

Department of Genealogy and Heraldry

Conducted by Leonard Wilson, Editor-in-Chief "Makers of America" Biographical Series.

Obviously there must be some reason why a man should become the attorney general of his state and the youngest attorney general in the country at the age of 29—this is to be followed up by getting himself elected to congress, when only 32. Lurking somewhere there must be, I say, a reason, or reasons.

For the purpose of this little inquiry, we shall deal only with those causes which are plainly visible to the naked eye.

Before proceeding further it may be only fair to state that the subject of our discussion is Representative Royal C. Johnson, of South Dakota.

Just in a nutshell, the primary reasons for the rise of young Royal Johnson in public life, appear to be a pair of spectacles and a pair of twins.

The spectacles were his own and the twins were not. In fact the twins did not belong to anybody. They were not twins at all, only imaginary twins, but they were responsible in a large measure for their supposed parent being a member of congress and being the subject of this piece that we are now engaged in writing.

Johnson was a baseball player. He played primarily in college, but in summer sold his services for mere gold to semiprofessional teams in his native state. His specialty was catching behind the bat. Being a wee trifle near sighted he found it advantageous to wear a pair of nose glasses. Now, at first thought it may seem like a hazardous undertaking for a man wearing nose glasses to stand up and permit a pitcher to hurl balls rapidly in the general direction of his face. The people of South Dakota took that view of it, and marveled. Yet the facts were that Johnson, with his glasses on, was in no more danger behind the bat than if he had dangled his playing to such games as hide and seek, dominoes or drop the handkerchief. Because a catcher wears a heavy wire cage over his features, and even the humblest onlooker at a ball game stands more chance of having his face ruined by a ball than the man behind the bat. Still, it was the first time the people of South Dakota had seen a catcher wearing glasses, and they talked about it. Soon Johnson's name was a household word throughout the state, as the "catcher with the specs."



Then he set out to run for attorney general. His ball playing did not necessarily qualify him for the job he was seeking, but it had served to get his name up. Everybody knew who he was. Many took the view that a man who would catch behind the bat with nose glasses on, would be a courageous, upstanding young attorney general.

However, that alone would not have elected Johnson. The thing that really made certain his election was the pair of twins. He was out touring the state making speeches. What actually happened back home was the birth of a young son. Some merry friend wired Johnson that the son was twins. This report was taken seriously and went all over the state. Everybody felt so sorry for Johnson, and yet so proud of him, that all arguments put up by the opposing candidate availed nothing at all. People felt that a young man who was suddenly called upon to run for many new members in his family was entitled to their most serious consideration. Then the word got out that the twins were not twins at all. But it was too late to do any harm. The voters' minds were made up. They had determined to elect Johnson, and they did so, regardless of his only 29 years.

That was why he became the youngest attorney general in the United States. Having got his chance, he made good. And today here he is, the most boyish looking member of congress.

The reader who has pursued the story to this point now knows practically as much about Royal C. Johnson as I do.

Here is Vice President Marshall's latest and cutest bon mot: In the course of the Senate proceedings one morning he called for a vote on an amendment that was of such a routine nature that no senator had enough interest in it to go to the bother of expressing himself.

"All in favor please vote aye," said Marshall.

"All opposed please vote nay," directed Marshall.

"Very well," ruled Marshall, quickly. "The vote is a tie. The vice president votes aye. The ayes have it."

Senator Martine, of New Jersey, had a dog. It was not much of a dog, taking it by and large, but it had been a member of Martine's household for a long time and he was attached to it.

Later on, you grew up and acquired a miscellaneous collection of rods and reels and lures, and you mastered the mysteries of bait casting. If you became a genuine 33rd degree "fishing bug," you likewise took a whirl at fly casting. That brings you right down to the present.

Wake up! It's time to go fishin' again.

dog cemetery, intended only for dead dogs of high social standing. Martine went and bought a lot in that cemetery and gave his dog such a burial as any dog might well be proud of. The prospect of such a burial should reconcile almost any dog to having had his day. Martine's duties long enough to go to the funeral and personally see to it that the dog was paid every respect.

Today a neat little marble headstone marks the spot where the Martine dog made its final descent into the bosom of the earth.

Thomas U. Sisson, congressman from Mississippi, wears about the longest frock coat to be seen about the House of Representatives.

Having that fact firmly fixed in our minds, let us now go on with the denouement of our brief tale. Sisson had a constituent for whom he desired to obtain a promotion in one of the departments. An employe there in one of the higher up places died suddenly and Sisson assumed that this vacancy made by death might facilitate matters for his man. He went to the chief of that department and asked him to appoint his candidate to the vacant place.

"It is my policy," parried the chief, "never to fill a vacancy caused by death until after the funeral."

"I supposed the funeral was over by now," said Sisson, apologetically.

"I notice," observed the other man, looking at Sisson's conventional black uniform, "that you are dressed for the occasion."

A vaudeville performer who makes a specialty of getting himself out of straight jackets, handcuffs, and the like gave a special exhibition a little while ago at the United States Senate. After he had successfully wriggled out of the various tight places, Senator Blair Lee, of Maryland, made this comment:

"I have a notion to hire that fellow to get some of my bills out of committee."

John Gruelle, the comic artist and illustrator, bought a little place up in Connecticut a few years ago, so that he might work in peace and quiet, far from the maddening noises and distractions of New York. Now he sleeps in a busy section of New York to work in. He says the country offers opportunities to do things other than work—such as fishing, or mulling about the garden—and he finds it best just to remove himself from the realm of temptation.

George F. Burba, a Dayton newspaper editor, spent a few days recently in New York, and while there somebody asked him how he liked that big town.

"I care for it very little," replied Burba. "Did you ever think of this? Supposing you lived in New York and wanted to go fishing. Where would you go to dig a can of worms?"

"FISHIN' TIME."

From the Minneapolis Journal.

Fishin' time's here. Trout anglers have been at it now since April 15. On May 1 the open season on all under-water game, save the lordly black bass, began.

Fishin' time! Takes you back almost as far as you can remember, doesn't it? "Then" comes back with you down the years. Remember, if you can go back that far, "he first time caddy bent a pin for you, impaled a cricket or grub worm on it, and you angled gleefully from the bank of the little "crick" in grandpa's pasture. Remember how you babbled and chattered in tones that would have sent the least wary fish in that brook, had there been any fish there, away off up to the headwaters somewhere in deadly panic? Then, do you remember the next time—the time the folks took you really and truly fishing with a real line and a real hook, and made you keep still? You didn't catch anything, but whenever anybody else did, you had to be scolded for the noise you made.

You were about 6 years old then. It was a year or so later that you first went fishing with "the gang." Your departure was more or less secret. It had to be. In the first place, you had to play hooky to make the trip. In the second place, you couldn't have gained parental consent, even if there had been no school. The folks at home—foolish of 'em, wasn't it?—were afraid you'd get yourself drowned. "Drowned," you called it. You didn't get any fish that time, either. Next time you did, but you had to drop 'em in your haste to get through the fence when the farmer drove you off his place. Oh, well, you couldn't have taken them home, anyway. They might have thrown light on several little things you didn't particularly care to have brought up.

That was the start of years of juvenile angling excursions. Gradually the old folks—at least, you thought them old—came to consent to your going. Sometimes you caught fish; sometimes you didn't. But you enjoyed yourself none the less.

Later on, you grew up and acquired a miscellaneous collection of rods and reels and lures, and you mastered the mysteries of bait casting. If you became a genuine 33rd degree "fishing bug," you likewise took a whirl at fly casting. That brings you right down to the present.

Wake up! It's time to go fishin' again.

The Fruit Market.
From the Washington Star.
"Did anybody out this way make any money out of fruit last year?"
"Yep," replied Farmer Centosel. "The man that runs the store. He bought a lot of it already, canned an' sold it to us agriculturists."

What Embarrassed Smith.
From the Minneapolis Journal.
"Smith walked meekly up to the blouse counter of a department store and said to the pretty young lady with a blush:
"I'd like to buy a blouse for my wife, please."
"What bust?" asked the young girl, politely.
"Smith blushed a second time.
"Why, I didn't hear anything," he said."

And we—where now our summer bliss
From the stale tenements of the east
Stole fear lest we should come to this
And prove us brothers to the beast.
—Coard Alken to The Outlook.

PLATFORMS OF OLD MEN AND YOUNG MEN

From the Chicago Post.

Lacking in patriotism themselves, these "leaders" have counted on the patriotism of Roosevelt, not as an asset to him, but as too strong for him. Or the old guard may very easily name a candidate so weak, so timorous in his Americanism, that Roosevelt's progressive candidacy will be a public duty.

The contrast showed again in the two platforms. The platform of the republicans was aimed not to present the gospel of Americanism, but to "catch" four political influences—Mr. Roosevelt, the republicans, the progressives and the German-American vote.

The result is self evident. The preparedness plank is one on which Gussie Gardner and Henry Ford could stand side by side.

Is there any denunciation of the "pork barrel," against which every patriotic republican in congress has fought? There is not. Votes might be lost by it.

Compulsory military service is not mentioned, for or against, by the party that was built by the soldiers of the civil war, "Voluntary service," the weasel word of Wilson, is taken up.

Definite planks on army or navy, and the restriction of immigration, which follows closely upon both, is omitted save for a stump speech appeal on the "right of asylum."

Where the republican platform dodges definite reality, the progressive platform meets it. Where the republican platform stands for standing still, the progressive stands for intelligent advance. Where the republicans cringe to hypochondria, the progressives stand four-square for Americanism.

This is the contrast between the young men at the auditorium and the old men at the coliseum. In Lincoln's day it was the contrast between the young men of the west and the old men of the east.

It seems to us that the spirit of America speaks at the auditorium—and that it speaks at the coliseum if "things go through as planned."

Wilson cannot be defeated by a candidate who looks backward and is afraid to call his American soul his own.

Wilson's Foreign Policies.

From the Chicago News.

Much has been said this week by republican and progressive party leaders in denigration of the foreign policies of the present national administration. In view of the scornful declarations so freely indulged in it was to have been expected that the platform adopted by the Chicago convention would outline in detail more vigorous foreign policies than the present administration has employed.

The fact is, however, that those platforms, by criticising the attitude of President Wilson on various points, are doing little that is specific in the way of an alternative.

Intervention in Mexico is not advocated by either platform. The chairman of the resolutions committee of the republican national convention was Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, who has stood with the president in most of the controversies in congress arising from the relations of the United States with the warring nations of Europe. The republican platform declares "for the protection of every American citizen in all the rights secured to him by the constitution, treaties and the law of nations, at home and abroad, by land and sea." If this declaration was a slap at any one connected with the federal government it was a slap at those members of congress who are sitting in the senate in the republican national convention who voted against upholding the rights of American citizens on the high seas when President Wilson was striving to maintain the right of free navigation.

On the issue of preparedness the two conventions sitting in Chicago, especially the progressive convention, took more advanced ground than has been taken thus far by the administration at Washington. But the opportunity to discretely administer because of its foreign policies by the effective method of offering a definite and convincingly superior program was not seized upon. Can it be that the leaders of the two parties after all their derogatory declamation were not able to frame such a program?

At least it may be said that both parties in convention assembled showed wisdom in rejecting the advice of the men who wished to commit them to such policies as intervention in Mexico, an embargo on the export of munitions and other extreme positions with respect to the relations of the United States with foreign countries.

Saints of the Saturday Bath.

From the June Atlantic.

I would not say a word in deprecation of modern modes and a doubt it is one of our greatest blessings, and the herald of a true democracy, when there shall be neither a "great unwashed" nor a "submerged tenth." But, somehow, Saturday has lost its savor. Life is tamer than it used to be. No man in his senses would wish, in this day of Pullman sleepers, to cross the great plains in a prairie schooner, but the names of the men who risked their lives to do it are enshrined in history. And so I think we ought to build a little altar to the middle class country mothers who, in the face of every obstacle, kept the Saturday night bath a sacred institution, and handed it down to their children inviolate.

Forty per cent of the estimated available water power of the United States is located in the Pacific coast states.

America.
We lay and smiled, to see our sky
So blue, so luminous with sun;
Lo, far off, wailed an ominous cry;
We heard a thunder of footsteps run.

Under a darkness settling there,
Some huge and sinister wing eclipsed;
Smoke fouled the east; a baleful glare
Lightened beneath; and maddened lips

Took up that cry, while darkness stirred
And heaved, and a light shined thing
Bled, by the utterance of one word
Which bade a myriad war-swords ring.

What murderous shadow troubled so
Our summer dream? ••• The sunlight ceased,
A sick and fetid wind came slow
From the stale tenements of the east.

Brother to slay his brother rose.
The shambles fell, and from that gloom
Came the hoarse herald cry of those
Who blindly massed to fight for room.

Room! Give us air! A breathing space!
The sunlight and the land for all!
Each lifted up a stifled face,
And battered door, and beat at wall,

And surged against resurgent horde
For space to sow his little seed,
Lo, they would plow the earth with sword,
Strew dead on earth that earth might feed.

And we—where now our summer bliss
From the stale tenements of the east
Stole fear lest we should come to this
And prove us brothers to the beast.
—Coard Alken to The Outlook.

Pooh-Poohs "Yellow Peril".

From the San Francisco Bulletin.

It is queer that a man who sees how little unanimity there is among his own people, how little singleness of purpose, how many parties, cliques and societies, should be able to credit a foreign nation—as, for instance, Japan—with the very qualities lacking in his nation, and, indeed, in all the people he ever met. Yet this is a mistake which almost all of us insist on making. We know how good natured, how much wrapped up in self and family, how little touched by great currents, our lives are, and the lives of people we know best. We never think of our nation as a white peril. If we have a passion for organization it bothers us to see how far it is from being a peril to anything but itself, how it drifts and tosses, how its whole aspect quivers and changes under the winds of events. What we don't seem to understand is that the people with whom we are familiar are not a peculiar people, or different in any fundamental way from many others in other lands. We are a bucket of water out of the pond, but we don't realize our kinship with the rest of the pond.

Here we are: Bill Jones, Mrs. Jones, Fattie Jones, Cousin Henry, Uncle Joshua, Samuel Brown, Mrs. Samuel Brown, old man Smith, young Jimmy McWhorter, Sarah's oldest boy, Susie Gallup's little baby, Woodrow Wilson, Theodore Roosevelt, the postmaster, the man next door, the fellow who was around peddling aluminum ware, the chap in the street who tried to get us into a conversation about baseball—the United States is made up of just such people, repeated over and over again, and the rest of the world is only superficially different from the United States.

What does Cousin Henry want most? Well, he wants to get married and in order to get married he wants a better job, with a little more pay. He would like to be able to pay the first installment on a house and lot. He likes to go to dances, and to fishing and to camp out. He wants to be decent and kindly, so far as he can be without seeming effeminate. If he meets with good luck he will be a useful, modest, moderate, everyday citizen.

But this is not the only country that can produce boys like Cousin Henry.

Cousin Henry's talents and virtues, or their equivalent, may be found in some oriental breast, under some yellow skin, 5,000 or 6,000 miles away. They not only may be found there, but certainly will be found there. The laws of probability forbid any other conclusion. Now, we would not be frightened of a nation of Cousin Henrys. That would be ridiculous. And we wouldn't be frightened at Nevada or Arizona, although we know that there are a few very unpleasant people in those states. We don't accuse Oregon or Washington or even Canada of having evil designs against us, and as a rule we don't become suspicious of another race or nation unless it talks a different language. We understand Canada's version of Cousin Henry; it is so much like our own that we couldn't bear to shoot it. Germany's version is a little different. Japan's stranger still. We suspect Japan's Cousin Henrys of a tenacious and ferocious design to hurt us. We think of the Japanese Cousin Henry as going through a whole lifetime, giving only incidental attention to his family, his home, his amusements, his friends and his religion, and nourishing himself almost entirely on the hope of being one of a force which is to sink the American navy or subdue California.

What fools we are! Japan is no more unanimous than California. Now one faction is on top, now another, and while one Japanese is worrying over the land question another is hunting new remedies for cancer, another inventing new machinery for making cotton, a third writing a poem, a fourth painting a picture, a fifth playing with his 2-year-old son. An absolute government gives these diverse people the semblance of unanimity, but it is only a semblance. Men are as various as they are numerous. Among all the "teeming millions of Asia" there are no two who are exactly alike, or who desire exactly the same things.

The politics of the east may conflict with the politics of the west, but the men of the east want much the same things that are wanted by the men of the west; are content to live within at least as narrow a range of work and pleasure and do not, any more than we do, spend their lives dreaming of murder and conquest.

At meals. This is much the exception, however. The rule is that all alcoholic drinks should be left alone. They are not strengthening—not even port wine has the strengthening qualities in which so many have faith. Especially does he condemn eggnog.

Creosote and all other nauseating drugs do no good. On the other hand, as they disturb digestion and appetite, they may do much harm. He has little faith in cod liver oil and emulsions. He says: "It should be borne in mind that such preparations are merely forms of fat, and as such leave some value. The taste is usually disagreeable. Children often relish it. If they are underweight extra fat is a good thing."

There are no special curative properties in oils and emulsions. Personally, I have never prescribed cod liver oil or an emulsion. If my patients need increase of fat in their diet, I offer to give it in cream, butter, salads and in other fatty foods."

He does not think the indiscriminate use of tonics and hypophosphates is advisable. Serums and vaccines, of course, should be given only by physicians experienced in treating consumption. Inhalants often help irritated throats and annoying coughs. "As a general rule, the fewer drugs or artificial foods or preparations of any kind that are taken the better for the patient," he says.

Sanatorium patients rarely cough. They rarely take medicine to control coughs. If such persons can keep from coughing without taking opiates and other medicines, why should you and I take them?

the beneficiary of those who in every dispute between this country and Germany have unhesitatingly proclaimed their loyalty to the latter. That impression prevails because of the silence Mr. Hughes has preserved in deference to the dignity and isolation of his place upon the supreme court bench. It should prevail no longer. Mr. Hughes' tongue should be loosened. Mr. Wilson's Americanism is certified to by the enmity of those whose conception of Americanism is that the United States should become the virtual partner of the belligerent preferred by them. Mr. Hughes cannot surely be blind to the fact that the majority of Americans have come to recognize hyphenism as an evil and pernicious thing, and that no man suspected of being its candidate can receive the support of voters to whom a pure and unadulterated Americanism appeals as the supreme issues of this campaign.

Irish is somewhat like Greek.

DID YOU KNOW THAT—

The United States is carrying on trade with South America at the moment, exceeding in value \$1,500,000 a day?

New York is now the coffee capital of the world? In 1915 it re-exported 1,000,000 pounds of the product.

It is asserted that the vegetable dyes of Brazil are capable of development up to the needs of the western continent?

The Nicaraguan senate has unanimously ratified the treaty with the United States granting an extensive option on the Nicaraguan canal route?

One can buy cigars in Paraguay for 8 cents per 100? Men, women and children smoke them. They make them themselves.

The straw hat season in Argentina is from November to the middle of March?

"Tex" Rickard, promoter of the Willard-Moran fistic battle, runs a 325,000-acre stock ranch in Paraguay?

A considerable percentage of the "ivory" buttons in general use are made from the Brazilian ivory nut, which is the fruit of a palm?

Punta Arenas, located on the Strait of Magellan, has the distinction of being the city closest to the south pole, as well as one of the greatest wool exporting ports in the world?

With the liability of a Roosevelt ticket eliminated, the Eagle regards Mr. Hughes as the strongest candidate the republicans could have named. He will not remain strong, however, unless he at once destroys the impression that he is to be