

# THE CANDID FRIEND

An Independent Review of Men and Things That Figure in the Contemporary Life of California

By Edward F. Cahill



WHENEVER I see David Starr Jordan quoted in the newspapers I feel impelled to apply the methods of the higher criticism to the stuff, for the fact is that the learned president of Stanford is pursued by a demon reporter who takes malignant pleasure in making Dr. Jordan talk the most egregious nonsense for publication. It is mostly on the subjects of eugenics and heredity that this foul fiend puts over his own silly stuff on the doctor and leaves him gasping with surprise and indignation.

Not very long ago this printers' devil captured Dr. Jordan at Salt Lake city and attributed to him, an assortment of strange plans for "burbanking" the human race that made a lot of trouble for me before I could get the thing straightened out so that Dr. Jordan was set right before an astonished world.



## SAN FRANCISCO CRUSADERS

Now it seems that Dr. Jordan has discovered in San Francisco and the neighboring counties certain descendants of the crusaders. They mostly belong to "our set" and their joint and several pedigrees are vouched for by Dr. Jordan, running back to the Domesday book. All these, our neighbors, show the blood of the Plantagenet kings, dukes and other crusaders, although you might not suspect it, and here they are, misnamings and mistittlings and all, exactly as set forth by the demon reporter on the supposed authority of Dr. Jordan:

SAN FRANCISCO		OAKLAND	
Patrick Calhoun	Mrs. John C. Adams	Mrs. W. H. Creed	
Mrs. Garret McEnerney	Mrs. Edwin White Newhall	C. S. Green	
James Ward Keeney	BERKELEY		
Mrs. Millard Chamberlain	Mrs. Nathan Cole Jr.		
Leontine Spotts Blakeman	Boutwell Dunlap		
Mrs. E. H. Simons	ALAMEDA		
Henry Byron Phillips	Mrs. Lida L. Gillogly		
Samuel Hubbard	Mrs. Harvey Darnel		
Mrs. Frederick Nickerson	SEBASTOPOLE		
Woods	Mrs. Fred Woodworth		
Maria Freeman Gray	HILLSBOROUGH		
Miss Louisa McKinstry	Mrs. J. J. Funsten		
J. C. McKinstry	SAN JOSE		
Mrs. Sydney M. Van Wyck	Mrs. W. J. Ashburner		
Mrs. A. J. Raiston	Mrs. Selden S. Wright		
Mrs. W. J. Ashburner	Mrs. W. T. Bagget		
Mrs. Selden S. Wright	PALO ALTO		
Mrs. W. T. Bagget	Percival C. Wilbur		
Mrs. Peter Lansing Wheeler	Sarah Louise Kimball		
Roberta Thompson	REDWOOD CITY		
William Henry Thomas Hule	Rev. George A. Merrill		
Mrs. Harriet Dudley Chapman	E. Bourk Holladay		
Mrs. Arthur Dudley Cross	Mrs. Walter D. Mansfield		
E. Bourk Holladay	Walter E. Dennison		
Mrs. Walter D. Mansfield	LOS ANGELES		
Walter E. Dennison	Orra E. Monnett		

## A BOMBSHELL, PERHAPS

These eminent and distinguished folk are introduced to us in this wise by the evil one:  
Down at Carmel by the Sea, where poets weave thoughts of fancy and painters mix their oils, Dr. David Starr Jordan is preparing a bombshell.  
When the bombshell, in the shape of a little book, has been finished with loving care and tossed on the world a hole will be blasted in that world's opinion of itself, and a riot will result, such as Carmel never dreamed of.

Just why Dr. Jordan should be described as a bomb thrower because he has amused himself for scientific purposes by spelling out real or supposed genealogies is not very clearly explained. This industry of ancestor chasing is commonly pursued with profitable results and not very reputable methods by the professionals, of whom Dr. Jordan is not one. In fact, these so called "royal descents" are an established article of commerce on the other side of the pond. The trade flourishes wherever there are snobs, and I perceive that it is in a way to become an established industry in America.

## A LIBERAL OFFER

I have a lively recollection of a member of the Herald's college in London who offered for the modest sum of 20 shillings to trace my genealogy up to the Plantagenet kings. I was amused and delighted, but declined the offer, not because I doubted his ability to prove up, but for the reason that I did not regard the investment as worth the money.

The late Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster king at arms, made a comfortable living out of his book entitled "Royal Descents." It was a thick and sumptuous volume containing the names and pedigrees of hundreds of the descendants of kings. Bound in red morocco, it might be seen lying conspicuously on the table in any fashionable drawing room, and the book, wherever found, had an odd and suggestive trick of opening automatically at the page where the owner's name appeared.

## A COLOSSAL FAMILY

Now listen to the evil one again:  
As material for his book, Dr. Jordan has reached these findings:  
1—At least half the citizens of this country of English ancestry are descendants of one "superwoman" and members of one colossal family.  
2—Isabella de Vermandots, daughter of a crusader, wife of the duke of Warren, living in the twelfth century, is the common progenitor of the teeming millions whom Dr. Jordan stamps as the "fittest" of the English speaking race.

Here we are compelled to apply the method of the higher criticism to the vagrant fancies of the foul fiend. Of course Dr. Jordan never said that his superwoman, Isabella, became the wife of the duke of Warren, because

there never was in England or elsewhere any such duke or any such title. Dr. Jordan will thank me for setting him right before people who know anything of English history. Again Dr. Jordan is quoted:

We selected Isabella de Vermandots as a common ancestor to whom we would trace as many American descendants of English families as possible. Isabella is known to have been a woman of sound mental, moral and physical characteristics, and of a strain so virile that it has lasted in her progeny, down through centuries. That, by the way, is nature's way of purifying the human current. The progeny of the feeble minded die out like withered branches of a tree and the sound limbs spread on and branch out.

Isabella was a remarkable woman, and I have studied her life a great deal. She was the daughter of Hugh Magnus, a famous crusader of the twelfth century. The Plantagenet blood, of which she was, has spread itself throughout the English race, and is singularly virile.

## A UNIVERSAL ANCESTOR

Dr. Jordan does not tell us through his familiar that he could have done the same thing for the descendants of any person of note in the period of the crusaders. It is a simple arithmetical proposition. Every man jack of you, gentle and simple, has had something like a billion ancestors since the period of the crusaders, and so if you can trace back two or three generations it is a hundred to one chance in your favor that you can hook up somewhere with the procession of royal descents. The professional genealogists will guarantee you a full set of royal ancestors at so much per head.

## FLAT BURBANKERY

Dr. Jordan, of course, is only an amateur and has no genealogies for sale. His single purpose is to illustrate or suggest methods for burbanking the human race, and he therefore somewhat incautiously hands Isabella a handsome certificate of moral character. Indeed, a rival genealogist declares:

For a eugenic proposition I would never single out and mark Lady Isabel de Vermandots as a "superwoman." If this new word defines any qualities one may be proud of in an ancestress. Though she was the granddaughter of a king of France she was of questionable morals, though of distinguished lineage.

## NO SCANDAL ABOUT ISABELLA

He goes on to give ample specifications, but we want no scandal about Isabella, save such as may be necessary to illustrate the so called science of eugenics. Possibly even Isabella's certificate of good moral character was merely the invention of Dr. Jordan's demon reporter. No wonder he wanted a rigid censorship on all news sent out from Stanford.

## SOAP BOX CRUSADERS

Now, coming down to brass tacks, if there is anything in the science of eugenics and heredity Isabella should have transmitted her qualities to her descendants in Europe and America. She was the daughter of one crusader and the wife of another, but you don't find any crusaders in the list of her Californian descendants enumerated above. Somebody starts a crusade in San Francisco about once a week, but you don't find any of that bunch getting on a soap box and shouting "God wills it." Besides, they are all people of highly moral character, as no doubt Dr. Jordan will tell you. What, then, have they inherited from this dubious superwoman whom Dr. Jordan has mothered on them without their consent or knowledge until they saw their relationship exposed in the papers by the demon reporter?



## THE TRADE IN GENEALOGIES

The trade in genealogies has by this time come to be pretty well understood. It has always been a joke for the judicious and a device for picking the pockets of the credulous. Its method may be illustrated by the analogy of the stud book. There are, let us say for the sake of argument, one million thoroughbred horses in existence. All these have sprung from half a dozen or fewer strains. The record of pedigree has been carefully kept for about a hundred years. Now in the process of breeding, cross breeding and interbreeding the horse families have been so mixed that at the present time any one of the million thoroughbreds may be connected by authentic record of relationship with each and every one of the original sires or dams from which the breed of race horses sprung. The same thing is true of the human race, but the period covered by the genealogists is one thousand years instead of one hundred, as in the case of thoroughbred horses, and, moreover, the records have not been so carefully kept.

## DESCENDED FROM KINGS

It results that any man or woman born within the narrow seas that compass England about, or any of their descendants on this side of the water, may reasonably claim relationship with the worthies or even the unworthies of the British crusading period. They may not be able to establish the relationship by the record, but the genealogists will do that for them if they pay them enough.

Let it be conceded that we are all descended from kings and crusaders more or less. Some of these were rascals and others were not, but the breed has been adulterated, diluted or reinforced a billion times or more, as the case may be, since the period of the Plantagenet kings. Unlike the thoroughbred horse, nothing has been done to keep the breed pure. Dr. Jordan is quoted—whether correctly or incorrectly I am unable to say—as follows:

The mating of Mother Isabella's progeny is a step toward the ideal of eugenics, which is to apply the principles of scientific animal breeding or plant selection, such as practiced by Luther Burbank to the human race.

## MOTHERHOOD WITH A PURPOSE

In the case of the thoroughbred horse we know exactly what we want. We breed for speed and stamina solely and we care nothing about disposition or intelligence. It

is not difficult to accomplish this purpose when the field is narrow, but the complexity of human affairs makes selective breeding with a eugenic purpose practically impossible. It is not impossible to conceive that some benevolent person might undertake to endow motherhood designated to promote the breed of corporation lawyers or of napoleons of finance.

## THE DOCTOR'S PLAN

Dr. Jordan's plan is thus stated:  
True love, with the initiative of the individuals tempered by an understanding of eugenics, is far and away a better method of bringing about this selective ideal than a resort to state regulation or parental interference.

The program is neither sensational nor radical, nor does it hold out much promise of change from existing conditions. It is not at all reinforced or supported by the form of ancestor worship that has been turned to profit by the professional genealogists nor by the historical instances cited by Dr. Jordan. In fine, I am compelled to the conclusion that Dr. Jordan has been inspired to work off a huge and elaborate joke on "society," or in the alternative has been made the victim of some ingenious son of darkness out of a print shop. "A bombshell" quotha; say rather a Chinese cracker.



## A SNORING FAMILY

I may be permitted to quote a current newspaper paragraph dealing with the subject of heredity to wit:

"My grandfather snored, my father snored, my mother snored, and I have always snored. Edward never snored. He is no son of mine." These few lines in the will of Edward Arthur Bentinck Monckton, Baron Hetherington, have thrown a huge estate into the probate court of England and question the legitimacy of the succeeding heir. The late baron's nephew claims succession to the estates under the will and will also lay claim to the peerage. The man who for years has been accepted as the lawful son of the old lord has entered a caveat, alleging that the will is prima facie proof of his father's insanity. The case is attracting national interest.

Here we have a new genealogical complication introduced, and it might be held that the listed descendants of Mother Isabella can not have their claims allowed unless they are able to prove their own "questionable morals." The alternative lies in the conclusion of the disinherited son that this very madness lies.

## FIVE THOUSAND A YEAR EUGENICS

A modern tendency of eugenics as it is popularly understood is seen in the organization of the "Five Thousand a Year Club" by half a dozen young girls of social prominence in Los Angeles. These young ladies, headed by Miss Chrystal La Chance, announce that it is their purpose to avoid "the hit or miss marriages" that have been so often attended with unfortunate and unhappy results, and therefore they will marry no man who has less than \$5,000 a year income. This is one form of eugenics, although not exactly the kind advocated by Dr. Jordan. It is content to substitute a rating in Bradstreets for the dominie's vague selective processes and so reduces the science of eugenics and artificial selection to a naked arithmetical basis.

## WHY THEY MARRY

Nevertheless there persists the doubt whether science or reason has the remotest influence on marrying and giving in marriage. Few men and still fewer women would marry if they were compelled to direct their course in life by the dictates of pure reason. Marriage, where it is not a sordid transaction, is almost invariably inspired by emotion and passion. Accordingly that shrewd philosopher, Brother Mappes of the Fresno Mirror, foresees the future and finish of the Five Thousand a Year club in this wise:

The dear things! Why, they are merely bluffing. The girl or woman is always more disinterested than the boy or man. The girl or woman is always sure that she can "manage" some way or other, while the boy or man wonders if he can "make it." It is the season of good wishes and prophecies, and so we predict that the president of the Los Angeles club will marry her chauffeur, if she has one; that the first vice president will marry a \$75 a month bank clerk; that the second vice president will marry a \$50 a month dry goods clerk; that the secretary will elope with a plumber, and that the treasurer will—well, perhaps she will have sense enough to stay single.



## OF INFINITE VARIETY

Husbands are so various. What, for instance, would eugenics do to a husband whose wife complained to Judge Graham in this city that her lawful spouse was addicted to multifarious "joy riding" with other women? The dialogue between the law and the lady ran like this:

"You go and crawl into that automobile," Mrs. Fitzsimmons, some time early in the evening, and stay there. Then your husband will not be able to go without you."  
"But he came to the house with a machine last night—or this morning rather, at about 4 o'clock, and took our three year old baby with him in an automobile. After riding around they went to his mother's house, 745 Kirkham street. I didn't have time to more than half dress the child."  
"Had your husband been drinking?" asked the court.  
"He had," answered the woman. "And what am I to do if he goes out with the machine again to-night and takes seven girls, as he says he is going to?"  
"There ought to be a court of domestic relations,"

said Judge Graham, "where such things could be considered and if possible prevented. I wish there were such a court. It would be useful in many ways. But as it is, the best I can do for you, madame, is to advise you to stick to the automobile and trust to luck."

You ask for eugenics and you get a lawsuit.

## PANDORA BOX

When the sovereign people of California voted \$18,000,000 to construct a system of state highways they opened a Pandora's box of troubles. Able editors in the San Joaquin valley are keeping up a hot cannonade directed on the commissioners to compel the selection of this, that or the other route. Far be it from me to meddle in the fray or put in my oar to forward the cause of any of the combatants. It is sufficient to say that the state highway is a rocky road, for the commissioners at least. A similar wrangle is in progress in Los Angeles and Orange counties where two sets of noisy disputants are pulling and hauling over the question whether the highway shall follow the coast line or be located in the heart of the counties. The speculators in beach lots in that neighborhood want the road to boost their real estate values, and the interior towns, of course, demand that they shall be preferred.

## OF COURSE, THE MONEY DEVIL

I find in the Anaheim Gazette an entertaining article headed "The Recrudescence of Rabies." There is not a word about mad dogs in the stuff which is exclusively devoted to an exposition of the odious machinations of the faction described as "the coast line boulevardiers," as for instance:

The announced purpose of coast line boulevardiers to renew mandamus proceedings against the state highway commission seeking to compel construction of the state road along the coast line from San Juan to Santa Barbara, after they had given out the statement that no further action along that line was contemplated, seems to give color to the report that efforts are making to delay work upon state highways.

By way of further specifications these:  
It is not too much to say that the action of bond buyers in declining to purchase bonds at this moment is merely a part of the political scheme to set at naught purposes of the highway commission to build a system of roads throughout the state along lines best suited to the interests of a great majority of the people.

As might have been expected, we learn from these specifications that our ancient enemy the Money Devil is still conspiring against the whites, butting in to defeat the aspirations of the just. If the financial fiend persists in his refusal to lend money at 4 per cent when he can get 5 or 6 per cent on sound security, I suppose there is nothing to be done but to order another investigation.



## NEVER BEEN TEMPTED

In the column of letters from the people in the Los Angeles Express I find these interesting and suggestive observations contributed by a correspondent:

Noting the remarks of "Business Woman" regarding "Lonesome Women." One reason there are so many lonesome men and women in Los Angeles is on account of freak ordinances. If a man speaks to a woman on the street he is liable to arrest for assault. In the parks the women are fenced off to themselves. No mere man is allowed within this sacred precinct, and if he inadvertently strays within its boundary it is accepted as "prima facie" evidence that he is there for no good purpose. He might be a kidnaper, who knows? Anyway he is immediately hustled out of there by the majesty of the law before he has an opportunity to commit a felony by speaking to one of Los Angeles' protected women.

In sardonic vein the writer explains that "these goody goody people are models of propriety and goodness—simply because they never had opportunities to be otherwise."

Aside from the freak legislation there is a curiously malignant quality about Los Angeles politics. It hounded Arthur C. Harper out of office, drove him into bankruptcy and shortened his life. The current affairs of Guy C. Eddie, the city prosecutor, have developed into one of the nastiest scandals ever exploited in California, and this is true quite irrespective of the merits in conflict.

## OFFICIALLY AND UNOFFICIALLY DEAD

I find in the Sacramento Union this telephone passage:  
"Hello! This is the police station? We want a mad dog killed out here in Twenty-ninth street."

"What, another? We killed one there an hour ago."  
"No you didn't. It's the same dog. We want him killed."

But no mere hearsay evidence of this sort could be accepted, as the police blotter showed the report: "Dog killed at 1717 Twenty-ninth street." The dog was officially dead without prejudice to his sanity or otherwise and accordingly could not be killed again by the hand of the law. In the meantime a handy delivery boy came along with his ready gun and slaughtered the suspected animal unofficially. The Union describes the official killing in this wise:

Officer Bagley drew his trusty revolver, and, so the neighbors allege, shot at the dog four feet distant. The dog disappeared. Then ensued a long wrangle as to whether the dog had been hit or not. Officer Brown came on the scene in the meanwhile. Davis insisted that the police verify the death of the dog.

No one would crawl under the house, however, to see. Officer Brown loaned his flashlight to Davis while the latter courageously examined a part of the basement.  
Davis says he asked Brown to let him take his revolver with him, but Brown refused. Finally the police went away, insisting that the dog was dead, although the corpus delicti was not in evidence. He must be dead, inasmuch as Bagley shot him at four paces away. Besides, the dog hadn't bitten any one else while they were there.  
At any rate the wretched beast is at length satisfactorily dead, both officially and unofficially.