

120 EAST NINETEENTH STREET

December 23, 1930

Mr. Henry Wallace Phillips,
New York City.

Dear Mr. Phillips:

I came back from a little family Christmas holiday Sunday and found your letter awaiting me. Thank you and Mrs. Phillips for your kind greetings. The happiest of New Years to you both.

I wish I could help you in finding a publisher for your book of short stories. You say Paget has it, Whom has he tried? I have so little line of fiction buying these days that my advice would not be worth a sou to you. But one thing I will gladly do and that is to keep my ears open, and if I get any suggestion will pass it on to you.

I heard last week from the movie reader who has your stories in hand. She said that when they reached her she had been overwhelmed with work (She is one of the hardest working women I know) but that she expected to get at them this week, and will let me know her conclusion. I shall pass that on to you as soon as I hear.

In the meantime, fret as little as possible over this miserable world. I really think that the best thing we can do to steady it up is to follow the soldiers' song and "Smile, Smile, Smile." My feeling, however, is that this is about the most difficult achievement that is asked of man or woman today.

Let us hope the New Year will improve things,--that you will sell all your stories to movies and get the fattest price; that the new book of stories will find a publisher and be a "best seller"; and that you will get back to the country and when the snow comes again really hear sleigh bells and perhaps get jogging behind them.

With very best wishes to you and Mrs. Phillips, believe
me

Very sincerely yours,

Ida M. Tarbell