HUNDRED YEARS OF PEACE.

Secretary Root Moralizes on Our Relations with Canada.

"Within a few years, eight years from now, says Secretary Root in his recent speech at Ottawa, "we shall be able tocelebrate the centennial anniversary of 100 years of peaceful fellowship between the United States and Canada-100 years during which no part of the fruits of industry and enterprise has been diverted from the building up of peaceful and happy homes, from the exercise and promotion of religion, from the education of children, and the succor of the distressed and unfortunate to be expended in warlike attack by one people upon the other."

This is an impressive fact of modern history. If it be sought to minimize its importance toward demonstrating the possibility of avoiding war by pointing out that the two nations are of one blood and stock in origin and alike in political training, it can be argued quite as strongly on the other side that this might be considered to increase the probabilities of conflict. Our own great Civil war is a case in point. So are the socalled Latin races and Teutonic races of Europe, akin in blood and alike in the development of their political institutions; yet this has not prevented an almost constant succession of armod conflict for centuries.

Secretary Root did not fail to take into account the character of the men who settle new continents and build new countries as the American and Canadians have done. Such ploneers are necessarily vigorous and intense. Such men are prone, in the pursuit of their objects, to be unyielding in their confidence that their own interests should give the law; they become so engrossed in meeting the difficulties and dangers of their enterprise as not to stick at trifles, "sometimes even to the exclusion of thoughtfulness for the interests and feelings of others," as the astute The widow survives him, and three Root, with his worldly experience in plenty, very delicately put it. However, against all theorizings of what might have been, there looms up this great fact of the 100 years of unbroken peace.

It looks like a sign of the millennial nations, where no forts beetle from cliffs across the border, no bayonets or cannon threaten, and great ports are through with fleets without a gun. Here they stand-this pair of peaceful powers, proud of their 160 years of unshaken reliance on peaceful arbitrament in difficulties, which have not been small nor few-Boston Transcript.

Too Late for Details.

The reporter, a young lady, who usually "did" the weddings of a certain provincial newspaper, was unfortunately ill on one of these festive occaslons. So she had to call on the following day to obtain as much information as possible.

On arriving at the home of the bride's parents, she remarked to the servant who opened the door:

"I have come to get some of the details of the wedding which took place yesterday."

An expression of intense regret came to the countenance of the ser-

"I'm awfully sorry, miss," she exclaimed, "but everything is finished. You ought to have come last night. The company ate up every scrap!"-Illustrated Bits.

Telephone Statistics.

Figures of the amount of business connected with telephones made public today, indicate that there were 5,071,500,000 exchange telephone talks and 133,600,000 long distance or toll communications in the year 1906 in this country. On December 31 there were 7,107,835 instruments in use, 1,436,326 miles to toll wire, 2,385,748 miles of underground wire, 11,378 miles of submarine wire ,and an asgregate of 6,080,282 miles of wire devoted to telephone service. The stations number 2,715,367, the total circuits 1,407,900 and the employees 90,000. These figures show a growth in six years of 117 per cent in number of employees, of 200 per cent in the number of stations, and of 360 per cent in the total number of miles of



The kid-I sez don't you want to hire me waile you're in ac city for guide, philosopher and friend?

+++++++++++++ A WINDWAGON HIS PROJECT. +

+ Death of Dr. James W. Parker + Long a Kansas Cityan.

............ Dr. James W. Parker, who came to Kansas City sixty years ago, died at ing to a practice that took him sometimes seventy miles from home. Solterested in perpetuating the trail by cess Magazine. markings.

Dr. Parker was a medical graduate of Transylvania university in Kentucky, and five years after coming to Kansas City he returned to his native city, Lexington Ky., and was married. children, Dr. Payton B. Parker, John W. Parker and Mrs. Wilbur Davis. Also there is an adopted son, Paul D. Parker. All reside in this city. Returning here from Nebraska in 1886, Dr. Parker had lived here continuously since, not practicing, however, as his sight and hearing were both al most entirely gone.

Prior to war times the doctor was one of the three projectors of a wind wagon for freighting, which old set tlers still tell about, but the experiment proved a failure. The services of Dr. Parker rendered the government soldiers was later paid for in the sum of \$1,500.

For fifty years Dr. Parker had been an elder in the Cumberland Presbyterian church.

-Kansas City Journal.

Johnny-Papa, papa, come quick! Mamma has fainted. Papa—Here put this ten-dollar bill in her hand. Johnnie (a moment later)-She says she of the man who makes happiness for wants ten more.-Fliegende Blatter.

******************************** Dreyfus's Heroic Wife.

Oh, that poor dream of the wife who should meet him with outstretched arms. She was there, indeed, in that somber old city, Rennes, but of all the personages of this tragic drama, if one was worthy of all respect, that one was Lucile Dreyfus. During five the age of 85, at his home, 308 Union years she had borne her suffering street, in Westport. In the civil war, with noble dignity; her faith had Dr. Parker was for a period the only never wavered; she had hidden from physician left in the city. He was her children all knowledge of the awpressed into the Union service, and ful tragedy; you had thought there for two years attended the Federal could go out to her only pity and adtroops stationed there, besides attend- miration. Ah, you do not know how fierce a hatred burned in France in those days. Madame Dreyfus was diers from both sides forced his fam- turned away from every hotel in Renily to feed them, until, in despair, the nes. Not one would take this poor doctor fled in 1864 to Nebraska, where wife in-her name was Dreyfus. The he lived for twenty-three years in Ne- old woman who finally gave her braska City. Prior to the war he had house-room was stoned and hooted been an extensive traveler, going the in the streets. And all this night of length of the Santa Fe trail and on the "traitor's" return a mob hung down to the Isthmus of Panama. His round her door or drank in a tavern knowledge of the trail has caused his over the way, shouting the while a advice often to be sought by those in song of "Death to the Jews!"-Suc-

Pawnshop Profits.

Henry McAleenan has a pawnshop, a modest little one, on Sixth avenue, in a building he owns. The site is small, 18 feet wide and 52 feet deep. The man who owns the rest of the cupants of automobiles." Sixth avenue front wanted the pawnbroker's little corner. He made several tempting offers in vain. Finally

"I'll give you \$550.000 for that little

"Not enough,' said the modest pawn-

Why, man, that is \$464 a square

"I can't help it," said Mr. McAleenan. "My business there cleared me \$250,000 last year, and I can't duplicate the site."Philadelphia Ledger.

Very Decollette.

"Poor chap! everything he earns goes on his wife's back."

"Well, if you'd seen her at the

opera you would't think he earned much."-Bohemian.

Inexhaustible as the widow's cruse of oil in the scripture is the happiness

The Cook Book.



Wash and drain the oysters and lay them in a soft cloth that as much moisture may be absorbed as possible. Melt one tablespoonful of butter; add one tablespoonful of chopped parsley; one teeaspoonful of ground sweet marjoram, salt and pepper to taste, and mix with one quart of stale bread crumbs and twenty-five oysters. Do not chop the oysters; mix well and stuff the chicken. This is the proper proportion for one turkey or two chickens.

Egg Salad-Slice four hard boiled eggs, arrange them on tender lettuce leaves in the salad bowl; sprinkle with minced French capers and pour over a French dressing or mayonnaise, as preferred.

Sour Milk Biscuits-Sift one quart of flour and add one teaspoonful of salt; one teaspoon of soda; mix one cup of sour cream and one feacup sour milk together; pour into the flour and knead it quickly and lightly into a dough. Roll one-half inch thick, cut into small biscuits and bake in quick oven.

Meringue for Lemon Pie-Whip very stiff, the whites of three eggs; add a little powdered sugar as you do so. Heap on the cooked pie; set in the oven until lightly browned, then remove and allow to cool very gradually. Sudden cooling is often the cause of a flat unsightly mer-

Dolly Varden Cake-For this, use white chopped English walnut meats; bake in leggs, pack, set in ice and salt to harden.

Roast Chicken With Oyster Dressing- | layers. Make a filling thus: One pint of sweet milk; two tablespoonfuls of flour; one teacup of sugar and one tablespoonful of butter; flavor to taste and cook until thick and smooth. Beat hard until cold and put between the layers.

> Fruit Punch-Mix together one teacup of strawberries or red raspberries;; minced pineapple; minced peaches or apricots and malaga grapes, and add four oranges, cut into pieces three lemons and 1-2 teacup of Moraschino cherries. Boil together one pint of water and one teacup of sugar and when these have cooked steadily for five minutes remove from the fire and set aside to cool while you prepare the fruit. When the syrup is cold, stir in the mixed fruits, add two quarts of carbonized water and pour upon a large lump of ice in a punch bowl. Serve very cold. This will be enough for one dozen and a half persons

Washington Pudding-Boil 1-3 teacup of butter and one teacup of sugar together until light, add 1 1-2 teacups of flour sifted with 2 1-2 teaspoons of baking powder. Bake in two large layer tins and spread while warm with jelly or jam and serve with a hot liquid pudding sauce.

Orange Sherbet .- Grate the rind of four oranges and put to soak for ten minutes in boiling water. Strain half of this over one pound of sugar and when dissolved cake recipe. Into half the batter, put add one pint of orange juice. Freeze nearone teacup of currants; one teacup of ly stiff; then beat in the whites of two He Had It.

"Do you know, sir,' he began as he entered the grocery soon after the new year, "that the pure foed law is now in operation"

"I do,' replied the grocer.

"No more sorghum mixed with sugar."

"No more."

"No more apple peelings put up for raspberry jam." "No, sir."

with acids."

"Not a can."

and square."

"They have, sir." "Well, now as we have come to a ed on business. mutual understanding, have you got anything in stock that you can recomment me as on the square?"

going to the back of the store he lugged forward a bushel of turnips and

"There it is, sir. Real old-fashioned turnips with the tap roots on, and have to take the blamed 'phone out of I give you my solemn word that none the house to-morrow morning. I am of the tops have been glued on or painted in water colors to deceive!"-Joe Kerr.

STORYETTES.

The man who fears God fears not

An English vegetarian proposed to a woman, whereupon she delivered herself of the following scathing words. 'Go along with you! What? Be flesh of your flesh, and you a-livin' on cabbage. Go and marry a grass widow!"

Senator Thomas J. Allison, a member of the Missouri legislature, is an acknowledged wag in that more or less dignified body. He was approached the other day by an enthusiastic motorist, who asked if he was not in favor of some legislation for the benefit of those who own automobiles. 'I am,' replied the Senator. 'I am in favor of a bill placing the owners of automobiles under the protection of the State game laws and providing that it shall be unlawful during certain months of the year for farmers to shoot chauffeurs and oc-

Charles H. Hoyt once visited a small town in Pennsylvania. where there is a notel they say George Washington, the father of his country, used to stop at when he passed through. One of the company was given the Washington room, and Hoyt received a poor room on the top floor, the proprietor not knowing who he was. When he came downstairs later the gentleman who had the good room said: "Mr. Hoyt, they have given me the room that they used to give George Washington when he came here.' "Well," said Hoyt, "the one they have given me must be the one they gave Benedict Arnold when he came."

Some time ago there was a political campaign in Illinois in which a certain candidate was so certain of his election as sheriff that he actually arranged for the distribution of the subordinate offices that were to come under him. Some one was telling "Uncle Joe" Cannon of this. The grim old veteran of many a political battle smiled and observed: "I trust that our friend's case will not be like that of a man I knew in Indiana. This fellow went on a hunting trip, accompanied by his faithful retriever. Things went on finely up to a certain point; then the expedition suddenly ended in disaster. The dog undertook to jump over a deep well in two jumps.

During a critical time in the Civil War, when the Senate had been particularly obstructive, one of President Lincoln's ardent sympathizers burst in upon him and hotly denounced the Senate and finished his tirade by asking: "What's the use of the Senate, anyway?" Mr. Lincoln was drinking a cup of tea. In his homely fashion he poured the tea from the cup to the saucer and back again to cool it off, undisturbed by the caller's vehemence. "Well,' said the man, impatiently, 'what's the use of the senate?" "I have just shown you." was Lincoln's answer, and once more the tea was poured. The man looked puzzled. Then a great light broke upon him. "You mean it enables public passion to cool off?" The greatest of American Presidents nodded and drank his PHONE NUMBER SECRET

Why Magistrate Scott Wouldn't Cal Up His Own Home

Magistrate Scott recently had as unlisted telephone put in his house but forgot the number on his way downtown, and then, to his chagrin he discovered that the telephone com pany keeps faith with its unlisted sub scribers. The company tells the num ber of the unlisted subscribers to no "No more canned goods preserved body-not even to themselves.

"Say, 400, will you please give me the number of Magistrate Scott's "All goods have got to be straight house?" asked the magistrate, when he wanted to tall his wife not to wait for him with supper, as he was detain-

"No, sir,' was the curt reply.

"What, can't you give me my num ber? I am Magistrate Scott," thun "I have," replied the grocer; and, dered the amazed member of the min or judiciary. "It is me, myself; I wan my house. I must speak to my wife I want that number, and I must have it. If you don't give it to me you wil the man who pays for that 'phone, and I have a right to know the number.

> "But I can't tell you," came the re ply again.

"Why can't you?"

"Because you pay to have the num ber kept secret, your phone is unlist ed, and nobody has a right to tell you the number; good-by."

Magistrate Scott was angry, but after he thought the matter over he considered that, after all, the company was only keeping its contract.

Now the judge carries his telephone number with him, engraved on a plate safely kept in a leather wallet in his hip pocket.

At the Symphony.

The great orchestra was playing its most compelling number. She sat as one enwrapped in an ecstatic dream. He sat beside her. It was he who

had bought the tickets. "Perfectly grand!" he whispered in

her ear. She remained silent, drinking in the divine melody.

"Don't you think so?" he added a mement later.

A faint sign of distress passed over her beautiful features. "Yes," she breathed, so faintly that she hoped it would not disturb her blissful enchantment.

A moment of heavenly hush, and then: "What marvelous phrasing!"

She said nothing. She was far away in a realm of delight so delicious, so delicate, the faintest breath of discord would alarm and destroy it, She sought to deaden her organ of hearing to his rasping words and to make herself believe he had not spok-

But he had, and he followed his previous remark with, "Did you ever hear it done better."

She very nearly succeeded in giving him a mere mechanical lip-formed 'no" without vexing her transported consciousness.

For a full moment he remained speechless, forgetting to bruise the tender blossoms of melody with his harsh bludgeon of words. His eyes were closed. How heavenly it all seemed! She was drifting in an ethereal sea of harmonic bliss, when there came crashing into the charmed audience chamber of her dreams the question: "Have you ever tried listening to music with your eyes clos-

The crisis had come. She uttered s faint gasp of starless despair, like one bidding farewell to a dear divine hope. Looking her devilish tormentor full in the eyes she said sweetly, as only thrice embittered woman can: Oh, yes; and I think it heightens the pleasureable effect; but did you ever try listening to music with the mouth shut?"

And the flutes and the oboes and the violins played on.

Likewise the tuba, the triangle and the kettle-drums-Nixon Waterman, in

Tells Which One She is.

Jack London, the well-known novelist, has a great affection for children In San Francisco there are two twin sisters, little girls of 6 years, of whom Mr. London is very fond.

On the way to his boat one morning Mr. London met one of the twins. He stopped and shook her hand.

"Good morning, my dear," he said 'And which of the twins are you?" "I am the one that's out walkin"."-Exchange.