

When Riley Went Back

Few are the prophets honored in their own country, and fewer still, perhaps, the poets. But Mr. James Whitcomb Riley is the exception. It may be remembered that "Jim," as he is called pretty universally in Indiana, hails from the little town of Greenfield, that state, where as a youth, he shook the dust off his bare feet to travel with an itinerant sign painter. He learned the trade mighty well, and today storekeepers in many Indiana towns are the proud possessors of signs painted by the Hoosier poet. It was his facility in sign painting which was responsible largely for the beautiful, painstaking hand the poet writes today. When fame came to Mr. Riley and he was in demand as a lecturer and reader, when with "Bill Nye" he toured the country and made a fortune, there was a great demand in Greenfield for "Jim" to come back. Those who had known him as a tow-headed, barefooted youngster, playing hockey from school and going off fishing, wanted to see the frock-coated, bespectacled poet whose fame was abroad in the land. But Mr. Riley is shy, or perhaps he did not care to appear to gloat with his success over his over-all-wearing friends of other days; at any rate, for years he declined to do any of his "stunts" in Greenfield. If they needed him for a charity he sent a check as his representative, and many a church and worthy charity has received part of the proceeds of the Riley lectures. But at last he did go to Greenfield and gave a reading for the benefit of a church, and it was a unique gathering. The hall was crowded, of course, and the music was furnished by that old Greenfield band which Riley has immortalized in the poem "I Want to Hear th' Old Band Play." He knew them all by name, from the "slip-horn" player to the "little old man in the tinshop," and the Greenfield veterans put their hearts into the music. When he read about "The Raggedy Man" there was the original, leaning sheepishly against the wall; when he told about "Little Orphant Annie," many eyes picked her out in the audience, and when, with tender pathos, Riley recited "An Old Sweet-heart of Mine"—old bachelor that he is—a sweet-faced middle-aged lady who had been provided with a seat very near the platform nodded in a most sympathetic way, and furtively wiped her spectacles. Surely never before was poet so beset and blessed with the spirits of his poetry as Riley was that night.—Washington Herald.

LET US LIVE 100 YEARS

"I belong to a 100-year-club, any member of which who shall die before he's 100 years old will be immediately expelled in disgrace."

That is what Dr. Harvey Wiley said lately, addressing the graduating class of one of the universities.

What he said sounds good. You must remember that he is one of the men who know about things, for he is chief chemist of the United States department of agriculture.

We would all like to belong to such a club.

When we come to think of it, we wonder why people should die, after all, at 20 or 30 or 40 or even 70—barring accidents, of course, and precarious habits like riding on the train and so on. Yet the insurance people tell us that the average man lives somewhere around 33 years.

"Now, we know we are not like clocks which run down thirty-years after they are started. Why shouldn't each one of us live to be at least 100?"

"The present generation is going to live much longer than the one

which came before," Dr. Wiley goes on, "because it knows more about the laws of diet, hygiene and surgery. It's a rank disgrace for any man to die except from old age."

We have been trying to contribute something to this knowledge which Dr. Wiley says will make us longer lived—for example, Dr. Latson's recent series on the subject of "Eating," and other articles which have had for their text the words, "Keep Well."

The way not to die is to keep well, and the way to keep well is to be sensible—sensible about what we eat and what we drink and the clothes we wear and the air we breathe and what we do with these wonderful bodies of ours.

We must read the helpful articles like those of Dr. Latson, and think about them. We must eat enough, but not too much. We must rest our brains by exercising our bodies, or rest our bodies by exercising our brains; and then we must find a few good friends, and teach ourselves, a little more every day, to look on the bright side.

There is a 100-year club in Los Angeles. Its membership should be limited only by the city's population.

If everybody would join, we would probably be living 150 years before many generations.—Los Angeles Record.

THEIR LIFE WORK

For some time it has been the custom of the authorities of Yale to take a poll of that institution's graduating classes to find out what careers have been chosen by the graduates. This year there was a class or several classes, numbering 2,243, and the poll showed this interesting result:

Occupations:	No.
Law	718
Finances	320
Education	261
Medicine	203
Ministry	185
Farming and politics	170
Merchants	166
Journalists	77
Engineers	69
Miscellaneous	74

While the honored profession of the law continues to hold its own, as indicated by the fact that 718 graduates are going in for it, the table shows also that 320 are to become "financiers." Unfortunately it isn't quite plain just what is understood by this term. In this day and generation a "financier" is anybody that handles money, from a nickle-in-the-slot speculator to a trust fiscal agent.—Kansas City Journal.

SHADOWS

A nervous man on his lonely homeward way heard the echoing of footsteps behind him, and dim visions of hold-up men and garroters coursed through his brain. The faster he walked the more the man behind increased his speed, and although the nervous one took the most roundabout and devious course he could devise, still his tracker followed. At last he turned into a churchyard.

"If he follows me here," he decided, "there can be no doubt about his intentions."

The man behind did follow, and quivering with fear and rage, the nervous one turned and confronted him.

"What do you want?" he demanded. "Why are you following me?"

"Do you always go home like this?" asked the stranger, "or are you giving yourself a treat tonight? I am going up to Mr. Brown's, and the porter at the station told me to follow you, as you lived next door. Excuse my asking, but are you going home at all tonight?"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

PATIENCE EXHAUSTED

The people of Russia have gained much in their sincere efforts to accomplish a reorganization of government by peaceful means. They have gained the respect and the sympathy of the civilized world, and now, having exhausted all peaceful means and forced the czar to disclose his real purpose, a revolution would command a very large measure of sentimental indorsement abroad. It is

evident from the dispatches that the Russian people have reached the reluctant conclusion that they have been hoodwinked and betrayed, and that they must depend upon themselves henceforth. Perhaps, after all a short and terrible revolution in Russia would be the best thing that could happen. The land is now prostrate and persecution and misery everywhere abound. Conditions could scarcely be worse, and they might be infinitely better under a new regime.—Kansas City Journal.

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