



“Good-by, Jim, Take Keer of Yourse’f”

Jim was going off 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 to-day, again, all over the land, fathers are saying to their sons, "Good-by, Jim, take keer of 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 feel 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 the 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 in 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 railroad, 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," 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." And now, today, President Wilson says, "I render my tribute of affection and appreciation to James Whitcomb Riley."

His Heirs Desire Only a Small Royalty

The heirs of James Whitcomb Riley came to us, as the publishers of Mark Twain, and said that they would be glad to reduce their royalty so that we could place the works of the People's Poet in the homes of all those who loved him—so we are able to make the books at a very low price—for the present—a price we can pass on to you.

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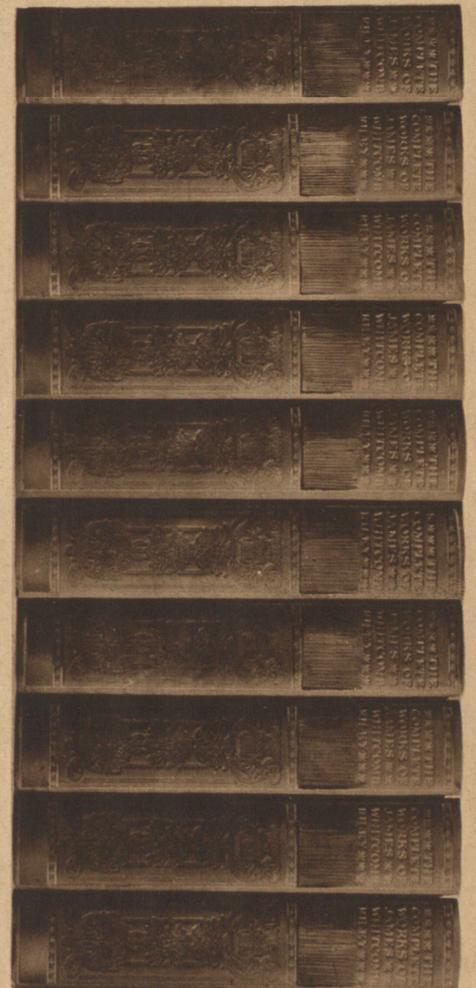
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