

HOTEL THE WOLCOTT MUSEUM



Wolcott Hotel
New York
January 4 1907

Dear Mr. Grant,

For the last two months I have been writing you letters in my head, about the play, and other topics of equally general interest and have been prevented from putting the said letters on paper only by the storm and stress and the literal physical fatigue, too of finishing "The Fruit of the Tree."

But here comes your note of Sunday to rouse the sense of how much I want to talk to you and so, with one foot on the ship, and bits of grey matter scattered everywhere between Pittsfield and Paris, I gather up the fragments as best I can, and proceed to thank you for your good wishes and all the nice things you say.

I wanted, especially, to tell you volumes about the play, which most of my friends carefully avoid mentioning in my presence, as though it were a recently-deceased child (and an illegitimate one at that), while I am thirsting to discuss the oddities of this production, the causes of its failure, and everything connected with its brief and pathetic career. But it would take several sheets of "Authors' Pad" to do justice to the subject, and I will only say that the adventure leaves me without a regret (except for good, kind Fitch and the actors) because I learned so much from it, for my work, and in a general way, that I feel as if I'd robbed Frohman in his sleep.

Before we leave literature, by the way, I must tell you of the nicest thing that Mr. Scribner did the other day. You remember my asking you, over a year ago, what price I ought to put on the serial rights of my new novel (which turned out to be the F. of the Tree). You said \$8,000; and the Scribners agreed; but the other day Mr. Scribner sent for me, and said the success of the H. of M. had been greater than they expected, and had consequently increased the value of the next born; and that they proposed to pay me \$10,000 instead of \$8,000; and thereupon he handed me the cheque!

Publishers come in for such all round abuse that I feel as if this ought to be proclaimed aloud, for the sake of the act itself, and also the way in which it was done.

Teddy sends you many messages of regret for having missed you in Boston, but we look forward to seeing you and Mrs. Grant at the Mount next summer.

Thanks for your book suggestions. I send in return "Sex and Character" by Otto Weininger, and Shaw's new book "Dramatic Opinions."

Yours sincerely
E. Wharton

Good luck to you all for 1907!

Renown author and poet
Edith Wharton
stayed at the Hotel Wolcot in the winter of 1907.