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Jim Jam Jems: July 1915

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Jim Jam Jems

by SIM JAM JUNIOR



A VOLLEY OF TRUTH



MR. & MRS. ARMOND G. SANNES
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CLARK & CROCKARD, Publishers
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Bismarck, North Dakota

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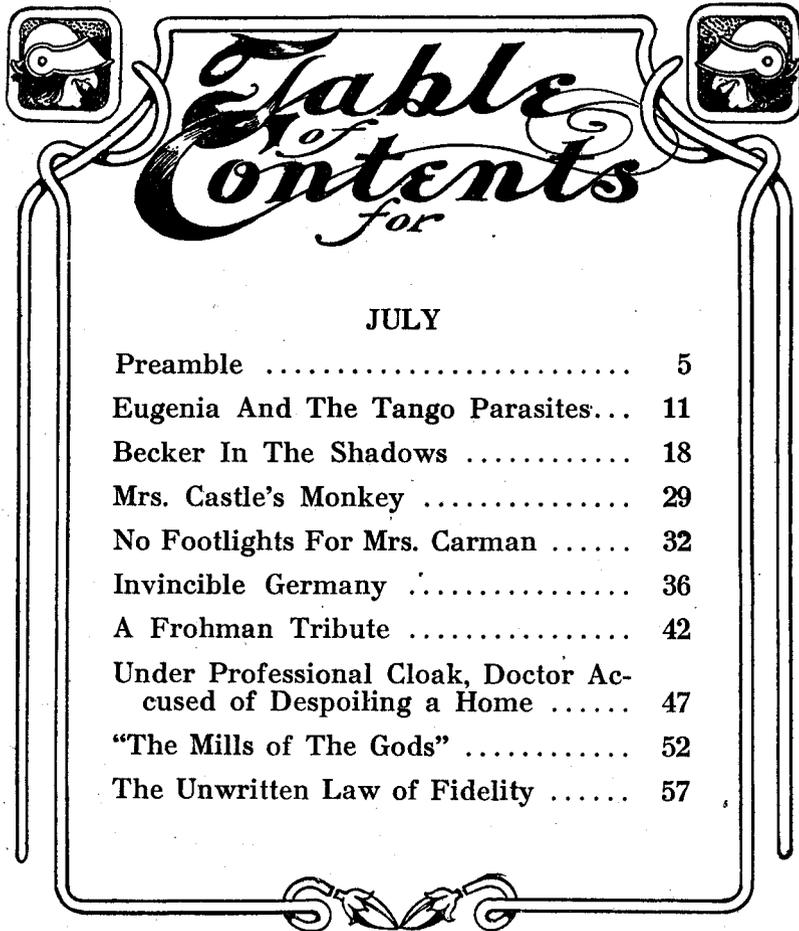
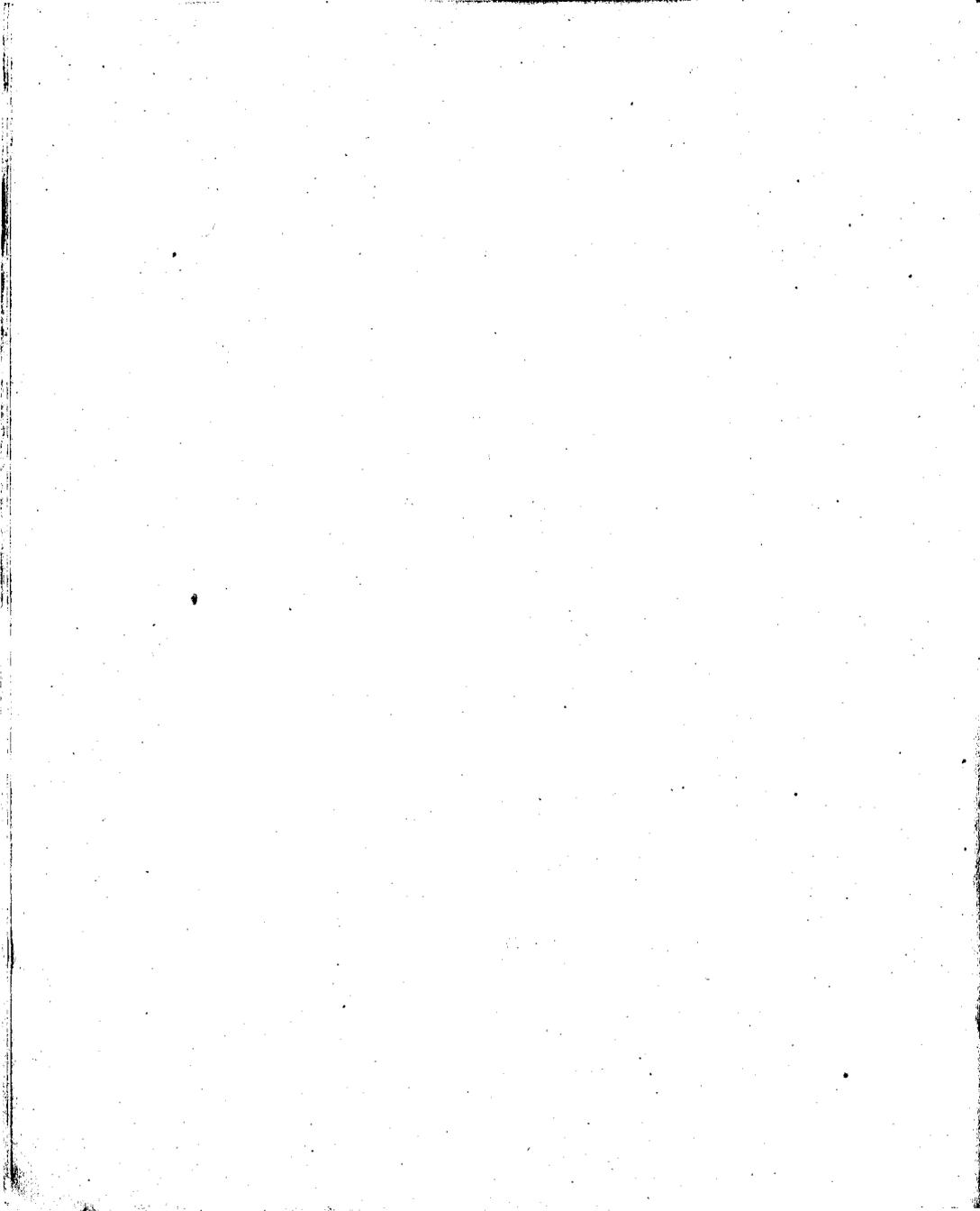
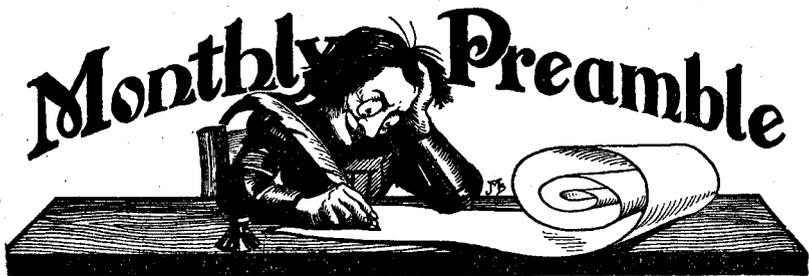


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STANDING on the street corner conversing with a friend the other day, our attention was directed to a bleary-eyed, stub-tailed Airedale dog and a fuzzy, wuzzy little poodle; the former was growling ominously and showing his teeth to the latter, while the fuzzy little fellow was standing on tip-toe and extending greetings to the larger cur in the usual dog-way. The little fellow reminded us of a reform investigator, the way he went sniffing around and sticking his nose into the other's private affairs, and we were not a bit surprised when the larger dog wheeled suddenly 'round and snapped the inquisitive little self-appointed smelling committee with a firmness that sent the fuzzy youngster yelping up the street; the chastised purp had only emitted about four yelps and made as many jumps, when a handsomely dressed blonde rush-

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ed out of a millinery store, grabbed the brute in her arms, hugged it to her bosom, and showered it with kisses and caresses with all the tenderness and affection a fond mother would cuddle her first-born, and we couldn't help but recall as we watched the fashionable dame plant fervent kisses on the pup's cold nose, that this was the same nose that had done all the investigating and caused all the trouble with the other dog, and we smiled gently as we thought where we had seen that nose just a minute before.

As we walked on down the street toward our den, we exchanged a nickel for a newspaper and the incident of the woman and the pup was still fresh in our mind when we planted our feet on the desk and settled back to enjoy our morning cigar and morning paper. The first item that caught our eye told of Madeline Force Astor in her appeal to the courts, wherein she made affidavit to the effect that twenty thousand dollars a year is not sufficient income to properly rear the posthumous son of John Jacob. The child is now about three years old—having been born shortly after the Titanic disaster—and the sixty thousand dollars that the mother as guardian, has expended for the youngster's keep, has been entirely inadequate to supply the needs of this heir to the Astor millions. And then we commenced to wonder if, after all, poodle dogs aren't better youngsters for the rich than real babies.

A pug pup can stand all the grooming that its mistress lavishes upon it; the highly embroidered imported silk blanket and the jeweled collar, the dainty perfumed baths

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and careful combing and grooming will not hurt the purp in the least; but silk diapers fastened with jeweled pins, cut-glass nursing bottles, golden hobby-horses, and a retinue of servants who dance attendance upon the rich kids of the Astor brand, are bound to make the child a snob and give it an appetite for things that even the Astor millions can't buy. The kid that has everything money can lavish upon it from infancy, hasn't much to look forward to when he reaches man's estate. Five thousand dollars a year for toys and such is Mrs. Astor's estimate of her baby's needs.

We look back over the years to the time when our old mother kept a family of four kids in pretty good shape on about forty dollars a month; our diapers were made out of discarded flour-sacks with the "Fancy Patent" and "XXX" trade mark very frequently visible; and not one of us youngsters tugged our sustenance through a rubber nozzle; we kids never had but two pieces of clothing in the summer-time—a seersucker jumper and a pair of jeans breeches which usually connected with just one button in the southwest corner; the only toys we ever had were a slung-shot and a bulldog; we swallowed carpet-tacks, buttons, and ate the proverbial "peck o' dirt," and when it came time for us to go to school, we took our place and kept pace in the classes with the best of them. And life held forth a million things to strive for. But what about this Astor kid? When he lines up for the race of life, the chances are a hundred to one he will be overtrained.

Some people call us a pessimist because we see little

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things like this pup incident and baby incident and occasionally call attention to them, but honestly, friends, there isn't one drop of pessimistic blood in our entire system. While we are not quite so optimistic as the fellow who thanked God for the itch just because of the luxury of scratching, we are not more than a degree or two removed from him. It is amusing, sometimes, when we meet people, to note the surprise which they manifest, and almost invariably we are greeted with the exclamation: "Why, I thought you were different altogether; I had pictured a far different person; I expected to meet an older man, etc., etc."

Just because we have acquired the habit of writing the truth, people generally imagine we are some decrepit old geek, with a chronic bellyache, who has been out of tune with life since infancy; they imagine we couldn't distinguish between the sweet odor of a full-blown rose and that of a second-hand coffin from a nigger grave yard; that if our milk of human kindness were churned, the product would resemble limburger cheese; that we have such a little soul it would rattle in a mustard seed like a buck-shot in a milk-pail; that we have all the characteristics of the lynx and the louse—the former always wants to fight, it cares not what; and the latter always wants to feed, it cares not where; that we are afflicted with a chronic grouch and have established Jim Jam Jems as a proper medium through which to work off our ever increasing bile; honestly, if we were half as bad as some people believe us to

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be, just a segment of the darkness Moses laid upon the land of Egypt would make a white mark on our soul.

Truth is so new and startling that it will take a long time for the public to get accustomed to regular doses of it; it is an exception to the old established rule of policy employed by the average publication, that is all; just like a two-headed calf or a red-headed nigger—the exception is pronounced. But we are highly encouraged by the constantly increasing demand for Jim Jam Jems, and in time we hope to convince people that we are just an ordinary blunt individual like Mark Anthony—who spoke right out and said what he had to say, without dodging the issue. And if anyone thinks we don't enjoy every day of life, that person is sadly mistaken. The world is our text-book, and as we scan its pages we forget the foolish visions and idle dreams of little men; we hate sham and hypocrisy, and are just as happy and contented in publishing this little monthly volley of truth as an Irishman would be in tearing down a Methodist church.

This is July; if everything breaks even as it usually does in nature, we can expect it to be hotternell for a time, and we know that the swish of the palm-leaf fan and the small voice of the soda fountain will be far more grateful to the soul than the grandest eloquence that ever burned on a Bryan's lips of gold. So we will slip it to you as gently as we can this month and trust you won't find anything in this number that will cause you to work up an extra sweat. We just want to lie around with you in your ham-

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mock and try to be agreeable. And when we think of the woman who kissed the poodle pup on the nose, we don't see why Jim Jam Jems should leave such a bad taste in the mouths of cultured society. In August we will probably be able to tell you about the big fish—that didn't get away from us.

JIM JAM JUNIOR.



Eugenia And The Tango Parasites



THE Broadway trotteries have suffered a hurried and hasty evacuation. Just as if some pointed mustached prestidigitor had waved his magic wand and lo!— Gone are the tango parasites, those sleek, oily-tongued young devils of the dansants! They have fled with their wrist watches, their pommade and suede tops, to the quiet

little hotels along the Jersey coast.

For Broadway is in a turmoil. All sorts of committees are investigating why girls go wrong. The same hysteria that follows every expose is rampant, and until the investigators—usually social aspirants itching for publicity—tire themselves out, or the newspapers refuse to give them first page notices, the lid will be on the Wide White Alley.

The whole thing was caused by a nineteen year old girl—headstrong, wayward and pretty. Her name is Eugenia

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Kelly, and her parents have long been prominent in the social and commercial life of the city. A few years ago the father died and left many millions—the girl was to get \$1,000,000 when she was 21 years of age. In the meantime she was allowed from \$75 to \$100 a week “spending” money.

She became a patron of Broadway and was sucked into that whirling hellish vortex that has caused more broken hearts than any other given territory in the world. Before she realized it she was in the whirligig of night life, hand in hand with social leeches, the dress suit gangsters and concubines who make the Tenderloin resorts their habitat.

Impetuous, young and impressionable, she was thrilled by the exciting escapades that make up the nocturnal rounds of the lobster halls, the dance palaces, theatres, retreats with popping of corks, low necked hacks and intoxicated men and women. The glowing lights of the White Way blinded her to all save the Goddess of Frivolity.

Since the Rosenthal murder expose the gangsters of the East Side, suave, diplomatic and daring, have swarmed into upper Broadway and made the dance halls their havens. Contrary to popular opinion, the gangster is not a low-browed, red-necked, “dis and dat” type of the Bowery. He is usually polished and educated and he realizes the New York value that is put upon clothes.

Pretty Eugenia Kelly met several of these blood-suck-

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ing parasites. It became noised about that she was an heiress—soon she was to fall into a cool million. What delightful prey! She was flattered, cajoled, wined and dined, and made to believe that she was the especial orbit about which all the leading lights of Broadway circled. Instead she had fallen into the hands of the most desperate gang of blackmailers in New York.

Many of her companions were “snow-birds” or “happy-dusters.” If you are not wise to the jargon of Broadway, it can be said that these two names are applied to the cocaine fiends that frequent the trotteries. Eugenia began to maxixe her way through life with the crowd that breakfasts at 4 o'clock in the afternoon—the kind who live off women and call their apartment or flat a “studio.” She began lapping up cocktails in the same bizarre fashion as the old timers. Without cigarettes, life was a snare and a delusion. Ah! this is indeed the life, thought Eugenia.

In the meantime the leeches were not resting on their oars. They were after pretty Eugenia's bank roll. She was taught that it was the *modus-operandi* of the Broadway crowd for the women to pay the men's bills—thus reversing the usual order of the way the good old fashioned folk go through life. She began spending money like a tar off the boat for a fortnight. Her taxicab bills amounted to about \$15 a day. Jewels were going to the hook-shop with alarming regularity. From time to time, after a night on Broadway, Eugenia would slip her acquaintances in the back way and the carousals would con-

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tinue. At the time she was living in one of the exclusive hotels, and the management ordered her and her mother to move on.

All the while the mother was protesting against the crowd that Eugenia was trailing around with. The girl had a will of her own, however, and flippantly declared she would do as she pleased. And she did.

Finally Eugenia fell in with Al Davis, a youth who has had an extremely meteoric career along the Gay Streak. He first became famous as a horseman and later became a devotee of the dance, and one of its chief exponents. Several years ago he was involved in an arrest at Murray's on Forty-second street, for conducting a gambling game. He was reputed at the time to be the official "puller in" of the gilded youths who had more money than brains.

Davis had married, but his wife had given him up, and sequestered herself in a little village on Long Island, while Davis turned himself wholly to the night life of Broadway. He fell in with Bonnie Glass, a professional dancer, and became her partner. They danced nightly in a Broadway restaurant and lived together in a hotel in the neighborhood. Davis was the dancer's pet. She adored him, and it is not any wonder that when he remained away she became suspicious. Through those underground channels she learned that Davis, while she was dancing, was much in the company of Eugenia Kelly and her crowd.

The cut worm of envy entered Bonnie Glass's garden of love. She demanded a strict accounting of her frivolous

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partner. He promised to be good, but what is a promise when the spoils of a million dollar heiress is at stake? Several times the dancer caught Davis in the company of the girl, and it is said a violent scene followed at their hotel. As a last resort Bonnie Glass got into communication with Eugenia Kelly's mother, who was now practically prostrated by her daughter's waywardness. Spitefully, the dancer told the mother of her daughter's love for Davis. She told her what sort of a man Davis was and how the Broadway crowd was filching her daughter's jewels.

That night, when the daughter returned, the mother tearfully implored the girl to give up the loose set. She would take her away, do anything. It was a mother fighting with her back against the wall to save her daughter's honor. Headstrong Eugenia was defiant and sulky. She would do nothing of the sort. She would not bow to the will of such old foggy notions.

"Why," she said, "you are not anything on Broadway unless you visit four or five dance halls nightly. I love Al Davis and I will not give him up."

Then the mother took the step that at first brought condemnation upon her head, but saved her daughter. She went to Magistrate Fred House, a good and kindly judge, and an old friend of the family. She laid the case before him and with great wisdom he pointed out that the only way was to have the girl brought into court and made to see the right course.

A warrant was issued and a shiver of fear went down

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the spine of Broadway. "Studios" were being deserted over night—for it was known that a lot of socially prominent married women had been mixed up in the Eugenia Kelly parties. It has been said along Broadway that most of the New York wives have a husband and a dancing partner. It seems that this was true in the circles that the Kelly girl moved in. Val O'Farrell, who knows the Tenderloin like a book, was given the warrant, and Eugenia, proud and haughty, was brought into court. She laughed at the charges. She snapped at the judge, and tried to cower the lawyers. The idea of giving up Davis was ridiculous. She knew her friends and she knew that they would stand by her. Let her mother do as she pleased—she was her own boss, and she was going to live her own life.

The case was postponed for several days, and in this way, as the judge no doubt knew instinctively, Eugenia saw how faithful were her friends of Broadway. Al Davis had fled. Bonnie Glass had fled, and so had all the rest of the crowd that was trying to pluck her fortune. She couldn't believe it at first. She tried to get them on the telephone. She couldn't—they were out of the jurisdiction of the court—probably laughing at her for being such a silly, frivolous girl.

It was a rude awakening for Eugenia, but the next day in court it was a changed attitude she expressed. Several times she looked at her mother pityingly. Then the wise lawyer and the wise judge looked at each other understandingly. They knew that the psychological moment

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had arrived and they all withdrew to the judge's private chamber. Mother and daughter sat opposite each other.

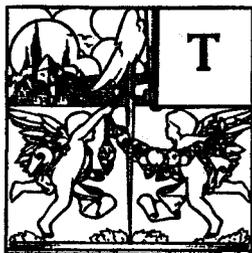
"Eugenia," said the lawyer, gently and softly, "your mother wants you, girl. She wants you just now more than she ever wanted anything in her life."

There was a convulsive clutch in the girl's throat. Through the mist of tears she saw the grey haired woman across from her, her face strained and eyes red from days of anxious waiting and weeping. The judge turned away to look out into the warm sunshine of the court yard. The lawyer walked over to him, too, and when they turned again, mother and daughter were clasped in each other's arms—weeping.

That is the end of this story of Broadway life. It rarely turns out so happily. Eugenia has her mother and the judge to thank, and also a merciful, all-seeing God. Most girls who start out as Eugenia did, wait some night until darkness covers the city and then slink away to the dock. There is a splash. And that is all.

Becker In The Shadows

Famous Czar of the Tenderloin now cowers in a little two by four cell in the death-house. With almost every hand against him, he is ready to "curse God and die."



HERE is always a little tug at our heart-strings when we look at that masterful painting by Orchardson of Napoleon on board the Bellerophon. The scene is of the deck of the steamer which conveyed the Emperor to England on the 23rd of July, 1815. It is a cold, gray morning with a calm sea, off Cape Ushant, the ship rolling slightly. Napoleon, clad in the familiar gray coat, buttoned loosely over the green uniform of the Guides, is taking his last look at the coast of France—his beloved, bleeding France. Behind him are his suite—Colonel Planat, General Montholon, Surgeon Maingaut, Count Las Cases and the Generals, Savary, Lallemand and Bertrand.

The Emperor stands with arms folded, the officers a little apart from him in respectful obeisance, until the thin coast

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line merges into the waters. His last hope has fled—he is a doomed man.

This is the picture we thought of as we beheld the cold, bleak pile of stones that form the outline of Sing Sing prison when we neared Ossining to see Charles Becker, the former Czar of New York's Tenderloin—and somehow when we saw the dreary, gloomy prison there was the same little tug at our heartstrings, but then—we have always been sentimental.

Like Napoleon, Becker was a masterful man, red cupscled and domineering. He loved to rule and to fight, and like Napoleon, his energies were finally misdirected for evil and made an agency of oppression instead of standing for law and justice. Becker—as a celebrated New York attorney once pointed out—would have made a great army general. Opportunity might have made him a Napoleon. As a matter of fact, there had been secret rumors prior to the gigantic police scandal that unhorsed him, that he might soon be elevated to the Police Commissionership—so powerful had become the police ring of which he was the head.

Today, Becker slinks in his little two-by-four cell in Sing Sing, waiting for the electric current that will hurl him into eternity. It is a different Becker that now occupies the Death House from the old Becker who had the underworld of New York at his feet—ready to do his bidding, even when it came to murdering the famous gambler, Herman

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Rosenthal, in the very heart of the busiest night life section of New York.

The Becker of today is a humbled man—meek and contrite. That keen, snappy eye has lost its flash—it has become dulled by watching from day to day the little doorway leading from the Death House of Sing Sing into the ante-chamber where stands the electric chair.

The “little green door,” it has been called, but it is not green at all—it is an ordinary sheet-iron door, but through its portals the doomed, jabbering, shuddering, screaming men have been pulled and dragged and strapped into the horrendous chair with its wires and with one quick magical stroke—the soul of the victim is cast from the mortal body and started on its journey to the Great Unknown.

This is the fate that awaits Charles Becker—once Lieutenant of the New York Police and head of the Strong Arm Squad, those brave spirits who defied iron and steel doors to raid gambling houses in the Tenderloin. Several times since Becker’s incarceration in the Death House he has seen his prison mates march silently through that “little door.” They never came out again—the prison burial wagon is waiting in the rear to carry the bodies to the final resting place.

Through those secret underground channels the men in the Death House know what happens when a man walks to the chair—just as they know many times who is going to be warden, before the warden himself knows he is to be ousted. It is more uncanny than the wireless.

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Becker knows how the limp forms droop in the chair and when the current comes on like a flash the bodies stiffen and strain at the straps. A thin veil of smoke comes up from the head; superstitious witnesses have often gone away saying it was the departing soul—but the electrocutioners know it is the singeing of the hair from the heat of the electricity.

These are the things that Becker knows, and, of course, dwells upon during his waking hours.

There is still an old touch of the executive in Becker, however, even in the gloomy, dank Death House. He is the leader of some half dozen other prisoners who have been sentenced to death by the state. They look upon him as their superior—and he is, both by education and natural endowments.

He reads to them—mostly from the Bible and from the daily newspapers. He has explained to them the causes leading up to the war, and the triple ententes and the triple alliances that befuddle most men on the outside.

Becker is a Catholic and the closest man to him is Father Cashin, that kindly, gray-haired chaplain. It was Father Cashin, with his eyes brimming with tears and his shoulders shaking with uncontrollable grief, who told Becker several weeks ago to get ready to meet his Maker. Only the Governor, who was the prosecutor instrumental in causing his conviction, or a rare legal technicality, can save him. When Becker realized for the first time that all hope was gone, the man of iron nerve began to weaken. His

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face blanched and beads of cold, clammy perspiration popped out on his forehead.

He looked at the gentle old priest as one just suddenly brought out of a sound sleep, and then came a look that bespoke terror in every fibre. His body straightened and a gurgle came to his throat, as if in the grip of an epileptic seizure. Father Cashin, used to Death House scenes, sat beside Becker on his bunk, his hand on the condemned man's shoulder and his head bowed.

Becker had lost his nerve!

Trembling and gasping with fear, he had reached the point where he was ready "to curse God and die." He raved against the machinations of the powers that had been his undoing. He shouted that there was no God and that all justice had fled from the world, and then in a paroxysm of deep anguish, he slid in a heap to the prison floor with his head pillowed on the lap of the priest.

Since this incident Becker has not been the powerful Becker of old—the Becker with Nerves of Iron.

He has weakened physically and mentally. The sorrows of the long months with human beings who have lost all earthly hope, have whitened his hair, deep furrows have made their impress into the strong brow, and the skin has taken on that greenish, pasty hue—prison pallor, the newspaper boys call it.

After Becker gave way to his emotions, which were of bitterness and extreme hatred, he sat in his cell as one stupefied from some strong narcotic and this may have

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happened, for prison doctors have a way of bracing up the weakened nerves with the hypodermic. Many a man has left the Death House for the chair, walking stiffly and bravely to his doom.

The newspapers say that they die game—but if the truth were known they were so deadened by drugs that they scarcely knew what had happened. And after all this may be the humane and kindly way.

Jim Jam Jems remembers a number of years ago of being on a visit to New York and dining after the theatre in the cabaretted regions of Broadway with a business acquaintance. There was a stir among the waiters, and inquiry from our dress-suited attendant brought forth the information that one of the gambling places for the young bloods and swells, two doors below, was being raided.

With the rest of the diners we poured into the street and saw the famous Becker Strong Arm Squad battering their way with axes through three thicknesses of doors. Becker was in the lead. After the raid had been made, the prisoners piled into a waiting patrol wagon and the gambling paraphernalia broken up and carted away for evidence, we had an opportunity to get a good view of Becker. He was at the curb talking to one of his strapping six-foot helpers. He was as calm and collected as though he had just finished a hearty meal. Of the two, Jim Jam Jems was probably the more excited.

Consequently, it was with a feeling of intense interest, piqued with much curiosity, that we saw the same Becker

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in the famous Burial Place of Human Hopes—that reeking, musty old Sing Sing.

The Death House itself is apart from the actual prison life, and the prisoners doomed to execution are not allowed those rare privileges of seeing their fellow prisoners and communicating with those subtle flashes of the eye, the crook of the finger, or the jerk of the head—but always the Unspoken Word.

The prisoners in the Death House occupy two rows of cells, two tiers high, with a passageway or floor space between. It is as lifeless and cheerless as a mausoleum—in fact that is the impression one gets when entering the Death House. Even when Becker's wife comes to visit him there is always a wire screen placed before them—never can they touch each other by even a handclasp. However, when the last court verdict was received, the humane warden allowed Becker to be taken to a private office, where, under the ever-seeing eyes of the guards, they were allowed to embrace. It may be the last before the early morning hour of his execution, when he will be allowed—if both desire it—to bid a fond farewell.

Becker appears as a man who has lost all hope. It may be that before this is printed his lawyers will have found some loophole for delay or the Governor will have commuted the sentence to life imprisonment, but those closest to Becker—his devoted wife and his brother, also an officer in the New York police department—have little hope that he will be spared.

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Becker in his cell suggests the caged lion. He is fettered by the restrictions and careful watch that is kept over all condemned prisoners. He cannot accustom himself to the espionage. However, he has made a model prisoner—not once has he caused his keeper trouble—yet it is plain to be seen that he is mentally tugging at the leash. His eyes are rather sunken, and there is a noticeable and withal pathetic little droop to his shoulders. He has a fine shaped head, and his closely cropped hair has grown hoary with the heavy burdens heaped upon him. Even after Becker said good-bye to his cell-mates, “Lefty Louie,” “Gyp the Blood,” “Whitey Lewis” and “Dago Frank”—when cringing and weeping they were marched to the chair—he has never seemed to have felt that the same fate awaited him. It has only been since the last court decision sealed his fate that he is beginning to shudder at the Unknown Terror.

Becker has been so intoxicated with power and seemingly above the law, that he cannot bring himself face to face with the fact that he must pay the penalty. For years he ruled the gamblers, the cafe proprietors, and in fact the entire underworld of New York. He was a slum-world autocrat and everybody feared him.

Just now as the closing days of Becker’s life are nearing, his hatred is concentrated on Jack Rose, the oily-tongued, suave and cool gambler, who was the marvel of lawyers when he appeared on the stand.

Rose is an absolutely bald gambler. He came from Po-

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land when a child and grew up in the Broadway Tenderloin district. He made a good living and finally became Becker's collector. It was through Rose primarily that the entire story of Becker's alliance with the gamblers became known.

Becker now shifts all the blame for the murder on Rose. He declares that it was Jack Rose who had the real motive for getting the slain gambler, Rosenthal, out of the way. He wants the people to believe that it was a "gamblers' frame-up."

However much the public may sympathize with Becker—and as a matter of fact the sympathy is mostly for his wife, a highly cultured woman who has sacrificed her health, earnings as a school teacher, and everything else, for him—it cannot forget that the four young East Siders—mere boys in truth—have paid the penalty for doing Becker's bidding.

Dago Frank, Lefty Louie, Whitey Louis and Gyp were typical young men of the East Side. Their environment played a strong part in their character making.

They fell away from their parents and became a part of the gang life that honeycombs the East Side. Instead of working they learned to live off women and raid the cheap little gamblers in the district. Opium smoking, cocaine sniffing and rot-gut whiskey drinking became a part of their daily lives—and it was only natural that murder should top off their careers.

However, Becker was placed in a position of trust and

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honor by the people, and instead of protecting them, he filched from the gamblers—the various amounts placed by newspapers range from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000. He collected toll while posing as a representative of the law. He bought property and lived like a king. He became dictatorial, and when Herman Rosenthal, who professed to be nothing but a gambler, but was loyal—more than Becker was—paid Becker tribute money and Becker refused to protect him when headquarters ordered a raid, it was no more than natural that Rosenthal should become a “squealer.”

The whole Rosenthal-Becker murder scandal was caused by the zeal of the New York World. That newspaper through its underworld tipsters—and it has scores who live by this source—learned that Rosenthal had been driven to the wall and his business ruined after he had paid Becker thousands of dollars. The night before the murder, Rosenthal went to the World building and made the affidavit implicating Becker as the chief graft collector. The next morning—shortly after midnight—the four gunmen rode up to Broadway and Forty-third street in the big gray “murder car,” and as Rosenthal stepped out of the Metropole Hotel, they shot him to death, then leaped into the chugging auto and escaped—despite the fact that there were policemen on every corner and crowds everywhere. This showed the Becker power among the police force.

The daring of Becker was shown when he visited the

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police station where Rosenthal's body was taken, and even went into the back room and looked at the body.

According to the court evidence, he said: "I would like to have cut the squealer's tongue out and hung it up on Broadway as a warning to others." Becker had no fear at that time of being caught. When the gamblers and the gunmen went into hiding he telephoned Jack Rose not to worry—and they did not worry until District Attorney Whitman got on the job and Mayor Gaynor, the doughty old war-horse, had Becker suspended.

Then the whole swarm of crooks began deserting Becker like rats leaving a sinking ship. All of them moral as well as physical cowards, it was typical of them to become squealers.

Now we have the powerful Becker—alone and practically friendless, in the Sing Sing Death House. Each tick of the clock brings the electric chair nearer.

There is a lesson in the entire case for the powerful—tomorrow is another day and unless power is rightly directed, it always brings dishonor and disgrace.

Mrs. Castle's Monkey



MRS. Vernon Castle has a monkey. She seems to be proud of it, and takes delight in showing it on public occasions. When she goes to the races, the theatre, riding or shopping, she wraps her "monk" in white silk—and carries it under her arm. We are sure of this for a picture of Mrs. Castle as she appeared at the Belmont races the other day, was featured in several of the New York papers, and we had a look at it. According to the press, Mrs. Castle made a decided hit, being a veritable advance-fashion plate with her starched collar and cravat, a silk tile of identical cut and polish such as Broadway dudes wear, a walking-stick of colonial-day style and her monkey wadded in white. As monkeys go, Mrs. Castle's didn't seem to be anything out of the ordinary, and doubtless did she carry an organ and decide to work on the streets like other Pomeranian street-entertainers, she would be able to gather in the sheckels with her monkey

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almost as easily as she has while touring the country with her jim-dandy husband in fancy and sensational dances.

Funny, isn't it, to what ends a woman will go to catch the eye, ear and cash of the public. Not being satisfied with her natural winsomeness, cunning and magic power over the stronger sex, she resorts to anything and everything, to all kinds of artifices and practices in the endeavor to be known as "extraordinary." In dress, the society woman of today goes the limit. In the afternoon she gives the first installment of a splendid exhibition in transparencies, a moving picture in silhouette of fatted calves and un-smoked hams, allowing even the casual observer to view as far as possible those charms of which she is the justly proud possessor. In the evening, at dinner, or in the ball-room, she presents the second installment by starting at the top and showing the real thing as far south on her anatomy as the city ordinances will permit. Through the liberality of dress censorship we will not be surprised if in the near future some faddist springs a drop-seat skirt. The stage has found transparencies and tights too tame and has resorted to the nude, and the real thing is necessary to make the nude a feature or a drawing card. And so common has the vogue become among charming and shapely women who dress to attract attention, that something out of the ordinary is necessary to first attract attention to the woman, and then the peekaboo helps the game along if the one who is attracted cares to look farther.

But this monkey business gets on our nerves. The only

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monkeys we recall ever having seen have been in the side-show or the park. And like Caruso—we have monkeyed with them more or less. Every monkey of our acquaintance has had a weakness for vermin and an aroma that reminds us of a cow barn after a thunder shower. We admire women—real women, beautiful women, clever women, dashing women, if you will—and we love them for what they are, but Lord deliver us from the face-making, itching, stinking, flea-bitten monkey—the kind Mrs. Castle has attempted to make popular as a companion-piece for afternoon and outdoor wear.



No Footlights For Mrs. Carman



THEY have refused to allow Mrs. Florence Carman to appear on the vaudeville stage. Our hat is off to the Keith people who issued the dictum, although it meant the loss of several thousands of dollars. Mrs. Carman has no histrionic ability, and her only reason for attempting to flaunt herself before the public was because she gained a lot of nasty notoriety for being the chief figure in a murder trial.

She was accused of the ghastly crime of killing an innocent woman whom she had never known either by sight or reputation; accused of shooting her down from the darkness when she came to consult Dr. Carman for relief from a physical illness.

Mrs. Carman was acquitted after two trials, and she is welcome to any feeling of exultation she may have over the verdict vindicating her. She exhibits very poor taste,

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however, in even attempting to appear before the public. It would be well if both she and her husband would devote their talents to discovering the assassin who cruelly shot down Mrs. Bailey in Dr. Carman's office. He or she has never been found.

However, if Mrs. Carman is so insistent in letting the public see her and her talents, she might prepare a sketch entitled: "Getting the Goods on the Doc with the Little Dictagraph." A nifty little up-stairs and down-stairs stage setting could be provided at very little cost. It could show the round-faced jovial doctor sitting in his office facing a patient and learning from the patient those secrets that are as sacred as the secrets of the confessional.

Upstairs could be shown the heroine—Mrs. Carman—kimonally attired, and squeezed into a little closet with her ears glued to the dictagraph. She could take notes on everything that was said, and thus have the goods on the doctor. This little act would be absolutely true to life, for Mrs. Carman did just this thing. She spied on her husband, about as unwomanly a thing as any wife can do.

If this act does not ring the bell, a little skit entitled "Slapping the Nurse," could be arranged. This also would be true to life and could reveal the irate doctor's wife pouncing into the office and delivering a Jess Willard left on the pink, rosy cheek of one of the doctor's nurses.

Instead, however, of any such act, it seems that Mrs. Carman wanted to appear before the public and tell how she had been mistreated and how dreadfully wrong it was to

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suspect her of anything like murder. She wanted to set herself right before the Great American Public. It is our bet—and we gamble very little—that the G. A. P. cares not a tinker's dam about Mrs. Carman and her vindication, but cares infinitely more, if interested at all, in what is to become of the motherless young girl and the widower, who were left under the crushing load of grief when the frail Mrs. Bailey, a woman of spotless reputation, fell lifeless with an assassin's bullet in her body in Dr. Carman's office at Freeport.

Mrs. Carman was freed. She may know absolutely nothing about the murder in the doctor's office. The court verdict is that she did not, and to uphold our institutions she should be believed innocent and given the same standing in the community that she had before the tragedy—that is, if she conducts herself in a womanly, motherly way. If she was advised that the public would be interested in her, she needs an adviser who is at least half-witted.

However, the most important feature of the whole incident, is the fact that one of the largest vaudeville organizations in the world refused to give Mrs. Carman a place on its boards. It confirms our belief that the world, and particularly that part of it dealing with the stage, is growing better.

It hasn't been very long ago when the "Shooting Show Girls" appeared on a New York stage, mediocre and uncouth, their only claim to stage ability being the pumping

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of some lead into the already shaky legs of Millionaire Stokes, when he refused to cough up.

They were women of tarnished reputation. Yet they were headlined and electric lightingly proclaimed to the world in one of the largest variety theaters in New York. It was a disgusting spectacle to see these two harlots disport themselves on the stage, cackle a song and giggle and drive away fifteen precious minutes of time. It was an imposition that only New York theatrical dolts would stand for. They would not stand for such assininity in Kankakee or Kalamazoo.

It is to the credit of Evelyn Thaw that she at least changed her name and tried to get away from the White murder atmosphere, but nevertheless, her sole claim to the headline class is through the nauseous publicity she has received. Without the Stanford White murder she would be toting a spear in burlesque.

The theatrical world has gone through the most trying year of its existence, and it is certainly time for a house cleaning. It is time to get rid of these cheap, sensation-for-a-day acts, and make the vaudeville theaters wholesome and clean. It is the only way they will survive.

The Keith people have taken the right stand. The public will back them up.

Let the Mrs. Carman incident serve as an example to others.

Invincible Germany



IT is almost a year since Germany set out to settle the hash of England—the world's bully. It was generally believed—the world over—that the Kaiser had suddenly gone stark mad and had decided to bedew the earth and incarnadine the very seas with human blood and leave it to posterity to settle the debt, but as the weeks and months have dragged slowly by and Germany's imperial hosts have marched triumphantly over practically every battlefield of the world's greatest war, thinking men have come to realize that Germany is well nigh invincible, and instead of that first cry—"We'll crush and annihilate the Kaiser and his militarism"—we now have the almost universal verdict that Germany cannot be crushed, and it is just a question of what kind of a deal will result from the peace negotiations which must soon materialize.

Mathematically speaking, Germany has been whipped

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since the beginning of the war; we in America have been deluged with very learned articles in the pro-English press of the country which have treated exhaustively on the superiority of the Allies in men, money and resources, and have foretold the ultimate defeat of Germany in no uncertain terms. Taking the population alone, we find 313,000,000 for the Allies, and 117,000,000 for Germany and her allies—almost three to one—but when we consider the men in the field who are actually engaged in this terrific struggle, we find that the Central European Powers and Turkey have practically as many men under arms as the Entente powers, and then when we take into consideration the quality, equipment and training of the two great armies, and the further fact that the Central Powers are united and working harmoniously for a common cause, it begins to dawn upon us that mere figures mean nothing. While the mathematician and statistician win the war on paper, Germany is steadily and decisively winning on the battlefield, and it becomes more and more certain as time goes on that not only is Germany unconquerable, but a defeat of all her enemies is a possibility.

At the outset it was forecasted and ordained that France should be the anvil and Russia the hammer, but as a wit recently remarked—while the anvil seems to have done its share in bearing the brunt, the hammer appears to have flown off its handle. The Russian steam-roller we heard so much about when the war was in its infancy lost its steering-gear, and has been floundering 'round in the

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swamps of Poland, and while France and England are trying to appear cheerful it is apparent to the observer that the sickly failure of the Russian offensive has proved a severe blow to them.

Although England really wanted a long war at the outset, in order to destroy German commerce, she did not anticipate the unheard of and undreamed of cost—about \$10,000,000 per day—nor did she foresee the fact that the submarine would throw all of her plans out of gear for the landing of troops in Denmark in order to drive out the German fleet and possess herself of the Kiel canal, and we believe she will be the very first to throw up her tail despite the fact that she took so much pains to tie up all her allies in an agreement not to make a separate peace. For it is beginning to dawn upon every thinking person that it is almost beyond the realm of possibility to crush Germany.

Although the diplomacy of Germany has been ridiculed and held up to the scorn of the world by the pro-English press, yet John Bull is the original worker of the old three-shell game of diplomacy, which simply means the playing of her neighbors one against the other, so that while they are fighting and becoming weaker, she can, without striking a blow, become relatively stronger, and in the peace settlement make the biggest grab; and, we repeat, she is beginning to have a fear that maybe the German system of winning battles in the field, beating the enemy and working

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the diplomacy on that basis, may make England's three-shell game as obsolete as the submarines have made her dreadnaughts. For England knows that Germany, in possession of practically all of Belgium, the northern tier of counties in France, in possession of three-fourths of Poland and the strong probability of complete possession of the latter, is in a position to enter upon a discussion of peace plans to a very great advantage. Great Britain has ever been the pariah of nations, feared by most, detested by all. Continental Europe would gladly see her humbled in the very dust. She sees Russia's backbone weakening; she sees Japan looking with longing eyes at possessions east; she notes the tone of complaint from France, and she realizes that the longer the fight goes on the weaker grow the chains which bind the entente which she so ingeniously forged in preparation for the time when she knew she must go to war to prevent Germany's undermining of her commerce which threatened "Brittania's rule of the seas."

It is impossible for Germany to lose both east and west, and England knows full well that if Germany should decide to give up her dream of expansion to the East and should revert to the Bismarck policy of not antagonizing Russia in her desire for an outlet to the Mediterranean, peace between Germany and Russia would be assured; that Austria and Russia might even divide the Balkans; that as a price of her acquiescence Germany could demand a free Poland as a buffer against Russia, and take

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for spoils Belgium, Holland and Denmark in the west. England begins to see that if Germany is to be eliminated from Belgium and France it will not be by force of arms, and that she must eventually come down off her high-horse and give and take with Germany in the peace negotiations. German colonies must be restored and added to, Poland liberated, freedom of the seas and free commerce established. And England must further recognize Germany's sphere of influence in the Balkans and Asia Minor.

Prince Bismarck's statement that the whole near East was not worth the bones of one Pomeranian Grenadier, and his assertion after 1875 that "he would have no objection to Russia's taking Constantinople, and that in his opinion Russia would be less dangerous to Germany in possession of this gateway to the Black Sea than at present," may yet prove a true prediction rather than an admission. Bismarck well knew that with Russia in possession of the Dardanelles, England's possession of the Suez Canal and Egypt—both of which she needs as much as her daily bread—would be endangered, and if England continues to play the game of inveigling all of the neutral powers into the present war in the hope of crushing Germany, the latter is very apt to deal with Russia just this way, and any person with an ounce of brains knows that if the two European giants—Germany and Russia—do deal, it would virtually mean the destruction of the British Empire. Thus we say England must be alive to the danger-

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ous possibilities which now confront her, and we miss our guess if she is not the first to make peace overtures—and at no very far distant day.

The complete breaking down of the Russian offensive, the inability of the French—supported by a few English mercenaries—to force back the German line in France and Belgium, the surprising weakness of the Italian offensive—which, by the way, irritates Germany in about the same degree as a button off the rear flap of our union-suit irritates the writer, without doing material damage—the effectiveness of the submarine, which absolutely vitiates all her sea strength, the fear of a separate peace between Russia and the Central Powers, all tend to take the heart out of Johnny Bull. Germany holds the top hand; for a “mad man” the Kaiser has played the game very well indeed, and Great Britain—the world’s bully—will come out of the present mixup shorn of her power, humbled and bleeding, and it will take generations to place Britannia in statuo quo.

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

A Frohman Tribute

What a contrast the lovable "C. F." was to these immoral shylocks who control a large portion of the theatrical profession.



HY fear death? It is the most beautiful adventure in life." It is not surprising that such a classic sentence should come from one spiritually endowed, but that it should come from a man who stood at the head of a profession where loose morals are the rule is nothing short of remarkable.

The torpedoed Lusitania was sinking. In a few moments it would suddenly upend and plunge to the bottom of the sea. Charles Frohman, a semi-invalid in fact, was clinging to the rail to keep his balance. There Rita Jolivet, a show girl, came up to him. He looked at her kindly, with the light of sympathy in his eyes. She had become filled with electric fears that make for insane panics.

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There was a half-smile on Frohman's face as he said:

"Why fear death? It is the most beautiful adventure in life!"

Frohman was already launched on that most beautiful adventure. He was calm and quiet. He was spiritually wise, if you please, to the fact that, after all, he was only passing to some other plane of existence. He had never believed that life could reach a certain period and then become extinct. He was not a man who spouted platitudes. He expressed in that critical, soul-trying moment, the true Frohman.

He lived as he has died—a noble and inspiring character. Once the breath of scandal tried to touch him. It came from the lips of those jealous, lying mongers, who would bring the names of their mothers into disrepute if it meant gold in their pockets. They tried to say that Frohman and one of the purest little women in the world were defying the conventions. It was a lie as monstrous as it was despicable, mean and low.

The love that the little woman had for Frohman was the love that perhaps was beyond even adoration, and is sometimes reached between mother and child—but it rarely comes into any life. Frohman was her father-protector. He guarded her, worked with her as he would with his own daughter, and loved her in the same sort of fashion.

If either knew of this lying, petty rumor, they never gave it the dignity of a denial. Frohman would probably have pitied them. He was always forgiving someone

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who had wronged or hurt him. Just before he died, Alf. Hayman, his business manager, chided him for being so susceptible to every appeal for help. "They just hound you to death, and you should be more careful." Frohman in his characteristic attitude, sitting on one leg, winced a little under the rebuke, and then looked up pityingly as a spoiled child would: "I know," he said, "but I might turn some poor mother's child down who needed it. I would rather give to a hundred unworthy than to miss one who was worthy."

Frohman died poor so far as money goes. Money meant nothing to him, further than what it could do for others. Only a few months before he died he said: "I have only added a few dollars to the \$46 that I had when I quit my job as box office man in Brooklyn."

What a contrast Charles Frohman was to the majority of the men who make up the theatrical profession. Is it any wonder that he stood out head and shoulders above any of them. Of course, there are some good folk and true who are in theatrical work—both as managers and as actors and actresses. Some of them surpass in morals the very elect, for the very reason that the atmosphere in which they live is bad and the temptations are keen. They deserve great credit.

But there are some of the rottenest, meanest Shylocks in Christendom who occupy high places in the theatrical world—particularly in the managerial end. There are men who will think no more of debauching young wom-

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anhood than of batting an eye. It is notoriously true that the chorus girls who get the preferred positions are the kept harlots of rich men, who have a pull with the theatrical managers.

The young girl who comes to New York with looks, talents and high ideals, quickly becomes a cynic in the theatrical atmosphere of Broadway. She learns that her accomplishments amount to very little—she must be a rich man's darling before she can reach the inner sanctum. The most notorious show girls who have reached the roles of principals in most instances can tell you stories of debauchery.

Not long ago one of the theatrical dilettanti appeared on the Rialto with a blackened optic. He has for years been involved in a scandal with one of the big theatrical managers that would make the Sir Hector McDonald affair look tame in comparison. He had a falling out—and the rumor says—he lost his job and got a black eye as a memento. In any other profession, both parties would be out of the pale of any society, but because it is the theatrical business they can move about with God-fearing people, seemingly none the worse off socially. No other line of endeavor has produced so many revolting scandals among its men and women. Women are wives for a day only—the men consider the marriage tie a huge joke. They laugh at its solemn vows forty-eight hours afterward.

Sensualism seems to run amuck in the theatrical at-

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mosphere. Not long ago a celebrated theatrical dancer boasted at a wine dinner that she had remained virtuous until she was eighteen years of age. Her story was immediately disputed by many present—they actually were sincere in refusing to believe it possible.

So it is no wonder that the world acclaims "C. F."—rightly he deserves all the honors that have been heaped upon him. He has shown the world that a man can live true to his ideals in any atmosphere.



Under Professional Cloak, Doctor Accused of Despoiling A Home



IF we were offering a prize for the most contemptible cur in the world it would go just now to Dr. George S. Willis, of Morristown, N. J., although at this writing all the evidence is not in. We would base the award solely upon the evidence of George D. Wilder, the aggrieved husband in the case, and at the same time we would give him the second prize.

Morristown is one of those hoity-toity suburbs in New Jersey where a scandal breaks out every now and then and folk take the night-boat for Europe. It is an overcultured town, and probably the Kultur comes from the indulgence in cocktails, which is the chief occupation of the village. The suburb has wealthy residents. There are handsome estates, pretty women, idle men, and when you mix up this combination, you can get only one result, and that is scandal with a big S.

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Dr. George S. Willis is the fashionable physician of Morristown. He is tall, stalwart, handsome, with pink cheeks and a perpetual smile—a regular devil among the women. Wherever he goes, whether motoring, tangoing or bridging, fond eyes brimming with adoration follow his every movement.

George D. Wilder is another resident of Morristown. He is rich—a broker—“in the Street,” as they say at the clubs. He isn’t much to look at. He has enough money to have his figure draped in the latest cuts, but if he were in mail order suit, you wouldn’t give him a second look. He is a quiet, ascetic looking person, and as will be shown, is extremely slow to anger.

The third figure in the triangle that has set the Morristown tongues awagging, is Mrs. Sadie Eldredge Wilder. She is a beautiful woman, and in our humble opinion has been cruelly wronged. She is infinitely better than the two other figures in the case.

We will now drop generalities and get to the meat of the story. Dr. Willis was the Wilder family physician. He called often to see the pretty, blue-eyed, brown-haired Mrs. Wilder, who looks like a young girl, has the figure of a young girl and is only thirty-four. She was a nervous, sensitive woman—full of love and affection for every living thing. Call it temperament, if you will. She loved the flowers, the trees, the cows, the horses, her husband, her children—and she loved her friends and her husband’s friends. Her husband’s best friend was Dr. George S. Wil-

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lis. Of course you know what is coming. It is a story as old as the world itself, and is just as inexplicable as the forces which govern it.

Dr. Willis was called in one day on a professional visit while the husband—his best friend, mind you—was in New York at his office. According to the sworn testimony of the wife in the suit Wilder has just filed against Dr. Willis for \$50,000 for alienation of affections, Dr. Willis forced the wife to violate her marital vows. He took advantage of an unprotected woman who had called on him to minister to her physical frailty—and on this sacred mission, the noblest of all callings, he debauched a home, sacrificed the wife of his best friend. But that is not all!

The testimony was further adduced that when Willis was confronted by George Wilder, he said: "It is all your wife's fault, and she's a dirty dog for having told on me!"

A fine species of serpent to invite to the family hearth, yea bo! This is why people are turning away from doctors. They are, in many instances, like this, abusing their calling in the most despicable way.

Dr. Willis, of course, denies the whole story. He says Mrs. Wilder has "delusions." No doubt she has been deluded—all the evidence points to it.

He said: "She is a highly neurotic, hysterical woman." But he didn't say, as the evidence pointed, that her nervous condition was brought about by a smitten conscience following her relations with Dr. Willis. She declared under oath that the Doctor had a great influence over her.

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She further stated that he compelled her to continue her relations with him until, after several months, remorse and nervousness made her confess to her husband.

Dr. Willis did admit that when the husband came to him he signed a note which read: "I hereby promise not to circulate any stories detrimental or injurious to Mrs. G. D. Wilder." Dr. Willis may be innocent, but most innocent men would not sign such a note unless there was some justification, in our humble opinion.

Wilder swore that he went to the doctor's office on the night that his wife made her confession to him. He said to the doctor: "My wife has confessed. I ought to shoot you. But for a man who has been given the confidence of another's home and does what you did, shooting is too good."

Wilder also swore that Willis replied: "I am sorry, George. I did have relations with your wife on three or four occasions. But it was her fault and she's a dirty dog to tell it."

Dr. and Mrs. Willis and Mr. and Mrs. Wilder all got together at the Wilder home after this and talked the case over calmly, but Wilder—and this is why we want to award him the second prize in the cur contest—refused to keep the story quiet. He was willing to have his wife's name dragged through the muck and mire of the most sordid scandal, and was willing to have the infamy cling to his four children. For the sake of "getting even." He stated that he did not want the \$50,000—oh, no. He would

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give it to charity. They all say they will give their law suit awards to charity, but there are very few cases on record where anyone has made good on such a promise.

Charity covers a lot of sins of omission too!

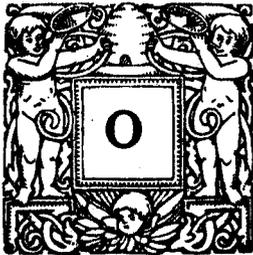
We are old-fashioned in our ideas, and maybe we haven't reached the cultured heights of the residents of Morristown. However, we believe, and we say so—unequivocally as we are opposed to violence—that Wilder should have taken George S. Willis by the slack of the pants and wiped up the office floor with him the instant that the cur—after despoiling his home—called his wife “a dirty dog.”

He should have beaten the brute to a whisper and have continued to hive him a thrashing every time he saw him until he felt within his own conscience that Doc Willis was cured of his home-despoiling traits.

Wilder showed how spineless he was when on the witness stand Dr. Willis was asked if he was not afraid that Wilder would harm him. The doctor looked at his ex-best friend as he said with a smile: “Why, he wouldn't harm a fly.” It was the crowning jab of contempt.

And a real red corpuscled man would not drag his wife's name into the public courts because a beast had taken advantage of her at a time when her power of resistance had been weakened by the handicap of illness.

"The Mills of The Gods"



ON June 16th Doctor Charles H. Hunter, of Minneapolis, was sentenced to the state penitentiary for a term of from five to twenty years. It is nearly three months since the conviction of Doctor Hunter on a charge of first degree manslaughter, the charge arising because of the death of a young woman resulting from a criminal operation, which operation it was charged had been performed by the now famous Minneapolis physician.

Able counsel for Doctor Hunter made every possible effort to secure a new trial; stay of sentence for three months has been possible because of the pending proceedings, wherein heroic effort was made to save the man who has achieved so much notoriety as an abortionist. But District Judge Jelly—who in passing sentence practically says he would welcome anything upon which he could conscien-

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tiously grant a new trial—denied the motion of the defendant's attorneys, and it is now up to the court of last appeal to say whether or not there was error in the lower court, and should the supreme court sustain the verdict—Doctor Hunter will go to Stillwater to serve the sentence imposed upon him.

Doctor Hunter needs no introduction to the readers of Jim Jam Jems. In writing this closing chapter of the Hunter case, we can truthfully say we are sorry for the man whose career, stretching over a period of some thirty years as a prominent practitioner in the city of Minneapolis, has come to such an inglorious end. Doctor Hunter is an old man; his friends are legion; they still swear by him despite his conviction; and that is why friends are worth while; but Doctor Hunter has put his friends to a severe test; while under suspicion—while his character had been assailed and while under indictment on a similar charge—he allowed himself to become mixed up in a case where a criminal operation had been performed and where death resulted; he issued a false death certificate—knowing full well the falsity thereof; innocent or guilty in the latter case, Doctor Hunter did a most foolhardy thing when he became entangled in the Lena Kummer case. And this proved the final chapter in his undoing.

In three different cases Jim Jam Jems has given publicity to Doctor Hunter, setting forth facts of his connection with criminal operations. It is Jim Jam Jems which Attorney Larrabee for the defense referred to as a “scanda-

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lous publication," which had brought about the public "malaria," and which in his mind had prejudiced his client's chances in the recent trial. Just now we shall reserve comment on this statement; we have treated Attorney Larabee most kindly—considering the opportunity for criticism which arose in the recent trial; we would, however, call attention to the fact that he at least gives Jim Jam Jems credit for creating public interest in the fight against abortionists.

The following story of the scene and proceedings in the court room when Doctor Hunter was sentenced, is taken from the Minneapolis Journal, and will doubtless prove of interest to the readers of Jim Jam Jems, who have watched the career of Doctor Hunter since our first expose more than three yeas ago:

"Without a tremor in his voice or an outward indication of emotion, Dr. Charles H. Hunter, 62 years old, a former president of the Hennepin County medical society, today stood in the crowded courtroom of District Judge C. S. Jelley, and was sentenced to from 5 to 20 years in state prison on conviction of manslaughter in the first degree by causing the death, Nov. 16, 1914, of Lena Kummer, of Hastings, Minn., by an illegal operation. Bail bond of \$5,000 was furnished and the defendant released, pending the outcome of appeal to the supreme court.

"Dr. Hunter is out on a similar bond awaiting retrial on a manslaughter charge growing out of the death a year ago of Nima Pichl. He was once tried on the Pichl charge and the jury disagreed. He was arrested on the Kummer case before the Pichl case was retried. The supreme court may

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not pass upon the appeal until late in the fall. After sentence Dr. Hunter referred all questioners to his attorney.

"So tense was the situation when Dr. Hunter appeared at the court railing to listen to sentence pronounced that every person in the crowded courtroom could hear every word. Dr. Hunter had come into the court with his attorney, Frank D. Larrabee. The physician had motored from his home, 912 Fourth avenue S., and was wearing a tan colored auto coat. His bristling gray hair and beard were clipped short. As he sat at the prosecutor's table while waiting for County Attorney John M. Rees, Dr. Hunter nervously stroked his pointed beard.

"All traces of nervousness disappeared when Dr. Hunter was called to the witness stand to answer the queries put by the court to all prisoners before sentence. In a clear voice he answered all questions, except when asked if he had ever before been arrested. 'No,' he answered. 'You were arrested on a previous indictment, were you not?' asked his counsel.

"'Oh, yes; but I thought the court knew about that.'

"He said he was born at Pittsfield, Me., Feb. 6, 1853, and came to Minneapolis in 1882. As to relatives who might take an interest in his case, he said he would rather not give any names. He said his social affiliations are with the Masonic order, and that he is also a member of the Elks, University club, Athletic club and Automobile club.

"Frank D. Larrabee was asked if he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced.

"'There is little to say that has not been said on the motion for a new trial,' said the attorney. 'I wish to repeat though that in truth and in fact, Dr. Hunter is not guilty. The circumstances of the former case, where a young woman died in his office, have prejudiced the public. The mal-

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aria of the community is due to the circulation of a libelous sheet, published outside of the jurisdiction of this court, which has been emitting scandalous articles for a long time.

“The testimony was perjured and hearsay and insufficient to sustain a verdict. We have argued for a new trial, and now propose to appeal to a higher court. I know if the court could, it would take into consideration that this defendant is not a common man, that he is a man of brains and heart and of high standing, a man loved by his friends as much now as ever; in a word, as noble a gentleman as ever was on God’s green footstool.”

“Speaking with apparent effort, Judge Jelley said no sadder duty had befallen him since he became judge than the performance of the duty imposed by law of passing sentence.

“I was sorry I should have had the criminal branch of the court when this case was heard,” said Judge Jelley, “but it fell to my lot to preside. I tried it as it should have been tried. The jury found him guilty. Since the conviction I have studied the case and found nothing to show me I should grant a new trial. There is only one sentence. I have nothing to do about it. The law prescribes the penalty, and all I can do is announce it, and, if the supreme court says the jury or myself is wrong that decision will be taken.”

“The court then read the formal sentence, which does not specify the number of years, making it an indeterminate sentence: ‘It is ordered and adjudged that you, Charles H. Hunter, as punishment for the crime of manslaughter in the first degree, of which you have been duly convicted in this cause, be imprisoned at hard labor in the Minnesota state prison at Stillwater, until you shall be thence discharged.’”

The Unwritten Law of Fidelity



WIFE killing her drunken husband in self defense, arrested and being tried on the charge of murder; her twelve year old son entering court and swearing that he, and not his mother, did the shooting, and this for the defense of his mother; the woman acquitted by the jury, and the boy held on a minor charge in order to wring

out some details of the case; the judge of the juvenile court to whom the boy had told the story brought up before the judge of the district court on a contempt charge because he would not reveal the secrets told him by the boy—all go to make an interesting story, the equal of which has not been heard in the annals of the courts of this country.

The Denver jury which recently acquitted Mrs. Berta Wright, who was tried for killing her drunken husband, John A. Wright, is being commended for its action. Wright

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was a drunken brute, and not only neglected his wife and babies, but insisted on beating them on occasions, and according to the wife's story, he compelled her to sell her body that he might profit by the proceeds of her shame.

About fifteen years ago this woman married Wright. For fourteen years she endured poverty, abuse and beatings, and finally shame at his hands. From early childhood their little twelve-year-old son was beaten, bruised, and his bones broken by the cruel father. During these years Mrs. Wright had heard her child cry from hunger, she had bound up his wounds, while she herself was black and blue from the beastly assaults which her husband had administered. Not only were their home and sustenance uncertain, but their lives were insecure because of the growing ill-temper of the husband and father. Repeatedly had the neighbors come to the rescue to save the lives of this woman and son whom the brute had sworn before God to support and properly care for. Time ran along till the manhood in the little son became aroused to the point that he decided to defend his mother, which he did as best he could, and when she was tried on the charge of killing her drunken assailant, this little fellow assumed the awful responsibility of claiming he committed the deed, and now is before the court because of the part he played in the tragedy.

On Saturday evening, April 17, this hobo, Wright, came home, fighting drunk, crazed with the fire that damns men's souls, beat up his wife and children and went away.

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In her attempt to protect her little son and five-months-old baby, the wife was horribly battered. The terrors of hell were driven into their hearts for they knew not at what moment this monstrous creature would return and kill them. Binding up their wounds and soothing the little ones as best she could, Berta Wright spent the night in terror. At best, perchance, should she through exhaustion drop asleep for a few moments, it was but to startle in terrible anticipation of the worst which might be at hand that very moment.

Sunday morning arrived, and as the good people of Denver were preparing for worship, where they were to hear the message of peace, love and the better things of life, there came that awful alarm at the wretched home of Wright. With flashing eye and pallid cheek, the wife stole toward the door; the little son, Neal, read the awful message of fright in her face; the knocking and pounding of the drunken man at the door caused the infant to scream and the fearful silence of that home was transformed into terror and confusion. Peering through the glass panel in the door she beheld the bloated, dissipated face of her husband and heard him thundering his murderous threats. True to his instinct of self-preservation, and for the safety of his mother, the boy slipped to another room and brought her a revolver. Outside the enraged man continued to pound and threaten their lives. At times it seemed the door must give way. Seeing the revolver the coward turned away just in time to receive

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a bullet in his back. He was carried away and died, forgiving the wife and justifying her act.

Mrs. Wright was arrested and thrown in jail in default of a \$15,000 bond, which she was unable to give. Torn from her five-months-old babe and her little son, she languished in jail, while the people of Colorado and the press protested upon the course pursued with her. The trial came on and dragged along for days. Little Neal was there and heroically maintained on the witness stand that he did the shooting. The instance is without a parallel in history, where a child of such tender years stood ready to take the blame and stand the consequences for the sake of his mother. True to her love for the child, the mother denied that the child was guilty, and though there seemed to be some doubt as to who actually fired the shot, yet each was willing to protect the other.

Allied with the state's attorney were two men—galoots would be a better name—who gave testimony against the character of the woman—testified to things which the average man would have withheld even to being jailed for contempt, or would have perjured himself rather than to have said such against a woman. Be it said to the credit of that Denver jury that they failed to recognize the testimony of such scoundrels, evidently reckoning that the word of a man who would tell such vile stuff about a woman was not worthy of consideration. Why the presiding judge didn't pop it to these two whelps for complicity in a crime is not understood by us. He should have

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caused their arrest right then and there. Happily, however, the jury acquitted the woman.

In the meantime Judge Lindsey, the well known juvenile court judge of Denver, had taken charge of little Neal, and Neal had told him his story. After the acquittal of his mother, Neal was held as a delinquent by the district court, and it was intended to deal with him in a way that he would tell the story which the state seemed to be fishing for. But Neal stood pat and refused. Then Judge Lindsey was called before the district court and required to reveal the secret of his little friend. Realizing that if he did this he would be breaking confidence with the kiddies of Denver by "snitching," a thing which he honored them for refusing to do, the judge refused to tell the court what Neal had told him, and he has been arraigned on the charge of contempt.

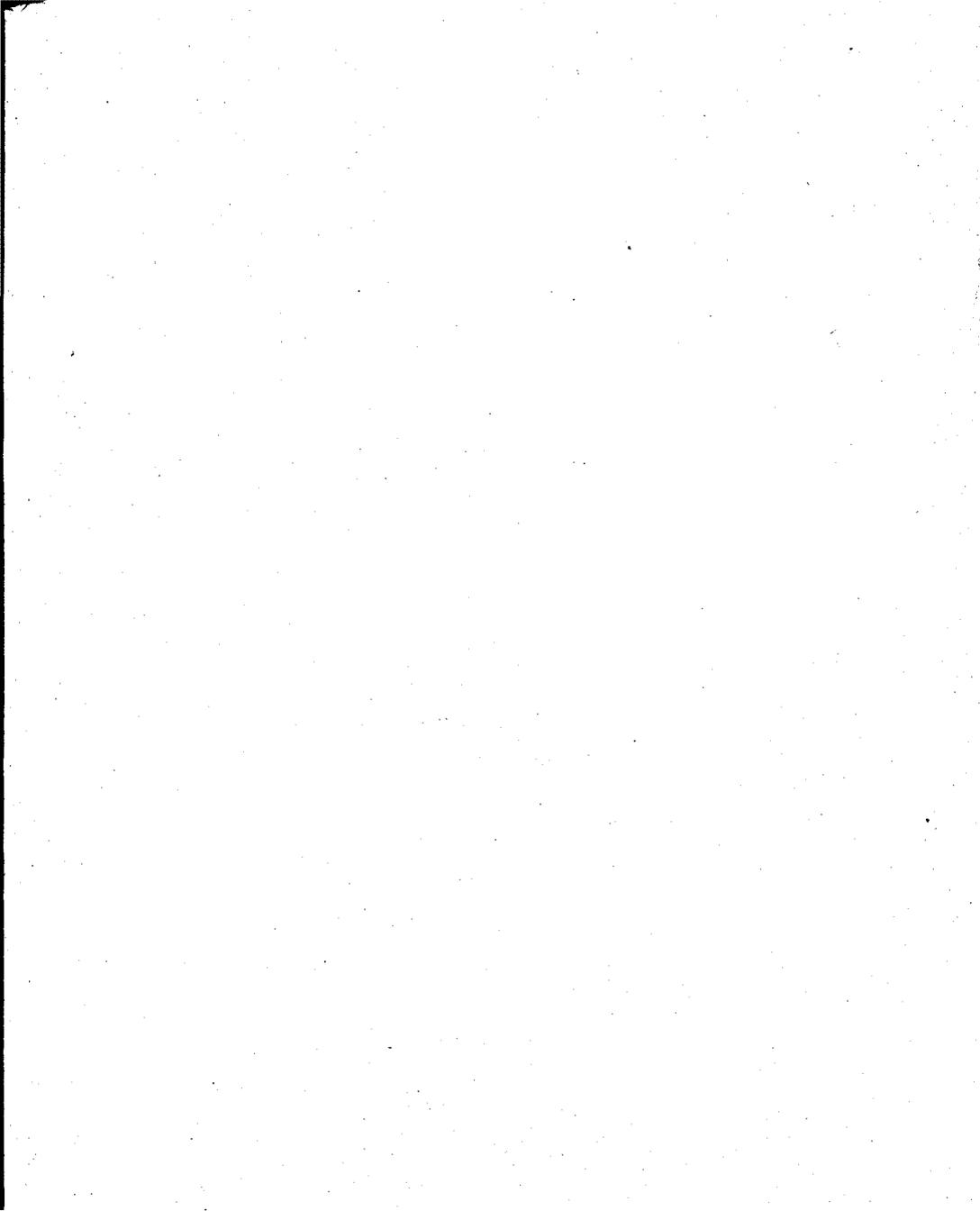
By this we have another phase of fidelity and loyalty, one which demonstrates the value of a true friend, and without which the world would go to pieces. In this case we have the story of brutality towards the innocent; long years of suffering by the woman and children; the demonstration of a mother's love; the true fidelity of a little son to his mother, even against his father; the strong-hearted judge fighting the contemporary court for the cause of his little confidant; and finally, the demonstration of the fact that a jury will not heed the testimony of a whelp, and will not inflict a penalty upon a woman and mother in defending her little ones against harm, even at the price

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of death at her hands. It is another case where the unwritten law supersedes the law of the land, and where true fidelity binds closer than the love of life or liberty, without either of which the state of civilized society would be a chilly, cheerless proposition, to say the least.



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