Sept. 7, 1922

Dear Mr. Phillips:

I am sending you a letter from Marion Fairchild, which I found here when I came into town on Tuesday. I wish you would think about it. I have written that I would consult "two or three of my wisest editorial friends" - by that I meant you, you being equal to two or three, in my judgment. At any rate it amounts to two or three because I know that you will consult somebodyelse.

There is nothing that I can think of that I would love to try my hand at more than this Bell biography. He was such a darling, such a natural, unspoiled, unworldly thing, so wayward and affectionate and generous. But you know how I am tied up, and I don't know that I could do it any way. I have written Marion that I think she ought to have some one younger, more zestful, with more of the modern scientific point of view, and at the same time full of sympathy for the rare personal side. I do want to help them to get the very best thing.

I have told them that I think they should consider seriously getting a popular life, something that everybody would want to read, something that could be made a serial, that would finance itself. Don't you think there is a possibility of a serial in such a magazine as the Century? If I were an editor and could get the kind of presentation that I know the material ought to yield, I would snap at it. It would be something to be able to put so handsome a face as Dr. Bell's on your pages once in a while.

Please think about it, and when you are to be in town again, give me your best judgment.

I came down Tuesday to hustle off a safety screed for Collier's. I am taking a whack at the women for not getting into the safety movement; and if they notice it, you may be sure that it will not add to my popularity with the organized ones. But what's the difference? I cannot be more of a pariah than I am.

I am going to the country again tomorrow. I found my sister ill when I went up this time, and I want to get back to her as soon as possible. I hope the weather is better with you than it is with us - hot and humid and depressing. Between it and the mauling that your Dr Brenon gives me I am hardly fit for human association. But I really think he must be doing what

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he says he is - breaking up lesions.

I hope you are all well. Give my love to Mrs. Phillips and Ruth and Dorothy and Miss Lizzie and everybody else at home.

Faithfully yours,

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