

QUAINT LOCKERBIE STREET, AND THE FRIEND OF ALL JUNIORS—RILEY

Have any of you ever been to Lockerbie street, that little lane with its great cool shady trees and its bumpy brick sidewalks, that is so well known to many people all over the United States? It is in Indianapolis and is the street where our friend, James Whitcomb Riley lived for so long. The house he lived in was a two story brick house, comfortable and old fashioned.

His other home, where he spent his boyhood and part of his manhood, is in Greenfield, Indiana, a most inviting frame house in yellow and white, but he left this house after his parents died, and his brothers and sisters left home, because it was too lonely for him to stay alone. From Greenfield he went to Indianapolis and lived in this big, old house on Lockerbie street. In this house were many of his best poems written and all kinds of stories are told about the interesting, though unexciting life of this happy-hearted Hoosier poet.

Riley Found Pennies Scarce.

When Mr. Riley started down town, before he had gone very far, several children would always run to meet him, and walk with him. One of these friends was Amber Locks, the lively red-headed boy. Riley had given Amber this name, because he had hair just the color of Hum's hair; and Hum was a little brother of Mr. Riley's whom the mother had called Amber Locks.

One time there was a lemonade stand in Lockerbie street. The small sellers asked three cents a glass. No buyers came, perhaps because the hands of the vendors as well as the glasses were not comfortably clean. A rain came up and most of the boys ran to shelter leaving the littlest one in charge. Along came the fine Mr. Riley (for he was always well dressed) and he had no umbrella. That did not make any difference though, for he stopped and said he wanted a glass of lemonade. He stood there too, in the rain and drank every drop of it, then left ten cents on the table and went away. Wait for change? No, indeed! Every newsboy in Indianapolis knew that Mr. Riley never waited for change.

Mr. Riley grew to be quite a rich man, acquiring about half a million dollars from his verse. Many times he would scatter pennies among the children. When caught at this by some grown-up, he would say, "You see, pennies are awful hard to get when you're a boy. Why—there isn't anything as hard as pennies. I remember." And this was very true of Riley, for when he was a boy, his family was very poor.

Riley Rode a Broomstick Well
He was always telling stories to the children, always came home from town with his pockets stored with candy, to be pounced upon by the children and always came home there, and was intended for them) and very often he played with them.

Now, Amber Locks had 7 broomsticks for horses which were stabled behind the woodshed. He and Riley had named them, Nancy Hanks, "Star Pointer," etc. Riley knew very well how to ride a broomstick horse with his head thrown up high, very high, and he ached to show Amber how he could ride. So, one day, he did! He cantered gaily down Lockerbie street with his coat tails flying in the wind. When he stopped, he was panting and out of breath, but laughing merrily.

"The Little Boy Who Sleeps."
Sometimes Riley put some of these junior friends of his into his books. Once a little boy lived next to him, whose name was David. Poor little David had a spine all crooked and crippled, and he was eleven years old, but his one great ambition was to be a soldier. Every day he gathered the boys near Lockerbie street in his front yard for training, and he was the captain of the regiment. One day, while David was talking with Riley, he said, "Mr. Riley," and then very softly, "Mr. Riley, did you ever know a crooked soldier?"

"Oh, yes," came the prompt answer of Mr. Riley, "and he was a very fine soldier, such a fine soldier, indeed! David, do you see that robin over there? I declare Spring's here, and I never knew it, did you?"

After little David died, Mr. Riley wrote the poem, "Little David," or "The Little Boy Who Sleeps," and sent to David's mother. (This

poem is published in another part of this week's Junior.—Ed.)

Most of the houses in Lockerbie Street were forty or fifty years old when Riley lived there. At one time, there was only one new house, or what we call a "modern" house, in the row. The people who lived in this new house wanted cement sidewalks, asphalt pavements and electric lights put in Lockerbie Street.

"Oh," said Mr. Riley, when he heard about it, "Lockerbie Street suits me just as it is."

"Now, I want to know," said the lady in the new house, "Do you like to walk the curb in rainy weather to keep out of the sidewalk mud-puddles?"

"I've learned to," answered Mr. Riley cheerfully.

Most of the people didn't want these new improvements, so the street remained unchanged.

An Old Sweetheart of Mine
"And again I feel the pressure of her slender little hand."

As we used to talk together of the future we had planned; When I should be a poet, and with nothing else to do But write the tender verses that she set the music to.

"When we should live together in a cozy little cot, Hid in a nest of roses, with a fairy garden spot; Where the vines were ever fruited, and the weather ever fine, And the birds were ever singing for that old sweetheart of mine!"

Shady little Lockerbie Street is called "Lovers' Lane," and young people liked to wander there on summer evenings. Through the low French windows, where Riley sat, sometimes he heard them talking.

"I wonder if he's married?" asks a girl.

"Sure," answers the young man, "didn't he write 'That Old Sweetheart of Mine'?" And Riley would laugh to himself in the moonlight.

Nobody knows why he did not marry, but several old "sweethearts" have been found to have

once lived in Greenfield.

One pretty little woman has a bundle of old love letters and a photograph of herself. "I didn't know it was there," she said when she showed the letters once. "It's the one Jim used to carry in his pocket." If one turns the picture with its sweet face, over, one reads, "Friday night at prayer meeting, March 22, 1872—engaged Sept. 1, 1872."

So it seems Riley used to go to church sometimes when a boy, especially when there was a pretty girl to go after. And, though Riley did not go to church a great deal, he was sincerely religious in his own brave, happy way. He never liked to see people going to worship with long, terribly serious faces.

Always Liked Fishing.

Riley liked hollyhocks. "Not the new-fangled, ruffled ones," he says, "but plain ones, with room for a bee to get in and buzz, just as when I was a boy, I used to catch 'em in there and hold 'em to hear 'em sing."

Sometimes in summer, he would

hear the bees and clover calling him home. Then he would start for Greenfield, find a gray-haired man—an old pal—and the two would go off with fishing poles along the Brandywine. At night, they would come back, scratched with brambles, but happy. "Lacks the lickin', though, to make it real," said one.

Then Riley would go to a friend's house and fry the fish.

Aunt Looked Like a Lemon Pie

One Sunday afternoon when his aunt, Mrs. Frank Riley, came to see him, he said, "Aunt, how well I recollect the first time I saw you! I was a little tad at a church picnic, and Uncle Frank told me the pretty young lady in the white dress was going to be my aunt. My! but you looked nice—as nice—as nice as lemon pie!"

And it was in an upper room of this house on Lockerbie Street where Riley wrote many of the verses we like best. And this fascinating little lane—just like a magic little road in a fairy book—is just a short distance from us, over in Indianapolis.

The Hickville County Breeze

"The Official Wind-Jammer of the Community"

ALL THE VILLAGE GOSSIP BY CHARLES MAC LEONHARDT

"AIN'T ARABELLE TERRIBLE?" SHE'S OUR VILLAGE QUEEN

Arabelle, just plain Arabelle, that's her name; she was born in a log cabin on the Whimper river, and was a member of a regular cut-up family. She fell in love at the age of three. The neighbors all think she is terrible, and believe us, she is terrible.

Arabelle, is a regular vampire of the thirty-two candle power type, and all her winning ideas come from the movies, and how she can act. As a heart smasher, and crusher, a steam roller is the only thing that can equal her. She can break a man's heart so quick it will crumble to mere cinders. She loves the boys one minute, and spurns them the next, and it's just as natural as taking candy from the baby.

Arabelle, works at the seven cent store in the perfume department. She isn't a bit beautiful, but my, she makes good reading. Arabelle would rather ride in a one-horse buggy than a gasoline bus. She rides freight, steps in front of dashing trains and speeding automobiles, without fear. She gets off street cars backwards, falls in the mud, and the expenses have no worry to her. As a sport she drinks from every public water fountain, plays croquet, and rides bicycles on Sunday. "Ain't Arabelle Terrible?"

Arabelle even eats onions, her favorite fruit, and she'll start an argument and argue to the end, and make you like it. She stays out till nine every night, and trims all the boys from their money, drinking soda pop, and eating nut suns, and peanuts, only to win their love for the pleasure of crushing their hearts, later. A horse race would look sleepy in comparison, when she chews gum, she is all speed from the word go.

"Ain't Arabelle terrible though? She says all the cute slang—and plays all the kissing games at parties. The boys wait for her at the church door, and she could live on gum drops and stick candy for life.

Arabelle is terrible, she would tackle the love of a buzz saw, and wouldn't care whether the teeth were picked or in a sanitary condition. She can gossip and cause a downfall of a girl's character one minute and rebuild it the next. She has a gold fish that is fourteen carat, and a canary bird that sings like a cow, and a cat with a pur so sweet, she kisses him goodnight.

Arabelle wears a hat with foliage trimmings that would make the wild animals and birds of South Africa think they were in paradise, and her clothes are so loud that a barking dog would be silence in comparison—an old glistening buckle on her slippers would make good head lights for the limited express.

Ain't arabelle terrible?

A HORSE LAUGH



The first real photograph of a "horse laugh" taken at the Hickville County fair, by the staff photographer of the Breeze. We often get these laughs, but have never seen in print before.

A TAILOR AND A CARPENTER TALK.

A tailor and a carpenter were carrying on a conversation in the former's shop, when the tailor, being a great joker, decided to spring one on the carpenter.

"Did you hear about the holdup in the lower part of town?" he asked.

"Why, no," confessed the carpenter, "what was it?"

"A pair of garters held up a couple of socks," replied the tailor. "Ha! Ha!"

curred down at the new house I'm

"A greater tragedy than that occurring," informed the carpenter. "Indeed! And what was that?" inquired the tailor.

"Two fingers held up a nail while five more knocked him in the head with a hammer," replied the carpenter.—Lone Scout.

WHAT WOULD BE THE USE, ANYHOW?

A white man walking down the street where an old colored man was white-washing a fence, noticed that the brush he was using contained very few bristles.

"Look here, Rastus," exclaimed the man, "why don't you get a brush with more bristles in it?"

"What for, Mr. Smith, what for?" returned Rastus.

"What for? Why, if you had a brush with more bristles in it you could do twice as much work."

"Dat's all right, Mistah Smith," said Rastus, shaking his head, "but I ain't got twice as much work to do."—Lone Scout.

OUR VILLAGE AUTO NOTES

Old worn out tires may be put into good use by using them for teeth-cutting rings for the baby.

All autos will run better with gasoline in their tanks, except electrics, and you can run them with currents.

The fire department has ordered all cheap autos painted red, as to comply with the ordinance that all gasoline cans must be painted red.

The speed limit thru our village is one hundred miles an hour—and you won't miss anything no matter how fast you go.

Fanny and Luke Hawkins are going to sell their car as they say it costs too much to buy cigars and soda water for their friends.

BREEZETTES.

A spider lives on turnips because he doesn't like turnips.

A grass hopper hops because he cannot walk.

Just because a dog pants, he does not have to have them pressed.

Lake Erie could not get along without water.

The easiest thing lost in the world is an umbrella.

HOLOHOKE NEWS

A riot was almost started when Hank Pash's oldest boy came home with a white Palm Beach suit. At first the constable and members of the reform league thought the boy had made a mistake, but they saw it was a Palm Beach suit and adjourned.

Miss Vesta Perkins, who caused so much inconvenience to her folks and friends in going on her vacation, has returned. She will stay home a few days and then go to cooking school for a short period. She says she feels lucky. We had an idea that Bill Bumpkin's boy wasn't getting his hair cut and perfumed up last Saturday for nothing, but we could not say so in our paper till we were sure. We, the Hickville County Breeze, offer our regrets,—as we know you will soon have regrets all of your own.

With the price of peanuts and dyestuffs going up, Cal Luke says he don't see how the circus will ever be able to get by without peanuts and red lemonade.

The Ebbs Music store sent an "ad" into our paper advertising new song. It reads: "Keep your eyes on the girl you love," and thirty others.

NUFFY'S CORNER NEWS

Hi Hollar uses a wart on the back of his neck for a collar button.

The latest jokes at our village. If a dog bites, would a ginger snap? If the moon had a baby would the sky rocket?

The constable of our village can't understand how the moon can get full these days when there are no boozes.

Editor Phinn says the only thing about being poor, the rich man has all the ice in the summer and the poor man has a plenty during the winter.

We have decided that a dog does not have to wear suspenders to hold up his pants.

Some people get their start in this world by beginning at the bottom, but Spike Kelly tells us he is out of luck because he is a well digger.

Squire Zarrow lost his pipe last week, and says he needn't worry it is strong enough to find its way back home.

WE ANSWER ALL QUESTIONS

Mrs. Ebbs—Do you think a wife should work for a husband?—Beside K.

Yes till she gets him, and then she should work hi in for all he is worth. This has proven very successful with most the women who have husbands. Ed.