

# PHOTOS TELL THE STORY OF RILEY'S LIFE AND WORK



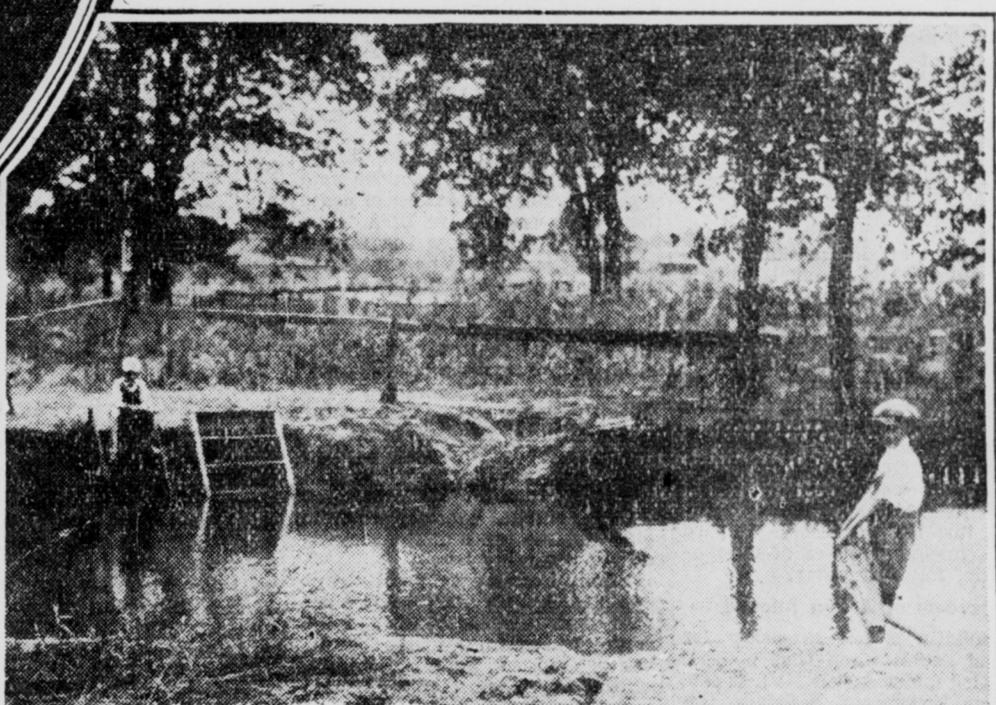
"I crave, dear Lord, no boundless hoard . . . nor lands, nor kine . . . Let but a little hut be mine," said Riley in his "Ike Walton's Prayer" and his last days were spent with his books, a city's children, and his friends in an arm-chair at his Indianapolis home on Lockerbie-st. Yearly the home is a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



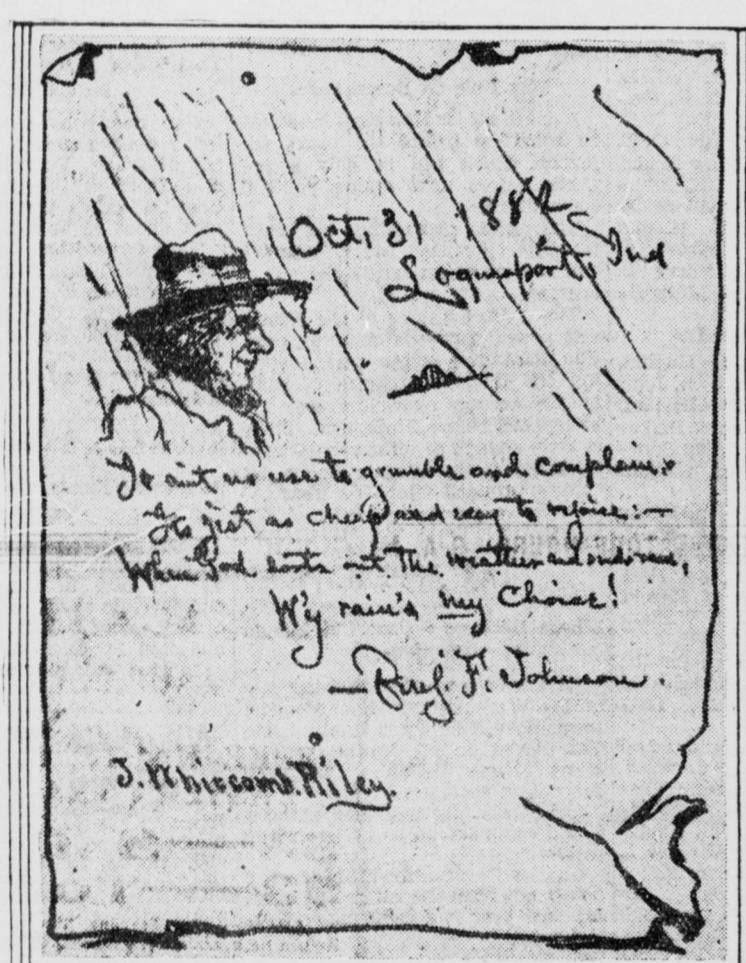
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY  
Born, Greenfield, Ind., Oct. 7, 1849.  
Died, Indianapolis, June 22, 1916.



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



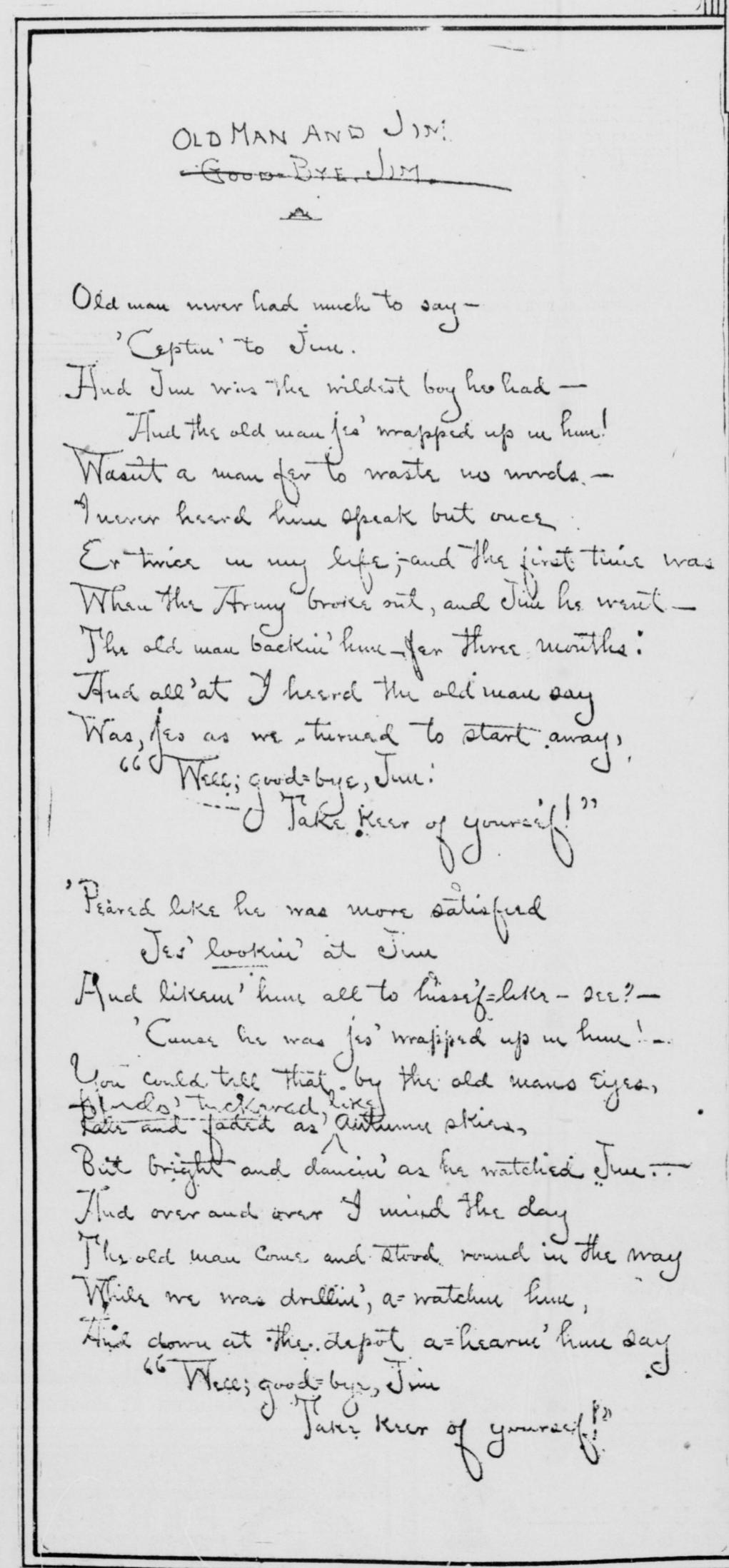
The "Old Swimmin' Hole" on Brandywine Creek in Greenfield is too shallow for diving and the Hoosier Bard he lived would have had to watch modernity's children dive from a spring-board into a new concrete pool.



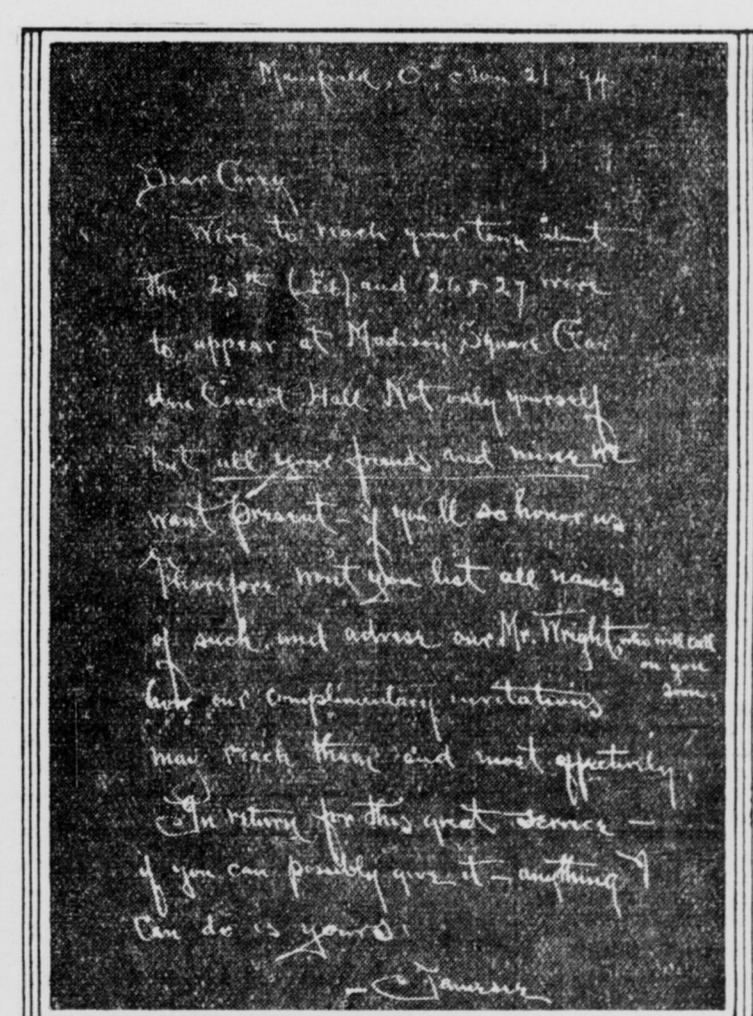
Rain beat on the church roof . . . The crowd was slim . . . Just seven persons . . . Jim Riley was lecturing at the Universalist church, Logansport, Oct. 31, 1882, and the weather inspired the above verse and cartoon. The penciled drawing and words are the property of Mrs. Lee Nussbaum, Marion, Ind.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



"An' the Raggedy Man, he knows most rhymes . . . An' tells 'em ef 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.



"Good-bye, Jim; Take keer of yourself!" were the strains of the above poem and Mr. Riley after pencilizing 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 teachurs 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—Lockerie.