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Jim Jam Jems: September 1915

Sam H. Clark

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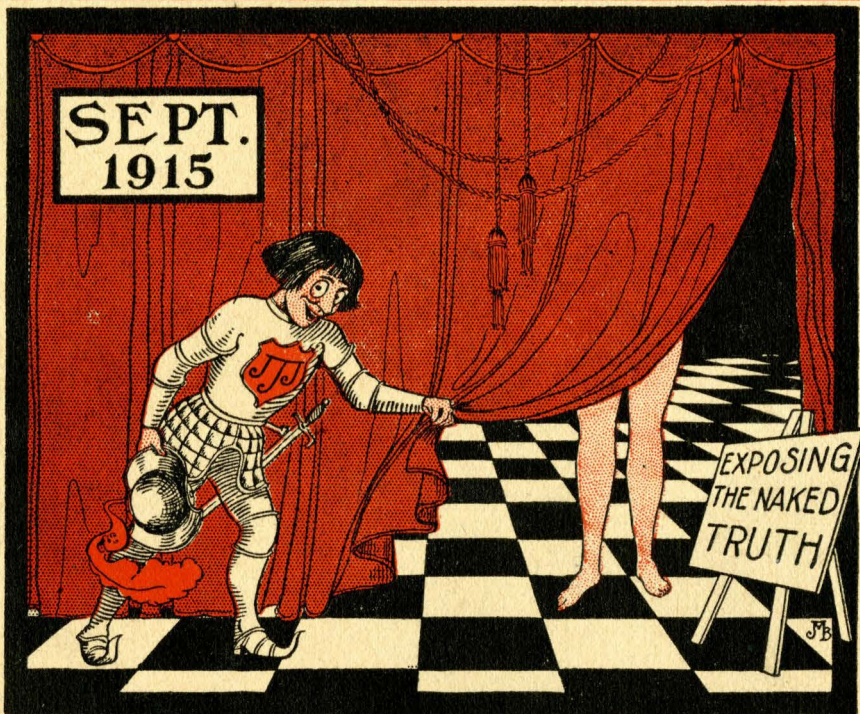
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Jim Jam Jems

JIM JAM JUNIOR

SEPT.
1915



A VOLLEY OF TRUTH



MR. & MRS. ARMOND G. SANNES
310 COTTAGE
McINTOSH, MN 56556



CLARK & CROCKARD, Publishers
SAM H. CLARK, Editor
Bismarck, North Dakota

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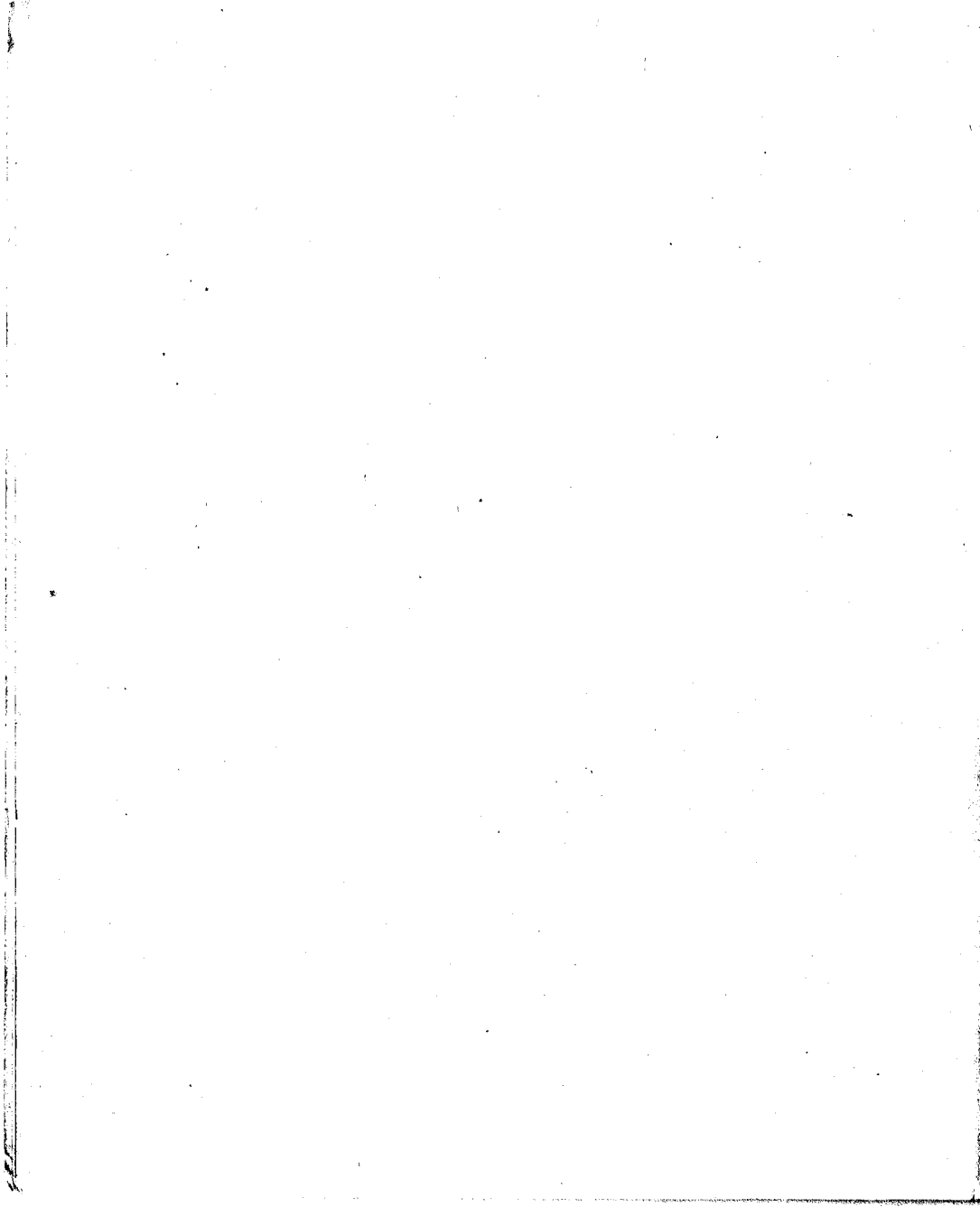


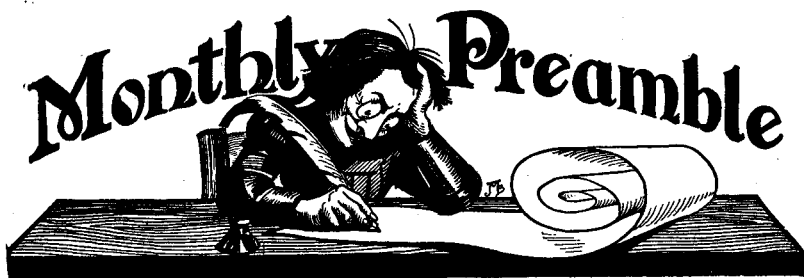
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SEPTEMBER

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HE should worry; Secretary Redhands has made his report to President Willsoon on the Eastland disaster, absolving the federal authorities from blame; he says only about 938 1-2 souls were lost; he counted the children by halves as they only paid half fare; didn't count babes in arms because they paid no admission, and when protecting life by prohibiting the overloading of excursion steamers by grafting steamship companies, babes who can't push a turnstile are no count; Redhands also found the report that the Eastland was torpedoed by a German submarine was unfounded; the bubbles on the water which first aroused suspicion that a

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submarine was about were caused by several hundred women and children who couldn't hold their breath under water for more than two or three hours; so that matter is settled. Then we have the good news that Grand Fluke Nickivitch is headed for St. Petersburg with flying colors and Von Hind-end-burg's bayonet prodding him in the rear; J. P. Moreguns & Co. have just received a fresh chest of Hinglish gold and the munitions factories are working overtime to supply the Allies with necessaries in keeping up the European slaughter; Governor Whitman is trying to dodge Becker's ghost; Bryan is wishing he had stuck with Champ Clark instead of the schoolmarm at Baltimore; the mob has settled the Leo Frank case; Texas is experiencing its periodical tidal wave; the Lusitania notes have gone to protest; Villa, Carranza and Zapata alternate in shooting an American in the back and then offering to arbitrate for peace; Minnesota is going dry at the rate of one county a week; Roosevelt is trying out his springboard preparatory to jumping whichever way looks best; Julius Rosenwald and Hetty Green continue to successfully dodge the income tax; the usual number of starving babes are tugging at the empty breasts of mothers in America's large cities; the theatrical season has opened with more chorus girls with less clothes on them than usual; the Northwest is harvesting the biggest crop in its history and speculators are gradually pulling the price down for fear the farmer will get out of debt and come into his own; the Dardanelles is still falling; the market-

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value of a bobtail flush is just as uncertain as ever; it rains anywhere and everywhere whenever it wants to—and it usually wants to; Fords are getting thicker and cheaper; the New Haven Railroad is still running—away from its stockholders; anybody who knows anything about the new banking system is still holding it in reserve; prize-fighting is coming back; war is hell; divorces are on the increase; the stork is enjoying twilight-sleep, while abortions abound; “Me und Gott” are making daily changes in the map of Europe; good morals are going out of fashion; the difference between Democratic promises and performances is apparent; high society has made adultery the rule and decency the exception; old men, young men, middle-aged men, old women, young women, girls and spinsters have gone dancing mad; one-steps, side-steps, high-steps and hop-steps are the fashion and only a few of us old time jiggers stick to the back-steps and church-steps—praying for the moon to slip under a cloud; these and a whole lot of other things we might mention have made us an optimist; we are optimistic because we think things are better now—than they will be after a while; so we should worry.

Not long ago a preacher attempted to show us the error of our way; admitting that he liked us personally and admired the way we went after things, he criticized us severely for some of our language and we really think the fellow was sincere when he urged us to “cut out everything of a questionable character.” A few days later he gave

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us a copy of a newspaper containing one of his Sunday sermons, which had been sandwiched in between a lot of questionable ads of the "Free to you, my Sister" and other abortion pill variety; the same paper contained a sex serial by one of the popular writers of the day, an ad for one of the most notoriously immoral cafes in the city, cards giving rates and street numbers of three notorious bed-houses which cater exclusively to illegitimate parties, whiskey and beer ads galore, taxi-stand numbers whose drivers are simon-pure pimps for doves in flats, advertisements for excursion steamers which are nothing short of assignation cribs (and by the way, the Eastland was in this class), want ad sections with skin-game advertisements, massage parlor hook-shops, real estate swindles, loan shark baits, installment furniture pirates, etc., etc., and almost the entire news section of the sheet was devoted to sensational news such as murders, suicides, divorces, police court scandals and the like. And this paper did not differ in any great degree from the average daily published in large cities. There was more rot and downright objectionable matter in that one issue of a daily newspaper than can be found in all of the numbers of Jim Jam Jems in the four years of its existence. But what to 'ell did Mr. Preacher care about the contents of that paper so long as it contained a summary of his Sunday sermon, most of which he had swiped bodily from Talmadge, or Russell, or Beecher, or some other notable bible-banger. And he didn't stop to think that this pa-

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per with its nauseating advertisements for the cure of ulcers, tumors, and other physical nastiness to which the human body is heir is laid on the breakfast table in practically every home in the country each morning! The filthy patent-medicine ads in the average newspaper will turn the strongest stomach, and so ingenious has this class of advertising become that the reader often gets half way through what appears to be a startling news story before he discovers that Mrs. So-and-So—who, fearing that the operation would leave a ghastly scar, had suffered with piles for years, until someone told her about Swamproot—and now she doesn't need an operation. Then turning over to the big John Wanamaker display ad, your daughter learns that "Parisian thoughts are sewed in our lingerie;" she likes these pretty, dainty Parisian lace things, and perhaps you can't buy them for her; she decides to secure employment at something easy so as to earn a little pin-money during vacation; in the "want colyum" she discovers that "young girls are wanted to wrap soap samples in perfumed paper," or something of the sort; the ad directs her to call at a certain number between the hours of 2 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon; she goes; the job looks easy and she is happy; she likes her boss too—he is such an agreeable young fellow; he invites her out to dinner and she wakes up the next morning dazed as a result of the harmless little drink she took at dinner; gradually the truth dawns upon her that the fellow was a fake, she has been despoiled of her virtue and left

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in some cheap rooming-house; sometimes she finds her way home and becomes a brooding invalid, and sometimes she simply locks the door, turns on the gas and ends it all. Oh, yes, the daily newspaper is a great educator, and it gets away with a lot of questionable stuff by filling its news columns with writeups of your wife's tea parties and your preacher's sermons. Jim Jam Jems is an outlaw of course. We are looked upon with all the jealousy that one pack-peddler eyes the other, just because we refuse to sit on the dead limb of decaying journalism and hoot the hoot of the orthodox press; we have no right to exist and be different; we should fill our columns with stock-swindling ads, promotion schemes, and church notices—then maybe we'd escape the criticism of those ultra-pious frauds who are always emitting collicky groans when they find someone boosting Jim Jam Jems; but criticism and censure doesn't bother us a bit; our experience has been that a majority of those who are howling against us wouldn't hesitate a minute to pass a plugged dime or steal our dog if they thought they could get away with it. Again we say, we should worry. Glorious September is upon us. Chickens are ripe. Think we'll cock our gun and go afield for a spell.

Just a word about our cover for this month. We have ever been conservative in the selection of our cover designs, and we believe some explanation is due our readers for this startling departure. We were out trailing the serpent the fore part of the month and having unbounded

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faith in our artist, J. M. Baer, left it to him to select the design and draw the September cover; we did not see it until the plates were returned from the engraver. It was then too late to secure another design so we just had to stand for it. Thus we were forced to use the "Baer" idea. Whether the artist had "September Morn" in mind when he conceived this cover, we cannot say, but it occurs to us that this is just retribution for taking our cartoonist and designer with us on our trip to 'Frisco last month. Ten days in 'Frisco would do it to anybody. We trust, however, that another month at home in the bosom of his family will bring our artist back to normal. We're not going to pull the curtain back any farther; you'll have to go to the beach or the opera to see more. The frost will be on the peach next month, so there's no danger of a repetition.

JIM JAM JUNIOR.



A CRIME WITHOUT A NAME

Leo M. Frank a Martyr to
Georgia's Lawlessness



WOULD that we possessed the power and opportunity to gather every citizen of Georgia about the bier of Leo Frank, and preach this luckless lad's funeral sermon. We believe the God of Israel would give us power to call a blush of shame to mount the temples of every man who claims Georgian citizenship, and to cause every mortal, whose prejudiced utterances against the unfortunate Jew, fanned the flame of bloodthirsty out-lawry to the end that the mob triumphed and the most damning infamy perpetrated since the dawn of time, besplotted the name of Georgia in civilization's record.

Three distinct times have we made attempt to write

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this final chapter in the honest fight we made to secure justice for Leo Frank, and thrice have we laid down our pencil in despair. As there is a depth of the sea to which the plummet will not descend, so are there depths of human depravity which the mind cannot measure. We would need a new language woven with a warp of aspics' fangs and a woof of hell's fire to do justice to the subject in hand. It is as impossible to etch a discord or paint a stench as to portray in words this pitifullest blunder of all the ages—the lynching of Leo Frank.

The final act of a Georgia mob in taking the life of Frank clinches the contention of unprejudiced Americans who believed that, innocent or guilty, the young Jew never had a chance from the minute a bungling police system—seeking to vindicate a detective theory—pointed out Frank as the slayer of Mary Phagan. The shame of Georgia lies not in the lynching of Frank, but rather in the events which went before.

That mob-law is paramount in Georgia has been well established, for Frank's doom was sealed the minute the "protecting arm of the state" was thrown about him; that he was not murdered within the very walls of the state penitentiary is due solely to the fact that the agent selected to do the dirty trick, bungled in his work. Bowie-knives as a rule are not part of the equipment provided life-prisoners in penal institutions, but the fact that "lifer" Green found a keen-edged dirk handy when he crept upon the sleeping-man to sever his jugular, is not more start-

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ling than the ease with which the mob gained entrance to the Milledgeville prison and carried away the wounded, bleeding, helpless lad, and left his body dangling at the end of a rope.

We repeat, Georgia's shame lies not in the murder of Frank, but in the events which led up to this most natural result. The minute that Atlanta's police, driven to desperation by the demand of an outraged public to find the murderer of little Mary Phagan, framed a fool theory and fitted Frank into it—that minute his undoing was imminent. For the mob, which is a characteristic heritage of Georgia, was ready to act. Fanned to white-heat by the pandering of a fiery and sensational press, the blood-lust of that mob condemned and convicted the Jew before he was ever brought into court. The trial of Frank was a farce. "Hang the Damned Jew!" was the cry of the mob that filled the streets about the court house and this cry kept continually ringing in the ears of the court, the jury and every minion of the law. Jim Conley, a flat-nosed, saddle-colored, ignorant negro with a slant forehead, the very type of lustful black beast whose crimes in the Southland brought about and made lynch-law a fixture, furnished the "testimony"—not evidence—upon which Frank was convicted. Mary Phagan's murder was a nigger crime on the face of it; it bore all the ear-marks of the lustful negro who strangles—then ravishes—a white child; naturally the nigger was first suspected of the crime, but Georgian mobs have ceased to thrill over the lynching or

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fricasseeing of a black man; the occurrence is so common that it is scarcely front-page dope for the Southern press. The police of Atlanta had failed in several instances for a long period previous to fix responsibility for bloody crimes; ingeniously suspicion was turned toward Leo Frank, superintendent of the factory where Mary Phagan's body was found; the novelty and sensation of hanging a Jew appealed to the police and they set about to weave a net 'round the luckless Frank. Conley was the instrument used by the police; three distinct so-called "confessions" were made by the negro; in the report of one of the city detectives we find that these confessions "did not fit." Fit what? The theory of the police, of course! But with proper coaching and after several days of "leading," Conley finally told what the police claimed was the "true story of the crime." When Conley's story did not fit, the police said he was lying. But the minute his story was made watertight against Frank, then the police said Conley had quit lying and was telling the truth.

Whether Frank was guilty or not, the American people having learned the facts surrounding his conviction, believe that he did not have a fair trial. There was a doubt of his guilt even in the mind of the trial judge, and on his death-bed this judge stated that the doubt still existed. It was this reasonable doubt in the mind of Governor Slaton, after spending days and weeks in a review of the evidence against Frank, that caused him to commute the death sentence. That "reasonable doubt" existed in the

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minds of all unprejudiced, thinking American citizens, for the Frank case became a national issue and the general public was well acquainted with the evidence and facts upon which the verdict of guilty was founded.

But Georgia citizenship had lost its reasoning power; the cry for the blood of the Jew rang out the length and breadth of the state; a bitter hatred for this son of Jove grew in the hearts of a portion at least of Georgia's best men and women, and the mob—which finds plenty of recruits among the worthless hordes of “white-trash” and “crackers” in this cursed blot upon the Republic—was backed and fired by men of rank and standing, men of public trust and confidence. While the murder of Frank was the work of a mob, this mob was but mechanically carrying out the sentiment engendered by those who should have offered every protection to the condemned man in upholding the laws of Justice and Right.

This may sound like a broad and careless statement, but to prove that we know whereof we speak, we point the accusing finger at Thomas Watson, a national figure, editor of Watson's Magazine and the Weekly Jeffersonian. Watson with all the fire of Southern spirit, devoted almost his entire publications to defamation of the Jewish race and to bitter tirades against Frank. He called for the blood of the man, and when Governor Jack Slaton stayed the hand of the executioner because of his honest belief that Frank had not been fairly convicted, Watson turned his batteries of hate against the Governor and flooded the

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state with vile abuse of both Slaton and Frank. We speak but in a word of the almost incredible statement of Mayor Woodward of Atlanta, who, when he learned of the mob's murder of a citizen of his state and the commonwealth over which he presides, forgot his oath to uphold law and administer justice, forgot his citizenship of a country that holds life, liberty and justice paramount, and belched forth a defense of Georgia's outlawry and a warning to Governor Slaton not to return to his home lest a like fate await him. Can a mob of hoodlums be blamed for this crime when the sworn officers of the commonwealth brazenly support the act?

It was the bitter and violent attacks on Frank and Slaton by men of standing and prominence which fired the mob to its dastardly deed. Watson in his Jeffersonian published the day following Frank's murder, proclaimed on the front page, "A vigilance committee redeems Georgia and carries out the sentence of the law on the Jew. Slaton was Frank's lawyer and the commutation was void. In putting the Jew to death the vigilance committee has done what the sheriff would have done if Slaton had not been of the same mould as Benedict Arnold." And this same sentiment is flashed across the continent by Atlanta's foremost citizen and chief executive, who, in a speech at San Francisco upholds the mob who first convicted, then murdered a citizen of his state.

In the course of his speech at 'Frisco, Mayor Woodward said, "I want it understood that when it comes to a wom-

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an's honor, there is no limit we will not go to avenge and to protect." This is a fair sample of the damned rot that our fiery Southern citizens are eternally mouthing. They would insinuate that only the Southern pistol-toter is the protector of woman's honor; that woman's chastity and virtue are paramount only in the Southland, and yet there is not a spot on the civilized globe where the sanctity of the home and the purity of womanhood is not sacredly protected. While our Southern neighbors are absorbing their mint-juleps and lying in the shade of their tumble-down, ramshackle "mansions," spitting tobacco-juice at a crack and shouting about the protection of woman's honor, we rise to ask who is responsible for the thousands of prostitutes who infest our Southern cities? Who makes them and who supports them? Can anyone deny the fact that the courtesan and prostitute are more numerous and better patronized anywhere in the country than right in these Southern cities, where the honor of womanhood is so much prated? And again let us ask you whence comes the yellow nigger? Is it not a fact that while shouting about chastity and purity the vast majority of your citizenship is gradually solving the negro question by fading out the black race through continual, unrestrained, lustful and licentious fornication? The Southern gentleman can well afford to protect the white woman's honor with a double-shotgun when he uses the negro woman and the syphilitic "yaller gal" as the sewer through which to drain his lustful passions. But does he do it? He pro

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fects, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the white woman from the black rapist. But the black woman is considered lawful prey of the white man, and this wholesale illicitness has made the race subjective to the will of the white ravishers. And, ere we leave this phase of the problem, we ask again—who makes and who keeps your countless white prostitutes?

There are numerous angles and sidelights connected with the Frank case, and to review them all would take a volume several times the size of *Jim Jam Jems*. Two years have passed since we first took up the fight in behalf of the young man—the victim of fiery Southern prejudice and hatred. We do not believe that even the lawyers who conducted the case are more familiar with the facts, the evidence, and the “settings” of the story than is the writer. We believed and still believe Frank was innocent. This belief was strengthened perhaps when we visited the condemned man in the “tower” at Atlanta last February. We spent four hours with Frank and discussed many details of the case. At his suggestion we quizzed him for two solid hours, and his frank, earnest and straightforward answers were those of an innocent man.

To our dying day we will never forget that meeting in the death cell with Leo Frank. For several months we had been writing of the famous case, and only a short time before our visit to Atlanta, had received a letter from Frank thanking us for our interest in his behalf. He did not know we had decided to visit him, and when the turn-

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key opened the door leading into the corridor in front of the death cell, announcing a visitor, Frank came forward; we told him our name was Clark and we had come for a short visit; he put his hand through the iron grating and we grasped it in greeting; "I am glad to meet you, Mr. Clark," said the prisoner, "are you a native here or a stranger in the city?" "A stranger," we replied, "live in North Dakota." "Oh yes," replied Frank. "Well, I'm glad you called." Then of a sudden it came to him, "Great God," he shouted, "are you Sam Clark of Jim Jam Jems?" He stretched both frail hands through the cell-door and for a moment neither of us spoke. But we knew the gratitude that was in his heart for it fairly beamed from his eyes. Without effusion, however, Frank thanked us for our kindly interest, and we immediately commenced a discussion of the case, Frank opening the discussion by reference to an article which had appeared the month previous in our publication. At the close of our interview with Frank, he urged us to visit the factory where the murder of the Phagan girl was committed and to keep the story of Jim Conley in mind as we viewed the premises. We have already covered this visit to the factory in a previous story, hence suffice it to say here that the impossibility of the negro's story was apparent in most every detail.

Frank's faith—his belief that his innocence of the crime would be established, and the absolute absence of any bitterness against his accusers, impressed us deeply. That

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this faith supported him to the very end is evidenced by a letter written to one of his attorneys the day prior to his death. Referring to the prison life, Frank said, "Physically, I am part of it; spiritually, I am totally foreign. But it cannot last always, even though for the present I am designated as 'a lifer.'"

And the very next night. There was a sudden rush—Frank was ruthlessly jerked from his bed and dragged to a waiting automobile by these representatives of "Southern Justice." Clad only in a night-shirt, he was carried away in the darkness, rushed madly over a hundred miles of country road, a rope placed about his neck—the rough fibers lacerating the wound so recently inflicted by the bungling assassin who attacked him in the dark—and then the end.

Frank was helpless. Physically, he would have been helpless against almost any personal assailant. Frank was a mere boy, scarcely more than thirty years of age, of slender, boyish appearance, with an intellectual or nervous force rather than robust. Pale of features normally, the "prison-pallor" resulting from two years of confinement behind prison bars had made his pallor almost deathly. Slight in build but strong in spirit, Frank stood up well under the terrific strain of both trials and confinement; whether guilty or innocent, there was nothing in his demeanor after he was brought into the public eye through his arrest for the murder of the little factory girl, to support a suspicion of guilt. There was never a break in

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his calmness during the trial. He did not quaver when the sentence of death was pronounced. He did not lose faith for a single instant even when his last appeal to the court had failed and the 'morrow was the day set for his execution.

Yet who can know the struggles within the boy's breast—who can know the depth of the mental pain he suffered? Doubtless his waking hours were filled with prayers that the truth would be known, and his dreams were filled with thoughts of freedom, of wife and home, of mother, and of honor restored.

We pray God that the truth may yet be known and Frank's innocence established beyond a doubt. The doubt as to his guilt is the only heritage he has left to a faithful wife and a loving mother and father. It is only a few years since Frank, a mere lad, fresh from College where he had graduated with highest honors, left the parental home to win his way in the world. The future was bright, indeed. Talented, industrious, eager to work and win, Frank gave promise of a bright future. Today his scarred and mutilated body lies under the newest mound in a little Hebrew churchyard in Brooklyn, New York, while his name is written in letters of fire which will ever emblazon Georgia's name with a crimson blast of shame.

The courageous act of Governor Slaton in commuting the death sentence of Frank stands out like a bright star in the black cloud of Georgia's dishonor. When told of the lynching, Gov. Slaton said, "I would rather Frank be

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lynched by a mob than hanged by judicial mistake. One is an attack upon the soul, while the other only reaches the body." Sworn to uphold law and justice, Governor Slaton held his oath of office sacred. In his mind there was doubt as to the guilt of the condemned man; realizing that it meant political suicide and possibly the sacrifice of his own life at the hands of a mob, he placed duty above all else. And this act of justice—seemingly the first and only one suffered in behalf of the Jew from the day of his arrest—brought forth a cry of vengeance from the howling horde; Slaton's life was demanded as a "traitor," and the state militia had to be called into action to prevent bodily harm to a Governor who had conscientiously remained true to his oath of office. In the hearts of American citizens generally, honor for Jack Slaton is as great as Georgia's dishonor.

When this great globe hangs motionless in space and the rotting dead arise in their cerements, the name "Georgia" will haunt eternity as a thing unclean. Georgia's shame is black and continuing. Her failure to protect this threatened man, even when he was imprisoned in the state penitentiary, reveals a weakness in state government and a disregard for law and justice. The mob's final execution of Frank is ample proof of the charge that mob-law obtained from the very first minute a breath of suspicion was breathed against the Jew.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." The fruit of Georgia's hate and prejudice is outlawry, and unless the

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bitter, fiery, unreasonable, vicious, blind and hot-headed Watsons, Woodwards and their ilk are muzzled, and the skulking, cowardly lynchers and assassins who rise in might through mob agitation, are severely dealt with, Georgia is forever damned in the eyes of a civilized world. Punishment of Frank's slayers—which is possible though highly improbable—could not alone atone for the great wrong to humanity, to law, order and justice, so characteristic throughout this Frank episode and culminating in the accused man's murder. It will take years of reform and firm government to set Georgia right, for she is surely lacking in those things which make for good government.

Leo Frank—the man who never had a chance after the protection of the state of Georgia was forced upon him—lies a martyr to Georgia lawlessness and mob-rule. The pitying angels of repentance may be able to wash away the blot with a rain of penitential tears, but we fear that it will be a long, long time before the just God of Right will recognize there is such a place on earth as Georgia.



Eve Didn't Do It



EVERY little while some long-whiskered geek mounts the bema to expound his scientific discoveries and we find another and another of our theories and beliefs, our creeds and our dogmas submarined—blown up, as it were. When he was trying to jail us for “obscenity,” General Hildreth told the jury we were sacrilegious in our story of Eve and the Serpent. In an article that seemed to stick hard in the attorney’s crop we had suggested that we never could quite believe that serpent story; that had we been on the job at the time we would have cross-examined Eve and given Adam the Keeley cure in an honest endeavor to get at the facts. Hildreth said we were monkeying with the sacred origin of humanity and ridiculing our “First Parents.” Now, ’long comes a dyspep-

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tic old professor and in a single breath blows the fig-leaves off tradition, obliterates the supposed faults of Adam and Eve in the sands of time and points the unerring finger at a stone tablet where their virtues had been chiseled in loving memory. Sounds like an Elk ritualistic service, doesn't it. However, we are told that Adam and Eve had nothing to do with the fall of man. It was Noah, the first navigator, who caused all our troubles, and it happened 432,000 years after Adam and Eve appeared in chorus-costume at the Paradise roof-garden. Authority for this statement is none other than Dr. Steven Langdon, Professor of Assyriology (very apropos title) in Oxford University, England. He has located a stone tablet which is said to have been chiseled before the days of Abraham and which imparts the news that it was Noah who was forbidden eating of the cassia-tree in the Garden of Paradise, and when he disobeyed, the curse fell upon him. He suffered ill-health and an early death, instead of living 50,000 years as did his ancestors.

Evidently the author of this tablet had been a secretary of finance in war-time back there in the dust of eternities, for he deals in large figures; he claims in his chiseled writings that ten kings reigned between the time of Adam and the flood, and that this era covered a period of 432,000 years, or an average of 43,200 years each.

Mebbe they did; if so—who cares?

But the thought just occurs to us, what a glorious time Teddy Roosevelt and Bill Bryan would have had in those

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good old days when rulers held office 43,200 years to the term. Probably Theodore would have been satisfied with two terms, and while his successor was holding office, he would have had time to lose a river or two and find them again, to organize a dinoceras (pronounced as though spelled dino-sor-as) instead of a bull-moose party, bust Solomon's wife-trust, slap Daniel on the back for daring to buck up against Tammany in its den, and claim he rode at the head of the procession and beat a brace of kangaroos up Mount Ararat.

Then there's Bill Bryan. These long spells between campaigns would have been nuts for Billyum. He could have spent thousands of years on the Chautauqua circuit, had his speeches engraved by government chiselers in government quarries and remained in the cabinet twenty or thirty thousand years longer, as it would not be necessary to resign until a few thousand years before campaign time. But on second thought, perhaps Bill wouldn't have been heard of. All this happened some several hundred years before Christ. The thirty pieces of silver were not in circulation at that time, and the crown of thorns and cross of gold hadn't been thought of. We fear Bill would have been up against it.

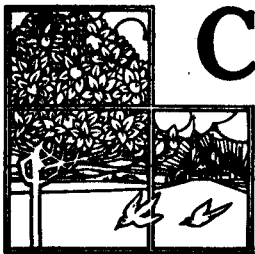
We have often wondered how the world became populated when there were so few people to begin with; however, when we stop to consider that each man in all probability was capable of becoming a father for at least 40,000 years of his life, the problem isn't so hard to solve.

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And there must have been a Smith and Jones back in those good old times. But whether the population increased too rapidly and the Lord saw his mistake, drowned the whole shooting-match and started again with a speed limit and low-gear does not appear. At any rate, Noah, according to Prof. Langdon, was entirely to blame for the fall of man. He was told not to eat of the cassia-tree, but he was bull-headed and did eat. It made him sick. The old fellow who discovered the "capuslar treatment" and sold it to Doc. Olson of Minneapolis, wasn't on the job yet, so Mr. Noah just naturally died. Of course, it doesn't make so much difference just who is to blame for the fall of man. The fact remains that he has fallen and to immeasurable depths. But you never can tell what will happen when a fellow falls. Satan fell a goodly distance, got up, rubbed his eyes, sat into the game with a cash capital of one snake, and now he has half the world grabbed and a mortgage on the other half.

But after all, we're glad Eve didn't do it.

The Quack Came Back



COWPER once said, "I would not have upon my list of friends the man who needlessly sets foot upon a worm." One of the oldest proverbs proclaims "It is a waste of lather to shave an ass." Our father once admonished us thusly: "My boy, never wrestle with a skunk; whether you win or lose, the odium will attach to you."

Before launching into fact and detail we apologize to the public because it has become necessary in this chapter to set foot upon a worm, to shave an ass, to wrestle with a skunk.

In the June number of Jim Jam Jems we dignified a quack doctor—John Olson, of Minneapolis—by giving space to a writeup of his "treatment," and a criticism of his methods and character in a general article attacking

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quacks. Jim Jam Jems has ever been the foe of unscrupulous doctors and the friend of the legitimate doctor. In devoting space to John Olson we simply held the fellow up as an example of the dangerous quack who is responsible for the distrust and lack of confidence that has come into the public mind to the detriment of every honest practitioner. "And the quack came back." By this we mean that John Olson has published and circulated a fifteen page pamphlet entitled, "Reply to June Number Jim Jam Jems." This pamphlet he has circulated broadcast over the Northwest, and scores of copies of the illiterate jumble have been sent to us by interested Jim Jam Jems readers with the request that we hit the fellow again, so here goes.

From the foundation of the world falsehood has been the defensive weapon of the fool. Assail him with logic and he answers with lies; lash him with sarcasm and he retorts with calumny; impale him on the rapier of ridicule and he deluges us with brutal defamation. In his reply Quack Olson charges us with deliberate falsehood. No one but a damphool would lie about Doctor Olson—the truth is far more startling than any falsehoods the most fertile brain could conceive.

First of all we will take up the subject of Doctor Olson's "Capsular Treatment." We quote from Olson's reply as follows: "The last two paragraphs on page 30 in 'Jim Jam Jems,' and on page 27 in my book, is the truth, and I defy Sam to prove otherwise. So far every statement

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I have made is the truth. On page 28 in my book—'Origin of My Capsular Treatment,' where I state that it is known only to two living persons, does not say one of them is dead. I say the old man who originally discovered this treatment is dead. Read it yourself in my book—don't take my word for it."

No, don't take Olson's word for it. We will prove to you very conclusively that Olson's word is subject to protest. Excuse our French, but Olson is a plain damliar. From page 28 of his advertising pamphlet (which pamphlet formed the basis of our criticism in the former article) we quote verbatim:

"I am one of the two persons in this world that are lucky enough to possess this wonderful formula that cures disease, when sometimes all other forms of treatment fail. To make a long story short, I obtained this capsule formula from an old man under peculiar circumstances who is now dead."

Doctor Halloran, a former partner of Doctor Olson, is using this same capsular treatment in his practice at 143 Ramsey St., St. Paul. Doctor Olson sold this formula for \$500 to a Doctor Hanson, in 1912; this doctor is now practicing in Wisconsin; he also sold it to Doctor Burrows, some time in 1913; this doctor is now practicing at Mount Pleasant, Texas. We don't know how many more he has sold this "wonderful formula" to, but we do know of these two specific incidents.

Now to give the doctor the lie direct: In a recent trial

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wherein Olson was sued for breach of promise by his former housekeeper (and we will have more to say about the trial directly) he made the following statements under oath:

Q. Where did you acquire the knowledge of this capsular treatment that you speak of?

A. During my stay at Chicago studying medicine.

Q. From whom? A. From Doctor Halloran.

Q. He was afterward associated with you in business?

A. Yes.

Q. Whose invention is this capsular treatment? A. I don't know.

Q. Never could find out? A. No.

These statements were made under oath; yet the doctor says that his statements in his pamphlet on the "Origin of Capsular Treatment," to the effect that he secured the formula "from an old man under peculiar circumstances who is now dead," is the truth, and he defies us to prove the contrary. All right then, we charge that Olson committed perjury on the witness stand. He lied in one case or the other.

Continuing with the doctor's testimony we have the privilege to pull the deadly parallel on him again thusly: Under the cross-examination by Attorney Hutchinson, when asked, "How much in your judgment is the secret of your capsular treatment worth?" Olson replied: "If I knew I was the only one who had the treatment it is worth all kinds of money, but the way it seems now, there are

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several have it, erecting hospitals or going to, so because of that it would not be worth much to me right now.”

If Olson told the truth under oath, then he is obtaining money under false pretenses for the treatment of patients for he says in his advertising pamphlet—and swears to the truth of his statement—that “I am one of two persons in the world lucky enough to possess this wonderful formula.” Speaking of liars—how about Doc. Olson?

On page 27 of Doc. Olson’s pamphlet, we find the following explanation, “What Is Capsular Treatment,” and we quote the paragraph verbatim: “This treatment is not known to the medical profession. They never thought of using the drugs that way to cure disease. The contents of the capsules are a secret and put up only by myself in my own laboratory. So carefully do I guard the secrecy of this formula that I prepare only enough capsules each time to fill a sealed receptacle that I carry on my person.” On this same page appears the picture of a watch-case containing a dozen or fifteen capsules, which is supposed to be an “exact and true reproduction of my capsules and the case I carry them in.”

Now just hearken to this. During his testimony at the aforesaid breach of promise trial, after admitting that the woman who sued him had submitted to his sexual desires for two or three years, had attended to his collections, acted as matron at the hospital and general overseer of his entire business, when asked “What were the duties of the plaintiff after she returned the second time?”

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Olson replied: "Well, her duties were practically the same as the first time she was there. We had some help, and she didn't have to do much of the rough work. More of the collecting and to help me with the capsules, *probably attending to that sometimes*, and *filling them*, and looking over the general work of the other people, the help."

Thus we find, from the Doctor's statement under oath that his precious capsules were sometimes put up and filled by the housekeeper, and this same housekeeper says that she has filled the capsules by the hundred. And instead of being put up "in my own laboratory by myself," as the Doctor claims, they were usually put up by the cook in the Doctor's office, and enough to fill the bloomin' Quack's watch case a dozen times instead of "just enough to fill the case which I carry about on my person."

We wouldn't lay so much stress on this Capsular Treatment were it not for the fact that this is what the Doctor is fooling the people with. He claims to have a more wonderful discovery than even Doc. Till and his croton-oil plaster. And he is just as big a fakir as Till ever dared to be. He advertises his new fifty thousand dollar hospital as "The New Home of Capsular Treatment." And up to a short time ago he never had a trained or registered nurse in the institution. His capsules—which contain some powerful physic—were administered at times by the housekeeper, and she acted as chief cook, nurse, business manager and mistress of the Doctor.

The pamphlet now in our possession was issued in 1914.

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Yet it contains a number of testimonials from patients dated in 1910-1911. As a fair sample of the merit of these testimonials, we call attention to one appearing on page 61, dated at Sunrise, Minnesota, December 3rd, 1910. This testimonial is signed by Mrs. Spavik. In 1913 Mrs. Spavik, this same Mrs. Spavik, sued Doctor Olson for damages, alleging malpractice. This is a matter of court record. In the vernacular of Doctor Olson, "don't take our word for it." Read the testimonial in Olson's book—then read the court record.

But we're not through "shaving the ass" yet. While no doubt we have set forth enough evidence here to convince the public that Olson is a simon-pure quack; that his advertising statements are pure rot, and that he is filching money from the public by the practice of abominable quackery, we desire to give the public a little insight into the character of the man who is licensed to practice medicine, and who treats scores of women with his "Capsular" physic.

We don't have to go outside the record in his recent breach of promise suit to prove that the doctor is a moral leper and unprincipled cur and that his hospital was all that we claimed for it when we named it a "free and easy joint." According to the court record, the woman who sued Doctor Olson was his paramour for two or three years; she was virtually his common-law wife. The Doctor admitted on the witness stand that the only hiatus in his illicitness with the housekeeper was during a period

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when he was incapacitated by reason of a dose of gonorrhoea, and we have in our possession a letter written by him to this woman (who had left his employ and would have nothing further to do with him because of his familiarity with another so-called nurse and a woman patient), which letter implores forgiveness if he infected her with that dread disease, indicating plainly that even after contracting this most loathsome malady, Doctor Olson continued sexual relations with the woman who was then his promised wife. We have other letters which admit familiarity with others as charged by the Doctor's fiancee, and still other letters which are disgustingly sensuous and paragraph after paragraph written in the attempt to arouse sexually the woman to whom they were addressed.

Further, Doctor Olson placed a witness on the stand who had been employed at his "hospital" as a janitor; this man testified that he had sexual relations with the Doctor's fiancee two or three times a day for a period of months; that she came to his bedroom and solicited his embraces. And judging from the admissions of the Doctor, and this janitor, this woman who acted as housekeeper, head nurse, general business manager, collector, assistant chemist in filling the famous capsules, chambermaid, etc., found time to supply both the doctor and the janitor with their daily sexual needs. Then again the testimony says that this woman smoked cigarettes incessantly, drank beer and highballs, laid in bed until 9 o'clock in the morning and

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appeared in all parts of the hospital clad only in a bathrobe and slippers. Two other girl employees—both in their 'teens—declared that while employed at this famous "Home of Capsular Treatment," they had learned to smoke cigarettes and drink highballs. Doctor Olson and this janitor told in disgusting detail of their alleged relations with the plaintiff. The purpose of this was to defeat the suit of the woman who asked for damages from the doctor. It was the nastiest case ever tried in the Minneapolis courts. The jury awarded the woman fifteen hundred dollars in damages, and the Doctor settled, for he feared that did his attorneys secure a new trial through some minor technicality, the verdict would be much larger next time.

In his "reply to Jim Jam Jems," Doctor Olson says in reference to our publication, that "No doubt some of the 'stuff' is partially true, but always many times overdone. The aim is to make the publication sensational, and they have succeeded so well that some time ago they got into trouble with the federal authorities for sending obscene literature through the mails. Some newsdealers who sold 'Jim Jam Jems' were arrested and fined, so now the publishers crawl out of the federal clutches by sending their publication through the express companies." This is about as near the truth as any of the other statements in Doctor Olson's reply. In the first place we have never sent Jim Jam Jems or a single copy thereof by mail. We have always used the express because of the fact that we do not accept subscriptions and sell only to news-dealers;

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our magazines go out in large packages, and the express is the cheaper and most practical means of transportation. So far as escaping the clutches of the government is concerned, it is a well-known fact that the penalty for sending obscene matter by express is identical with that covering the mails; the law is the same in either case. And while we are on this subject of obscenity, we would remark that there are certain letters in our possession, written by Doctor Olson to his ex-fiancee, which absolutely come within the definition of obscenity; they were written in the attempt to arouse the passions of the woman and bring her back to him; fortunately for the doctor, the letters have not as yet come to the notice of the federal authorities.

Doctor Olson says that he would sue us for criminal libel, but his attorneys advise him that it would be necessary for him to come to North Dakota to do this. Here is the paragraph:

Now then—will say that every word of the knocking and slanderous part of the write-up in "Jim Jam Jems" June number about Dr. John Olson and his hospital is false. Then you may say—"If that is the case, why don't you prosecute the publishers; if you lay down now it goes to show that you are guilty, etc." In reply will say that immediately after I read the libelous remarks, I brought one of my books down to a lawyer, and also a copy of "Jim Jam Jems," June number, and left the matter in his hands for advice. After

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due consideration and the reading of both my books and the lies and misrepresentations, and what the Government calls obscene pamphlets, the lawyer said: "Doctor, there is no question but that you have full adequate grounds for instituting both civil and criminal proceedings, for the article is as libelous as it is possible to be, but," he said, "this is what we are up against. First, Sam and his partner are in Bismarck, North Dakota—another state; if you sue them, it means that the trial will come up in North Dakota and you will have to go up there, spending a week or so away from your work and Hospital. Now that means a whole lot when you have a hospital full of patients. Then you will have to bring, say one to two hundred of your patients who could testify as to the merits of your treatment, and as to conditions as found by them in the Hospital. The patients you could easily get, but the expense would be great, as naturally you would have to pay their fare and personal expenses. Then, too, these publishers do not use the mail for these so-called 'messages of truth,' and you could not get the Federal people after them." He said further: "Inasmuch as you get all of your patients through other patients anyway, and also that few, if any, pay any attention to such slanderous publications, it won't hurt you anyway. So considering everything, Doctor, it wouldn't be worth while to have them prosecuted."

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We are glad that our "slanderous attack" has not hurt the doctor in his business. We are glad that he admits this fact. It was not our intention at the time to hurt the doctor's business; we simply used the fellow and his methods and morals to indicate to the public the class of quacks who are suffered to exist in respectable communities, to the detriment of the legitimate medical practitioner. And we haven't any fear that Olson will sue us for libel. He isn't quite such a fool as that. And the public is not gullible enough to swallow that dope about the necessity of bringing one to two hundred patients to North Dakota at his expense to prove that we libeled Doctor Olson. In the first place, under a criminal charge, the state would bear the expense, and in the second place no such preponderance of testimony is necessary; two or three witnesses would accomplish just as much as two or three hundred; and in the next place, Doctor Olson knows we are telling the truth about him, and that if he ever went into court we could prove every assertion we have made.

Anyone who cares to investigate the court records of this recent suit against the Doctor will find the admissions and statements of witnesses about as nasty as it is possible for the human mind to conceive. Olson is an illiterate, immoral quack; his sensuous letters, his admissions of illicitness and the fact that he continued to cohabit with his fiancée while suffering from a loathsome venereal disease, indicate the character of the man; he is unfit to practice medicine; he treats scores of credible people, us-

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ing his shotgun capsule treatment for everything from locomotor ataxia to the itch; about the only thing he does not offer to treat in his pamphlet is confinement cases. At one time he thought of catering to this class of business, but the first confinement case in his alleged "hospital" resulted in the death of the patient from blood-poisoning; the sufferings of this patient scared the doctor and he immediately quit the first-aid to the stork stunt.

Quackery is what damns the medical profession; quacks are found in every city and they are simply silent partners of second-hand undertakers; the person with average intelligence would not think of taking a watch to a blacksmith for repairs, but the person in ill-health seems to be willing to tackle any kind of a blacksmith for repairs to the human system. The public is gullible; the quack floods the country with advertising pamphlets, testimonials, etc., and fellows like Olson make an easy living and often become rich through the practice of quackery. There are thousands of professional mistakes. Many a man who was cut out for a sure-enough footpad, accomplishes the same end through the "practice" of medicine. Hundreds of these quacks couldn't tell what was wrong with a person if the human body was as transparent as mica and lit up by electricity; they couldn't distinguish between a mess of human intestines and a box of vermicelli or a bundle of fishworms. They are equipped with sweetbreads instead of brains, and the liver runs largely to gall; if forced to carry on a legitimate practice, they

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would become county charges in a fortnight. But as Bar-num said, "there's one born every minute," and until the supply of suckers diminishes the quacks will be ever with us.

And this man Olson is about the sweetest-scented Quack we have encountered in a long, long time. He interests us now that he has seen fit to enter into a discussion of his shortcomings by publishing reply pamphlets. We expect to waste a little more lather on the ass at some future date.



MR. & MRS. ARMOND G. SANNES
310 COTTAGE
McINTOSH, MN 56556

What The Movies Did



HE big theatrical managers are wearing sackcloth and ashes after a period of wailing and gnashing of teeth. The movie magnates have been stealing their thunder. One after another of the big stars—who used to scintillate on Broadway at \$2 per scint or so—have succumbed to the lure, or shall we say flicker, of the

“illum.”

These be troublous times in the theatrical realm, for there is a deplorable lack of stars to exploit. They have all deserted the legitimate stage for studio work. It is much easier work, the demands are not so exacting, and then the actors and actorines do not have to galavant

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around the country—skipping lightly from tank to tank, as it were.

After all the big theatrical managers had it coming to them—with but a few exceptions. We happen to know that they are a pretty rough crowd, and their morals are as loose as ashes. It is notorious along the New York Rialto that anyone can become a star if she has good looks—and can find the proper “angel.” The rest is easy if the would-be star will just become subservient to the sensuous wishes of the captains in command.

There are a large number of clean-minded men and women on the stage, of course, but as a class they rank below the average. They have about as much regard for the marriage vow as a Belgian has for the Kaiser. The side streets off Broadway are cluttered up with hotels, where hundreds of men and women of the stage live as man and wife openly and brazenly. There is no condemnation in the profession. Free love is just as free as the air.

The whole bulwark of the theatrical profession, however, has been undermined by the advent of the movies. So serious has the proposition become that the Frohman offices recently issued a manifesto that the signing by any of their stars of a film contract would automatically end their services.

Billie Burke, a bright particular Frohman star, showed how much she thought of “the scrap of paper” by exiting laughingly the next day and signing a movie contract.

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The movie magnates have not been asleep all the time. They have retaliated by announcing that any of the screen stars who sign with the legitimate stage also lose their jobs with the movies. And there is the rub!

Ten years ago the movie game was pooh-pooed by all the big theatrical magnates. When the truth began to press home upon them they did not change their tactics of bilking the public. They seemed to think that some sort of a specially rigged-up Providence would look out after them.

They exploited ham-fat stars in the best \$2 houses and some of the most notorious concubines of millionaires would be electric lightingly proclaimed to the world in the big Broadway houses. The public was beginning to get nauseated when the movie game commenced to get a toe hold.

Outside of the character of stars on the legitimate stage powerful magnates did not hesitate to gouge the patrons. The notorious ticket speculating scandal is a crime that should send those responsible to prison cells. All of the big houses with rare exceptions are parties to the ticket speculating gouge. They sell the best seats to the hook-nosed Shylocks who in turn sell them at increased prices to the dear public. The man who goes to the theatre box office with his perfectly good money, willing to pay the price asked, is considered a boob. If he asks for a good seat—the young squirt in the box office may laugh at him. At least he will treat him with contempt.

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This has been the poorest year in the history of the stage. All the big managers dropped a fortune—but not one tried to change his tactics.

Why shouldn't the public fall for the movies? Some of these productions excel in every way for 10 or 15 cents, the ordinary dollar show. So potent has the movie become in the theatrical life of New York that only the other day the famous Knickerbocker theatre, known as the "society" theatre, was taken over by a film organization which will produce two dollar moving picture shows—and the audience will dress as they do for the opera.

And there will be no ticket speculation either! The big moving picture productions have never skinned the public by ticket speculation. The theatrical world—or the so-called legitimate stage—has got to clean house. It is honeycombed with rottenness. The morals stand about as high as a gnat's knee.

When one of the world's famous financiers bought a playhouse for a famous stage beauty a number of years ago, not one New York newspaper mentioned the fact at the opening, although it was positively known by everybody in New York. His power and his standing in Wall street prevented any mention of the liaison. She was supposed to represent a high type of the stage woman, and for years had been idealized—but it didn't take her long to fall off the pedestal.

Vice and wickedness is rampant. There is no chance at all for the young girl who comes to New York, equipped

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with good looks, a good voice and ideals that will not be shaken. She can only get on by sacrificing her virtue.

So is it any wonder that the movie game has made such great strides? Hark to the list of stars who have given up the legitimate stage to appear before the camera:

Charlotte Walker, Theodore Roberts, William Faverham, Kathryn Osterman, Martha Hedman, Marguerite Clark, Edith Wynn Mathewson, John Mason, Edward Abeles, W. S. Hart, Lulu Glaser, Bert Williams, Lawrence D'Orsey, Donald Brian, Frank Daniels, Louise Dresser, Florence Reed, Raymond Hitchcock, Jack Barrymore, Lionel Barrymore, Burr McIntosh, Janet Beecher, Laura Hope Crewes, Victor Moore, Eddie Foy, Marie Cahill, Weber and Field, Arnold Daly, Hattie Williams, Jane Cowl, Paule Frerick, De Wolf Hopper, Jeff De Angelis, William Courtleigh, Dustin Farnum, William Farnum, Henry Woodruff, and scores of others equally as prominent.

Quite an imposing list, eh?



A Southern Holiday



UTDOOR, nonparticipatory sports are still popular in Mississippi, where 5,000 persons turned out a short time ago to see a double hanging. Two cringing, perspiring blacks were brought out before the holiday crowds in Sarksville, Miss., and made to dangle at the end of a rope. "They did not die game," the crowds shouted in ghoulish glee. What is it to die game? Cherokee Bill, as foul and heartless an assassin as ever swung at the end of a rope, walked out upon the gallows at Fort Smith, surveyed the crowd as he rolled his last cigarette and remarked: "That's a hell of a crowd; something must be going to happen." Everybody said he died game.

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Rudolph, the bank robber and murderer, said to the preacher who was trying to give him religious consolation on the scaffold at Union, Missouri: "You can spread as much salve with a toothpick as some fellers could with a shovel; but you can't work that con game on me." And they said he died game.

But these poor miserable negroes, trained and reared in the South to be superstitiously afraid of death, chattered and moaned while the gay and festive countryside drank red lemonade and munched goobers. What a fine indictment against civilization!

The local business men, the town authorities and the women and children turned out in droves to see that disgusting spectacle of taking two human lives.

The dual hanging was arranged by the authorities in a natural amphitheatre in the center of which stood the gallows. The throng contained whites and blacks, and most of the crowd had come to Sarksville on the day before that they might not miss the first public legal hanging of many years.

The crowds brought their lunches and there was red lemonade by the barrel. The harsh rattle of the trap of the gallows which killed the two cringing creatures had no sooner died away than amid clattering of knives and forks 5,000 picnickers began eating their lunches in the shadow of the scaffold.

Before the hanging—think of this and shudder—the assembled bloodthirsty crowds, gathered by the energetic ad-

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vertising of merchants, listened to numerous candidates who seek honors at the approaching primaries. The candidates enunciated, amid applause, while a few steps away in the dirty little cells the two cowering negroes, their faces fairly ashen from fright, were awaiting the sheriff—awaiting to be dragged screaming and shouting for God's mercy through the laughing crowds of merry makers.

The two negroes, Dit Seals and Peter Bolen, were probably guilty, although we doubt any brand of justice which comes from such methods, and they may have deserved to die, but surely there could have been a more humane way to execute the sentences of death.

To boom holiday trade by advertising the public killing of two human beings, no matter how low they are in the scale of humanity, is nothing short of barbarism. It smacks of the Inquisition, and every person who had a hand in making sport of such a solemn duty that the state must perforce perform, should be held to strict account.

When the two negroes, with only the whites of their eyes showing, and unable to stand in face of the Great Terror, were brought to the scaffold, two negro preachers, embarrassed by the crowds, but trying bravely to do their duty, huskily sang: "There is a Land of Pure Delight Where Saints Immortal Reign."

Some yokel in the crowd yelled out: "Get the hook!"

We frankly did not believe there were such cold-blooded idiots in all the world, but we have them it seems right here in the United States. We do right well to tell Mexico

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we will stand for no more barbarism when acts of this kind occur under our very noses.

Let us hope that there is enough good citizenship in both Mississippi and Georgia to eventually leaven the whole lump, and that the severe criticism and censure that have resulted from this damning spectacle and the Frank travesty will never occur again.



The Little Feller



ON a stretcher in the improvised morgue near the Eastland dock in the big city of Chicago, lay Number 396. The Greek sculptor, working in marble, could not have chiseled a more perfect face, and the shock of reddish-brown hair, tossed carelessly about the brow by the rushing waters from whence the body had been rescued, reminded one of a glint of morning sunshine on a marble statue. Number 396 was a lad about ten years of age; his only earthly possession was a horn-handled jack-knife clutched in the rigid right hand; his clothes were ragged and one stocking was "busted" at the knee; it was apparent that he belonged to the class of little strugglers in a great city, and he had gone out on that fateful morn-

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ing to have some fun—probably had sneaked onto the big excursion boat.

His body was one of the first rescued when the overloaded Eastland toppled, and it was laid among those hundreds of other unfortunates which formed long rows across the spacious floor of the Second Regiment Armory. As order came of chaos, the bodies of victims were tagged and numbered. That is how he came to be known as Number 396. Hour after hour and day after day, fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, relatives and friends, passed along scanning the ghastly dead faces, identifying and carrying away their loved ones. The numbers gradually diminished until those remaining had dwindled to five—four adults and "The Little Feller," as he was called by the big, burly policeman who guarded the morgue.

Days passed. All the others had been identified and carried away by their loved ones; their trinkets had been gathered up, and amid flowers and tears they had been laid to rest. All save Number 396—The Little Feller—who lay friendless and alone, unclaimed, unmourned, unsung, a pitiable candidate for the Potter's Field. It didn't seem right for the others to be carried away—that the Little Feller should be all alone. Surely someone would come, tenderly lift the little body, fold up his clothes and lay them away with the crude jack-knife, and give him a funeral, and, well—shed a tear.

Of the thousands and thousands who passed and looked into the face of The Little Feller, none seemed to know

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him. Maybe his father and mother were in the hull of the death boat or had floated down with the swift current of the river; maybe he was a waif without one person in the world to care; maybe he was a runaway from a nearby town. No one seemed to know, or care very much.

But the day of awakening was to come in his behalf. On the fifth day the newspapers commenced to print pathetic little stories about Number 396—the lonely little lad over there in the armory. The battered, bruised and torn hearts of the great city were filled to overflowing; the shock of that awful tragedy had stunned humanity; it needed something just like The Little Feller and his loneliness to unite the tears of this great city in one flood of sympathy. He was claimed by the entire city. The call went ringing out among the Boy Scouts that “Comrade 396” would be buried with full military honors, and The Little Feller was to have a funeral. The sorrow and heartaches of the great city were focused at last—all hearts had found a common ground. Stunned by the horror of the Eastland disaster, the pentup sorrow and sympathy of a mighty city were loosened at last and the bier of The Little Feller was buried 'neath a flood of tears and flowers. All Chicago wept for this lad who seemed to represent the entire list of those who had met death with him. The mayor and other prominent personages participated in the obsequies and Number 396 had the greatest funeral of all.

Thank God for the humanity that is in all of us. And all honor to Chicago's citizenship for this act of charitable

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kindness. He was only a ragged little urchin, but he had harmed no one, he had deserved no punishment, he had naught in his heart but love for all humanity. And humanity returned that love with a flood of sympathy. The Little Feller—Number 396—touched the best there was in the heart of a great city by his sheer loneliness.



Yogi—"The Burbanker of Souls"



TO be an eighty-a-month forest ranger, and later break into a city, develop into a Yogi, steal another man's wife, get arrested and have a high old time in general, and to do all this within a few short weeks, is the record of one Ralph De Bit—"Dr." De Bit, if you please. Ralph was sort of a peculiar genius, and a married man. He got into the U. S. service as a forest ranger, and for some time plodded around over the Bitter Root mountains of Idaho, discovering fires and fighting them. In his solitude he had lots of time to think, and as he thought he hatched the idea of establishing the cult of the Yogi. He went to Seattle where he established himself as the "servant of humanity," the "Burbanker of Souls." Of

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course there had to be a head to the church, or cult, and after looking himself over, Ralph decided that he was the man for the job, hence proclaimed himself as the "Great I-am," and attached to his name the appendage of "Doctor."

Being in need of an advertising medium, Ralph established a publication which he called "The Christian Yogi Monthly."

Ralph undoubtedly did most of his thinking with his loins, for he seemed to have a weakness for women, and here is his version and his conception of woman, as promulgated in his Monthly:

"Twashtri, who, according to the Hindu legend, created the world, fell into profound meditation. When he arose from it he took the roundness of the moon, the undulating curves of the serpent, the graceful twist of the drooping vine, the light shivering of the grass blade and the slenderness of the willow, the velvety softness of the flowers, the lightness of the feather, the gentle gaze of the doe, the frolicsomeness of the sunbeam, the tears of the cloud, the inconstancy of the wind, the timidity of the hare, the vanity of the peacock, the hardness of the diamond, the sweetness of honey, the cruelty of the tiger, the heat of the fire, the chill of the snow, the cackling of the parrot and the cooing of the turtle dove. All these he mixed together and formed woman. Then he presented her to man."

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No wonder women flocked 'round this Yogi geek to have their souls burbanked! Getting satisfaction out of any other cult or religion while Yogi was on the job would be akin to making a cocktail with a basis of buttermilk. Women commenced to buzz 'round Yogi like flies 'round a molasses barrel—and most of them got stuck.

Yogi did a flourishing business; he established a colony down by the sea where he could hear the voice of Omnipotence in the murmurings of the mighty Pacific. He speared from among the bunch of female followers the wife of Doctor Rudolph H. Gerber, of San Francisco, "burbanked" her soul and named her "Isona," probably to ward off suspicion and make people think she was chilly. In the village she was known as Mrs. De Bit and as such she remained until her real husband made his debut.

Very naturally the first Mrs. De Bit didn't like the turn of affairs and got busy, resumed her maiden name Jessie Derby, and skipped to her home in Oakland in order to escape the trouble which she saw brewing for her spouse.

The Yogi's business flourished right from the beginning. Scores fell for his game and poured in their money. He Burbanked women body and soul, but it is not said what he did to the men. The Yogi evidently had an eye to business, for in selecting the Doctor's wife as his mysterious woman, he found she had a little daughter with a legacy said to be valued at a cool million dollars.

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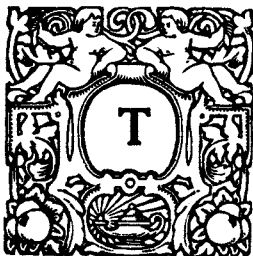
There are many angles to the combination of cases. Mrs. Gerber's divorce case is pending in court, while her husband is now out with habeas corpus proceedings for the little daughter, Areal. Both want the million.

In the meantime some fellow known as Professor Lundin bobs up with a complaint against the Yogi and Isona, charging them with a statutory crime and the Yogi is in the toils. This action has put the kibosh on the Yogi's business, and notwithstanding the fact that he poses as a highly educated prophet, there will have to be a recess declared till he gets through with the courts.

Even the devil can cite scripture for his purpose, and De Bit just bubbles over with biblical babble in defense of his cult and his teachings. But as he can't delegate his powers to another there's a bunch of women in the colony who will just have to get along without their burbanking until the Yogi gets out of the clutches of the authorities.

It's hard to believe—but a fact, nevertheless—that the fellow who has nerve enough to start a religious cult and bait his trap with a religious excuse for busting the seventh commandment, will find himself besieged with plenty of female followers who are anxious to be burbanked.

Schoolmarms and Cocktails



HERE is no use talking; times are changing; and while tempus is fugiting along, some of our good old fashioned notions teeter for awhile on the yawning abyss, and—kerflop—over they go into innocuous deseutude—whatever that is. When we were a barefoot, stone-bruised youngster, we recall the horror that was ours when we saw a dude minister from a neighboring city smoking a cigarette on the veranda of a very prominent home. In our infantile fancy we thought the world was going to the damnation bow-wows.

We were brought up short with another of those horrors the other day by some private advices from the village of

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New York. It is the place that Hendrik Hudson made famous, and is lined on both sides with chickens, squabs and—er—vultures.

The scandal involves those personages whom we picture now and possibly will forever, as trim, sedate and bespectacled, walking along with their eyes demurely downcast. It is the type of person whom we always associate with modesty, diffidence, constraint and even timidity.

Their verecundity is so pronounced in most instances that the male of the species rarely ever casts sheeps' eyes in their direction.

We will not keep you in suspense longer; you would never in the wide world guess the truth.

The scandal involves some prim young schoolmarms. Yessir!

Sh-h-h! They drink cocktails. And furthermore, they get what we call in the good old unvarnished English, "soused." And—will wonders never cease—they drink on duty. While teaching the young idea to shoot, as it were.

The scandalous information was brought out as the result of the bankruptcy of the Teachers' Pension Fund in New York. When the fund became depleted an effort was made to learn where the money went. And continuing the investigation further, an effort was made to learn what teachers were on the pension list, and for what reasons.

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The proverbial rat was first smelled when a middle-aged woman was getting a pension for "nervous insufficiency." Get it? It was a high-sounding, far-flung ailment, and the investigator clamored for more facts.

It then became known that her "nervous insufficiency" was the result of being addicted to the seductive cocktail, and looking upon the cherry when it was red. Sad lot these school-teachers; how we used to pity their narrow, even-tenored life!

But we must get on with our story. This teacher went to the corner drug store between classes and got a cocktail, not once, but thrice during the morning. She carried with her to school each morning a flask of whiskey, and when she didn't have time to hot-foot it down to the drug store for the cocktail, she slipped out into the cloakroom and took a long, Arkansas-fashion swig at the bottle.

Then she came back to her young charges and scattered a few Germs of Intelligence among them. Of course the investigators were horrified and knew that this was only an isolated case, but as they went on down the list they found that "nervous insufficiency" was as popular as appendicitis. Everybody seemed to have it—and they were all getting a pension for it too.

More than one teacher carried the flask to school, and more than one made a visit to the corner drug store for fuel during the long, tedious hours in the muggy school-room.

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The investigators under the City Comptroller refused to divulge the names or Jim Jam Jems would print them, one can rest assured.

School teaching is a high calling. One of the highest that we know, and it involves more than anything else a high sense of duty and the top pinnacles of morality. The impressionistic mind of the child who knows that his teacher is under the influence of drink, will be saying to himself in a few years: "Well, teacher did it and so can I."

A great many of us know that in the young days our teachers were idealized. We cherish their memories now—and we are mighty glad that the cock-tail brigade is in the minority—that old Gotham doesn't set the fashion for the country at large in this respect.

The follies of others should pass the school teacher unscathed.



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