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RILEY DAY



Riley

INDIANA
October 7, 1915

Suggestions and Materials

RILEY DAY

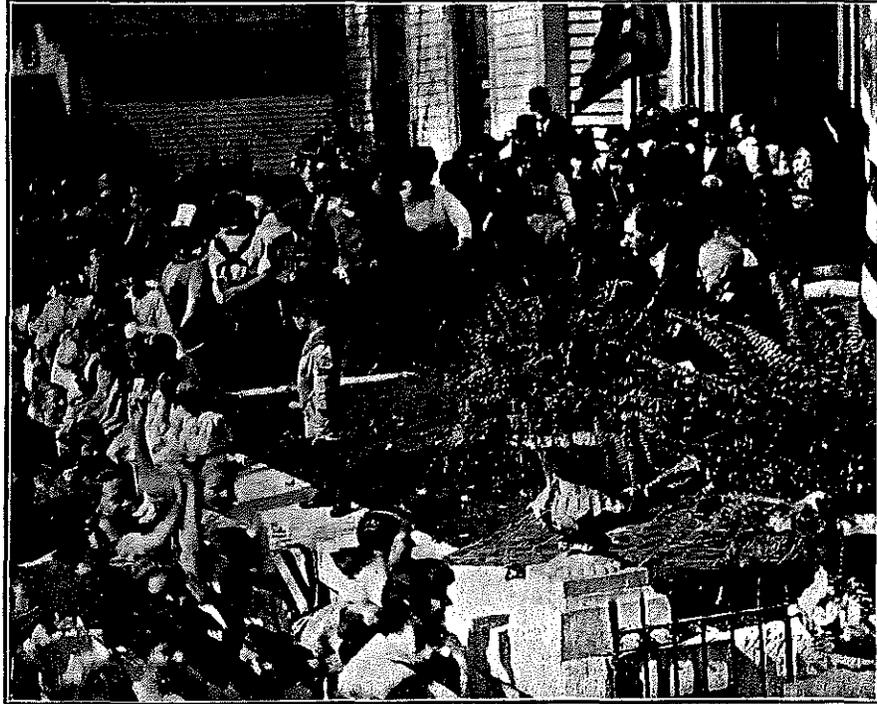
PROGRAMS

By

CHARLES A. GREATHOUSE

State Superintendent of Public Instruction

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA



Parade of School Children Past Riley's Home on His Birthday, October 7, 1913

O my Lockerbie Street! You are fair to be seen—
Be it noon of the day, or the rare and serene
Afternoon of the night—you are one to my heart,
And I love you above all the phrases of art,
For no language could frame and no lips could repeat
My rhyme-haunted raptures of Lockerbie Street.

From Lockerbie Street.

A PROCLAMATION

James Whitcomb Riley was born on the 7th day of October, 1849, in Greenfield, Hancock county, Indiana; and he has lived all his life in the state of his birth. He is a Hoosier to the core.

In his early boyhood he was afforded the usual educational advantages common to boys in his station in life; but those advantages were really hindrances to him. He was a genius and his spirit sought realms beyond the schoolroom. It was impossible to throw limits about the sweep of his mind by the inflexible rules of the schoolmaster; and he instinctively accepted the world as his field of labor, and the human heart as the source of his inspiration and the object of his devotion.

Whether the arch above his head was at times one of sunshine or one of cloud, all recognized that in the depths of his soul there was love for his fellowman and adoration for his God. Whether he was painting signs or writing verses, the people were his study. He familiarized himself with their manners and customs and characteristics, and "with melody and sweetness and a singular gift of invention", he told them things about themselves they did not know. This is why they have always loved him so.

More than any other citizen of Indiana, James Whitcomb Riley has carried the fame of his native state into the schools and homes of the world. It is not strange, therefore, that there should be a widespread feeling among our people that the next anniversary of his birth should be celebrated in honor of his poetic genius and his literary achievements and in recognition of his contributions to society.

The people are grateful to those who honor and serve them, and willingly make public acknowledgment therefor. To whom could they with greater propriety pay such tribute than to this sweet singer. He is the children's poet, and he has become such because he has so much of the spirit of the One who said "Suffer little children to come unto me". All Indiana will rejoice, therefore, to see her children afforded an opportunity to place their heart wreaths upon his brow and strew their flowers about his feet.

NOW, THEREFORE, I, Samuel M. Ralston, as Governor of the State of Indiana, hereby designate and proclaim

the 7th day of October, A. D. 1915,

the anniversary of the birth of James Whitcomb Riley,

as

RILEY DAY

and I urge all the people of the state to arrange in their respective communities, in their own way, appropriate public exercises in their schools and at their other public meeting places; and that they display the American Flag at their homes and places of business on this day, in honor of James Whitcomb Riley, Indiana's most beloved citizen.



IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have set my hand and caused to be affixed the Great Seal of the State of Indiana, at the Capitol, in the City of Indianapolis, this 8th day of September, A. D. 1915.

By the Governor:

Samuel M. Ralston

Governor.

Homer L. Cook

Secretary of State.

Three



SEPTEMBER 9, 1915.

Governor Samuel M. Ralston:

DEAR GOVERNOR—In your proclamation in this morning's Star you have done me an exceeding great honor, and one for which my gratitude goes out to you with a feeling and fervor as joyous as the brightest smiles and as deep as very tears. Truly, my debt to you is great beyond speech, and I only set this down in lieu of all appropriate expression.

Most gratefully and faithfully yours,

James Whitcomb Riley

Four

TO THE TEACHERS OF INDIANA

To the Teachers and Superintendents—October seventh, nineteen hundred and fifteen, has been set aside by Governor Ralston as Riley Day and all the people of the state have been urged to arrange in their respective communities and in their own way, appropriate public exercises in honor of Indiana's most beloved citizen—James Whitcomb Riley.

It is particularly fitting that the teachers and children of the state should thus pay their tribute of love and admiration to our own beloved poet by appropriately observing his birthday. James Whitcomb Riley is the sympathetic interpreter, not only of child nature and life, but of the common heart of our people, and the teachers of the public school, more than any one else, represent the people of the entire state. Mr. Riley is, in fact, one of us. He speaks our tongue. His words are the language of our people. He interprets the innermost longings and faiths of our hearts. He expresses in words of music our deepest sympathies and hopes. He loves and understands children as no poet ever did, and believes that the beauty and innocence of youth is the loveliest thing in human life.

It is, therefore, right that the children and teachers of the entire state should pay their tribute of love and respect to this interpreter of childhood and master singer of our people. You will do well to honor, by appropriate exercises, the man who is the teacher of us all. The man who has found in the lives and hearts of our own Indiana people, wherever he looked or listened, unheralded and unsuspected sources of song.

It is my desire that appropriate exercises be held in every school in the state Thursday, October seventh, nineteen hundred and fifteen, in compliance with the Governor's wish.

Trusting that the following suggestions and program which we have prepared in the hope of giving you some assistance in arranging for this celebration may prove of service to you, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,



State Superintendent of Public Instruction

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

"But he that is greatest among you, let him be as the younger;
and he that is chief as he that doth serve."

A little boy once wrote to James Whitcomb Riley and said, "I tell you what, Mr. Riley, I was glad to learn you was living because I thought all poets was dead."

This was all especially funny because at heart Mr. Riley is as spry and sprightly as ever and as lively as when he used to romp barefoot across the dewy grass in the mornings long ago. But he was born many years since—over three score—so long ago, in fact, that he came into the world in a little log cabin, weatherboarded over, lighted through little square panes daytimes and by candles at night. And one day his father bought his first oil lamp. "To us it gave forth marvellously lustrous light," says Mr. Riley with a smile. "Father came home with the lamp and chimney in one hand, and a bottle of coal oil in the other, and tinkered with the outfit all evening for the family's benefit. I was then reading the Arabian Nights, wholly enraptured with that magic story, and had come to the tale



"Jimmy" Riley, Going On Six

of the Wonderful Lamp and the cry of new lamps for old. Well—the smell of that coal oil became associated in my mind with Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp, and to this day I cannot smell coal oil without recalling the old delights of the story and feeling myself lying prone on my stomach reading, reading, and reading by the hour."

The picture (on page nine) shows "Jimmy" Riley and his mother, whom he loved above all else with all his heart, and whom he recalls in the lines:

Restore her thus, O blessed Memory!—
Throned in her rocking-chair, and on her knee
Her sewing—her workbasket on the floor
Beside her,—Springtime through the open door
Balmily stealing in and all about
The room; the bees' dim hum, and the far shout
And laughter of the children at their play,
And neighbor-children from across the way
Calling in gleeful challenge—save alone
One boy whose voice sends back no answering tone—
The boy, prone on the floor, above a book
Of pictures, with a rapt, ecstatic look—
Even as the mother's, by the selfsame spell,
Is lifted, with a light ineffable—
As though her senses caught no mortal cry,
But heard, instead, some poem going by.

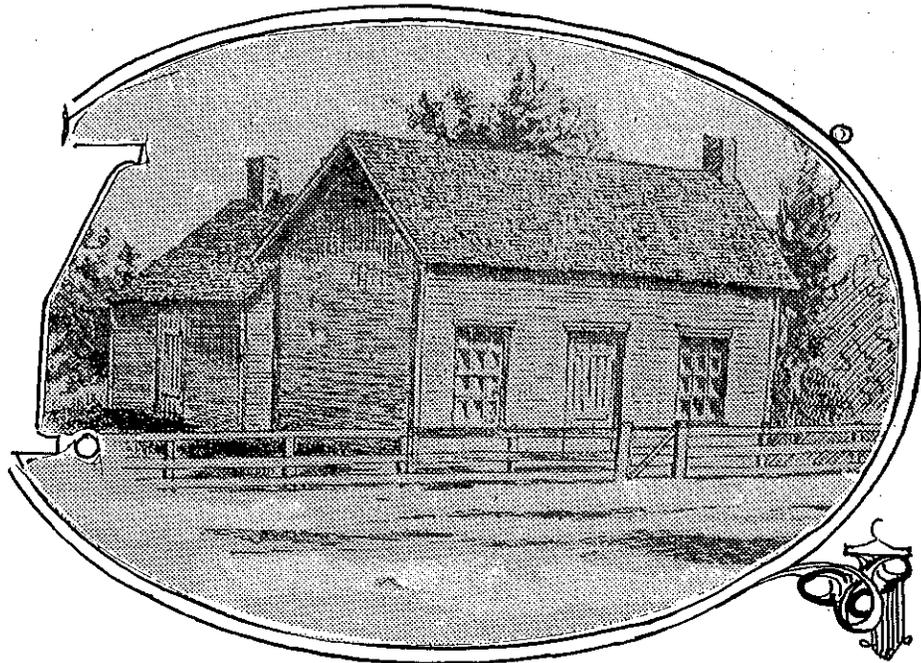
"Jimmy" or "Bud" was fond of books from the very first—even before he could read—or even before he could spell *without* reading. "Long before I was old enough to read," he says, "I remember buying a book at an old auctioneer's shop in Greenfield. I can not imagine what prophetic impulse took possession of me and made me forego the ginger cakes and

the candy that usually took every cent of my youthful income. The slender little volume must have cost all of twenty-five cents! It was Francis Quarles' *Divine Emblems*,—a neat little affair about the size of a pocket Testament. I carried it around with me all day long, delighted with the very feel of it.

“‘What have you got there, Bub?’ some one would ask. ‘A book,’ I would reply. ‘What kind of a book?’ ‘Poetry-book.’ ‘Poetry!’ would be the amused exclamation. ‘Can you read poetry?’ and, embarrassed, I’d shake my head and make my escape, but I held on to the beloved little volume.”

And now you ought to know how he looked. He wasn’t a handsome boy,—he had whitish hair and very pale eyes, and oh so many freckles, “‘which was a great offense,” he says. Perhaps he wanted the little girls to like him better; perhaps he was sensitive when the “kids” called him “spotted face”; anyway he was ashamed of the freckles and yearned to get rid of them.

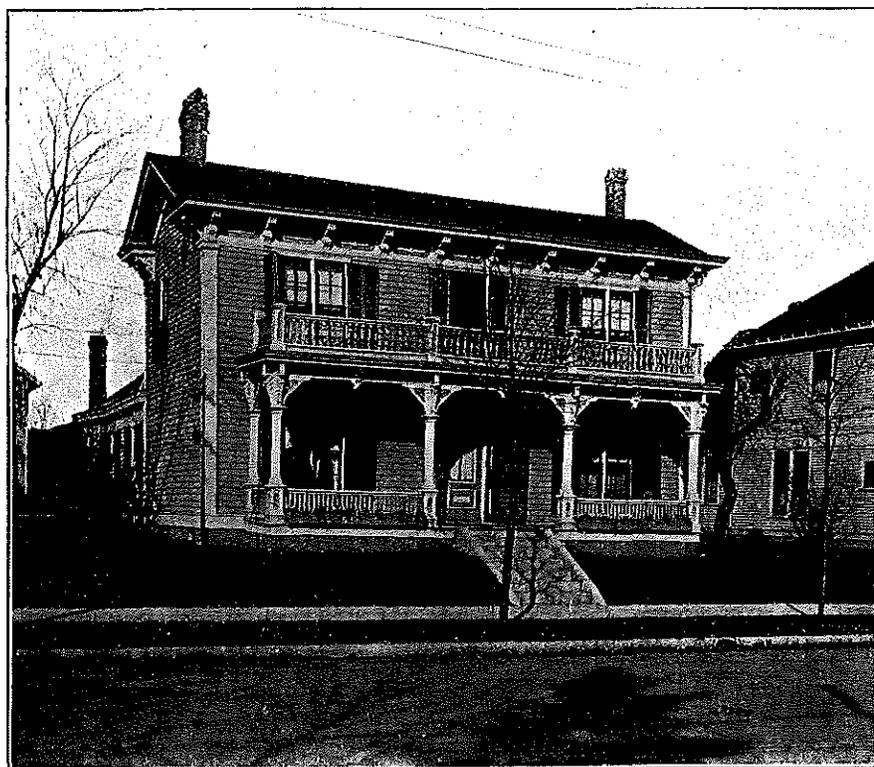
“And so one day,” he says, “my heart was made glad by the sight of a bottle in a drug store window—a bottle with an ultramarine blue label



BIRTHPLACE OF
JAMES WHITCOMB
RILEY.

lettered in gold, on which I read, ‘Sure cure for moth, tan, freckles, etc.’—oh, there were a hundred things it guaranteed to do and above all the rest, *positively* to remove freckles. After a few days’ gazing at the bottle out of school hours I mustered up courage to price it. *Fifty cents!* Of course I could *never* buy it—why, I didn’t get fifty pennies in a whole year—and so my hopes sank to earth again. Then one morning my father told me to go down town and buy some sugar—fifty cents’ worth—‘Charge it,’ he said, ‘no—wait—here is a half dollar.’ So I got the idea of charging the

sugar anyway, and buying the coveted bottle with the ultramarine blue label and the golden saying, 'Positive cure for freckles.' Oh how proud I was of that bottle! I hugged it under my coat all the way home, then hid it in my inside pocket, and didn't eat any breakfast. No—I was too thrilled and excited. Then I went to school, scooting down an alley on the way and stopping before a barn. The hay was strewn around loosely there—it was an old deserted barn, and gave me a chance to be all alone. So I pulled out the bottle, doused my hand and rubbed my face thoroughly. I fairly expected the freckles to rattle as they fell. Then I corked the bottle and hid it beneath the floor, broke out of the barn and scudded along to school. I was late by this time. All the pupils were at attention when I arrived, and oh what a laugh they set up! 'Why, Jimmy,' cried the teacher, 'what do you mean by coming to school in this condition!' 'Why, what's the matter?' I said. Then she took me out on the back porch to her mirror and showed me my face. It was as yellow as an Easter egg! Of course, I had not read the directions. They said rub off immediately with salt water and part of an egg—the white, I believe. Well, the lovable old



Where He Lived as a Boy

lady rubbed my face good and hard to get the stuff off, and in the course of two or three days all the freckles came off and my *skin*, too—every bit of it! And I haven't had a freckle since, no sir!

This first teacher, Mrs. Neal, he has described himself.

"My first teacher was a little old woman, rosy and roly-poly, who looked as though she might have just come tumbling out of a fairy story, so lovable was she and so jolly and amiable. She kept school in her little

Eight

Dame-Trot kind of dwelling of three rooms, with a porch in the rear, like a bracket on the wall, which was part of the play-ground of her 'scholars,'—for in those days pupils were called 'scholars' by their affectionate teachers. Among the twelve or fifteen boys and girls who were there I remember particularly a little lame boy, who always got the first ride in the locust-tree swing during recess.

"This first teacher of mine was a mother to all her 'scholars,' and in every way looked after their comfort, especially when certain little ones

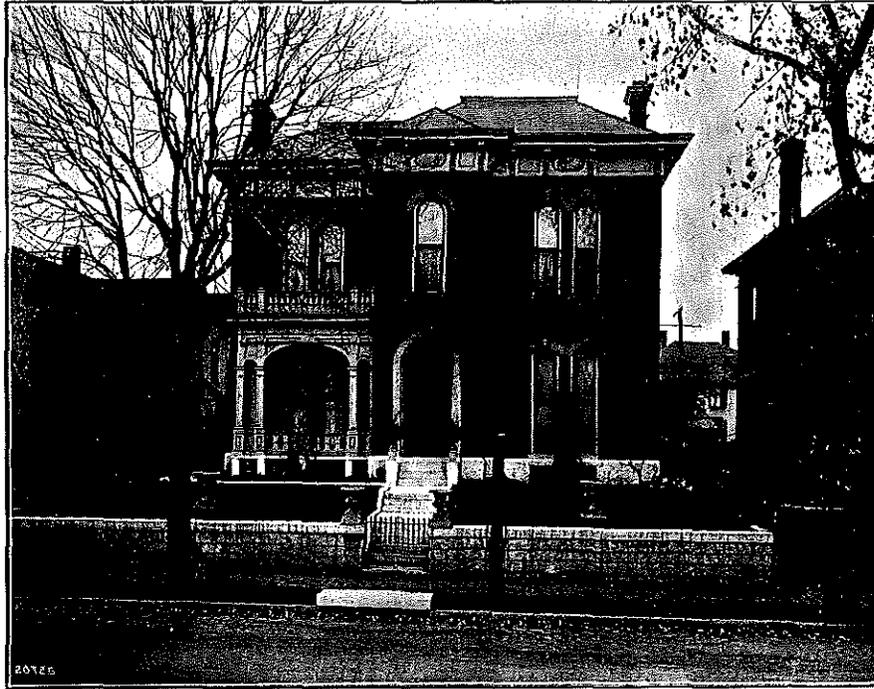


The Little Poet and His Mother

grew drowsy. I was often, with others, carried to the sitting-room and left to slumber on a small made-down pallet on the floor. She would sometimes take three or four of us together; and I recall how a playmate and I, having been admonished into silence, grew deeply interested in watching a spare old man who sat at a window with its shade drawn down.

After a while we became accustomed to this odd sight and would laugh, and talk in whispers and give imitations, as we sat in a low sewing-chair, of the little old pendulating blind man at the window. Well, the old man was the gentle teacher's charge, and for this reason, possibly, her life had become an heroic one, caring for her helpless husband who, quietly content, waited always at the window for his sight to come back to him. And doubtless it is today, as he sits at another casement and sees not only his earthly friends, but all the friends of the Eternal Home, with the smiling, loyal, loving little woman forever at his side.

"She was the kindest of souls even when constrained to punish us. After a whipping she invariably took me into the little kitchen and gave me two great white slabs of bread cemented together with layers of butter and jam. As she always whipped me with the same slender stick she used as a pointer, and cried over every lick, you will have an idea how much



Present Home on Lockerbie Street

punishment I could stand. When I was old enough to be lifted by the ears out of my seat that office was performed by a pedagogue whom I promised to 'whip sure, if he'd just wait till I got big enough.' He is still waiting!

"There was but one book at school in which I found the slightest interest,—McGuffey's old leather-bound Reader. It was the tallest book known, and to the boys of my size it was a matter of eternal wonder how I could belong to 'the big class in that reader.' When we were to read the death of 'Little Nell,' I would run away, for I knew it would make me cry, that the other boys would laugh at me, and the whole thing would become ridiculous. I couldn't bear that. A later teacher, Captain Lee O. Harris, came to understand me with thorough sympathy, took compassion on my weaknesses and encouraged me to read the best literature. He understood

that he couldn't get numbers into my head. You couldn't tamp them in! History I also disliked as a dry thing without juice, and dates melted out of my memory as speedily as tin-foil on a red hot stove. But I always wanted to declaim and took natively to anything dramatic or theatrical. Captain Harris encouraged me in recitation and reading and had ever the sweet spirit of a companion rather than the manner of an instructor."

After he left school Riley had so hard a time that he, in mind, turned back longingly to "the old days," "the days gone by," "with every day a holiday and life a glad romance." For then he swam in "the old swimmin'-hole" with the hurrahing gang, "just too glad for anything"; or he lay on the bank "knee deep in June" and dreamed and listened to what the breeze was whispering to the trees and the water was crooning to the dragon flies. Or he tramped along the old highway, "Out to Old Aunt Mary's," or took delight in the tootings of "The Old Band," or heard the stories "The Raggedy Man" had to tell, or those witch tales of "Little Orphant Annie's." All he has written about is real. He lived it all himself. This is always true of the great writers.

But finally "the days gone by" were gone for sure, and the boy was a man and had to work. What could he do? He could do everything,—*except* what was useful or what people would pay for. He could play a "fiddle" and a guitar, he could sing and act, and write verses and tell stories. But nobody would pay him for this. Everyone said, "Oh, he's just an idle no-'count fellow!" That hurt his feelings right when he had the most need to keep a stout heart.

What *had* he been doing all these years—just having a good time and dreaming? No—indeed—the had been thinking things out for himself, studying nature and observing people, and becoming wise by his own thinking. That's what every boy and girl has to learn,—to think things out for himself—not to learn meaninglessly by rule, but to think all for himself. And so Riley wasn't so far behind in the world, after all, nor did he lack courage. He had faith that God meant him for some good use and so he kept on trying to do the best thing he knew how to do, writing poetry. And one day when he was most discouraged he sent some of his poems off to Longfellow.

Oh what a glad letter he got in reply, saying, "I think your poems show the true poetic faculty and insight." Then all the world was changed for him. He fell to work with a will and wrote and wrote, ever with more success, until he had enough for a *book*. Then he printed "The Old Swimmin'-Hole and 'Leven More Poems," just a paper-backed humble little book, sold over a newspaper counter,—but it was so good a book that it sold out entirely and made him eighty-three dollars and twenty cents! So he tried more and more books, regular books now with stiff cloth covers and *illustrations* in them. They sold and sold and sold, so he just kept writing more and more, until he has almost a hundred books to his credit.

Many sales and many books—do these make "success"? Some people are narrow enough to think so. But this is not Riley's success. His is in the love he has won from everybody. Why does everyone love him so, why do universities honor him, why did the Academy of Arts and Sciences give him the gold medal for poetry, why does the governor of our state single his birthday out for a proclamation?

Simply because he unselfishly has done the most for our people. He has awakened the best in our *hearts*, has made us feel more nobly and more tenderly,—and that is what we live for, not for wealth nor fame, but that our souls may grow in love. As Henry van Dyke wrote to him:

Other poets may soar above you,
You keep close to the human heart.

RILEY LETTERS TO CHILDREN

October 7, 1911.

To the School Children of Indianapolis:

You are conspirators—every one of you, that's what you are; you have conspired to inform the general public of my birthday, and I am already so old that I want to forget all about it. But I will be magnanimous and forgive you, for I know that your intent is really friendly, and to have such friends as you are makes me—don't care how old I am! In fact it makes me so glad and happy that I feel as absolutely young and spry as a very schoolboy—even as one of you—and so to all intents I am.

Therefore let me be with you throughout the long, lovely day, and share your mingled joys and blessings with your parents and your teachers, and in the words of little Tim Cratchit: "God bless us, every one."

Ever gratefully and faithfully
Your old friend,

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

October 7, 1912.

To The School Children Generally:

It may be well for you to remember that the day you are about to celebrate is the birthday of many good men; but if I may be counted the least of these, I will be utterly content and happy. I can only thank you and your teachers with a full heart and the fervent hope that the day will prove an equal glory to us all.

To The Very Little Children:

I would say—be simply your own selves, and though even parents, as I sometimes think, do not seem to understand us perfectly, we will be patient with them and love them no less loyally and very tenderly.

Most truly your hale friend and comrade,

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

August 30, 1912.

Dear Elizabeth Page:

You have sent me a mighty good letter, and I thank you heartily. I receive a great number of letters, mostly written by grown-up people, and it is really surprising how uninteresting they can be.

Give me a letter any time from the Elizabeth Pages of this world. What you say in appreciation of your "Daddy" goes spang to the spot. That is right, bet on your "Daddy" above all other men however bright they shine in the spotlight of our gubernatorial halls. And the dog James Whitcomb Riley Page at once romps into my affections. As you say, you "hope he will be a smart dog", and if he is not you "will change his name to Edgar Allen Poe." I agree with you, as I, too, dislike Poe so much that I am glad he is not here to be embarrassed thereby.

Thank you very much also for liking my books, and always have your "Daddy"—my friend—to interpret them to you.

By the way, though, you must spell Allan with an *a*, as Mr. Poe was very touchy on that point.

As ever and always your old friend,

JAMES POPCORN RILEY.

For the Very Excellent and Ewacting Critic, Little Miss Mabel Wessels:

One time a little girl she got her Ma to write and tell
A Pote-ry Man she like his poems all most amazin' well!
An' nen the Pote-ry Man he said—"It is so glad I am
I'm 'bliged to write that Little Girl an' tell her 'Thanky-ma'am.'"

Very truly your old Hoosier friend,

April 10, 1897.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Twelve

February 5, 1896.

JAMES L. MURRAY—

Dear little boy—No-sir-ee! I couldn't write verses when I was nine years old like you. But, as you do, I could get verses "by heart," for speeches at School—only I always got pale and sick and faint when I tried to *spea*k 'em—and my chin wobbled, and my throat hurt, and then I broke clean down and—*cried*. Oughtn't I been ashamed of myself? I bet *you* ain't goin' to cry—in the Second Room of the A Grade!

I was sorry to hear your mother died when you were only one year old. My mother is dead, too; and so I wouldn't be surprised if *your* mother and *my* mother were together right now, and know each other, and are the best friends in *their* World, just as you and I are in this. My best respects to your good father and teachers all.

Ever your friend,

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.



TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

I have read [your poems] with great pleasure, and think they show the true poetic faculty and insight.—*Earliest encouragement, from Henry W. Longfellow.*

Today, in presenting Mr. Riley to you, I can say to you of my own knowledge, that you are to have the pleasure of listening to the voice of a true poet.—*James Russell Lowell.*

James Whitcomb Riley is nothing short of a born poet and a veritable genius. He gets down into the heart of a man, and in a most telling way, too,—this delineator of lowly humanity, who sings with so much fervor, pathos, humor and grace, and who has done things, perhaps, which will outlast the more laborious work of some of the older and more pretentious poets.—*Oliver Wendell Homes.*

The simplicity and innocence and sincerity and unconsciousness of Riley's old farmer are perfectly simulated, and the result is a performance which is thoroughly charming and delicious. This is art—and fine and beautiful, and only a master can compass it.—*Mark Twain.*

No poet has shown such a passion for the homely and humble things of life and has dared to portray them with such unshrinking fidelity, such fond and unpatronizing tenderness. No one else has conceived so truly and so kindly of children or has been able to tell us so sweetly what they are.—*William Dean Howells.*

It's ho-my-Riley! kase all thu my dreams
You er allers a-skippin' dat Jim-along-Jeems
Wid Jim-along-Joe twel it natchally seems
You er here sho 'nough, whar you oughter be,
A-bangln' aroun' an' a-loafin' wid me—
An' I wish you wuz—Yes-sir-ree!—*Joel Chandler Harris.*

Every one knows where is Lockerbie Street,
For there a poet has lived and sung,
Wise as an angel, glad as a bird,
Fearless and fond in every word,
All his life. And if you would know
The secret of joy and the cure of woe,—
How to be gentle and brave and sweet,—
Ask you way to Lockerbie Street.—*Bliss Carman.*

'Twas you sang first the yet unsung
Falth of a people brave and young
To whose rude speech a wild tang clung,
In clean earth born,—
The variant Saxon of our tongue
You did not scorn!—*Meredith Nicholson.*

This is the reason why all men love you,
Remember your songs and forget your art:
Other poets may soar above you—
You keep close to the human heart.—*Henry van Dyke.*

Your trail runs to the westward,
And mine to my own place;
There is water between our lodges,
And I have not seen your face.

But since I have read your verses
'Tis easy to guess the rest,—
Because in the hearts of the children
There is neither East nor West.
—*Rudyard Kipling.*

Dedicated to
Mrs. Morris Black.

There Little Girl, Don't Cry.

(Riley.)

CLARENCE FORSYTH.
Op. 4. No. 3

Andante.
mp There! lit-tle girl, don't cry! They have
Rititanto.
mp
bro-ken your doll, I know; And your tea-set blue, And your play-house, too, Are
things of the long a-go; But child-ish trou-bles will
p
mf
soon pass by.— There! lit-tle girl, don't cry!

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There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your slate, I know,
And the glad, wild ways
Of your school-girl days
Are things of the long ago;
But life and love will soon come by.—
There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But Heaven holds all for which you
sigh.—
There! little girl; don't cry!

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Mr. Clarence Forsyth. Mr. Forsyth was a beloved Hester artist.

A Song

Music by
FRITZ KRULL

From The Loebstein Book
Copyright 1911
Used by special permission of its publisher,
The Fisher-Merill Company.

Allegretto

ff

There is ev - er a song some - where, my dear; There is

p

ev - er a some - thing sings al - way; There's the song of the lark when the

skies are clear, And the song of the thrush when the skies are grey.

Copyright 1911 by Fritz Krull.

The

trando

sun - shine shows a - cross the grain, And the blue bird trills in the er - chard tree; And

in and out, when the even drops rain, The swal - lows are bit - ter - ing cease - lessly.

ten.
ff.

There is

ten.

A Song 4

By special permission of Fritz Kreisler. Mr. Kreisler is the Indianapolis man who has set to music many of Mr. Ring's favorite poems.

1

ev - er a song some-where, my dear! Be the skies a - bore or dark or day, There is ev - er a song some-where, my dear! In the mid night black or the mid - day blue: The where, my dear! There is ev - er a song some - where! There is

5

rob - in pipes when the sun is here, And the crick - et chirps the whole night through! The birds may tell the I will say you, And the an - tennae leaved drop crisp and wet, But hidden there in the sun or the moon, There is ev - er a song some-where, my dear!

SELECTIONS CHILDREN LOVE

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—from the Biographical Edition, Copyright, 1913.

A BOY'S MOTHER

My mother she's so good to me,
Ef I was good as I could be,
I couldn't be as good—no, sir!—
Can't any boy be good as her!

She loves me when I'm glad er sad;
She loves me when I'm good er bad;
An', what's a funniest thing, she says
She loves me when she punishes.

I don't like her to punish me.—
That don't hurt,—but it hurts to seee

Her cryin'.—Nen I cry; an' nen
We both cry an' be good again.

She loves me when she cuts an' sews
My little cloak an' Sund'y clothes;
An' when my Pa comes home to tea,
She loves him most as much as me.

She laughs an' tells him all I said,
An' grabs me up an' pats my head;
An' I hug *her*, an' hug my Pa
An' love him purt' nigh as much as Ma.

THE RAGGEDY MAN

O the Raggedy Man! He works for Pa;
An' he's the goodest man ever you saw!
He comes our house every day,
An' waters the horses, an' feeds 'em
hay;
An' he opens the shed—an' we all ist
laugh
When he drives out our little old
wobble-ly calf;
An' nen—ef our hired girl says he
can—

He milks the cow fer 'Lizabuth Ann.—
Ain't he a' awful good Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

W'y, The Raggedy Man—he's ist so
good,
He splits the kindlin' an' chops the
wood;
An' nen he spades in our garden, too,
An' does most things 'at *boys* can't
do.—

He clumbed clean up in our big tree
An' shooked a' apple down fer me—
An' 'nother'n', too, fer 'Lizabuth Ann—
An' 'nother'n', too, fer 'The Raggedy
Man.—

Ain't he a' awful kind Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An' 'The Raggedy Man, he knows most
rhymes,

An' tells 'em, ef I be good, sometimes:
Knows 'bout Glunts, an' Griffuns, an'
Elves,

An' the Squidgicum-Squees 'at swal-
lers the'rselves!

An', wite by the pump in our pasture-
lot,

He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks
is got,

'At lives 'way deep in the ground, an'
can

Turn into me, er 'Lizabuth Ann!
Er Ma, er Pa, er 'The Raggedy Man!
Ain't he a funny old Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

The Raggedy Man—one time, when he
Wuz makin' a little bow-'n'-orry fer me,
Says "When you're big like your Pa is,
Air *you* go' to keep a fine store like
his—

An' be a rich merchunt—an' wear fine
clothes?—

Er what *air* you go' to be, goodness
knows?"

An' nen he laughed at 'Lizabuth Ann,
An' I says "'M go' to be a Raggedy
Man!—

I'm ist go' to be a nice Raggedy
Man!"
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

GRIGGSBY'S STATION

Pap's got his pattent-right, and rich as
all creation;

But where's the peace and comfort
that we all had before?

Le's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's
Station—

Back where we ust to be so happy
and so pore!

The likes of us a-livin' here! It's jes'
a mortal pity

To see us in this great big house,
with cyarpets on the stairs,
And the pump right in the kitchen!
And the city! city! city!—

And nothin' but the city all around
us ever'-wheres!

Climb clean above the roof and look
from the steeple,

And never see a robin, nor a beech or
ellum tree!

And right here in ear-shot of at least
a thousan' people,

And none that neighbors with us or
we want to go and see!

Le's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's
Station—

Back where the latch-string's a-
hangin' from the door,

And ever' neighbor round the place is
dear as a relation—

Back where we ust to be so happy
and so pore!

I want to see the Wiggenses, the whole
kit-and-blin',

A-drivin' up from Shallor Ford to
stay the Sunday through;

And I want to see 'em hitchin' at their
son-in-law's and pilin'

Out there at 'Lizy Ellen's like they
ust to do!

I want to see the piece-quilts the Jones
girls is makin';

And I want to pester Laury 'bout
their freckled hired hand,

And joke her 'bout the widower she
come purt' night a-takin',

Till her Pap got his pension 'lowed in
time to save his land.

Le's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's
Station—

Back where they's nothin' aggervat-
in' any more,

Shet away safe in the woods around
the old location—

Back where we ust to be so happy
and so pore!

I want to see Marindy and he'p her
with her sewin',

And hear her talk so lovin' of her
man that's dead and gone,

And stand up with Emanuel to show
me how he's growin',

And smle as I have saw her 'fore
she putt her mournin' on.

And I want to see the Samples, on the
old lower eighty,

Where John, our oldest boy, he was
tuk and burried—for

His own sake and Katy's,—and I want
to cry with Katy

As she reads all his letters over,
writ from The War.

What's in all this grand life and high
situation,

And nary pink nor hollyhawk a-
bloomin' at the door?—

Le's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's
Station—

Back where we ust to be so happy
and so pore!

THE PRAYER PERFECT

Dear Lord! kind Lord!

Gracious Lord! I pray

Thou wilt look on all I love

Tenderly to-day!

Weed their hearts of weariness;

Scatter every care

Down a wake of angel-wings

Winnowing the air.

Bring unto the sorrowing

All release from pain;

Let the lips of laughter

Overflow again;

And with all the needy

O divide, I pray,

This vast treasure of content

That is mine to-day!

ALMOST BEYOND ENDURANCE

I ain't a-goin' to cry no more, no more!
I'm got ear-ache, an' Ma can't make
It quit a-tail;
An' Carlo bite my rubber-ball
An' puncture it; an' Sis she take
An' poke' my knife down through the
stable-floor
An' loozed it—blame it all!
But I ain't goin' to cry no more, no
more!

An' Aunt Mame *wrote* she's comin', an'
she *can't*—
Folks is come *there!*—An' I don't
care
She *is* my aunt!
An' my eyes stings; an' I'm
Ist coughin' all the time,
An' hurts me so; an' where my side's
so sore
Grampa felt where, an' he
Says "Mayby it's *pleurasy!*"
But I ain't goin' to cry no more, no
more!
An' I clumbed up an' nen falled off the
fence,

An' Herbert he ist laught at me!
An' my fi'-cents
It sticked in my tin bank, an' I ist tore
Purt' nigh my thumbnail off, a-tryin'
to git
It out—nen *smash* it!—An' it's in
there yit!
But I ain't goin' to cry no more, no
more!

Oo! I'm so wickud!—An' my breath's
so *hot*—
Ist like I run an' don't res' none
But ist run on when I ought to not;
Yes, an' my chin
An' lips's all warpy, an' teeth's so
fast,
An' 's a place in my throat I can't
swaller past—
An' they all hurt so!—
An' oh, my-oh!
I'm a-startin' ag'in—
I'm a-startin' ag'in, but I *won't*, fer
shore!—
I *ist ain't goin' to cry no more, no more!*

THE 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!
Never heerd him speak but once
Er twice in my life,—and first time
was
When the army broke out, and Jim he
went,
The old man backin' him, fer three
months;
And all 'at I heerd the old man say
Was, jes' as we turned to start away,—
'Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"
'Peared-like, he was more satisfied
Jes' *lookin'* at Jim
And likin' him all to hisse'f-like, see?—
'Cause he was jes' wrapped up in
him!
And over and over I mind the day
The old man come and stood round in
the way
While we was drillin', a-watchin' Jim—
And down at the deepot a-heerin' him
say,

"Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"
Never was nothin' about the *farm*
Disting'ished Jim;
Neighbors all ust to wonder why
The old man 'peared wrapped up in
him;
But when Cap. Biggler he writ back
'At Jim was the bravest boy we had
In the whole dern rigiment, white er
black,
And his fightin' good as his farmin'
bad—
'At he had led, with a bullet clean
Bored through his thigh, and carried
the flag
Through the bloodiest battle your ever
seen,—
The old man wound up a letter to him
'At Cap. read to us, 'at said: "Tell
Jim Good-by,
And take keer of hisse'f!"
Jim come home jes' long enough
To take the whim
'At he'd like to go back in the calvery—

And the old man jes' wrapped up in
him!
Jim 'lowed 'at he'd had sich luck afore,
Guessed he'd tackle her three years
more.
And the old man give him a colt he'd
raised,
And follered him over to Camp Ben
Wade,
And laid around fer a week er so,
Watchin' Jim on dress-parade—
Tel finally he rid away,
And last he heerd was the old man
say,—
"Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Tuk the papers, the old man did,
A-watchin' fer Jim—
Fully believin' he'd make his mark
Some way—jes' wrapped up in
him!—
And many a time the word 'u'd come
'At stirred him up like the tap of a
drum—
At Petersburg, fer instance, where
Jim rid right into their cannons there,
And *tuk* 'em, and p'inted 'em t'other
way,

THE OLD SWIMMIN'-HOLE

Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! whare
the crick so still and deep
Looked like a baby-river that was lay-
in' half asleep,
And the gurgle of the worter round
the drift jest below
Sounded like the laugh of something
we onc't ust to know
Before we could remember anything
but the eyes
Of the angels lookin' out as we left
Paradise;
But the merry days of youth is beyond
our controle,
And it's hard to part ferever with the
old swimmin'-hole.

Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! In the
happy days of yore,
When I ust to lean above it on the old
sickamore,
Oh! it showed me a face in its warm
sunny tide
That gazed back at me so gay and
glorified,

And socked it home to the boys in
gray,
As they scooted fer timber, and on and
on—
Jim a lieutenant and one arm gone,
And the old man's words in his mind
all day,—
"Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Think of a private, now, perhaps,
We'll say like Jim,
'At's clumb clean up to the shoulder-
straps—
And the old man jes' wrapped up in
him!
Think of him—with the war plum'
through,
And the glorious old Red-White-and-
Blue
A-laughin' the news down over Jim,
And the old man, bendin' over him—
The surgeon turnin' away with tears
'At hadn't leaked fer years and years,
As the hand of the dyin' boy clung to
His father's, the old voice in his
ears,—
"Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

It made me love myself, as I leaped to
caress
My shadder smilin' up at me with sich
tenderness.
But them days is past and gone, and
old Time's tuck his toll
From the old man come back to the
old swimmin'-hole.

Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! In the
long, lazy days
When the humdrum of school made so
many run-a-ways,
How pleasant was the jurney down
the old dusty lane,
Whare the tracks of our bare feet was
all printed so plane
You could tell by the dent of the heel
and the sole
They was lots o' fun on hands at the
old swimmin'-hole.
But the lost joys is past! Let your
tears in sorrow roll
Like the rain that ust to dapple up the
old swimmin'-hole.

Thare the bullrushes growed, and the
 cattails so tall,
 And the sunshine and shadder fell
 over it all;
 And it mottled the worter with amber
 and gold
 Tel the glad lilies rocked in the rip-
 ples that rolled;
 And the snake-feeder's four gauzy
 wings fluttered by
 Like the ghost of a daisy dropped out
 of the sky,
 Or a wowned apple-blossom in the
 breeze's controle
 As it cut acrost some orchurd fer the
 old swimmin'-hole.

Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! When I
 last saw the place,
 The scenes was all changed, like the
 change in my face;
 The bridge of the railroad now crosses
 the spot
 Whare the old divin'-log lays sunk and
 fergot.
 And I stray down the banks whare the
 trees ust to be—
 But never again will theyr shade shel-
 ter me!
 And I wish in my sorrow I could strip
 to the soul,
 And dive off in my grave like the old
 swimmin'-hole.

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE

Little Orphant Annie's come to our
 house to stay,
 An' wash the cups an' saucers up, an'
 brush the crumbs away,
 An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an'
 dust the hearth, an' sweep,
 An' make the fire, an' bake the bread,
 an' earn her board-an'-keep;
 An' all us other childern, when sup-
 per-things is done,
 We set around the kitchen fire an' has
 the mostest fun
 A-list'nin' to the witch-tales 'at Annie
 tells about,
 An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you
 Ef you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out!

Wunst they wuz a little boy woulda't
 say his prayers,—
 An' when he went to bed at night, away
 up-stairs,
 His Mammy heerd him holler, an' his
 Daddy heerd him bawl,
 An' when they turn't the klvvers down,
 he wuzn't there at all!
 An' they seeked him in the rafter-
 room, an' cubby-hole, an' press,
 An' seeked him up the chimbley-flue, an'
 ever'wheres, I guess;
 But all they ever found wuz thist his
 pants an' roundabout:—
 An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you
 Ef you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus
 laugh an' grin,
 An' make fun of ever'one, an' all her
 blood-an'-kin;
 An' wunst, when they was "company,"
 an' ole folks wuz there,
 She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an'
 said she didn't care!
 An' thist as she kicked her heels, an'
 turn't to run an' hide,
 They wuz two great big Black Things
 a-standin' by her side,
 An' they snatched her through the
 ceilin' 'fore she knowed what she's
 about!
 An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you
 Ef you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when
 the blaze is blue,
 An' the lamp-wick sputters, an' the
 wind goes *wooo-oo!*
 An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the
 moon is gray,
 An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all
 squenched away,—
 You better mind yer parents, an' yer
 teachurs fond an' dear,
 An' churish them 'at loves you, an dry
 the orphant's tear,
 An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at
 clusters all about,
 Er the Gobble-uns 'll git you
 Ef you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out!

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUMPKIN

When the frost is on the punkin and
the fodder's in the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble
of the struttin' turkey-cock,
And the clackin' of the guineys, and
the cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tip-
toes on the fence;
O, it's then's the times a feller is a-
feelin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from
a night of peaceful rest,
As he leaves the house, bareheaded,
and goes out to feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and
the fodder's in the shock.

They's something kindo' harty-like
about the atmsfere
When the heat of summer's over and
the coolin' fall is here—
Of course we miss the flowers, and the
blossums on the trees,
And the mumble of the hummin'-birds
and buzzin' of the bees;
But the air's so appetizin'; and the
landscape through the haze
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the
airly autumn days
Is a pictur' that no painter has the
colorin' to mock—
When the frost is on the punkin and
the fodder's in the shock.

The husky, rusty russel of the tossels
of the corn,
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves,
as golden as the morn;
The stubble in the furrles—kindo' lone-
some-like, but still
A-preachin' sermons to us of the barns
they growed to fill;
The strawstack in the medder, and the
reaper in the shed;
The hosses in theyr stalls below—the
clover overhead!—
O, it sets my hart a-clickin' like the
tickin' of a clock,
When the frost is on the punkin and
the fodder's in the shock!
Then your apples all is gethered, and
the ones a feller keeps
Is poured around the celler-floor in red
and yaller heaps;
And your cider-makin' 's over, and
your wimmer-folks is through
With their mince and apple-butter, and
theyr souse and saussage, too!
I don't know how to tell it—but ef sich
a thing could be
As the Angels wantin' boardin', and
they'd call around on me—
I'd want to 'commodate 'em—all the
whole-indurin' flock—
When the frost is on the punkin and
the fodder's in the shock!

GRANNY

Granny's come to our house,
And ho! my lawzy-daisy!
All the childern round the place
Is ist a-runnin' crazy!
Fetched a cake fer little Jake,
And fetched a pie fer Nanny,
And fetched a pear fer all the pack
That runs to kiss their Granny!
Lucy Ellen's in her lap,
And Wade and Silas Walker
Both's a ridin' on her foot,
And 'Pollos on the rocker;
And Marthy's twins, from Aunt Ma-
rinn's,
And little Orphant Annie,
All's a-eatin' gingerbread
And giggle-un at Granny!
Tells us all the fairy tales
Ever thought er wundered—
And 'bundance o' other stories—

Bet she knows a hunderd!—
Bob's the one fer "Whittington,"
And "Golden Locks" fer Fanny!
Hear 'em laugh and clap their hands,
Listenin' at Granny!
"Jack the Giant-Killer" 's good;
And "Bean-Stalk" 's another!—
So's the one of "Cinderell"
And her old godmother;—
That-un's best of all the rest—
Bestest one of any,—
Where the mices scampers home
Like we runs to Granny!
Granny's come to our house,
Ho! my lawzy-daisy!
All the children round the place
Is ist a-runnin' crazy!
Fetched a cake fer little Jake,
And fetched a pie fer Nanny,
And fetched a pear fer all the pack
That runs to kiss their Granny!

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR OBSERVANCE OF RILEY DAY

Program

1. Song by the school..... America
2. Short talk by the teacher on Mr. Riley's Life and Work. (A portrait of Mr. Riley would add to the interest of the program.)
3. Responsive reading by the school. (Pupil recites a stanza; the school responds with the last line.)
 Suitable poems:
 "Let Something Good Be Said."
 "If I Knew What Poets Know."
 "The Name of Old Glory."
 "A Monument for the Soldiers." (Use in Parts.)
4. Recitation (selected from list)..... Riley
5. Song by the school, "A Song"..... Music by Fritz Krull
6. Recitation (in costume), "The Raggedy Man."
7. Selections from poems read by the teacher.
 (a) In Grade One teacher read a few lines from "The Brook Song."
 (b) In Grades Two and Three teacher may read to the pupils:
 Parts of "The Brook Song."
 "The Yellow Bird."
 "The Bear Story."
 (c) In Grade Three pupils may appreciate "When the Frost is on the Pumpkin" if read by the teacher.
8. Recitation by small children..... "The Circus Day Parade"
 Have children paint the pictures made by the words in the above poem. Show the pictures to the audience as they recite.
9. Song by the school, "On the Banks of the Wabash"..... Dresser

Program

1. Song by the school..... "Indiana"
2. Recitation, "The Prayer Perfect"..... Riley
3. A brief sketch of Mr. Riley, by a member of the school board or the school trustee.
4. Vocal solo, "A Life Lesson"..... Music by Clarence Forsythe
5. Recitation (selected from list)..... Riley
6. Quotations by class. (Nature study selections.)
7. A brief explanation of the possible origin and meaning of "Hoosier" and a little talk on dialect, its poetry and charm and what it really is. (Examples of Mr. Riley's dialect poetry may be read by the teacher.)
 Selection to be made from the following:
 1. "Little Orphant Annie."
 2. "When the Frost is on the Pumpkin."
 3. "The Old Man and Jim."
 4. "Griggsby's Station."
8. Recitation (selected from list)..... Riley
9. Song by the school..... America