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Jim Jam Jems: October 1914

Sam H. Clark

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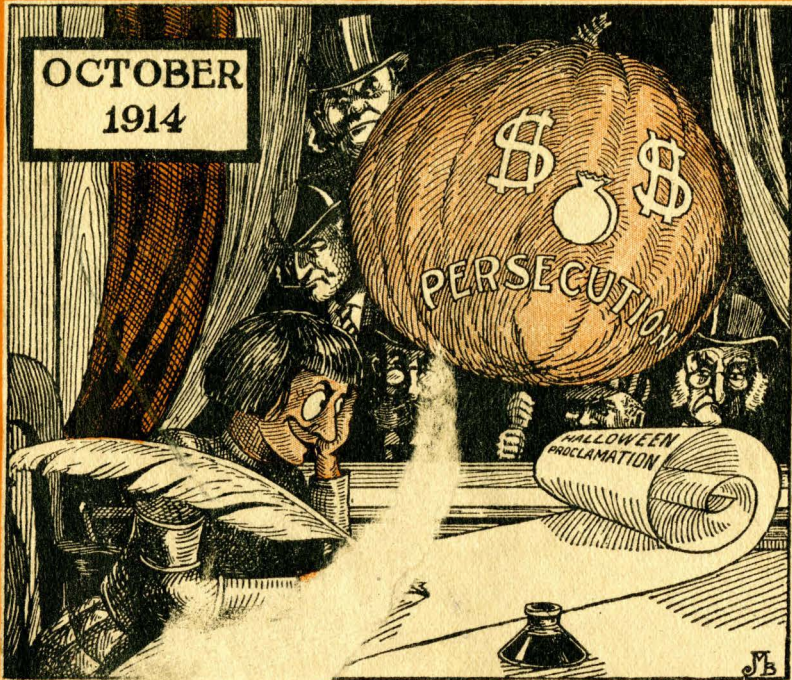
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Miss Olive Logan

Jim Jam Jems

by JIM JAM JUNIOR



A VOLLEY OF TRUTH





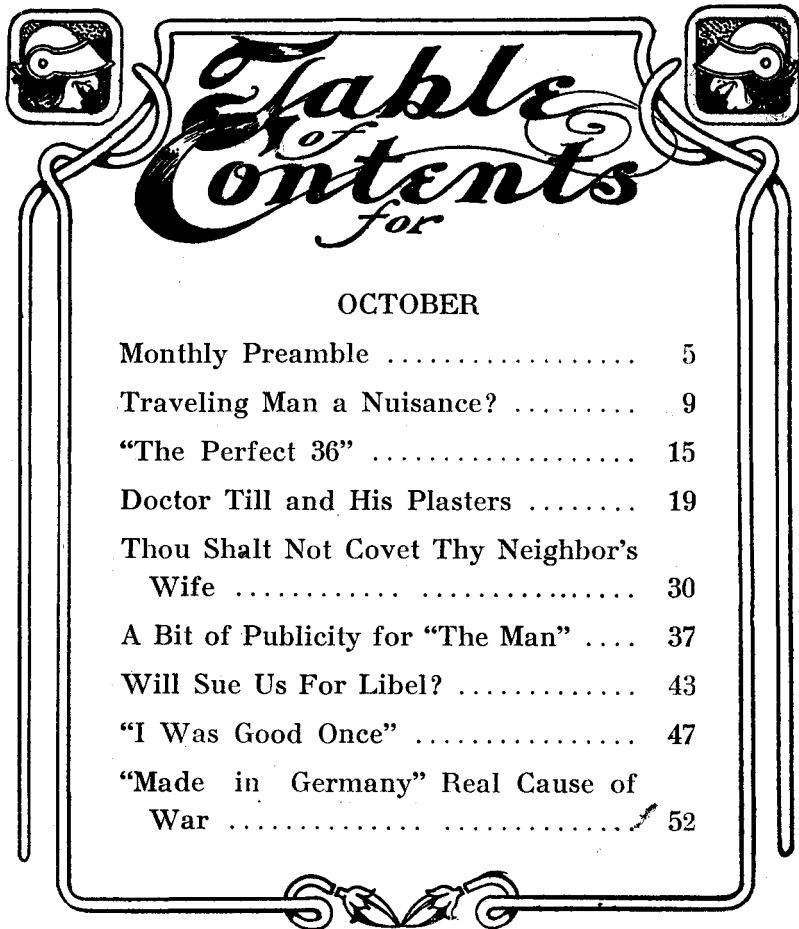
CLARK & CROCKARD, Publishers

SAM H. CLARK, Editor

Bismarck, North Dakota

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Olive Logan



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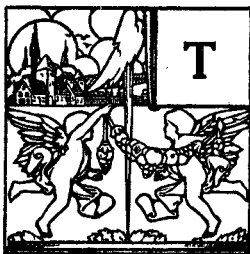
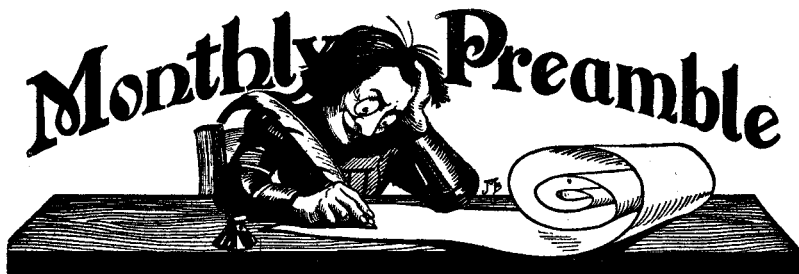
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THE "CENSORED" PRESS



THIS is a pretty good time and place to have a word with our readers. A great many people run away with the idea that Jim Jam Junior is just stalking the brush looking for game to slaughter. To be more explicit, they have formed the idea that we are eternally looking for someone to stick the gaff into, that it matters not what kind of a story we tackle just so there is plenty of opportunity for sensationalism. But we want it understood right now and here that we are not a maudlin mucker. We run into dozens of stories—stories that would be sensational enough to satisfy the most hardened old gossip in the universe—stories that would boost our circulation in affected localities by the hundreds—and yet we pass up stories of this kind every month. Why, you ask? Simply because there is someone connected with the af-

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fair that has not earned publicity, an innocent party that must suffer, or we find that some good fellow has simply slipped—lost his way—and is struggling to regain his feet and get back on the beaten trail again, and we refuse to make the road any harder for him. The week does not pass that we do not receive letters from various localities reciting scandal and urging us to give the matter an airing through Jim Jam Jems. Almost invariably the writer winds up with the assurance, "If you give it a good write-up you will sell a pile of books in this neighborhood, for the parties are well known here." Undoubtedly we could secure a circulation several times larger than we now enjoy if that was all we were looking for, but it isn't. When we launched Jim Jam Jems three years ago we announced that we would not cater to business in any degree or particular. We announced that we would not accept either advertising matter or subscriptions, and to this day we have kept our word, even to the extent that we have returned hundreds of dollars sent to us for subscriptions and have refused advertising contracts that would mean thousands of dollars to us. So the fellow who charges that we are simply after the money is up against quite a problem when he attempts to substantiate the charge.

From the initial number of this publication to the present day no person, party or creed has dictated a policy to us. We have maintained a thoroughly independent publication, have printed just whatever we damn-pleased and

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put it on the market for the public to buy or let alone, at its pleasure.

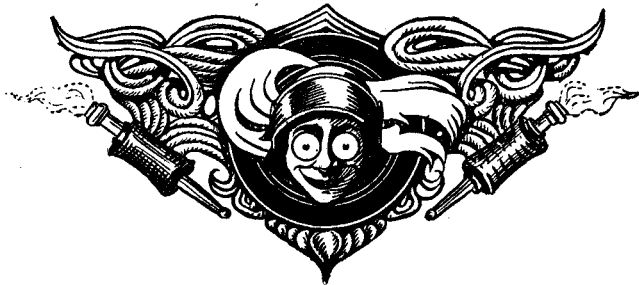
There's a whole lot of humanity sticking around in our carcass, and we have whole gobs of compassion and sympathy for any poor devil who is "up against it" legitimately. By this we mean the fellow who is a victim of circumstances, hard-luck, poor judgment, or the fellow who just naturally drops into a rut and slides along there, commits some simple offense against society or the law of the land and seems unable to get even one foot on the ladder that leads up to better things. The small criminal, society scum, the little evil-doer—we are not after that class. It is the big fellow we are after—the public servant who betrays his trust, the grafter, the hypocrite, the man who debauches young girls, the man who performs criminal operations, the fellow with the silk hat and the black heart—that's the sonofagun we're after. We've never written up a "good fellow"—the one who shows manhood and a desire to do the right thing when he gets into a mixup, the fellow who is willing to make good if given a chance. On the contrary we help this kind of a fellow all we can. It is the deliberate scoundrel, the one who professes one thing and does another, the fellow who believes that his money will protect him in immorality and law evasion, that gets his just deserts through Jim Jam Jems.

We had hoped to preamble this month along the usual lines, with hope and sentiment and happiness for our theme; but it is necessary at times to forego sentiment, for-

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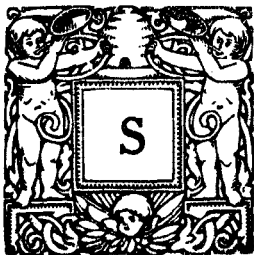
get the sunshine, and hand out a few jolts straight from the shoulder. We don't want anyone to hold a false impression with regard to the object or the character of this publication. We are here to publish the truth when publicity will result in good. That is all. So forget your petty scandals and remember that you can't bribe us to write up your neighbor's little shortcomings with the bait that our circulation will increase. We are doing very well as it is, and we intend to keep pounding along the same old lines, with faith in God tho' good or ill betide.

JIM JAM JUNIOR.



Traveling Man a Nuisance?

Governor Jim Cox of Ohio says
Commercial Traveler is Costly
Cog in the Wheel of our Busi-
ness System.



ATURDAY, August 15th, an editorial appeared in the Dayton, Ohio, News, which is owned and operated by Hon. James Cox, Governor of Ohio, attributing the high cost of living to traveling salesmen. After declaring the commercial traveler "a nuisance, a costly cog in the wheel of our business system, a man whom every sensible business man will do his best to avoid," this editorial continues:

"The art of salesmanship is a good deal of a nuisance to the public. It has come to the point where every business of any magnitude must employ a purchasing agent—if there is no purchasing agent somebody else must submit to innumerable interruptions of salesmen, who are unmitigated bores. If a man

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would exercise the first impulse of his heart he would kick them out of his office if they did not take the first hint. That the salesman escapes with a whole skin in every instance speaks volumes for the good nature of the long-suffering business man."

A similar editorial appeared on Sunday, August 16th, in the Springfield, Ohio, Daily News, also owned by Governor Cox.

Governor Cox is either a fool or a knave. Through politics or in a business way, the Governor has allowed his judgment to sour on the commercial traveler, with the result that germs have bored holes in his intellect and let his common sense leak out. If the Governor will just stand up for a minute and peek over the cloud of prejudice that seems to have enveloped him he will note that Ohio is one of the greatest manufacturing states in the union; a little investigation will convince him of the fact that Ohio manufactured goods are known, sold and used in every corner of the United States; and the exercise of a little common sense will convince him that the business world of Ohio owes its prosperity and its success—not to free-trade politicians like himself—but to the hustling, untiring, hard-working knight of the grip who carried his sample case of Ohio-made wares and goods into the farthest corners of the union. Without the traveling salesman—the "drummer"—who in 'ell outside of the immediate community where goods are manufactured would know anything

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about Ohio-made goods? Long ago the business-man realized the fact that he couldn't sit on a stump with a milk-pail between his knees and wait for some accommodating bovine to back up and be milked; he realized that it was necessary to send forth his agents to round up the animal and bring her in. The day has long since gone by when it were possible to build up a profitable business without hard and persistent hustling—and that's what the drummer—the traveling-salesman—is here for.

The traveling salesman is without doubt the most important factor in trade; he binds the people of the North and the South, the East and the West, together with the golden chains of commerce. He penetrates every city, town and hamlet, bringing the people of the various sections of the country into closer fellowship, into satisfactory business relationship. The traveling salesman has built up the industries of Ohio just as he has built up the industries of every other state in the Union. He is just as essential to trade as is the rudder to the ship, for it is he who guides the cargo from manufacturer to consumer. Across the barren plains, through the forests and over the mountains he has blazed the way and built the feeders through which commerce flows. It is not because some fellow down in Ohio fashioned a particularly handy and practical cork-screw or stove-lifter or some other article or device that resulted in building up that great factory in Cleveland, or Cincinnati or other prosperous city of Ohio. It was because some live traveling salesman filled his grip

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with samples of the article in question, climbed onto a freight-train, penetrated the interior and convinced the little dealer at the cross-roads store as well as the big dealer in the city that this article was a good thing, would be a good seller, and each day mailed back generous orders as a result of his skill as a salesman until the little shop grew by leaps and bounds to a factory and became an established institution that meant wealth and employment and prosperity to the community in which it was located. It was not because the maker of a cash-register located at Dayton, Ohio, that made the National Cash Register Company's factory one of the greatest manufacturing plants in the world, furnishing employment to thousands upon thousands of Ohio's citizens—employment at decent wages, employment in a decent way and among decent surroundings instead of sweat-shop employment—it was not the simple fact that a cash-register was being made down there in Dayton that resulted in bringing to Ohio millions of dollars in business every year through the manufacture of this one article or thing. It was because hundreds of traveling salesmen went to work with ability, with vim, with push and energy and convinced the business world that a cash register is a money-saver, a labor-saver, an almost indispensable article to every business.

This is not the first time Jim Jam Jems has raised its voice in defense of the traveling-salesman. Perhaps eulogy would be a better word than defense, for the salesman needs no defense. His work is the very rock upon which

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industry and trade and commerce have been founded, and the mad ravings of a political lunk-head cannot detract one iota of the credit that is due the traveling man. And we would say to Governor Cox that the traveling salesmen of the nation are the pulse-beats of politics as well as of trade. The United States Congress does not know so well as these men the condition of business in this country. And the tariff barons do not understand any better the effects of duties on the life of trade. Eternal activity, ceaseless competition and a sum to sum attrition of brain against brawn have sharpened their energies to razor-edge and quickened their understandings to the point of inspiration. They can scent a panic farther than any financier, and sniff the coming of prosperity in the breeze that brings it. The commercial traveler is the open and declared arch-angel of prosperity. The traveling-man is eternally and forever boosting the country through which he travels. He is the greatest asset that trade, commerce or business possesses, and if every politician in the country could be converted into as beneficial a citizen as the average traveling man, the country would be far better off in a dozen different ways.

The rewards of commerce are greater today than those of the professions. And the very best and brightest minds that commerce can command are "put on the road." There's where they are needed. The most stupid block-head may learn routine duty in a mercantile establishment, but the man sent out in these days of keen competition and

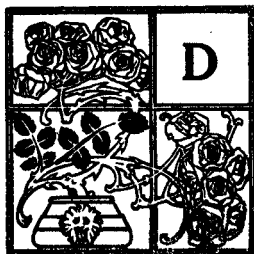
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close margins to extend trade, must be a diplomat, a strategist and an untiring worker.

Eliminate the traveling men from trade and the whole system which has been built through their energy would decay and go to pieces, and the old state of Ohio, whose people have been so busy with the trade that the traveling men have built up and maintained for it, would have time to sit down and wonder what happened to its business and then probably the people would quit electing sap-heads to the governor's chair and fill their executive offices with traveling-men—the best brains and brawn the country produces.



"The Perfect 36"



W **I**D you ever stop to consider for a minute what a powerful factor woman is in the world; what a consideration is given her in every avenue of life; how the newspapers cater to her; how the stores and shops, hotels, cafes, theatres, railroads, automobiles and everything else seem to be run for her? There never was a time in the history of the world when woman wielded so much power as she does today. From time immemorial she has made and unmade men and nations; but has that influence ever exceeded its height of today?

We have often thought we would like to have witnessed the scenes in the hanging gardens of Babylon, where swarmed the most magnificent women of the world, draped in gauze of silk and bedecked with jewels of inestimable value; or perhaps to have sized up the bench shows of beauties afforded by Solomon with his 3,000 wives and

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countless sweethearts, so that we might compare them with some of the turnouts of American Society today—for instance the “style show” which has just ended in Chicago.

While we are on the subject, that Chicago show must have been a beaner—to use expressive slang vernacular. The Chicago Garment Makers’ Association advertised that it would furnish gowns of the latest model for one hundred girls of the “perfect 36” who would wear them at the style show. The measurements were taken at the LaSalle hotel—by a man. A diagram of the plans and specifications of the perfect 36 figure was published in the newspapers of the Windy City, and called for a nymph of the following architecture: Head 21 inches, shoulders 36 1-2, bust 37, waist 26, hips 40, thigh 23, (just a moment please), knee 14, calf 13, ankle 7 1-2, length of foot 9, height 5 feet 5 inches, weight 137 pounds—or just an armful in other words.

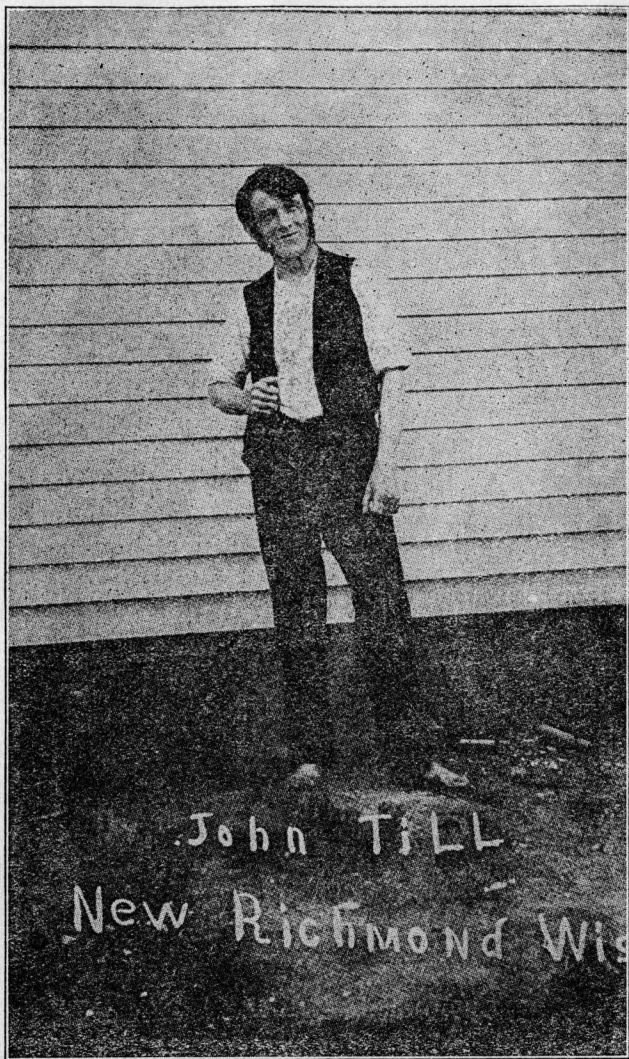
Hardly was the announcement made when there was a grand rush for the tapeline, and the darlings hied them to their secret corners, peeled down and took their measurements to see if they could qualify for the stock show—beg pardon—style show. On the appointed day three hundred Chicago maidens who thought they would pass muster flocked to the hotel and the man measured them ’round and ’round.

Can you conceive of the task of the poor devil who had to measure all those thighs, calves and things? How he fared matters not, but the one hundred “perfect 36’s” were

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selected, fitted out in the latest and gayest creations known to the dressmaking art. On the opening night of the fashion show these one hundred beauties, supposedly modest debutantes and young society women, paraded before the eager eyes of thousands like so many brood mares at a state fair. They advertised to the world the fact that they possessed 40 inch hips, 23 inch thighs and other perfect 36 requirements, and there were all kinds of oglers there to view them. There was the jealous fat matron who said she could have beaten those figures one day, the skinny old maid who couldn't attract anything, the wheezy, stuffy old stag who felt just as coltish as ever, and the young boob who wouldn't know a good figure if he saw it.

There is something about this stunt decidedly distasteful to the man who holds woman in high esteem. It commercialized woman's perfections; it made their sacred secrets common stock; it paraded each girl in a manner unbecoming a real woman and labeled her a piece of tenderloin done up in an attractive package. While a show of this kind furnishes fascinating thoughts for the hot-blooded man, yet would you care to have your daughter or your sister participate in an affair of the kind? We think not.



John Till

New Richmond Wis

Doctor Till and His Plasters



HE sauntered over to New Richmond, Wisconsin, the other day, for a look at John Till. Till is the "plaster doctor," and is known far and wide because of his supposedly cure-all plasters. We have had a varied and extensive experience in the past three years with the medical profession from the ethical and learned practitioner to the shrewd, designing and unscrupulous quack, but without any hesitancy we admit that we reached the very last degree in the medical game when we bumped into John Till.

It is a strange yet well established fact that sick people are gullible—willing to tackle almost anything that promises relief from pain and disease, but it is hard to believe that any sane person with an atom of brains would go against one of John Till's plasters, yet thousands of them do it. When we alighted from the train at New

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Richmond there were six buses lined up, each bearing a large placard, "Bus to John Till's." This was the first indication we had of the volume of business the plaster-doctor is doing, and inquiry about the town and among the bus drivers disclosed the fact that while business is a little slack at this time of year, an average of eighty persons per day visit John Till for treatment.

Till is not a doctor, that is to say he has never studied medicine and holds no diploma or license of any nature that would permit him to practice medicine. On the contrary he is an illiterate, evil-looking, uncouth, strange creature, repulsive to look at and about as sanitary in appearance as the average American tramp. In general appearance he looks like an experienced pick-pocket or alley-rat.

Just at the edge of town Till owns a large white house, and thither the bus drivers transport their passengers. The syphilitics, the consumptives, the rheumatics, the epileptics, and Lord-knows-what-nots, all congregate in the reception room, which resembles the caucus room of a town hall. The room is about 12x30 feet, bare walls, bare floors, plain chairs. The most noticeable thing is the odor, which is a sort of a cross between that emanating from the Chicago canal and the stock yards. Cards are passed out to the visitors at twenty-five cents each; these cards are simple agreements to the effect that in event the person undertakes treatment from John Till the latter is absolved from all liability should the patient suffer any ill effects from

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the treatment. After paying twenty-five cents for the card, the patient is requested to sign same and turn it in when appearing in the next room for examination. Between the odor and the card one would think that the average person would get cold feet and back up, but they don't. Some of them shudder a little when they behold John Till, but it is a recorded fact that nine out of ten people who visit the place come away with one of John's plasters on their backs.

Till's method of diagnosis is unique; yet when we stop to think of how many times we have stuck out our tongue at a regular doctor's request and come away with four dollar's worth of dope because of what the medical geek saw on our tongue, we don't know but what John's method is as good as any. He doesn't ask the patient to make his own diagnosis; he doesn't ask you how you feel, or where the pain or ache is, or if you are "ailing;" he takes it for granted that there is something wrong with you or you wouldn't be there, and he is shrewd enough to guess that the fellow with the hacking cough and the rattle in his throat is consumptive, the fellow with the running sores is syphilitic, the fellow on crutches with a limb all drawn out of shape is rheumatic, and the fellow with the scabby face has eczema or some other skin disease. So John just places his fingers on either side of the jugular and then tells the patient how *he* feels, not how the patient feels. You see, John claims to be a nerve-wizard, and by touching the nerve centers on each side of the neck, he knows

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just what is wrong. Sometime ago, Till was sued for damages by a patient who accumulated several running sores on his back as a result of one of John's plasters, and in digging up the record from this trial we found some very interesting testimony which was given by Till on cross-examination; the following extract from that testimony will give the reader a pretty good idea of the man's learning and his method of diagnosis:

Q. When people came to treat with you during March and April, 1910—what did you do? For instance, suppose you had a bunch of five patients; what did you do with them? A. What do you mean?

Q. Well, you took them into the operating room—you had one; you always had one? A. Yes.

Q. You had them strip their shirts up? A. Not exactly.

Q. What did you do first? A. I found out the trouble.

Q. Now, take these five men in the jury, in the first row, for instance. You would start in with the first and diagnose his case. A. Yes.

Q. And then the next, and so on down until you came to the fifth patient? A. Not exactly through all. I looked one over first and treated him, and then I looked the other over, and I seen if they needed treatment. If they don't, I don't give it to them.

Q. You diagnosed his case, and then, if I understand you right, you diagnosed the case of this man, sitting here, for instance, and treated him? A. Not if he don't want to.

Q. You tell them what they ought to have? A. Yes.

Q. And if they consent you give it to them? A. Yes.

Q. You tell them it will help them? A. I don't need to tell anybody anything. They don't need to ask. One tells the other what it will do; they know all about it before they come.

Q. Well, then, to shorten it up: When you have determined and they have agreed, as you claim, to treat them, you remove the clothes from their backs or parts of the body where the plaster is to be put, pour this plaster in a sponge and rub it on the back or part of the body it is wanted on; that is right, is it not? A. Well, they take off their vests themselves and a good many take off their shirts. Sometimes I help them; and I apply the liquid on their back.

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Q. Then you take a piece of cotton batting and sew it on the under-shirt? A. Yes.

Q. And run it down so it will keep the plaster from getting on the clothes? A. Yes.

Q. I show you bottle marked "Plaintiff's Exhibit A." If Mr. Stein received that from you, what did it contain? Smell of it and see if you can tell us. A. I don't think that came from me.

Q. Did you testify that Plaintiff's Exhibit "A" contained turpentine? A. I told you before it was turpentine in it.

Q. Did you prescribe turpentine for people who came there in March and April, 1910? A. I did, but it was turpentine but got different.

Q. In April and March, 1910, the bitters you testified to at the former trial, you got from Milwaukee? A. Not bitters—put up with bitters.

Q. What did you put in the b'iters? A. That depends on what trouble they have.

Q. If it is rheumatism of the stomach, what would you put in? A. Different than that.

Q. What did they get for rheumatism? A. I got it from Switzerland.

Q. What did you give sarsaparilla and bitters for? A. Weak nerves.

Q. Where did you get the croton oil you used on the backs of patients? A. In the store at New Richmond, Arnquist Mercantile Store.

Q. What was the name of the cotton you bought? A. "Apple Blossom" and "Queen."

Q. You did not use any medicated cotton on their backs? A. No.

Q. You used cotton that came in square boxes about four feet long, with so many rolls in a box? A. The "Queen" was put in bales and boxes about four feet square, and the "Apple Blossom" in bales.

Q. Where did you keep the cotton until you used it? A. In my operating room.

Q. All of it? A. All of it.

Q. Where did you keep it when you got a bale? A. I opened it up in the office and used it.

Q. You did not keep it in the hencoop and get it when you wanted it? A. I never had any hencoop.

Q. You did not keep it in the shed in March, 1910? A. No.

Q. When you diagnosed your cases for your patients, tell the jury how you did it? A. I did it by their nerves.

Q. That is a little indefinite. How did you get at the nerves to determine? A. All the nerves connect on the neck.

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Q. Which side of the neck? A. Both sides; on the left there are seven and right eight.

Q. Who told you? A. I remember it from a blacksmith in Europe.

Q. Did he tell you that all the nerves there were were in the neck?
A. They connect all with the head.

Q. Where do they lead to? A. Connect with the spine.

Q. Where did the blacksmith tell you the nerves went, the seven on one side and eight on the other? A. I don't understand you.

Q. Did he tell you some went to the roots of the hair? Where did he tell you the nerves went? A. The verbal or spine, all together runs in there.

Q. Where do they connect; in the back of the shoulders or top of the head? A. No, they go up to the head.

Q. What part of the head? Where did the blacksmith tell you the nerves centered? A. In hereabouts (indicating on top of head).

Q. Right up here on the back of the neck? A. You have to come around if you want to see it. It is right there in the back of the neck (indicating).

Q. Just at the base of the skull? A. Yes; what were called "Verbal" in Dutch.

Q. What did the blacksmith tell you the nerves were for? A. Every organ of the system got their nerve.

Q. What did he tell you the nerves were for? A. First nerve is near the lung; two on the left side and two on the right. In the kidneys the same.

Q. You just point out on your neck where the nerves run along the base of the brain, or where they run. A. It comes up in here and runs along the side of the bone (indicating).

Q. Nerve runs along the side of the bone? A. Yes.

Q. They lay on both sides here (indicating on each side of the windpipe)? A. Yes.

Q. So if you wanted to determine if my lungs were affected, you would put your finger on each side of my windpipe. When you determined and made this diagnosis of the two nerves running to the lungs, how did you determine they were affected? A. Well, they show inflammation.

Q. Let me understand you. When you put your thumb and finger on the nerves leading from the base of the brain to the lungs they show inflammation? A. If diseased.

Q. How does it show it? A. I got medicine to use.

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Q. How did you disclose that? A. I got medicine for that to use. I take it, put it on my finger and press on the nerves.

Q. Do you get a shock? A. Not exactly shock. What do you mean by shock?

Q. If you had electricity applied to you you would feel it; that is a shock. A. I feel all what trouble they have.

Q. That is, the medicine you take for examination works like electricity; and then that transfers it into the fingers and then you can tell. You take and put the fingers on that nerve and you press on the nerve with the thumb and you know the nerve is sick? A. I know trouble.

Q. What feeling comes, indicating the nerve is sick? A. It is the same kind of feeling from one patient to another.

Q. From what? A. Like electricity through the nerves.

Q. What is the difference between healthy nerves and diseased nerves? A. I use this medicine to transfer the electricity to my nerves to find out if they are diseased. I never tell a person really how they feel; I tell them how I feel.

Q. You put the medicine on the fingers? A. I take it inwardly, too.

Q. Then you take it inwardly; put the medicine on the fingers, put your fingers on these two nerves to learn whether the lungs are diseased, and you get this feeling or sensation in your body and you ascertain whether there is trouble with the lungs? A. Yes.

Q. You determine from this feeling through your fingers and body what the trouble is? A. Yes, sir.

Q. We will take a case where a person has some stomach trouble; how do you determine that? A. I feel just the same.

Q. Where do you go to determine the stomach trouble? A. That fifth nerve in the neck; you can count up, if you got any.

Q. I haven't got any; I know I haven't. Where is it located? A. Right near to the brain (indicating).

Q. Right back of the jugular vein? A. Near the main vein leading into the head.

Q. Do you know what "jugular vein" means? A. I don't know much; I learned in Dutch.

Q. You say five nerves reach the stomach, and the last is right back from the main blood current, as we call it, the "jugular vein;" is that not so? A. Yes.

Q. In making this diagnosis do you put two fingers, one on each side (indicating), the first finger on the big jugular vein; you take medicine inwardly and put it on your fingers, and if you feel that communicate

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through your body, you diagnose it as stomach trouble? A. If you have stomach trouble.

Q. If a person has kidney trouble, where do the nerves indicate that? A. It is the seventh nerve, the last nerve in the neck; it is the fourth and the seventh; there is two nerves on each side from the kidneys, two on the right and two on the left.

Q. And the first you find is the fourth, and the second that affects the kidneys is the seventh? A. The seventh is the kidney nerve; it runs alongside the spine.

Q. If you feel the effect you determine there is trouble? A. I feel it in myself.

Q. And if you feel it in the kidneys, the kidneys are affected? A. Yes.

Q. What other nerves have you given? You gave the fourth, seventh, fifth and third. What is the first nerve on the right side? A. Always for the lungs, on the right and left.

Q. What is the second? A. The second is for sexual organs, and the third is for the bladder; the first lungs, second for the bladder; third sexual organs.

Q. Third is the bladder, and fourth and seventh kidneys, and fifth for the stomach? A. And fifth for the stomach.

Q. That disposes of seven on the right. You say there is seven? A. On the right there are eight; they connect.

Q. You have seven on the right and eight on the left? A. You have eight on the right and seven on the left.

Q. And these nerves, these seven, are duplicated on each side of the body? What is eight for? A. The eight nerves on the right side for the kidneys.

According to John's sworn statement, he received his knowledge of anatomy from a blacksmith in Austria, and this knowledge forms the basis of his every diagnosis. But to push along with the story. John doesn't believe in the much heralded scientific idea of sanitation; he doesn't use medicated cotton or gauze for his plasters; he buys ordinary cotton batting in bales and boxes, the "Queen" and "Apple Blossom" brands being special favorites with him. He just stores this stuff around anywhere, some of the

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time in the woodshed, sometimes in the chicken-coop, and then again in the corner of his "operating room." "Rheumatism of the nerves," and "catarrh of the nerves," are John's two favorite diseases; but no matter what the diagnosis discloses, the same old plaster goes on the patient's back. The plaster is John's own concoction, but for the most part it consists of croton oil and kerosene. The patient simply squats on a chair from which the back has been sawed, John helps to pull the shirt up over the head, then he produces a pan of his oil combination and a sponge; the oil is soused on and then a roll of cotton batting is applied; the cotton is sewed to the undershirt and the patient is told to leave the plaster on for a week and sometimes longer. The plaster becomes active almost immediately; it burns like fire; and when the patient finally pulls it off, the skin is raw and usually large pustules form as a result of the plaster.

We have a story from an eye-witness who saw four patients treated by Till one day. One was afflicted with syphilis, another with dyspepsia, a third with rheumatism and the fourth with catarrh of the nerves. Till lined them all up on his sawed-off chairs, with shirts pulled up over the backs. He treated one after the other, using the same sponge and dipping it into the same pan of dope for all four patients. Of course we will admit that it would take a strongly-constituted bug to live on a sponge saturated with John's plaster dope, but some bugs seem to survive most harsh treatment.

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Thousands of people have taken John Till's plaster treatment; it seems to be a last resort with most of them; some of them claim that the plaster gave good results, some claim cures from the plaster; but most of Till's patients don't like to talk about it. The general impression is that the plaster "draws all the poison, bad blood, etc., out of the system;" and the average patient who finds his back raw and covered with pustules and running sores after the plaster is removed has an idea that the pus is simply vile matter drawn out of the system by the plaster. The plaster does one thing at least, viz.: it takes the patient's mind off of all other aches and pains and centres it on the terrific burning sensation caused by the plaster.

Till's patients are easily recognized; the odor identifies them to such an extent that none of his patients are allowed in the hotels at New Richmond. The clerk can scent a Till patient a block away, and "We are sorry, Mister, but every room in the house is taken," is what the guest gets at the hotel desk. There are numerous "boarding houses," however, which cater exclusively to Till patients, and it is not necessary to consult the city directory to locate them. "Just follow your nose," as old Uncle Nate used to say.

John Till and his croton oil and cotton-batting proved a very interesting study to us. Just why the board of health of Wisconsin allows the fellow to continue his wholesale graft we have been unable to discover. The old fellow is rich, of course, and can put up quite a scrap—with

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money. This may be the reason. Then again, the doctors certainly reap a rich harvest when Till patients flock to them with raw and pus-filled backs. Still again, Till might be able to bring plenty of expert witnesses to prove that he uses proper treatment, at least Till would be the first fellow we ever heard of who couldn't dig up all the "expert testimony" in his behalf he is willing to pay for. And the fact that he is not a licensed practitioner doesn't amount to anything evidently. The chief dictator of the Great American Medical Society negotiated for a diploma without much difficulty, and probably Till could buy one too. So, after all, guess there is nothing to do but let John continue to blister the backs of eighty unfortunates per day, while the balance of the "profession" continue to gouge holes in the bellies of all those who have a pain and don't take it to Till's plaster emporium.

Thou Shalt Not Covet Thy Neighbor's Wife



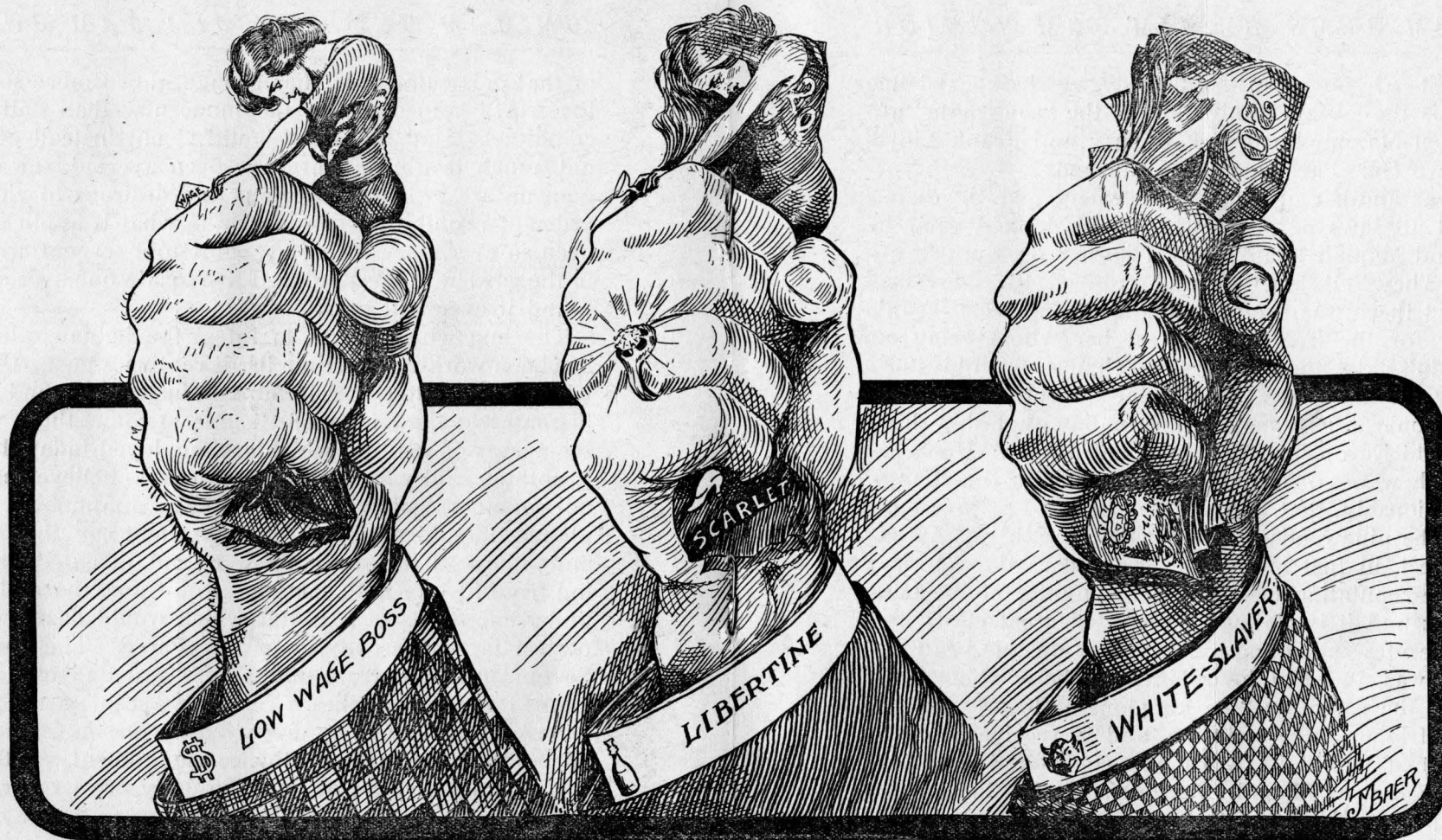
JUST how Mr. Moses, when he went up in bleak old Mount Sinai with his little hammer and chisel carving the ten commandments in a slab of stone, could foresee so much trouble in one subject, that he felt compelled to write the tenth commandment, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife," is more than we can understand. Of course 2,513 years of the young world's experience lay behind him, and the neighbor's wife probably looked just as good to the fellow over the garden fence as she does today. Having acquired a ripe old age, Moses had become harmless among the members of the social poultry yard, and was abundantly able and eminently fitted to give advice.

However, be that as it may, "Mose" was a wise old head, and knew what he was talking about, for the violation

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of that particular order has brought down more sorrow on the world—especially to the innocents—than all others combined. Had he said “shouldst” not instead of “shalt” not, much trouble might have been averted, for it is human nature to become curious and desirous to violate the order of prohibition—no matter to what it applies. It has been so ever since the slimy, subtle old serpent crept forth in the garden of love, induced Eve to slip one over on Adam—and it ever will be so.

The bug which seems to infest the human mind today has been working overtime in all centuries past. Of course, when Moses uttered that famous instrument and chiseled his name in the tablets of all time to come, there were not the agents of sedition which are employed today, but there is nothing said which would lead one to believe there were not romances galore in his day. The automobile, the telephone, the gilded saloon, the apartment car, the bungalow and other seductive agents were not invented, but judging from history both sacred and profane, those old timers pulled off stunts in sex stuff which would dazzle even the pertest tart of Broadway or gay Paree. This bug sunk Sodom and Gomorrah, undid Tyre and Babylon, and covered Pompeii in ashes. While in recent years no cities have been known to be destroyed by reason of their wickedness in the violation of this commandment, yet the world is overrun with its woe, and the daily press records many instances where the avenging angel evens things up in his own way.



EVOLUTION OF THE LOW WAGE EMPLOYEE

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The latest case on record—a tragedy which shocked the nation—was the awful culmination of the “soul mate” affair between Mamah Borthwick Cheney and Frank Lloyd Wright—two Oak Park people of Chicago.

But it was another of those cases where love defies the world and all laws of propriety. Frank looked good to Mamah, and Mamah simply had a corner on Frank’s affections. They fell together and enjoyed the conversation, in fact there was a fascinating spell and when Frank kissed her for the first time he set her whole being on fire; it didn’t take them long to exchange the old story of love, or for the serpent to entwine himself about their body and soul. Such was the infatuation that they hied themselves to Europe where they spent a year. Upon returning both were so thoroughly imbued with the charming companionship, that they decided to build a “love bungalow” in the pinewoods of Wisconsin. Frank was an expert architect, in fact one of the greatest in the country; enjoyed the reputation of being the originator of the bungalow idea; and it is claimed he exerted great effort and dexterity besides expending much money on this beautiful resort. It was an ideal lovers’ nest. Those who saw it referred to the estate as “the kingdom of love.” Only a few select friends were welcome, and to receive a bid to be entertained within its walls was considered a special favor. One day as Mamah was entering the diningroom with a number of guests, the negro chef, enraged at a reprimand from her, set fire to the building, compelling all

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to attempt escape through a certain window, where with an axe he slew six, and wounded three. First Mamah, then a little son and daughter, and three guests, fell; three others were seriously injured. The house was destroyed. Frank, who was in Chicago, hurried to the awful scene. It must have been hell—his hell—or hell for him.

Behold the result: The burial of Mamah in a pine box in the surrounding hills, without even the ceremony of a prayer; no mourner but Frank; no attendants but Frank, his son James and two nephews of Mamah. Silently, just after dusk, in speechless procession, the funeral cortege of four bore to its last resting place the mutilated remains of Frank's soul mate—the woman whom the world will say was wrong, but who gave her life in the discharge of the office of mistress to the man she loved. The rough-made coffin was strewn with flowers raised by her own hand. The cold clods of earth rattled cruelly upon the pine box, there soon was a mound and Frank turned away to face an unsympathetic world, robbed of the woman of his heart, his ideal, that being for which he had sacrificed everything—and the zephyrs of the "Kingdom of Love" now sing sad requiems over her decay.

In a Chicago crematorium there stand two urns containing the ashes of a daughter and a son of Mr. Cheney and Mamah. His heart not only carries the wound caused by his unfaithful wife, but the loss of two children at the hands of the negro axeman.

There was a funeral in three other families whose loved

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ones fell by the same hand, and three others lie on beds of pain in a hospital.

Not only has Frank Wright lost his own family and his home, his soul mate, his bungalow of love which was his shrine, but he suffers a damaged business, a ruined reputation and has enshrouded himself in a cloud of gloom through which, never again, will the sunshine of honor and happiness penetrate.

Is it worth it?



A Bit of Publicity for "The Man"



INVARIABLY there is a "woman in the case," and invariably the woman is the goat. If there is any publicity coming the woman gets it; if the man is poor and without influence he gets it too; but the fellow with money and "standing" and business influence, is pretty generally able to "fix things" when he gets in a "mixup." Virtue is supposedly priceless, but in the everyday world it is a very cheap commodity after all. When we first bumped into the facts which form the basis of this chapter, we were inclined to dodge the story, as we have no desire to bring grief to innocent parties. But the scandal mongers have been at work, the story is out—regardless of facts—and we feel perfectly justified in giving a little publicity to "the man in the case," for he certainly has it coming.

W. H. Cloud is a banker at Pequot, Minnesota. He is

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the cashier of the First State Bank. Some time ago Cloud was engaged in the telephone business as the manager of the Co-operative Telephone Company. Miss
..... was employed by the telephone company. (Here is where we reverse the usual order of things and give the man publicity instead of the girl.) Cloud became very attentive and being a married man there was more or less talk in the community. A change in the management of the telephone concern threw the girl out of employment, so Cloud gave her a position in his bank. He decided to fit her for the position by sending her to the Little Falls Business College. Accordingly Cloud went to Little Falls to make arrangements, leaving Pequot at 2:42 a. m. May 18th last, the girl being directed to leave at 11 o'clock the same morning. When the girl arrived at Little Falls, Cloud met her at the train and took her to dinner. He then informed her that he had to make a trip to Minneapolis on business and would take her with him and show her how people live who have the money. She consented to make the trip, because she had never been in a big city in all her life, and she wanted to see things. They arrived at Minneapolis at 10 o'clock that evening, took a taxicab to the Radisson hotel, registered as W. H. Cochran and Miss Nellie Cochran, Fargo, N. Dakota, and were assigned rooms 539 and 543, adjoining. (See facsimile of page from hotel register). They remained at the Radisson two and a half days. Over the long distance Cloud arranged with a representative of the Little Falls Business College to meet the

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MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Money, Jewelry and other Valuables must be placed in the Safe in the Office, otherwise the Proprietor will not be responsible for any loss

May 18 *Cont'd*

AMERICAN HOTEL REGISTER CO. - CHICAGO, ILL. U.S.A. Wash. D.C. Dist. Col.

Room	NAME	ADDRESS	Folio
441	Esther D. Purke	Bank Centre	897
111	W. H. Chipman & Wife	Duluth	898
909	J. H. Haskell	Des Moines Ia.	909
118	G. W. Brennan	M.P.	904
807	J. P. Hedges	Rondon	910
635	H. M. Vreeland	Chicago	911
154	James Halloran	Stacora	912
152	Frederick Ludwig	Waucoma	912
539	W. H. Cochran	Chicago	913
543	Mrs. Della Cochran	"	913
627	Mrs. Delany Mitchell	Medford, Oregon	914
811	J. Simpson	Chicago	915
	Photo By Golling - Hesse		

The Signature "W. H. Cochran," in Handwriting of Cloud

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girl at the train; she was taken to a boarding house and Cloud went on home, having accompanied the girl as far as Little Falls. Once alone the little girl had time to think; she realized what had happened; she cried; then she boarded a train for home, went to the bank, and Cloud gave her a position again.

While in Minneapolis Cloud and the girl were seen by two Pequot residents who happened to be in the city on business; the story soon leaked out; the girl was engaged to be married to a young man of the town; her lover heard the story, went to the girl and demanded an explanation; at first she denied there was anything wrong, and then confessed; the lover said "stuff is off" and quit; girl became hysterical, secured a bottle of dope and attempted to commit suicide but a woman at the hotel where she was staying at the time secured the bottle and talked the girl out of the suicide idea; lover sought counsel and asked what could be done to him if he killed Cloud; was advised that hanging might result; so instead of shooting the man who had ruined his sweetheart, he went to Minneapolis and dug up all the evidence of Cloud's guilt. Then the girl's father learned all the facts and he talked shoot for a day or two, but friends counseled him and the result was that the father served notice of a suit for damages against Cloud in the sum of \$20,000. In a short time the report became general that Cloud had settled for \$1,900; there isn't any particular proof of this settlement except the fact that the father paid off a few debts, bought a team of horses for

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\$500 or thereabouts, and made some improvements at the "old homestead." Of course this knocks all the melodrama out of the story, and makes it a plain business proposition of saving the old homestead. About this time some wag got busy and sent out "at home" cards to the natives of Pequot. We have one of the cards; it reads:

AT HOME

AFTER MAY 18, \$1900.14

RADISSON HOTEL, ROOM 539,

MR. W. H. COCHRAN

MRS. NELLIE COCHRAN

Then another funny thing happened; Cloud is evidently a good fixer. The original lover and the girl suddenly patched things up, were married and lit out for the west to make their "future home."

There isn't so much to this story until one stops to dissect it. The natural deductions, however, furnish much food for thought. A banker, married man, takes a young girl to the city, registers himself and the girl under assumed names; they occupy adjoining rooms for a couple of days, have a good time, and then when the story leaks out the banker satisfies everybody, the old homestead is saved at the price of the girl's good name, the lover is reconciled, and everything is lovely. It is a mighty fine commentary on morality when a fellow can pull off a stunt like this and get away with it. Virtue is a pretty cheap

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commodity after all. And some communities will tolerate most anything from the fellow who is able to pay the fiddler. But if there is anyone connected with this whole affair entitled to protection against publicity (except perhaps the girl), we have been unable to determine who it is.



Will Sue Us For Libel?



ACCORDING to a Minot newspaper, the federal inspectors who investigated (?) George W. Swords' receivership of the Minot National Bank, have presented the wily receiver not only with a bucket of whitewash, but with the bucket, the brush and the formula for mixing up more dope in case he needs it. Jim Jam Jems read-

ers will recall that just about one year ago we exposed the crooked methods of this National Bank Receiver Swords, and charged him with questionable manipulation of bank assets. Our exposure occasioned a considerable stir in banking circles and the government was finally forced to make some kind of a showing in the nature of an investigation. Inspectors were sent out from Washington to Minot (where they conferred with Mr. Swords for a couple of days while he was supposed to be attending to the affairs of the defunct National Bank at Billings,

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Montana), and after a few days the inspectors returned to Washington without doing anything, and Swords boasted to his friends that the inspectors were acting in conjunction with him and that he had "explained" everything and had been given a "perfectly-honest-receivership" coating of lily-white calomine, and evidently this is just what occurred through the report of the investigators, although no one has been allowed to see this report—not even United States Senator McCumber, who made the request and was refused the privilege.

The item in the aforesaid Minot newspaper also gives forth the information that since receiving his bleaching bath, Receiver Swords feels so full of amber fluid and vinegar that he seriously contemplates a suit for libel against Jim Jam Jems. We sincerely hope this is not a mistake—that for once Swords is telling the truth. We would welcome a suit at the hands of George Washington Swords, ex-cigar maker, psuedo lawyer, political hireling, protected grafter on National Banks, falsifier of reports to the Comptroller, etc.; etc. We can conceive of no more satisfactory way of bringing into the crucifying light of day absolute and irrefutable proofs of every charge of grafting, theft and subornation of perjury made by Jim Jam Jems against Receiver Swords nearly a year ago. During all this time, evidence not only of actual and proven theft of bank funds, but innumerable instances of falsified reports to the Comptroller of the Currency, have been accumulating dust and mold in the pigeon-holes of the Attorney General of the

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United States. This same evidence is and has been in the hands of local federal authorities, but the powers-that-be in Washington have failed to sanction criminal proceedings against proven dishonesty and in turn have cast a smile of serenity upon George W. Swords, whose petty thefts have been nurtured and cultured so long that it has become a government habit to wink at them. Come along with the libel suit, George. We welcome it with open arms and pockets full of the most damning evidence ever accumulated against a man trying to hold down a public trust. Trust! Hell! The term is almost a sacrilege applied to the acts of Receiver Swords.

But whether the brazen Swords puts his threat to action in a libel suit against Jim Jam Jems or not, he is going to have ample opportunity to explain all of his crooked actions in the federal court within a very short time. One of the stockholders of the defunct Minot National, balked, harrassed and stalled at every turn of the road for months by Swords' friends at Washington, is going to drag the receiver into court in a civil action. Then the musty and dusty evidence that has been kept under cover so well since Jim Jam Jems started on the trail, will be brought to light in a most annoying and aggravating way, and before the end of the civil action enough crookedness on the part of the National Bank Receiver will be established as a matter of court record so that the authorities will simply have to proceed against Swords criminally.

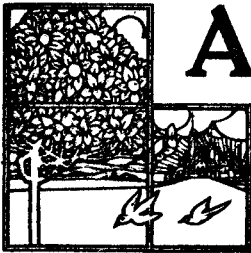
Jim Jam Jems made absolutely no charge against Re-

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ceiver Swords that cannot be substantiated, and within the next sixty days the public will be well acquainted with the doings of this wily "public servant."



"I Was Good Once"



A YOUNG girl appeared in police court in Minneapolis the other day charged with disorderly conduct. To Judge Montgomery she said, "I was good once, Judge." Just a few years ago "Bessie" was a good girl; the kindly teachings of a good mother had started her on the right path; she was ambitious, and studied stenography; she secured a position in the office of a Minneapolis broker; she became infatuated with her employer; remember she was young, innocent, and this was her first contact with the every day world. She fell; the rich man seduced her—ruined her; she became his mistress. The girl told her story in court, and this is the manner in which it was handled by the Twin City newspapers, the following being clipped from the columns of the Minneapolis Tribune:

"Eight years ago Bessie Morris, now living on Twelfth street south, was a good girl, she told Judge

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Montgomery in municipal court yesterday. She said she was then a stenographer in the office of a sugar broker in Minneapolis. She said he ruined her and that she was his mistress for the succeeding four years.

"Then he married, she said, without regard to her feelings. Sometimes she gets reckless and wants revenge. Tuesday night was such a time. She went to the broker's handsome home, in an exclusive residential section of Minneapolis, and pounded on the doors and screamed.

"No one answered and she screamed louder. Then a neighbor tried to calm her. The neighbor testified she attacked him with a hatpin, then became hysterical. He called the patrol wagon and said she fought so sturdily that it required four policemen to arrest her.

"Judge Montgomery sentenced her to 90 days in the workhouse on a disorderly conduct charge."

The reader will note how carefully the newspaper completed the identification of the girl—"Bessie Morris, now living on Twelfth street south"—but deliberately withheld the name of the man who ruined her, the man whose "handsome home in an exclusive residence section of Minneapolis," shut its doors against her and called the police.

For four years this man—who evidently holds a position in society and business circles sufficient to insure him absolute protection from the press—enjoyed the caresses and sinful passions of the girl who loved him; then he cast her aside and married another; he had grown tired of the

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sweet little girl who had been his mistress all those years; in desperation the discarded girl went to the man's home after he had returned with his bride, and she was arrested, taken to jail, haled before the court and given ninety days in the work-house!

"I was good once," she told the Judge. But she was sent to the workhouse for ninety days just the same. And the man continues to move in society, is accepted as a good citizen and a shrewd business man, and is the subject of condolence rather than condemnation for "getting mixed up with a girl of that kind."

Here you howling, ranting reformers! Why don't some of you step in and befriend this girl. Her only sin is that she trusted a man. But she's out there in the workhouse with a lot of criminals while the real criminal—the man—is protected and shielded. His "good name" is withheld from the public press. Where is that helping hand you reformers are always shouting about? Are you sure it is not jammed down hard in your pocket, grasping the dollars you are afraid you might lose in a business way, if you stood up on the square just once and offered a little real protection to a fallen Magdalen, while you pointed the finger of scorn at the man who caused her to fall?

Nobody pays much attention to a story of this kind in the newspapers. It is a common tale—almost of daily occurrence. The girl never gets any protection. The newspapers eagerly hurl her story into the columns, but the man

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always finds protection from the managing editor's blue pencil.

One would think that this man's soul would shrivel up within him like a caterpillar on a bed of coals, that he would hang his head in shame in the presence of his fellow-man, and that his kisses would blister the lips of the woman to whom he has dared to give his name. But this is not the way of the world. The little girl out there in the workhouse with the brand of the criminal on her cheek is the one who hangs her head in shame; hers is the soul that has shriveled and hers are the kisses that will be shunned. Mr. Sugar Baron goes on his way; he is accepted by society; he is protected by the newspapers.

Not many years ago we went one night to hear a great preacher. He eloquently pointed out the way to heaven and protested long and loud that there is a better land beyond the grave; that night the preacher was taken ill and for several days skilled physicians worked over him. We happened to be stopping in the same hotel and naturally took some interest in the case. We learned that he was "making a great fight for life," and several local preachers joined with him daily in the prayer that his life might be spared. We recalled his wondrous sermon about that "better land beyond," and wondered why in hell he was striving so hard to keep away from it. While it is not our intention to offer spiritual consolation to this girl in the workhouse and the thousands of other victims of man's lust who have suffered a like fate, it occurs to us

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that if there is a place beyond where real justice is dealt out, this Sugar Baron and a whole lot of other "respected" men in this land who debauch young girls and cast them aside—who look upon maidenly virtue as legitimate prey—will find that the workhouse where their victims landed was a perfect haven of rest compared to the real hell that awaits them. And we believe that the newspaper-man who deliberately brandishes the girl's story to the world and protects the man because of his influence and money, will be held as an accessory after the fact and will get a little taste of hell too.



"Made in Germany" Real Cause of War



TO the thinking man who has made a study of the situation with bias and prejudice eliminated, just one cause can be assigned to the present European conflict. Jealousy—trade jealousy—jealousy of the growth, the advancement and the progress of Germany has brought down upon her the united strength of practically all Europe in the attempt to cripple and crush the growth and advancement with which no other nation in the world has been able to keep pace. That simple trade-mark, "Made in Germany," which has been stamped as if by magic on the trade products of the world has for the past several years kept the British lion's tail swishing in a furious anxiety to spring upon German commerce and crush it; with covetous eyes England has watched and waited for the hour that came with the declaration of war against Germany, the hour when she would have the support and back-

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ing of allies in what she considered a sufficient number to deal the death blow to Germany. But the best defense of a nation is not ships of iron and forts of stone, but hearts of oak! Washington's ragged continentals with their flint-locks proved this fact to Britain, and Germany is going to prove it to Britain again. This is the death struggle of a giant. Germany is fighting for her life, and while she may be overwhelmed in armed forces and driven to the defensive within her present territory, all the allies that England is able to summon to her aid will never crush Germany.

To cripple Germany's wonderful commerce is England's sole purpose in the present struggle. This fact is well discerned in the recent edict issued from London to the effect that "there can never be peace until Germany's military power is crushed and her fleet destroyed." Britannia must be king of the high seas and it is war to the death so long as Germany threatens to usurp the commerce that has made England mighty.

Just what the war situation really is at the present time we can only conjecture. The American Press is certainly not telling the truth. While most of the newspapers of the country have printed the thoughtful "Proclamation of Neutrality" by President Wilson, most all of them have disregarded it. The American press has done its utmost to prejudice the American people against Germany; column after column of manufactured war news has appeared and editorial influence has been wielded in behalf of Great

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Britain. The German Emperor has been styled a blood-thirsty maniac who sought war; we have been told that Germany's sons have been ordered to set their bared breasts against the bayonet, to drink hot blood out of the camp skillet, just to satisfy the martial soul of the Kaiser with the glorious pomp and circumstance of war. There seems to be a wilful desire and a studied move on the part of the press to present only the British side of the crisis and to harm Germany's cause as much as possible. There has been no spirit of fair play. The German Emperor has been dubbed a murderer and a madman; he has been charged with precipitating this war without cause.

For the moment let us consider some of the dope handed out by the American Press. For instance, we read that 500,000 Russians were landed in Aberdeen on the 23rd of August. Anyone with an atom of sense must know that it would require at least 400 to 500 large transport steamers to accomplish this feat, and yet it is supposed to have been done on the quiet without arousing suspicion from anyone until the 500,000 Russian troops had landed. But if this report is true, then it must be admitted that these transports were in readiness long before there was any war talk, and that the ships had been at Archangel as early as the middle of July—long before the outbreak of the war. This fact would throw a curious light on England's boasted efforts to maintain peace, wouldn't it?

Another phenomenon that deserves attention in this connection is the statement that Hindu troops passed through

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Canada on the 27th of August. The newspapers speak of no less than thirty trainloads. These Hindu troops must have been shipped from India not later than the end of July—that is, before the declaration of war—or they could not possibly have reached Canada so early.

This is the kind of bunk that the newspapers have been handing out—manufactured war news favorable to England and her allies in the hope to stampede American sentiment against Germany when it rightly belongs with Germany.

Then again comes the cry that the Germans are blood-thirsty bandits and that in the invasion of Belgium the most diabolical atrocities were perpetrated. But when investigation is made, not one instance can be verified where atrocities have been committed by the Germans. Right at this juncture it might not be amiss to reproduce the signed statement made by five of America's most distinguished newspaper reporters who are at the front; their statement is as follows:

“We are unable to confirm rumors of mistreatment of prisoners or non-combatants with the German columns. This is true of Louvain, Brussels, Luneville and Nantes, while in Prussian hands.

“We visited Chateau, Soldre, Sambre and Beaumont without substantiating a single wanton brutality. Numerous investigated rumors proved groundless. Everywhere we have seen Germans paying for purchases

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and respecting property rights, as well as according civilians every consideration.

“After the battle of Barse, we found Belgian women and children moving comfortably about. The day after the Germans had captured the town of Merbes Chateau we found one citizen killed, but were unable to confirm lack of provocation. Refugees with stories of atrocities were unable to supply direct evidence.

“Belgians in the Sambre Valley discounted reports of cruelties in the surrounding countries. The discipline of the German soldiers is excellent, as we observed.

“To the truth of these statements we pledge our professional and personal word.

“Roger Lewis, Associated Press.

“Irvin S. Cobb, Saturday Evening Post and Philadelphia Ledger.

“Harry Hansen, Chicago Daily News.

“James O'Donnell Bennett, and

“John T. McCutcheon, Chicago Tribune.”

It must be recognized by the American people that an uniform effort has been made since the very outbreak of the war to prejudice the minds of our people against Germany.

And while the press of America has been discrediting Germany and giving every favorable advantage in news-column and editorial to Great Britain, the American people

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have failed to see the menace that threatens in the alliance of England and Japan. Had we not better look a little to our own colors? Is there not a deep significance to this alliance between the Jap and England? Will America not have to reckon with this alliance in the future, and especially if the allies are successful in the present crisis?

It is high time that the American people acquaint themselves with the true situation in Europe and with the real causes which brought about this terrible conflict between the great nations of the old world. Probably the most comprehensive and thoroughly reliable analysis of the situation yet attempted is that given to the American public by Prof. John W. Burgess of Columbia University. Prof. Burgess, through this analysis shows a clear grasp of the situation and a thorough knowledge of the causes that led up to the present crisis, but of course the newspapers will not give space to an article of this kind. For the benefit of Jim Jam Jems readers and in the spirit of fair play, we reproduce below several extracts from this masterful analysis:

Almost from the first day that I took my seat in the lecture room of the University, I imbibed the doctrine that the great national, international and world purpose of the newly created German Empire was to protect and defend the Teutonic civilization of Continental Europe against the Oriental Slavic quasi-civilization on the one side, and the decaying Latin civilization on the other. After a little I began to hear of the "Pan-Slavic policy" of Russia and the "Revanche policy" of France. For a while the latter, the policy of France for re-taking Alsace-Lorraine, occupied the chief attention. But in 1876, with the Russian attack upon the Turks, the Pan-Slavic policy of Russia, the policy of uniting the Slavs in the German Empire, the Austro-Hungarian Empire and in the Turkish

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Empire with, and under the sway of, Russia was moved into the foreground. All western Europe recognized the peril to modern civilization, and the Powers of Europe assembled at Berlin in 1878 to meet and master it. The astute British Premier, Lord Beaconsfield, supported by the blunt and masterful Bismarck, directed the work of the Congress, and the Pan-Slavic policy of Russia was given a severe setback. Russia was allowed to take a little almost worthless territory in Europe, and territory of greater value in Asia; Roumania, Servia and Montenegro were made independent States; Bulgaria was given an autonomous administration with a European Christian Prince, but under the nominal suzerainty of the Turkish Sultan; and the Turkish Provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, then almost free zones infested by bandits, were placed under Austro-Hungarian administration, also subject to the nominal suzerainty of the Sultan. With this the much suspected and dreaded activities of Russia were directed toward Asia, and Russia was now for more than twenty years, from 1880 to 1902, occupied chiefly with the extension of her Empire in the Orient.

The German Empire and the Austro-Hungarian Empire were delivered for the moment from this great peril and enabled to pursue the line of peaceable development and progress. The greater security of the Eastern borders of these great States thus established, also helped to reduce the force of the French spirit of revenge, as the prospect of its satisfaction became more distant. It was during this period, however, that Germany developed from an agricultural to a manufacturing and commercial community; that is, became a competitor of Great Britain and France, specially of Great Britain, in world industry. Her marvelous growth in this direction excited soon the jealousy, the envy and then the hostility of Great Britain. We, in the United States, however, reaped great advantage from the industrial and commercial competition between the two great powers.

We Americans were amused at the pettishness of Great Britain in representing it as something unfair and illegitimate. We little suspected to what direful results it would lead.

When Edward VII came to the throne, in the year 1901, he saw Great Britain's interests in the Orient threatened by Russia's policy of extension in Asia, and her commercial interests throughout the world threatened by the active and intelligent competition of the Germans. He, as all rulers at the moment of accession, felt the ambition to do something to relieve the disadvantages, to say the least, under which in these respects his country was laboring. He began that course of diplomacy for which he won the title of "peace lover." The first element of it was the ap-

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proach to Japan and the encouragement to Japan to resist the advance of Russia. This movement culminated in the war between Russia and Japan in the years 1904-1905, in which Russia was worsted and checked in the realization of her Asiatic policy and thrown back upon Europe. The next element in the diplomacy of the peace loving King was the fanning into flame again of the "Revanche" spirit of France by the arrangement of the quasi-alliance, called the Entente, between Great Britain, France and Russia, aimed distinctly and avowedly against what was known as the Triple Alliance of Germany, Austria and Italy, which had for thirty years kept the peace of Europe. The third and last element of this pacific program was the seduction of Italy from the triple alliance, by rousing the Irredentist hopes for winning from Austria the Trent district in South Tyrol, which Italy covets.

It is hardly necessary for me to call attention to the extreme peril involved in this so-called peaceful diplomacy to the German and Austro-Hungarian Empires. I, myself, became first fully aware of it on the 27th day of June, 1905. On that day I had an extended interview with a distinguished British Statesman in the House of Commons in London. I was on my way to Wilhelmshohe to meet His Majesty the German Emperor, to arrange with His Majesty the cartel of exchange of Educators between Universities in the two countries. When I revealed this fact to my host the conversation immediately took a turn which made me distinctly feel that a grave crisis was impending in the relations of Great Britain to Germany. I was so firmly impressed by it that I felt compelled to call my host's attention to the fact that the great number of American citizens of German extraction, the friendliness of the German States to the cause of Union during our Civil War, and the virtual control of American Universities by men educated at German Universities, would all make for close and continuing friendship between Germany and the United States. When I arrived in Germany, I asked in high quarters for the explanation of my London experience, and was told that it was the moment of greatest tension in the Morocco affair, when all feared that, at British instigation, France would grasp the sword.

The larger part of the next two years I spent in Germany, as Exchange Professor in the three Universities of Berlin, Bonn and Leipzig, also as lecturer before the Bar Association at Vienna. Naturally, I formed a really vast circle of acquaintances among the leading men of both empires, and the constant topic of conversation everywhere, at all times and among all classes, was the growing peril to Germany and Austro-Hungary of the revived Pan-Slavic policy and program of Russia, the re-inflamed "Revanche" of France, and Great Britain's intense commercial jealousy.

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In the month of August, 1907, I was again at Wilhelmshohe. The Imperial family were at the Castle, and somewhere about the tenth of the month it became known that King Edward would make the Emperor a visit, or rather a call, for it was nothing more cordial than that, on the 14th.

On the afternoon of the 13th, the day before the arrival of the King, I received a summons to go to the Castle and remain for dinner with the Emperor. When I presented myself, I found the Emperor surrounded by his highest officials, Prince Bulow, the Chancellor of the Empire; Prince Hohenlohe, the Imperial Governor of Alsace-Lorraine; Prince Radolin, the German Ambassador to France; Excellency von Lucanus, the chief of the Emperor's Civil Cabinet; General Count von Hulsen-Haeseler, the chief of the Emperor's Military Cabinet; Fieldmarshall von Plessen, Chief Court Marshall; Count Zu Eulenburg, Lord High Chamberlain; Baron von dem Gnessebeck, and the Oberstalmmeister, Baron von Reischach. The dinner was on the open terrace of the Castle looking towards the Hercules Heights. At its close the Empress and the ladies withdrew into the castle and the Emperor with the gentlemen remained outside. His Majesty rose from his seat in the middle of the table and went to one end of it, followed by Prince Bulow, Prince Hohenlohe, Prince Radolin and Excellency von Lucanus. His Majesty directed me to join the group and, so soon as we were seated, the Chief of the Civil Cabinet turned to me and said that he was afraid that our good friend, President Roosevelt, unwittingly did Europe an injury in mediating between Russia and Japan, since this had turned the whole force of the Pan-Slavic program of Russia back upon Europe. All present spoke of the great peril to Middle Europe of this change. Then both the German Ambassador to France and the Governor of Alsace-Lorraine spoke discouragingly of the great increase of hostile feeling on the part of the French towards Germany, and, finally, the part that Great Britain has played and was playing in bringing about both of these movements was dwelt upon with great seriousness, mingled with evidences of much uneasiness. King Edward came the next morning at about ten o'clock, and took his departure at about three in the afternoon. Whether any remonstrances were made to His Majesty in regard to the great peril, which he, wittingly or unwittingly, was helping to bring upon Middle Europe, I have never known. It seemed to me, however, that after that date he modified considerably his diplomatic activity. But he had sown the seed in well prepared ground and the harvest was bound to come. The three great forces making for universal war in Europe, viz: the Pan-Slavic program of Russia, the "Revanche" of France and Great Britain's commercial jealousy of Germany, had been by

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his efforts brought together. It could not fail to produce the catastrophe. It was only a question of time.

The following year, the year 1908, saw the revolt of the young Turkish party in Constantinople, which forced from the Sultan the Constitution of July, 1908. According to this Constitution all the peoples under the sovereignty of the Sultan were called upon to send representatives to the Turkish Parliament. Both Bulgaria and Bosnia-Herzegovina were nominally subject to that sovereignty, according to the provisions of the Berlin Congress of the Powers of 1878. For thirty years Bulgaria had been practically an independent state, and during thirty years Austro-Hungary poured millions upon millions into Bosnia-Herzegovina, building roads, railroads, hotels, hospitals and schools, establishing the reign of law and order, and changing the population from a swarm of loafers, beggars and bandits to a body of hard-working, frugal and prosperous citizens. What now were Bulgaria and Austro-Hungary to do? Were they to sit quiet and allow the restoration of the actual sovereignty and government of Turkey in and over Bulgaria and Bosnia-Herzegovina? Could any rational human being in the world have expected or desired that? They simply, on the self-same day, viz: October 5th, 1908, renounced the nominal suzerainty of the Sultan, Bulgaria becoming thereby an independent state, and Bosnia-Herzegovina remaining what it had actually been since 1878, only with no further nominal relation to the Turkish Government. Some American newspapers have called this the robbery of Bosnia-Herzegovina by Austro-Hungary, and have made out Austro-Hungary to be an aggressor. I have not seen, however, the slightest indication that any of these have had the faintest conception of what actually took place. Europe acquiesced in it without much ado. It was said that Russia expressed dissatisfaction, but that Germany pacified her.

Four more years of peace rolled by, during which, in spite of the facts that Austro-Hungary gave a local constitution with representative institutions to Bosnia-Herzegovina, and Alsace-Lorraine was admitted to representation in the Federal Council, as well as the Reichstag, of the German Empire; that is, was made substantially a State of the Empire, the Pan-Slavic schemes of Russia, the French spirit of Revenge, and the British commercial jealousy grew and developed and became welded together, until the Triple Entente became virtually a triple alliance directed against the two great states of Middle Europe.

Russia had now recovered from the losses of the Japanese War, and the internal anarchy which followed it; France had perfected her military organization; Turkey was now driven by the allied Balkan States out of the calculation as an Anti-Russian power; Bulgaria, Austro-Hun-

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gary's ally, was now completely exhausted with the war with Turkey, and that with her Balkan Allies, now became enemies; and Great Britain was in dire need of an opportunity to divert the mind of her people away from the internal questions which were threatening to disrupt her Constitution. The practiced ear could discern the buzz of the machinery lifting the hammer to strike the hour of Armageddon. And it struck. The foul murder of the heir of the Hapsburgers set the civilized world in horror and the Austro-Hungarian Empire in mourning. In tracing the ramifications of the treacherous plot, the lines were found to run to Belgrade. And when Austro-Hungary demanded inquiry and action by a tribunal in which representatives from Austro-Hungary should sit, Serbia repelled the demand as inconsistent with her dignity. Believing that inquiry and action by Serbia alone would be no inquiry and no action, Austro-Hungary felt obliged to take the chastisement of the criminals and their abettors into its own hands.

Then Russia intervened to stay the hand of Austro-Hungary, and asked the German Emperor to mediate between Austro-Hungary and Serbia. The Emperor undertook the task. But while in the midst of it, he learned that Russia was mobilizing troops upon his own border. He immediately requested Russia that this should cease, but without avail or even reply. He protested again with the like result. Finally, at midnight on the 31st of July, his Ambassador at St. Petersburg laid the demand before the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs that the Russian mobilization must cease within twelve hours, otherwise Germany would be obliged to mobilize.

At the same time the Emperor directed his Ambassador in Paris to inquire of the French government whether, in case of war between Germany and Russia, France would remain neutral. The time given expired without any explanation or reply from Russia, and without any guarantee or assurance from France. The Federal Council of the German Empire, consisting of representatives from the twenty-five states and the Imperial Territory of Alsace-Lorraine, then authorized the declaration of war against Russia, which declaration applied, according to the sound principle of international jurisprudence, to all her allies refusing to give guarantee of their neutrality.

As France could move faster than Russia, the Germans turned the force of their arms upon her. They undertook to reach her by way of what they supposed to be the lines of least resistance. These lay through the neutral States of Belgium and Luxemburg. They claimed that France had already violated the neutrality of both by invasion and by the flying

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of their war airships over them, and they marched their columns into both.

Belgium resisted. The Germans offered to guarantee the independence and integrity of Belgium and indemnify her for all loss or injury, if she would not further resist the passage of German troops over her soil. She still refused and turned to Great Britain.

Great Britain now intervened, and in the negotiations with Germany demanded as the price of her neutrality that Germany should not use her navy against either France or Russia, and should desist from her military movements through Belgium, and when the Germans asked to be assured that Great Britain herself would respect the neutrality of Belgium throughout the entire war on the basis of the fulfillment of her requirements by Germany, the British government made no reply, but declared war on Germany.

And so we have the alignment, Germany, Austria and probably Bulgaria on one side, Russia, Servia, Montenegro, Belgium, France and England on the other, and rivers of blood have already flowed. And we stand gaping at each other, and each is asking the others who did it? Whose is the responsibility, and what will be the outcome? Now, if I have not already answered the former question, I shall not try to answer it. I shall leave each one, in view of the account I have given, to settle that question with his own judgment and conscience. I will only say that, as for myself, I thank John Morley and John Burns, the Man of Letters and the Man of Labor, that they have rent the veil of diplomatic hypocrisy, and have washed their hands clean from the stain of this blunder-crime.

Finally, as to the outcome, not much can yet be said. There is nothing so idle as prophecy, and I do not like to indulge in it. Whether the Giant of Middle Europe will be able to break the bonds which in the last ten years have been wound about him, and under whose smarting cut he is now writhing, or the fetters will be riveted tighter, cannot be easily foretold. But assuming the one or the other, we may speculate with something more of probable accuracy regarding the political situation which will result. The triumph of Germany-Austro-Hungary-Bulgaria can never be so complete as to make any changes in the present map of Europe. All that that could effect, would be the momentary abandonment of the Russian Pan-Slavic program; the relegation to dormancy of the French "Revanche" and the stay of Great Britain's hand from the destruction of German commerce. On the other hand, the triumph of Great Britain-Russia-France cannot fail to give Russia the mastery of the Continent of Europe, and restore Great Britain to her

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sovereignty over the seas. These two great powers, who now already between them possess almost the half of the whole world, would then, indeed, control the destinies of the Earth.

Well may be drawn back in dismay before such a consummation. The "rattle of the sabre" would then be music to our ears in comparison with the crack of the Kossack's knout and the clanking of Siberian chains, while the burden of taxation which we would be obliged to suffer in order to create and maintain the vast Navy and Army necessary for the defense of our territory and commerce throughout the world against these gigantic powers, with their Oriental ally, Japan, would sap our wealth, endanger our prosperity and threaten the very existence of republican institutions.

This is no time for shallow thought or flippant speech. In a public sense, it is the most serious moment of our lives. Let us not be swayed in our judgment by prejudice or minor considerations. Men and women, like ourselves, are suffering and dying for what they believe to be the right, and the world is in tears. Let us wait and watch patiently and hope sincerely that all this agony is a great labor-pain of history, and that there shall be born through it, a new era of prosperity, happiness and righteousness for all mankind.



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