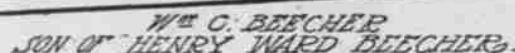


Edward Waldo Emerson, Son of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Is Not a Literary Figure, But the Village Physician of Concord, Mass. His Interesting Recollections of Thoreau and Hawthorne. Owner of the Woods Made Famous by Thoreau.



To the stranger who goes to Concord on historic or literary pilgrimage, Dr. Emerson is sure to be pointed out by his fellow townsmen as he drives about the town; and in the course of a twelve-month many out-of-town persons make Concord their destination especially to chat with the doctor about his father, about Nathaniel Hawthorne, about the Emersons, about, and so on. He writes "little Women" in a house, almost directly across the street from the Emerson home. And within the last few years many inquiries have been

Lincoln's Ability Not Handed Down.
Though the popular mind has never clearly classified him as such, it is undeniably true that Abraham Lincoln was one of the great American masters of



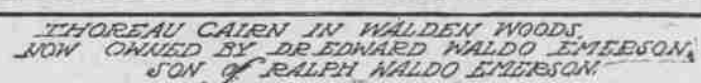
After the war young Lincoln, who had married the daughter of one of the great war Senators of Iowa, James Harlan, settled in Chicago. It seemed to every one

But though Robert T. Lincoln did not inherit the unsurpassed literary ability of his father, he had a fond belief of all who knew his son, Abraham Lincoln, that the lad, when he reached mature years, would be one of the great American masters of English. The boy was the only one who remained to carry the name of Abraham Lincoln. In his childhood, in England he was under private tutors and received other careful instruction. He was very fond of his father and inherited his grandfather's great muscular strength. In his features he somewhat resembled the great President. It was said of him that he was a perfect facsimile from his grandfather's side rather than from his grandmother's side. But in the third year of his father's absence from his home in Lincoln, then in his 14th year, was taken ill and after a brief illness died. With his death the Lincoln name, which for generations are concerned, became extinct.

Henry Ward Beecher, who so ably

To this day the name of John G. Saxe is familiar to many who are fond of the delicious humor in the poetry which gave Mr. Saxe a national reputation in the mid-years of the last century. He was of Vermont birth, afterward living in Albany, and in his later years was a citizen

DR. FRANCIS SHAW CURTIS.
SON OF GEO. WILLIAM CURTIS.



But while it is true that most all the sons and daughters of our great literary personages of the last century have failed to follow in their footsteps, there are a few exceptions to the general rule, but very few. And of this small company Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward is the most noted, because she is the most exceptional, her literary fame being even greater than was that of her father in his particular day and generation.

Persons whose memories go back to the late 90s will doubtless recall that at

College Tribute to Miss Phelps.

The Summer of the year that her first book was published Miss Phelps attended the commencement exercises at the College. Her friend, Mrs. Moses Stuart Phelps, was a member of the graduating class. The quaint old chapel was thronged on the hot commencement Sunday afternoon by students who were to be graduated, by the parents and friends of the venerable president, Theodore Woolsey. The galleries, which were almost within hand's reach of the rafters, so high were they, were packed with the friends and families of the graduates—deaf. Of a sudden and in some mysterious manner, almost by telepathic suggestion, as it seemed, word was passed from Miss Phelps to the graduates, and she, who wrote "The Gates Ajar," was sitting in the gallery. The announcement at once

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