

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 to celebrate 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 so-called 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 armed 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 pioneers 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 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 100 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 occasions. 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 servant.

"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 7,107,825 instruments in use, 1,436,326 miles of wire, 2,385,746 miles of underground wire, 11,372 miles of submarine wire and an aggregate 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 280 per cent in the number of stations, and of 240 per cent in the total number of miles of



The Rube—Hey?

The Kid—I sez don't you want to hire me while you're in the 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 the age of 85, at his home, 308 Union street, in Westport. In the civil war, Dr. Parker was for a period the only physician left in the city. He was pressed into the Union service, and for two years attended the Federal troops stationed there, besides attending to a practice that took him sometimes seventy miles from home. Soldiers from both sides forced his family to feed them, until, in despair, the doctor fled in 1864 to Nebraska, where he lived for twenty-three years in Nebraska City. Prior to the war he had been an extensive traveler, going the length of the Santa Fe trail and on down to the Isthmus of Panama. His knowledge of the trail has caused his advice often to be sought by those interested in perpetuating the trail by 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. The widow survives him, and three 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 almost entirely gone.

Prior to war times the doctor was one of the three projectors of a wind wagon for freighting, which old settlers 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 wants ten more.—Fleegende 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 years she had borne her suffering with noble dignity; her faith had never wavered; she had hidden from her children all knowledge of the awful tragedy; you had thought there could go out to her only pity and admiration. Ah, you do not know how fierce a hatred burned in France in those days. Madame Dreyfus was turned away from every hotel in Rennes. Not one would take this poor wife in—her name was Dreyfus. The old woman who finally gave her house-room was stoned and hooted in the streets. And all this night of the "traitor's" return a mob hung round her door or drank in a tavern over the way, shouting the while a song of "Death to the Jews!"—Success Magazine.

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 Sixth avenue front wanted the pawnbroker's little corner. He made several tempting offers in vain. Finally he said:

"I'll give you \$550,000 for that little plot."

"Not enough," said the modest pawnbroker.

"Why, man, that is \$464 a square foot."

"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 wouldn't think he earned much."—Bohemian.

Inexhaustible as the widow's cruse of oil in the scripture is the happiness of the man who makes happiness for others.

He Mad It.

"Do you know, sir," he began as he entered the grocery soon after the new year, "that the pure food 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."

"No more canned goods preserved with acids."

"Not a can."

"All goods have got to be straight and square."

"They have, sir."

"Well, now as we have come to a mutual understanding, have you got anything in stock that you can recommend me as on the square?"

"I have," replied the grocer; and, going to the back of the store he lugged forward a bushel of turnips and said:

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

STORYETTES.

The man who fears God fears not man.

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 occupants of automobiles."

Charles H. Hoyt once visited a small town in Pennsylvania, where there is a hotel 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 tea.

'PHONE NUMBER SECRET.

Why Magistrate Scott Wouldn't Call Up His Own Horse.

Magistrate Scott recently had an unlisted telephone put in his house but forgot the number on his way downtown, and then, to his chagrin he discovered that the telephone company keeps faith with its unlisted subscribers. The company tells the number of the unlisted subscribers to no body—not even to themselves.

"Say, 400, will you please give me the number of Magistrate Scott's house?" asked the magistrate, when he wanted to tell his wife not to wait for him with supper, as he was detained on business.

"No, sir," was the curt reply.

"What, can't you give me my number? I am Magistrate Scott," thundered the amazed member of the minor judiciary. "It is me, myself; I want 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 will have to take the blamed 'phone out of the house to-morrow morning. I am the man who pays for that 'phone, and I have a right to know the number."

"But I can't tell you," came the reply again.

"Why can't you?"

"Because you pay to have the number kept secret, your 'phone is unlisted, 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 enraptured 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 moment 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 spoken.

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 fixing 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 closed?"

The crisis had come. She uttered a 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 Life.

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.

The Cook Book.

Roast Chicken With Oyster Dressing—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 teaspoonful 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 teacup 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 meringue.

Dolly Varden Cake—For this, use white cake recipe. Into half the batter, put one teacup of currants; one teacup of chopped English walnut meats; bake in

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 1-2 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 add one pint of orange juice. Freeze nearly stiff; then beat in the whites of two eggs, pack, set in ice and salt to harden.