

"THE NAME IS SMITH"

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

UNCLE SAM should ever call the roll of all his children, the chances are that more people would respond to "Smith" than any other family name. They'd outnumber the prolific Browns and Williamses by about two to one and the only slightly less prolific Joneses and Johnsons by about three to one.

Now, since Smith is such a very common name, it naturally follows that one who bears it has to be considerably above the average to lead distinction to it and to be outstanding among his fellowmen. The fact is that there have been plenty of just such men, as witness the fact that one standard encyclopedia of American biography contains the names of no less than 202 Smiths who have been famous enough to be included in its list of notables and another contains 230 such names.

From the earliest days of American history the Smiths have played an important part in making that history. For it was the doughty Capt. John Smith, an English adventurer, who led the little band of colonists to the shores of Virginia in 1607 and at Jamestown founded the first permanent English settlement in America, a settlement destined to grow into a colony that was to give a new nation its first President.

Although we think of Smith primarily as a soldier, the fact is that among his books was a treatise on seamanship that is a model of its kind. That was "A Seaman's Grammar, or, An Accidence, The Path-way to Experience necessary for all young sea-men, or those that desire to go to Sea," published in 1623. It was not only the first printed book on seamanship, naval gunnery and nautical terms published in England but it has also served as the backbone of practically every book on seamanship published in the last 300 years.

Just as a Smith was the founder and ruler of the first permanent English settlement in America, so it is appropriate that a Smith should be one of the 56 Immortals who signed the Declaration of Independence and thus become one of the "Fathers of the Republic." He was James Smith, born in Ireland about 1720, then an emigrant to Pennsylvania where he grew up to become a leader in the agitation for freedom from British rule. He wrote an essay "On the Constitutional Power of Great Britain Over the Colonies in America" which is said to have given "the first strong impulse to the patriot cause in the colony of Pennsylvania."

America's official national anthem, as everybody knows, is "The Star-Spangled Banner." But there is another song, an unofficial "national hymn," which is sung on patriotic occasions quite as much as is Key's stirring composition and it was written by a Smith. Samuel Francis Smith was his name and

of that name ever has been Chief Executive. But that doesn't mean that a Smith never has aspired to the Presidency. On the contrary, no less than four of them have.

Perhaps you think that Alfred Emanuel Smith, who won the Democratic nomination but lost the election in 1928, was the first and only one of the name who ever made a bid for occupancy of the White House. But he wasn't. Eighty-four years before New York's famous governor had shed his equally famous "Brown Derby" into the Presidential ring, a native of Vermont, was an active candidate for the high office.

He was Joseph Smith, founder of the Mormon religion in New York in 1830, who was driven by persecution first to Ohio, then to Missouri, and finally to Illinois, where the "City of Saints" was established at Nauvoo. Soon he had such a large following that both the Whigs and the Democrats began bidding for Mormon support and Smith began having delusions of grandeur as to his political power.

In 1844 he took the bold step of condemning publicly both parties and announcing his candidacy for the Presidency of the United States.



SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

Several thousand of the saints went forth to preach the gospel of Mormonism and to electioneer for their leader. But his ambition came to a tragic end on June 14 when he met a martyr's death in the jail at Carthage where he and his brother, Hyrum, were shot down by a mob of militia, who were there to protect them.

At the same time that Joseph Smith was casting an eye toward the White House another Smith was molding a new political party which would in the future nominate him for the Presidency. He was Gerritt Smith, a New Yorker destined for future fame as a philanthropist, but in those days an ardent abolitionist. He organized the Liberty party at Arcade, N. Y., in 1840, and in 1848 and again in 1852 was its candidate for President. He had three other claims to fame—as a backer of John Brown, whom he supplied with money for Brown's ill-fated attempt to free the slaves, as the man who, with Horace Greeley, at the close of the Civil war, signed the bail bond of Jefferson Davis, and as the man whose benefactions, during his lifetime, totaled close to \$3,000,000.

The next Smith who aspired to be a President was one Green Clay Smith, a native of Kentucky who served in the Mexican war, was elected to the Kentucky legislature and at the outbreak of the Civil war became a colonel in the Union army in which he rose to the rank of brigadier general. Elected to congress while still in the field, he resigned from the army, and while serving in congress was appointed second territorial governor of Montana by President Johnson. After three years in that office he resigned to enter the Baptist ministry, and in 1876 he was the first candidate of the Prohibition party for President. Thus half a century before Alfred E. Smith was a "wet" candidate for that position, Green Clay Smith was a "dry" candidate, and both to the same result—defeat!

The same fate befell the only Smith who was ever a candidate for Vice President. He was William Smith, a native of North Carolina who emigrated to South Carolina at an early age, became a lawyer and served in various state offices and in the United States senate. In 1820 Smith received Georgia's seven electoral votes for Vice President, which was approximately 100 short of enough to elect him. Eight years later he tried again. This time he did a little better. He got 23 electoral votes but one of the only slightly less prolific Johnsons got the job—Richard M. Johnson of Kentucky. Twice Smith was offered the appointment of associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, but both times he declined, thereby depriving the Smith family of its two known chances of being represented in that august body.

Although no Smith has ever yet been President or Vice President, more than one has been an aid to Presidents by serving in their cabinets. They began away back in

1801 when Samuel Smith, a Pennsylvanian, was secretary of the navy for a short time under President Jefferson, serving without compensation. He was succeeded in that post by his brother, Robert Smith, who had a rather remarkable record as a cabinet officer in that he held no less than three portfolios—secretary of the navy from 1802 to 1805 and attorney general from March to December, 1805, both under Jefferson, and secretary of state from 1800 to 1811 under Madison.

Next came Caleb Blood Smith of Indiana who was Lincoln's secretary of the interior from 1861 to 1863, then Hoke Smith of Georgia who held the same portfolio under Cleveland from 1893 to 1896. Another member of the family, Charles Emory Smith, was postmaster-general under McKimley from 1898 to 1901 and held over in that position under Roosevelt until 1902.

An exploring trip through the many pages devoted to the Smiths in any encyclopedia of biography reveals any number of interesting men and women of this family name. There was Charles Henry Smith, the Georgian, who made his pen name of "Bill Arp" famous with his humorous stories of the Confederacy. There was that earlier humorist, Seba Smith, a Yankee from Maine, who, as "Major Jack Downing" of Downingville" was self-appointed adviser to President Andrew Jackson, and aided in making some political history with his satirical letters.

Julia Evalina Smith and her sister, Abigail H. Smith of Connecticut were active and early woman suffragists, Julia becoming known throughout the country as one of the five "Glastonbury sisters," who resisted the payment of taxes because they were denied suffrage and submitted to the sale of their property by the town authorities rather than obey the law. That was nearly a century ago, in the days when woman's place was definitely "in the home," and long before there were "suffragettes."

Most of the present generation of Americans know F. Hopkinson Smith as a novelist and author of "Caleb West," "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," "The Tides of Barnegat," etc., but how many know that he also was distinguished as an artist and an engineer, and that, in the latter role, he was the man who built the foundation for the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor? And how many know that another man named Smith added the word "telegram" to the English language? He was Erasmus Peshine Smith, a New York journalist, educator, and jurist, who, through the Albany Evening Journal suggested the word "telegram" as a substitute for the cumbersome "telegraphic dispatch," current in those times.

The Smith family includes a number of great heroes and also some great rogues. Be it remembered that Joshua Hett Smith was one of the principals in the Arnold-Andre treason plot during the Revolution, and it was largely due to Smith's "falling down on the job" that the young British officer was captured and the plot exposed. John Smith, a United States senator from Ohio, was involved in the Burr conspiracy and an effort made to expel him from the senate for it missed by just one vote.

Down in the Texas Panhandle is a county named "Deaf Smith," a vast expanse of territory which per-



PREACHER SMITH

petrates the fame of Erastus Smith, a native of New York, who lived in Mississippi as a boy, then went to Texas while it was still the Lone Star republic, and became one of the heroes of the Battle of San Jacinto. It was he who, upon the orders of Gen. Sam Houston, burned Vince's bridge, the only avenue of escape for the vanquished in that battle, whoever it might be, then dashed up on a foam-covered horse shouting, "I have cut down Vince's bridge. Now fight for your lives and remember the Alamo!"

There is no such memorial (though there should be) for J.

diah Strong Smith, a New Yorker who was much more deserving of the title of "The Pathfinder" than was Gen. John C. Fremont. A member of the famous Ashley-Henry expedition of 1823 and one of the founders of the Rocky Mountain Fur company, he was not only the first American to pass over what later became the Oregon Trail, but his wanderings and his trail-blazing exploits in the western wilderness made him truly one of the greatest explorers of his day.

High up in the pine-clad Black Hills of South Dakota stands a shaft of white stone which marks the place where Henry Weston Smith



"SOAPY" SMITH

("Preacher Smith" they called him), the Methodist circuit rider, was killed by a party of Sioux warriors in 1876 because he placed his duty, as he saw it, above personal safety. A native of Connecticut, "Preacher Smith" served in the Union army during the Civil war, then went West, and arrived in Cheyenne, Wyo., at the height of the Black Hills gold rush. He held the first church services ever held in the Hills and became an outstanding figure in its early history as the "Sky Pilot of Deadwood," a career cut short by his death at the hands of the Indians while on his way to preach in Crook City, ten miles away. Another memorial to him stands over his grave in Deadwood, a life-size statue of him carved from the red stone characteristic of that region.

Up in Alaska among the rocky cliffs overlooking Skagway is a unique memorial to another Smith. It is a rocky profile of heroic size, naturally shaped and painted white to resemble a skull and bearing the words "Soapy Smith's Skull." Thus does Skagway memorialize Jefferson Randolph Smith, its mayor and boss in the roaring days of the Klondike gold rush, and one of the most picturesquely villainous figures in frontier history. A native of Georgia, Smith was a gambler in various Colorado mining towns, a "con man" of the first water (his nickname of "Soapy" coming from one of his schemes of fleecing the "suckers" with cakes of soap wrapped in \$20 bills), and later the king of the Denver underworld.

When he went to Alaska he became the big man of Skagway, but his high-handed methods soon got him into trouble. There was talk of vigilante methods to rid the town of him, but Frank Reid, an engineer, saved them the trouble. "Soapy" tried to bluff Reid, but Reid couldn't be bluff. A bullet from his gun put an end to this most famous bad man of the last frontier.

Another Smith, but very different from Soapy's kind, lost his life in the wild days of the old frontier. He was Thomas J. Smith, known as "Green River Tom" Smith, a quiet, mild-spoken young man, but one of the bravest who ever upheld the law in the West. He first made a reputation for himself as marshal of the town of Kit Carson, Colo., when it was "end of steel" on the Kansas Pacific. Then he was called to the roaring cattle town of Abilene, Kan., which he "tamed"—not with six-shooters but with his fists.

In eleven months Smith set a record in making it a law-abiding place which not even his successor, the famous Wild Bill Hickok, could match. But he met his death at last—murdered by two ranchmen whom he tried to arrest peacefully, and failed only because a cowardly deputy sheriff "ran out" on him.

One other Smith is deserving of mention before this article is concluded. He was John T. Smith, famous in the early days of Missouri as a duelist and land speculator, but the thing which most distinguished him was the way in which he lent distinction to that name. He realized that there are many John T. Smiths, so in order to make his different from the rest, he began signing himself John Smith T. and John Smith T. He was known to the day of his death.

As to other Smiths who lent distinction to the name—well, there are several hundred of them listed in the encyclopedias of biography to which the reader of this article is respectfully referred.

Jap Department Store Provides Cheap Burials

As a method by which the individual may bid a last farewell to the depression in an appropriate manner and his family be strengthened for its continuance, the Mitsukoshi department store in Osaka has organized funeral services which will only cost ten yen each (less than \$2.40 at current exchange). It has opened a funeral parlor which will provide burials at from 10 to 2,000 yen. For the lowest price a plain white

wood hearse in Shinto style will be provided. Its driver and his assistant will wear cutaway coats, and the company guarantees that they will be men of dignified expression. Formal clothes will be lent to the mourners. A carriage with red lining will convey the priests to the ceremony and the mourners will be taken in automobiles.

For funerals costing 50 yen and upward a woman attendant will be added, also printed letters of thanks, flowers and a number of uniformed funeral attendants.

Whose Fault?



When Little Girls Show Temper

A quarrelsome child is a sick child, mothers! A bad bowel condition means bad behavior. And it doesn't help matters to give bilious boys and girls some powerful cathartic that upsets them for days. When you see a coated tongue, dull or yellowed eyes, or other signs of sluggishness, there's always a way to cleanse and sweeten that little system without violence; next day you have a happy, contented child. This common-sense treatment is explained on the right;

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Judge Fella Fine

English for foreigners is difficult at best, but in the heat of emotion it's almost too much for them. Take the case of this Italian who was hailed before a police magistrate for fighting. In explaining how the fray occurred he said, "Thisa man, shea came to my house place. Shea slama my door wide open shut and

shea calla me evry name what I am and I tella her I'm another. Shea kicka my dog with bigga rocks. Shea calla my wife to go to h—l. I got no scare for nobody. I fight anyone twice my heavy." The next day in court the Italian inquired for the health of the judge; "How yah fella, jedze?" To which the justice replied, "Fine! \$25."

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CAPT. JOHN SMITH

he was born in Boston in 1808. While a student at Andover theological seminary he wrote the words of the song beginning "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" and on July 4, 1832, this song, to which has been given the simple title of "America," was sung for the first time at a children's celebration in the Park Street church in Boston.

Before attending the Andover seminary to prepare himself for his lifework as a Baptist minister, Smith had been graduated from Harvard in 1829, in the same class with Oliver Wendell Holmes. And it was Holmes who, in his class reunion poem, "The Boys," told in these words how this Smith had lent distinction to that commonplace name.

"And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith; Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith! But he chanted a song for the brave and the free— Just read on his medal, 'My country, of thee!'"

A Smith was the founder of the first permanent English colony in America; a Smith was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, a Smith wrote our "national hymn." In line with those facts, it would be appropriate if a Smith were elected President of the United States. But so far, no one