

formed from natural plants, are the initials 'M. A. R.' Every evening at 5 o'clock the electric current is turned on and the burial place of the young wife and mother becomes a softly lighted bower of beauty. The remarkable decoration of the grave is the tribute of Dr. F. W. Rolling to the memory of his wife. On the last Christmas of her life Mrs. Rolling helped her husband decorate a tree for their little boy, then eight years old. It had been their custom to do this every Christmas. After her death the boy said to his grief-stricken father: 'Papa, we can't have a tree next Christmas without mamma, can we?' The idea then occurred to Dr. Rolling of placing the tree at the grave."

THE DEATH of Mrs. William Hunter Doll at Hiattsville, Md., revives an interesting story involving political rivalry growing out of social snubs. Mrs. Doll was formerly the widow of Senator Cushman K. Davis of Minnesota. The Washington correspondent for the New York World tells this story: "Mrs. Doll, since her last marriage, had lived quietly on the Maryland farm for four years, with her husband, who was a lawyer of this city, mingling but little in the social events of the capital. Anna Agnew described herself as a great-grandchild of Margaret Malcolm, a distinguished Scotch woman, and a great-grandniece of Admiral Poultney Malcolm, who guarded the island of St. Helena while Napoleon was a prisoner there. She became the child wife of a printer named Evans, but she divorced him in 1878, and, to support herself, entered the household of Governor Cushman K. Davis of Minnesota, as a seamstress. Within a few months the harmony between Governor Davis and his wife was shattered. Mrs. Davis went to Kansas to live and a legal separation was followed by a divorce. A year later, Anna Agnew Evans became Mrs. Davis No. 2. Mrs. William R. Merriam, wife of a rising politician, was the social leader in St. Paul at the time. She was a devoted friend of the first Mrs. Davis, and her decree that Mrs. Anna Agnew Davis must not be recognized socially was obeyed implicitly. It was not long before William R. Merriam was elected governor of Minnesota, and his wife assumed her position as mistress of the executive mansion. The inaugural ball is the great social function of St. Paul, and when Mrs. Merriam sent out her invitations the former governor and his wife were excluded. Mrs. Davis was by no means crushed. She was a woman of striking beauty and superb carriage. She did not seek retirement to avoid the cold stares of society. One day she appeared gowned in white furs and driving a magnificent white horse to a snow-white sleigh."

GOVERNOR DAVIS was elected to the United States senate in 1887 and his wife, who had not ceased her struggle for social recognition in the northwest, carried the fight to the national capital. The World's correspondent says: "Mrs. Merriam's power extended to Washington. The wives of other senators, ignoring the social rules of the republican court, refused to make the first call on Mrs. Davis. She was snubbed. She determined to make a bold bid for recognition on the occasion when Mrs. Wanamaker gave a reception to which all of smart Washington had been invited. Mrs. Davis drove up alone in her splendid carriage. When her name was announced in the principal drawing room the fashionables withdrew silently to the further end of the room and stood watching the door. Mrs. Davis, faultlessly gowned and radiantly beautiful, advanced with a calm smile on her lips. It chanced that Mrs. Wanamaker was in another room at the time. Mrs. Davis gazed into the unresponsive eyes of the other guests, and the smile froze on her lips. At this juncture, First Assistant Postmaster General Clarkson and his wife appeared. They read the situation at a glance, and, approaching Mrs. Davis, they greeted her warmly. This action changed a crushing snub into a comparative triumph. Mr. Clarkson extended his arm to Mrs. Davis, introduced her to prominent women and men, and they were charmed by her tact and grace. Thereafter she pressed her campaign, and gradually society unbent somewhat. Senator Davis was appointed chairman of the committee on foreign relations and because of the social attributes of that position, the success of Mrs. Davis was assured. She entertained lavishly and became a central figure in the diplomat and official life of Washington. Such was her standing when President McKinley was elected in 1896 and set about to select his cabinet. He tentatively decided on offering the portfolio of war

secretary to William R. Merriam. Senator Davis, inspired by his wife, advised President McKinley that Merriam must not be honored in any way. Senator Davis was so powerful that his wishes must be consulted. Vice President Hobart and Senator Hanna tried to smooth things over, but Senator Davis—that is, Mrs. Davis—was unrelenting. It was her hour of triumph for the slights imposed by Mrs. Merriam in former days. Washington was stirred by a struggle which was continued when Mrs. Merriam came to Washington to make her home. Mrs. Davis assisted Mrs. McKinley at the New Year's reception of 1899. Mrs. Merriam assisted Mrs. Hobart at the vice president's reception. The feud was continued until January 19, 1899, when Mrs. Davis gave one of her famous receptions. Mrs. Merriam capitulated. She attended the function with Ali Ferrough Bey, and was received graciously by the hostess. The feud was ended. Governor Merriam was appointed director of the census. Senator Davis died on November 27, 1900, from blood poisoning. While campaigning in Maine he suffered a slight abrasion of the foot. The dye from his silk hose infected the wound and septicemia resulted. Mrs. Davis was married to Hunter Doll on July 29, 1903."

A WASHINGTON dispatch to the Chicago Record-Herald follows: "Carleton D. Hazard, a wealthy Virginian, who lives on a thirty-acre suburban tract near Rock Creek Park, where his young daughter takes daily rides, has sent the following letter to the president: 'Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, Washington, D. C.—Sir: My little daughter Martha, fourteen years old, came home about two weeks ago from a horse-back ride, crying, and stated that she had been accosted by you while riding in Rock Creek Park. She informs me that she unexpectedly came upon your party and guard and not wishing to pass you, she simply rode slowly back of you until she should come to the road that would lead her toward home, whereupon you turned on her and asked her if she did not think she had followed you long enough and ordered her to take a side road, which would have led her away from home. She refused to do this, and promptly told you she would take the other road, which led her toward her home, and did so. I notice from an article in the Evening Star of this city that you angrily turned upon some college girls, knocking the foot of one of the young ladies from the stirrup and at the same time striking her horse with your crop for passing you. Did you expect my little daughter to dismount upon meeting you? I can not comprehend how a gentleman could accost young girls unprotected on a public road with fits of anger. As for my little girl, she shall take her rides as usual, and if she should be so unfortunate as to meet you again, I feel confident that this communication from me will be sufficient to assure her safety hereafter.—Carleton B. Hazard.' In forwarding this letter Mr. Hazard addressed it to Mr. Roosevelt, as an individual and not as president of the United States."

MRS. MARY ELLEN LEASE of Kansas was, for many years, famous as a leader of the populist party and as a public speaker of ability. Some one called her "the political carrier pigeon of the Sunflower state." But Henry D. Estabrook now of New York, formerly of Omaha, and famous the country over as an orator, declared—after listening to one of Mrs. Lease's speeches—that she was "a Patrick Henry in petticoats." Mrs. Lease visited New York recently and the New York Herald says: "Mrs. Lease is now appearing under the direction of the lecture bureau of the department of education as a lecturer in the public schools of this city. She recently lectured at public school No. 64, at Tenth street and Avenue B 'on America and the Americans.' Her talk was of a patriotic nature, and in her speech there was little to identify her as the same woman who turned the politics of Kansas upside down, who made and unmade senators and representatives, who caused the supreme court of her state to reverse its decision on the mortgage tax law. That the United States is facing new problems and is in the midst of an era when the question as to whether this nation will continue as a republic or follow in the footsteps of so many ancient governments, that labor saving machines have proved a menace and that the bread line is a disgrace to modern civilization were some of the things discussed by Mrs. Lease. She

talked of the Star Spangled Banner, of 'the boundless prairies of the west,' of the 'nation's great undeveloped wealth,' and of 'Kansas' inexhaustible supply of salt.' As a whole, her lecture was such as would be expected in a school room. 'Oh, I've toned down in my old age,' she told a reporter for the Herald after the lecture, 'but I feel as strongly on reform issues as I did years ago. This, however, is a conservative age, and I find that it is not best to be too radical. Then, too, it would not be proper to discuss such things in a school room.'

THE KANSAS City Post is responsible for this story, which appears as a dispatch from Hardy, Ark., and which the Post says could only happen in Arkansas: "Mrs. Maud Pepon, wife of Henry Pepon, a farmer on Blue Clay creek, got up this morning and at once proceeded to search her husband's pantaloons, as was her usual custom, but instead of finding the customary collection of small change she grasped a giant bullfrog. Her wild shriek awakened her husband, who leaped from his bed, intending to tell her it was a joke, but she already had rushed out of the door and into the adjoining woods, still screaming in her fright. Pepon pursued her and both might have been running yet had not their wild flight been suddenly halted by a big black bear rushing ferociously at them from the opposite direction. The Pepons whirled instantly and rushed for their dwelling, the bear after them and gaining in the run. Just as they neared the clearing they noticed that their house was on fire, probably due to overturning a kerosene lamp in their hasty exit. In order to escape the bear both jumped into a well from which they were rescued, more dead than alive after neighbors shot the bear. The dwelling was burned to ashes. Pepon is too excited to admit that he put the frog in his pocket to break his wife of bad habits. He, however, has coined a moral like this: 'It is cheaper to let your wife search your pockets than to scare her with a bullfrog.'

IN AN EDITORIAL entitled "Be Just to Bryan," the Houston (Texas) Post says: "There are quite a number of southern contemporaries that are not exhibiting the proper strain of courtesy to Mr. Bryan. They are either assuming that he intends to be a candidate in 1912 or ridiculing him for the purpose of preventing his candidacy. No one is justified in assuming that Mr. Bryan wants the nomination in 1912. Still less is ridicule warranted. Mr. Bryan deserves nothing but the kindly regard of the democratic party. He has done everything in his power to lead it to success and though he failed of election, no fair-minded man will say that he has not given a tremendous impetus to reform. His recent canvass was in many respects the greatest of our history. In its loftiness of tone, its earnestness, its patriotism, its intelligence, its eloquence, it has never been surpassed, and nothing happened to lower him in the esteem of his countrymen. Mr. Bryan is not seeking another nomination. He has returned to his place in the ranks to labor with other democrats for the upbuilding of the party and for the assertion of democratic principles. The proper course for democratic newspapers to pursue is to co-operate with him in the great work which must be carried on for the next three years, leaving the question of the candidate to 1912. It can do no good to wound Mr. Bryan's millions of friends by attacking him in an unwarranted manner or ridiculing him as a perpetual candidate. It would have been impossible to nominate Mr. Bryan this year if the democratic masses had not desired his nomination, and it will be impossible to nominate him in 1912 if the democrats do not want him. If conditions then suggest that Mr. Bryan's nomination would not be advisable, Mr. Bryan is not a man to force himself upon the party. On the contrary, he would be the first to advise the selection of another candidate. Those who intimate that Mr. Bryan intends to be a perpetual candidate, not in the expectation of winning, but merely to advertise his private business simply perpetrate a libel upon him, and insult his friends, with the result of creating discord where harmony is needed. In 1912, it will be time enough for these newspapers to urge the claims of other candidates and they can do this without attacking Mr. Bryan. All of us will know more about the situation then than now and the Post feels sure that Mr. Bryan will be ready then as always to give the ticket his loyal support."