

#### AS TO WHITTIER.

The celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Whittier caused the good Quaker poet to be the subject of essays in many of our public schools. It is doubtful if any of these productions on the part of the youth of America contained more unheard-of information regarding the poet than was contained in the essay of a boy in a village school who wrote as follows:

"Mr. John G. Whittier was the son of his father and mother, John Whittier, who was a Quaker and that is how he got to be a Quaker. Quakers do not fight so he had a very dull boyhood on a farm where he milked cows in a barn without no doors from which he got a delicate constitution although he lived to be eighty-five. He did not like farming and was not much good at anything so he thought he would be a poet. His first poem was wrote and published unbeknown

about it until he saw it in a paper printed by Wm. Loyd Garrison who jumped into a buggy and rode out to the Whittier farm to see who had wrote a poem like that. This made Whittier resolve to write more and better poetry and he went to an academy in Haverhill to learn how to do it. He made shoes to pay for learning to be a poet. Then he went to Boston and was nothing but a poet from that time on. He was an anti-slavery man and nearly got mobbed and egged and he wrote poems on everything that happened to him. He was a very calm and peaceful man and he never got married. His chief poem was 'Maud Muller.' He made up most of his poems out of his own head but poems like 'The Barefoot Boy' did not come out of his own head entirely. He wrote thousands of poems and said afterwards he wished he hadn't wrote so many. I guess most folks when they get to be eighty are sorry for lots they have done. Whittier has been called our greatest American poet excepting Longfellow. No one seems to have taken their places but Ella Wheeler Wilcox who is the best known of our lady poets but she does not write the same kind of poetry Longfellow and Mr. Whittier wrote. This is said to be because the American thought is changing and folks like even their poetry to be different from what it used to be. Whittier was a 'born poet' so it was not his fault. This ain't so of all poets."—L. Harbour in "The Circle."

#### FEAR JACK LONDON IS LOST IN PACIFIC.

The editors of Woman's Home Companion, for whom Jack London is sailing around the world in his little boat Snark, state that he is now more

the Society Islands, for which place he sailed from Hilo, Hawaii, on October 27.

The gas engine with which the Snark is equipped was not working well when Mr. London left Hawaii, and it is supposed by his publishers that he has experienced some more trouble with it, or that he has encountered the doldrums, and that his boat is rolling about, becalmed, somewhere in the Pacific.

London sailed from San Francisco on May 4 and reached Hawaii about a month later. He is accompanied on his voyage around the world by his wife, a captain, an engineer, one sailor, and two Japanese servants. The brilliant sailor-writer expects to spend seven years on his voyage around

the world, stopping at all sorts of interesting and out-of-the-way places along the route.

LATER:—San Francisco, Jan. 27, 1908.—"Jack London and wife arrived on the Mariposa, safe and well. Snark laid up for repairs."

#### GLEANINGS — WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Pat (to farmer): I say, boss, do you know what we used to do when there was no pasture for the cows?

Farmer: No.

Pat: Well, we used to put a pair of green goggles on the cows and make them eat shavings—but the milk had the taste of antique furniture.

Patient: I have a confession to make, doctor. I didn't like the taste of that medicine you left, so instead of taking it I gave it to my dog.

Doctor (indignantly): Do you mean to say, madam, that you wasted all

Patient: But it wasn't wasted, doctor. We wanted to get rid of the dog anyhow.

"Is Gunson rich?"

"I don't think so; he pays his bills promptly."

Teacher: "Wait a moment, Johnny. What do you understand by that word 'deficit'?" "It's what you've got when you haven't got as much as if you just hadn't nothin'."

Fashion Note: The first pair of Suspenders. Not Far Wrong.

In a Southern State where an educational qualification was required for voters, a negro was asked, "What is the writ of certiorari?"

"I dunno, boss," replied the darkey, "but it's sumfin to keep de niggahs from votin'."

An Englishman said he liked babies best when they cried, and on being asked why, replied, "Because then they are taken out of the room."

Little Charles, four years old, when he had pulled himself up on the foot of the couch, and scrambled along to where his grandmother's head rested, ran his chubby hands over her wrinkled cheeks, and made the following suggestion:

"Gan'ma, you need a new face—this one's all rumped up."

Her mother: I should rather you would not go sailing with that young man, Clara; I don't believe he knows a thing about a sailboat.

Clara: Oh, but he does, mama; he showed me a letter of recommendation from a New York firm he used to work for, and they speak very highly of his salesmanship.

Dealer in Antiques: Yes, madam, this bed is genuine colonial and it has the additional advantage of being the only one of that period that George Washington never slept in.

An itinerant clergyman, who made a specialty of stirring up the saints to unwonted liberality, was helping to raise the debt of a struggling church. The last hundred dollars hung fire until a man well back in the church arose and said, "I'll be good for the last fifty dollars."

"The Lord bless you, my friend," exclaimed the Doctor, fervently, "and may He increase your business a hundredfold."

Noting a titter all over the church, he inquired the cause.

The contributor was an undertaker.

A clergyman got up to preach in his own pulpit after a vacation in the South where he had shaved off his beard because of the heat. As soon as he appeared a buzz of supprest speculation ran through the congregation, some of his parishioners claiming it was their clergyman, others that it was a man who looked very much like him, and others confessing that they didn't know whether it was he or not. When the buzz of whispering subsided he gave out as his text, "Some said it was He, others said it is like Him, but He said I am He."

Mother (to Willie): Did you put that nickel with the hole in it in the collection-plate this morning?

Willie: Yes.

Mother: That was very naughty.

Willie: Well, I thought churches

"I don't like that crowd of boys, papa, and don't want to go there any more!"

So said Willie to his father who is a Congregational minister.

"Why don't you like the boys?" he enquired.

"Well, they use bad words and swear so."

"Never mind, my boy—you go and learn to be with them without learning to swear yourself."

At the family table that day the father asked a blessing, saying: "O Lord, make us thankful and help Willie not to swear!"

A day or two later the father said, "Willie, you ask a blessing," and Willie said: "O Lord, make us thankful and help father not to swear!"

"When did you ever hear me swear, Willie?" enquired the father in some concern, and Willie replied:

"When did you ever hear me swear, papa?"

The maid who announced to the guest waiting at the door that "she didn't hear her until she had rung

three times," meets her match in the elevator boy described by a writer in the New York Evening Post. "If any one calls, Percy, while I am out, tell him to wait. I shall be right back," said the woman to the apartment-house elevator boy. There was no answer. "Did you hear me? Why don't you answer?" asked the woman with some heat. "I never answers, ma'am, unless I doesn't hear, and then I says 'What?'"

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