

BRYAN AND WILSON TALK POLITICS

Bryan and President-Elect Hold an All Day Conference—Considered No Application.

Princeton, N. J., Dec. 22.—After a day of lengthy conferences in Trenton, the most important of which was with William J. Bryan, President-elect Woodrow Wilson returned tonight to his home here, tired and ready for a rest.

So far as shedding light on the gossip as to Mr. Bryan's future relations with the administration, the conference between the two men today was productive of nothing more than speculation. Mr. Wilson said very frankly that while he had talked about men for his cabinet with Mr. Bryan, the name of the Nebraskan was not mentioned. As to future conferences with Mr. Bryan, none was arranged or talked of, Mr. Wilson said. While discussing last night the subject of patronage, the president-elect made it evident that those who expect to get political appointments from him had better not try to manifest their ambition in person or apply directly to him in any way.

"I have a sort of general principle," he said, "that those who apply for offices will be the least likely to get them."

Many Disqualified.

"Then a great number have been disqualified already," he was asked.

"Yes," was the smiling reply.

The question reminded the president-elect of a letter he had received from an office seeker.

"One man wrote me," related Mr. Wilson, "saying he was thinking of applying and would like to know from me personally what was the best way to go about it."

"There was no reply," he said. He added that he, of course, expected to take advice about patronage and would be guided in a great many appointments by the recommendations of members of congress.

The summoning of Mr. Bryan to discuss active politics and the personnel of the cabinet was, the president-elect indicated, one of a series of steps which he is taking to determine upon the fitness of individuals for the cabinet.

Mr. Wilson intends, moreover, to carry out literally his plan of being the "best listener in the United States" and expects to continue to "take common counsel" for some time, perhaps as late as March 1, before making final decisions or announcements.

In view of Mr. Bryan's connection with the drafting of the democratic platform, the conference concerned largely plans for carrying out platform pledges.

Went Over the Platform.

The governor was asked if Mr. Bryan seemed to be in favor of any precedent in the order of legislation.

"We went over the platform in a general way," replied the governor, "with no special emphasis on one plank more than another."

Mr. Wilson was told last night that Mr. Bryan had said just before his departure that he planned to attend the inauguration "if the weather is fine."

"I hope he'll attend the inauguration, and I hope the weather will be fine, too," said Mr. Wilson approvingly.

Judge Robert S. Hudspeth, national committeeman from New Jersey, and Edward E. Grosscup, democratic state chairman, conferred with the governor about state business in the afternoon.

The long day of conferences ended a week of the hardest work Mr. Wilson has done since the campaign ended. When he reached home he showed a little fatigue and looked forward to resting on Sunday.

Showered With Gifts.

For once in his life, President-elect Woodrow Wilson doesn't mind having his birthday in the holiday season. Since his nomination and election, gifts of every kind and description have been pouring in to him daily, but with the approach of the holidays they have multiplied. Three live turkeys already have arrived for Christmas, which he will spend at home with his family.

"A boy of eight," said the governor last night, "has just written me that he was born on the same day I was—December 28—and has invited me to his birthday party."

The governor said the letter was in a childish handwriting and pleased his greatly.

"I think it's pretty hard on a boy to have a birthday around Christmas time," mused the governor. There are so many other people getting presents then that he doesn't get the consideration which a birthday might give other times."

The offer of a cow from a man in Iowa has been declined by the president-elect.

SALADS FOR HOT DAYS

CONCOCTIONS THAT WILL TEMPT POOR APPETITE.

When Heavy Meat Dishes Are Out of Place These May Be Used to Advantage—Both Cooling and Nourishing.

The appetite jaded by heat may be tempted by salads only when those salads are seasonable. Heavy meat concoctions and most of the fish mixtures are not suitable for hot weather.

The ideal summer salad has three requisites—it must be light, appetizing in appearance and icy cold. French dressing is more seasonable than mayonnaise, also more digestible, and fruits and vegetables are preferable to nuts, fish or meats. It is hard to get headed lettuce in summer, but if the young, tender leaves of the garden lettuce are crisped by being put in a cloth on the ice they are improved.

Salad being both cooling and nourishing, may be eaten at both lunch and dinner. To prepare it easily have lettuce always crisping in the refrigerator and also have a pint bottle filled with a thick French dressing. This should be well shaken before using, and any left in the salad bowl may be strained and poured back.

It is economical to use left-over vegetables and fruit from dinner of the previous day. Particularly nice is one made of tomatoes cut in eighths, asparagus, shredded green peppers, thinly sliced cucumber, a cake of Neufchatel cheese and a liberal supply of Chiff sauce. This is well marinated with French dressing flavored with onion, or chopped onion may be mixed through the salad. Serve on a bed of lettuce.

This salad may be mixed with string beans, peas or small lima beans. Cream cheese is good through the mixture, and if nothing else is convenient grate American cheese thickly over it.

A rather heavier salad is made from hard-boiled eggs cut lengthwise. Remove yolks and rub to a paste with anchovies. Refill and put a slice of anchovy on each section. Serve on hearts of lettuce.

Another nice mixture for a plain lettuce salad are squares of cream cheese sprinkled thickly with caviare. Place these in the center of the lettuce and surround with a border of crisp bacon broken very fine. Cover with French dressing seasoned with chutney.

Green peppers are invaluable for a summer salad. Served whole, they are delicious when mixed with a highly seasoned mayonnaise. A spoonful of the dressing should be put on top of each cup. Another good filling is cold slaw and shredded peppers well mingled. A pretty salad is made by arranging a bed of tender green lettuce leaves, or young nasturtium leaves, and on it putting a center of cream cheese balls, then a row of shredded green peppers, another row of cheese balls and an outer border of shredded pimientos. The canned ones may be used. Cover with a thick French dressing. If onions are liked, small pearl onions can be sprinkled over the cheese balls.

A delicious fruit salad is a round of tender pineapple placed on a lettuce leaf. On top of the pineapple dot berries in season, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries or currants, and in the center of the berries have a round of cream cheese. Border the fruit mixture with mayonnaise and put a little in the center of the cheese.

Mustard Pickle.

Three cauliflowers, broken in small pieces; one quart small cucumbers, one quart small silver skin onions, four green peppers, cut fine. Make a brine of four quarts of water and one pint of salt, soak all in this brine over night. In the morning beat through in this same brine just enough to scald and pour into a colander to drain.

Mix two-thirds of a cup of flour with six tablespoons of mustard, one cup brown sugar, one heaping teaspoon of turmeric powder, add enough cold vinegar to make two quarts in all. Boil until thick, stirring often to prevent scorching. Add the pickles and just heat through.

Burnt Sugar Cake.

Two and one-half cups flour, one cup of sugar, one cup of milk, two eggs, one-half cup butter, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, two teaspoonfuls flavoring. Take one cup sugar and burn in skillet, as soon as it is all melted pour in one-half cup of warm water; then stir until it looks like it was ready, and put in cake.

Filling—One and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of milk, a little butter; cook in skillet, where sugar was burned. Then bake.

Lemon Tart.

Puff Paste. To one pint of flour add one teaspoonful of baking powder; mix in one cupful of butter or lard; wet with cold water. Roll thin and line tart cups. Fill with filling.

Filling.—One cupful of sugar, juice of one lemon, one egg, piece of butter size of walnut (melted). Beat together thoroughly. Use one table-spoonful for each tart.

Tomato Salad With Cheese.

Pick and slice the tomatoes and arrange in a salad dish. Make a dressing of oil, white wine, pepper and salt and stir in some grated Parmesan. Pour this over the tomatoes, let stand on ice for 15 minutes or so before serving.

"CECIL OF WOODS"

A Snowbound Nightingale Sings by Wire.

By EDGAR WHITE.

The snow had fallen steadily all the day, weaving garments of white for the undulating earth. As twilight came on the little train, in spite of the tremendous puffing of its engine, settled down to a walk. Men of the crew rushed backward and forward through the aisles, looking anxious. The country seemed a wilderness; deep ravines, dense forests, frowning cliffs and rugged mountains.

The lamps were lighted and "The Faust Opera" troupers in the rear coach began to sing. All day their spirits had fallen with the snow. A failure to reach the junction meant Christmas Day in the wilds, a most distressing thing after the eagerly looked-for reunion with the folks at home. So they tried to sing the blues away. But it was no use. The songs died mournfully. Suddenly the engine stopped. A brakeman, lantern in hand, entered from the rear.

"Where are we?" asked the tall thin manager of the show company.

"Frog Island Crossing," said the brakeman tersely. "The road's blocked."

Idly they watched the brakeman and another man working outside with a line to connect the telephone wire with an instrument in the car. This meant they were going to call up the nearest telegraph office so the man there might notify the superintendent to send the snow plow and men; relief was far away.

It was ascertained that the nearest help was seventy miles down the line, and that the snow-plows could hardly hope to reach the train before morning. As it was still snowing heavily even this calculation might be overly optimistic.

The conductor found a farm house, and returned with baskets of delicious turkey, chicken, light bread and preserves. There were tankards of coffee, and cans of real cream. How the old world troubles fell under the gracious influence of that homely country fare foraged out of the storm. And how the actors ate! It was a repast unsurpassed along the length and breadth of the Great White Way. Song birds chattered and laughed with farmers and country merchants. They swapped yarns, cracked jokes and became jolly good fellows all. Finally, their hunger appeared, Mephisto and Marguerite arose and started a song.

"If you people don't mind my buttin' in, would you just wait a minute?"

The unexpected remark came from the farmer who had come in with the food, and was waiting to take the empty baskets back over the white hills. He had been standing at the end of the car, deferentially waiting for his guests to get through. The travelers instantly divined, or thought they did, what he wanted and began reaching into their pockets. The farmer shook his head.

"Tain't that," he said; "you're well come to the grub; glad you liked it. But I was thinking being as you people sing, maybe you wouldn't mind givin' some folks out in the country a bit of a treat. That's people connected with this telephone in the car here, what never saw a real show in all their lives—there's sick people on that line that—"

"Nough said, my friend," said Mephisto, his eyes lighting up with the idea; "you get busy now calling on everybody on that line. This is Christmas Eve—maybe there's trees at some of the school houses—call 'em up if they have phones—don't leave anybody out." Then turning to the actors: "All you sweet singers of Michigan walk up to the end of the car. Now, ladies and gentlemen, our good farmer friend has made connections with our country cousins; the curtain may rise!"

When the actors arose to obey, a lady with chestnut curls and blue eyes, who took the rather inconspicuous part of Bessy, started to join them. Marguerite of the sun-kissed hair observed Bessy, and said, sweetly:

"He didn't call for the maids-in-waiting."

The gentle Bessy, wounded to the quick, stepped back, the stately Marguerite sweeping by. It was mostly before the footlights that Marguerite's injured innocence and meekness glowed.

After a brief discussion of the selections to be given the performers removed the lid from their melody. As one finished he would step from the phone and the following would take his place. It was a fine performance, as all were old, experienced singers, and each did his level best.

When the singers had finished as much of the piece as it was practical to give over the wire there came a "Ting-a-ling-ling-ling!"

A singer stepped to the phone. "Is this the train where the sweet music comes from?" asked a girlish voice.

"Yes—this is the Faust Concert company you have been listening to."

"I think it is perfectly lovely."

"Thank you, Miss. Will you give me your name so I can tell my comrades?"

"Cecil of the Woods' they call me. We live in a little cabin up the mountain side. Oh, it is so cold and desolate here, and no friends for the long distance!"

"Dear me! That's too bad. I wish you were nearer so you might come and see us."

THE SCRAP BOOK



TRIBUTE TO THE JUNGLE.

That India still pays its annual tribute of human life to the jungle is shown by a statement made in a recent issue of the London Times. During the past three years the number of deaths from snake bite or the attacks of wild animals has steadily increased. Rising waters have driven the serpents out of the lowlands up into the villages, and have diminished the natural food supply of the larger animals.

In 1910 55 persons were killed by elephants, 25 by hyenas, 109 by bears, 851 by leopards, 318 by wolves, 853 by tigers, and 688 by other animals, including wild pigs. No less than 22,478 died from the bite of poisonous snakes. The grand total of mortality is 24,878.

During the same year, 93,000 cattle were also killed by wild beasts and snakes.

The losses on the part of inhabitants of the jungle were nearly but not quite as great as those of their human enemies and domesticated animals combined. Ninety-one thousand one hundred and four snakes and over 19,000 wild beasts of various kinds were killed.

A WATERLOO DISPATCH.

There has just been published Blucher's dispatch which gave Berlin the first news of the victory of Waterloo. It was addressed to the governor, and said:

"I inform your excellency that in conjunction with the English army under Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington, I yesterday gained the most complete victory over Napoleon Bonaparte that could possibly be won.

"The battle was fought in the neighborhood of some isolated buildings on the road from here to Brussels bearing the name 'La Belle Alliance,' and a better name can hardly be given to this important day. The French army is in complete dissolution, and an extraordinary number of guns have been captured.

"Time does not at this moment permit me to send further details to your excellency; I reserve them for a future occasion, and beg you duly to communicate this joyful news to the good Berliners.

(Signed.) "BLUCHER."
This dispatch reached Berlin on June 24, 1815.

OLDEST FIRE TOWER.

At La Coruna, in northern Spain, may be seen a fire tower which is, with the exception of the ruins of the Roman lighthouse at Dover the oldest of all existing structures of this kind. The exact date of the erection of this tower is unknown. According to an ancient tradition, it is accredited to Hercules, whence its name Torre de Hercules. Others say that Phoenicians, who established several colonies in Spain, had erected this lighthouse for their northland cruises. However, judging from the inscription, it is more probable that the Roman emperor Trojan (98 to 117 A. D.) erected this structure. The inscription also mentions the name of Servius Sulpus of Lusitania as the architect. The tower is built of ashlar and is nine meters square and 40 meters in height. It has six separate stories, which can only be reached by a circular staircase around the exterior of the tower. The lighthouse was restored in 1684, but at the end of the eighteenth century was again in ruins. In 1797 it was rebuilt by the Spanish government and still sends forth its beams.

FRANCE'S LOW BIRTH RATE.

Statistics show for last year 34,867 deaths in France in excess of births. The depopulation of France, states Dr. Varlot, the eminent children's physician, is not due to high death rates, but to low birth rates.

In 1862, when the population of Paris was 1,721,917, there were 52,312 births. In 1907, with a population of 2,728,731, there were only 50,811.

Germany, whose people numbered 60,000,000 in 1905, had increased to 64,500,000 by the year 1910. The German population is increasing at a faster rate than that of Great Britain.

SOUTH AFRICAN STOCK.

A summary of the returns of the live stock in South Africa as ascertained by the census in May of last year gives the following results: Cattle, 5,796,000; horses, 719,000; mules, 93,000; asses, 336,000; ostriches, 746,000; woolled sheep, 21,482,000; other sheep, 8,814,000; angora goats, 5,257,000; other goats, 7,487,000. The Cape Province supplies by far the principal proportion of these figures, viz.: 2,715,000 cattle, 339,999 horses, 728,000 ostriches, 11,051,000 woolled sheep, 6,082,000 other sheep, 3,340,000 angoras, and 4,613,000 other goats.

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