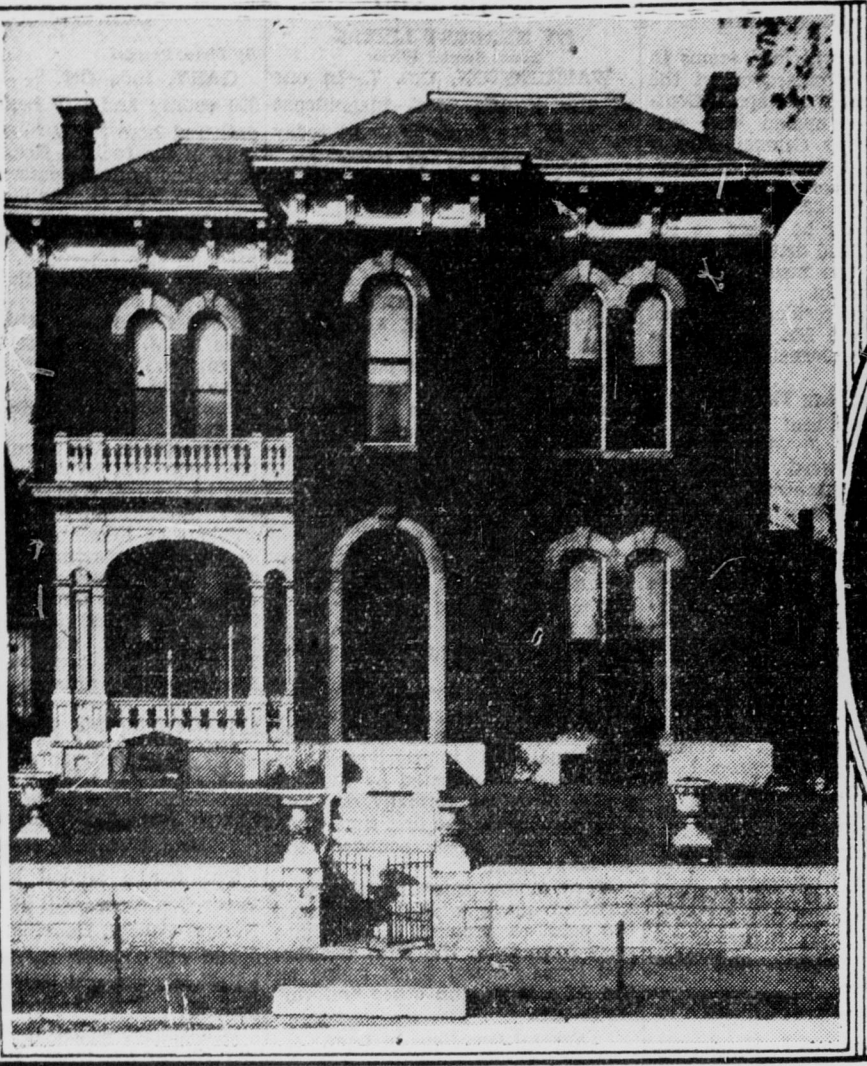


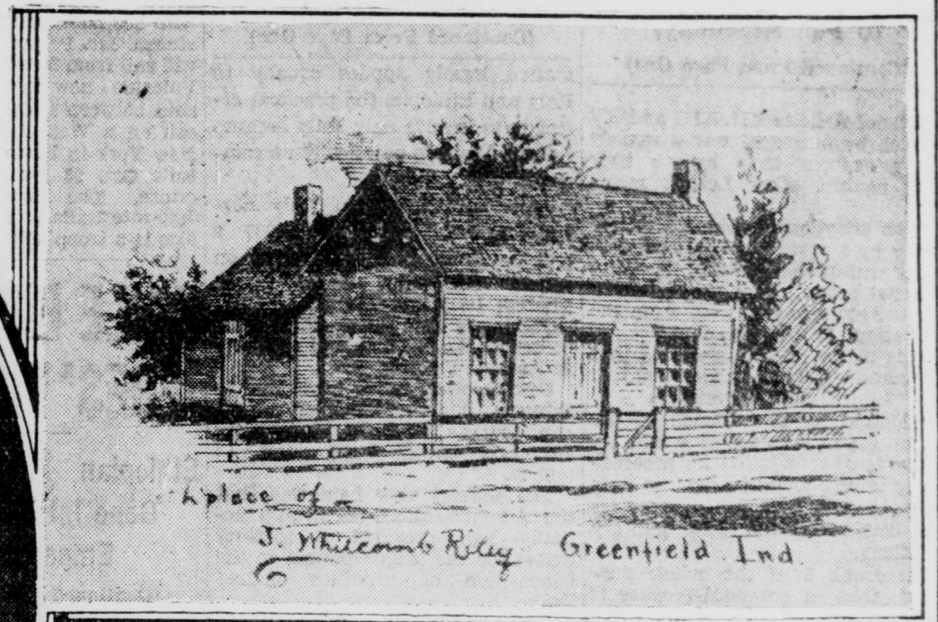
PHOTOS TELL THE STORY OF RILEY'S LIFE AND WORK



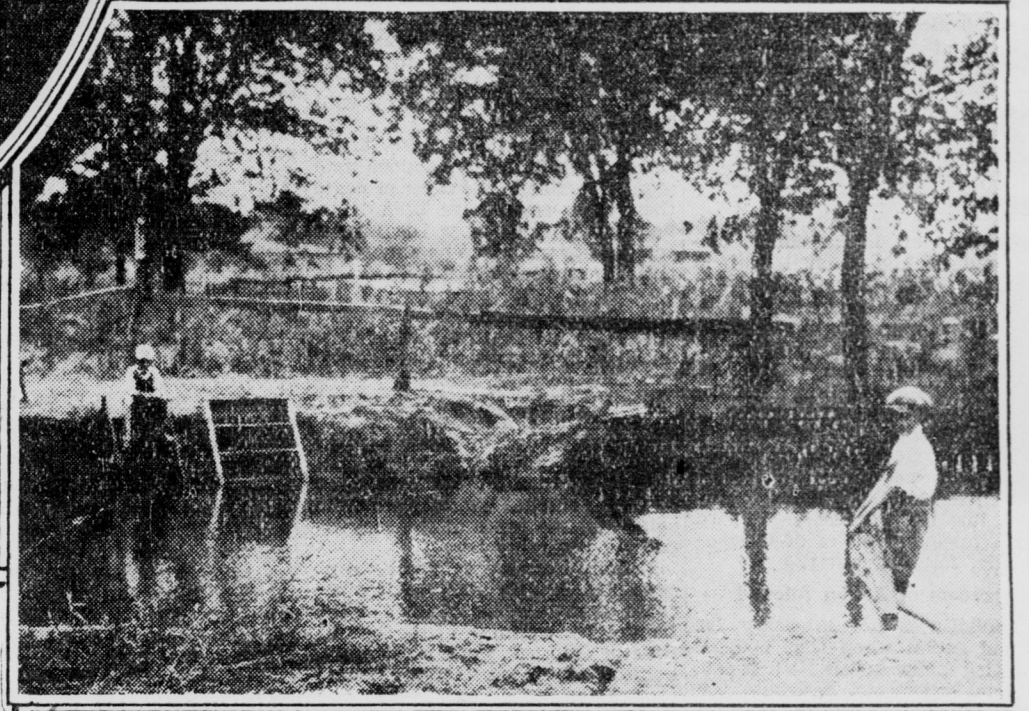
"I crave, dear Lord, no boundless hoard . . . nor lands, nor kine . . . Let but a little hut be mine," said Riley in his "Ike Walton's Prayer" and his last days were spent with his books, a city's children, and his friends in an arm-chair at his Indianapolis home on Lockerbie-st. Yearly the home is a shrine for children and grown-ups on his birthday.



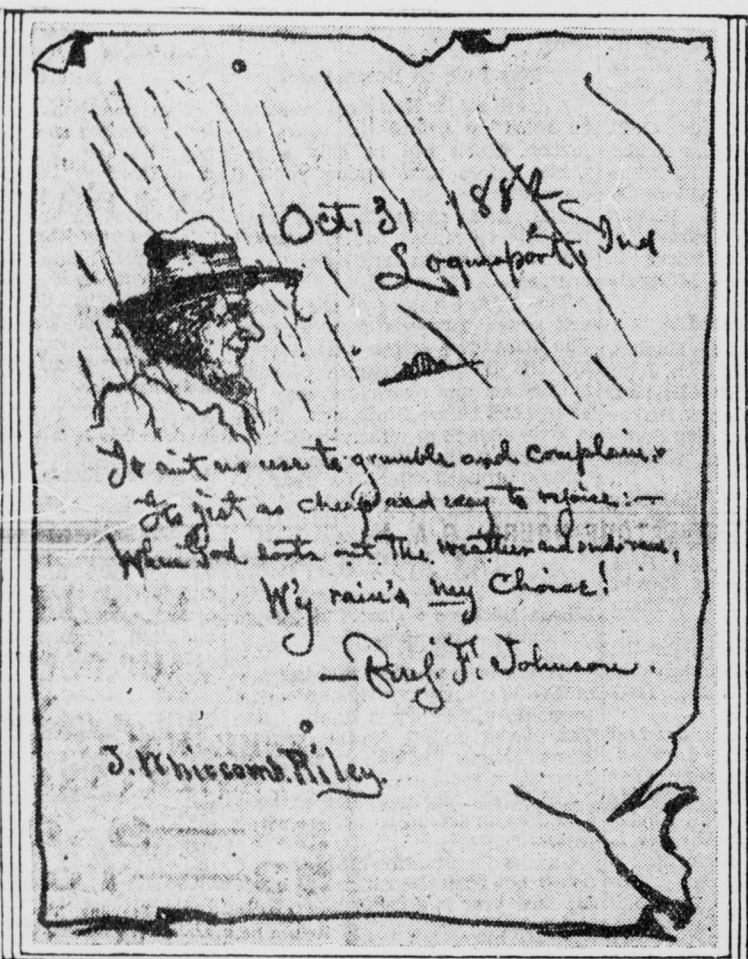
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY
Born, Greenfield, Ind., Oct. 7, 1849.
Died, Indianapolis, June 22, 1916.



"Let's go a-visitin' . . . Back where the latch-string's changin' from the door . . ." and see a sketch of Riley's birthplace in Greenfield. The home's site gave way to a more modern residence.



The "Old Swimmin' Hole" on Brandywine Creek in Greenfield is too shallow for diving and the Hoosier Bard if he lived would have had to watch modernity's children dive from a spring-board into a new concrete pool.



Rain beat on the church roof . . . The crowd was slim . . . Just seven persons . . . Jim Riley was lecturing at the Universalist church, Logansport, Oct. 31, 1882, and the weather inspired the above verse and cartoon. The penciled drawing and words are the property of Mrs. Lee Nussbaum, Marion, Ind. The "Benjamin F. Johnson" signature a pseudonym.



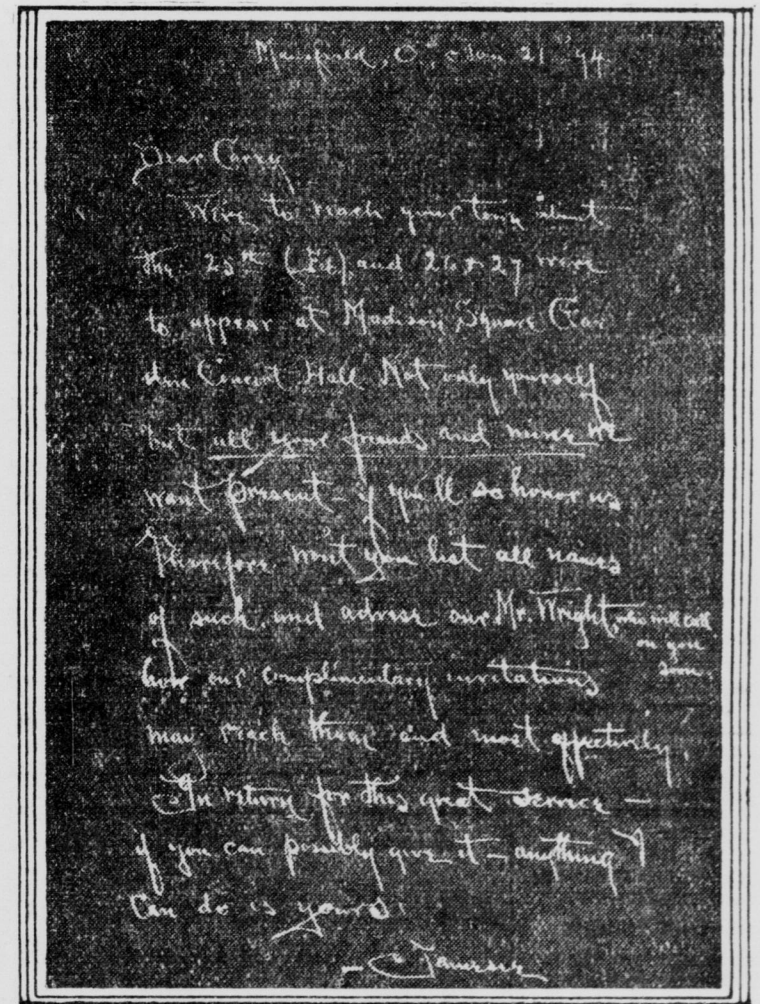
"An' the Raggedy Man, he knows most rhymes . . . An' tells 'em of I be good, sometimes . . ." and perhaps Mr. Riley played "Raggedy Man" shortly before this photo was taken of he and his nephew, Edmund H. Eitel, by an Indianapolis photographer. Mr. Eitel, one of poet's heirs, now lives in Chicago.

OLD MAN AND JIM

Old man never had much to say—
'Ceptin' to Jim.
And Jim was the wildest boy he had—
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Wasn't a man fer to waste no words—
I never heard him speak but once.
Er twice in my life; and the first time was
When the Army broke out, and Jim he went—
The old man backin' him fer three months!
And all 'at I heard the old man say
Was, jes' as we turned to start away,
"Well; good-bye, Jim;
Take keer of yourself!"

'Pared like he was more satisfied
Jes' lookin' at Jim
And likin' him all to hisself—see?—
'Cause he was jes' wrapped up in him!
You could tell that, by the old man's eyes,
Hands, tucked like
Palm and faded as autumn skies,
But bright and dancin' as he watched Jim—
And over and over I mind the day
The old man came and stood round in the way
While we was drillin', a watchin' him,
Tied down at the depot a-hearn' him say
"Well; good-bye, Jim;
Take keer of yourself!"

"Good-by, Jim; Take keer of yourself!" were the strains of the above poem and Mr. Riley after penciling the above original lines changed the title, as the photograph shows, to "The Old Man and Jim." The title stuck even with the publishers. The manuscript shown here is on display in the Indianapolis Public Library.



The Madison Square Garden that resounded to the smack of fistic blows also was softened in past years by the recitations of the Hoosier Poet as this personal letter relates.



"You better mind yer parents, an' yer teachers fond an' dear. An' cherish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphan's tear . . . Er the Gobble-uns 'll git you Ef you Don't Watch Out;" So perhaps in this photo of Riley he's recited that poem or mayhap the children visiting him at his Lockerbie-st home are smiling as he quips about his pet poodle-dog—Lockerbie.