THE MAN THEY CANNOT FORGET

(From Collier's Weekly.)

One of the permanent possessions of a human heart is the memory of its great enthusiasms. You may have come to disdain and even despise them, but they are never uprooted. Then you reached your highest—and you know it.

When a noble ideal kindles such enthusiasms, that ideal becomes one of those things that without warning, at rare intervals, flares up. And you sit in the light of the flare and ponder. Why did it fail? Not because it was not beautiful—right—desirable. Was it because you were not fit for beauty, righteousness, desirability?

Peoples are like men. They may lay aside their great hopes, but to the end there are hours when they sit with them and ponder.

Perhaps that is the explanation of the persistent, mysterious, unconscious way in which men today draw together around Woodrow Wilson. It requires explanation. Why, in Washington for months now, has the sightseeing wagon followed his car? Why do the chattering tourists inside grow silent as they pass it? They don't peer. They lift their hats and sigh, and it sometimes takes minutes and striking eights to break the mood the fleeting glimpse of that drawn, long white face has stirred.

Why is it that on Sunday and holidays men and women and children—most of them busy through the week—walk to his house and stand there in groups, speak together in hushed tones as if something solemn and ennobling moved in them? Curiosity? Men chatter and gibe and jostle in curiosity. These people are silent, gentle and orderly. You will see them before the theater on nights when it is known that Mr. Wilson is within, quietly waiting for him to come out. There will be 50, 100, even sometimes 1,000.

They cheer him as he passes, and there are often choke in the cheers and always tenderness. Why do they do it? Nothing more instinctive, more unplanned, goes on in Washington. Let it be known that he is in his seat in a theater, and the whole house will rise in homage. Let his face be thrown on the screen, and it will draw a greeting that the face of no other living American receives. And that is not true in Washington alone.

Why should the vast throng that packed Pennsylvania avenue from end to end on armistice day have stood reverently, with heads bared in silence as the hier of the unknown soldier passed, attended by all the official greatness of the moment—the President, his cabinet, the supreme court, the house, the senate, the diplomatic corps, Pershing, Foch—why should this great crowd have watched in silence until, quite unexpectedly, a carriage far down the line came to view? Why should this crowd, unconscious of what it was doing, have broken into a low cry of sympathy and grief: "There's Wilson!" The cry flew down the long avenue.

They saw him as the man who had called into service the boy they honored, who had put the wonderful light in his eye, that light of which a great French surgeon said: "The American soldier is different from all others. I don't know what it is, whether it is God, the Monroe doctrine, or President Wilson; but he has something in his eye." Yes, Wilson's place was by the dead soldier, and the people knew it, and told him so by their unconscious outburst.

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."

The peoples of the earth rallied to his plan, pledged themselves. And then the loosed passions began their war on him. Those who wanted peace and believed it easy; those who hated peace and believed it impossible; those who envied his place, differed with his judgments, failed of his fervor—these and many more joined in an attack such as few men ever faced in the history of this earth. He fought to a finish, that he might secure the pledge of the nations to the ideal of world cooperation.

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. Thorugh 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. You live by realities, not ideals. Out with him! Down with him! As a great nation, you have strength, you have gold. Keep them. Stand alone. Do not forget that you do not live by ideals."

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? Was there no sense, no reality, in it all?

That is what thousands upon thousands have been asking in these past days. And slowly they are turning to him who led them. His suffering face and palsied side are a symbol of their crippled hopes. "How is it with him," they ask, "a living sacrifice to that faith and that vision? Does he still believe? Has he lost faith as well as strength?"

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. Those who destroyed that phase are giving them nothing in its place. What does it all mean? And so they follow his carriage, gather before his house, stand in rain and snow and cold before the theater to get even the most fleeting glimpse, something that will bid them live again as they did in those great moments.

[illegible]

If you c[illegible] your smile
And n[illegible] while,
If you [illegible] are
And [illegible] not
And ta[illegible] the loss,
And sti[illegible]
You need [illegible] ming fates,
For you a go[illegible] ly waits.

—Edgar A. [illegible] in Detroit Free

Prize Winning Beauties with George Wintz's Big Musical Production of "EVE" which Comes to the Metropolitan Theatre One Night Only, Saturday, January 20.

Condensed statement of the condition of the

BANK OF HARNETT, :-: DUKE & COATS, N. C.

At the close of business December 29, 1922.

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	$472,953.10
Overdrafts	94.34
Furniture and Fixtures	2,200.00
U. S. Revenue Stamps	25.91
U. S. Bonds and U. S. Treasury notes	82,650.00
Cash in vault and other strong banks	263,718.37
	$821,641.72

LIABILITIES

Capital	$ 35,000.00
Surplus	20,000.00
Undivided profits	20,600.21
Deposits	746,041.51
	$821,641.72

On the strength of the above statement we invite all persons who are seeking a safe place to deposit their active or idle funds to call on or write us.

4 per cent allowed on time deposits

Liberty Bonds bought and sold

OFFICERS

B. N. DUKE, President
W. A. ERWIN, Vice-President
E. P. DAVIS, Vice-President
C. S. HICKS, Active Vice-President
S. J. CLARK, JR., Cashier
J. C. GRAHAM, Assistant Cashier

Ford

INTERESTING FACTS

106,327 Ford Cars and Trucks Retailed in November

Approximately the same number scheduled for delivery this month

What Does This Mean?

This volume of deliveries to actual owners is entirely unprecedented for this time of the year—

It has taxed the manufacturing ability of the Ford plants working at full capacity—

It indicates a volume of business during the rapidly approaching months of "heavy demand" which will be far beyond the maximum production schedule which the Ford Motor Company has set—

And that means a Ford shortage even more acute than the one which existed last Spring and Summer.

Dealers' stocks all over the country are low—there are no reserves to draw upon to meet the demands for delivery—

There is no way in which dealer reserves can be built up, as deliveries have been made to customers as fast as Cars could be manufactured since last April.

The only way you can protect your desire to obtain prompt delivery of a Ford even at this time is to place your order immediately.

This emphasizes more strongly than anything we could possibly say the necessity of your making prompt arrangements with a Ford Dealer for the listing of your order, particularly if you are contemplating the purchase of a Ford Car or Truck for use this Sping or Summer.

We believe you are entitled to know these facts as they actually exist.

Ford Motor Company

Detroit, Michigan

J. W. Thornton

Authorized Ford Dealer

Dunn, North Carolina —:— Phone No. 177

A Small Deposit and Easy Payments if Desired