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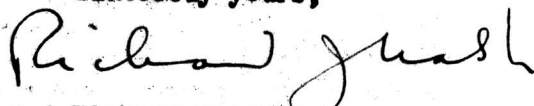
Dear Miss Tarbell,

It occurred to me that you might like to have the enclosed advance proof of the editorial about Wilson, about which Mr. Palmer told you yesterday. Naturally, the first thing I thought of was "The Man They Cannot Forget". I have used the portions which seemed most pertinent and introduced them with a few lines of my own of which I hope you will approve.

I should have liked to give your name as the author of the editorial, but, as you know, the convention is that editorials are the expression not of individuals but of the publication. And a more particular reason is that the editorial appeared originally before I was here. I do feel that Collier's is permanently indebted to you for this beautiful piece and for the fact that we had it long before Mr. Wilson's death.

I hope you liked the layout of the Lincoln material in last week's issue.

Sincerely yours,



Richard J. Walsh
Editor

Miss Ida Tarbell
New York City

The Man They Cannot Forget

NOW that he is gone, not only those who fought him, but those who feared to praise him, make haste to do him reverence. It is with melancholy pride that we recall that this paper spoke its best words of him while he still lived. "The Man They Cannot Forget" was printed on this page two years ago. The man himself read it, was grateful for it, and graciously said so. We reprint here, omitting sentences that spoke only of the living Wilson who is dead, those portions which tell of the living Wilson who will never die:

Woodrow Wilson means something to the people of the United States: something profound, something they cannot forget. People think of him now as the man who was behind the inspiration of their greatest moments; who stirred them to a fresh understanding of the meaning of words that had become mere patter on many tongues—"democracy," "union." He made them realities, personal, deep—showed them as the reason of all that is good in our present, all that is hopeful in our future, the working basis on which men may strive to liberty of soul and peaceful achievement. He made them literally things to die for, lifting all of our plain, humble thousands who never knew applause or wealth or the honor of office into the ranks of those who are willing to die for an ideal—the highest plane that humans reach.

People are thinking, also, of his work in that after-war period when the hate, revenge, and bitterness that war has loosed have none of the restraints that war compels, and we must, by reason and good will and patience, restore our controls—that terrible period we speak of as reconstruction. There too he kindled enthusiasms. "Now," he said, "let us do what men have long dreamed—give to each people its chance, cut down the foolish barriers of trade, limit our armaments, enter into a union of all nations pledged to cooperation and peace." . . .

He won—won with the peoples of the world, if not with all of their governments. They look to him as the man who drove that ideal so deep into the soul of the nations that no man or men can ever destroy it. It has become an asset of tormented humanity, a possible way out of slaughter and hate. Through all the future, men will be building upon it, adapting, expanding, as men have built on Washington's work, on Lincoln's work, knowing that their efforts rest on something essentially sound and secure.

They are simple people, remember, those thousands whose hearts he had enkindled. They are the people who do the work of the world, and their minds are easily bewildered. "He has deceived you," they were told. "He has given you dreams. Dreams are not for men." . . .

And the people withdrew—bewildered. But the shouting over, they remembered their long days of exaltation, of sacrifice, of freedom and boldness, of worthwhileness. Was it only a deception? Was all they had felt a mere magic of words on their untrained minds, the stir of a fleeting passion in their lives? . . .

And so they seek him. He means something to them; they don't quite know what. He is a living link with their noblest phase.