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1911

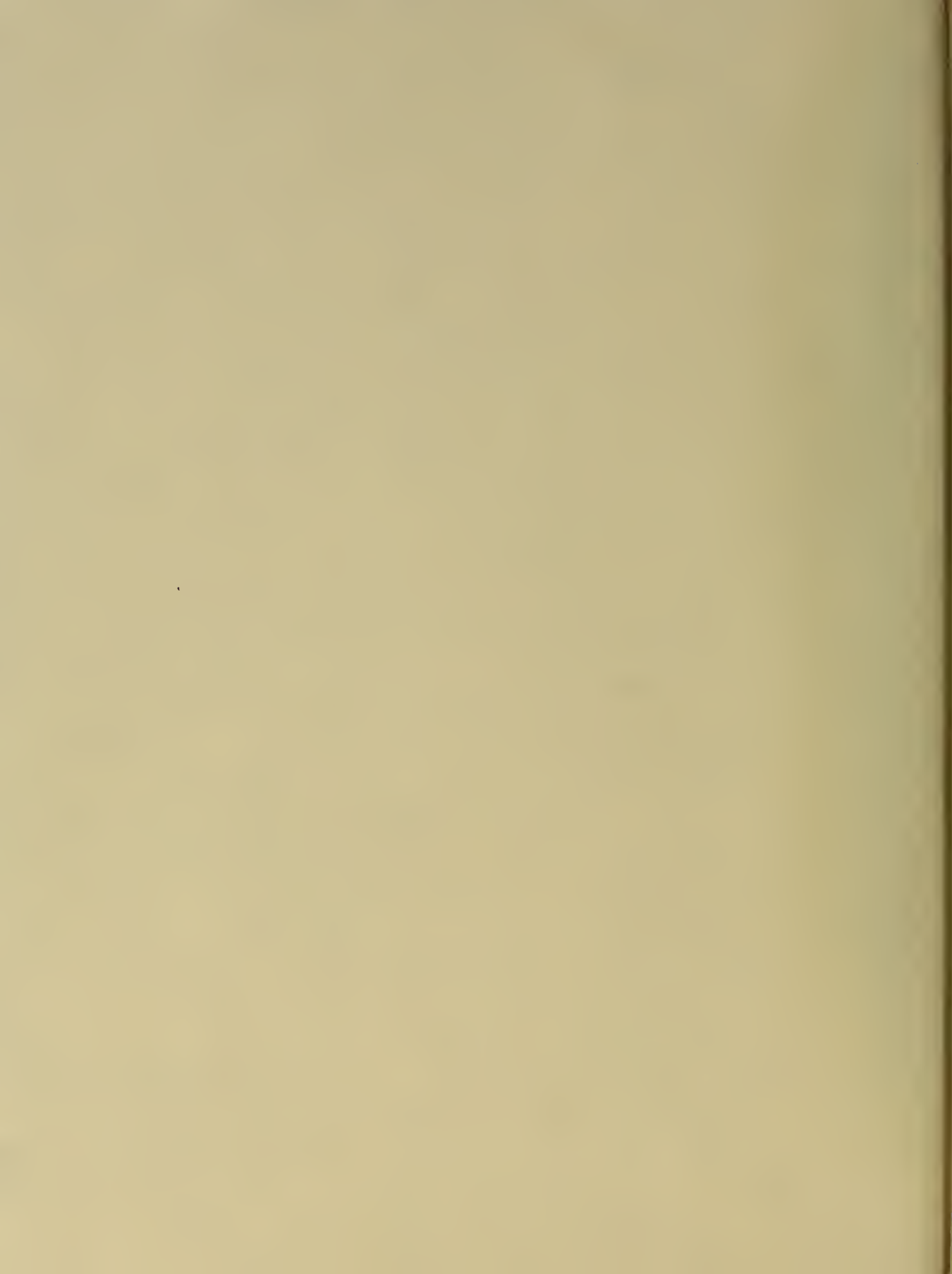
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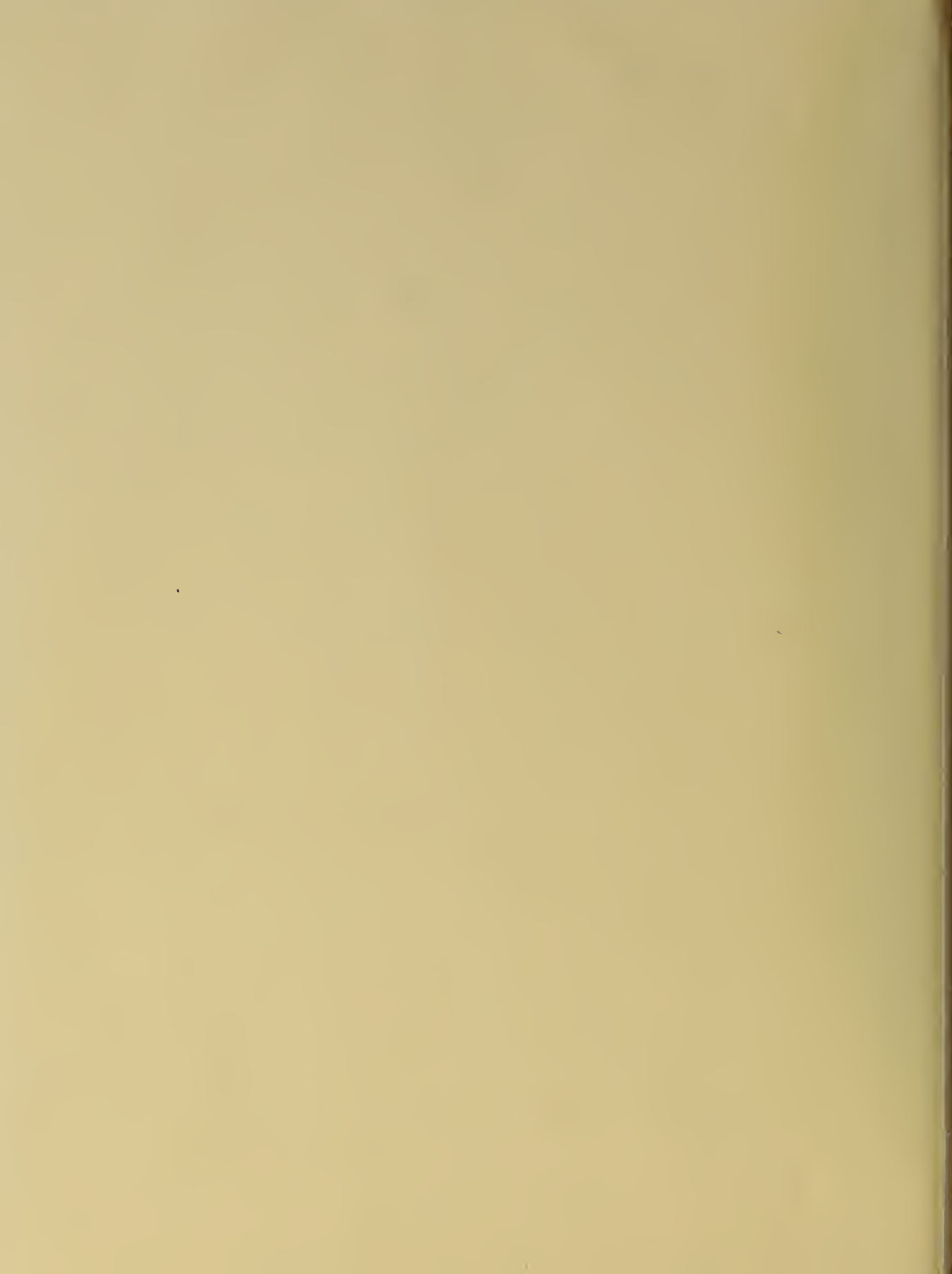
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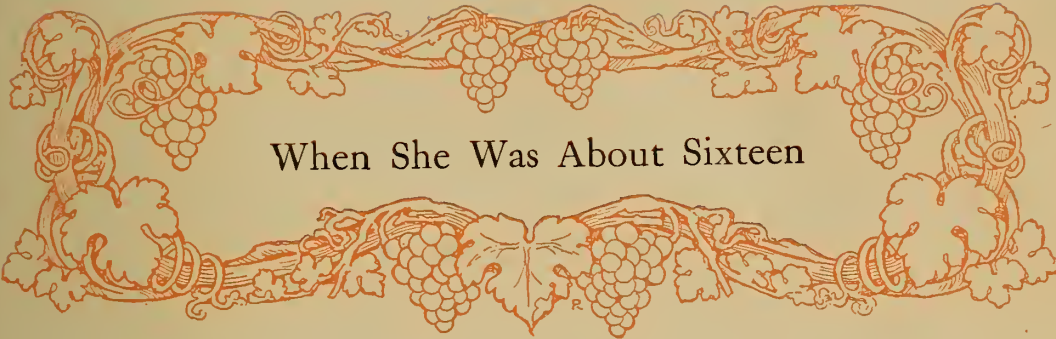




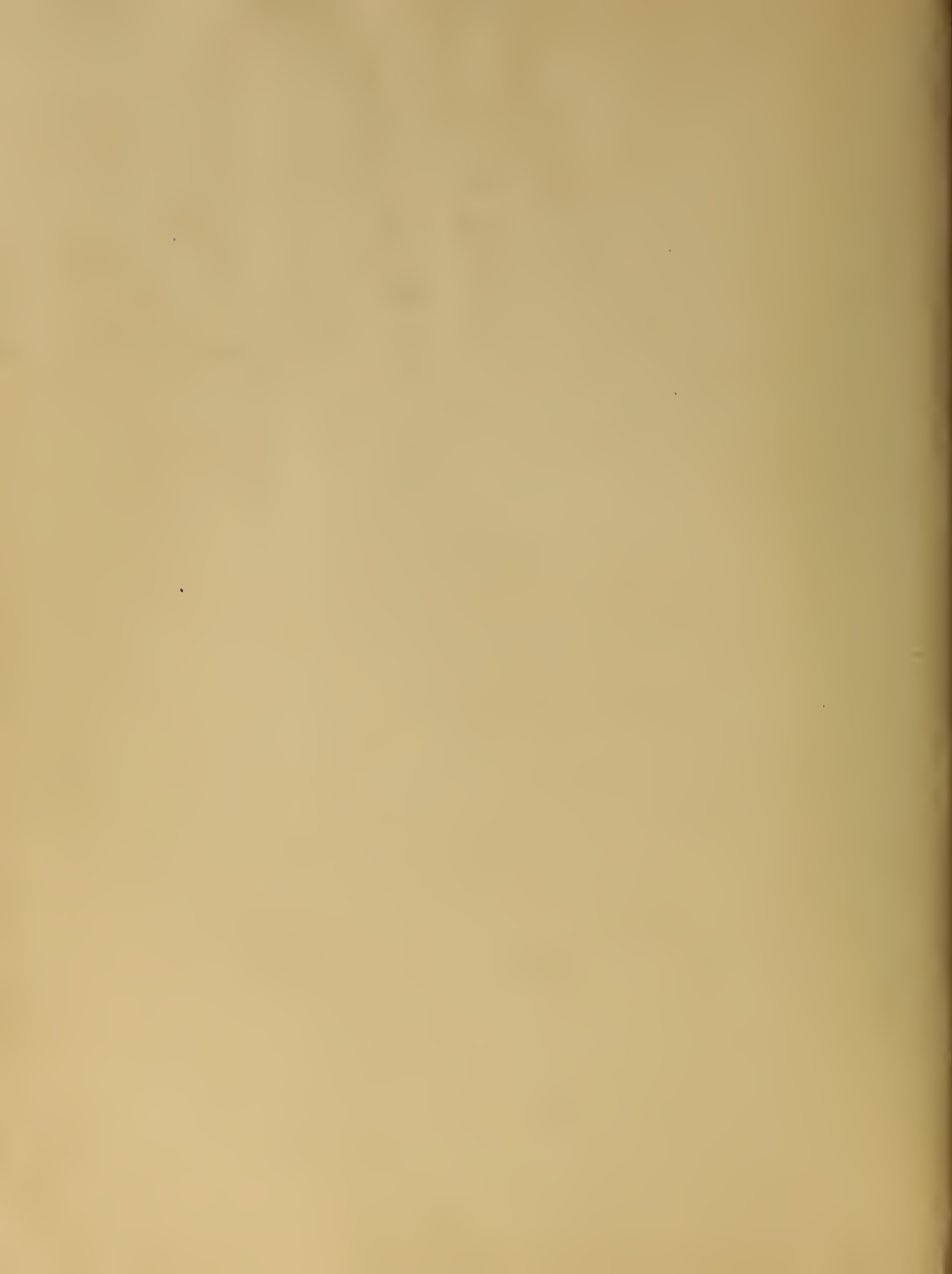








When She Was About Sixteen

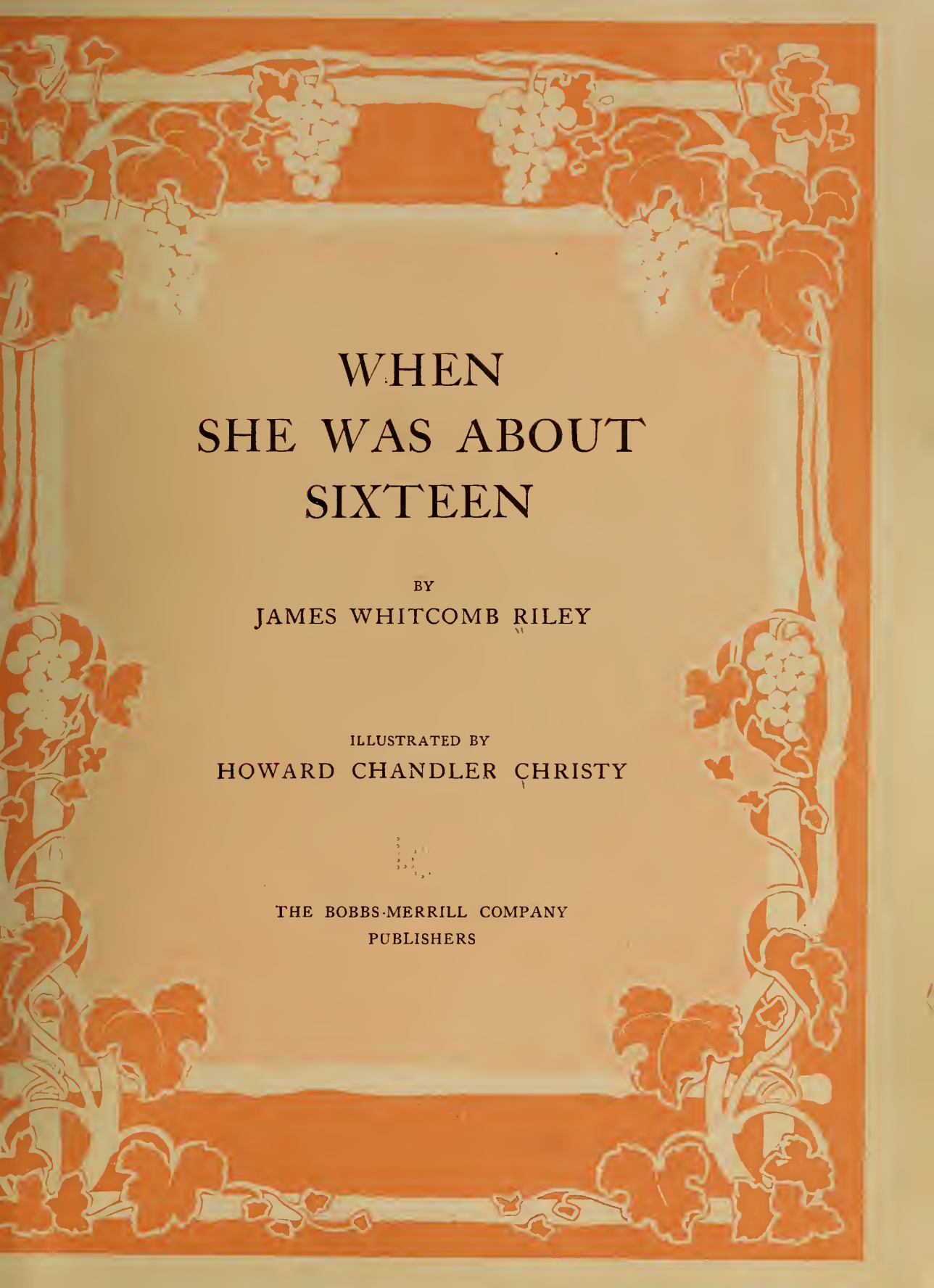








Howard Chandler Christy 1881

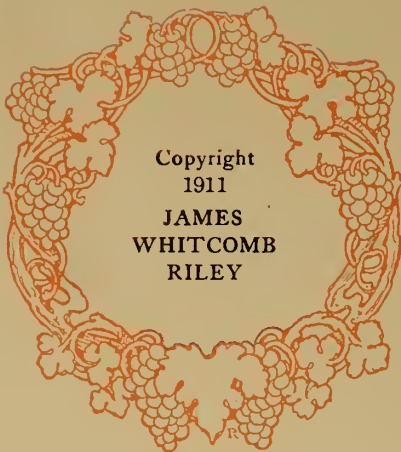


WHEN  
SHE WAS ABOUT  
SIXTEEN

BY  
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY  
HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY  
PUBLISHERS

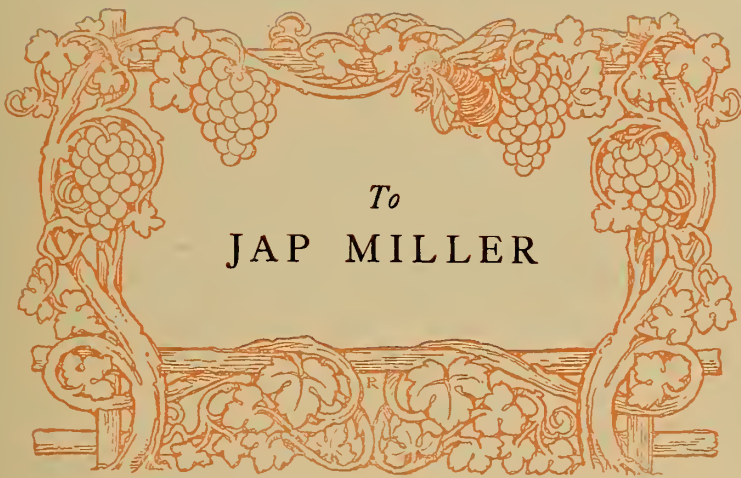


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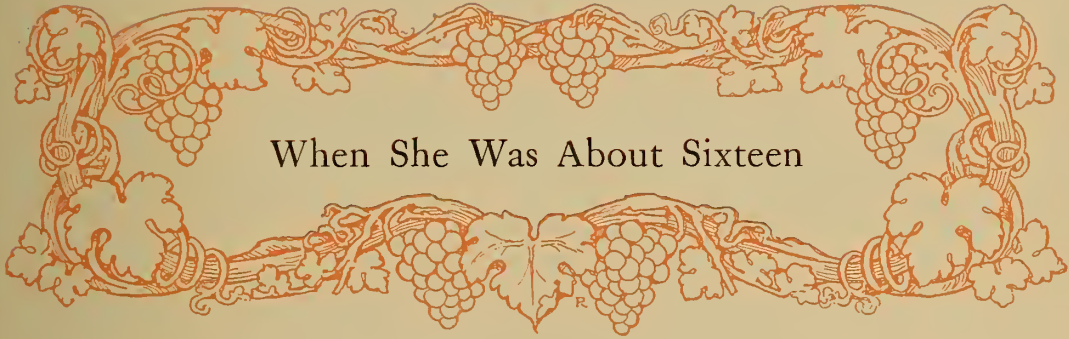
1911

1911




*To*  
JAP MILLER





When She Was About Sixteen



ALL 'at I ever want to be  
Is ist to be a man like Pa  
When he wuz young an' married Ma!  
Uncle he telled us yisterdy  
Ist all about it then—'cause they,  
My Pa an' Ma, wuz bofe away  
To 'tend P'tracted Meetin', where  
My Pa an' Ma is allus there  
When all the big "Revivals" is,  
An' "Love-Feasts," too, an' "Class," an'  
"Prayer,"  
An' when's "Comoonian Servicis."  
An', yes, an' Uncle said to not  
To never tell *them* ner let on  
Like we knowed now ist how they got  
First married. So—while they wuz gone—  
Uncle he telled us ever'thing—



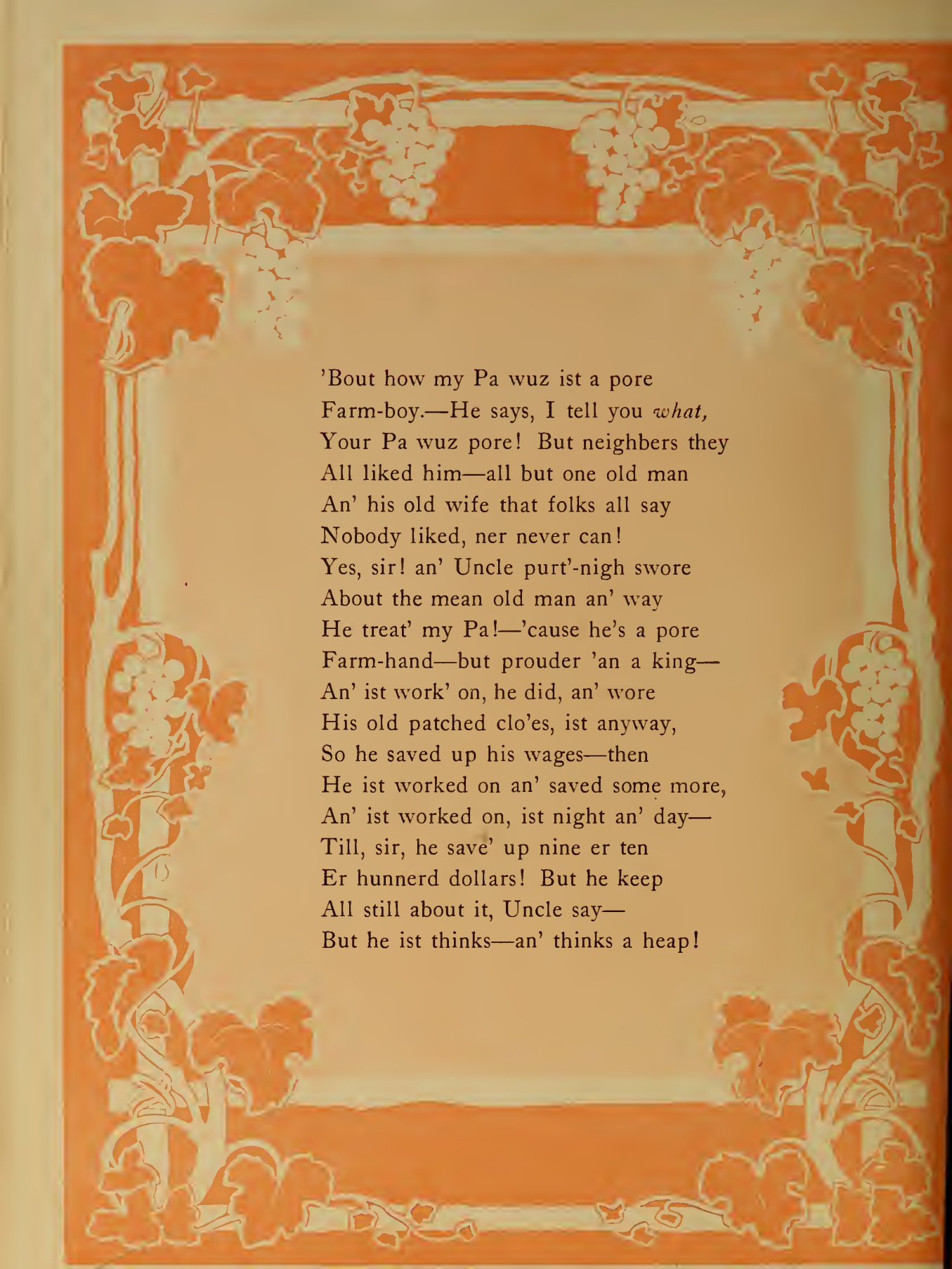


James M. Smith 1911

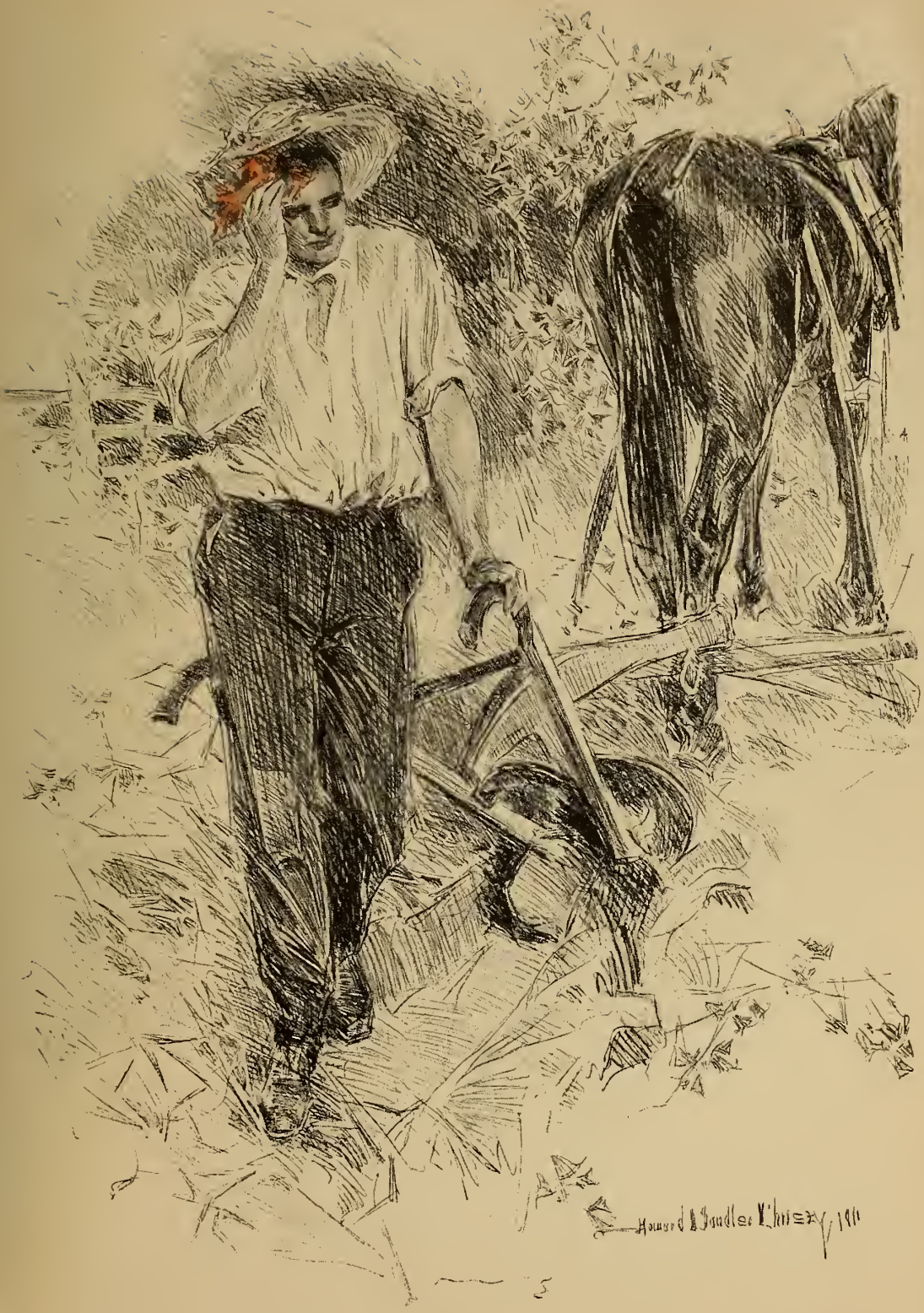




'Bout how my Pa wuz ist a pore  
Farm-boy.



'Bout how my Pa wuz ist a pore  
Farm-boy.—He says, I tell you *what*,  
Your Pa wuz pore! But neighbors they  
All liked him—all but one old man  
An' his old wife that folks all say  
Nobody liked, ner never can!  
Yes, sir! an' Uncle purt'-nigh swore  
About the mean old man an' way  
He treat' my Pa!—'cause he's a pore  
Farm-hand—but prouder 'an a king—  
An' ist work' on, he did, an' wore  
His old patched clo'es, ist anyway,  
So he saved up his wages—then  
He ist worked on an' saved some more,  
An' ist worked on, ist night an' day—  
Till, sir, he save' up nine er ten  
Er hunnerd dollars! But he keep  
All still about it, Uncle say—  
But he ist thinks—an' thinks a heap!




Harold S. Sandler, 1911





They wuz ist sweethearts, course you know



Though what he wuz a-thinkin', Pa  
He never tell' a soul but Ma—  
(Then, course, you know, he wuzn't Pa,  
An', course, you know, she wuzn't Ma—  
They wuz ist sweethearts, course you know);  
'Cause Ma wuz ist a girl, about  
Sixteen; an' when my Pa he go  
A-courtin' her, her Pa an' Ma—  
The very first they find it out—  
Wuz maddest folks you ever saw!  
'Cause it wuz her old Ma an' Pa  
'At hate' my Pa, an' toss their head,  
An' ist raise Ned! An' her Pa said  
He'd ruther see his daughter dead!  
An' said she's ist a child!—an' so  
Wuz Pa!—An' ef he wuz man-grown  
An' only man on earth below,  
His daughter shouldn't marry him  
Ef he's a king an' on his throne!






Edward Croonquist 1911





His daughter shouldn't marry him  
Ef he's a king an' on his throne!



Pa's chances then looked mighty slim  
Fer certain, Uncle said. But he—  
He never told a soul but her  
What he wuz keepin' quiet fer.  
Her folks ist lived a mile from where  
He lived at—an' they drove past there  
To git to town. An' ever' one  
An' all the neighbors they liked her  
An' showed it! But her folks—no, sir!—  
Nobody liked her parents none!  
An' so when they shet down, you know,  
On Pa—an' old man tell' him so—  
Pa ist went back to work, an' she  
Ist waited. An', sir! purty soon  
Her folks they thought he's turned his eye  
Some other way—'cause by-an'-by  
They heard he'd *rented* the old place  
He worked on. An' one afternoon  
A neighbor, that had bust' a trace,

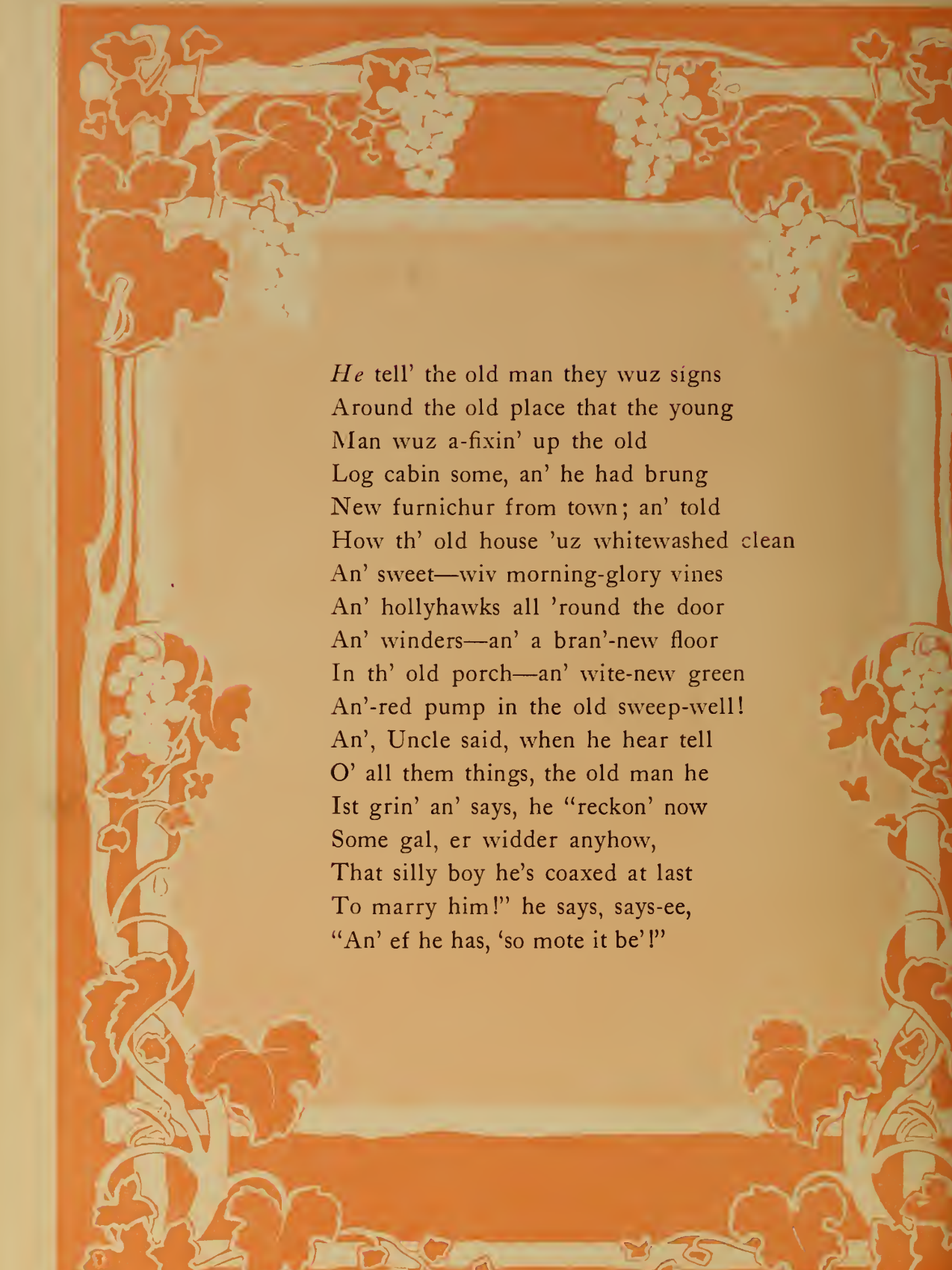


Howard Chandler Christy 1877





An' all the neighbors they liked her



*He* tell' the old man they wuz signs  
Around the old place that the young  
Man wuz a-fixin' up the old  
Log cabin some, an' he had brung  
New furnichur from town; an' told  
How th' old house 'uz whitewashed clean  
An' sweet—wiv morning-glory vines  
An' hollyhawks all 'round the door  
An' winders—an' a bran'-new floor  
In th' old porch—an' wite-new green  
An'-red pump in the old sweep-well!  
An', Uncle said, when he hear tell  
O' all them things, the old man he  
Ist grin' an' says, he "reckon' now  
Some gal, er widder anyhow,  
That silly boy he's coaxed at last  
To marry him!" he says, says-ee,  
"An' ef he has, 'so mote it be'!"






Howard Chandler Christy, 1911.





James Chester Leistikow (1887)

He'd ruther see his daughter dead!



Then went back to the house to tell  
His *wife* the news, as he went past  
The smokehouse, an' then went on in  
The kitchen, where his daughter she  
Wuz washin', to tell *her*, an' grin  
An' try to worry her a spell!  
The mean old thing! But Uncle said  
She ain't cry much—ist pull her old  
Sunbonnet forrerd on her head—  
So's old man he can't see her face  
At all! An' when he s'pose he scold  
An' jaw enough, he ist clear' out  
An' think he's boss of all the place!

Then Uncle say, the first you know  
They's go' to be a Circus-show  
In town; an' old man think he'll take  
His wife an' go. An' when she say  
To take their daughter, too, *she* shake  
Her head like she don't *want* to go;

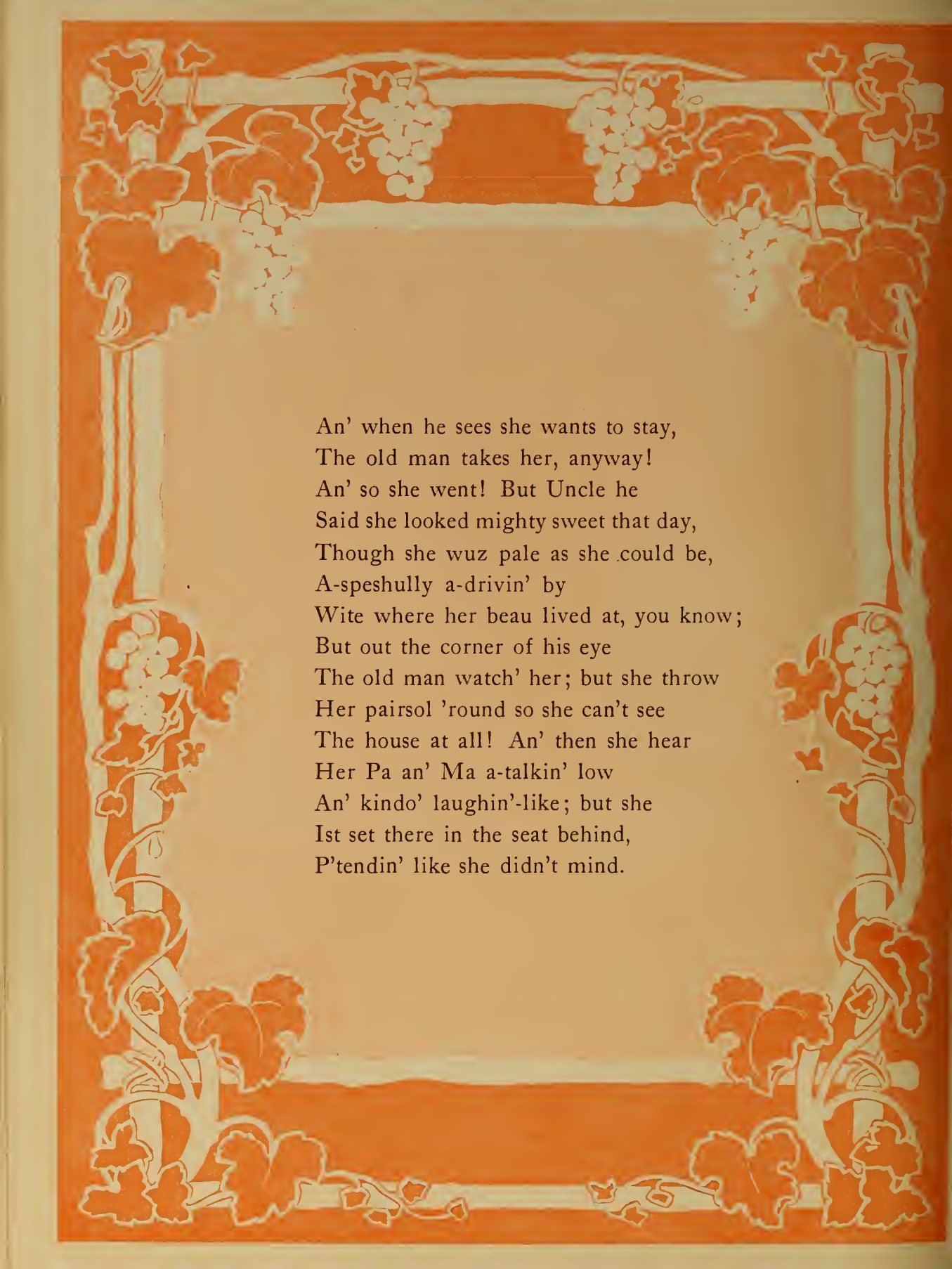


Edward Kneller Library. 1900



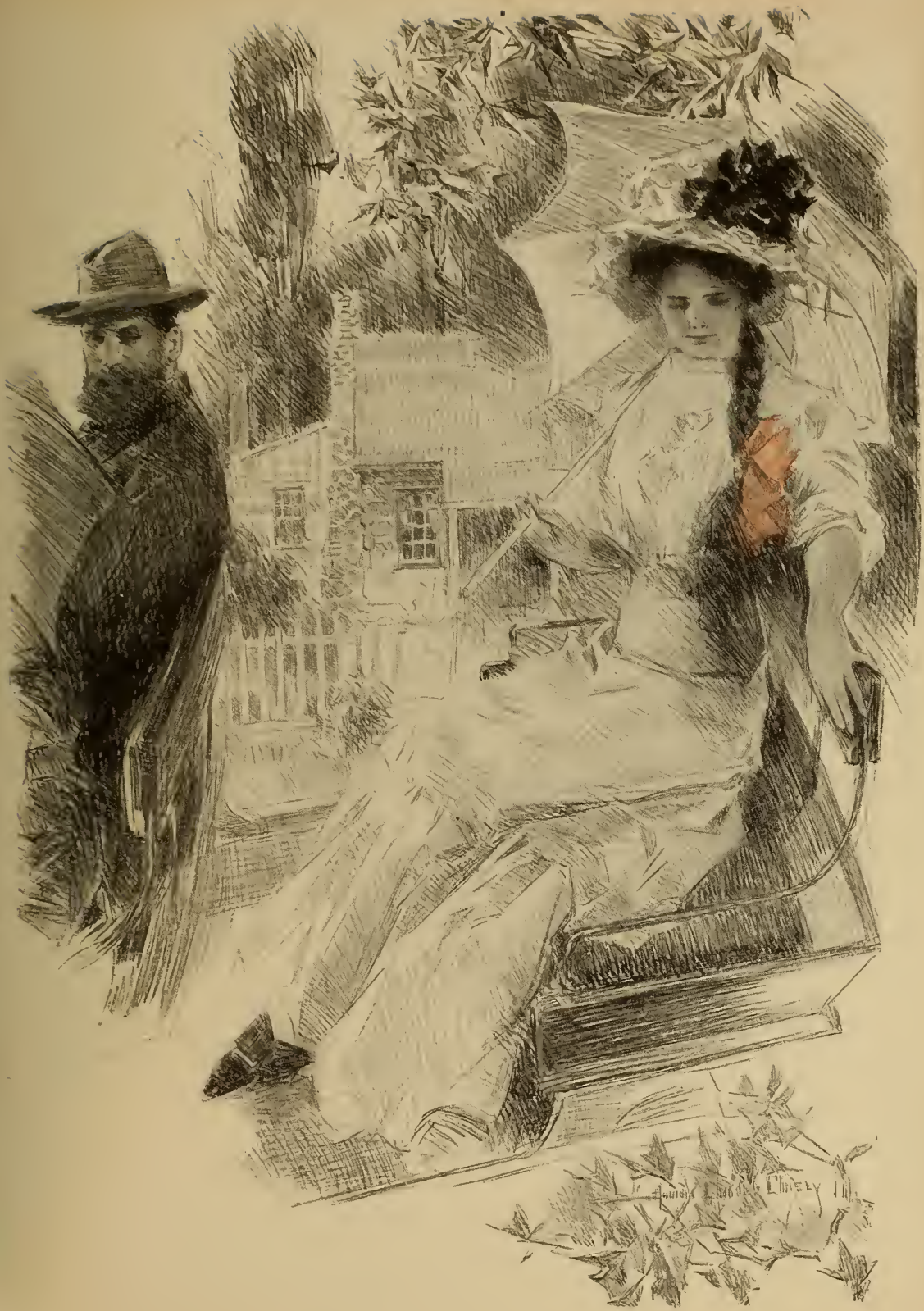


'pull her old  
Sunbonnet forrerts on her head—



An' when he sees she wants to stay,  
The old man takes her, anyway!  
An' so she went! But Uncle he  
Said she looked mighty sweet that day,  
Though she wuz pale as she could be,  
A-speshully a-drivin' by  
Wite where her beau lived at, you know;  
But out the corner of his eye  
The old man watch' her; but she throw  
Her pairsol 'round so she can't see  
The house at all! An' then she hear  
Her Pa an' Ma a-talkin' low  
An' kindo' laughin'-like; but she  
Ist set there in the seat behind,  
P'tendin' like she didn't mind.










An' when he sees she wants to stay,  
The old man takes her, anyway!



An', Uncle say, when they got past  
The young man's place, an' 'pearantly  
He wuzn't home, but off an' gone  
To town, the old man turned at last  
An' talked back to his daughter there,  
All pleasant-like, from then clean on  
Till they got into town, an' where  
The Circus wuz, an' on inside  
O' that, an' through the crowd, on to  
The very top seat in the tent  
Wite next the band—a-bangin' through  
A tune 'at bust his yeers in two!  
An' there the old man scrouged an' tried  
To make his wife set down, an' she  
A-yellin'! But ist what she meant  
He couldn't hear, ner couldn't see  
Till she turned 'round an' pinte. Then  
He turned an' looked—an' looked again! . . .




Howard Chandler Christy 1881





# C C . 1511

Then  
He turned an' looked—an' looked again! . . .



He ist saw neighbors ever'where—  
But, sir, *his daughter* wuzn't there!  
An', Uncle says, he even saw  
Her beau, you know, he hated so;  
An' he wuz with some other girl.  
An' then he heard the Clown "Haw-haw!"  
An' saw the horses wheel an' whirl  
Around the ring, an' heard the zipp  
O' the Ringmaster's long slim whip—  
But that whole Circus, Uncle said,  
Wuz all inside the old man's head!

An' Uncle said, he didn't find  
His daughter all that afternoon—  
An' her Ma says she'll lose her mind  
Ef they don't find her purty soon!



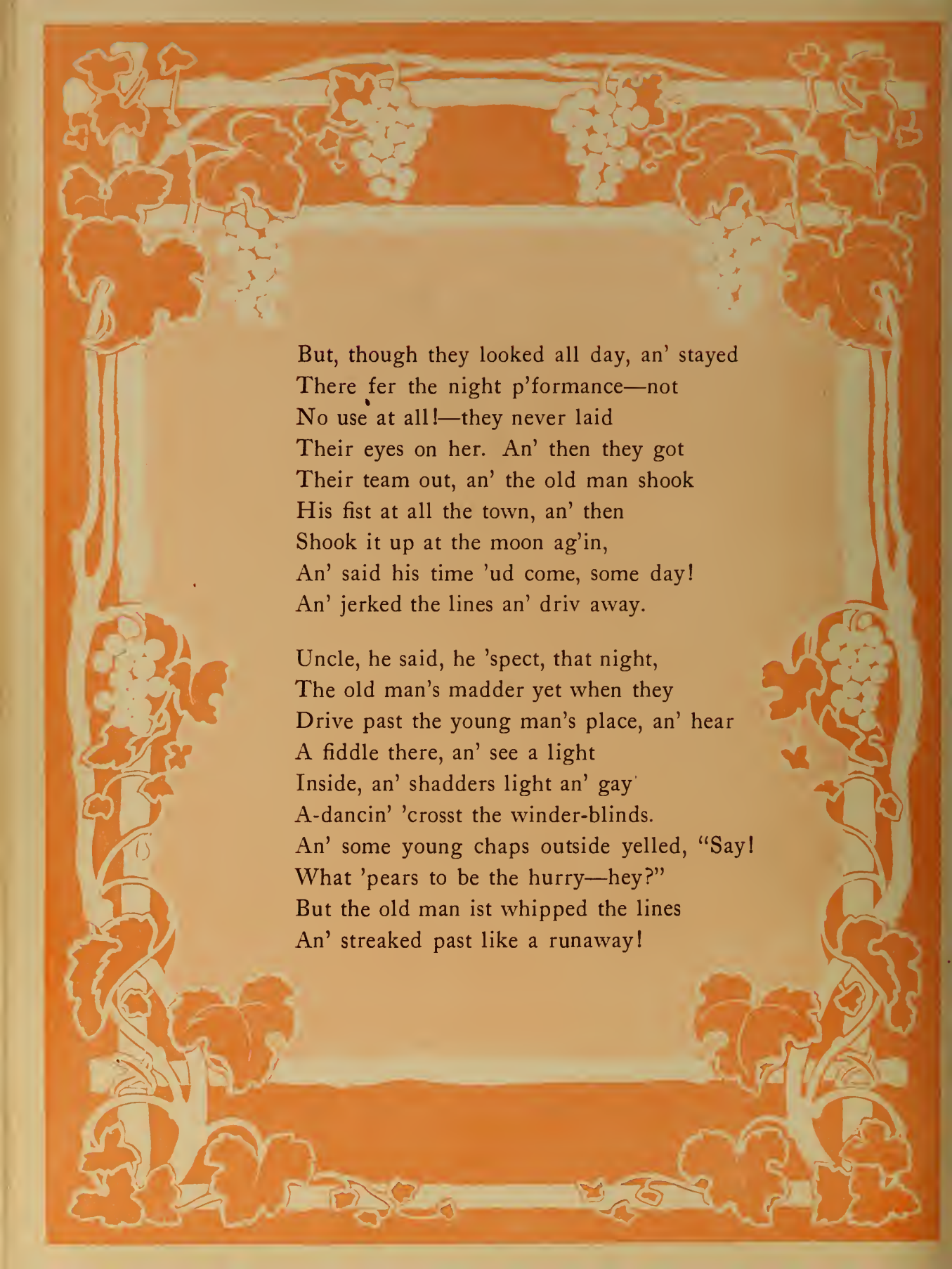


Illustration by [unreadable]





An' then he heard the Clown "Haw-haw!"



But, though they looked all day, an' stayed  
There fer the night p'formance—not  
No use at all!—they never laid  
Their eyes on her. An' then they got  
Their team out, an' the old man shook  
His fist at all the town, an' then  
Shook it up at the moon ag'in,  
An' said his time 'ud come, some day!  
An' jerked the lines an' driv away.

Uncle, he said, he 'spect, that night,  
The old man's madder yet when they  
Drive past the young man's place, an' hear  
A fiddle there, an' see a light  
Inside, an' shadders light an' gay  
A-dancin' 'crosst the winder-blinds.  
An' some young chaps outside yelled, "Say!  
What 'pears to be the hurry—hey?"  
But the old man ist whipped the lines  
An' streaked past like a runaway!




—Hendrickson for pub.





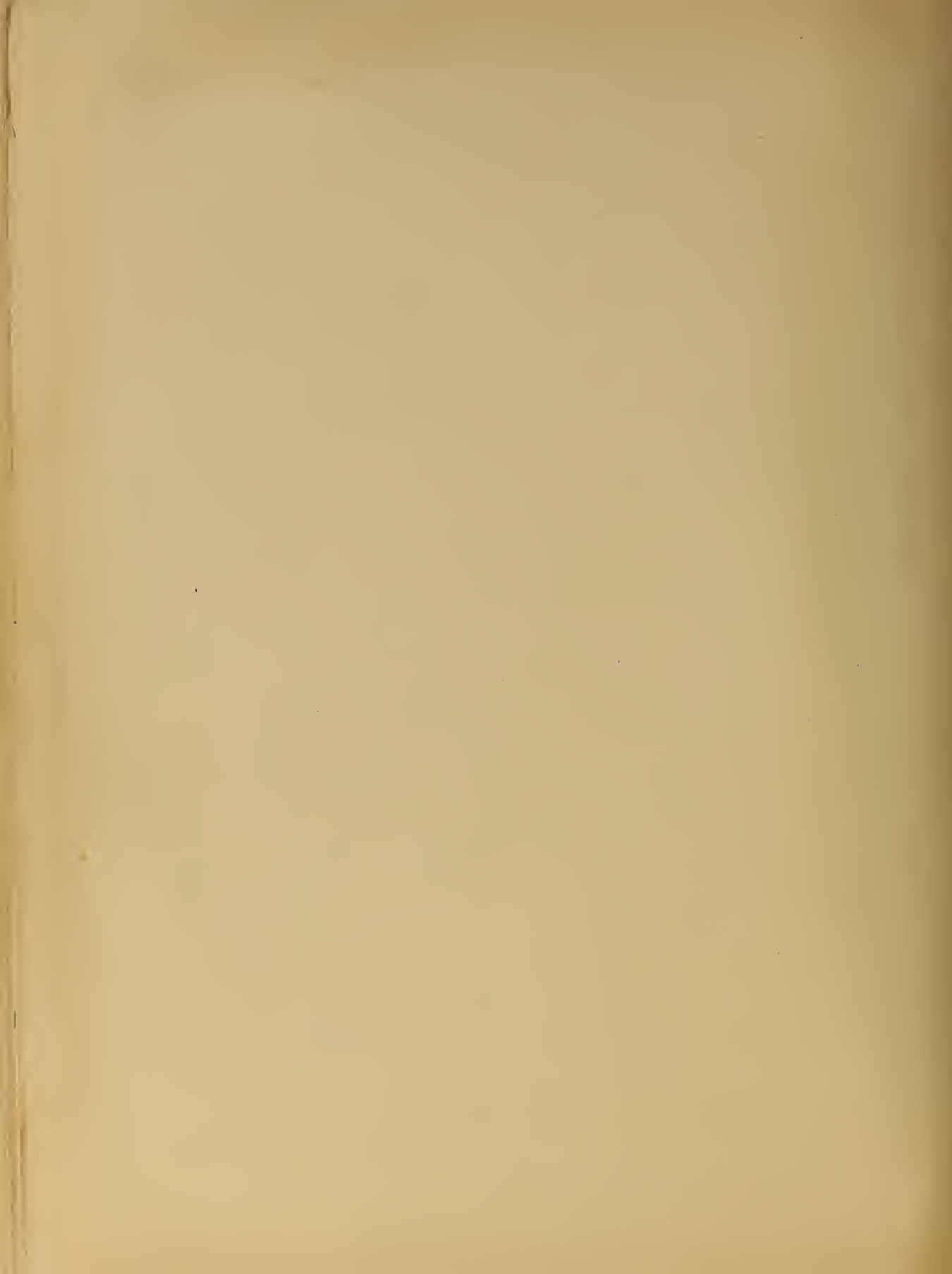
An' some young chaps outside yelled, "Say!  
What 'pears to be the hurry—hey?"



An' now you'll be su'prised, I bet!—  
I hardly ain't quit laughin' yet  
When Uncle say, that jamboree  
An' dance an' all—w'y, that's a sign  
That any old man ort to see,  
As plain as 8 and 1 makes 9,  
That they's *a weddin' wite* inside  
That very house he's whippin' so  
To git apast!—An', sir! the bride  
There's his own daughter! Yes, an' oh!  
She's my Ma now—an' young man she  
Got married, he's my Pa! *Whoop-ee!*  
But Uncle say to not laugh all  
The laughin' yet, but please save some  
To kindo' spice up what's to come!










She's my Ma now—an' young man she  
Got married, he's my Pa! Whoop-ee!



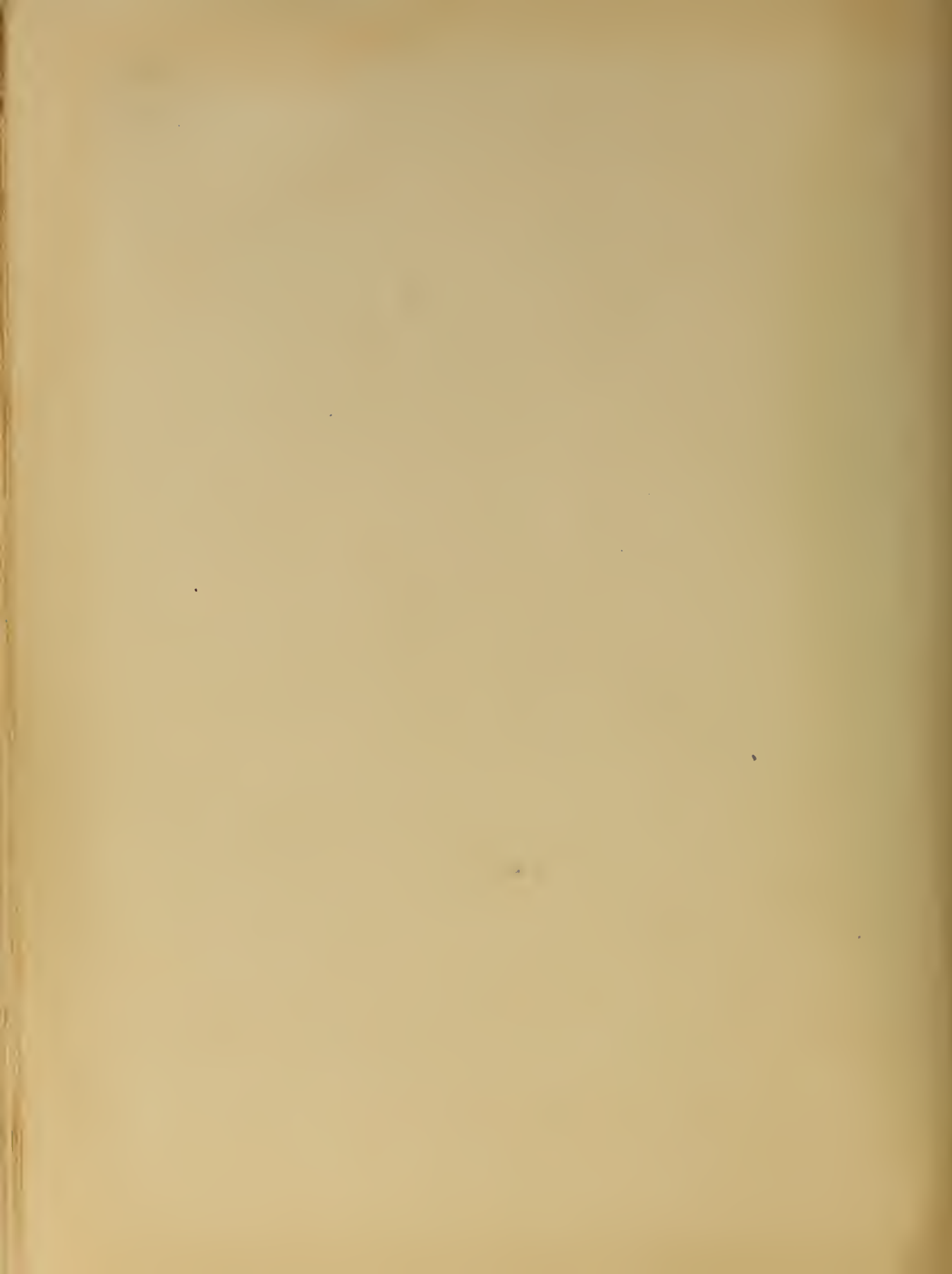
Then Uncle say, about next day  
The neighbors they begin to call  
An' wish 'em well, an' say how glad  
An' proud an' tickled ever' way  
Their friends all is—an' how they had  
The lovin' prayers of ever' one  
That had homes of their own! But none  
Said nothin' 'bout the home that she  
Had run away from! So she sighed  
Sometimes—an' wunst she purt'-nigh cried.

Well, Uncle say, her old Pa, he  
Ist like to died, he wuz so mad!  
An' her Ma, too! But by-an'-by  
They cool down some.

An', 'bout a week,  
She want to see her Ma so bad,  
She think she'll haf to go! An' so  
She coax him; an' he kiss her cheek  
An' say, Lord bless her, *course* they'll go!




Sandt hoodler



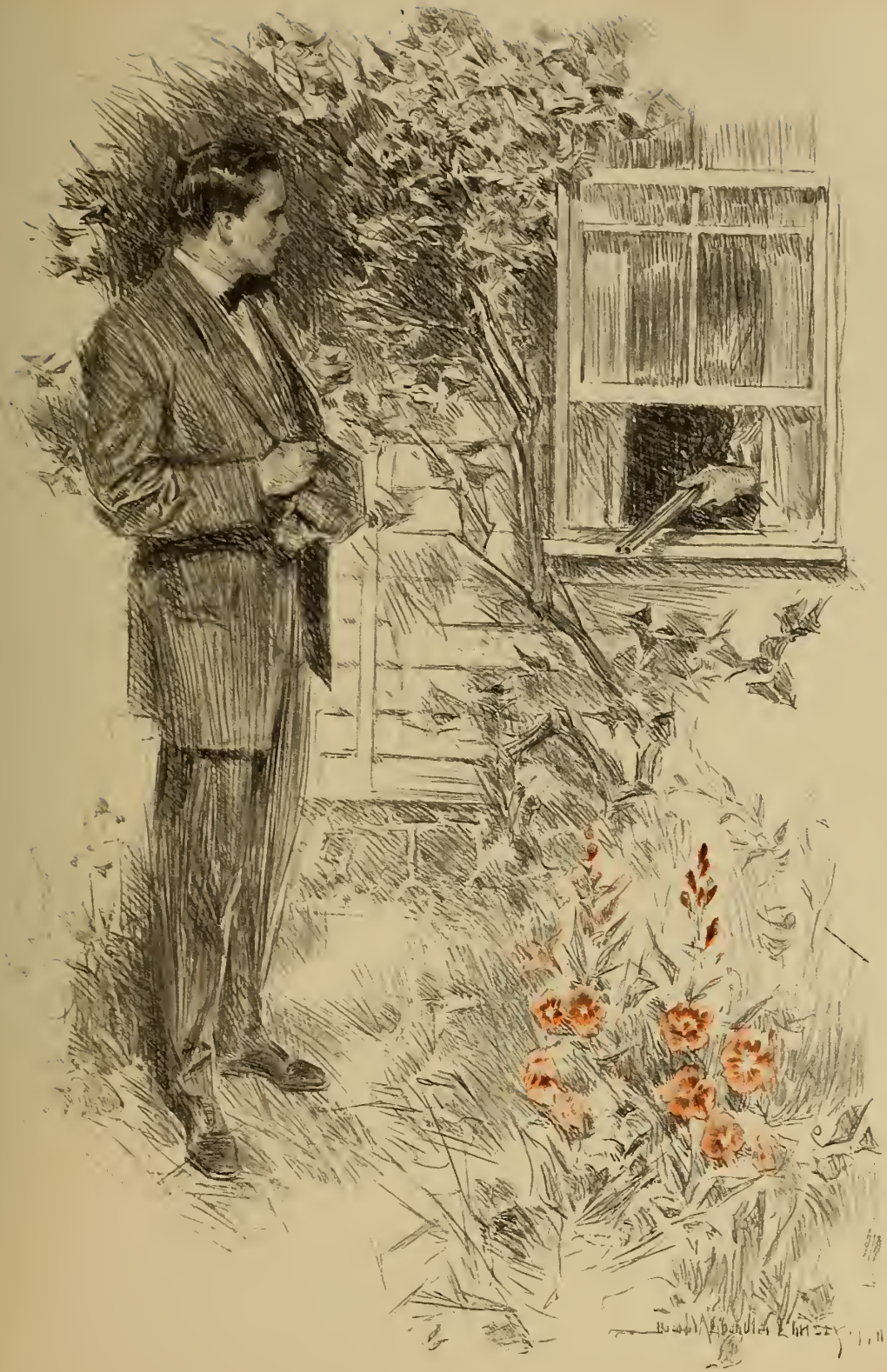


W'y, first he know, the door it flew  
Open, all quick, an' she's jerked in



An', Uncle say, when they're bofe come  
A-knockin' there at her old home—  
W'y, first he know, the door it flew  
Open, all quick, an' she's jerked in,  
An', quicker still, the door's banged to  
An' locked: an' crosst the winder-sill  
The old man pokes a shotgun through  
An' says to git! "You stold my child,"  
He says: "An', now she's back, w'y, you  
Clear out, this minute, er I'll kill  
You! Yes, an' I 'ull kill her, too,  
Ef you don't go!" An' then, all wild,  
His young wife begs him please to go!  
An' so he turn' an' walk'—all slow  
An' pale as death, but awful still  
An' ca'm—back to the gate, an' on  
Into the road, where he had gone`  
So many times alone, you know!










'Cause there he stick', ist thataway,  
An' don't go nowheres any more.



An', Uncle say, a whipperrill  
Holler so lonesome, as he go  
On back to'rds home, he say he 'spec'  
He ist 'ud like to wring its neck!  
An' I ain't think he's goin' back  
All by hisse'f—but Uncle say  
That's what he does, an' it's a fac'!

An' 'pears-like he's gone back to *stay*—  
'Cause there he stick', ist thataway,  
An' don't go nowheres any more,  
Ner don't nobody ever see  
Him set his foot outside the door—  
Till 'bout five days, a boy loped down  
The road, a-comin' past from town,




James Ward & Co. London.





— # 1571911

An' then, all wild  
His young wife begs him please to go !



An' he called to him from the gate,  
An' sent the old man word: He's thought  
Things over now; an', while he hate  
To lose his wife, he think she ought  
To mind her Pa an' Ma an' do  
Whatever *they* advise her to.  
An' sends word, too, to come an' git  
Her new things an' the furnichur  
That he had special' bought fer her—  
'Cause, now that they wuz goin' to quit,  
She's free to ist have all of it;—  
So, fer his love fer her, he say  
To come an' git it, wite away.





1911. J. S. M. P. 1911.



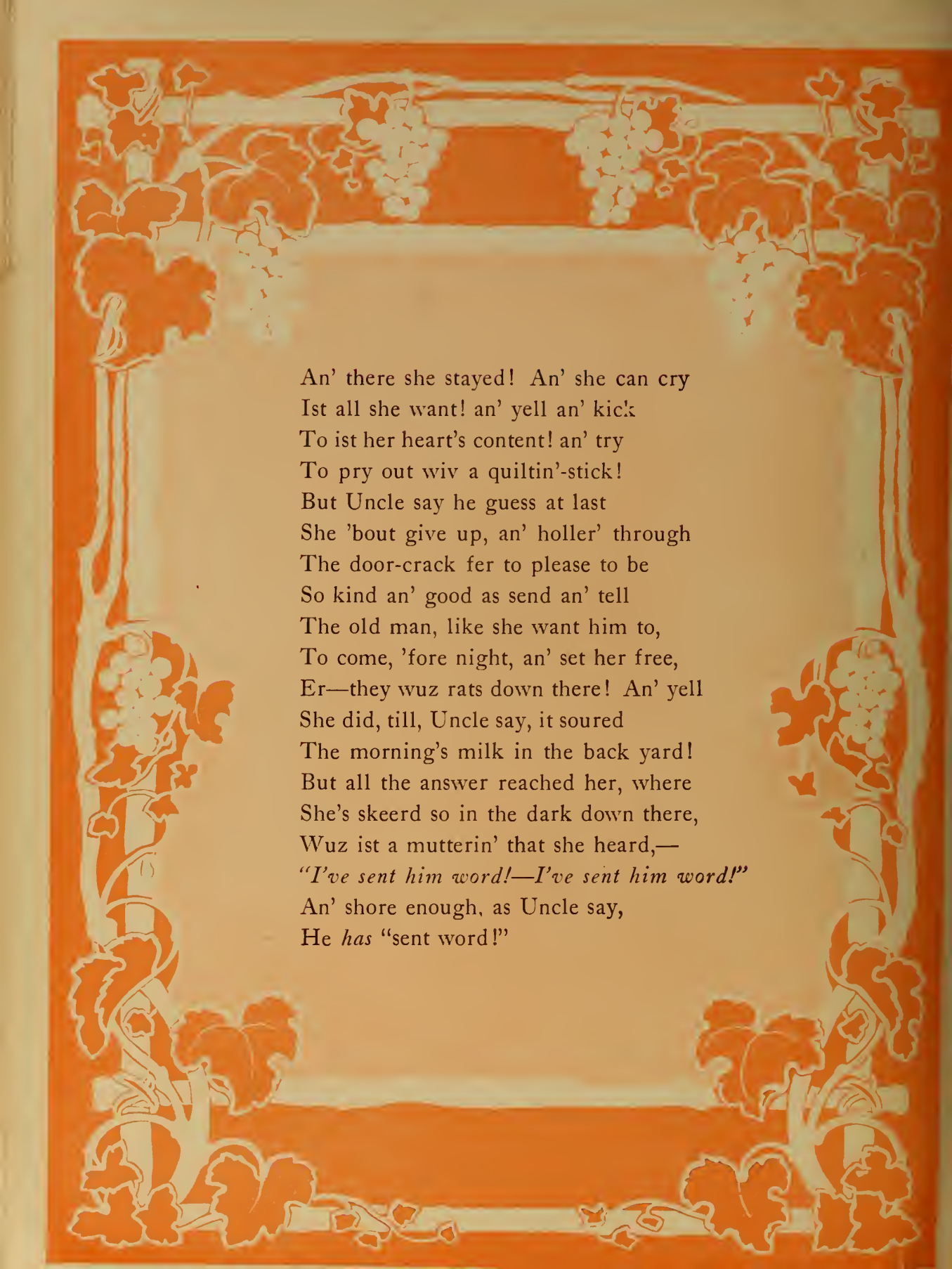


An' he called to him from the gate,  
An' sent the old man word





Shet on her, an' she hears the click  
Of a' old rusty padlock !



An' there she stayed! An' she can cry  
Ist all she want! an' yell an' kick  
To ist her heart's content! an' try  
To pry out wiv a quiltin'-stick!  
But Uncle say he guess at last  
She 'bout give up, an' holler' through  
The door-crack fer to please to be  
So kind an' good as send an' tell  
The old man, like she want him to,  
To come, 'fore night, an' set her free,  
Er—they wuz rats down there! An' yell  
She did, till, Uncle say, it soured  
The morning's milk in the back yard!  
But all the answer reached her, where  
She's skeerd so in the dark down there,  
Wuz ist a mutterin' that she heard,—  
*"I've sent him word!—I've sent him word!"*  
An' shore enough, as Uncle say,  
He *has* "sent word!"




— James G. Thompson & Company 1914







She's skeered so in the dark down there

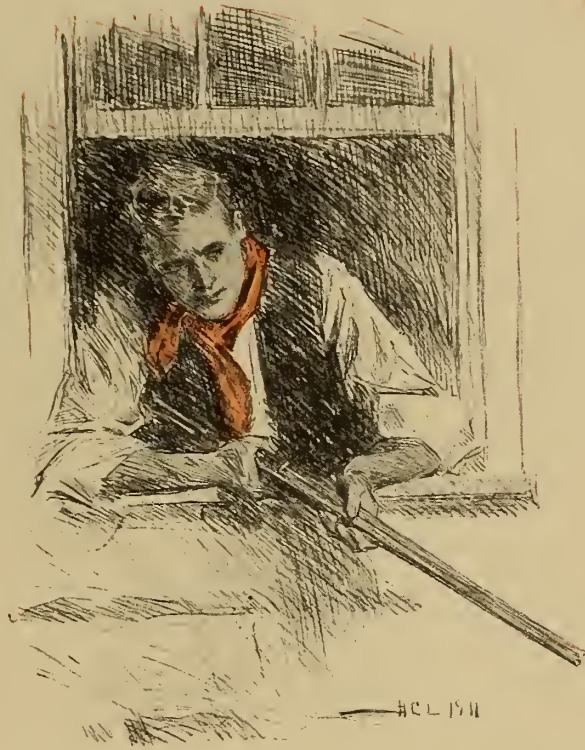


Well, it's plum night  
An' all the house is shet up tight—  
Only one winder 'bout half-way  
Raised up, you know; an' ain't no light  
Inside the whole house, Uncle say.  
Then, first you know, there where the team  
Stands hitched yet, there the old man stands—  
A' old tin lantern in his hands  
An' monkey-wrench; an' he don't seem  
To make things out, a-standin' there.  
He comes on to the gate an' feels  
An' fumbles fer the latch—then hears  
A voice that chills him to the heels—  
“You halt! an' stand right where you air!”  
Then, sir! my—my—his son-in-law,  
There at the winder wiv his gun,  
He tell the old man what he's done:




—D. and U. [unclear] & [unclear] 1884





There at the winder wiv his gun,  
He tell the old man what he's done



“You hold *my* wife a prisoner—  
An’ *your* wife, drat ye! I’ve got *her!*  
An’ now, sir,” Uncle say he say,  
“You ist turn round an’ climb wite in  
That wagon, an’ drive home ag’in  
An’ bring my wife back wite away,  
An’ we’ll trade then—an’ not before  
Will I unlock my cellar-door—  
Not fer your wife’s sake ner your own,  
But *my* wife’s sake—an’ hers alone!”  
An’, Uncle say, it don’t sound like  
It’s so, but yet it is!—He say,  
From wite then, somepin’ seem’ to strike  
The old man’s funny-bone some way;  
An’, minute more, that team o’ his  
Went tearin’ down the road *k’whiz!*




Edward Chandler Christy 1911







An', minute more, that team o' his  
Went tearin' down the road *k'whiz!*



An' in the same two-forty style  
Come whizzin' back! An' oh, that-air  
Sweet girl a-cryin' all the while,  
Thinkin' about her Ma there, shet  
In her own daughter's cellar, where—  
Ist week or so *she's* kep' house there—  
She hadn't time to clean it yet!  
So when her Pa an' her they git  
There—an' the young man grab' an' kiss  
An' hug her, till she make him quit  
An' ask him where her mother is.  
An' then he smile' an' try to not;  
Then slow-like find th' old padlock key,  
An' blow a' oat-hull out of it,  
An' then stoop down there where he's got  
Her Ma locked up so keerfully—  
An' where, wite there, he say he thought  
It *ort* to been *the old man*—though  
Uncle, he say, he reckon not—

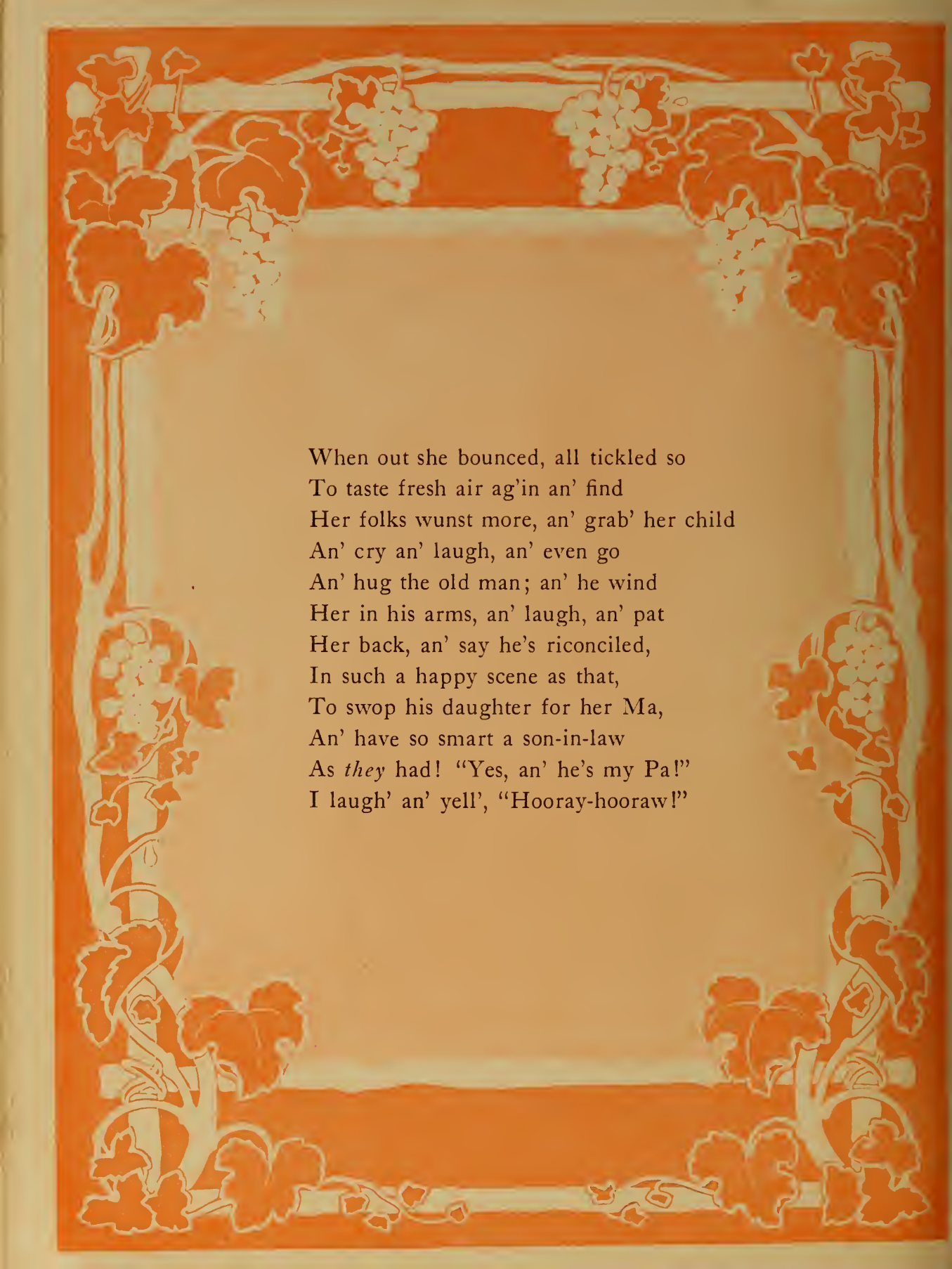


Wm. A. Joseph, 1894





an' the young man grab' an' kiss  
An' hug her, till she make him quit



When out she bounced, all tickled so  
To taste fresh air ag'in an' find  
Her folks wunst more, an' grab' her child  
An' cry an' laugh, an' even go  
An' hug the old man; an' he wind  
Her in his arms, an' laugh, an' pat  
Her back, an' say he's riconciled,  
In such a happy scene as that,  
To swop his daughter for her Ma,  
An' have so smart a son-in-law  
As *they* had! "Yes, an' he's my Pa!"  
I laugh' an' yell', "Hooray-hooraw!"



— 1871 —

H10 89





“ Yes, an’ he’s my Pa!”  
I laugh’ an’ yell’, “ Hooray-hooraw!”



















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