

HENRY B. RANKIN
 510 SOUTH SECOND STREET
 SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

Dec. 26th 1922.

My Dear Miss Tarbell:

I had yours of Nov. 28th making inquiries for a copy of Dr. Fred Mines' address on the "Greatness of Lincoln". There has been no delay on my part in searching for a copy. The Hist. Lib. had had the only one I could put my hands on. On reading it I saw it would be most valuable to you, but before asking Mrs. Meber for the privilege of withdrawing that copy to send you I phoned here and there without succeeding. Then I got Miss Nellie Browne Duff, (whom you met I believe) and got her to insert a call in the State Journal. This you see by clipping attached she did. This brought two answers. - Ray of Mount Pleasant, whose copy was at his former home, and Mr Geo. Williams. The latter sent me his copy to send you and you can see by his script, "it is his most treasured possession". It goes to you by this mail, registered and I send with it stamps for its return and fee for registry, giving you Mr. Williams full address. I told him you would probably need to retain it several weeks, as you would be very busy getting out copy for the first 'nos. of "Footprints", etc. and arranging your notes up to period Mines' address would fit in.

Wish I'd the eye sight ^(etc) of years ago and could be with you to follow the pen trail you are now tripping along. May I presume to send you a few items I deem worth your attention? I will do so unasked, ^{at} a venture: -

Dr. Mines address is good for you to saturate yourself ^{with}. I cite particularly pages 6-7-8 and 23 to 25. See the Nov. No. of Scribner's Monthly p. 546 - latter part of ¶, top of page; - cites Franklin, Jefferson & Lincoln on early manual training. Page 548, same Monthly & month - center of 3d ¶. The thought these words clothe is their main point I would call your attention.

Not only Lincoln's exclusive personality was so clearly marked, but his progressive development ^{was} so clearly illustrated ^{in his life} from New Salem - Spgld - and each year after, - most noticeable after 1856 and rapid through presidential responsibilities & ^{at meridian way he was shot.} A little clipping on "progress" I send attached to this sheet gives you the gist of my meaning. My chapter 17 on Lincoln's "Moods" might be worth your rereading again.

Do not fail to read Bartok's two last books, and Meik's "Abraham Lincoln: A Portrait." I've just finished hearing it read. It lacks much the title of "Portrait," - but some valuable new items are in it. It is coarse and poorly arranged in some parts, and seems to equalise the credibility of ^{his} witnesses. He had plenty of paint and brushes but lacks the delicate artistic skill in using his materials. He has sorted over Herndon and Samois waste basket. Herndon set Meik's to interview obscure and disreputable parties that even Herndon did not care to be quoted as interviewing.

You have a big and difficult job before you and I send you in advance my sincerest sympathy. The little I may be able to help you - (and I appreciate and only too well understand how little I can do) be free to call on me. Miss Young wishes to be remembered to you and will cheerfully assist me in hunting up any matter you desire attention given in Springfield.

Cordially and Sincerely Yours Henry B. Rankin

P.S. From your "pigeon hole" of Lincoln stories:

The elder Robin Diller told me this:

Returning to his drug store after lunch, on turning a corner of the street he confronted Lincoln who was on his way home. His two younger boys were in a violent struggle, - apparently, - with their father. One had climbed up Lincoln's back and got astride of Lincoln's neck with his feet hanging down before him. Lincoln's tail hat was knocked off and several feet away.

The other boy was in front of Lincoln holding on to his brother's feet with both hands, - to reach them required him ^{to} lift his little body several inches from the ground and his little feet were battering away in vigorous kicks against his father's shins. Diller said he was so surprised he could not enquire the cause for a brief moment, - then he exclaimed:

"Why Mr. Lincoln what in this world is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing much, Mr. Diller, - only what is the matter with all the rest of the world. I have three English Walnuts and each of the boys want two of them!"

Diller did not tell me what he did to relieve the situation, but knowing him to be of the old fashioned style who believed, "sparing the rod spoiled the child," I imagine he took vigorous means to relieve Lincoln.

Had this scene been enacted in this later date, - 1922, - the "whole world" would each demand all "three of the English Walnuts"

Henry B. Rankin

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Dr. Harold Moyer, an eminent Chicago specialist and teacher, speaking before the recent state conference on public welfare said: In this meeting we have heard the word "progress" many times. If we go into an assemblage of any other group of people, we hear "progress" many times. If it is a commercial gathering, a professional gathering, an engineering gathering or what not, the word "progress" is the key note. Yet this word is of comparatively recent origin. The Greeks did not have it. The Romans did not have it. We do not begin to find it until about the middle of the sixteenth century and it had not taken on much of its modern significance before the middle of the seventeenth century. Since then it has grown fast and today it is our hope and our guiding star.

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"Progress" indicates to us that we grow better, commercially, financially, ethically, morally and spiritually. Its common use is one of the most encouraging signs of the times. Against all the darkness and blackness, it shines out as a beacon and as a guide. We love to think that we progress, as an individual, as a group, as a community, as a state, as a nation and as a world.

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The idea of progress stimulates us to renewed energy. It keeps our spirits from drooping. We make progress from day to day and we measure it. We look back and contemplate the situation. We stop and study the present. Does the comparison show that there has been progress? If we decide that it does, our hearts fairly bound with pleasure.

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When we think of progress, we realize that there is a long way yet to go. There is yet field for us to develop. That is an incentive. To know that the door of opportunity has not been closed by the finishing of a task; to feel that we have not reached the end of the road; to anticipate discoveries and achievements that lie beyond completes our idea of progress.

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