

Schaller, Iowa. January 12, 1923.

Miss Ida M. Tarbell
New York City.

My dear Miss Tarbell:

The advance sheets of your first two Lincoln articles came last evening, and I have read and re-read them with the greatest interest and pleasure.

I cannot but feel that these are the best that ever came from your pen, and that is saying much. No romance was ever more fascinating; so truly, clearly and sympathetically pictured for even the casual reader; but we know, who read between the lines, what pains-taking care and loving labor was required on your part to give to the world this splendid illuminating picture of Hingham's worthies, so closely related to our own Lincoln. No one but you could have done it.

In what shall these and your forthcoming articles appear, that I may order them before leaving; while later they will, of course, be issued in book form.

I note that you are using a print of my best beloved statue of Lincoln-at Newark. In my humble opinion, I hold that it and the Head in the Capitol are the finest things in bronze and marble, ever executed by mortal man.

I cannot express in words my feelings as I sat on that bench and looked into those sad far-seeing eyes-ever alone- trying to solve the nation's problems.

In no statue or picture is the soul of him conveyed as does Borglum in that Newark Bronze; he has indeed given us Lincoln in the "Garden of Gethsemane," using Lincoln's own words.

Dear Miss Tarbell, I must tell you of something of which I have rarely spoken to any one except my brother. It is my one supreme and consuming thought and wish to have a duplicate of that statue in Lincoln Square in Decatur. Where else could one be so appropriately be placed?

I alone cannot do it, that is before my death, and I wish to see the work accomplished, then I think I could die happy. My brother, who is one of the kindest and most generous of men, could do this but I have not yet been able to get him to accede to my request.

Did you ever have any longing-impotent-tho withall hopeful obsessing you? If so you can understand my feeling. It is the Borglum replica I want to see there, with the children around him, in his dear arms caressing them; and Borglum may leave us. All these things crowd in my brain and leave me-just hopeful.

Very sincerely and gratefully yours

J. E. Hamand