CYRUS H. K. CURTIS GEORGE HORACE LORIMER

A SHORT HISTORY OF

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"An American Institution" in Three Centuries

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE POST is the oldest as well as the world's greatest magazine in prestige and circulation. That age is an honorable distinction, but an incidental one. When the first copies of a new issue come from the presses, four weeks before the publication date, the editor goes over the new number for the last time. Then he forgets it, his mind on tomorrow. He is impatient of the backward look, as dangerous to a magazine as it was to Lot's wife. The temptation to bask in the reflected glow of past glories is perilous to any institution, especially so to a periodical. Not once in many months does the staff hear the editor refer to what was done yesterday, last year or ten years ago.

The present magazine is the lineal descendant of The Universal Instructor in All Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette, first published in Philadelphia on the day before Christmas of 1728, Old Style, in the second year of the reign of George II, and only thirty-eight years after the publication of the first newspaper in the colonies. George Washington was not born until three years later, Samuel Johnson was in his first year at Oxford.

The paper was conceived by Benjamin Franklin, then twenty-two, who talked over his idea with a man named Webb, a printer recently released from indenture by Samuel Keimer, once Franklin's employer too. Franklin promised Webb a job "in a matter of five or six days, when we commence work on our newspaper."

But Webb went direct to Keimer, repeated all that Franklin had said, and the better equipped Keimer launched the weekly before Franklin could act. It was not a success, the subscription list never passing ninety, and after ten months Franklin bought it for a nominal sum, dropping the bombastic first part of the title. The Pennsylvania Gazette issued from the press of B. Franklin, printer, on October 2, 1729, "a sensible, well-arranged, handsomely printed, straightforward, businesslike sheet."

In a short time it became the best and best-known paper in the Colonies. In 1748 Franklin's partner, Hall, took over the active direction, though Franklin remained a faithful contributor in spite of his other activities. His famous cartoon, possibly the earliest plea for a United Colonies, if not a United States, the disjointed snake captioned "Unite or Die," appeared in the Gazette in 1754.

Publication was suspended in 1765 for two weeks in protest against the Stamp Act, these two issues replaced with broadsides denouncing the tax. With the impending rebellion demanding more and more of his time and thought, Franklin turned his interest in the Gazette over to David Sellers thirty-eight years after he had conceived the weekly.

Sellers & Hall, and later Hall's sons and grandson, continued the publication. Twice during the Revolution they were forced to suspend, but that they took pride in the record of continuous publication is evidenced by the fact that several numbers were issued from York, Pennsylvania, during the British occupancy of Philadelphia. On January 1, 1779, the name was changed again, becoming the Pennsylvania Gazette and Weekly Advertiser.

Hall's grandson died in 1821 and on August 4, nearly a century after its founding, it was rechristened THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by Atkinson & Alexander. Samuel C. Atkinson had been the grandson's partner. The name was changed because Gazette had become hackneyed. Richard Bache, Franklin's grandson, was publishing another, the Franklin Gazette. The Philadelphia Gazette was a daily. The United States Gazette was probably the best-known newspaper in the country, and there was still another, the National Gazette. But the publication offices still were where they had been in Franklin's lifetime, the "Franklin type" descended to THE POST, and over the door of the pressroom Franklin's jingle still was visible:

"All ye who come this curious art to see,
To handle anything must cautious be,
Lest, by a slight touch, ere you are aware,
A mischief may be done you can't repair.
Lo! this advice we give to every stranger,
Look on, and welcome; but to touch there's danger,"

For the next forty years the weekly flourished, attaining a circulation of 90,000, very large for the time, and widely distributed. It printed literature of a high order. Edgar Allan Poe's The Black Cat first appeared in THE POST. Poe ran an occasional code-and-cipher department, soliciting contributions from readers. Thomas Cottrell Clarke, the editor of that period, befriended the poet and his child wife, kept them under his roof, tried to reform Poe's life. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Fenimore Cooper, Bayard Taylor, N. P. Willis and G. P. R. James were other contributors. Other Saturday Evening Posts sprang up in imitation, suspended or were merged with the original.

The name was altered in 1828 to the Daily Chronicle and Saturday Evening Post, but reverted to the latter alone after a time and has gone unchanged since. A decline set in about the time of the Civil War and continued until the weekly had dwindled to a subscription list of a few hundred and a hatful of type.

When Cyrus H. K. Curtis bought the property in 1897 on the death of A. W. Smythe, its latest publisher, for $1000, he paid that sum for the name and its history alone. The magazine then was a 16-page unillustrated weekly, rarely carrying a column of paid advertising. Its fiction was unsigned, or signed with initials only. Miscellany scissored out of other papers filled out its pages. It could not have survived many months longer.

Some fifteen years earlier, Mr. Curtis had founded The Ladies[1] Home Journal in Philadelphia and with the aid of Mrs. Curtis, and later under the editorship of Edward Bok, had made The Journal the outstanding success in the women's field, with the largest magazine circulation in the world.

The great weekly newspapers of national followings and strongly personal editorship, such as Horace Greeley's New York Tribune, had faded as the nation expanded to the Pacific, and with the competition of more and better dailies and such illustrated semi-news weeklies as Harper's and Frank Leslie's. Mr. Curtis foresaw

the possibility of a national weekly magazine to take the place and more of the dying papers, at the same price and of an unprecedented quality. The first essential was an editor. Any publication is the reflection of the personality which guides it; none ever has become great which has not found a great editor.

Mr. Curtis issued the weekly from his Ladies' Home Journal plant, but for a year he did nothing with it. Except for the change of address and copyright line, it continued to be just as Mr. Smythe had left it until well into 1898. While he marked time, his fellow publishers acted as Job's comforters—their unanimous opinion that there was no field for a national weekly and that its price of five cents was an economic absurdity. In a way they were right, for the field he wished to fill did not yet exist. It had to be created.

The editors of the time shared the opinion of the publishers that Mr. Curtis' plan was folly. The verdict was that the weekly was a dying periodical form. Mr. Curtis remembered a former managing editor of Cosmopolitan, when that magazine was vigorous under the editorship of John Brisben Walker. The man had resigned to become Minister from the United States to a near-Eastern state. Mr. Curtis wrote to the Minister, making an appointment to see him in Paris.

Meanwhile, a young reporter on the Boston Post, George Horace Lorimer, had read of Mr. Curtis' acquisition and had written to ask if he could come to Philadelphia and see the publisher. Mr. Curtis replied that he would be in Boston the next week. The two talked for half an hour in the old Touraine Hotel and the young man was hired to report as Literary Editor. When Mr. Curtis sailed, he left him in complete editorial charge.

The Minister was unable to keep his appointment in Paris. Before Mr. Curtis sailed homeward, four issues of Mr. Lorimer's editorship had reached him. They told his experienced eye that he already had employed the man he was seeking, and on his return he made him editor in chief. None but a young man ***and*** one of brief magazine experience might have bet on himself against such odds, for the chances of doing what never has been done before and which experience agrees cannot be done, are long chances.

Mr. Curtis had in high degree two qualities rare and invaluable in a publisher—the courage to back without limit an idea in which he believed, and the judgment when, having found the right editor, to give that editor a free hand. From that day down to Mr. Curtis' death in 1933, he freely gave Mr. Lorimer the whole power which should accompany responsibility, never interfering directly or indirectly in the editorial conduct of THE POST.

The young editor had certain personal assets as rare in his profession. The son of a nationally known Baptist minister, he had been born in Kentucky, reared in Boston and Chicago. Home from Yale on vacation, he met on the street P. D. Armour, a friend of his father. The packer had little respect for a college education. "Come with me, George, and I'll make you a millionaire," he told him. In eight years at Armour & Co., Mr. Lorimer rose from a $10-a-week clerk in the Southern Department to a job on the road in the South and eventually to head a department in the downtown offices of the company. One of his early jobs was to come to work at 6 A.M., decode all

foreign cables and domestic wires and read them to Mr. Armour, who was at his desk at seven each morning, one hour ahead of the staff in general. Armour's salty comments on business during these hours and what he saw and heard of the procession of businessmen that passed through Mr. Armour's office later were to suggest the Letters From a Self-Made Merchant to His Son, and Old Gorgon Graham.

Though he had married in 1892, Mr. Lorimer in 1896 left Armour's to go to work as a reporter on the Boston Post. In 1897 he left the Boston Post to enroll as a special student in English Literature and history under President Roberts at Colby College. Returning to Boston late in 1897, he had begun to write short stories when he read of Mr. Curtis' purchase of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

As a boy, he had made frequent trips to Europe with his father, who every summer for a time filled a London pulpit. Thus the young man was familiar with Western Europe, had lived in three contrasted sections of his own country; had done business, hunted, fished or climbed mountains in nearly every state; saw the nation and its people as a whole, while still appreciating their sectional likes, dislikes, interests and resources.

He saw the nation through the eyes of a successful businessman, a journalist, a student and the son of one whose power as a preacher had brought him the pastorates of New York's, Chicago's and Boston's greatest Baptist temples. Passionately American, though neither a jingo nor a sentimentalist, he knew his country, its faults and virtues, what it had been, what it was, what it could be.

Mr. Lorimer's aim was a magazine for no class, clique or section, but for every adult mind in the then population of 75,000,000. A magazine must be published somewhere and Philadelphia was indicated, but the editor was as much and as little interested in Pennsylvania as in Alabama or Idaho. He set out to interpret America to itself, always readably, but constructively.

The national weeklies of the time, other than Puck and Judge, both humorous, and Youth's Companion, a juvenile, were Harper's, Frank Leslie's and Collier's. Each of the latter sold at ten cents and was almost wholly concerned with news and news pictures and politics, in competition with the newspapers. The newspapers had every advantage in dealing with spot news and the new POST waived that field to them. " Never attempt to do anything which someone else can do better because of natural advantages " is a POST maxim which has prevented many editorial wild-goose chases in the ensuing years. Halving the accepted price in its field was a daring act. Economically, it cut circulation revenue in half; less tangibly, it risked the scorn of those who, in Wilde's phrase, know the price of everything, and the value of nothing. The belief that a bargain sells itself automatically, fixed the price. To give the reader more than he had reason to expect for his money, to give the advertiser more circulation than he pays for, was the policy. The five-cent price is so much a part of THE POST that Mr. Lorimer insisted, against pressure, upon holding to it during the war years and immediately after, when the cost of the paper in one copy rose as high as twenty-eight cents.

The weekly's first necessity was to be entertaining, for unless a publication is read eagerly, it is futile. But mere entertainment, as has been demonstrated endlessly and strikingly, is not enough. The periodical which lacks character, lacks all. It may find readers in numbers, but it will not hold them for long or ever gain their respect and affection. THE POST is An American Institution not because it is largest or oldest, but because it has the respect and affection as well as the attention of more than three million buyers.

The magazine of which Mr. Lorimer became editor still was sixteen pages of black and white without cover and with one-eighth of a column of advertising. Illustrations had been introduced, the title design changed, signed fiction of a better grade and new departments introduced, but its paid circulation was only 1600 copies and its revenues were as nearly nonexistent as they had been when Mr. Curtis bought it. The first full-page advertisement appeared in the March 4, 1899, issue, that of a Philadelphia seed house. The first issue to carry a cover was that of September 2, 1899. On September 30th of that year the shape was changed to its present dimensions, the first color cover appeared and the first full-page ad in color, that of the Quaker Oats Company. The issue was 32 pages and cover and contained 32 columns of paid advertising. All fiction and articles were illustrated.

Mr. Curtis had been the first to bar all questionable advertising in the Ladies' Home Journal. This same code applied, of course, to THE POST, badly as it needed income for a time. To it, Mr. Lorimer added a code of his own. THE POST would not accept financial advertising. Much of it was wholly legitimate and the weekly's interest in business and finance made it an inviting medium, but the magazine could not accept the responsibility of advising its readers what securities to buy. THE POST would not organize, associate or identify itself with movements, causes, groups or parties, however it might indorse their purposes; to do so would be to restrict the weekly's entire freedom to praise or blame. The editor would hold himself personally to the same rules that applied to the magazine, that he might be free from all possible outside influence.

Mr. Lorimer began with the intent to give THE POST a character strictly of its own and to edit it for the United States, not for and by New York. The revolving fund of authors who filled the better magazines, the proneness of editors to copy one another and the prevalency of the New York point of view made the existing magazines read much alike. To avoid the possibility of being drawn into this imitative circle, Mr. Lorimer made it a practice rarely to look at a competitive periodical. The staff checks their tables of contents, tallying fiction that has been rejected by THE POST and with an eye to possible new writers. So well known, however, is THE POST'S hospitality to new writers, so strong their wish to be in THE POST, that not once in several years is a find turned up in this way.

Mr. Lorimer necessarily drew on the existing pool of American and British writers in the first two years of his editorship. His own touch is more evident in the articles where he could bring his own conceptions of a magazine into practice sooner. He induced former-President Grover Cleveland to write a forthright series for the new-old magazine which brought it a new dignity. Albert J. Beveridge, already a

senator from Indiana, appeared almost weekly. Speaker Tom Reed, Champ Clark, of Missouri, and other national figures contributed. More than two years before the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war, Beveridge in THE POST predicted where and how it would begin, indicated the result.

The fiction was as good as the market afforded. Among those who wrote for THE POST in 1899 and 1900 were Hamlin Garland, Robert W. Chambers, Robert Barr, Charles G. D. Roberts, F. Hopkinson Smith, Rupert Hughes, Marie Corelli, Cutcliffe Hyne, Paul Laurence Dunbar, Quiller-Couch, Joel Chandler Harris, Gilbert Parker, Jerome K. Jerome, Opie Read, Ian Maclaren, General Charles King, Morgan Robertson, Robert Herrick, Arthur Stringer, Joseph Lincoln, Richard Harding Davis, Bret Harte, Jesse Lynch Williams and Sewell Ford. Mr. Stringer alone of these still writes frequently for the weekly. Emerson Hough, Owen Wister, Will Payne, William Allen White and Samuel Merwin appeared in 1901 and 1902.

Harrison Fisher, Howard Chandler Christy and George Gibbs were among the illustrators. Their pictures were small and poor in reproduction by present standards. There was an occasional cover in two-color, but the standard cover was black and white, the design sometimes an illustration for one of the stories inside.

By the end of the century, 250,000 circulation was reached, 500,000 predicted. The great day was that when THE POST passed the Youth's Companion in number of buyers. The great circulation of the period was that of the parent Curtis magazine, the Ladies' Home Journal, then 859,986. It crossed the million net paid mark in 1904, the first magazine to do so.

In a country in which business played a larger part in the lives of its people than in any other time or place, American literature ignored business. Writers of fiction knew nothing, cared nothing, about trade and demonstrated this all too plainly on the rare occasions when they tried to write of it. To the young editor, this was an absurdity and a great opportunity. Where were the materials more abundant and less hackneyed? "The struggle for existence is the loaf, love or sex is the frosting on the cake" is a quotation from the unwritten instruction book to the staff. Every day in every business was shot through with romance, drama, tragedy, comedy, farce, struggle and conflict.

The first successful attempt made to write a business story was Harold Frederic's The Market Place. It was a coincidence that he wrote it just as Mr. Lorimer was made editor. The latter read it, bought it and it became the first of a long, long line of historic POST serials.

Despite its instant success, Frederic wrote no other, dying before publication, and inspired no other writer to enter this unexplored country. Out of necessity, the editor began at night in 1901 to write the Merchant Letters, new in method and content, a shrewd blend of old Phil Armour and other businessmen, the maxims of Ben Franklin, founder of the weekly, and of the editor himself.

Printed serially in 1901 and 1902, it had much to do with the weekly's circulation passing the predicted 500,000 mark and, in the spring of 1904, reaching 700,000. More impetus came from Frank Norris' great business novel, The Pit, which followed the letters. Both topped the best-selling-book lists for months and inspired a cycle of

Broadway plays on business themes. The Letters still sell actively today. Mr. Lorimer wrote a sequel in Old Gorgon Graham, run in THE POST in 1904, also a best-selling book. Three years later he wrote Jack Spurlock, Prodigal. Thereafter he no longer could find the time, nor was it necessary. His gospel and the fruits had impressed a new generation of writers.

The Merchant Letters and the sequel were illustrated by F. R. Gruger, who has continued to grow in strength in the pages of THE POST down to this day.

A new magazine is at a disadvantage in bidding for writers until and if it has established itself. That THE POST was able to compete on even terms at once was due in part to an obvious yet startling editorial reform made by the editor. It then was not extraordinary for a magazine to hold a manuscript for many weeks before saying yes or no; three weeks was regarded as dispatch. Payment was made on publication, involving another delay of months to years. Mr. Lorimer offered a decision within twenty-four to seventy-two hours and payment immediately. THE POST'S decisions always have been so prompt that this dispatch has been mistaken for inattention at times. It was the late Frank Ward O'Malley who suggested that the magazine maintained a staff of interceptors at Trenton to turn back stories there. But writers soon learned that its yes was as speedy as its no. Many a one has sent his first story to Philadelphia and has been astonished to get acceptance and a check the third day.

Advertising did not march in step with circulation at first. The advertising era had not yet fully dawned and THE POST'S, design of a really national weekly was alarming to businesses accustomed to allotting a meager fraction of their budgets to promoting sales. Before the weekly turned the corner, it had accumulated the then portentous deficit of more than $1,250,000 on the books of the Curtis company. Two men never faltered in their belief, the publisher and the editor.

In the first five or six years of his editorship, it was Mr. Lorimer's habit to catch the four or five, P.M., train to New York three days or more a week, keep appointments with writers there until 11:30 P.M., and return to Philadelphia by the sleeper train for another day at his desk.

The years 1903-4-5 saw James Branch Cabell, Harold MacGrath, Edwin Lefevre, Zona Gale, Alfred Henry Lewis, George Randolph Chester, Wallace Irwin, Beatrice Grimshaw, Leonard Merrick, Rex Beach, George Barr McCutcheon and James Hopper making their first POST appearances. Robert Chambers' gay serials were mainstays of the summer numbers in particular. Jack London's Call of the Wild was a high light of 1903.

Herbert Johnson's work first was seen in the magazine, though his weekly cartoon opposite the editorial page came nine years later. John T. McCutcheon and N. C. Wyeth were among the artists. J. C. Leyendecker began as an illustrator, but turned to covers. He became the first to draw distinctive ' covers for a magazine, covers that singled out THE POST at a glance on the stands and roused an interest comparable to that given the inside of the book.

Most distinctive of all was the title and heading type evolved for THE POST in 1904 from the hand-lettered designs of the late Guernsey Moore, unique to this magazine and known to printers everywhere as POST Old Style. Magazine format has been

revolutionized since; THE POST has changed in all outward aspects save two—its price of five cents and Guernsey Moore's lettering. His design is as modern, as original, as grateful to the eye as the day he drew it. As a trade-mark, it has had great tangible value.

The period 1906-7 brought in Arthur Train, whose Mr. Tutt was not to appear until twelve years later. Owen Wister with Lady Baltimore; Booth Tarkington, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, greatest of all the Westerns; Joseph Conrad, O. Henry, George Fitch, Ernest Poole, Brand Whitlock, Harris Dickson, Stewart Edward White, Corra Harris, Dr. Woods Hutchinson and his medical articles—unique in their day; William R. Lighton and his Billy Fortune stories; Edwin Balmer, Perceval Gibbon, Holman Day, Grace Sartwell Mason, Beatrix Demarest Lloyd and others.

One of those was George Randolph Chester, whose J. Rufus Wallingford stories were, after the Letters, the first completely distinctive fiction series created in THE POST. It was the Wallingford stories, with Mr. Chambers' serials, such as The Firing Line, plus the steadily rising general content and growing individuality of the magazine, which sent it past the million mark in 1908.

One week after the cover first bore the proud legend, More Than a Million a Week, the weekly announced the great new building on Independence Square from which it has been published since 1911. The old Arch Street plant, across from Franklin's grave, had become hopelessly inadequate, despite additions.

Two others were Samuel G. Blythe and Isaac Marcosson, who became among the first of a group of star reporters who were to write exclusively for THE POST. Mr. Lorimer found Mr. Blythe in the Washington bureau of the New York World. He became the magazine's national political correspondent, writing a department called The Senator's Secretary, forerunner of the famed Who's Who and Why, as well as signed articles. As Mr. Blythe was the national correspondent, so Mr. Marcosson became the weekly's world-wide reporter, probably the most traveled correspondent in history. For many years, POST assignments kept him out of the country four-fifths of his time. During the war he carried a circular letter of introduction and recommendation to British officials the world over, written on the letterhead of No. 10 Downing Street and signed by the British Premier. The name of THE POST and his reputation as the first interviewer of the world opened the doors of every chancellery and palace in Europe. Businessmen everywhere knew the practical value of his reports on foreign trade.

The second completely distinctive fiction series to be created in THE POST was the late Montague Glass' Potash & Perlmutter stories, launched in 1909. In accepting them, the editor violated an editorial taboo. The tradition was that funny stories about Jews would offend Jews, not interest non-Jews. This is one of many editorial taboos Mr. Lorimer destroyed in his time, but none ever more strikingly. Sensational is an advised word for the success of these partners in the New York cloak-and-suit trade with Jews and Gentiles alike. There is an office tradition that Mr. Lorimer bought the first Wallingford story, the first Potash & Perlmutter and the first Ring Lardner "Busher" letters over the unanimous noes of his staff. It is true of the first two; it is not recalled how the staff voted on the first Lardner.

The covers bore the line More Than a Million and a Quarter that fall. Among the new authors who contributed to that advance were George Pattullo, Melville Davisson Post, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Irvin S. Cobb, Owen Johnson—with his Gutter Pup and other Lawrenceville stories—Maximilian Foster and Gouverneur Morris. One of the many notable short stories was Jack London's A Piece of Steak.

Mrs. Rinehart, Cobb, Pattullo and Fitch in particular became distinctive POST writers. With Chester, Glass, Train, Blythe, Will Payne and Marcosson they realized for the first time Mr. Lorimer's ideal of a magazine written chiefly by its own contributors, peculiar to it and each a star. THE POST may be said to have roughed out its permanent character for the first time about 1909. Before that it had been another magazine, already a leader. Henceforth it was An American Institution.

By "a magazine written chiefly by its own contributors," the contract system is not meant. There are magazines which contract in advance for the work of writers. One technique of editing might be called the checkbook method. Its practitioners have only to list the biggest "names" and to wave before them doubled checks and a guarantee to buy, say, twelve stories a year. Some will be tempted. THE POST never has bought a word from any writer in advance of reading it, and will not, and its readers have been the gainers by this policy. The best-intentioned writer seldom will do his best if he knows that whatever he may write already is sold. The contract syste

m has undone more than one author of reputation, while forcing editors to accept inferior work. It is, in effect, an attempt to buy another editor's judgment, distrusting one's own. It robs an editor of his function as editor, turns the magazine over to its contributors. And distinguished names do a magazine more harm than good, of course, when they are not backed up by distinguished production.

George Fitch's Siwash series pioneered the funny football story and was as striking a success in its way as Wallingford and Potash & Perlmutter. Siwash has passed into the language as the name for any obscure college in terms of football. Because George Fitch was an alumnus of Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois, this is assumed to have been the original of Siwash. The present President of Knox, writing in THE POST in 1935, proudly claimed the distinction for his school.

Harvey T. Dunn, Clarence Underwood, A. B. Wenzel, John Sloan, Will Glackens and Rollin Kirby were POST illustrators in these years, which also saw the first appearances of Arthur William Brown, May Wilson Preston and Charles Livingston Bull, the first two favorites still.

The next two years brought in Harris Dickson's famous Ole Reliable stories, Peter B. Kyne, Gilbert K. Chesterton's Father Brown detective series; Corra Harris' Circuit Rider's Wife, a landmark in semiautobiographical writing, turned down by the magazine which encouraged her to write it; Mary Roberts Rinehart's inimitable Tish series; William J. Locke, Richard Washburn Child, Frank Ward O'Malley and Elsie Singmaster. They saw also the arrival of two distinguished illustrators, Henry Raleigh and Anton Otto Fischer.

The circulation reached 1,750,000 in 1911, 1,900,000 in 1912, crossed the 2,000,000 mark early in 1913. These were the days of the first Judge Priest stories; Charles E. Van Loan's Buck Parvin, first of all movie stories; a new Potash & Perlmutter series;

Harry Leon Wilson's Bunker Bean; Gene Rhodes' The Little Eohippus; Jack London's John Barleycorn; Harris Dickson's Coffin Club series with Virgil Custard and the Rev. Baltimore Criddle, forerunners of Octavus Roy Cohen's Florian Slappey; Kennett Harris' Rickey Raymond; Richard Matthews Hallet's The Black Squad; Cobb's The Belled Buzzard; Kyne's The Three Godfathers; Tarkington's Penrod; and Melville Davisson Post's Mysteries of the Law; of Fannie Hurst, Max Foster, Frederick Irving Anderson, Frederick Orin Bartlett, Helen Green Van Campen and E. Phillips Oppenheim's An Amiable Charlatan; of Al Jennings' Beating Back; Arthur Train's The Man Who Rocked the Earth; baseball articles by Connie Mack; aviation articles by Harry Atwood; and Sam Blythe's German-French-English articles; and Percival Phillips' war-correspondent pieces, as if in anticipation of the war a year away.

The first of Ring Lardner's stories of Jack O'Keefe, the Busher, better known as You Know Me, Al, flashed in the March 7, 1914, issue like a comet across the magazine skies. Here was something wholly new. The Chicago sports writer's sharp ears had captured for the first time the true speech of the illiterate American, together with the outrageous egotism of the type when lifted to athletic fame. All sports fiction and something of the short story in general have been colored since by Lardner.

A second star to blaze in THE POST heavens that year was the immortal Ma Pettingill of Harry Leon Wilson's Ruggles of Red Gap, made twenty-one years later into the best film of the year, though now Ruggles eclipsed the salty Ma Pettingill for lack of an actress in Hollywood competent to play her. The next year saw Joseph Hergesheimer's debut and that of P. G. Wodehouse.

These were the years, too, of Richard Washburn Child's Bodbank stories, of Van Loan's stories of racing, baseball and the prize ring and his long-remembered Ghost Town series; of Kyne's Cappy Ricks and Matt Peasley and his Parson of Panamint; of Foote's The Look of Eagles, one of the great horse stories; Arthur Stringer's The Prairie Wife. They saw the first entries of Sinclair Lewis, Albert Atwood, George Weston and Bozeman Bulger.

The advertising columns now began to mount in earnest. By 1914 some forty-odd makers of automobiles and accessories alone were buying space in THE POST, many using full-page and double-page space. The automobile industry and the weekly grew and prospered together, and with the Easter number of 1915 the magazine reached 100 pages for the first time, with 229 columns of paid advertising, then without parallel. In another ten years, issues of more than 250 pages were commonplace.

Irvin S. Cobb was scarcely less famous for his articles than for his fiction. In 1915 Mr. Cobb's appendix was removed. Many had been operated upon and all had insisted on talking of it, but Mr. Cobb was the first to write about it in Speaking of Operations. He found millions of eager listeners. No writer has suffered an operation since and not written about it, but the original article still is the famous one. When he recovered, Mr. Cobb took a trip to the Grand Canyon, out of which came two hilarious articles. In pleasure and pain alike, the good writer finds copy. The former article was illustrated by Tony Sarg, the first drawings made for an American publication by this artist. Born in Guatemala of German parents, he was on the staff of the London

Sketch when the war broke out. His German ancestry led him to leave England for the United States in 1915.

Nineteen-sixteen introduced a galaxy, Clarence Budington Kelland, Earl Derr Biggers—with The Agony Column—Stewart Edward White's The Leopard Woman, Wodehouse's first stories of the immortal Jeeves; Donn Byrne; Henry Irving Dodge's famous Skinner's Dress Suit; Corra Harris' sequel, A Circuit Rider's Widow; Mrs. Rinehart's Sub-Deb stories, pioneering a new fiction field; and a young artist destined to become possibly the most famous cover designer of all, Norman Rockwell. Other new names that were to become famed were Roland Pertwee, H. C. Witwer, Frank Condon, William J. Neidig, Meade Minnigerode, Basil King, John Russell and Arthur Somers Roche.

With the first outbreak of the war, Cobb, Mrs. Rinehart, Marcosson and Corra Harris headed a corps of POST staff correspondents in Europe. When we entered the war, George Pattullo became the weekly's accredited correspondent with the A. E. F. Will Payne, Will Irwin and others had roving commissions, while a new writer, destined to high rank in THE POST anthology, was with the American Expeditionary Force in Siberia—Kenneth L. Roberts.

Many of the ablest contemporary writers and artists were in the service in 1917-18. A group of promising recruits, some of whom also were in the service, partially closed the POST ranks. Among these were Garet Garrett, Kenneth Roberts, Thomas Beer, Octavus Roy Cohen, F. Britten Austin, David Lawrence, Lowell Otus Reese, Conrad Richter, Sophie Kerr, R. G. Kirk and Freeman Tilden. Mr. Roberts and Mr. Garrett made their entry with fiction, though they came later to be identified more with articles. The war years were those of Hergesheimer's Tol'able David and Java Head, of Cohen's first stories of Birmingham's Black Belt, of the first of Kennett Harris' stories of Old Sam Stegg, the Bullwhacker, and George Kibbe Turner's Biography of a Million Dollars. Photographic illustrations for fiction were experimented with and discarded as soon as enough good illustrators had returned to civil life. Henry Soulen joined the artists with his brilliant color, seen at its best in illustrations of Oriental stories.

The war caused THE POST'S only recession in circulation in modern history, but with 1919, the banner: More Than Two Million returned to the covers. Before the year was out, Mr. Lorimer had begun the long fight to keep the United States out of Europe henceforth, to keep Europe out of the United States, in more than one sense. The editorial page carried the first warnings of Europe's intentions toward our wealth—that already borrowed, the more about to be.

The muck-raking period of, roughly, 1900 to 1910 had seen large, if ephemeral, magazine circulations built on the expos£ type of article series. By a natural law of stimulation, the dose must be increased steadily. Beginning in sanity and good faith, the muck-rakers ended in an unscrupulous competitive screaming for unhealthy circulation, with most of the magazines in the popular field except THE POST joining in. The leaders of this group were dead of their excesses before the war, while the contrasted POST had and held more than twice the circulation any of them had captured momentarily under forced draft.

THE POST was conceived as nonpartisan, though not neutral. Its editorial page had opinions, stated them clearly and moderately, but Mr. Lorimer so disliked and distrusted the crusading type of box-office journalism that he avoided even the appearance of it in the first twenty years of his editorship.

With the end of the war, the editorial page, backed by editorial articles, rapidly began to reach a power and a prestige that, in another ten years, was pre-eminent. The war, instead of solving our problems, had created grave new ones, intensified old. The country still was befuddled with propaganda, and leadership was lacking. THE POST began and led the fight for restricted immigration. It began and led the fight to prevent the cancellation of the so-called war debts.

When the emphasis switched from political and military to financial participation in Europe, it pounded away at the motives and dangers. The national debt and, necessarily, taxation, had soared. THE POST, week in and out through the 20's, burned the red light of danger against this evil in the Federal, state and local governments. These were not box-office crusades, woven of scandal, character lynching and overstatement. They required of the reader a serious and intelligent concern in his government and society at large, and such was the hearing they won.

THE POST publishes relatively little verse, but selects that little discriminatingly. Probably the most famous lines ever to appear in the weekly were Alfred Noyes' A Victory Dance, in 1920, an early and lashing arraignment of the postwar psychosis. A weekly page of humor and cartoon, first called Short Turns and Encores, was introduced, with Tom Masson as editor.

The first two postwar years are remembered best for Sinclair Lewis' Free Air, and Danger, Run Slow, and their by-products, his Autobumming article series, pioneering American motor touring; for Hugh Wiley's Wildcat and his goat, Ben Ames Williams' early Fraternity stories, Oma Almona Davies' first Pennsylvania-Dutch comedies, Gene Rhodes' No Mean City, Alice Duer Miller's The Charm School, Marse Henry Watterson's memoirs, Harold MacGrath's The Drums of Jeopardy, Stewart Edward White's The Rose Dawn, and Bertram Atkey's Winnie O'Wynn tales. Kenneth Roberts roamed the corners of Europe and reported on the aftermaths of war. Scott Fitzgerald, C. E. Scoggins, Richard Connell, Hugh MacNair Kahler, J. R. Sprague, Courtney Ryley Cooper and Charles Brackett were newcomers. Neysa McMein's covers were a new note. And the circulation rose to two million and a quarter.

THE POST was conceived as a man's magazine, but the man took it home where his wife and family began to read it. By 1920 it had become apparent that, with no effort, the weekly had attracted nearly as many women readers as men. Advertisers discovered it as quickly as did the editors. It was logical that this should be so. When woman began to take an equal part in life with man, her interests became as broad as his. Housewives still found the women's magazines useful trade papers, but for general reading they objected to being segregated. With occasional exceptions, a story or an article worth reading at all is equally worth the time of any reader. There is no natural sex division. THE POST still is a man's magazine in that eight of its ten editors are men, that it prints no departments, buys nothing addressed solely or

particularly to women readers, but several million women want no such patronage from an editor, ask for and get intellectual equality with the legal equality which has come to their sex.

The temptation to increase THE POST'S price from five cents first arose when the weekly once had established itself firmly, recurred during the war. The modern newspaper and magazine are possible at their price, of course, only because the advertisers meet the difference between publication cost and price. This discrepancy is greater in the case of THE POST than in any other publication. When issues leaped to 200 pages and more in 1919, with paper still at wartime prices, this gap, plus the steadily mounting circulation, could easily be argued to justify doubling the price. It was held that the magazine would sell as readily at ten cents as at five. Perhaps it would have, but the editor held that there was an implied contract with the reader to maintain that historic nickel price, at least as long as the magazine continued to make a net profit to its owners.

Probably the two highest spots of 1921-2 were Emerson Hough's The Covered Wagon and Harry Leon Wilson's Merton of the Movies, plus new Ma Pettingill stories from Red Gap. Serials of the first order, both also are permanent literature, un-faded after fifteen years. Alice Duer Miller's Manslaughter was scarcely less notable. Garet Garrett began in earnest the work which has made him one of the ablest journalists in America today. J. R. Sprague, who sold his jewelry store in San Antonio to write for THE POST, created a new type of business writing. Charles E. Van Loan was untimely dead and Sam Hellman came from St. Louis to write sport fiction in his stead. Kirk wrote his first steel-mill stories. A great POST name, J. P. Marquand, first was seen. Other freshmen were Horatio Winslow with his boob stories, Dick Wick Hall and his Jumping Frog of Salome, "where she danced"; Tristram Tupper, Edgar Wallace and Captain Dingle. A new Western writer, Hal Evarts, wrote Tumble-weeds, a serial to rank with those of Rhodes and Hough. Thomas Beer created Mrs. Egg. Julian Street wrote his best serial, Rita Coventry. This also was the period of Augustus Thomas' The Print of My Remembrance, of Hergesheimer's The Magnetic West, John Taintor Foote's Number One Boy, Mme. Emma Calv6's reminiscences, H. H. Kohlsaat's From McKinley to Harding and Pattullo's Inside Story of the A. E. F.

The genesis of The Covered Wagon illustrates better than any other anecdote in POST history what an editor can and cannot do for a writer. Emerson Hough and Mr. Lorimer had met in Chicago in the early 90's. They had been fishing and trail companions and friends since. Mr. Hough had been writing for twenty-five years by 1920, his books including several best sellers.

That year he sent to THE POST the manuscript of a new novel, a story wholly outside his field. In returning it, there was little Mr. Lorimer could say in mitigation. A little later, Hough came East on his annual visit with the editor. At dinner the first night at Wyncote, the writer was despondent. He felt himself to be written out.

After dinner, the two men lit cigars in the library and the editor said something like this: "You have just written a story you never should have attempted. It lay outside your field of experience and proven skill. It was what might have been expected. Yet

in your Out of Doors page in THE POST two weeks ago you dismissed in two columns all the materials of a novel right down your special street. It was something about the Oregon Trail.

"Take a wagon train leaving Independence for the Oregon country. In such a trail party you have all ages, both sexes, all kinds and conditions. The wagon wheels themselves supply movement. Every hour on the trail is a new adventure—hostile Indians, storm, prairie fire, flood and quicksand, wild animals, thirst, hunger, heat, cold, birth, death, love, marriage, anything you want. There's your novel. It could be an American epic."

Mr. Hough went back to Chicago and several months later he sent the manuscript of a novel of the Oregon Trail, which he titled Oh, Susanna. It was slow in getting under way. Mr. Lorimer returned it with suggestions for the rewriting of the first third. The editor also felt that the title could be bettered; Oh, Susanna was a vague and apt to be a misleading reference to the millions who never had heard of Stephen Foster's song. The revised manuscript, when it came back to Philadelphia, was called The Covered Wagon.

It sold to the movies for $8000, and from it one of the greatest of silent pictures was made. Mr. Hough never had sold a story to Hollywood until then. Now the films paid him $82,000 for the rights to previous work, some of which never had seen print, excavated from his trunk. It was as the writer of The Covered Wagon that he was known thereafter.

When George Randolph Chester had written his second set of six Wallingford stories, Mr. Lorimer told him that he now had exhausted the plot possibilities of the theme, advised that he turn to new themes. But another magazine offering high prices for further Wallingford tales, Mr. Chester went on writing them against the law of diminishing returns, then when this publication finally dropped him, he passed out of the writing picture for a time. In 1923 he made a mighty comeback in THE POST with his Izzy Iskovitch Hollywood stories, a series broken off unhappily by the author's death early in 1924.

Corra Harris crowned her career with My Book and Heart. Harry Wilson wrote Oh, Doctor! and Professor, How Could You! These and Wodehouse's merry Leave It to Psmith, Hergesheimer's high romance of Balisand, White's Skookum Chuck, Hough's North of 36, Beer's Sandoval, Chamberlain's The Lantern on the Plow, Marquand's first novel, The Black Cargo, Foote's Pocono Shot and Mrs. Miller's Instruments of Darkness, a Macbeth in modern dress, were items in a distinguished serial program.

A manuscript fell out of the mail one morning in 1924 which destroyed for once and all the tradition that boxing be restricted to fiction in THE POST. James J. Corbett had told his story to Robert Gordon Anderson. Mr. Anderson had put it down at white heat and called it The Roar of the Crowd. It passed from one excited reader to another on its way to Mr. Lorimer, who hurried the opening installment into an October issue. Its tremendous success in the weekly and later as a book opened the way for other great factual stories, not only of the ring but of other sports.

That summer a new kind of theatrical autobiography had made history and new readers. The stage memoir up to then had leaned to the stuffy side. Perhaps the

social stigma which in the past had attached to the actor had given the profession an inferiority complex. A few great stars of the classic stage only had published reminiscences, and these often were written with a pompous reserve. Weber and Fields had come up through the dime museum, the circus, the variety hall and burlesque to create a new form of the theater, to become household words, and to be superseded in their turn by changing stage styles. Felix Isman and Wesley Stout wrote their story with the gusto its gaudy humor, drama and pathos called for.

An incidental effect of both these series was the rejuvenation of the subjects. Weber and Fields returned to the stage as vaudeville headliners, playing from coast to coast at $5000 a week. Mr. Corbett became one of the most sought-after lecturers and after-dinner speakers in the country. All three freely gave the credit to the impact of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Other features which sent circulation past the two-and-a-half-million mark were Garet Garrett's Public Debt Mania article and his That Pain in Our Northwest, which forecast the farm crisis and its causes with deadly accuracy; Elisabeth Marbury's My Crystal Ball, Norval Richardson's My Diplomatic Education, Felix Isman's real-estate series, Thomas McMorrow's first stories of New York real-estate offices and the building trades, Sam Blythe's article about President Harding, A Calm Review of a Calm Man, which Mrs. Harding was reading to the President when he died; H. H. Asquith's The Genesis of the War; and such short stories as Foote's A Wedding Gift, C. E. Scoggins' The Proud Old Name and The Tumtum Tree, and the earliest stories of Nunnally Johnson, J. P. McEvoy, Marjory Stoneman Douglas, Corey Ford, and Agnes Burke Hale. Emil Fuchs looked back on a lifetime of painting and sculpture.

It is not easy to say which was the peak of the next three years; the high spots were high and continuous. None was higher, certainly, than Frances Noyes Hart's serial, The Bellamy Trial, suggested by the Hall-Mills case. This was such a story as a writer rarely can repeat, a natural. Highly original both in plot and the courtroom technique of its telling, breathless in pace, it swept the newsstands bare of POSTS each day of issue. The first Charley Chans, The House Without a Key and The Chinese Parrot, were others. Charles Francis Coe's first story, Me, Gangster, first of the gangster stories, was a third, launching a new cycle of fiction. A fourth was Conan Doyle's Maracot Deep, his last and one of his best. A fifth was Harry Leon Wilson's tender Cousin Jane. A sixth was Scoggins' first serial, The Country of Old Men, carrying on the tale of Ben Murchison.

Will Rogers of happy memory led the article parade with his first Letters of a Self-Made Diplomat to His President. To write for THE POST had been one of Will's few unfulfilled dreams. He came in to see Mr. Lorimer one day in the spring of 1926 on his way to Europe, and the letters resulted. For the next few years Will was a sort of Congressman at Large, a Minister Without Portfolio, a Master of Ceremonies meddling engagingly in national and international affairs.

Alexander Woollcott contributed the story of Irving Berlin and music was represented again in the autobiographies of John Philip Sousa, the bandmaster, and Charles K. Harris, author of After the Ball and a hundred others. Wesley Stout wrote

De Wolf Hopper's saga. Sam Hildreth's Down the Stretch was the reminiscences of the most picturesque figure on the American turf. Two Lieutenant-Generals of the A. E. F., Hunter Liggett and J. G. Harbord, one the second in command to Pershing, the other Chief of Staff, refought the war authoritatively. Doctor Rosenbach told tales of the rare-book trade. George Rector, with the puckish aid of Arthur (Bugs) Baer, brought back the Broadway of the turn of the century in The Girl From Rector's. Harvey Wiley Corbett, the architect, wrote of big and little building in New Stones for Old. O. A. Owen wrote his penetrating character studies of Bet-You-a-Million Gates, whose secretary Mr. Owen had been. But the great autobiography of all was Herbert Quick's One Man's Life.

An editor has two indices—circulation and letter mail. The latter is the more direct and specific, yet mere volume of mail is not necessarily what it seems; certain types of nonfiction in particular will always produce a bulk of letters beyond their purely reader interest. Of the popularity of Doctor Rosenbach's articles, there could be no doubt, but judged by the mail they brought in, nothing as popular ever had seen print. The explanation lay in the fact that thousands ransacked their attics for old books and wrote to offer them for sale. To many laymen, mere age in a book is confused with rarity and anything printed prior to 1880 thought of as old.

Most of the books offered had no commercial value, yet such is the muzzle velocity of a POST article that one of Doctor Rosenbach's turned up in Port Chester, New York, a signature of Button Gwinnett, that scarcest of autographs of a signer of the Declaration of Independence, for which $51,000 is said to have been paid. Vincent Starrett's short article, Have You a Tamerlane in Your Attic ?, appeared in the back of a 1925 issue. As only five known copies of this rarest of American first editions, and Poe's earliest published work, were known to exist, and the current quotation on the pamphlet was $11,000, Mr. Starrett's question was not asked too seriously. Yet reading the article, a Worcester, Massachusetts, housewife searched her attic, found a sixth copy, now in the library of Owen D. Young.

To meet the ever-rising interest in college football, THE POST ran its first factual series on the game, sending Wesley Stout to collaborate with the grand old man of the gridiron, A. A. Stagg, then for thirty-five years coach of the University of Chicago squad. Touchdown!, the result, was so satisfactory that a program of football articles has been an essential of fall issues since.

When the war ended, it became axiomatic with editors that the public wished to forget the war, at least in fiction. This mood passed after a time, but the taboo continued. It was THE POST which recognized the changed psychology and acted upon it as soon as it could find writers to treat the war freshly and with firsthand knowledge. Two of these were Leonard Nason and William Hazlett Upson. James Warner Bellah's contemporary aviation story, Fear, never has been surpassed. The public response brought on a deluge of war fiction until magazines were launched to print nothing else. As THE POST had begun it, so it was the first to stop when it was about to be overdone. Upson left the war to create his irresistible tractor salesman, Alexander Botts, while Nason turned to stories of insurance adjusters, one of which he had been before the war, of the merchant marine, of Spain and of New York cops.

More and more of American life was being lived on the highways, and the "tin canner" was one of the phenomena. Here was new gold for writers, but overlooked until THE POST found in Anne Cameron, a talented schoolteacher in California, one to stake the claim. Her tales of the indigent, exigent, ever-cheerful Mrs. O'Malley, her brood, her car, her goat and her very loosely attached husband have gone now where all good stories go when they die—on the radio—after a stay in the movies, while Miss Cameron went on to such fine work as The House of Trujillo. She has begun a new series, built around the growing trailer boom, an idea suggested to her by the editors as a new and unexploited field and a nice follow-up on the "tin canner" period.
In such a condensation as this, outstanding single short stories and articles are apt to be overlooked. One of the former in this period was Donn Byrne's The Derby Rule. Others were Henry Milner Rideout's detached Chinese and I. A. R. Wylie's German stories, notably Grandmother Bernle Learns Her Letters, and Scoggins' Not So, Bolivia. Garrett's war-debt articles were helping to make history. Wesley Stout's Tonight at the River Landing discovered the showboats. Chet Shafer's Guild of Ex-Pipe Organ Pumpers was organized in THE POST. George Allan England rediscovered Dry Tortugas and other forgotten islands of the Caribbean and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, tardily followed by the movies ten years later. Eleanor Mercein arrived with her lush Basque romances and Bertram Atkey created Dimity Gay and the ever-obliging agent, George H. Jay, address Privacy, London.
Two-color reproduction had for many years been the limit of high-speed presses, though artful engraving and presswork often produced the illusion of more than two basic shades. After long experimentation, THE POST blossomed into full color in 1926 and the covers which had seemed so bright in the past were pallid in comparison. The cover work of Norman Rockwell and J. C. Leyendecker gained most by full color. Later color was introduced periodically into the illustrations and Anton Otto Fischer's marines, Henry Soulen, John La Gatta and W. H. D. Koerner were seen in their full strength for the first time.
Few POST characters have attracted so huge a following as one who made his bow in the next two-year period: Guy Gilpatric's chief engineer, Mister Colin Glencannon of the S. S. Inchcliffe Castle. Glencannon is a phenomenon in popular fiction, a hero who clutches a penny, is not brave and rarely sober and who does not, by any means, always triumph in the end. For a' that, in the words of Mister Glencannon's favorite poet, he is as popular as ever was a Frank Merriwell.
The serial high spot was Katharine Brush's memorable Young Man of Manhattan, closely followed by Behind That Curtain and The Black Camel—more Charlie Chan—Lucian Cary's The Duke Steps Out, Kelland's Dynasty, Coe's Swag and The River Pirate. The most exciting reading was Commander Ellsberg's On the Bottom, the story of the salvage of the lost submarine, S-51. The most important document was Al Smith's autobiography, Up to Now; after it, the war-propaganda series written anonymously by George Sylvester Viereck.
There was, too, Harry Lauder's autobiography, Ernest Poole's Captain Dollar, and Samuel Vauclain's Steaming Up. Mussolini himself told his life story. Harold Lloyd's autobiography, directed by Wesley Stout, was the first Hollywood portrait not to be

painted in the swooning colors of the fan magazines. Hoffman Birney's factual Vigilante was as stirring as the best Western serial. Col. William Starrett, the builder, told the story of the skyscrapers, while Joseph P. Day auctioned off the land upon which they were built.

Sophie Kerr's food stories and William Reade Hersey's cookery articles started the gastric juices, with Bourke Lee's Death Valley and Alex. Gardiner's series on Canfield, the gambler, as sauces. Roy Chapman Andrews reported his adventures in the Mongolian Desert and Courtney Ryley Cooper flew into the frozen North, bringing back the first reports of the new Canadian gold fields. A new railroad story writer appeared in A. W. Somerville, a Texan. Everett Rhodes Castle introduced Mr. Bullfinch and his Wet Smacks candy bar, plus William Alexander Brodie of the Atlas Advertising Agency, poking fun at salesmanship in its high-powered moods. William Slavens McNutt created the Whining Kid of the race tracks, while "Uncle Jim" Snodgrass and Wesley Stout described the way of a man with a horse in fact. Joseph Hergesheimer wrote Swords and Roses. Norman Reilly Raine brought on Mister Gallup as a deck companion for the below-decks Glencannon. James Mahoney's Poor Little Bessie May was a short story still fondly recalled. Circulation passed the two and three-quarter million mark.

Hollywood was changing over to sound in the winter of 1928-9 and the critics were dismissing the talkie as a freak, a passing fad. Mr. Lorimer sent Mr. Stout to California. He reported back in Beautiful, But No Longer Dumb, and in Lend Me Your Ears that the silent picture was as dead as the roll-top desk.

THE POST is not, to its regret, omniscient, but all through the 20's in its columns may be found warning signals of the crash to come. Five months before the break, Mr. Garrett in Speculation wrote, for example: "When a state of excitement long continued passes into a state of delirium, prices cease to have any relation whatever to values. From there on what causes the price line to rise is the power of suggestion acting on the imagination. People are no longer dealing in stocks; they are dealing in quotations. Simply, they are betting on numbers—higher and higher numbers—as at any other game of chance.

"That rise in the price line is what absorbs at last all the credit there is. The higher it goes, the more credit brokers are obliged to borrow in order to buy and carry stocks for their customers, and there is apparently nothing to stop it but a credit crisis. As it was with a price boom in the world of business, so it is still with a bubble of rapture like this in Wall Street. Everybody knows it will sometime burst—only, not yet."

The pageant of POST fiction continues. Now comes Stewart Edward White's The Long Rifle and Mountain Man, beginning the saga of Andy Burnett. Scoggins went to the Mayan ruins of Yucatan for the background and inspiration of The House of Darkness with its great golden man and his party lost in the Yucatan jungles. Kelland wrote Gold and Hard Money, as timely as they were readable. Katharine Brush gave us Red-Headed Woman. Thomas McMorrow put Little Amby into the full-length portrait of a serial, in response to reader demands. Tarkington wrote Mirthful Haven; Hergesheimer, The Limestone Tree and Soirees de Palm Beach. Fannie Heaslip Lea contributed Happy Landings, Elizabeth Alexander, Woman in

Chains. The anonymous The Wrong Side of the Tracks was a special favorite with women.

Norman Reilly Raine created Tugboat Annie to rival Glencannon. The first William Faulkner stories, Thrift and Red Leaves, appeared. Ben Hecht wrote a notable group of short stories. Sinclair Lewis returned with a group of stories, his first after the award of the Nobel prize. James Warner Bellah put the transport air lines into fiction in his Sandycraft series. Robert Winsmore's Mrs. Wrenn convulsed readers and had the compliment paid it of being pirated by a lesser writer.

The sports program was the richest of any like period until now. Jack Dempsey, after refusing all offers for years, told his story in In This Corner, seconded by Charles Francis (Socker) Coe, once a Navy boxing champion himself, and an old friend of Dempsey's. Babe Ruth had been the most-written-about athlete in the world for ten years or more. Bozeman Bulger, his close friend, told Mr. Lorimer that the half never had been told. With some misgivings the editor told Colonel Bulger to show him a sample installment. In And Along Came Ruth, Bulger demonstrated what a writer can do with a subject he really knows and loves. For football, the magazine turned from coaches and players to the dean of officials, Mike Thompson of Emmittsburg, with Wesley Stout collaborating. These three series melted the newsstand stacks as fast as they were piled.

Though no effort is made to encourage circulation outside North America, and the price of THE POST is high necessarily overseas, world travelers know that the weekly is nearly as ubiquitous as the famous Standard Oil can. The back letter files turn up this note penciled by Mrs. William Hard in Rumania to Kenneth Roberts in 1927: "I am on a train somewhere near a station called Fetesti, with three Italians and no other American, and I have been disgracing myself, I fear, in their eyes, for they stop to look inquiringly at me as I laugh till I cry over your satire in THE POST of May 28, which I picked up in Beirut. So I have to send you this little note of thanks for it, and to thank the extraordinary sales staff of the S. E. P. which made it possible for me to have this cold drink in a dusty train, as it were."

Every President since Benjamin Harrison, except Harding and McKinley, has written for THE POST. When Calvin Coolidge decided in 1931 to make his political position clear, he sought the widest and most dignified presentation possible. He wrote Mr. Lorimer one day that he had written a paper which THE POST might wish to use. The manuscript arrived three days later. The need of secrecy and speed was obvious if the newspapers were not to anticipate it. A number was ripped open, the first installment of a new serial replaced with the Coolidge message, and three million copies printed and circulated without a hint of its content reaching the news bureaus.

Leon Trotsky's history of the Russian Revolution, by one of the two men who made that revolution; They Told Barron and Colonel Yardley's revelations of spies, codes and ciphers from the State Department's Black Chamber closely followed the Coolidge beat in the nonfiction field. Leopold Stokowski waved his baton in person. Garet Garrett and Mr. Lorimer were on their way to Europe within a few days after the announcement of the Hoover moratorium, and the former's articles on the

German and general European debt situation were reprinted in the hundreds of thousands of copies at private expense. There was Sir Thomas Lipton's autobiography, ghosted by that irrepressible Scot, William Blackwood, J. P. Gilbert L. Patten, who, under the name of Burt L. Standish, authored all the Frank Merriwell stories, wrote Dime Novel Days. Father Hubbard reported his adventures with volcanoes, planes and sled dogs in the Alaskan peninsula. Harry B. Smith, who had written the lyrics and books of half the best musical shows of our stage, reminisced in I Knew Them When. Jens Jensen, the Chicago gardener, made gardens fascinating even to those who knew not a dahlia from a morning-glory. Eddie Cantor smote his lyre and wooed the return of Prosperity.

After fifteen years, requests for back numbers of Van Loan's Ghost Camp series of 1915 were frequent in the mail. This led to the sending of Mr. Stout to Nevada and California. In Bonanza and Borrasca, he backtracked Mr. Van Loan, explored new territory in High, Wide and Handsome and two other articles. These promise to have as long a life as the original series. Tuesday became POST Day in 1931, instead of the immemorial Thursday. Next Week was added to the table of contents.

The depression years saw a shrinkage in quantity that enforced a greater emphasis than ever on quality. Consider these twenty-two short stories among many in 1932-3: Guy Gilpatric's Through Bertelot's Fence, John L. Sullivan's Hat, Wings of Los Angeles and Gitta Horse, in addition to the Glencannon stories; Anne Cameron's Republicans and Sinners; Walter D. Edmonds' Courtship of My Cousin Doone and Black Wolf; J. P. McEvoy's Comfort Me With Apples, Brenda Can't Sleep, and Heartbroken, Brooklyn; John Marquand's Jine the Cavalry and its allied stories of Jeb Stuart's men; William Faulkner's Turn About and Lizards in Jamshyd's Courtyard; Leonard Nason's Rodney, and Storm on the Post Road; Ben Hecht's Actor's Blood and A Caballero of the Law; Maurice Walsh's The Quiet Man; Paul Gallico's McKabe; Oliver La Farge's Hard Winter; Marian Spitzer's Out Where the Blues Begin, and Everett Freeman's Hupcha de Bupcha. They range from the farcical to high tragedy, each approaching perfection in its way. Rodney, for example, is probably the finest horse story in the language. Better war stories than Turn About may have been written, but anyone would be hard put to name them. Miss Cameron made her first reputation with the rollicking Mrs. O'Malley, yet in Republicans and Sinners she wrote stark, bitter realism.

The same years saw Tarkington's Little Orvie, Karl Detzer's Michigan State Police stories, Bruce Gould and Beatrice Black-mar's Jimmy Faraday, the literary agent; Thomas McMorrow's Centre Street tales; Hallett's colorful John L. Sullivan period pieces. Robert S. Winsmore created Miss Simpson; Louise Kennedy Mabie, Tordis of the movies. Montague Glass and Ring Lardner returned home with their last writings. George S. Brooks began to burgeon in earnest in Horse Dealing Is Different and other stories. Edmonds, Gallico, La Farge, Walsh and Freeman were newcomers, together with George Bradshaw, Charles Rawlings, Helen Hull and Curlin Reed. Carl Anderson's wordless Henry began to appear weekly in a special position reserved for him, attracting a huge following.

If it were not tactless for editors to name favorites, their choice in serials in this period could very well be Rose Wilder Lane's Let the Hurricane Roar. An epic in itself, it also carried a profound message for the times—and timeliness is a constant element in POST fiction. In nonfiction series, the editors' choice easily could be Nordhoff and Hall's recreation of the Bounty mutiny, Men Against the Sea.

Behind Miss Lane's short serial would come a gallant parade which would include Kelland's big three, The Great Crooner, Footlights, and The Cat's Paw, each snapped up instantly by Hollywood; Agatha Christie's first, Murder in the Calais Coach; Edward Hope's She Loves Me Not, which became the hit musical play of the season, as well as a film; Tarkington's Presenting Lily Mars; Hal Evarts' Short Grass; and Gene Rhodes' The Proud Sheriff; Cary's The Duke Comes Back; White's Ranchero, and Folded Hills; Mrs. Rinehart's The Album, and Miss Pinkerton; Keeper of the Keys, continuing the Charlie Chan progression; Scoggins' Tycoon; Wodehouse's Right Ho, Jeeves, and Heavy Weather; Mrs. Miller's Come Out of the Pantry, and Cold-Blooded Northerner; Coe's four, Showdown, Vigilante, Percentage, and Repeal; Fanny Heaslip Lea's Summer People; and Fog by Valentine Williams and Dorothy Rice Sims.

Men Against the Sea would have to compete with Queen Marie's autobiography, the lives of Sir Henri Deterding, Arthur Cutten, Gatti-Casazza and Juliana Cutting, and Paul de Kruif's Boss Kettering; with Calvin Coolidge's and Alfred E. Smith's election-year papers; Bernard Baruch's warning against inflation, Frank Vanderlip's articles on gold and banking and, always, Garet Garrett's definitive thinking and reporting on national problems; with Dorothy Thompson's great reporting from Germany and Austria. Mark Sullivan's Storm Over Washington lifted the curtain in a critical national moment. Irving Thalberg's Why Motion Pictures Cost So Much disclosed for the first time the actual salaries of the great stars and why such fabulous incomes are economically justified; Hugh Weir's Wild Money was another revelation of the finances of the film industry. Francis Hackett's Eamonn De Valera was so expert and authoritative a character study that the editors led an issue with it. Ambulance Anecdotes was written by a young though already noted Philadelphia brain surgeon, looking back on his internship.

A sport high light was Eddie Eagan's Fighting for Fun, the story of an amateur heavyweight champion instead of a professional, for once. Bozeman Bulger did for McGraw what he had done for Babe Ruth. Helen Wills wrote her tennis autobiography for THE POST. Seeking a racing novelty, the editors chose one of the few women owners of a major stable, Mrs. John Hertz, of Chicago, to write of the Thoroughbreds. Billy Evans, ex-major league umpire, then general manager of the Cleveland Indians, wrote of baseball finances from the inside, Red Grange of collegiate and professional football. Two articles by Coach Harry Kipke and Harold A. Fitzgerald stirred every campus from Colby to Leland Stanford. Wherever Michigan played that fall away from home, the stands were wont to chant: "Stop that SATURDAY EVENING POST." This identity of the weekly with anything it may print is a fact the editors may never forget. It applies to every page of THE POST.

One ingredient that never should be missing from an issue of a magazine is that of surprise. Readers are loyal to old favorites and will be disappointed if they do not find them, but they should find as well something totally unexpected, a novelty of a high order. It may be fiction, it more often is factual; it may be light, gay or funny; it may be serious, momentous.

As likely an example as might be found in a year's search would be Hermann Deutsch's Hattie and Huey. A rarely fine job of reporting the extraordinary campaign by which Huey Long made Hattie Caraway a Senator from Arkansas, it also was an item in Americana, a comic masterpiece and the first authentic portrait of a new phenomenon in American politics. What Deutsch did for Long, J. P. McEvoy did for the late Florenz Ziegfeld in He Knew What They Wanted. Other articles which were the sauce of their issues were Christa Winsloe's An Auto-Biography; Sam Blythe's and Stewart Edward White's affectionate recollections of their Chinese cooks; Bill Upson's wrestlings with the dread scourge of Ergophobia; Fred Tompkins and Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' Alligators; Herbert Corey's A Comeback at Sixty; Capt. Oren F. Mclntyre's Farewell to Windbags, John Taintor Foote's adventures in losing his money; Ben Williams' confessions of one who is color blind and Harold MacGrath's report on years of deafness. James F. Gillespie's Hot Music, Arthur Pinwroth's In the Firing Line of an Orchestra and Charles Miller's Woodin Notes ran the musical scale from the jazz bands through the symphonies to chamber music. Katharine Dayton's Mrs. Democratic and Mrs. Republican joined the cast and went on to fame. In September, 1931, after some ten years of occasional appearance in the humorous page and sometimes a short article or burlesque playlet, Miss Dayton came to Philadelphia to ask the advice of her friend, Miss Neall, of the staff. The writer planned to go to Geneva to see what she could extract from the League of Nations.

"But why Europe?" Miss Neall objected. "Geneva has been overrun for years with American reporters, sob sisters and earnest souls. Meanwhile the League is of less and less moment to Americans. Why not Washington? Our own politics certainly are important and interesting enough these days to keep anyone occupied."

Miss Dayton went to Washington with a note of introduction from the editor to David Lawrence, got a small job on his United States Daily and immersed herself in national politics. Out of that experience has come to date not only her famous series of satirical skits on the Washington scene, but the Broadway success, The First Lady, written in collaboration with George Kaufman.

The limits of the life of an issue of THE POST have never been tested. Though the editors endeavor to forget a number as soon as it leaves their hands, the readers' memories are long. Though it now is thirty-five years since the first of the Letters From a Self-Made Merchant ran in the weekly, though more than a million copies of the book have been sold, readers still ask for the 1901-2 issues which contained them. In 1907 Albert J. Beveridge wrote three articles on The Bible as "Good Reading." Requests for them never have ceased. One Way Out, an anonymous article of 1910, never has been forgotten.

Other requests that are constant in the mail are for Louis Graves' baseball story of 1911, The Pig-Bristle Slugger; the Van Loan articles of 1915, already mentioned, and Cameron Mackenzie's The Man Who Tried to Be It, of the following year; Edwin Lef&vre's Reminiscences of a Stock Operator, printed in 1922; Mrs. Miller's Instruments of Darkness, of 1923; Senator Beveridge's The Art of Public Speaking, of 1924; Foote's A Wedding Gift; Frederick F. Van de Water's A Cloud of Witnesses, of 1925; George Rector's The Girl From Rector's series of 1926; all of F. Britten Austin's historical series, dating as far back as 1926, and Hugh S. Fullerton's That Guy McGuffey, 1927.

Ben Ames Williams wrote a short story called Coconuts, in 1926, built around a mathematical puzzle which carried no answer in the back of the book. Answers, few of them the same, poured in for months and had not stopped ten years later. In 1936 Mr. Williams wrote us: "I am answering Mr. Goldman as you request. Maybe I had better give up fiction and set up as a rival of Sam Loyd. I still receive six or eight letters a year from persons who have turned their hair gray, puzzling over this thing."

Of the three poems most often asked for, two are serious, Alfred Noyes' A Victory Dance and Arthur Guiterman's Pershing at the Front, the latter printed in 1927. The third is Newman Levy's burlesque of Hamlet, printed on the humor page in 1923.

In October, 1935, the Governor of Georgia, Eugene Talmadge, wrote Mr. Lorimer: "Some twenty or twenty-five years ago there appeared a story in your magazine. If I recall correctly, the name of this story was Old Pastures. It was the story of a horse that wanted to be a race horse, but his 'family' felt that he was better fitted for hauling a buggy. I am much interested in rereading it and would appreciate your sending me the back issue containing same, submitting bill to cover."

Governor Talmadge did recall correctly. Old Pastures appeared in the January 29, 1916, POST. It was John Taintor Foote's first.

The cover which is best remembered of all is a Norman Rockwell of 1929, that of the old family doctor gravely holding a stethoscope to the chest of a doll proffered by an equally grave little girl of about six.

In September, 1935, a few days after Senator Long's death, the Hartford Times marveled editorially: "Although THE SATURDAY EVENING POST makes up its issues weeks in advance of publication, the timeliness of some of its fact and fiction is uncanny. One might ask if it is prescience.

"A year ago while the newspapers still were black with the Morro Castle disaster headlines, THE POST was on the newsstands with a story of New York newspaper life built around the Titanic disaster. (Never Misspell a Name, by Manuel Komroff.) Yet that story had been assigned to that particular issue before the Morro Castle sailed. And last week the leading article was the first of three installments of a biography of Huey Long, only a few hours before the Senator's spectacular assassination."

The Times might have recalled other instances; that in that week of 1935 in which Jim Collins' breath-taking Return to Earth, telling how it feels to power-dive at 400 miles an hour, was published Collins was killed in just such a test flight. He was to have quit the air and turned to writing after this final test. Or that Mrs. Harding was

reading to the President, Blytrie's Calm Review of a Calm Man when Harding died. Or that the Submarine S-54 was lost while Commander Ellsberg's thrilling account of the salvage of its sister ship, the S-51, was running in THE POST.

Obviously, the editors had no prevision of the burning of the Morro Castle, the sinking of the S-54 or the deaths of Long, Harding and Collins. Hermann B. Deutsch was encouraged to write his study of Huey Long at that time because Long was growing in national omen and Deutsch, as he had proved in Hattie and Huey, was the best possible biographer. But many seeming coincidences, if less spectacular ones, are the result of a foresight made necessary by the five weeks' gap between the make-up of an issue and its reaching the reader. Currents may be detected in advance, events anticipated and planned for with spot news results. Gordon MacCreagh's Ethiopian article appeared just as Italy invaded Ethiopia in 1935. Mr. MacCreagh was the outstanding American authority on Ethiopia. The war was certain and the Ethiopian rainy season made it possible to predict accurately the date of the invasion.

A better example was the sending to Brazil in the spring of 1935 of Col. James E. Edmonds, New Orleans cotton expert, to report the Brazilian cotton boom, made possible by the AAA cotton restrictions. Contradictory reports, none authoritative, were coming from Brazil. The government's figures were suspect. Mr. Lorimer had foreseen in March that the controversy would reach its height in late summer or early fall. Colonel Edmonds' trip was timed to put him in Brazil as its crop was being picked, his articles timed for August and September issues, by which time the size of the United States crop could be reasonably well estimated. As a result, the furor in the Cotton Belt was touched off, not by the newspapers, but by the POST articles.

There were three Hoovers in 1934-5, Herbert, Ike and J. Edgar. It was an axiom of Mr. Lorimer's that an audience would walk out on the best show on earth if it ran too long; that it was wiser to ring down the curtain while the auditors still were crying for more, rather than to risk surfeit. Six to eight installments were considered the line of diminishing returns for even the best material. The Ike Hoover series ran to some twenty-three articles, with the readers still asking for more.

Irwin H. Hoover had entered the White House employ in the Harrison administration, been promoted to Chief Usher in the first days of Taft, had all but ruled the Executive Mansion from the Wilson administration on. He had seen nine Presidents come and go, had firm opinions about each and their families, had been making notes for years. The capture of this manuscript for POST readers was the work of years of recurrent negotiation. Early in 1933, he had definitely, though verbally, promised it to THE POST when he retired from the government employ. He was to have quit that spring but President and Mrs. Roosevelt urged him to stay on. When he died suddenly that fall, this verbal contract was worthless. The final negotiations were made with his heirs.

The former President's contribution, his first writing after leaving office, was his two notable articles, advance chapters from his The Challenge to Liberty. Dr. William Starr Myers, of Princeton, and Walter H. Newton, one of the former President's secretaries, divulged for the first time the inner circumstances, taken from the

records, which led up to the banking panic of March, 1933, and Mr. Hoover's unavailing efforts to gain the cooperation of Mr. Roosevelt in the joint measures necessary to prevent it.

J. Edgar Hoover's G Men, his Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice, had made history, putting the gangster on the defensive after something like a reign of terror, scotching the outbreak of kidnapings for ransom. The files of the bureau were opened for the first time to Courtney Ryley Cooper, acting in behalf of THE POST, and the director gave Mr. Cooper his active aid in telling a story at which the newspapers largely had guessed.

High up in the nonfiction list came Evalyn Walsh McLean's candid autobiography, Father Struck It Rich, a unique item in Americana ghosted for her by Boyden Sparkes. That skillful collaborator has appeared in THE POST more often, possibly, in recent years than any one other writer. Frank A. Vanderlip's From Farm Boy to Financier, and Henri Charpentier's Life a la Henri were others of his many collaborations.

A second exceptional collaborator developed in J. C. Furnas, whose first work was a George Rector cookery series. This was followed by George Tyler's stage memories, Not That it Matters, then early in 1936 by William A. Brady's rich story of stage and ring, Showman. Between jobs, Mr. Furnas went to Russia, returning with three wise and amusing articles on the American tourist in the USSR, journeyed far down to the Tasman Sea to investigate that unique Australasian paradise, Lord Howe Island, for THE POST.

The late Frank Simonds' Shall We Join the Next War? and three other powerful articles came at a moment when Europe again was attempting to draw the United States into a threatened war by, of and for Europe. Excerpts were cabled abroad and accepted in the chancelleries of Great Britain and the Continent as an expression of the dominant American determination to stay out of the League. Everything that Mr. Simonds said was borne out with a vengeance by events in Ethiopia and Europe. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt's In Defense of Curiosity was an answer to her critics.

Selling Selfridge was a typical business autobiography of the kind for which THE POST is famous, the story of Harry Gordon Selfridge, who left Marshall Field's in Chicago to found a great London department store.

Lillian Day's Living Up to Lizzie had the unique experience for a funny work of nonfiction of being bought by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to be made into a feature film. Mrs. Letitia Preston Randall's Sitting on Our Hands stirred up a tempest bigger than a teapot. Milton Mackaye made sly fun of the wrestlers in one article, uncovered in another a strange nest of gangsters in The Little Red Schoolhouse, the story of a Brooklyn public school. Harry Kernan's Uneasy Money traced what becomes of sweepstakes prize money by those who win it. B. F. Sylvester's Hoss Tradin' brought back a not quite vanished American institution.

When many Americans still had misgivings about the justice of the Hauptmann verdict, Arthur Koehler's Who Made That Ladder ? with its deadly evidence, much of which had not reached the record, ended the debate. The narrative of the Wisconsin

wood expert and his dogged pursuit of the ladder lumber to its original sources had all the tension and ingenuity of the best mystery fiction.

The Department of Justice surrounded Alcatraz prison with a barrier of silence which Frederick Bechdolt penetrated for the first time in The Rock. Edgar Snow and Isaac Marcosson disclosed the ravages of Japanese exports under a depreciated yen, and Japanese intentions in Asia, while Dean Wallace Donham, of the Harvard Business School, bespoke a fair word for Japan in a moment when that nation had been cast as the villain of an international drama. J. A. G. Rice's I Wish I'd Said That was all its title promises. William Hazlett Upson in Why Hollywood Drives You Crazy turned the other cheek to the film capital in an article as funny as Alexander Botts ever was. When it was read in the Warner Brothers studio, Mr. Upson's unfinished film was taken down from the shelves and completed.

Ogden Nash's inimitable verses are entitled to and hereby are given a paragraph all their own.

Eddie Collins, Billy Evans, J. Roy Stockton and Ford C. Frick, the latter President of the National League, wrote of baseball, all from the inside. Mr. Stockton's Me and Paul has been nominated as the funniest sports article ever written. As baseball reporter for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch and Dizzy Dean's ghost, his knowledge of the Dean Brothers was intimate.

Nine famous coaches, Zuppke, Warner, Francis Schmidt, Fritz Crisler, Andy Kerr, Harry Kipke, Jock Sutherland, Harry Stuhldreher and Frank Thomas, plus Red Grange, Harold Fitzgerald and George Dunscomb, wrote of football, yet the two football articles which brought the greatest letter response of all were written by bystanders—Princeton's Dean Gauss' Will the Football Bubble Burst ? and the anonymous I Can Take It, byacoach's wife.

Inside Those Ropes by James J. Jeffries and Eddy Orcutt was a series to rank with The Roar of the Crowd and In This Corner. Jeffries, a silent man, never had told his story though twenty-five years had gone by since he lost to Johnson at Reno in a comeback into which he had been forced by public pressure against his own judgment. In Mr. Orcutt he found the ideal collaborator. Jack Dempsey contributed three articles, including his prophetic The Next Champion, beginning: "There could be a new heavyweight champion and a new runner-up when this is printed." There were both. William J. Brown, New York State Athletic Commissioner, wrote Go on and Fight! Lawson Robertson, Pennsylvania track and Olympic coach, attracted unusual attention with three articles, Burning Up Boyhood, Rising Sons and Tapering Off on Training. George Lott and Helen Hull Jacobs covered tennis, Gene Sarazen golf, William Inglis crew racing, and Bryan Field the Thoroughbreds in The Betting Boom.

In the summer of 1934, while Mr. Lorimer was on vacation, there appeared in the daily mail a manuscript entitled School-house in the Foothills, by Alvin Harlow, whose Old Towpaths was pleasantly remembered after ten years. It was the factual story, with names disguised, of a primitive mountain school at Shady Grove, Tennessee, and its teacher, Ella Enslow, a native.

Editors and manuscript readers do not always agree about a manuscript. They did not agree about this one. The pros argued that it was one of those rare human documents that turn up once in a long while and compel the interest of any reader, a dramatic slice out of a passing phase of American life. The cons doubted its appeal for a large audience. When Mr. Lorimer returned, he voted unhesitatingly with the pros. The readers also voted, apparently unanimously, with the pros when it was printed in three installments that fall. No manuscript in all the POST years ever spoke so eloquently to the hearts of so many. The schoolhouse already was doomed, the region about to be inundated by the waters of Norris Dam, the population scattered, but before this could happen another deluge burst on Shady Grove. Floods of clothing and other gifts poured in upon THE POST and the schoolhouse direct, far beyond the needs of the schoolhouse families. The freight shed of the local railroad station could not hold the surplus and Miss Enslow undertook to distribute it in adjacent school districts. The work and the excitement brought on a nervous breakdown. Mr. Harlow took over and found the mail, many letters containing checks or money orders, so heavy that THE POST paid for the stenographic help he required to acknowledge it. Miss Enslow happily recovered and married a TVA employee. She now is employed by the Save the Children Fund, in national demand as a speaker.

A new serial writer, Rex Stout, captured a large following with two diverse novels, The Frightened Men, a Nero Wolfe mystery, and O, Careless Love, the lighthearted adventures of four Kansas schoolteachers in New York for a summer course at Columbia. In Murder in Three Acts, Death in the Air, and Murder in Mesopotamia, Agatha Christie carried out the promise of The Calais Coach. I. A. R. Wylie went to Russia for Furious Young Man after the Germany of To the Vanquished. Phil Stong's The Farmer in the Dell, the story of a retired Iowa farmer who stumbled into the movies, was the laughing success of the winter of 1934-35, immediately bought by Hollywood for Will Rogers, the obvious choice for the role, only to have Mr. Rogers' tragic death intervene.

How The Covered Wagon was conceived in Mr. Lorimer's library and rewritten before it satisfied the editor's conception has been told. Other famous stories have sprung from suggestions and plots advanced by the editors, but in general Mr. Lorimer operated on the rule that stories should be written by authors, not by editors. He was reluctant as a rule to offer plots, slow to suggest the revision of unsatisfactory manuscript. The primary objection to both practices is that they tend to commit the editor to enterprises which may never work out properly. Only if an otherwise excellent story fails at one point and the remedy is patent, will THE POST often suggest how it might be salvaged. When proved writers falter, however, or exhaust old backgrounds, the editors regularly point them toward new fields.

When J. P. Marquand finished Winner Take All and had no fixed plans for a new serial, he was sent to China and Manchukuo in 1934, whence he returned with the rich fruits of Ming Yellow, No Hero and Thank You, Mr. Moto. C. E. Scoggins' success with the ancient Maya background in The House of Darkness suggested the Inca civilization of Peru as his next backdrop. The House of Dawn resulted, and Mr. Scoggins went next to the Argentine for Pampa Joe. On the other hand, when Anne

Cameron proposed going to South America for materials for a serial, she got no encouragement. Miss Cameron never had attempted a serial and the idea she had in mind sounded a little hackneyed in outline. But one installment of her The House of Trujillo changed the editors' minds, teaching them again that stories cannot be judged until they are written.

Dreamland, Roxana and The Jealous House made a triple for Clarence Budington Kelland. Mr. White carried Andy Burnett on in Foofaraw and Stampede. Eugene Manlove Rhodes and Hal Evarts wrote their last, Beyond the Desert and Wolf Dog, respectively, Mr. Evarts dying in South America where he, too, had gone for new scenes. Margaret Culkin Banning graduated from POST short stories to the serial field with The First Woman, and Millard Ward did likewise with Brute. Sophie Kerr wrote Crash, and Mrs. Miller, Death Sentence.

Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall's Pitcairn's Island duplicated the great success of Men Against the Sea and completed the Mutiny on the Bounty trilogy, whereupon they went on to Hurricane, a modern story of the South Seas destined to rank with Melville, Becke and Stevenson. The authors were original members of the Lafayette Escadrille. They went to the South Seas soon after the war's end and have lived there since.

Coe wrote Ransom, G Man and Knockout, deftly combining the gangster and prize-ring themes in the last. Kenneth Roberts' Captain Caution carried on his great canvas of the War of 1812.

Oppenheim was represented by The Strange Boarders of Palace Crescent. Fanny Heaslip Lea reached a new stature in Anchor Man. Maude Parker wrote By Appointment Only. Walter D. Edmonds' The First Race of Blue Dandy, and Maurice Walsh's Bad Town Dublin were distinguished short serials.

Old writers die or exhaust their funds of invention. The quest for new blood must be continuous. Part of the staff devote all their time to this search, all of the staff part of their time. THE POST'S willingness to read any manuscript from anyone, its dispatch and courtesy to the known and unknown alike, bring it some seventy thousand manuscripts a year, plus that many suggestions, queries and outlines again. Such a mass is, necessarily, low-grade ore, assaying little gold quantitatively, but only in this way is the weekly assured of seeing everything worth while. Any one of the staff will gladly read a thousand hopeless or mediocre manuscripts to find one that might never have reached print but for this methodical winnowing. That one find may be the prelude to a lifetime of production by a new author of the first rank. Authors, like gold, are where you find them.

In 1935, in a period of issues from one-third to one-half their pre-1930 size, ninety-seven writers made their first appearance in THE POST, an all-time record. Fifty-nine per cent of the names in the table of contents for 1935 did not date back of 1930. Only twenty-one per cent had written for THE POST prior to 1920.

It is a cherished belief among inexperienced writers that one appearance in THE POST establishes an author. This soft impeachment, THE POST must deny regretfully. If it were true, the search for new blood would be much less tedious. In one of the editorial rooms is a card index of all POST fiction and fact, by title and author. In the author

index there are hundreds of names which appear only once, twice or three times. One of the most celebrated short stories ever printed in a magazine was The Pig-Bristle Slugger, by Louis Graves, in THE POST for April 8, 1911, a highly original, funny baseball story which antedated Ring Lardner and Charles E. Van Loan. Mr. Graves wrote a second story which THE POST rejected and which appeared in another magazine. He never wrote another, though he has written non-fiction for THE POST since.

There is an editorial saying that "there is one story in every man." Like many sayings, it is half true. The story is there, indubitably, but very few may ever hope to be sufficiently articulate to get it out. Yet among the more articulate there are many who have one story in them and can tell it. It is important to get that one, or possibly two or three, for THE POST. The usual explanation is that such stories are written out of experience, are autobiographical. They may be of the first water, but if the authors lack a fund of invention independent of their experience, there will be no continuous production.

There is another type of writer who produces abundantly, usually at a level below POST standards, but once in six, twelve or twenty times, he or she writes an unusual story. It is important to get that story for THE POST. In nonfiction, the occasional and nonprofessional writer is still more important a source of fresh and important copy. Thousands who may never hope to write salable fiction may well write out of their experience or observation an article which may be the most interesting thing in an issue.

In view of the mortality rate among new authors, who among these ninety-seven, or what proportion of them, will go on to fame, must be left unhazarded. There never has been a more promising group either in numbers or in the quality of their early work. Some among them seem as certain of the heights as ever were the young Cobbs, Kynes, Lardners, Footes, Marquands and Williamses.

Few writers have made more auspicious beginnings than Richard Macaulay with his Elmer Lane stories. Surely no funnier first stories ever were printed than Dalton Trumbo's Darling Bill, and Morley F. Cassidy's Mr. Diamond, Factologist.

Mr. Trumbo followed the first with the grimly sardonic, Five C's for Fever the Five. Richard Sherman's To Mary With Love, and Leonard Lee's Conquest were so good that each led its issue. George Bradshaw, not long out of Princeton, wrote with the suavity and sureness of a veteran. Price Day demonstrated a wide versatility. Charles Rawlings' A Set on Emerald Bank, Sigman Byrd's October Corn, A. H. Z. Carr's Deep Water and Frank Bunce's Bonny Belle showed true invention, observation and technical skill.

Among a slightly older group, George S. Brooks wrote a dozen red-letter stories. City Picnic, Singing in His Cell, Block That Bride were three. Walter D. Edmonds* They Had a Horse maintained the very high level he had set. Corey Ford turned from Vanity Fair satire to POST fiction. Paul Gallico's Wedding Present approached its famous predecessor of similar title by John Foote. Bruce Gould and Beatrice Blackmar's Prima Ballerina was a tour de force. Mary Hastings Bradley's work was superior.

Among the seniors, Conrad Richter's Smoke Over the Prairie and As it Was in the Beginning were two fine examples of a type of nostalgic Frontier story for which THE POST confesses a particular fondness. Guy Gilpatric recaptured the unforgettable moment of Lindbergh's landing at Le Bourget beautifully in American Bar. Major John W. Thomason, Jr., and T. S. Stribling contributed notable stories. Stephen Vincent Ben6t's Napoleonic might-have-been, The Curfew Tolls, is destined, unless the editors' experience goes for nothing, to be one of those stories still asked for in 1965.

John P. Marquand found time between serials to write his fine Blockade Runner series. Stewart Edward White never wrote better short stories than The Grampus and the Weasel, and Guest's Gold. Lucian Cary created J. M. Pyne, the gunsmith. Harry Leon Wilson returned after a fallow period with two stories. Rose Wilder Lane wrote her small-town tragedies and comedies out of that sure knowledge and expert touch which are hers. Marian Spitzer and Louise Kennedy Mabie in The Doghouse, and Very, Very Tremendous, respectively, laughed at the movies so wittily that Hollywood joined in the laughter. Foote's Julie was one of several such as he only can write. Wallace Smith's Small Dagger and Senor Henpeck were written out of his longtime knowledge of and love for Mexico, plus a fine fictional gift.

When four installments of The Hurricane had appeared, the editors violated a rule and sent one reader galley proofs of the concluding part. This was done in response to the following letter: "I am going to leave next week and where I am going I cannot get THE POST. I am very much interested in the story, The Hurricane, and I will appreciate it very much if you could send me proofs so that I can finish it before I go. "I wish that I could take Bud Kelland and Norman Reilly Raine and Agatha Christie with me when I go. I wouldn't give a damn if I did go to hell, if I could have them there to tell me stories. Maybe I can read over your shoulders when you are reading manuscript. If any of you feel a touch on your shoulders when reading a bad, rotten, lousy story and think of accepting it, that will be me protesting. Good luck to both of us."

The writer of the letter was executed the following week at Charlestown Prison, Massachusetts.

This was not the first such request to come from a Death House. Nor is the petitioner always a condemned prisoner. Such letters as the following are not uncommon: 111 must undergo a major operation on Monday, March 30th, from which I may or may not recover, accent on the latter probability. The next POST will not reach me until Tuesday and I want to know how that Nero Wolfe 'Rubber Band' story comes out. My compliments to Mr. Rex Stout—I can't figure it. So would please, pul-lease forward immediately by air mail tear sheets of the story or tell me where and how I shall get this information. This is genuine and constitutes for me a real emergency."

This appeal was genuine and the Seattle circulation office was directed to hurry an advance copy to this reader. The major-operation plea is not always sincere, however. It has been used various times by impatient readers in full health.

Once tricked, the editors now investigate each such plea before acting upon it.

For two years every well-known illustrator in New York begged movie executives to give a superb model named Mardee Hoff a picture test. Not a job, just a test. She didn't get it.

A March, 1936, POST carried a Norman Rockwell cover of a movie star on tour surrounded by reporters and news cameramen. Mardee Hoff had posed for the girl. The day the cover appeared, three movie casting offices wired THE POST for the girl's name. Twentieth Century-Fox wired first. Miss Hoff was tested the following week, was on her way to Hollywood under contract the next week.

"Why haven't we heard of you before?" a Fox executive asked.

"You have," she said. "I'm the girl Norman Rockwell and Russell Patterson have been telling you about for two years."

No other American of his generation or any other has, over a period of years, produced a sum of distinguished writing comparable to that of Booth Tarkington. This though he was totally blind for several years, partially so for many, and frequently in poor health. Mr. Tarkington's first novel, The Gentleman from Indiana, appeared in 1899 as Mr. Lorimer became editor of THE POST. In his sixty-seventh year Mr. Tarkington produced for THE POST a new character in Mr. Rumbin, the art dealer and dialectician, worthy to stand alongside Alice Adams, any of the Ambersons, Penrod Scofield, Little Orvie, Willie Baxter and the rest of that magnificent gallery of American portraiture. The character and the writing are all Mr. Tarkington's own, but the idea of the series was suggested to him by one of the weekly's editors familiar with his long interest in and intimate knowledge of painting and its brokers.

The editors looked around in 1936 for the best reporter in America, and decided, on his past performance in THE POST, the New Yorker and New York newspapers that it easily was Alva Johnston. So Mr. Johnston began to write regularly for THE POST, his opening broadside, Hundred-Tongued Charley, the Great Silent Orator, a candid camera flashlight of the press agent in the New Deal woodpile.

It sometimes takes a slip or a supposed slip to demonstrate how well THE POST is read. When John Taintor Foote's Julie appeared in the April 27, 1935, issue it drew a normal letter response. When Mr. Foote, more than a year later, decided to carry the story on, he thought it well to repeat the last scene of Julie as the opening scene of Hellcat, the new story. When this was printed in the June 6, 1936, issue a torrent of letters fell upon Philadelphia from readers who recognized the scene without recognizing the circumstances. There were so many that a form letter had to be used in reply.

When it began to be plain in the spring of 1933 what the President intended doing with the unprecedented power and unimaginable sums of public money a subservient Congress had handed over to him; with criticism from any source all but silenced in the deafening propaganda issuing from the White House through press, magazines, radio and films, THE POST did neither the safe nor the easy thing.

Believing earnestly that the New Deal would retard or prevent genuine recovery rather than produce it, that the fundamentals of the Government and of democracy, free speech included, were in critical danger; that the President had repudiated the

platform and the speeches upon which he was elected, THE POST saw the issue as one above parties, politics and personalities.

In the editorial page and in editorial articles, it began to speak when all but a few other public voices had either joined in the hosannas or were keeping discreetly still. Always avoiding personal abuse, character-lynching and all forms of intemperance, keeping to the record, the weekly began the task of penetrating the fog of self-righteousness and propaganda to the realities of the New Deal, contrasting the deed with the word. The activities of the administration, and their effects, were so endless that it was possible only to swing the searchlight from high spot to high spot, but taking heart from the example, an army rapidly rallied to the defense against the New Deal, took the offense.

An example in miniature of this policy and its effects was a single article, The New Homesteaders. The Arthurdale (Reedsville), West Virginia, colony was the first of the subsistence homestead projects, the enterprise closest to Mrs. Roosevelt's heart and the showpiece of the New Deal. It was held out as epitomizing the humane intentions and wise planning of the new order. Literally hundreds of reporters had visited it in conducted excursions, and individually and without exception they had accepted just what they were told, disregarded the plain evidence of their senses. Mr. Lorimer's mail brought him many reports from West Virginia of incredible muddling at Arthurdale. In June of 1934 he sent Mr. Stout there with instructions to check how many houses had been built, what they had cost, how many were occupied and what prospect the homesteaders had of earning a living and paying out. He was told to confine himself strictly to what had been done, not what it was proposed to do, and to understate carefully if conditions were as bad as represented in his mail.

The 5000-word article, backed up by deadly photographs, quietly related a set of facts any reporter could have turned up at any time in the previous six months, would have turned up in any period but this. Understatement was essential; the whole truth would not have been credited. The Department of the Interior publicly admitted two days later that the article was "substantially true," and no item of the indictment ever was challenged. The subsistence homestead division was merged quietly later with a newer Government agency, its name dropped, all its projects abandoned except those upon which houses actually had been built. Arthurdale never was completed.

Another famous article was Mrs. George B. Simmons' Where Do We Go From Here? Daughter of a Missouri farmer, wife of a Missouri farmer, a Democrat by conviction and inheritance, Mrs. Simmons' writing had been limited to correspondence for farm papers when, in the winter of 1933-34, she put her deep concern over the administration's farm program onto paper and sent it to Philadelphia. The editors never had heard of Mrs. Simmons. After verifying the fact that she was what she said she was, a working farm woman, they printed the article in a March issue. The author became famous overnight.

It was on an editorial page of THE POST in December, 1934, that President Roosevelt's campaign promises and the Democratic platform of 1932 first were contrasted with the administration's acts point by point.

Half the articles on the New Deal were found, as Mrs. Simmons' was, in the daily mail, spontaneous reactions of citizens theretofore unknown. J. Evetts Haley's Cow Business and Monkey Business was the comment of a Texan and a cattleman. Dan Casement's Hog Latin was a Kansas hog raiser's denunciation of the slaughter of the swine. Benjamin W. Douglas' The New Deal Comes to Brown County, Indiana, was a native's vivid report of the effects of the administration's program in his neighborhood. Dorothy Thompson wrote a notable series on relief, but four other reports of various aspects of the relief problem were by women in Kansas, Idaho, Iowa and New Hampshire, only one of whom, a Des Moines newspaper reporter, had written for publication before.

Putnam Dana McMillan was a Minneapolis miller; John Rustgard, a Minnesota lawyer; Robert Moses, a New York City official; Sam R. McKelvie, a Nebraska farm-paper publisher; William N. McNair, the Democratic mayor of Pittsburgh; R. H. Cabell, a Chicagoan, head of the Armour Packing Co.; Robert Ormond Case, an Oregon newspaperman; but all but Mr. Moses were new in THE POST and to magazine writing. Little space and abnormal demand upon it forced the return of hundreds of other articles little less noteworthy from men and women stirred by the times to write.

Hugh S. Johnson, Harold Ickes, George N. Peek, John R. McCarl, Chester Davis, Jay N. Darling, and Joseph P. Kennedy were officials of the Government. General Johnson chose THE POST for serial publication of The Blue Eagle From Egg to Earth, his history and defense of NRA. He turned again to THE POST the following fall when in Think Fast, Captain, he wished to register his judgment that the New Deal had failed, and why. This famous verdict was more notable for who said it than for what was said, for the General's conclusions already had been registered in Mr. Lorimer's editorials and in articles by Garet Garrett, Alva Johnston, Merle Thorpe, Albert Atwood, David Lawrence, Samuel Crowther, Frank Parker Stockbridge and Raymond Carroll. Mr. Garrett's reporting reached a new peak in his Section Seven A at Sheboygan, detailing the consequences of the New Deal labor policy in a model manufacturing community.

George N. Peek had fought the farmer's fight steadily since 1920, he had supported Governor Smith in 1928, Mr. Roosevelt in 1932, and was among the first to be asked to join the new administration. Resigning in protest in 1936, he wrote for THE POST the authoritative inside picture of the blundering and maneuvering for political advantage in agriculture. T. Jefferson Coolidge told in THE POST his misgivings about the administration's fiscal policy, which led him to leave the office of Under-Secretary of the Treasury.

Comptroller General John R. McCarl was a nonpolitical public servant. Appointed in 1921 for a fifteen-year term which could not be terminated except by impeachment, and debarred by law from reappointment, he was almost the only obstacle in the Government to the reckless spending of the New Deal, and the White House learned how to short-circuit most of his authority. Mr. McCarl's brief statement to the press on the day his term expired was his first public comment in fifteen years, but as soon as he was free of office he turned to THE POST to express his grave concern at the

emasculation of Congress, the soaring debt, and the flippant irresponsibility of the administration.

He turned naturally to THE POST as the periodical which had begun the fight and led it and which spoke with a maximum of authority to the greatest audience ever assembled, a magazine which saw the United States of America begun and does not propose to see it ended.

In August, 1936, Mr. Lorimer resigned as chairman of The Curtis Publishing Company and editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, effective January 1, 1937, leaving the weekly at its peak circulation for all time and with its net earnings steadily increasing. The Directors chose Wesley Winans Stout, an associate of Mr. Lorimer's for fourteen years, as his successor.

Born in Kansas of American pioneer stock, Mr. Stout was for twelve years a reporter, correspondent and editor in the Southwest, Mexico, the Pacific Coast and New York. Going to the Kansas City Star in 1913, he was their correspondent with the army at the Mexican border in 1916. At the end of that year he went to the New York Globe. During the war he served in the United States Naval air forces and for two years thereafter was at sea as a supercargo for the United States Merchant Marine in the North Atlantic and Far Eastern trades, during which service he was wrecked on a wrongly charted coral reef in the South China sea, among other adventures. He came to THE POST in 1922 as first reader, becoming an associate editor in 1924. As this history indicates, his articles in THE POST have been many and on widely diverse subjects.

As a resident, a reporter, a seaman and an inveterate traveler for pleasure, he is familiar with every state of the Union and much of the world besides. Perhaps no other editor has as wide a firsthand knowledge of his country, including the side roads and the remote spots.