



Famous Americans

Portraits by *W. F. Whitman*

FAMOUS AMERICANS
SERIES



The Authors Group

FAMOUS AMERICANS SERIES

A U T H O R S



WASHINGTON IRVING
1783 - 1859
ESSAYIST, HUMORIST AND HISTORIAN

THE AUTHOR'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF

I was always fond of visiting new scenes, and observing strange characters and manners. Even when a mere child I began my travels, and made many tours of discovery into foreign parts and unknown regions of my native city,¹ to the frequent alarm of my parents, and the emolument of the town crier.² As I grew into boyhood, I extended the range of my observations. My holiday afternoons were spent in rambles about the surrounding country. I made myself familiar with all its places famous in history or fable. I knew every spot where a murder or robbery had been committed, or a ghost seen. I visited the neighboring villages, and added greatly to my stock of knowledge by noting their habits and customs, and conversing with their sages and great men. I even journeyed one long summer's day to the summit of the most distant hill, whence I stretched my eye over many a mile of *terra incognita*,³ and was astonished to find how vast a globe I inhabited.

Further reading and thinking, though they brought this vague inclination into more reasonable bounds, only served to make it more decided. I visited various parts of my own country; and had I been merely a lover of fine scenery, I should have felt little desire to seek elsewhere its gratification, for on no country have the charms of nature been more prodigally lavished. Her mighty lakes, like oceans of liquid silver; her mountains, with their bright aerial tints; her valleys, teeming with wild fertility; her tremendous cataracts, thundering in their solitudes; her boundless plains, waving with spontaneous verdure; her broad, deep rivers, rolling in solemn silence to the ocean; her trackless forests, where vegetation puts forth all its magnificence; her skies, kindling with the magic of summer clouds and glorious sunshine;—no, never need an American look beyond his own country for the sublime and beautiful of natural scenery.

* * * *

AMY'S VALLEY OF HUMILIATION

(From "Little Women.")

Next day Amy was rather late at school; but could not resist the temptation of displaying, with pardonable pride, a moist brown-paper parcel before she consigned it to the inmost recesses of her desk. During the next few minutes the rumor that Amy March had got twenty-four delicious limes (she ate one on the way), and was going to treat, circulated through her "set" and the attentions of her friends became quite overwhelming. Katy Brown invited her to her next party on the spot; Mary Kingsley insisted on lending her her watch till recess; and Jenny Snow, a satirical young lady who had basely twitted Amy upon her limeless state, promptly buried the hatchet, and offered to furnish answers to certain appalling sums. But Amy had not forgotten Miss Snow's cutting remarks about "some persons whose noses were not too flat to smell other people's limes, and stuck-up people who were not too proud to ask for them;" and she instantly crushed "that Snow girl's" hopes by the withering telegram, "You needn't be so polite all of a sudden, for you won't get any."

But alas, alas! pride goes before a fall, and the revengeful Snow turned the tables with disastrous success. No sooner had the guest paid the usual stale compliments, and bowed himself out, than Jenny, under pretence of asking an important question, informed Mr. Davis, the teacher, that Amy March had pickled limes in her desk.

Now, Mr. Davis had declared limes a contraband article, and solemnly vowed to publicly ferule the person who was found breaking the law. This much-enduring man had succeeded in banishing gum after a long and stormy war, had made a bonfire of the confiscated novels and newspapers, had suppressed a private post-office, had forbidden distortions of the face, nick-names, and caricatures, and done all that once man could do to keep half a hundred rebellious girls in order. Boys are trying enough to human patience,



JAMES FENIMORE COOPER
1789 - 1851
NOVELIST, FAMOUS FOR
"THE LEATHERSTOCKING TALES"

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

It was a feature peculiar to the colonial wars of North America, that the toils and dangers of the wilderness were to be encountered before the adverse hosts could meet. A wide and apparently an impervious boundary of forests severed the possessions of the hostile provinces of France and England. The hardy colonist, and the trained European who fought at his side, frequently expended months in struggling against the rapids of the streams, or in effecting the rugged passes of the mountains, in quest of an opportunity to exhibit their courage in a more martial conflict. But, emulating the patience and self-denial of the practiced native warriors, they learned to overcome every difficulty; and it would seem that, in time, there was no recess of the woods so dark, nor any secret place so lovely, that it might claim exemption from the inroads of those who had pledged their blood to satiate their vengeance, or to uphold the cold and selfish policy of the distant monarchs of Europe.

Perhaps no district throughout the wide extent of the intermediate frontiers can furnish a livelier picture of the cruelty and fierceness of the savage warfare of those periods than the country which lies between the head waters of the Hudson and the adjacent lakes.

Winding its way among countless islands, and imbedded in mountains, the "holy lake" extended a dozen leagues still further to the south. With the high plain that there interposed itself to the further passage of the water, commenced a portage of as many miles, which conducted the adventurer to the banks of the Hudson, at a point where, with the usual obstructions of the rapids, or rifts, as they were then termed in the language of the country, the river became navigable to the tide.

It was in this scene of strife and bloodshed that the incidents we shall attempt to relate occurred, during the third year of the war which England and France last waged for the possession of a country that neither was destined to retain.

* * * *



LOUISA MAY ALCOTT
1832 - 1888
AUTHOR OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS
"LITTLE WOMEN," ETC.

goodness knows! but girls are infinitely more so. The word "limes" was like fire to powder: his yellow face flushed, and he rapped on his desk with an energy which made Jenny skip to her seat with unusual rapidity.

"Young ladies, attention, if you please!"

At the stern order the buzz ceased, and fifty pairs of blue, black, gray, and brown eyes were obediently fixed upon his awful countenance.

"Miss March, come to the desk."

Amy rose to comply with outward composure; but a



RALPH WALDO EMERSON
1803 - 1882
ESSAYIST, POET AND PHILOSOPHER

SELF-RELIANCE

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given him to till. The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what he can do, nor does he know until he has tried. . . .

Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members. Society is a joint-stock company, in which the members agree for the better securing of his bread to each shareholder, to surrender the liberty and culture of the eater. The virtue in most request is conformity. Self-reliance is its aversion. It loves not realities and creators, but names and customs.

Whoso would be a man, must be a nonconformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness. Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind. Absolve you to yourself, and you shall have the suffrage of the world. . . .

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Speak what you think now in hard words, and tomorrow speak what tomorrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said today. "Ah, so you shall be sure to be misunderstood." Is it so bad, then, to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood. . . .

The civilized man has built a coach, but has lost the use of his feet. He is supported on crutches, but lacks so much support of muscle. He has got a fine Geneva watch, but he has lost the skill to tell the hour by the sun.

* * * *

secret fear oppressed her, for the limes weighed upon her conscience.

"Bring with you the limes you have in your desk," was the unexpected command which arrested her before she got out of her seat.

"Young ladies, you remember what I said to you a week ago. I am sorry this has happened; but I never allow my rules to be infringed, and I never break my word. Miss March, hold out your hand."

Amy started, and put both hands behind her, turning on him an imploring look, which pleaded for her better than the words she could not utter. She was rather a favorite with "old Davis," as of course he was called, and it's my private belief that he would have broken his word if the indignation of one irrepressible young lady had not found vent in a hiss. That hiss, faint as it was, irritated the irascible gentlemen, and sealed the culprit's fate.

"Your hand, Miss March!" was the only answer her mute appeal received; and, too proud to cry or beseech, Amy set her teeth, threw back her head defiantly, and bore without flinching several tingling blows on her little palm. They were neither many nor heavy, but that made no difference to her. For the first time in her life she had been struck; and the disgrace, in her eyes, was as deep as if he had knocked her down.

"You will now stand on the platform till recess," said Mr. Davis, resolved to do the thing thoroughly, since he had begun.

That was dreadful. It would have been bad enough to go to her seat and see the pitying faces of her friends, or the satisfied ones of her few enemies; but to face the whole school with that shame fresh upon her seemed impossible, and for a second she felt as if she could only drop down where she stood, and break.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

FAMOUS AMERICANS
SERIES

AUTHORS



1-cent green, Washington Irving.
First-day—Tarrytown, N. Y., January 29, 1940.
Plate Nos. 22474-22475-
Designer: William A. Roach.
Engravers: (Frame) Carl T. Arlt, (Portrait) Lee C. Kauffmann, (Lettering) William B. Wells.
Born—New York, N. Y., April 8, 1783.
Died—Tarrytown, N. Y., Nov. 28, 1859.



2-cent red, James Fenimore Cooper
First-day—Cooperstown, N. Y., January 29, 1940.
Plate Nos. 22477-22478-22479. 22490
Designer: William A. Roach.
Engravers: (Frame) Carl T. Arlt, (Portrait) Harry B. Rollins, (Lettering) William B. Wells.
Born—Burlington, N. J., Sept. 15, 1789.
Died—Cooperstown, N. Y., Sept. 14, 1851.



3-cent purple, Ralph Waldo Emerson.
First-day—Boston, Mass., February 5, 1940.
Plate Nos. 22480-22481-22482. 22491
Designer: William A. Roach.
Engravers: (Frame) Carl T. Arlt, (Portrait) Gilroy Roberts, (Lettering) William B. Wells and James T. Vail.
Born—Boston, Mass., May 25, 1803.
Died—Concord, Mass., April 27, 1882.



5-cent blue, Louisa May Alcott.
First-day—Concord, Mass., February 5, 1940.
Plate Nos. 22483-22484
Designer: William A. Roach.
Engravers: (Frame) Carl T. Arlt, (Portrait) John Bissler, (Lettering) William B. Wells.
Born—Germantown, Pa., Nov. 29, 1832.
Died—Boston, Mass., March 6, 1888.



10-cent brown, Samuel L. Clemens.
First-day—Hannibal, Missouri, February 13, 1940.
Plate Nos. 22486-22488.
Designer: William A. Roach.
Engravers: (Frame) Carl T. Arlt, (Portrait) Charles A. Brooks, (Lettering) William B. Wells and James T. Vail.
Born—Florida, Missouri, Nov. 30, 1835.
Died—Redding, Conn., April 21,

POSTMARKS ARE PRINTED FACSIMILIES

FAMOUS AMERICANS
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AUTHORS

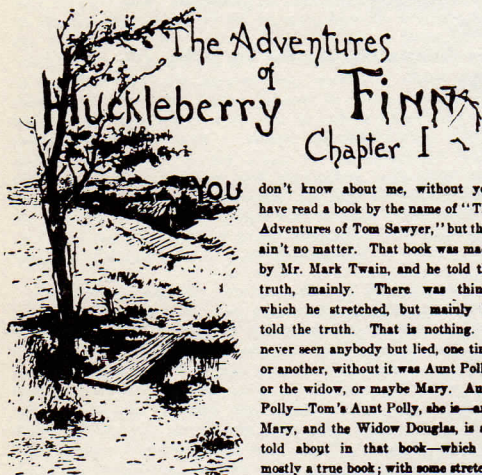


SAMUEL L. CLEMENS
(MARK TWAIN)
1835 - 1910

HUMORIST · NOVELIST · HISTORIAN · CRITIC

Huckleberry Finn

BY MARK TWAIN



THE WIDOW'S

you don't know about me, without you have read a book by the name of "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," but that ain't no matter. That book was made by Mr. Mark Twain, and he told the truth, mainly. There was things which he stretched, but mainly he told the truth. That is nothing. I never seen anybody but lied, one time or another, without it was Aunt Polly, or the widow, or maybe Mary. Aunt Polly—Tom's Aunt Polly, she is—and Mary, and the Widow Douglas, is all told about in that book—which is mostly a true book; with some stretchers, as I said before.

Now the way that the book winds up, is this: Tom and me found the money that the robbers hid in the cave, and it made us rich. We got six thousand dollars apiece—all gold. It was an awful sight of money when it was piled up. Well, Judge Thatcher, he took it and put it out at interest, and it fetched us a dollar a day apiece, all the year round—more than a body could tell what to do with. The Widow Douglas, she took me for her son, and allowed she would civilize me; but it was rough living in the house all the time, considering how dismal regular and decent the widow was in all her ways; and so when I couldn't stand it no longer, I lit out. I got into my old rags, and my sugar-hogshead again, and was free and satisfied.

But Tom Sawyer, he hunted me up and said he was going to start a band of robbers, and I might join if I would go back to the widow and be respectable. So I went back.

The widow she cried over me, and called me a poor lost lamb, and she called me a lot of other names, too, but she never meant no harm by it. She put me in them new clothes again, and I couldn't do nothing but sweat and sweat, and feel all cramped up. Well, then, the old thing commenced again. The widow rung a bell for supper, and you had to come to time. When you got to the table

you couldn't go right to eating, but you had to wait for the widow to tuck down her head and grumble a little over the victuals, though there warn't really anything the matter with them. That is, nothing only everything was cooked by itself. In a barrel of odds and ends it is different; things get mixed up, and the juice kind of swaps around, and the things go better.

After supper she got out her book and learned me about Moses and the Bulrushers; and I was in a sweat to find out all about him; but by-and-by she let it out that Moses had been dead a considerable long time; so then I didn't care no more about him; because I don't take no stock in dead people.

Pretty soon I wanted to smoke, and asked the widow to let me. But she wouldn't. She said it was a mean practice and wasn't clean, and I must try to not do it any more. That is just the way with some people. They

get down on a thing when they don't know nothing about it. Here she was a bothering about Moses, which was no kin to her, and no use to anybody, being gone, you see, yet finding a power of fault with me for doing a thing that had some good in it. And she took snuff too; of course that was all right, because she done it herself.

Her sister, Miss Watson, a tolerable slim old maid, with goggles on, had just come to live with her, and took a set at me now, with a spelling-book.

She worked me middling hard for about an hour, and then the widow made her case up. I couldn't stand it much longer. Then for an hour it was deadly dull, and I was fidgety. Miss Watson would say, "Don't put your feet up there, Huckleberry;" and "don't scrunch up like that, Huckleberry—set up straight;" and pretty soon she would say, "Don't gap and stretch like that, Huckleberry—why don't you try to behave!" Then she told me all about the bad place, and I said I wished I was there. She got mad, then, but I didn't mean no harm. All I wanted was to go somewheres; all I wanted was a change, I warn't particular. She said it was wicked to say what I said; said she wouldn't say it for the whole world; she was going to live so as to go to the good place. Well, I couldn't see no advantage in going where she was going, so I made up my mind I wouldn't try for it. But I never said so, because it would only make trouble, and wouldn't do no good.

Now she had got a start, and she went on and told me all about the good place. She said all a body would have to do there was to go around all day long with a harp and sing, forever and ever. So I didn't think

much of it. But I never said so. I asked her if she reckoned Tom Sawyer would go there, and she said, not by a considerable sight. I was glad about that, because I wanted him and me to be together.

Miss Watson she kept pecking at me, and it got tiresome and lonesome. By-and-by they fetched the niggers in and had prayers, and then everybody was off to bed. I went up to my room with a piece of candle and put it on the table. Then I set down in a chair by the window and tried to think of something cheerful, but it warn't no use. I felt so lonesome I most wished I was dead. The stars was shining, and the leaves rustled in the woods ever so mournful; and I heard an owl, away off, who-whooping about somebody that was dead, and a whippoorwill and a dog crying about somebody that was going to die; and the wind was trying to whisper something to me and I couldn't make out what it was, and so it made the cold shivers run over me. Then away out in the woods I heard that kind of a sound that a ghost makes when it wants to tell about something that's on its mind and can't make itself understood, and so can't rest easy in its grave and has to go about that way every night grieving. I got so down-hearted and scared, I did wish I had some company. Pretty soon a spider went crawling up my shoulder, and I slipped it off and it lit in the candle; and before I could budge it was all shriveled up. I didn't need anybody to tell me that that was an awful bad sign and would fetch me some bad luck, so I was scared and most shook the clothes off of me. I got up and turned around in my tracks three times and crossed my breast every time; and then I tied up a little lock of my hair with a thread to keep witches away. But I hadn't no confidence. You do that when you've lost a horse-shoe that you've found, instead of nailing it up over the door, but I hadn't ever heard anybody say it was any way to keep off bad luck when you'd killed a spider.

I set down again, a shaking all over, and got out my pipe for a smoke; for the house was all as still as death, now, and so the widow wouldn't know. Well, after a long time I heard the clock away off in the town go boom—boom—boom—twelve licks—and all still again—stiller than ever. Pretty soon I heard a twig snap, down in the dark amongst the trees—

something was a stirring. I set still and listened. Directly I could just barely hear a "me-yow! me-yow!" down there. That was good! Says I, "me-yow! me-yow!" as soft as I could, and then I put out the light and scrambled out of the window onto the shed. Then I slipped down to the ground and crawled in amongst the trees, and sure enough there was Tom Sawyer waiting for me.



Miss Watson



E.W. Kemble

MUCKLEBERRY FINN



HUCK STEALING AWAY

The
KEMBLE EDITION

Harper & Brothers
PUBLISHERS

1927

FAMOUS AMERICANS
SERIES



The Poets Group

*Famous
Americans Series*
POETS



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY
1849 - 1916
THE HOOSIER POET"

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's
in the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the strut-
tin' turkey-cock,
And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin'
of the hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the
fence;
O, it's then's the times a feller is a-feelin' at
his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of
peaceful rest.
As he leaves the house, bareheaded, and goes out
to feed the stock,
When the frost 's on the punkin and the fodder's
in the shock.

They's something kindo' harty-like about the
atmufere
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin'
fall is here—
Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossoms
of the trees,
And the mumble of the hummin'-birds and buzzin'
of the bees;
But the air's so appetizin'; and the landscape
through the haze
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the airy
autumn days
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to
mock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's
in the shock.

* * *

Then your apples all is gathered, and the ones a
feller keeps
Is poured around the cellar-floor in red and yaller
heaps;
And your cider-makin's over, and your wimmern-
folks is through
With their mince and apple-butter, and theyr
souze and sausage too!
I don't know how to tell it—but ef such a
thing could be
And the angels wantin' boardin', and they'd call
around on *me*—
I'd want to 'commodate 'em—all the whole-
indurin' flock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's
in the shock.

A PSALM OF LIFE

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN
SAID TO THE PSALMIST

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream! —
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
1807 - 1892
P O E T

HAMPTON BEACH

The sunlight glitters keen and bright,
Where, miles away,
Lies stretching to my dazzled sight
A luminous belt, a misty light,
Beyond the dark pine bluffs and wastes of
sandy gray.

The tremulous shadow of the Sea!
Against its ground
Of silvery light, rock, hill, and tree,
Still as a picture, clear and free,
With varying outline mark the coast for
miles around.

* * *

Good-by to Pain and Care! I take
Mine ease to-day:
Here where these sunny waters break,
And ripples this keen breeze, I shake
All burdens from the heart, all weary
thoughts away.

I draw a freer breath, I seem
Like all I see —
Waves in the sun, the white-winged gleam
Of sea-birds in the slanting beam,
And far-off sails which flit before the south-
wind free.

* * *

So then, beach, bluff, and wave, farewell!
I bear with me
No token stone nor glittering shell,
But long and oft shall Memory tell
Of this brief thoughtful hour of musing by
the Sea.



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
1807 - 1882
P O E T



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
1819 - 1891
Poet, Teacher and Public Servant
American Minister to Spain and Great Britain

THE VISION

OF SIR LAUNFAL

* * *

AND what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and
towers,

And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its
chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too
mean

To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters
and sings;

He sings to the wide world, and she to
her nest, —
In the nice ear of Nature which song is
the best?

* * *

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

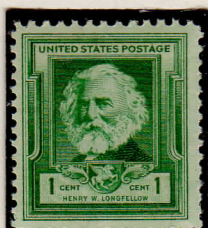
Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, — act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

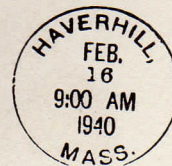
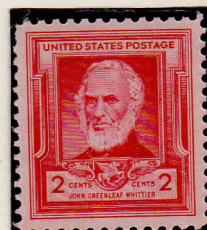
Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

*Famous
Americans Series*
POETS



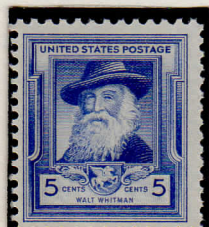
1-cent green, Henry W. Longfellow.
First-day—Portland, Maine, February 16, 1940.
Plate Nos. 22502, 22503,
Origin of Design: Reproduction of photograph by Sarony, New York, taken in Longfellow's 63rd year, furnished by The Public Library, Washington, D. C.
Designer: William A. Roach.
Engravers: (Frame) Charles A. Brooks, (Portrait) Carl T. Arlt, (Lettering) William B. Wells.
First Printing: 50 Million.
Born: Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807.
Died: Cambridge, Mass., March 24, 1882.



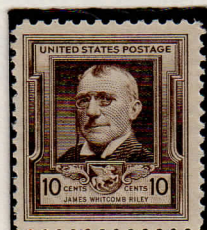
2-cent red, John Greenleaf Whittier.
First-day—Haverhill, Mass., February 16, 1940.
Plate Nos. 22505, 22506,
Origin of Design: Photograph furnished by The Library of Congress, Division of Fine Arts.
Designer: William A. Roach.
Engravers: (Frame) Charles A. Brooks, (Portrait) William O. Marks, (Lettering) William B. Wells.
First Printing: 50 Million.
Born: Haverhill, Mass., December 17, 1807.
Died: Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, September 7, 1892.



3-cent purple, James Russell Lowell.
First-day—Cambridge, Mass., February 20, 1940.
Plate Nos. 22508, 22510.
Origin of Design: Photograph of an engraving by J. A. J. Wilcox, from the original Crayon drawn by S. W. Rowse in 1855, furnished by The Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.
Designer: William A. Roach.
Engravers: (Frame) Charles A. Brooks, (Portrait) John Eissler, (Lettering) William B. Wells.
First Printing: 50 Million.
Born: Cambridge, Mass., February 22, 1819.
Died: Cambridge, Mass., Aug. 12, 1891.



5-cent blue, Walt Whitman.
First-day—Camden, New Jersey, February 20, 1940.
Plate Nos. 22511, 22512,
Origin of Design: Photograph furnished by The Public Library, Washington, D. C., entitled "Walt Whitman in 1871."
Designer: William A. Roach.
Engravers: (Frame) Charles A. Brooks, (Portrait) Matthew D. Fenton, (Lettering) William B. Wells.
First Printing: 20 Million.
Born: West Hills, Long Island, N. Y., May 31, 1819.
Died: Camden, New Jersey, March 26, 1892.



10-cent brown, James Whitcomb Riley.
First-day—Greenfield, Indiana, February 24, 1940.
Plate Nos. 22514, 22515,
Origin of Design: Photograph furnished by The Public Library, Washington, D. C., entitled "James Whitcomb Riley, the Beloved Hoosier Poet."
Designer: William A. Roach.
Engravers: (Frame) Charles A. Brooks, (Portrait) Charles A. Brooks, (Lettering) William B. Wells.
First Printing: 10 Million.
Born: Greenfield, Indiana, October 7, 1853.
Died: Indianapolis, Indiana, July 22, 1916.

POSTMARKS ARE PRINTED FACSIMILES

*Famous
Americans Series*
POETS



WALT WHITMAN
1819 - 1892
POET

MIRACLES

WHY, who makes much of a miracle?
As to me I know of nothing else but miracles,
Whether I walk the streets of Manhattan,
Or dart my sight over the roofs of houses toward
the sky,
Or wade with naked feet along the beach just
in the edge of the water,
Or stand under trees in the woods,
Or talk by day with any one I love, or sleep in
the bed at night with any one I love,
Or sit at table at dinner with the rest,
Or look at strangers opposite me riding in the
car,
Or watch honey-bees busy around the hive of a
summer forenoon,
Or animals feeding in the fields,
Or birds, or the wonderfulness of insects in the
air,
Or the wonderfulness of the sundown, or of
stars shining so quiet and bright,

* * * *

Or the exquisite delicate thin curve of the new
moon in spring;
These with the rest, one and all, are to me
miracles,
The whole referring, yet each distinct and in
its place.

To me every hour of the light and dark is a
miracle,
Every cubic inch of space is a miracle,
Every square yard of the surface of the earth
is spread with the same,
Every foot of the interior swarms with the same.

To me the sea is a continual miracle,
The fishes that swim—the rocks—the motion of
the waves—the ships with men in them,
What stranger miracles are there?

1856.

FAMOUS AMERICANS
SERIES



The Educators Group

FAMOUS AMERICANS
SERIES
EDUCATORS



Famous Americans
-ERNEST GILBERT-

FATHER OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL

"BE ASHAMED TO DIE UNTIL YOU HAVE WON SOME VICTORY FOR HUMANITY"

UNIVERSITY HALL, BUILT 1770

Graduate, 1819 and later tutor, Brown University, Providence, R. I. In 1853, President of Antioch College, Ohio.

HORACE MANN

BORN 1796 DIED 1859

EDUCATOR

Famous Americans
-ERNEST GILBERT-

STRESSED INDIVIDUAL INSTRUCTION

"A COLLEGE IS LIKE A LIGHTHOUSE, IF THE LIGHT AT THE TOP IS DIM IT IS GOOD FOR NOTHING"

WEST COLLEGE, BUILT 1790

Graduate, 1824, later tutor, Williams College, Williamstown, Mass. President from 1836 until 1872.

MARK HOPKINS

BORN 1802 DIED 1887

EDUCATOR



Famous Americans
-ERNEST GILBERT-

TEMPERANCE CRUSADER

"CHARACTER IS HABIT CRYSTALIZED"

WILLARD HALL

President and professor, Women's College, Chicago, 1860, and died in 1873 became part of the Northwestern University.

FRANCES E. WILLARD

BORN 1839 DIED 1898

EDUCATOR

Famous Americans
-ERNEST GILBERT-

ORGANIZER OF TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE

HE LIFTED THE VEIL OF IGNORANCE FROM HIS PEOPLE AND FOUND THE WAY TO PROGRESS THROUGH EDUCATION AND INDUSTRY

VIRGINIA HALL "BUILT UP" BY HAMPTON SINGERS 1874

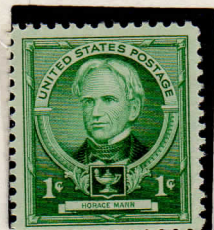
Graduate, 1875, later instructor, Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

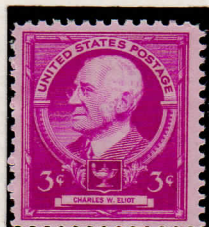
BORN 1859 DIED 1915

EDUCATOR

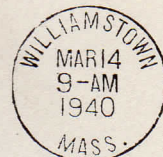
FAMOUS AMERICANS
SERIES
EDUCATORS



1-cent green, Horace Mann
First-day—Boston, Mass., March 14, 1940
Plate Nos. 22521, 22522,
Origin of Design: Reproduction of photograph by Perry Pictures, No. 139, furnished by the Library of Congress.
Designer: William A. Roach
Engravers: (Frame) Carl T. Arlt, (Portrait) William O. Marks, (Lettering) James T. Vail and William B. Wells.
First Printing: 50 million
Born: Franklin, Mass., May 4, 1796
Died: Yellow Springs, Ohio, Aug. 2, 1859



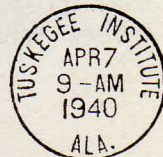
3-cent purple, Charles W. Eliot
First-day—Cambridge, Mass., March 28, 1940
Plate Nos. 22527, 22528,
Origin of Design: Photograph published in Current History, January, 1915, furnished by the Public Library, Washington, D. C.
Designer: William A. Roach
Engravers: (Frame) Carl T. Arlt, (Portrait) Gilroy Roberts, (Lettering) James T. Vail and William B. Wells.
First Printing: 50 million
Born: Boston, Mass., March 20, 1834
Died: Northeast Harbor, Maine, Aug. 22, 1926



2-cent red, Mark Hopkins
First-day—Williamstown, Mass., March 14, 1940
Plate Nos. 22524, 22525.
Origin of Design: Photograph of engraving by H. B. Hall's Sons, New York, N. Y.; engraving furnished by Library of Congress.
Designer: William A. Roach
Engravers: (Frame) Carl T. Arlt, (Portrait) Leo C. Kauffmann, (Lettering) James T. Vail and William B. Wells.
First Printing: 50 million
Born: Stockbridge, Mass., Feb. 4, 1802
Died: Williamstown, Mass., June 17, 1887



5-cent blue, Frances E. Willard
First-day—Evanston, Ill., March 28, 1940
Plate Nos. 22530, 22532
Origin of Design: Reproduction of photograph by Perry Pictures, No. 152, furnished by The Public Library, Washington, D. C.
Designer: William A. Roach
Engravers: (Frame) Carl T. Arlt, (Portrait) James R. Lowe, (Lettering) James T. Vail and William B. Wells.
First Printing: 20 Million
Born: Churchville, N. Y., Sept. 28, 1839
Died: New York, N. Y., Feb. 18, 1898



10-cent brown, Booker T. Washington
First-day—Tuskegee Institute, Ala., April 7, 1940
Plate Nos. 22533, 22535
Origin of Design: Photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C., No. B-14111.
Designer: William A. Roach
Engravers: (Frame) Carl T. Arlt, (Portrait) Charles A. Brooks, (Lettering) James T. Vail and William B. Wells.
First Printing: 10 Million
Born: on plantation in Franklin County, Va., date unknown
Died: Tuskegee, Ala., Nov. 14, 1915

POSTMARKS ARE PRINTED FACSIMILIES

FAMOUS AMERICANS

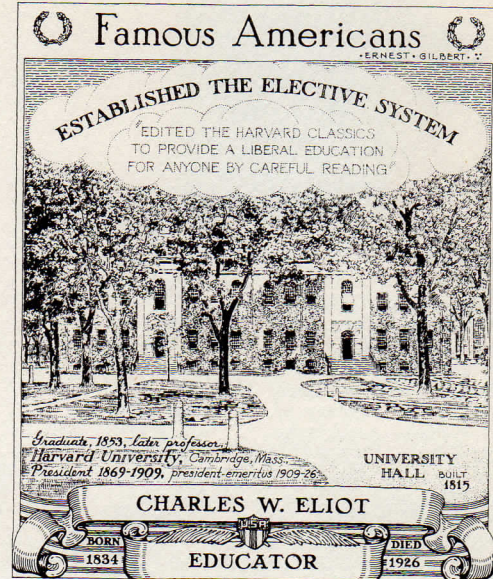
SERIES
EDUCATORS



Charles W. Eliot

1834 - 1926

SCIENTIST, TEACHER, PUBLICIST
PRESIDENT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY



BECAUSE it is usually considered the cultural center of the country, the city of Boston is often called "The Hub of the Universe." That this claim to culture is no idle boast is attested to by the fact that of the thirty-five famous Americans commemorated in this stamp series, twelve were connected with Boston by birth or part, at least, of their life work. The state of Massachusetts claims four others. Charles William Eliot was a native of the city and, in addition, was educated in Harvard University, taught there, and was its president for forty years, from 1869 to 1909.

Eliot's particular field was chemistry, in which he was assistant professor in Harvard's Laurence School for five years before he left to study the science in Europe. At the same time he studied European educational methods. It seems that most of our inspiration in this field comes from abroad. On his return he

accepted the chair of analytical chemistry at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, but kept up his interest in education.

When, after a second visit to Europe, Eliot was made president of Harvard, he proceeded to put his theories into practice. He remodeled the curriculum, raised the entrance requirements and widened the elective system of studies. He helped establish a common entrance standard for all colleges, thus raising the quality of secondary schools.

Harvard led the other colleges in educational reforms—and Eliot led Harvard. Both before and after his retirement, Dr. Eliot fought for higher education standards, civil service reform and other cultural and social movements. He is best remembered, however, for his "Five-Foot Shelf," the result of a remark that any man might acquire a liberal education by diligent study of a 5-foot shelf of books. Eliot died in 1926.

INCLUDED IN DR. ELIOT'S FIVE FOOT BOOKSHELF

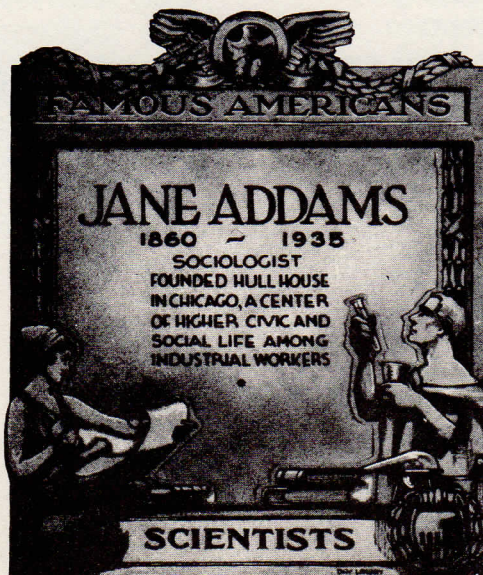
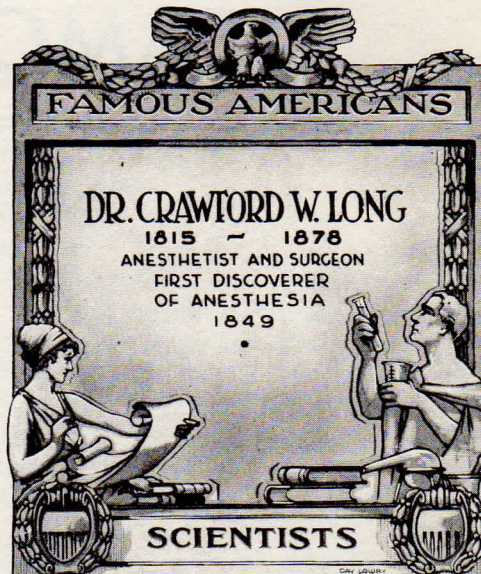
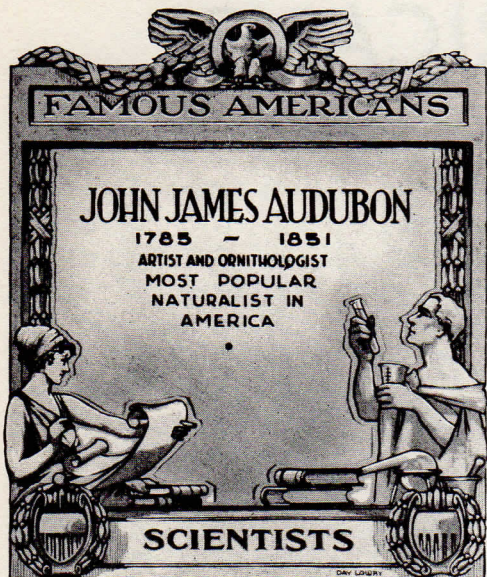
- | | |
|--|---|
| The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. | Aeneid, by Virgil. |
| Writings of John Woolman and William Penn. | Don Quixote, by Cervantes. |
| The Works of Plato. | Pilgrim's Progress, by John Bunyan. |
| The Golden Sayings of Epictetus. | Writings of Izaak Walton. |
| Meditations of Marcus Aurelius. | The Arabian Nights. |
| Bacon's Essays. | Aesops Fables. |
| Other Works of Milton and Sir Thomas Brown. | The Fairy Tales of Grimm and Hans Christian Anderson. |
| The Complete Poetical Works of John Milton. | Modern English Dramas. |
| Emerson's Essays. | The Works of Faust, Goethe, and Others. |
| The Poems of Robert Burns. | Dante's Divine Comedy. |
| Nine Greek Dramas. | I Promessi Sposi, by Manzoni. |
| The Complete Works of Cicero. | Homer's Odyssey. |
| Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations". | Two Years Before the Mast, |
| Charles Darwin's "Origin of Species". | by Richard Henry Dana. |
| Plutarch's Lives of Aristedes, Cicero, Caesar, | Burke's Essays. |
| Anthony and Others. | |
| Essays by John Stuart Mill and Thomas Carlyle. | |

FAMOUS AMERICANS
SERIES



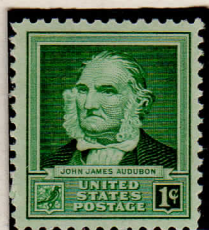
The Scientists Group

FAMOUS AMERICANS
SERIES
SCIENTISTS



FAMOUS AMERICANS

SERIES
SCIENTISTS



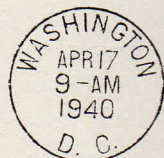
1-cent green, John James Audubon.
First-day—St. Francisville, La., April 8, 1940.
Plate Nos. 22546, 22547,
Origin of Design—Photograph after Brady daguerreotype, from the L. C. Handy Collection.
Designer: William A. Roach.
Engravers: (Frame) James T. Vail, (Portrait) Charles A. Brooks, (Lettering) William B. Wells.
First Printing—50 Million.
Born: Les Cayes, Santo Domingo, April 26, 1785.
Died: New York, N. Y., Jan. 27, 1851.



2-cent red, Dr. Crawford W. Long.
First-day—Jefferson, Ga., April 8, 1940.
Plate Nos. 22549, 22550,
Origin of Design: Photograph of engraving by R. O'Brien, engraving furnished by the Library of Congress.
Designer: William A. Roach.
Engravers: (Frame) James T. Vail, (Portrait) John Eissler, (Lettering) William B. Wells.
First Printing: 50 Million.
Born: Danielsville, Ga., November 1, 1815.
Died: Athens, Ga., June 16, 1878.



3-cent purple, Luther Burbank.
First-day—Santa Rosa, Cal., April 17, 1940.
Plate Nos. 22552, 22553,
Origin of Design: A half-tone reproduction of a photograph submitted by the subject's widow, Mrs. Elizabeth Burbank.
Designer: William A. Roach.
Engravers: (Frame) James T. Vail, (Portrait) Harry R. Rollins, (Lettering) William B. Wells.
First Printing: 50 Million.
Born: Lancaster, Mass., March 7, 1849.
Died: Santa Rosa, Calif., April 11, 1926.



5-cent blue, Dr. Walter Reed.
First-day—Washington, D. C., April 17, 1940.
Plate Nos. 22555, 22556,
Origin of Design: Photograph of painting by N. M. Miller, in the possession of Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Designer: William A. Roach.
Engravers: (Frame) James T. Vail, (Portrait) Leo C. Kauffmann, (Lettering) William B. Wells.
First Printing: 20 Million.
Born: Gloucester County, Va., Sept. 13, 1851.
Died: Washington, D. C., Nov. 23, 1902.



10-cent brown, Jane Addams.
First-day—Chicago, Ill., April 26, 1940.
Plate Nos. 22558, 22560,
Origin of Design: Photograph by Moffett, Chicago, Illinois, furnished by the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.
Designer: William A. Roach.
Engravers: (Frame) James T. Vail, (Portrait) Carl T. Arit, (Lettering) William B. Wells.
First Printing: 10 Million.
Born: Cedarville, Ill., Sept. 6, 1860.
Died: Chicago, Ill., May 21, 1935.

POSTMARKS ARE PRINTED FACSIMILIES

FAMOUS AMERICANS

SERIES
SCIENTISTS



LUTHER BURBANK
1849 - 1926



WALTER REED
1851 - 1902

IN the field of plant breeding in America a single name stands out, that of Luther Burbank. Born on a farm in Lancaster, Massachusetts, in 1849, he attended Lancaster Academy and took up horticulture for his life work. His earliest achievement, the Burbank potato, created in 1871, was one of his greatest—it prevented repetitions of the Irish famine of 1846.

In 1875, Burbank moved to California and re-established his experimental gardens there, where most of his famous products were developed. These include such useful oddities as the spineless cactus; plumcot, a cross between the apricot and Japanese plum; stoneless prunes; a plum-flavored pear; and over six hundred new varieties of apples and thousands of varieties of plums, cherries, berries, flowers and vegetables. Many of his flowers are of enormous size, some with new scents; most of his fruits have new flavors.

In producing these horticultural novelties, which it would have taken Nature hundreds of years to evolve, Burbank used the principles of selective breeding and cross-pollination, often speeding the process by grafting. In 1905, Carnegie Institute made him a grant of \$100,000. At his death in 1926 he had three thousand experiments in progress.

Santa Rosa, California, site of his farms, was first day city for the Burbank stamp, on April 17, 1940.

Finding Cuba on its hands at the end of the Spanish-American War, the United States set out to clean up Havana, which yellow fever had made the pest-hole of the world. Though Dr. Gorgas made it one of the world's cleanest cities, however, a new epidemic broke out immediately in the most sanitary sections, so General Wood called in Major Walter Reed in 1900 to head a Yellow Fever Commission whose other members were Drs. Carroll and Lazear and the Cuban, Dr. Aristides Agramonte (not to be confused with the Ignacio Agramonte on Cuban stamps). These men eventually discovered the true cause of the fever.

Reed at first decided to experiment with the theory of Dr. Carlos Finlay that yellow fever is carried by the stegomyia mosquito and is transmitted through no other means. (In 1934, Cuba honored Dr. Finlay with two commemoratives.) Carroll and Lazear allowed themselves to be bitten by some of these mosquitos, which had already fed on the blood of fever patients. They both contracted the disease and Lazear died. Reed then built a camp at Quemados near Havana for a complete study of the cause of yellow fever and called for volunteers. Nearly all were soldiers, the first two, Kissinger and Moran, refusing all remuneration. Using these men as guinea pigs, for animals did not take the disease, the commission established that the fever can be carried only by the stegomyia mosquito, and not by filth or contact with the victims as hitherto believed. Then Gorgas proceeded to wipe out this species of mosquito in Havana and later in Panama, enabling the United States to build the Canal where the French had failed.

Thus Dr. Reed shares with many others the honors of abolishing the scourge of yellow fever, but he was the inspiring genius of the fight and also a martyr. He died in 1902 from the effects of the fever.

FAMOUS AMERICANS
SERIES



The Composers Group

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 COMPOSERS

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JOHN PHILIP SOUSA
 1854 - 1932

BANDMASTER AND COMPOSER
 CONDUCTOR OF THE U.S. MARINE BAND



JOHN PHILIP SOUSA is about the only famous American born in the nation's capital; his birthday, November 6, 1854.

Though his father was a musician before him, young Sousa's ambition was to be a baker. He even started to learn this trade, but soon tired of it and began to study violin. Though most of his training was in symphony, he was a band leader at seventeen. In 1880 he became bandmaster of the United States Marine Corps,

Sousa was called the "March King" long before his death in 1932 and deserved that title better than any other composer ever born. The patriotic air "Stars and Stripes Forever" is hummed probably the world over and the "Washington Post" is nearly as famous.

A COMPOSER almost as popular as Stephen Foster—and a fellow-townsmen of his, was Ethelbert Nevin, born at Vine Acre Estate, Edgeworth, near Pittsburgh in 1862. After competent childhood training, at twelve he was sent to Germany to study under Von Bohme at Dresden and later under Kundworth and Von Bulow in Berlin. At twenty-five he was continuing his studies in Boston and producing excellent compositions himself. After becoming famous and touring Europe, he became a professor of music at Yale, but maintained residence at his birthplace. (Pittsburgh receives first day honors for his stamp.) He died in 1901 when only thirty-nine.

Nevin's works have an imaginative, ethereal quality, best exemplified in his popular "Narcissus". By far the best loved of his works is "The Rosary."

FAMOUS AMERICANS
 SERIES
 COMPOSERS



ETHELBERT NEVIN
 1862 - 1901

PIANIST AND COMPOSER



The hours I spent with

FAMOUS AMERICANS
 SERIES
 COMPOSERS



EDWARD A. MACDOWELL
 1861 - 1908

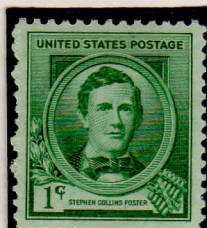
PIANIST AND COMPOSER



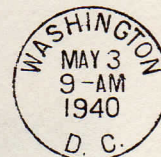
THOUGH born in New York City—on December 18, 1861—Edward A. MacDowell, like Victor Herbert, was of Irish ancestry, said to be recognizable in his music style. He, too, received his major musical education in Europe, moving to Paris at the age of fifteen and later to Frankfort. At the age of twenty he became the principal piano teacher at the Conservatory of Darmstadt, then married and settled near Wiesbaden, but soon returned to America. In 1888 he settled in Boston as a piano teacher, also appearing with the Boston Symphony and with Thomas's Orchestra. At thirty-five he became head of Columbia University's music department, which position he held for eight years.

Edward MacDowell is America's best composer of serious music. A physical breakdown and an accident in 1905 rendered him a helpless cripple. He died three years later at forty-seven and was buried in Peterboro, New Hampshire, his summer home.

**FAMOUS AMERICANS
SERIES
COMPOSERS**



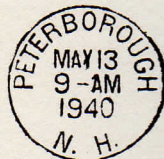
1-cent green, Stephen Collins Foster.
First-day—Bardstown, Kentucky, May 3, 1940.
Plate Nos. 22564, 22565,
Origin of Design—Photograph of tintype submitted by the Indianapolis Photo Company, Indianapolis, Ind.
Designer: William A. Roach.
Engravers: (Frame) Carl T. Arlt, (Portrait) Gilroy Roberts, (Lettering) William B. Wells.
First Printing: 50 Million.
Born: Pittsburgh, Pa., July 24, 1826.
Died: New York, N. Y., January 13, 1864.



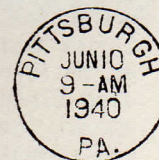
2-cent red, John Philip Sousa.
First-day—Washington, D. C., May 3, 1940.
Plate Nos. 22567, 22568,
Origin of Design—Photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.
Designer: William A. Roach.
Engravers: (Frame) Carl T. Arlt, (Portrait) Charles A. Brooks, (Lettering) William B. Wells.
First Printing: 50 Million.
Born: Washington, D. C., November 6, 1854.
Died: Reading, Pa., March 6, 1932.



3-cent purple, Victor Herbert.
First-Day—New York, N. Y., May 13, 1940.
Plate Nos. 22570, 22571,
Origin of Design—Photograph furnished by the White Studios, New York, N. Y.
Designer: William A. Roach.
Engravers: (Frame) Carl T. Arlt, (Portrait) Carl T. Arlt, (Lettering) William B. Wells.
First Printing: 50 million.
Born: Dublin, Ireland, February 1, 1859.
Died: New York, N. Y., May 26, 1924.



5-cent blue, Edward A. MacDowell.
First-day—Petersborough, N. H., May 13, 1940.
Plate Nos. 22574, 22575.
Origin of Design—A half-tone reproduction of photograph obtained from the Public Library, Washington, D. C.
Designer: William A. Roach.
Engravers: (Frame) Carl T. Arlt, (Portrait) John Eissler, (Lettering) William B. Wells.
First Printing: 20 Million.
Born: New York, N. Y., December 18, 1861.
Died: New York, N. Y., January 24, 1908.



10-cent brown, Ethelbert Nevin.
First-day—Pittsburgh, Pa., June 10, 1940.
Plate Nos. 22576, 22577,
Origin of Design—A half-tone reproduction of photograph in a book entitled: Ethelbert Nevin, by John Tasker Howard, obtained from the Public Library, Washington, D. C.
Designer: William A. Roach
Engravers: (Frame) Carl T. Arlt, (Portrait) Leo C. Kauffmann, (Lettering) William B. Wells.
First Printing: 10 Million.
Born: Edgeworth, Pa., November 25, 1862.
Died: New Haven, Conn., February 17, 1901.

POSTMARKS ARE PRINTED FACSIMILIES

FAMOUS AMERICANS
SERIES
 COMPOSERS



Stephen Collins Foster

THOUGH America has produced no great masters in the higher forms of music composition, the symphony and opera, in the lesser spheres she need bow to none. With the possible exception of Gilbert and Sullivan, whose operettas surpass those of Victor Herbert? Whose marches can compare with Sousa's? What country's folk songs are more universally popular than ours?

When we think of American folk songs, we think of Stephen C. Foster. Likewise, when Foster is mentioned, we hear the mournful tunes of "Old Black Joe," "Swanee River," "Old Kentucky Home." His simple songs have the permanence of Beethoven and Wagner.

Though Foster came of well-to-do parents, he ruined himself with drink. Though his songs were famous in his own day, they brought him little money. Others made fortunes on them. Nearly all were written for Christy's minstrels. Said to be 160 in number, they were written in a space of twenty-two years, for he died at thirty-eight in Bellevue Hospital, New York.

Victor Herbert

LIKE our most famous sculptor, St. Gaudens, our best-known composer of light operas, Victor Herbert, came from Dublin. Herbert, however, did not come to America until he was thirty-three. He received a complete musical training in Germany, choosing the cello as his special instrument. It was as solo cellist for the New York Metropolitan Opera that he came here in 1886. Later, he served in the orchestras of Theodore Thomas and Anton Seidl, the Hungarian, under the latter both as soloist and associate conductor.

Though Herbert's training was thus almost entirely German—even Thomas was a German-American—all of his music has that light, airy quality we generally associate with America's "Gay Nineties." In reality, it is the Viennese tradition begun by Johann Strauss, the "Waltz King." Victor Herbert's waltzes, which made such successes of his light operas — Babes in Toyland. Mlle. Modiste, The Red Mill, Naughty Marietta, etc.—are nearly as famous as those of his Austrian predecessor.



FAMOUS AMERICANS

SERIES



The Artists Group

Famous Americans
 Series
 ARTISTS



Famous Americans
 ERNEST GILBERT

THE ADAMS MONUMENT
 WASHINGTON, D. C.
 1887

The finest thing of its kind ever produced by an American sculptor, an achievement which modern Europe has not surpassed.

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

BORN 1848 ARTIST DIED 1907

Famous Americans
 ERNEST GILBERT

A REPRODUCTION PLACED IN EVERY SCHOOL ROOM IN THE UNITED STATES IN 1902

ACCEPTED LIKENESS THE ATHENAEUM HEAD, PAINTED IN 1796

GILBERT CHARLES STUART

BORN 1755 ARTIST DIED 1828



Famous Americans
 ERNEST GILBERT

FIRST COMMISSION, AT 23. THE MINUTE MAN UNVEILED AT CONCORD, 1875

Daniel Chester French

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH

BORN 1850 ARTIST DIED 1931

Famous Americans
 ERNEST GILBERT

Frederic Remington
 PORTRAYER OF THE WEST

AN INDIAN BRAVE

FREDERIC REMINGTON

BORN 1861 ARTIST DIED 1909

Famous Americans
Series
ARTISTS



1-cent green, Gilbert Charles Stuart
First-day—Narragansett, R. I., Sept. 5, 1940.

Plate Nos. 22587, 22588,

Origin of Design—Photograph of an engraving by A. B. Durand from an original miniature by Sarah Goodrich, obtained from book entitled: "National Portraits," Vol. 1, published by Robert E. Peterson & Co., Philadelphia, 1852. Book located in the Engraving Division Library, Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

Designer: William A. Roach.

Engravers: (Frame) Carl T. Arlt, (Portrait) Wm. O. Marks, (Lettering) James T. Vail and Wm. B. Wells.

First Printing: 50 Million.

Born: North Kingstown, R. I., Dec. 3, 1755.

Died: Boston, Mass., Jul. 27, 1828.



3-cent purple, Augustus Saint-Gaudens.
First-day—New York, N. Y., Sept. 16, 1940.

Plate Nos. 22593, 22594,

Origin of Design—Reproduction of photograph obtained from the Public Library, Washington, D. C.

Designer: William A. Roach.

Engravers: (Frame) Carl T. Arlt, (Portrait) Matthew D. Fenton, (Lettering) James T. Vail and Wm. B. Wells.

First Printing: 50 Million.

Born: Dublin, Ireland, March 1, 1848.

Died: Cornish, N. H., Aug. 3, 1907.



2-cent red, James A. McNeil Whistler.
First-day—Lowell, Mass., Sept. 5, 1940.
Plate Nos. 22602-22603

Origin of Design—Reproduction of photograph obtained from book entitled: "Distinguished American Artists," compiled by Nathaniel Pousette-Dart, with an introduction by Joseph and Elizabeth Robbins Pennell, and published by Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. Book obtained from the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

Designer: William A. Roach.

Engravers: (Frame) Carl T. Arlt, (Portrait) Matthew D. Fenton, (Lettering) James T. Vail and Wm. B. Wells.

First Printing: 50 Million.

Born: Lowell, Mass., July 10, 1834.

Died: London, England, July 17, 1903.



5-cent blue, Daniel Chester French.
First-day—Stockbridge, Mass., Sept. 16, 1940.

Plate Nos. 22596, 22597,

Origin of Design—Reproduction of photograph, submitted by his daughter, through the Post Office Department, Washington, D. C.

Designer: William A. Roach

Engravers: (Frame) Carl T. Arlt, (Portrait) James R. Lowe, (Lettering) Wm. B. Wells.

First Printing: 20 Million.

Born: Exeter, N. H., April 20, 1850.

Died: Stockbridge, Mass., Oct. 7, 1931.



10-cent brown, Frederic Remington.
First-day—Canton, N. Y., Sept. 30, 1940.
Plate Nos. 22599, 22600,

Origin of Design—Reproduction of photograph by Davis and Sanford, appearing in Pearson's Magazine, October, 1907, obtained from the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

Designer: William A. Roach

Engravers: (Frame) Carl T. Arlt, (Portrait) Harry R. Rollins, (Lettering) James T. Vail and Wm. B. Wells.

Born: Canton, N. Y., October 4, 1861

Died: December 26, 1909

POSTMARKS ARE PRINTED FACSIMILIES

Famous Americans
Series
ARTISTS



James Abbot McNeill Whistler
1834 - 1903
PAINTER, ETCHER, ESSAYIST AND WIT

James Abbott McNeill Whistler

AMERICA'S greatest artist, James McNeill Whistler, was born in 1834 at Lowell, Massachusetts, scene of the first day sale of the Whistler stamp. His father, Major George Washington Whistler, was a noted engineer, builder of Russia's first railroad. Young James went to his father's Alma Mater, West Point, but having been more interested in art than engineering, he failed in his studies. Then he got a position with the Coastal Survey, but again distracted from duty by his love of art, he was fired for drawing in a flock of birds on an etching of an Atlantic promontory.

From there young Whistler went to Paris to study. At twenty-five he was exhibiting in London and soon became famous for his dry-point etchings. However, his preference was for color and in this he became pre-eminent, unsurpassed even by Velasquez, whom he admired and whose works his closely resemble. He was also influenced by the beautiful Japanese prints brought to the attention of the world with the opening of Japan during the latter half of the century.

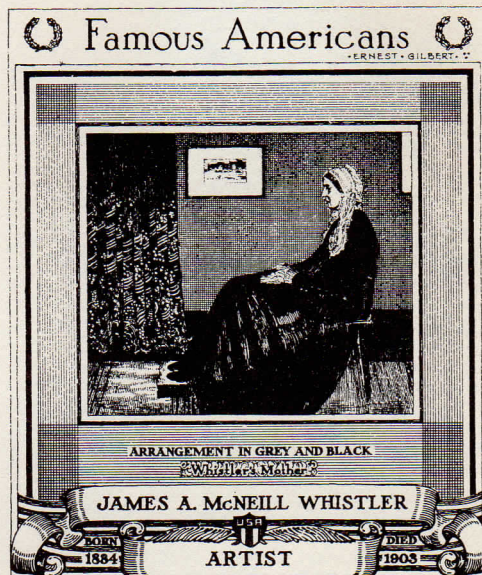
After 1859, Whistler spent nearly all his life in London, becoming a member of the Society of British Artists in his fiftieth year and holding exhibitions of his paintings there in 1874 and 1892. His works were exhibited also in the Royal Academy and the Grosvenor Gallery, as well as in the Salon of Paris. His most famous oil painting "Portrait of My

Mother" is well-known to all philatelists, as it is the design of the Mother's Day stamp of 1934. The painting was shown at the Academy in 1872, though Whistler could not understand what attraction it could have for the public, won a gold medal at the Salon in 1874 and was purchased for the Luxembourg Gallery in 1891.

This painting, also called "An Arrangement in Gray and Black," best illustrates Whistler's two color method, which he described in such musical terms as nocturnes and symphonies and which drew forth the scorn of such critics as John Ruskin. The latter was sued by Whistler for a remark in one of his books and made to pay one farthing. The artist considered this a triumph and wore the coin as a watch charm.

Like Cooper, the author, Whistler loved an argument and quarreled continually with other British artists and critics. His caustic wit is displayed in his writings, including the "Gentle Art of Making Enemies" and other books. He differed from other artists mainly in his opinion that painting should appeal to the eye alone and not carry any message.

His most famous paintings, next to the portrait of his mother, are the "Little White Girl," which was refused by the Paris Salon in 1862, the "Portrait of Thomas Carlyle" and a "Portrait of Miss Alexander — Harmony in Gray and Green." He was also a brilliant decorative artist. He died in 1903.



FAMOUS AMERICANS

SERIES



The Inventors Group

Famous Americans Series

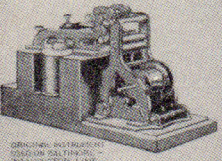
INVENTORS



FAMOUS AMERICANS

SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE
1791 — 1872

ELECTROMAGNETIC TELEGRAPH
PATENTED 1837

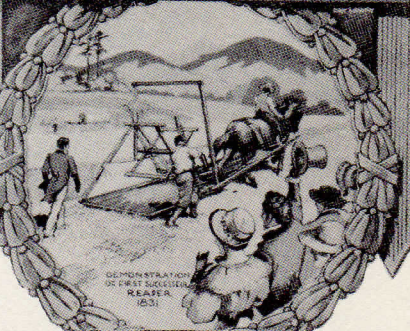


ORIGINAL INSTRUMENT
USED ON THE
WASHINGTON LINE,
APRIL 24, 1844
"What hath God wrought"
FIRST MESSAGE

INVENTORS

FAMOUS AMERICANS

CYRUS H. McCORMICK
1809 — 1884



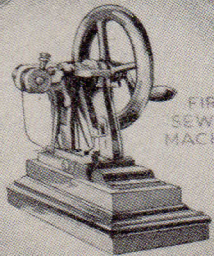
DEMONSTRATION
OF FIRST SUCCESSFUL
REAPER
1831

INVENTORS



FAMOUS AMERICANS

ELIAS HOWE
1819 — 1867



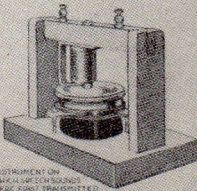
FIRST SEWING MACHINE

INVENTORS

FAMOUS AMERICANS

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL
1847 — 1922

PATENTED
THE FIRST TELEPHONE
1876



PATENTED BY
ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL
AND GREGORY B. BRANTON
MARCH 10, 1876
"Mr. Watson, come here. I want you."

INVENTORS

Famous Americans Series

INVENTORS



1-cent green, Eli Whitney.
 First-day—Savannah, Ga., Oct. 7, 1940.
 Plate Nos. 22619, 22620.
 Origin of Design—Photograph of an engraving from painting by Alonzo Chappell (engraver unknown), obtained from book entitled: "National Portrait Gallery"—Vol. 1—published by Johnson, Fry & Co., New York.
 Designer: William A. Roach.
 Engravers: (Frame) Charles A. Brooks, James T. Vail (Portrait) Gilroy Roberts; (Lettering) James T. Vail.
 First Printing: 50 Million.
 Born: Westboro, Mass., Dec. 8, 1765.
 Died: New Haven, Conn., Jan. 8, 1825.



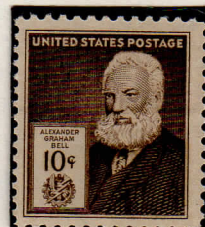
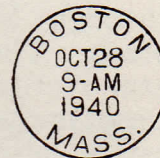
3-cent purple, Cyrus Hall McCormick.
 First-day—Lexington, Va., Oct. 14, 1940.
 Plate Nos. 22625, 22626.
 Origin of Design—Photograph of a pastel by Lawton S. G. Parker, made from a painting by G. P. A. Healy between 1880 and 1883.
 Designer: William A. Roach.
 Engravers: (Frame) Charles A. Brooks, James T. Vail; (Portrait) John Eissler; (Lettering) James T. Vail.
 First Printing: 50 Million.
 Born: Walnut Grove, W. Va., Feb. 15, 1809.
 Died: Chicago, Ill., May 13, 1884.



2-cent red, Samuel F. B. Morse.
 First-day—New York, N. Y., Oct. 7, 1940.
 Plate Nos. 22622, 22624.
 Origin of Design—Photographic print from the original Brady negative in the L. C. Handy Collection, Washington, D. C.
 Designer: William A. Roach.
 Engravers: (Frame) Charles A. Brooks, James T. Vail; (Portrait) Charles A. Brooks; (Lettering) James T. Vail.
 First Printing: 50 Million.
 Born: Charlestown, Mass., April 27, 1791.
 Died: New York, N. Y., April 2, 1872.



5-cent blue, Elias Howe.
 First-day—Spencer, Mass., Oct. 14, 1940.
 Plate Nos. 22628, 22629.
 Origin of Design—A half-tone reproduction of photograph from book entitled: "Master Minds at the Commonwealth's Heart," by Percy H. Epler, published by F. S. Blanchard & Co., Worcester, Mass.
 Designer: William A. Roach.
 Engravers: (Frame) Charles A. Brooks, James T. Vail; (Portrait) Leo C. Kauffman; (Lettering) James T. Vail.
 First Printing: 20 Million.
 Born: Spencer, Mass., July 9, 1819.
 Died: Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 3, 1867.

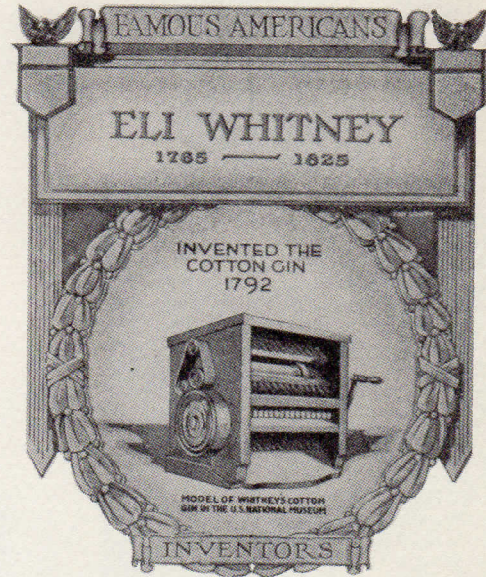


10-cent brown, Alexander Graham Bell.
 First-day—Boston, Mass., Oct. 28, 1940.
 Plate Nos. 22631, 22632.
 Origin of Design—A half-tone reproduction of photograph furnished by the Library of Congress.
 Designer: William A. Roach.
 Engravers: (Frame) Charles A. Brooks, James T. Vail; (Portrait) William O. Marks; (Lettering) James T. Vail.
 First Printing: 10 Million.
 Born: Edinburgh, Scotland, March 3, 1847.
 Died: Baddeck, Nova Scotia, Aug. 2, 1922.

POSTMARKS ARE PRINTED FACSIMILES



ELI WHITNEY
1765 - 1825
INVENTOR OF THE COTTON GIN



Eli Whitney

THIS age of mechanical miracles is so much the product of American inventive genius that it must have been a difficult task for the Post Office to pick out five most important inventors to commemorate in this stamp series. Some may disagree with the choice, but it was probably inevitable that Eli Whitney, inventor of the cotton gin, would be included.

Whitney was born at Westboro, Massachusetts, in 1765, worked his way through Yale and went to Georgia to teach. There he met the widow of General Nathaniel Greene, who induced him to study law, inviting him to live on her estate near Savannah, (which thus gets first day honors). Here Eli watched the laborious methods of separating cotton from the seeds by hand, and being of a mechanical turn, decided to invent a machine to perform this task. This he did after patient effort, but his first machine was stolen before he could get

it patented and the litigation to prove that he was the real inventor took all of his capital, including a grant of \$50,000 from South Carolina.

Thus Whitney's first company was ruined. But he was not defeated. With a government contract, he established a factory at Whitneyville, Connecticut, and made a fortune in the manufacture of firearms by the application of another invention—standardized interchangeable parts. He died in New Haven at the age of sixty.

Whitney's gin, because of its speed, is still in use for most ginning, though a different method is used for long staple cottons. However, even though cotton is one of our greatest sources of wealth and the cotton gin is the invention everyone connects with Eli Whitney, his second idea was far more important, as it is the basis of this country's mass production of goods.

Famous Americans First Day Dates

Denomi- nation	Color	Authors	Place	Date	1c	2c	3c	5c	10c	Composers	Date
				First Day Sale							
1c	Green	Washington Irving	Tarrytown, N. Y.	Jan. 29	1c	Green	Stephen Collins Foster	Bardstown, Ky.	May 3		
2c	Red	James Fenimore Cooper	Cooperstown, N. Y.	Jan. 29	2c	Red	John Philip Sousa	Washington, D. C.	May 3		
3c	Purple	Ralph Waldo Emerson	Boston, Mass.	Feb. 5	3c	Purple	Victor Herbert	New York, N. Y.	May 13		
5c	Blue	Louisa May Alcott	Concord, Mass.	Feb. 5	5c	Blue	Edward A. MacDowell	Peterborough, N. H.	May 13		
10c	Brown	Samuel L. Clemens	Hannibal, Mo.	Feb. 13	10c	Brown	Ethelbert Nevin	Pittsburgh, Pa.	June 10		
		Poets								Artists	
1c	Green	Henry W. Longfellow	Portland, Maine	Feb. 16	1c	Green	Gilbert Charles Stuart	Narragansett, R. I.	Sept. 5		
2c	Red	John Greenleaf Whittier	Haverhill, Mass.	Feb. 16	2c	Red	Jas. A. McNeill Whistler	Lowell, Mass.	Sept. 5		
3c	Purple	James Russell Lowell	Cambridge, Mass.	Feb. 20	3c	Purple	Augustus Saint-Gaudens	New York, N. Y.	Sept. 16		
5c	Blue	Walt Whitman	Camden, N. J.	Feb. 20	5c	Blue	Daniel Chester French	Stockbridge, Mass.	Sept. 16		
10c	Brown	James Whitcomb Riley	Greenfield, Ind.	Feb. 24	10c	Brown	Frederic Remington	Canton, N. Y.	Sept. 30		
		Educators								Inventors	
1c	Green	Horace Mann	Boston, Mass.	Mar. 14	1c	Green	Eli Whitney	Savannah, Ga.	Oct. 7		
2c	Red	Mark Hopkins	Williamstown, Mass.	Mar. 14	2c	Red	Samuel F. B. Morse	New York, N. Y.	Oct. 7		
3c	Purple	Charles W. Eliot	Cambridge, Mass.	Mar. 28	3c	Purple	Cyrus H. McCormick	Lexington, Va.	Oct. 14		
5c	Blue	Frances E. Willard	Evanston, Ill.	Mar. 28	5c	Blue	Elias Howe	Spencer, Mass.	Oct. 14		
10c	Brown	Booker T. Washington	Tuskegee Institute, Ala.	April 7	10c	Brown	Alexander Graham Bell	Boston, Mass.	Oct. 28		
		Scientists									
1c	Green	John James Audubon	St. Francisville, La.	April 8							
2c	Red	Dr. Crawford W. Long	Jefferson, Ga.	April 8							
3c	Purple	Luther Burbank	Santa Rosa, Calif.	April 17							
5c	Blue	Dr. Walter Reed	Washington, D. C.	April 17							
10c	Brown	Jane Addams	Chicago, Ill.	April 26							

All stamps of this series arranged vertically
and printed in sheets of 70, by rotary process,
from convertible electric eye, 280 subject, curved
plates. Each stamp 85/100 by 98/100 in size.