Cape Cod to Minnesota.

There are a good many real towns mentioned
in the tale, but wherever I have "roasted" or "kidded" a
town, I have given it a fictitious name; for example in the
cases of Schoenstrom, Gopher Prairie, Reaper, Saddle Back,
Pellago.

I mention a chain of camps in Yellowstone
Park, but as there are several such chains, run by differ-
ent companies, this is, I believe, free of advertising.

With salaams, salutations, and a grim in-
tention of going out and buying one more drink before Min-
nesota goes dry, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Sinclair Lewis

January 21st, 1919.

Dear Mr. Lewis:

As I wired you, though there is a good deal of flivver in Free Air, I think it is an admirable piece of work and will, on the whole, make a very good serial.

As the plot is slight, we are dividing it into four instalments, but as they will be rather long instalments, we are sending you a check for five.

Please don't shut down the short story work.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. Sinclair Lewis.

L-J

301 James Avenue, South,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.
January 24, 1919.

Yours

George H. Lorimer, Esq.,
The Saturday Evening Post.

Dear Mr. Lorimer:

Gosh you certainly do make it hard for other editors! From what I know of them, if the idea of paying a five-installment check for a four-installment story did occur to them, they would take it as certain proof of insanity, and in order to prove their recovery from that insanity, would hold up the author's check for six weeks.

Thanks for your suggestion to keep the short story works running. Before I got it I'd started a new story, soon as I got back from the woods. It will go to you in two weeks or less.

The Greenwich Village Theater is going to put on a dramatization of my Post story "Hobohemia." Not such a whale of a theater, but they promise a run of six weeks as a trial, and to take it up on Broadway if it goes.

Sincerely yours,

Sinclair Lewis

1801 James Avenue, South,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.
February 3, 1919.

file

George Horace Lorimer, Esq.,
The Saturday Evening Post,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Mr. Lorimer:
A story!

I'm going to New York for six or seven days, leaving tonight, arriving Wednesday afternoon, 3:35, on the Pennsylvania Railroad. I'll go to the Hotel Pennsylvania, if I can get in. My mail address in NY will be c/o Alfred Harcourt, Henry Holt Co., 19 West 44th. I give you these high tidings on the chance that you might just happen to be in NY between next Wednesday and the following Monday, in which case I would like to buy you a small drink. I've written the same to Charley VanLoan.

As I shall be in NY so short a time, I use my Minneapolis address on the manuscript.

As soon as I get back, ~~MINNEAPOLIS~~ or even on the train if I don't feel too damn lazy, I'll start a new story.

Sincerely yours,

Sinclair Lewis

February 11th, 1919.

My dear Lewis:

I hate to change the run
of luck, but once in a while the black is
bound to turn up. We can't any of us feel
that A Citizen of the Mirage is quite Posty.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. Sinclair Lewis.

L. J.

February 18th, 1919.

Dear Mr. Lewis:

I am back again on the
job and, if the spirit moves you, I should
be delighted to see you while you are in
the East.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. Sinclair Lewis.

L-J