

"Good By, Jim, Take Keer Yourse'f!"

Jim was going to war—the neighborhood didn't think much of him—but his father knew. And his father guessed the story to come. Yet these were all the words that came. Do you remember James Whitcomb Riley's story poem? That was in the Civil War. And today again, all over the land, fathers are saying to their sons, "Good by, Jim, take keer yourse'f."

Like all masters of literature, his people and his poems and his stories are for all time.

James Whitcomb RILEY



The great spirit has passed on. "There's another good pal gone over the border." The dearly beloved of all America's children and all America's grown folks who have stayed young, has passed away.

From the little child that wrote, "I felt sort of alone until I read your poems," to President Wilson, who says, "I render my tribute of affection and appreciation to him," this nation feels the great loss.

But it turns with even more eagerness to the stories and poems he left behind him. More eagerly than ever does the small boy read "The Old Swimmin' Hole"—more gladly do the mother and father read "That Old Sweetheart of Mine."

The quiet street in Indianapolis seems deserted and dead. Uncle Sam's mail service no longer has to bend beneath the

burden of 10,000 letters going to that quiet house on the 7th of each October. James Whitcomb Riley has passed on, but his work is here for all his lovers.

Perhaps you think you "don't care for poetry"—yet you love James Whitcomb Riley. That's because his stories could only be told in verse—for he had a song in his heart—a song of all mankind.

Unlike all other poets, he dealt with stories of every day—things in all our lives. There is in all his work no bitter word. He is sweetness and light in these days of hatred and terror—a drink of fresh water to the thirsty and weary.

A Poor Boy of Indiana

He was a poor boy in Indiana—too full of life and genius for schooling. He traveled with a circus, he worked on a rail-

road, on a steamship. He made his living in a thousand ways—until one day—an epoch-making day for this nation—he published a modest little poem in his home paper. Soon the world sat up and took notice—James Whitcomb Riley became as much a household word as Santa Claus.

The world knew his quality years ago. Longfellow, Lowell and Holmes bowed to his genius. Mark Twain loved his kindness and sincerity and admired his art, and William Dean Howells wonders "at the passion for the homely things of life," and George Ade says that "Riley is the only one who hobnobs with the L.L.D. and the farm hand at the same moment."

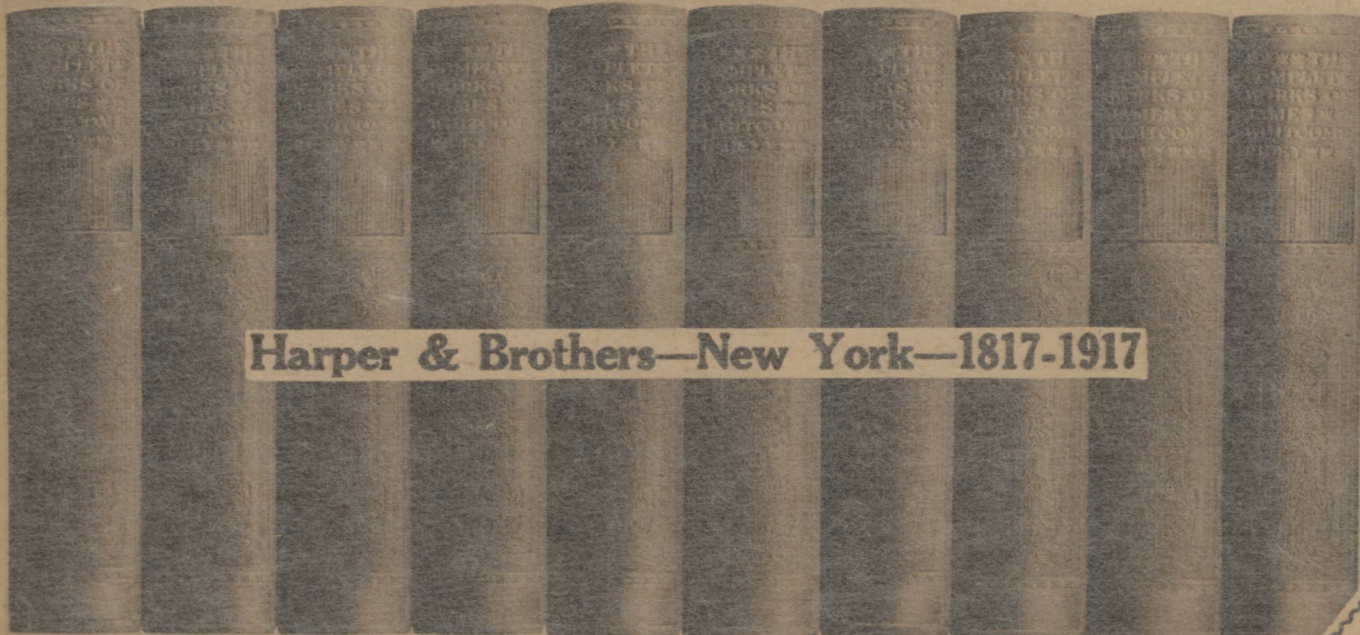
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