1934 July 6

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON
DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY
SEATTLE

6 July 1934

Miss Ida M. Tarbell
120 East Nineteenth Street
New York, N.Y.

My dear Miss Tarbell

Since writing to you about my little book on Lincoln I have been reading in my July number of the Readers Digest, pages 10-12 and 110-111, so many facts about you that I did not know before.

I want you to know that I am enthusiastic in approval and feel that I can also use your remark: "I really don't feel much different at this age than I did at any other age."

You will probably be pleased to know that Professor Arthur Charles Cole is a visiting member of our Faculty this summer session. I am asking him to autograph my copy of his Irrepressible Conflict and have there discovered that you are writing Volume IX in that series of "History of American Life." That must be the book mentioned by the Herald Tribune Magazine as the work on which you are now engaged. This is fine!

With gratitude and congratulations, I am

Yours faithfully

ESM:S

Edmond S. Meany

Meany

Digital Image, 2009. The Ida M. Tarbell Collection, 1890-1944, Allegheny College Pelletier Library

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EDMOND S. MEANY

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Abraham Lincoln

The Child.

As by the fire, a knot of pine for light,
The boy from freshly finished toil lies down
To master mysteries of verb and noun,
Unmindful of the hours in hurried flight;
So fairyland with king and doughty knight,
Who wage their mimic wars in floral crown,
When youth, awakening, shows reluctant frown,
Must yield the day and even give the night
To him who sees real battles to be won
By thoughts and courage rescued from the wild
Tumultuous years of youth when reconciled
To share the toil of brain with boyish fun,
To learn, to know, perchance to weep, as one
Who bears a manly burden while a child.

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(2) Abraham Lincoln

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The Man.

What time a gloom enshrouds the harried ground,
A pall engulfs our hope and glory hides
Behind a wall of hatred that divides
The states a nation thought securely bound,
While strife and noise of war afar resound,
A man steps forth between the swinging tides
To teach the world anew that right abides
When freedom, love, and faith in man abound.
In vain he writhed ere Hell should swing the gate
To reap the bloody fields, to kill and maim,
In vain would he the sundered lands reclaim;
But spelled the riven stars his cruel fate:
To face the avalanche of war and hate
Till Death entwined the martyr's crown of fame.

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DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY
EDMOND S. MEANY

(3) Abraham Lincoln

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SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

The Memory.

Ah such a man empyreal sphere attains,
Who knows and feels his fellow's hurts and needs,
Whose heart responds to every wound that bleeds
And every soul bowed low with griefs or pains;
With love that falls like Heaven's gentle rains,
Uplifts the fallen and all the hungry feeds,
Ignoring hate of race or jangling creeds
Or stains of iron from lately broken chains.
Such strength of lions, with breast of gentle dove!
Such perfect bloom from lowly tangled sod!
While groping mortals striving upward plod
They'll reach and strain for thy unkindling love —
Triumphant love vouchsafed from realms above,
In human form the majesty of God.

Edmond S. Meany

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