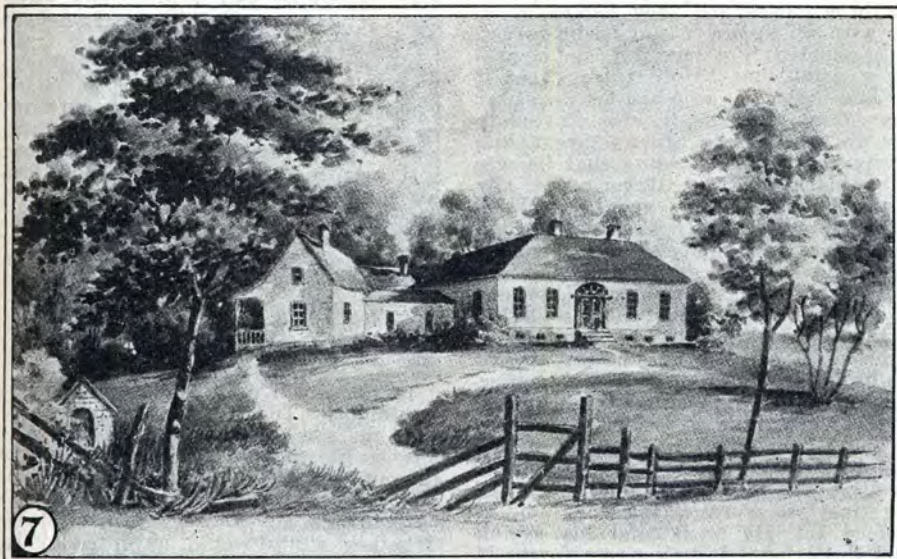
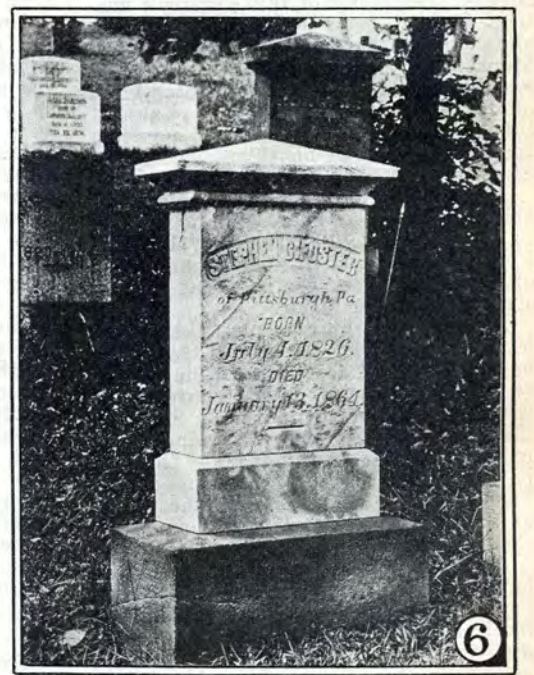


Stephen Collins Foster, Maker of American Folk-Song



Way down upon de old plantation
 Way down upon de Pedee ribber
 Far far away
 Dere's where my heart is turning eber
 Dere's where my brodders play
 Way down upon de ^{Swanee} ~~Pedee~~ ribber
 Far far away
 Dere's where my heart is turning eber
 Dere's where de old blacks stay
 All up and down de whole creation
 Sadly I roam
 Still longing for de old plantation
 And for de old folks in home



Stephen Collins Foster: No. 1—Foster from a Daguerreotype Made When the Composer Was About Thirty-three; No. 2—No. 15 Bowery, New York City, as It Appears To-day; Here Foster Made His Home During the Last Years of His Life; No. 3—Foster with George Cooper, a Friend of His Later Years, from an Ambrotype Taken in 1863; No. 4—The Parents of the Song-Writer; No. 5—The Manuscript of "Old Folks at Home" Before Foster Had Substituted "Swanee" for "Pedee Ribber"; No. 6—His Last Resting Place in the Family Plot in Pittsburgh; No. 7—Foster's Birthplace in Lawrenceville, Pa.; No. 8—Bread Line of the Bowery Mission, to Perpetuate Which a Fund Is Being Started in Foster's Memory

ON July 4, 1826, America celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

In the spheres where the stars array themselves to play fate, the day was marked for destiny. For on that day there passed out two who had been of America's great. Thomas Jefferson died at noon, and at sunset, Adams. And at noon, as Jefferson

breathed his last, Stephen Collins Foster was born.

America had lost two powerful leaders of her earlier life; in their place she had gained one, who for a time might nurse her soul.

A too-precociousness has been America's. We have grown great apace. But in so doing we have missed that morning twilight when a people feeds its yearning with romance and song and

when it creates its fairies.

In partial compensation, perhaps, the fates gave this country Stephen Collins Foster to show us something of a national childhood, and to immortalize some moments of American life. He is the modern son of that line of unnamed bards whose contributions to mankind have come down the ages in the songs and tales of folk.

The name of Foster has been kept alive by his songs, which are as dis-

tinctly folk-songs as, for instance, "Summer is Ieumen In;" but some strange chance has obliterated almost all traces of his life, even in the short fifty-seven years since his death. The comparatively few facts that survive have been preserved by the labors of Harold Vincent Milligan, in his biography of the composer.

Foster's birthplace was Lawrenceville, a part of what is now Pittsburgh, but what was then a frontier town. His