

Lincoln-

One Lincoln's birthday when my brother Mason was in Kindergarten, he came home filled with stories he had heard about the great President - Grammy took him aside and told him many more - winding up with "you know, Mason, you are descended from Lincoln, not directly, but there is a connection". My mother found her small son a few minutes later sitting on the back stairs sobbing as if his heart would break - when she asked him what the trouble was he answered "I don't want Lincoln for an uncle" The poor little boy was overwhelmed by the thought of so much to live up to -

When some old property in Brooklyn (?) was condemned to be torn down - The workers found some old trunks deserted there - Grammy's son bought these for a small sum and in going through one of them found a small photograph of Lincoln in the pocket of an old civil war uniform - It must have belonged to a German soldier - on the back was written in letters resembling script "Linclini - the president, he gift to mine" It was a small photograph mounted on card board (about 3"x4")

and bore no date or photographer's signature. It was an inexpensive little print. Lincoln must have had printed by the dozen to give to his ^{Perhaps therefore his favorite} men - But when it grannie recognized the hand of an artist. The lighting was excellent - The expression soft and benevolent - all the fine strong character was clear to see as well as the spiritual beauty of that face. The print was old and faded but grannie took it and set to work with a will. She enlarged it, intensified, and reduced, sharpened and softened - looped off a shoulder brought up a highlight - threw an ear into deeper shadow. She loved this picture and experimented with it for years, finally coaxing out of the little old worn print one of the finest Lincoln portraits in existence - Mrs Isham, daughter of Robert Lincoln, came to see it and claimed it to be the best portrait of her Grandfather she had ever seen. She purchased ^{many} prints each year to give to someone on Lincoln's birthday -

When she finally got the negative that satisfied ^{over}

her - she had it in her studio.
 One day when a very wealthy man
 came in - she showed him the picture
 with great pride - he said something
 conventional about it and put it aside -
 She told Clara Stricklin about this the
 next day when Mrs. S. had dropped in
 "no taste - they don't know a good thing
 when they see it" granny said -
 C. S. who had only \$50 - in the world said -
 "What are you going to do with it Granny?"
 "Sell 'em if I can"
 "What are you going to ask for them?"
 "Oh - twenty-five I guess"
 "I'll buy that one - I need it - it's
 inspiring"

Granny was vastly pleased that some
 one else saw in the portrait what she
 did -

LINCOLN

One Lincoln's birthday when my brother Mason was in kindergarten, he came home filled with stories he had heard about the great President. Granny took him aside and told him many more, winding up with "You know, Mason, you are descended from Lincoln, not directly, but there is a connection." My mother found her small son a few minutes later sitting on the back stairs sobbing as if his heart would break. When she asked him what the trouble was he answered "I don't want Lincoln for an uncle." The poor little boy was overwhelmed by the thought of so much to live up to.

When some old property in Brooklyn was condemned to be torn down the workers found some old trunks deserted there. Granny's son bought these for a small sum and in going through one of them found a small photograph of Lincoln in the pocket of an old Civil War uniform. It must have belonged to a German soldier - on the back was written in letters resembling script "Linclin, the president, he gibt to mir." It was a small photograph mounted on cardboard (about 3 x 4") and bore no date or photographer's signature. It was an inexpensive little print Lincoln must have had printed by the dozen to give to his men, perhaps therefore his favorite. But in it Granny recognized the hand of an artist. The lighting was excellent, the expression soft and benevolent. All the fine strong character was

was clear to see as well as the spiritual beauty of that face. The print was old and faded, but Granny took it and set to work with a will. She enlarged it, intensified and reduced, sharpened and softened, lopped off a shoulder, brought up a highlight, threw an ear into deeper shadow. She loved this picture and experimented with it for years, finally coaxing out of the little old worn print one of the finest Lincoln portraits in existence. Mrs. Isham, daughter of Robert Lincoln, came to see it, and claimed it to be the best portrait of her grandfather she had ever seen. She purchased many prints each year to give to some one on Lincoln's birthday.

When she finally got the ^{Picture} ~~negative~~ that satisfied her, Granny had it in her studio one day when a very wealthy man came in. She showed him the picture with great pride. He said something conventional about it and put it aside. She told Clara Steichen about this the next day when Mrs. Steichen had dropped in "No taste, they don't know a good thing when they see it," Granny said. *(one of the
finest)*

Clara Steichen, who had only \$50.00 in the world, said "What are you going to do with it, Granny?"

"Sell 'em if I can."

"What are you going to ask for them?"

"Oh, twenty-five, I guess."

"I'll buy that one - I need it, it's inspiring."

Granny was vastly pleased that someone else saw in the portrait what she did.