

MEXICAN BANDITS GO TO VILLA



MEXICAN BANDITS ON WAY TO JOIN VILLA. (MILITARY SERVICE)

THIS picture shows a group of Mexican bandits on their way to join Pancho Villa to help him keep his boast to the effect that he will be dictator of Mexico within 30 days. From all corners of Mexico similar bands are reported moving to join the famous bandit leader.

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By NORMAN WALKER.

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Warren reassured Helen, although he was worried and it was with relief on both sides when everything was finally ready and Helen and Winifred had departed on the sleeper for Cleveland. Helen met her mother on the morning of a rainy day, the coolness of which was welcome to her.

"Can't you possibly come out for just a few days, Helen?" her mother had asked earnestly. "You look pale and tired yourself, and the change would do you so much good." Helen thought longingly of the little country town, the quiet doctor's home where nothing was hurried, the prospect of a real rest, but she shook her head.

INDIANA HONORS DEAD POET RILEY; BODY LIES IN STATE AT CAPITOL

Hundreds Get Last Glimpse of "Hoosier Poet" Who Died Saturday Night as Result of Second Paralytic Stroke; Funeral Service Will Be Held at His Home Tuesday; Riley Was One of Few Who Made Poetry Pay.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., July 24.—Indiana today paid tribute to the memory of James Whitcomb Riley, the Indiana poet who died Saturday night as a result of his second stroke of paralysis. The body lay in state at the Indiana capitol building from 2 o'clock this afternoon until 9 o'clock tonight and hundreds of people passed by to get a last glimpse of the great "Hoosier poet."

Gov. Samuel Ralston, in a letter to Henry Ellet of this city, brother-in-law of the poet, asked that the body lie in state at the capitol. The letter which met with a favorable response from the poet's relatives, follows:

"James Whitcomb Riley was loved by the people of Indiana as was no other man. In an exceptionally tender sense the people of his native state



JAMES W. RILEY

felt and believed that he belonged to them and they mourn—bitterly mourn—his passing.

"As governor of Indiana, I am anxious that the people be afforded an opportunity to show the high respect in which they held the man and I am therefore to suggest that his remains be allowed to lie in state in the rotunda of the capitol."

Present arrangements are for the funeral services to be held at the home Tuesday morning. These will be private and simple in accordance with wishes of the poet.

Made Fortune From Poetry. James Whitcomb Riley, born of the middle west, sang the joys, sorrows, fancies and humors of its folk, largely in its own dialect. The world was so touched by his inspiration and the realism of his homely symbols that he was one of the few, that, devoting their lives to poetry, gained a fortune.

Mr. Riley was peculiarly sensitive as to the advance of age and evaded inquiries as to the date of his birth by the most accurate information available. He was born in 1849.

"Should you ask his age," one of his friends said, "he would answer: 'This side of 40,' and leave you to guess which side."

He Was No School Student. The poet was the son of Reuben A. Riley, a lawyer and political speaker of Greensfield, Ind. The boy could not be brought to the dull routine of school days, but he was wise in the lore of streams and fields. His mother, who was Elizabeth Mariner before her marriage, was a writer of verse and Riley in later life attributed some of his inspiration to her.

Instead of preparing for the practice of law, as his father wished, the young Hoosier sign painter. For 10 years he roved through the Ohio valley, painting signs on fences. He had the trick of the brush and pencil and cleverly drew sketches illustrating the virtues of merchandise. He was naturally musical and shone as a fiddler in the villages at which his party stopped at night. He played for dances and at concerts in country hotels. He wrote rhymes, which sometimes found their way into country newspapers.

Became a Newspaperman. He led this cheerful, free and easy life late in the 70s, then he took employment as a reporter on a newspaper at Anderson, Ind. In 1877, for a purpose, as he said, of proving that he could write poetry of value, he perpetuated the "Hoosier poet" began to write a literary sensation. He wrote a poem in the style of Edgar Allan Poe, to which he gave the characteristic title of "Leonie," and it was offered to the public as a hitherto unpublished product of the genius of Poe. One of the stanzas was:

"Leonie—angel named her, And they took the light Of the laughing stars and framed her In a smile of white. And they made her hair of gloomy Midnight and her eyes of bloomy Moonshine and brought her to me In the solemn night.

In some quarters the poem was accepted as genuine; in others it was denounced as a fraud. After the controversy had waxed for months Riley confessed.

He Read His Own Verses. In the early 80s he began writing verses in "Hoosier" dialect for the old Indianapolis Journal. His soul years was a literary sensation. He wrote a poem in the style of Edgar Allan Poe, to which he gave the characteristic title of "Leonie," and it was offered to the public as a hitherto unpublished product of the genius of Poe. One of the stanzas was:

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Publication of books of poems year after year brought Riley a fortune and wide recognition of his literary genius. In 1892 he received the degree of master of arts from Yale university and in 1904 the University of Pennsylvania conferred upon him the degree of doctor of letters. Indiana university conferred the honorary degree of LL. D. on him in 1907.

In July, 1911, the poet presented to the city of Indianapolis property valued at \$75,000 for a site for a public library and school administration building.

Never Married; Loved Children. Mr. Riley never married but he was a lover of children, whose spirit he divined so intuitively, and to him a life. Many of the last years of his life he spent quietly at his home in a secluded section of Indianapolis.

Indiana Society To Have Riley Memorial Service

A Riley memorial service will be held by the El Paso Indiana society. No arrangements had been arranged for the memorial service but W. H. Case, president of the club, will name the committee soon for the service.

It will be held in one of the churches of the city and will be open to the public. There will be a sketch of Riley, readings from his poems and the playing of Riley's poems set to music.

U. S. WAR VETERAN SAYS HE WAS DRIVEN FROM IRELAND

New York, July 24.—Richard Ebbett, veteran of the Spanish-American war, arrived here Sunday aboard the steamer St. Paul. He said he was deported from Ireland where he had made his home. Ebbett said his home at Oldcastle, Ireland, was rifled by the British authorities May 20, and a Malayan sword which he had obtained in the Philippines was taken away.

He said that after he had written several letters asking the military to return the sword, he was ordered seized and deported from Ireland. He said he was put aboard the St. Paul when that vessel sailed from the other side.

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