



12-1912

Jim Jam Jems: December 1912

Sam H. Clark

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Miss Olive Logan

Jim Jam Jems

by **JIM JAM JUNIOR**



A VOLLEY OF TRUTH

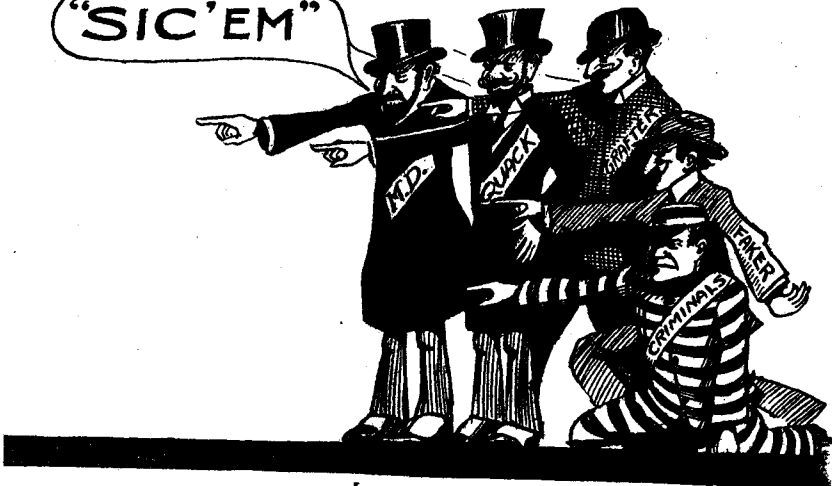
Jim Jam Jems



BY JIM JAM JUNIOR



"SIC 'EM"





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

Olive Logan

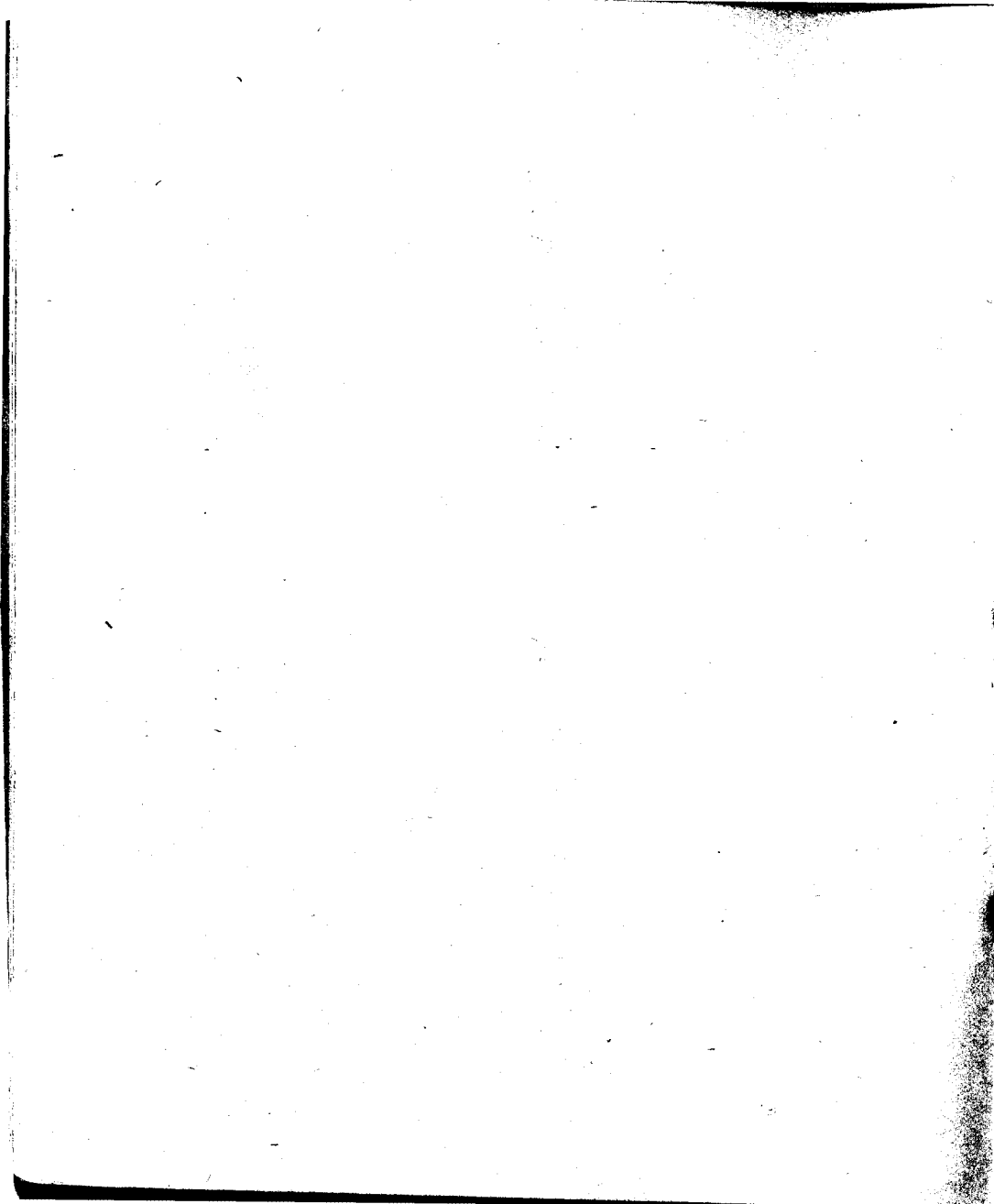


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Monthly Preamble



Do not presume that every little fish would become a whale. Ambition is the great motive-power of life. Tonight, as we look back over the eventful years that mark the trail of life we have traversed, it is easy to understand why men fail. When ambition wanes and hope dies within the breast as ideal after ideal is shattered—man becomes but a derelict on the sea of life. We are too much of an optimist to agree with the author of those lines—"What is Life! Dreams! Awakening! Death! A momentary halt with the waste—then the Nothing we set out from!" True there are dreams and always the awakening—but often, ah yes, thanks to the Omnipotent Ruler—the awakening is not followed by Death! It is Life! Life! The realization of those dreams of Hope carried through years of reverses and disappointments by the strong and unfaltering heart!

Thank Heaven we never were and never will be a man of lost hopes—traveling with heavy footsteps toward the sunless

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shore. As a boy—just like every other boy—we dreamed of dumplings. And on through the years of young-manhood we have ever dreamed of the sweeter things in life. Sometimes these dreams have ended in bitterness! Often when following the beckoning finger of the Siren of Dreams we have awakened to find ourself off the beaten path. Ideal after ideal—formations of the inexperienced mind of youth—have tarnished at the touch. But youth is strong, and always—always through the clouds we have been able to catch the glimmer of the Star of Hope. Thus as the years roll along does every man single out the real from the unreal as he learns the Truth from experience.

We have been asked, countless times, what prompted us to conceive this little volume of Truth. That question can best be answered by a bit of reminiscence. Twenty-two years ago, in the early winter of 1890, we entered the greatest university on earth—the country print-shop. We were then a lad just past our tenth birthday. Father was publishing a paper in the jack-pine district of Minnesota. The inhabitants of the little cluster of buildings among the pine-stumps christened the settlement “Presto”—meaning quick—and father accordingly dubbed his newspaper the “Presto Change,” to keep up with the sleight-of-hand performance which brought forth these little villages in the lumbering district as if by magic. The village was later incorporated under the name of “Staples,” and the paper, now a prosperous weekly, is published under the caption “Staples World.” It was in this primitive printshop we first made the acquaint-

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ance of the long-primer case and set our first stick of type. Six years later, after experiencing all of the trials of the print-shop devil, we had mastered the printing art—at least to our own satisfaction—and after scraping together the munificent sum of one hundred and ninety dollars—part of which was borrowed—we purchased a newspaper plant from the Minnesota Type Foundry and blossomed into a full-fledged editor. Our first venture was the “Kennedy Screwdriver,” which made its appearance in August, 1896. Three months later we moved the plant to Stephen and commenced the publication of the “Stephen Exchange;” in June of the following year the owners of the old established newspaper at Stephen sold us the plant at our own figure, we consolidated the two plants and became a magnate controlling the newspaper situation in the north half of Marshall county, then one of the largest counties in the state of Minnesota. We were in debt and could not afford the luxury of hired help, so we filled every position in the office—devil, compositor, foreman, pressman, book-keeper, advertising solicitor, collector, reporter and editor. Father died in the meantime and thus at the age of seventeen we were not only an editor and publisher and whole newspaper force, but the head of a family as well. For eight years we published this newspaper. In the meantime—and it was necessarily the mean-time—we studied law. How we ever conceived the idea of becoming a lawyer is a mystery. We would apologize to our Maker now if it would do any good. At any rate we made enough money out of the newspaper business to attend the State

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University a few months each year, and in due time we were admitted to the practice of law. We are told that editors are born—not made—and we sometimes wonder why. However, while we “practiced” law two years, we were never able to break away from the newspaper business. In the spring of 1905 we sold the paper at Stephen and moved to Thief River Falls, where we hung up a shingle with gold letters on it announcing the fact that we were an “Attorney at Law.” We bought the Thief River Falls Press as a sort of side-issue—honestly believing that the law would be our chief profession. But it wasn’t. We felt more at home in the printshop and devoted most of our time to editorial work. Mother died that year—and the last home tie was severed. We grew restless and a few months later—the early spring of 1906—we disposed of our interests in Minnesota and started west with Horace Greeley’s advice tucked in our belt. We landed at Minot, North Dakota, with the firm intention of practicing law. Three days later we had purchased a dally newspaper. If we lacked anything in the shape of experience we learned it in the five years that we remained astraddle of the editorial tripod at Minot. In less than two years from the time we landed in North Dakota we were elected mayor of the city of Minot. Most of our time was taken up in enforcing certain policies as mayor; the balance of our time was devoted to defending those policies in the newspaper. The gamblers and piggers didn’t like us because we closed public gambling for the first time in the history of the city and killed off the bootleggers and shack

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blindpiggers. The reformers and puritans didn't like us because we insisted on segregating the social evil and refused to open the council meetings with prayer. Thus the goody-goody fellows and the hellyuns joined forces and went after our scalp. A few months before the end of our two-year term, the commission form of government was adopted by a majority of eleven votes, and with the election of the commission which occurred a few weeks later, we retired to private life, devoting our time to the newspaper until July first, 1911, when we disposed of our interests and came to Bismarck, where six months later the initial number of Jim Jam Jems appeared.

We have recited these facts here in the form of a biographical sketch of the editorial career of the apostle—Jim Jam Junior. We do this solely for the purpose of impressing upon the minds of our readers the one fact—that we know the newspaper business from Alpha to Omega—from hell to breakfast and back again, if we know anything at all. And in those twenty-two years of hard knocks and actual everyday experience we learned one fact that is riveted and screwed to our memory—the cold, impassionate fact that there is no such thing as editorial independence in connection with a newspaper, be it either great or small. Policy! Policy! That is the one governing element in all editorial utterance! If the average newspaper told the truth for one week it would be bankrupt. A newspaper depends upon its advertising, its subscriptions, its political pull and general newspaper business for maintenance. Thus the managing

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editor's blue pencil works over-time to put the Indian-sign on every item of news and every editorial that might offend an advertiser, a subscriber or the political bunch to which the paper caters. There are hundreds upon hundreds of items of news suppressed in the big city dailies every day simply because of the business policy of that paper. Every article that appears, either editorially or otherwise is measured with a commercial eye. The newspaper does not live that does not have a policy and the paper with a policy cannot have independence.

Long, long ago, as day after day we sat at our desk grinding out newspaper copy we conceived our ideal publication. We wanted to tell the truth—to write things as they really are. At times we would break over the traces and write a truthful editorial. But we cannot recall a single instance where we did this that it did not result in a loss that was measured by dollars and cents in the business office of the paper. So invariably we had to return to the policy dope, color our writings to please the patrons, and keep a cruse of oil handy at all times to pour on troubled waters. But always, always, we kept promising ourself that someday we would try the experiment of a publication that would accept neither advertising nor subscriptions nor business of any sort—a publication that would tell the truth and there would be no irate patrons chasing into the business office after each issue with threats of bankruptcy. That is how we conceived Jim Jam Jems, and while everybody scoffed at the idea and said we could not possibly make a success of

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a magazine that depends entirely upon the revenue from its sale upon the news-stands each month, we have proven the contrary—proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that the truth is so new and strange in print that the market demand for it is sufficient to not only make the publication self-sustaining, but a good business proposition as well.

Thus has our ideal been realized. In the year that we have been publishing Jim Jam Jems there has been contentment and satisfaction in every minute of our work. We cast aside the old colored editorial goggles of prejudice, hypocrisy, deceit and sham, forgot the eternal “policy,” and looked at things in their true light and wrote accordingly. Like the little child wandering in fairy-land gathering bright flowers and weaving them into garlands while the birds sing and the good fairy watches, have we traversed the past twelve months in light-hearted happiness. Then of a sudden the bright flowers began to disappear, the good fairy vanished into thin air, and just as we stooped to pluck the last pale pink hollyhock in our garden of contentment, we received a kick in the firmest portion of our anatomy and turning there beheld a United States Marshal with a warrant for our arrest—we had been indicted—and now our fate is in the hands of a jury of twelve men who will say whether or not we must serve a term in the federal penitentiary. Have we been dreaming all these months? Is there no such thing as Principle and Right and Truth in the world? Is Hope hopeless, Faith faithless, and Liberty pinioned to her marble pedestal with gold-chains about her feet? Are the laws of this

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land so framed that a man dare not stand up and tell the Truth. Is the ideal that we have carried in our heart and striven for all these years to be thus rudely shattered? Must we forget our short sojourn in the garden of Truth, awake to find ourself a trespasser, and sneak back to our old thistle-patch of hypocrisy, sham and deceit? Are criminals and frauds, knaves and fakes, so secure in their hold upon the country that we violate the laws when we attack them and hold them up to public view in all their villainy? No! A thousand times NO! Money, intrigue, villainy and political pull may be stacked up against us—we may be crushed beneath the weight—but the principle for which we have fought—THE TRUTH—will live while God reigns and the human race endures.

We shall continue the publication of Jim Jam Jems and continue to write the Truth just as we have in the past. We are not daunted in the least. The Truth is bound to triumph in the end, and while we may be prosecuted to the limit of the law and persecuted to the limit of human ingenuity, we will fight it out on this line if the road leads to Leavenworth.

We are satisfied with Jim Jam Jems just as it is. And we would rather ride a horse for a year than an ass all our life. We expect to win out—even the man who is to be hanged has a faint hope that the rope will break.

A Merry Christmas to you! We will be along with the January number in time to wish you a Happy New Year!

JIM JAM JUNIOR.

THAT INDICTMENT



WE ARE indicted—there isn't any question about it. And it was so big that it cost us just nineteen dollars to get a copy of the indictment so we could know what we were charged with. As predicted in our November number, the federal grand jury which convened at Fargo, North Dakota, November 7th, returned a true bill against the publishers of Jim Jam Jems. We were arrested, taken before a United States Commissioner, and put up a five thousand dollar joint-bond as evidence of our good faith to appear for trial at the next term of United States Court, which will convene at Bismarck, in April, 1913. The charge against us is that of using interstate commerce for the purpose of transporting unmailable matter by express, contrary to the laws of the United States.

Simple statement, isn't it? Looks like the whole thing in a nutshell—but it isn't. Just hold onto yourself for a minute, and we'll tell you exactly what happened at Fargo, and give you some idea of how government prosecution works, or rather, how it worked in our case.

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For several weeks we have known that postoffice inspectors and government special agents have been investigating Jim Jam Jems. The "investigation," so-called, has been under the direct supervision of Inspector George H. Chase, of Fargo. While it is to be presumed at least that the government would not have any feeling in a matter of this kind, and even a criminal could expect a square deal, we believe that when we have set forth the facts covering this investigation, the indictment of the publishers and recent arrest of some thirty dealers in the city of St. Paul, the public will agree with us when we say that other interests and influences independent of the government are at work in the attempt to wipe out Jim Jam Jems. We are not questioning the right or the intent of the government in this investigation; we are simply unfortunate in that some of the inspectors who have been detailed on the case have injected personal feeling into their work.

First of all, we would point to the fact that the inspectors had already boasted that we could not escape, and a veritable horde of them infested the federal building, while the grand jury was in session at Fargo. For some reason Inspector Chase was especially bitter and showed his animus without reserve. He told some of the dealers who had been summoned as witnesses that he was not only going to "get" us, but as soon as we were indicted they were going after the dealers. He told representatives of the express companies who were summoned to prove our express shipments, that he would keep them busy for a year testifying before

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grand juries, as he intended to prosecute dealers right and left as soon as he had the publishers indicted. However, the jury wrestled with the proposition for two days, and finally a true bill was returned. As usual, some of the facts surrounding the deliberations of that jury "leaked out," both before and after the jury was discharged. The Fargo newspapers gave space to the rumor that after the jury had found an indictment against the publishers of Jim Jam Jems, an attempt was made to reconsider, but the indictment had already been filed and it was too late. So much for the indictment.

Next we would call the attention of our readers to the fact that while some twenty indictments were found by that same grand jury, several of them being handed in simultaneously with the indictment returned against us, the only indictment made public for several days was that of Clark and Crockard. The indictment was returned Saturday, November 9th. Late in the afternoon bench warrants were issued and placed in the hands of United States Marshal Shea. Parties in the federal building at the time overheard Inspector Chase's instructions to the Marshal to "go and get the _____ and throw them in!" The language used by Inspector Chase in this instance would have done credit to any bowery tough. Of course, all banks were closed at this time and most businessmen had left their offices, it being Saturday afternoon, and the Inspector naturally thought we would have a hard time securing a bond until Monday morning. He was jubilant at the prospect of our

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languishing in jail over the Sabbath. But we knew the attitude of the government officials long before we were indicted, and had the bond been placed at ten times or a hundred times the figure, it would have been forthcoming as quickly as the five thousand dollar bond was produced. Much to the disappointment of Inspector Chase, we went to the office of the United States Marshal and remained there while our attorney prepared and filed the bond, and in less than an hour we were eating our dinner at the hotel as complacently as though nothing unusual had happened. We didn't go to jail and were not even handcuffed, strange though it may seem. No other indictments were made public at that time, and despite the fact that we had been sitting around the hotel at Fargo for three days waiting for that indictment to drop—with every evidence that we were willing to face anything that might be handed us—those bench warrants were issued and the Marshal was instructed to “go and get” us and throw us in.

Inspector Chase doesn't make any bones about his vindictiveness toward the publishers of Jim Jam Jems. He boasts that he will not only land us in the federal penitentiary, but that he will ruin our business as well. He further threatens that in case we are acquitted at the trial next spring, he will have us indicted by every grand jury in the United States until a jury is found that will convict. Guess that name “Chase” fits the fellow all right. He intends to “chase” us into a hole (at the expense of and in the name of the government) and then plug the hole.

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In all fairness it would seem that with the indictment of the publishers, no further move would be made on the part of the government officials until we had been tried and the issue fairly determined. The question of whether or not Jim Jam Jems is a proper publication under the law is purely a question of fact for jury determination, and if there was no malice or personal feeling injected into this government "investigation," the matter would rest right where it is until the question had been determined by the jury. But, true to his word, Inspector Chase and his cohorts immediately started out after the dealers. The Twin City papers were furnished with dope to the effect that Minnesota grand juries would investigate the sale of Jim Jam Jems within that state, and doubtless dealers handling the magazine would be indicted. Two grand juries convened and were discharged but nothing was said about Jim Jam Jems indictments. Then it was given out cold that the grand jury at Winona would surely take up the sale of Jim Jam Jems, and it was further announced that the grand jury scheduled to convene at St. Paul on December 3rd would consider the indictment of some thirty dealers who sold Jim Jam Jems in that city. The jury at Winona did not return any indictments, and despite all the publicity that had been given to the promised indictments, with one or two exceptions the St. Paul dealers stood pat and Jim Jam Jems sold better than ever. Evidently the fellows who are after our scalp were keeping close tab on the situation, and they were becoming discouraged over the fact that their bluff wasn't working and grand juries were sitting and flitting

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without bringing in indictments against our dealers. So they decided to go the limit, and within one week—mind you—of the time for the grand jury to convene at St. Paul, they caused the arrest of our dealers. On Saturday, November 23rd, the dealers handling Jim Jam Jems were placed under arrest, taken before a United States Commissioner, and bound over to await the action of the grand jury. The arrest of our dealers, of course, was quite a sensation; the newspapers gave the story front page prominence with big headlines. This was considered the master stroke. The alleged “government” officials knew that our publication usually appears on the news stands the first day of each month. What they wanted to do was to head off the sale of the December issue as far as possible. The grand jury wouldn’t convene until the third day of the month and in the meantime the bulk of our December business would be over. But with the arrest of some twenty St. Paul dealers they figured that the news would travel fast and dealers all over the country would get cold feet and our business for December would be ruined. But to date we haven’t felt the jar. The new orders for December are fairly rolling in, and while we will doubtless lose a few dealers until the situation is understood we predict right now that our December issue will be the largest by several thousands that we have yet enjoyed.

We would like to ask those of our readers who believe in the square deal if there is any indication in this procedure that we are getting anything like a square deal? Well, hardly! It is a clear case of persecution—not prosecution. It

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is very apparent to us, and to everybody else who knows any of the facts in the case, that Jim Jam Jems has been slated for slaughter under the guise of government prosecution. But we want to go on record right now and here with the prediction that Jim Jam Jems will lick 'em to a standstill! The people are with us! And we have faith in the people! Since our indictment at Fargo we have been offered enough bonds and financial assistance to almost pay off the national debt! We may need bonds—but right now we don't need the financial assistance. This does not mean that we are not duly appreciative of these offers of assistance at the hands of our friends. For God knows that we value friends above everything else in the world. It simply means that we have a few thousand dollars tucked away and are willing to spend our own money first—every last dollar of it—to prove that we are right. There are hundreds of publications on the market today, and all of them admitted to the mails so that the government has actual notice of their existence, which are without the semblance of a doubt absolutely obscene within the definition of the law of obscenity. And they are of no benefit to anyone or anything except a financial benefit to the publishers. Jim Jam Jems is not only not obscene, but it has done a world of good. And when the Truth is known it will be found that it is because we have dared to tell the truth without fear or favor, and in so doing have driven many a scoundrel and criminal to the wall, that Jim Jam Jems is being thus persecuted. We have no fear of the outcome. We intend to go on just as we have started—with faith in God though good or ill betide.

“MORRILL” SUPPORT



EVERYBODY knows G. L. Morrill, Pastor of the People's Church in the city of Minneapolis. "Go-Lightly" Morrill is not only a preacher of the Gospel, but a traveler, author and lecturer as well. There is not a church in the Mill City large enough to accommodate his audiences; every Sunday morning he preaches at the Unique Theatre and long before the hour of service the crowds of men and women fairly

block the street in front of the little Hennepin Avenue Theatre and many are turned away. Dr. Morrill enjoys a liberal education; theology, music, arts and history have been his studies; he has circled the globe and visited and preached the gospel in every country where there was anybody to listen to him; he is big and broad and honest and fair; as a friend of the poor he rivals the Salvation Army; he is known to every crippled beggar on the streets and by the same token he has the open sesame to the homes of countless millionaires and notables throughout the country. He is a

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man with the courage of his convictions—would scorn to trample on a worm or cringe to an emperor.

On Sunday, November 17th, Dr. Morrill devoted his sermon to "Jim Jam Jems." Announcement to this effect appeared on the theatre program and in various public places about the city of Minneapolis. It came to our notice. We had never met the man, although we have read many of his sermons and knew much of him. Curiosity to know what he would say of Jim Jam Jems led us to engage a stenographer to take his sermon. We intend to reproduce a synopsis of that sermon here. We have since had the pleasure of meeting and lunching with Dr. Morrill—and we are going to do it again whenever the opportunity affords. From time to time we hope to give space in Jim Jam Jems to extracts and comments on his Sunday sermons. He is a man after our own heart; he deals in Truth, and yet there is no "Yellow Pulpitism" in his work. Following is a synopsis of his sermon on Jim Jam Jems:

Text: "Give attendance to reading."—I Tim. 4:13.

Paul was a theologian and thinker because he was a scholar and reader.

His "reading" advice doubtless referred to the Bible, which for material wealth, mental illumination and moral uplift is the centre of every great circumference of influence.

The printing of clay tablet, Nile Papyrus and skin manuscript has given way to the Hoe press which takes a white page and a drop of ink and makes millions think. Printing is the supreme privilege of the 20th century worth more than the ordinary comforts and luxuries. Napoleon felt that four hostile newspapers were more to be feared than a thousand bayonets.

If I were to become an idolater I would not bow down to any idols of Buddha or Kall that I have seen in Japan and

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India, but would place a great book before me and kneel and pray and burn incense.

Books are banks of the world's mental worth treasuring all that has been dreamed, desired, discovered, dared and done.

Books are the high society of the great men and women at their brainiest and best—a society from which the multitude had been excluded on account of their humility, poverty and ignorance.

Books are a banquet for our mental life for those of us who are limited in originality and experience. Many of us sympathize with Lamb who preferred to say grace before reading rather than before meat.

The multitude of books suggests a sea of printer's ink in which millions of readers are drowned. Many of them are no books—a waste of paper, time and money. They discourage and depress, if not debauch, until we hope with Lowell for the time when society will drive all authors into the public square and kill them off.

What shall we read? Books which center in ourself and go out from the knowledge of our body, mind and soul in radial lines whose circumference shall be only bounded by the sky above, and the sea around.

Avoid bad books which dwarf, disease, darken and damn. Choose books as you do your society for a book is only a personification of the principles of the writer. There are many good books outside of the Bible and Sunday School. Mark Twain did well to score the latter of the "goody, goody" kind which always had the bad boy spanked or put into the dark closet.

The world wants news which shall represent everything and body, historical, clerical, political, scientific, literary and sporting. Everybody is doing something all the time, and it is the business of the newspaper to be newsy or nothing.

We want truthful news. "If you see it in the newspaper it isn't so," is too often the sad and doubtful compliment. Lies white, gray and black are as easy as in Hamlet's time; lies of ads and editorials, politics and religion dictated by a gold pen or pencil. We are coming to where we do not read novels for fiction but go to the papers, and to history for facts.

We want Christian printer's ink. Too often Sin is written in great primer and Virtue in nonpareil. Many times we "can-

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not see Jesus because of the press." Let the Sunday paper avoid doctrinal discussion and be decent and devout.

Writers must be fearless. Minister and editor are not to echo public sentiment but to mould and make public opinion; not supply a demand from beneath but demand a supply from above; to be in the forefront of reform; to commend the good, censure the bad, tell us what to fight against and accept, make fellowship with as friend.

Free press and free speech is America's motto. Not to be bulldozed or bought up; not to be harassed or embarrassed as in Russian and monarchial countries.

Free to tell the truth with Christly courage and plainness; not to say, "You use the truth with penurious frugality," but "You lie;" free not to preach, "You must repent as it were, and be converted in a measure, or you will be damned to some extent," but to declare, "The wicked shall be turned into hell."

Men must write and preach the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, with the idea that there is one thing greater and that is to present it in love; love so great as to be willing in the future to stand and preach salvation in a literal hell to any repentant sinner if there was a cake of ice on which we could stand and keep our corns from cracking.

"Tooze"—J. E. Rogers, of splendid memory, gave me this theatre to preach in with a carte blanche to say anything about him or any one else I wanted to, and for six years I have done it.

If the Devil were in town Saturday I would have him preach for me Sunday and if I had a newspaper I would report him Monday in order that the people might know what he said and accept or reject for themselves. Very often I have said what the press could not or cared not report, so I have resorted to my own programme in which I print what I please. Others elsewhere have done the same, whether it was my friend Elbert Hubbard, in the "Phillistine," or Sam Clark in his "Jim Jam Jems."

I read last Jim Jam Jems with pleasure and profit; the subjects were timely, discussed earnestly and with felicity of style. Barring some few words and phrases I would be glad to say that I have written them and put my G. L. M. under them.

The gully shriek and call for suppression, and cowards

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shrink who fear the word "hell" more than the thing itself in their hearts or on earth.

Is truth blackmailing? Is plain speech a sin or is language invented to conceal thought? Must we have the negative virtue of innocence, based on ignorance, instead of the positive virtue founded on information?

The world wants plain talk for plain people; for men and women; for rich and poor; danger signals to flash warning to youth, against sins of body and soul which surround them in country homes and lie in wait to destroy them in the city.

We are to cry aloud and spare not; call sin by right names and paint it in true colors; say with Nathan to David, guilty of adultery and murder, "Thou art the man!" Take orders from God and not every low-browed, nut-headed, yellow-hearted critic; have a soul like Savonorola and Lincoln, and feel like Luther, "Here I stand, I can't do otherwise—God help me."

There are books in public and private libraries; paintings in galleries; operas and plays in theatres and medical pamphlets sent through the mails which make "Jim Jam Jems" a religious tract in comparison.

It is worse than wicked to accept corrupt books, because they are nasty, when we might have had that which is nice. Many things seem beautiful as the Well of Life, that are poisoned pools of death. There is an enchantment which vanishes, the sprite becomes a hag, the song a curse and the cup a witch's cauldron.

Whether it be "Jim Jam Jems," a sermon or oration, we should all avoid the mistake of my Jersey cow which gave ix quarts of good rich milk and then attempted to kick a fly, after which she set her dirty foot in the pail and the good milk was spoiled and had to be thrown away.

I want to tell you that apart from two or three ideas and a few objectionable remarks perhaps, I am proud of this little magazine. Mr. Clark does'nt accept any advertising, so he can say what he believes. He says things that ought to be said that you can't get the newspapers to say. I am willing to eulogize this little book. It is true, it is clean, it is christian in that it stands for what is right; it is fearless and free. I would be glad to write for it.

I can say of Jim Jam Jems that I wish I could write as

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fearlessly, as strong and as intelligently, and that I might have been the author of this issue.

I believe "Jim Jam Jems" stands for religious freedom, popular education, mental, moral and political independence. Let it touch life at every point; ring out the false and ring in the true; help reform drunkenness, slum settlement and social evil; uplift fallen womanhood; guard virtue, protect childhood and make this world a better place to live in until it realizes the beautiful picture hung by the angel on the sky of John's beatific vision.

It is a pleasure, indeed, to receive this wholesome support in our work from a man like Dr. Morrill. And when we look at the pack of pious frauds who are yelping at our heels, we experience all the satisfaction of a flea eating his breakfast on the lip of a lion. The roar is music to our ears.



The Working Girl's Fight



LAST month we took up the discussion of the lot of the department store girl, and said some pretty plain things. That we delved deep into the truth of the situation is evidenced by the volume of correspondence received from interested readers in all parts of the country. In fact we have not touched upon a subject since the initial number of Jim Jam Jems that has caused so much comment as did the article in November relative to "The Department Store Curse." Many of the letters received are from girls who have fallen victims to the conditions that have been forced upon them, and we are urged to continue the discussion without reserve.

We are not pessimistic enough to believe that there is a new code of morals abuilding, or that chastity is going out of fashion, but we do believe that the damnable conditions which surround the working-girl of today in the big department stores, the factory, and other avenues of employment open to young girls in the large city are forcing upon young

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womanhood a situation that absolutely commercializes her virtue. And to the shame and discredit of American manhood we make the further charge that the situation surrounding the average department store girl or working girl, is so well understood by men who "play the game," that they show no compunction in approaching a girl with a proposition to make what is commonly termed "a date"—a proposition to take her to supper, to the theatre, automobiling, or simply "a stroll"—based upon the supposition that she will pay for her evening's entertainment in the defilement of her person.

We do not believe that the time will ever come when womanhood will cease to prize virtue above rubies, but the time is fast coming—is here right now in fact—when every honorable man and every woman who would preserve the sacredness of woman's purity, must work and fight for a change in the industrial and social conditions that will better the circumstances of the working girl and kill off this matter-of-fact idea that has so permeated the lives of working-girls and is generally understood by employers, by unscrupulous men and by the girls themselves that it is all right to be of easy virtue so long as they hold a job and retain a cloak of respectability.

There is no denying the fact that poverty is as potent to make bawds of women as it is to make thieves of men. True, there are women who are wantons by nature, just as there are men who have not a scintilla of honor or manhood in their miserable carcasses. But ninety-nine women

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out of every hundred—yes, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand know that virtue is the grandest gift of life, and value it at its true worth. We can understand the woman whose sin is sanctified by love. Love is the ruling-power of a woman's life. Many a noble woman bears the brand "mistress," because she could not trample her heart beneath her feet, and fell a victim to the unholy lust that courses through the veins of man. But God pity the woman or girl who finds herself in a position that so deadens her senses that she barter her very soul for the luxuries or very necessities of life—with even the element of love excluded! Yet this is the fate of thousands of working girls. And why is this true? Because of the matter-of-fact rut into which we have drifted, whereby it is generally understood by men and women, that it is all right for an employer to enslave a girl in his sweat-shop for from eight to ten hours a day at a wage that will barely keep her body alive, then close our eyes to the fact that every inducement is held out to her to commercialize and capitalize her virtue that she may have some comforts, decent clothes, and possibly a few luxuries.

Plain talk, you say? Great Father in Heaven, if the world might see the letters that lie upon our desk as we write tonight! Letters from little girls in their 'teens, and from young women who have fallen victims to this very condition—girls who have sacrificed their honor because they were carried into the vortex thoughtlessly—girls who lost every sense of the value of their virtue through the pangs of hun-

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ger—girls who had no guiding hand or friendly counsel to point out to them that even though countless other girls all around them were doing this terrible thing of bartering soul for bread and trinkets, it was wrong! And let us not lose sight of the fact that in every case where a girl goes wrong there must be a man to lead her. Satan in the shape of a man is omnipresent—jingling the golden guineas in his jeans.

Perhaps it would not be amiss to record here a few extracts from a letter received from a young girl only a few days ago—a girl who has not reached her twentieth birthday:

Minneapolis, Minn., Oct. 26, 1912.

Jim Jam Junior:

I have read a number of your magazines and have tried to pick up enough courage to write to you. In one of your numbers you say your book is not intended especially for women but you know that everyone who can get hold of a copy will read it. They do. I believe that if every working-girl could read what you have to say they wouldn't trust themselves in the company of men alone so much as they do.

I have been in Minneapolis earning my own living for nearly five years. I have had much experience in that time and have worked at almost every kind of work there is for a young girl in the city, and in no place did I ever get sufficient wages to dress myself in decency. Many of the other girls have been in the same fix and we've all did the last and best things for the sake of looking better, especially so we wouldn't have to be ashamed of meeting our friends in our rags.

Now you don't mention in your magazine what would better the welfare of the working-girls. Do you think it is the strict enforcing of the law, etc? No, it isn't. If a few of those capitalists or the heads of these great manufacturing firms were forced to pay higher wages to girls there wouldn't be so many girls on the streets.

I am about to become a mother and before my twentieth birthday. I am of course the cause of my own misfortune, and don't believe in blaming the man, as he did all he could

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to help me at the time I was working and since I began to understand my condition. Hearing so much about the Crittenden Home I applied there not very long ago for admission, but seeing all the red-tape they wanted to go through I dropped it. They want to know who the man is, and if found out they want fifty dollars for the girl's expenses.

Many a tear is shed by the girls on the street, as they are called, because of the awful things we are doing, but My God there is no other way but to starve. It is usually the married men who chase with the young girls most. Sometimes it is a young man and if he can talk sense to the girl she quietens down and they rent a room for two and settle down. There's more young girls helped by having men take them in and being white to them than all the capitalists or heads of firms ever did so far.

Guess I have written enough but I have satisfied the desire to write, and it is all the truth.

Yours truly,

It seems hard to believe that a girl twenty years of age, apparently an intelligent girl, could reach that stage where her sense of virtue is so deadened that she talks in a business-like way of the men who "take girls in and treat them white and help them." This girl is not a wanton! Think of the spirit that prompts her not only to take all of the blame upon herself and shield the man—but to turn away from the Crittenden home and go back to "the streets," rather than divulge the name of her seducer! Brave little spirit—she takes her condition as a matter of course—blames no one but herself and the conditions which she says drove her onto the streets after working hours. She had too much pride to appear in her "rags;" and seems bound by a high sense of honor to protect the man who is to blame for her condition. Does not this girl's letter bear out our contention

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that society has drifted into a rut where it looks in a matter-of-fact way at the condition of the working-girl?

We are not going on the supposition that all working-girls go wrong. Many of them have the strength and the courage to rise above the ordinary situation. But it takes a strong heart, a stronger sense of honor and a world of courage. There are little helps, of course. Women's Clubs and Society workers have established homes where working girls can secure good, substantial, wholesome food and a clean bed for \$3.50 to \$6 per week. The girl on a \$7 a week salary can live. But she is a phenomenal girl when she can work among a hundred or several hundred others who dress better, who chatter about the theatres, the cafes, who have automobile rides and all the other little pleasures that our boasted manhood is ever ready to supply.

The Crittenden Home and other refuges for fallen women and girls are wonderful things. Many a girl has been saved through these institutions who would have otherwise tried to hide in the grave from the cold world's bitter scorn. Sunshine Societies and Rescue Societies and Leagues are most worthy, and do a world of good. But all of these institutions come to the rescue too late! It is a wonderful thing to care for the girl and help the unfortunate who has gone wrong. But something has got to be done to keep the countless thousands of girls from GOING WRONG! The forcing of employers to pay higher salaries will help, but the standards of morals must be raised before any great headway in the work can be accomplished. What America needs

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most right now for the protection of its womanhood is more manhood! The man who will employ a girl in his business and pay her less than a living wage for her daily labor—employ hundreds of girls on the same basis—knowing that she must and does barter her soul and her honor to make up for what he honestly denies her—is not entitled to the name “man.” But the fiend who offers a girl employment at the ridiculous wages paid in some of the business establishments throughout the country, and then when she falteringly tells him she cannot possibly exist on the salary offered—intimates, suggests, and even gives her to understand that she must find “some gentleman friend who will assist her,” or tell her point blank that she “has her nights,” is too contemptible a cur for description with the language at our command. And there are many of these! We know what we are talking about. Our representatives are working every day, and in the near future we are going to startle our readers with some statistics from the inside. We won’t mince matters. We intend to publish the names of some of these men. We will tell you the salaries they pay. We will tell what percentage of the employes are being kept by men on the outside, what percentage of them work the streets and cafes promiscuously, and what percentage actually exist on the salaries received. Maybe the public will understand then what we mean when we say that nothing short of a higher standard of manhood will remedy the terrible conditions that exist. Manhood—not only on the part of the employers, but on the part of every man who is deserving of the

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name. We have some respect for the man who, unable to control his beastly passions, visits the brothel of the confirmed harlot; but the so-called "chicken-chaser," who robs an innocent girl of her virtue while she is under the influence of liquor, or in exchange for the supper which stays her hunger, or the theatre-ticket or automobile ride or other bit of luxury for which her very soul craves, is the most damnable parasite in hell's unclean heirarchy.



The Seventh Man at Armageddon



AND HE gathered them together into a place called in the Hebrew tongue Ar-ma-ged-don." So says the sixteenth verse of the sixteenth chapter of Revelation. Whether Theodore Roosevelt is a born prophet or a creature of circumstance as regards his position in public life, we do not know. But when the intrepid Teddy said "We stand at Armageddon"—he spake the truth! Few people were familiar with the biblical name—Armageddon—until Mr. Roosevelt used it in his first public address at the opening of the recent campaign, and when that speech was flashed over the wires by the Associated Press people naturally inquired "Where is Armageddon?" Some doubtless recalled the lines of that old hymn, "We Stand at Armageddon and Battle for the Lord," while others did not know whether it was in the jungles of Africa or in Dahoma.

A postal-card from a friend the other day bearing the simple question, "What do you know about Armageddon?" caused us to turn to our much neglected bible, and after shaking the dust from its pages, we commenced a search for

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this place—Armageddon—which had been so unceremoniously jerked from its obscurity in the pages of sacred history and thrust into a political campaign. Like everything else one searches for, we found it at last at the bottom of the pile; that is to say—in the sixteenth chapter of the last book—Revelation. We found that it was at Armageddon where the seven angels came forth with their “seven vials of wrath” and poured them upon the earth, the sun, the moon, etc., and there was hell to pay as a result. We followed the story closely until we came to the seventh angel—and then we understood, for the good book says:

“And the seventh poured out his vial into the air; and there came a great voice out of the temple of heaven, from the throne, saying, ‘It is done.’

“And there were voices and thunders and lightnings; and there was a great earthquake, such as was not since men were upon earth, so mighty an earthquake and so great.

“And the great city was divided into three parts, and the cities of the nation fell. * * * and every island fled away and the mountains were not found, and there fell a great hail * * * and men blasphemed * * * for the plague was exceeding great.”

Yes, indeed, did we understand. Our thoughts ran hurriedly over the political history of the country, and we soon had settled in our mind the fact that the seventh regularly-elected republican president—beginning with Lincoln—was none other than the irrepressible Teddy. And he said, “We stand at Armageddon!”

We thought of that seventh angel with his vial of wrath. And then we thought of the seventh republican president

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and his "vile" of wrath. And as he poured it out upon the air, there came a great voice from Oyster Bay, from the throne, saying, "It is done," and it was—if he referred to the republican party.

And there were angry voices and much political thunder and terrible flashes of oratorical lightning, and then on the fifth day of the eleventh month there was a great earthquake, such as was not since republicans have been on earth—so mighty an earthquake and so great.

And the great political body was divided into three parts, and the great cities of the nation fell—into the hands of the democrats—and many politicians were unable to wade out from their islands for the islands had fled away, and the mountains of political power were not found for they had disappeared. A great hail of ballots fell, and many blasphemed for the plague thereof was exceedingly great. And while the good book does not say so, yet it is recorded in the daily papers, that the man at Armageddon and his protege of four years ago were covered with the mighty hail and like the mountains—are not to be found.

In reviewing this remarkable coincidence of A. D. 96 and A. D. 1912, it might be well to add that after that stand at Armageddon, when the seventh had poured out his vial of wrath, that was the last ever heard of him. Let us hope that history will repeat itself even unto the end that the seventh republican president who publicly proclaimed that he stood "at Armageddon" will "follow the mountains"—"for the plague was exceeding great."

Aimee's Sad Awakening



WHEN he met her she was Mrs. Aimee W. Givens. It had been several years since she was Mrs. "Amy" Givens, but the new way of spelling a sweet old name came with the Swedish movement, the hand-painted lips, the decorated eyebrows and the open-work gowns. Aimee came to be a good thing.

Edward Boehm was another good thing—Aimee thought. But Aimee was of the commercial instinct that night. She thought she was figuring in dollars and sense. The newest good thing to cross Aimee's broad horizon, if you want to call it that, "forgot" that his name was Boehm, forgot the childhood days with the sauerbraten and the kartofel salad, and dreamed that he was Edward Kirkman, son of an Evanstonian millionaire.

Edward looked good to Aimee from a bare physical standpoint. He was the apple of her eye. But she looked more toward the sire of Edward. She wanted to take a fiscal look. And she did. No matter how strong and supple and graceful and nice Edward might be, there was behind him one man

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whose comeliness overmatched all that Edward could be or do. No matter whom Edward was dammed by, his sire was there with a checkbook. And Aimee, in the bright days of her widowhood, had run to checks.

When Aimee had taken a cursory look at the fall fashions as pictured by the house of Bradstreet and the house of Dun, she declared that life would be well worth living with the adolescent Edward, so they hurried away from the dark and gloomy streets of Chicago down by the sunlit auto-paths to Crown Point, Indiana, and there the fateful words were said which bound Aimee unto Edward for all the days to come—unless something untoward happened.

How sweetly he whispered into her sea-shell ears that night! How she thrilled with a perfect ecstasy of maddening love! Here was her Greek God. Here was her ideal. In a sea of bliss their white-winged chariot carried them in a sea of fire up into Heaven. She called him everything that was sweet and good and noble, and figured interest as she sailed along. How she planned for the trip to Europe! How they would go off up the Nile—and farther! How they would spend winters in Honolulu and summers in the cold places of the earth! She reiterated unto herself that here was a good thing, one of the best. And in her widowhood she thought she had learned to know a good thing when she saw it.

They journeyed back to Chicago. They dined and wined at the cafes and other places. Every minute made the prospect grow lovelier to Aimee and there were minutes when she forgot that way back there, when she used her own com-

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plexion and knew nothing of the masseuse or the Swedish movement, that those who really loved her called her Amy.

Then "the darkness came on swiftly and the gloaming turned to night." The man she had married was not a Greek God, but a Teuton of the most pumpnickel state. He was not a Kirkman, but a Boehm. He was not a man of prospective millions, but a chauffeur who made the wheels go round. The awakening was rude, too, for before he went away into the night Edward had made a touching demonstration, and she loaned him three hundred dollars. It was all she had, and she gave it up with a sigh of content. Which proves that Edward may have been destined for higher walks of life than mere Chauffeurhood. For he could make a dainty little widow named Aimee give up three hundred—all she had—on the altar of her Greek God who was turning out to be Dutch.

The noise that Aimee made was of a Hearstian hue—in wood-type on the front page. You could hear it from the Chicago stockyards to J. Ham Lewis' boudoir. She spoke of it from the housetops. She mentioned it to all who would stop to hear. She had bought a gold-brick. She had married herself to a man who greased his palms with oil instead of with coin. She had reposed while the man who had lied to her obtained goods under false pretenses. She thought she was getting a Kirkman and she got a mere Boehm.

Of course the Elder Kirkman, if he really was an Elder, chuckled while he denied that he had a son that he knew of named Edward. He scanned the horizon, too; and medi-

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tated. Then he said that he did not desire to have Edward Boehm arrested. Maybe he didn't blame the wily Edward. Who knows? Maybe he never realized before how much the name of Kirkman would get. Who knows?

But Aimee was angry. She was more than that. She asked for a warrant for Edward for obtaining goods under false pretenses. The states attorney asked her about what he got. He figured on the value, and then went over the proposition again. He wanted to do the right thing by Aimee. But he finally told her that the courts of Indiana must adjudicate. For it was in Indiana that Edward Boehm, the chauffeur, did his most devilish work. The states attorney said that if Aimee would drop in again he would take another look at the subject, and that the grand jury might try to give her relief, when it convened.

In the meantime Aimee has gone away. Edward is of the passed. Her trunks at the Alexandria hotel are staying there—not for publication but as an evidence of good faith.

And the Elder Kirkman is sitting by a grate-fire in the evening and reflecting how powerful it is to have a name that one can conjure by. He may have it copyrighted, however, as a precautionary measure. For the man with a million has never developed the habit of letting anything slip.

B. S.—Since the above was written there have been new developments. Edward was finally rounded up and Aimee confronted him in all her wrath. But he seemed to have discovered the combination. He whispered in her ear—something that turned away her wrath—and a few minutes later

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she was sobbing out her three hundred dollars' worth of mortification and chagrin on the manly Dutch breast of her Greek God. "He isn't what I thought he was," smiled Aimee through her tears, "but he is mine and he will do." So the name of "Boehm" was substituted for that of "Kirkman" in the marriage-license, and the "Hono" was cut out of the honeymoon and they settled down to just a plain "lulu" of a time in Chicago.

AMUSING CONSISTENCY



STARTLING headlines in the public press throughout the entire United States announced on Wednesday, November 20th, the fact that "Government Officials, Postoffice Inspectors and Special Agents of the government working simultaneously in all parts of the United States, began raids today that will result in the arrest of 73 persons, "Pill Doctors," and others who have been misusing the mails." And then followed a list of persons arrested in many of the principal cities of the country, practically every offense charged being that of improperly using the mails for the purpose of soliciting business of a questionable character, the sale of drugs, prescriptions, instruments, etc., that are used for criminal purposes. Many of those arrested are physicians who have resorted to criminal practice—"abortionists" in other words. Practically twenty per cent of those arrested are "Pill Doctors" who advertised their "goods" by correspondence and sent their various compounds by mail. The raid is said to be the most extensive in the history of any department of government.

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Good! We are glad to see the government get busy. We have been working on this same job for a year, and have landed a few big ones in the same line. Now let's see if the government will take a tip on another proposition—before it puts our magazine out of business.

One of the most widely sold magazines on the market today is the "10 Story Book." It can be found on any newsstand. The December number is before us as we write. We will pass over the suggestive and thrilling stories of passion and the seductive illustrations, and turn to the advertising section. Just glance over this list of advertisements taken at random from this magazine:

WISE WOMEN AND DISCREET MEN
USE OUR Remedies,
Toilet Necessities, Rubber Goods, Specialties, etc.
Illustrated catalog of Reduced Prices 2c.

LOVERS AFTER DARK, Rubbernecks,
Wayward
Girl's Confession, Keyhole in the Door, Bashful Young
Man, Sparking in the Dark—live, breezy books 10c;
three for 25c, or all six books and six rich photos
50c postpaid.

Confessions of a Young Girl 50 page
book 25c. Transparent Postals (imported), 2 for
10c or 6 for 25c.

LADIES' New Rubber "Protector:" secure,
safe, just what women want. Sealed
particulars 2c.

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CONFESSIONS of Estelle Ramon, some other girls and Daisy; warmest book ever published, 150 pages and 32 vivid pictures of Darkest Chicago. Price 25 cents coin.

LOVINE Charms, Fascinates, Lover, Sweet-heart, Husband, Wife. Guaranteed 10c. 2 Packages, Sealed 20c.

"SEXUAL PHILOSOPHY," LATEST, BEST sex manual.

"TWO BAD BROWN EYES," 35c. **"TOLD BY Two,"** 35c. **Patricia,"** 35c; all 3 books and 12 photos, \$1 postpaid.

"MIND POWER," THE SECRET OF MENTAL Magic. "A Book on Love, Courtship and Marriage," 50c. "Mental Fascination," teaches how to exercise a powerful influence, \$1. "How to Win," many secrets of success, \$2. Catalogue free.

"RHYMES OF DAVID," RACY, RARE, TRUE to Nature. One dollar.

PHOTOS—PRETTY GIRLS IN "BEWITCH- ing poses," 12 for 25c, 4 for 10c.

Comment on this bunch of positively disgusting advertising is not necessary. In addition to the "love potions," "rubber goods," "safe and sure remedies," lewd and suggestive pictures and books which will be sent to any school-boy or girl for anywhere from two cents in postage to a dollar bill, there are countless other advertisements of patent-medicines, nervines, remarkable bust-developers, information to

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women "who dread motherhood," books of nature—so-called—which reveal "all the secrets anyone married or about to be married should know," plenty of matrimonial bureau ads, "direct aids to nature," "bust forms at less than actual cost," etc., etc.

There is not one redeeming feature about this whole publication. The stories are questionable, the illustrations extremely suggestive, and the advertising positive rot from beginning to end. Yet this same magazine is entered as second class mail matter at the postoffice at Chicago under date of August 14th, 1901. A copy of it is certainly on file with the postoffice department at Washington, and the postal authorities consequently must have knowledge of the magazine and its contents.

Of course we know that practically all of the inspectors and special agents in the country are busy looking after Jim Jam Jems right now, but when they get through with us and we finish helping them kill off the abortionists and fake medical practitioners, why wouldn't it be a good scheme for some eighty-five-dollar a month sleuth to take a squint at this "10 Story Book" and start something? A friend of ours called the attention of a vigorous postoffice inspector to this and two or three other publications in St. Paul the other day, but the Inspector replied with some vehemence, "I don't know anything about any of those magazines and don't care. We're not working on anything right now but Jim Jam Jems, and we're going to get those fellows before we quit."

Well, hop to it! "Great cry and little wool," quoth the devil as he sheared his hogs.

Death! Sacrifice Unto Duty



LITTLE children were in danger. The great orphanage was ablaze. Along the smoke-filled corridors the gongs clanged their message of menace. From the street below came shouts and cries. One Sister after another came through the halls, guiding their frightened wards this way and that toward the fire-escapes. Never once did the gentle members of the sisterhood falter. Theirs was a heavenly mission. Their duty was a sacred one. The little charges, the tender children, were to be protected first, and then there could be consideration of comfort and safety. The seething furnace crept nearer and nearer. The dry pine fed into the jaws of hell gave back but a crackling requiem. Foot by foot came the monster of flame, but the veiled Sisters stood their ground. Each drew her scorching garb closer about her with one hand while she guided a child with the other. There was no confusion—no despair.

And when a few hours later, the grey and blackened shell

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of the orphanage stood as a monument to what had the day before been the refuge of the homeless child—regardless of creed or religious training—six Sisters of Charity had given up their lives in the heroic purpose to save the little ones who had been placed in their charge. A hundred children lived and breathed and looked toward the future, while the six women who had given up the world—had given back to that world the noblest lesson of the century. Such is the story of the San Antonio fire, when in the early morning the flames reached to every portion of the orphanage.

It was the old, old story of sacrifice, of love, of devotion to duty by the great Sisterhood whose members on that awful morning showed not only the strength of their vows, but the inherent purpose to protect the weak and the defenceless.

This story of sacrifice assures mankind that the gentle spirit which has come down through the centuries, a benediction to the oppressed and the weary, still lives, and that the little child—the fatherless and the motherless—can find in the home of the Sisterhood that haven from the storms and stress of life which has so often been denied.

Love that was tender and sweet afforded protection to the trembling and innocent little children. Devotion as firm as the Rock of Ages remained steadfast until the last spark of life of each protector had flickered and gone out. The little homeless charges were safe. There had been wound round them the best love and the truest protection that they could have. The story of the early morning fire in the Catholic

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orphanage in the Texas town carried to the world the fact that while six brave women gave up their lives, the spirit which actuated them still lives and works for better manhood and better womanhood.

While a hundred little children went down the fire-escapes the nuns stood between them and the fire and protected them until the last one had gone down to safety. Then it was too late! They were hemmed in. The good Mother Superior had left a place of safety to save an endangered babe and both went down in the flames.

Heroism can be traced in the story of many fires, stories that relate one instance or two or three. But it is rare, indeed, that history chronicles the fact that six women have given up their lives for children—not related to them by ties of blood. A mother may rush into a burning building in a frenzy of anguish and love to protect her babe. A father may grope through smoke and flame to find his little one who is in danger. But when six heroic women stand firmly and save a hundred little children at the cost of their own lives, the average man cannot help but bare his head while he bows in meditation upon the story these six Sisters of Charity have told the world.

Since time out of mind good women have been the prey of the gossip. Evil-minded men have bartered their souls for a few pieces of silver while they sought to throw slime upon the different Sisterhoods who have given up the world that they might carry The Message into places where people sorrow and suffer. In spite of the story of the San Antonio

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orphanage these stories will come again and again from the blistered mouths of the scorpions in human form.

But the liar can shout from the mountain-tops, the wretched panderers for pelf may throw their filth upon the stainless garb of noble womanhood, but it will all be in vain. For the story of the San Antonio fire will be written in history and will be told to future generations while the memory of the defamers will be effaced by their own blots!



Justice or Mob Violence?



THE lynching of George Baker at Steele, North Dakota, on the night of November 7th, is food for thought. Mob violence is not an uncommon thing in the South, but it is indeed a rare occurrence outside that zone where the burning lust of the buck nigger drives men to frenzy in their eagerness to mete out "justice" to the black ravishers of white women. And how often we of the North severely condemn those "hot-headed Southerners" for taking the law in their own hands and dealing unceremoniously with the nigger-rapist! We deplore the midnight sessions of Judge Lynch and from press and pulpit hurl criticism upon criticism at our Southern brother who does not wait for the muscular arm of justice to wield the unerring sword of right.

But now North Dakota—for the first time in the history of her statehood—must wear the foul blot upon her fair name, for George Baker, the murderer, has been lynched, and his body riddled with bullets.

George Baker's crime was that of a fiend. It was a cold-blooded, deliberate murder of wife and father-in-law. But murders are daily occurrences throughout the land, and it

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is seldom indeed that law-abiding citizens disregard the law and deftly administer punishment by means of lynching.

George Baker was not the victim of mob-violence! His execution was not the result of the gathering of citizens who were fired with the heat of passion on learning of the dastardly crime that had been committed in their midst! The horror and excitement of the crime had all died away—the victims had been lowered to the grave by loving hands—a week—ten days had passed since the shock of that double murder had startled the citizens and neighbors. Baker, the murderer, had been taken to the county seat and lodged in jail to await trial in a court of justice. No one believed that he would escape—or that he would not be fairly tried. The excitement which followed the commission of the deed had subsided so that the Sheriff felt safe in dismissing the special guard, and even Baker had ceased to fear violence. Friday night came; Baker rolled into the bunk in his cell and went to sleep; shortly after midnight the front door of the jail was shattered and a score of masked men walked deliberately down the corridor to Baker's cell; they had come prepared to remove every obstacle; a heavy sledge-hammer soon battered down the cell-door and Baker—begging for mercy—was dragged into the jail corridor, a noose fitted about his neck, and a few minutes later his lifeless body—riddled with bullets—dangled at the end of a rope from the improvised scaffold near the city limits. There was no noise, no disturbance—the lynchers of George Baker did their work well. It had been carefully planned and coolly executed.

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Why was George Baker lynched? There is not a citizen of North Dakota who approves of lynch law. It is the first occurrence of the kind in the history of the state. And yet the execution of Baker was as deliberate and determined as though it had been carried out under an edict of law. We will tell you why George Baker was lynched and why the law was not allowed to deal with him! But first let us recite a bit of history.

In the past four years one hundred and forty-three pardons have been granted in North Dakota! Of this number eight had been convicted of murder, two of manslaughter, eleven of rape, and the others of lesser crimes including burglary, mayhem, forgery, robbery, arson, perjury, embezzlement—in fact almost every crime in the category.

Less than one year ago, at the December, 1911, meeting of the State Board, thirty-two pardons were granted. In the list were first-degree murderers, rapists, incests and highway robbers. The pardon of Joe Remington, a first degree murderer, was one of the most damnable miscarriages of justice every recorded in the state. The story of Joe Remington's crime and pardon was published in the March number of Jim Jam Jems, and it is not necessary to go into detail here. Suffice it to say that his crime was the most cold-blooded in the history of the state, and there was no question about his guilt for he confessed. There were no extenuating circumstances connected with the crime—it was first-degree murder in the fullest sense. Yet Joe Remington escaped the gallows, was pardoned, and only a few days ago walked through

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the prison doors a free man. Noah, another murderous fiend, once sentenced to be hanged, and then through a technicality given a second trial which resulted in a life-sentence, is a pet prisoner at the penitentiary, being allowed to edit the newspaper published there. Will he, too, some day walk out of prison with a complete pardon—the people are asking?

Does any sane person wonder now why George Baker was lynched? Is this lynching of any greater disgrace to the state than the wholesale pardoning of criminals has been? Was not the lynching of Baker but the natural result of the pardon of Joe Remington and the escape of other coldblooded murders from a just execution? Was not the condition which brought about the cool and deliberate lynching of Baker absolutely forced upon the God-fearing and God-loving, law-abiding citizens of North Dakota?

Some More "Fake" Dope



HERE is another list of "fake patent-medicines." The market is flooded with nostrums and preparations which are sold under distinctive names, yet contain the simplest and cheapest drugs. Just hang onto this list and know what you are getting when you fall for these "dopes" so liberally advertised in the "legitimate" press and magazines. Prof. E. F. Ladd, North Dakota's Pure Food Commissioner, and by the way, one of the best in the country, analyzes the following mixtures thusly:

ALMAZOIN: Contains light magnesium carbonate 45 parts, powdered borax 17 parts, tragacanth 38 parts; perfumed with oil of bitter almonds. For making complexion jelly. Price 50 cents.

BALM OF FIGS COMPOUND: Capsules containing boric acid, alum, ichthyol and fatty matter. Sold as a "perfect uterine remedy."

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BIOPLASM: Consists of pure sugar of milk. Has no curative value.

CELERY FOMO: The World's Bracer. Contains sodium bicarbonate, tartaric and citric acids with a small amount of caffeine, but no celery. Selling price 25 cents for 3½ ounces.

CEROL: A perfumed mixture of stearic acid and borax. Estimated cost 2 cents; selling price 75 cents.

EPOTONE: Consists entirely of Epsom salts, colored pink with carmine and perfumed. Sold as a skin food. Selling price 50 cents for 4 ounces.

EUDORA: Contains 96 per cent of wood alcohol. Used as an application for dandruff. The preparation is poisonous.

FLOWERS OF OXZOIN: Contains glycerine one-sixth, zinc oxide one-sixth, and rose water two-thirds; colored with cochineal. Sold as a skin beautifier.

FORCE'S ASTHMANNNA: A 33 per cent emulsion of linseed oil, containing 7.2 per cent of alcohol and 10 grains of potassium iodide per fluid ounce; flavored with oil of anise. Price \$7.50 for 3 pint bottles.

GREEN'S COMPOUND SARSAPARILLA: Contains 0.36 per cent of formaldehyde and little if any sarsaparilla.

HAMILTON'S OBESITY BATH POWDER: Contains common salt 54 parts, sal soda 46 parts; colored pink with coal tar dye. To be used externally as a flesh reducing bath.

HYDROCINE: Is 98 per cent cane sugar, flavored with a little balsam, and sells for \$5.00 per bottle.

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LIQUOZONE: An aqueous solution containing varying amounts of sulphurous and sulphuric acids.

LUNG GERMINE: Contains alcohol 44 per cent, sulphuric acid 4 per cent, water 52 per cent. For consumption. Selling price \$5.00 for 2 ounces.

MAKE-MAN TABLETS: Contain arsenic, strychnine, iron carbonate, hop extract and aloes. Not a brain, blood or nerve food as claimed.

MENTHOL-LAXENE: Contains in each fluid ounce one grain of Heroin (diacetyl morphine); also 5.7 per cent ammonium chloride, menthol and licorice. The preparation marketed may be diluted to make a cough syrup, or, is even recommended for administration in its concentrated, poisonous form.

MERCOLIZED WAX: Contains zinc oxide 11 parts, ammoniated mercury 9 parts, and 80 parts of an ointment base which is principally white vaseline.

MUNYON'S KIDNEY CURE: Is 100 per cent cane sugar. A good representative of the "57 varieties" of Munyon's cures.

OXYTONIC: An aqueous solution of sulphurous and sulphuric acid, similar to Liquozone.

PETTINGILL'S KIDNEY REMEDY: Contains a small quantity of triticum (couch grass,) a few broken senna leaves, and the bulk of the mixture consists of crushed, roasted beans. Selling price for 11-ounce package \$1.00.

PISO'S CONSUMPTION CURE: Is a heavy syrup of chloroform and peppermint containing extract of cannabis indica

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(Indian hemp). The latter drug when repeatedly used may produce mental weakness and even insanity.

PRICE'S CANNING COMPOUND: Is commercial boric acid. Used as a preservative. Illegal under all food laws.

PYROXIN: Vaseline perfumed with oil of bergamot. Sold as an eye-brow and eye-lash grower. Selling price \$1.00 for a one-ounce jar.

RUSSIAN LILLY COMPLEXION BEAUTIFIER: Contains 2 per cent lead carbonate (flake white), also bay-rum, cochineal color and rose water.

SOLBERG'S CONSUMPTION CURE: Powders made up of cereal flour, chiefly barley. Sells at \$20 per month. Cost about $\frac{1}{2}$ cent.

THACHER'S WORM SYRUP: Contains the poisonous drug, Santonin, which is rendered more dangerous when given, as recommended, with castor oil.

TONA-VITA: Sherry wine flavored—but not too strongly flavored—with meat extract. Selling price \$1.25 for one pint.

TORIS COMPOUND: Consists of about 3-4 cane sugar, 1-6 sodium salicylate, and the remainder salt petre. Used for rheumatism. Selling price 50 cents for 1 ounce.

TUBERCULOZYNE: No. 1—Contains glycerine, oil of cinnamon, coal tar dye, a trace of phosphates, and water. No. 2—Contains glycerine, oil of bitter almonds, burnt sugar color and water. Made by a "horse doctor" and sold for \$10.00.



Jim Jam Jams

JJ

The courts have declared the bath-tub trust unclean.



The Turks won. They got back into Constantinople ahead of the Bulgarians.



The Turks would like to find the fellow who put the bull into those Bulgarians.



Here's to the Christmas punch—and damned be he who first cries, "I can't hold enough."



Now we know why Bryan built such good platforms. He was a cabinet-maker all the time.



Carnegie seems to have an ingenious way of giving away the most money where it will do the least good.



We expect to be in North Dakota until April. As Shylock would say, "it is so nominated in the \$5,000 bond."

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Latest statistics show that more unmarried men than married ones go crazy. Shure! They had to go crazy first.



A Connecticut man has just divorced his sixth wife. Conne~~ct~~-ti-cut seems to have been his chief occupation.



With the pen staring a fellow in the face he is certainly impressed with the fact that it is mightier than the sword.



"The price of champagne is advancing," says the exchange writer. He may have watched some of the stuff work up.



A Boston preacher wants to strike out the word "hell" from the English language. The chances are good he'll fan.



Experiments should always be tried on the dog first. Wonder if they will try our wicked partner before they tackle us?



Beveridge says he is "standing on the foundation of a new party." Beveridge will be original. Everybody else sat down on it.



We are told that blond women are harder to get along with than brunettes. It's a cinch they're hard to get along without.



Billy Sunday just pulled off another six weeks' work and \$12,000. Which is more evidence of the high cost of living right.

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An Indian 131 years old has been discovered. He has probably been waiting for the government to stand by one of its treaties.



That St. Paul doctor who successfully sewed up a torn and lacerated heart should move to a summer resort and hang out his shingle.



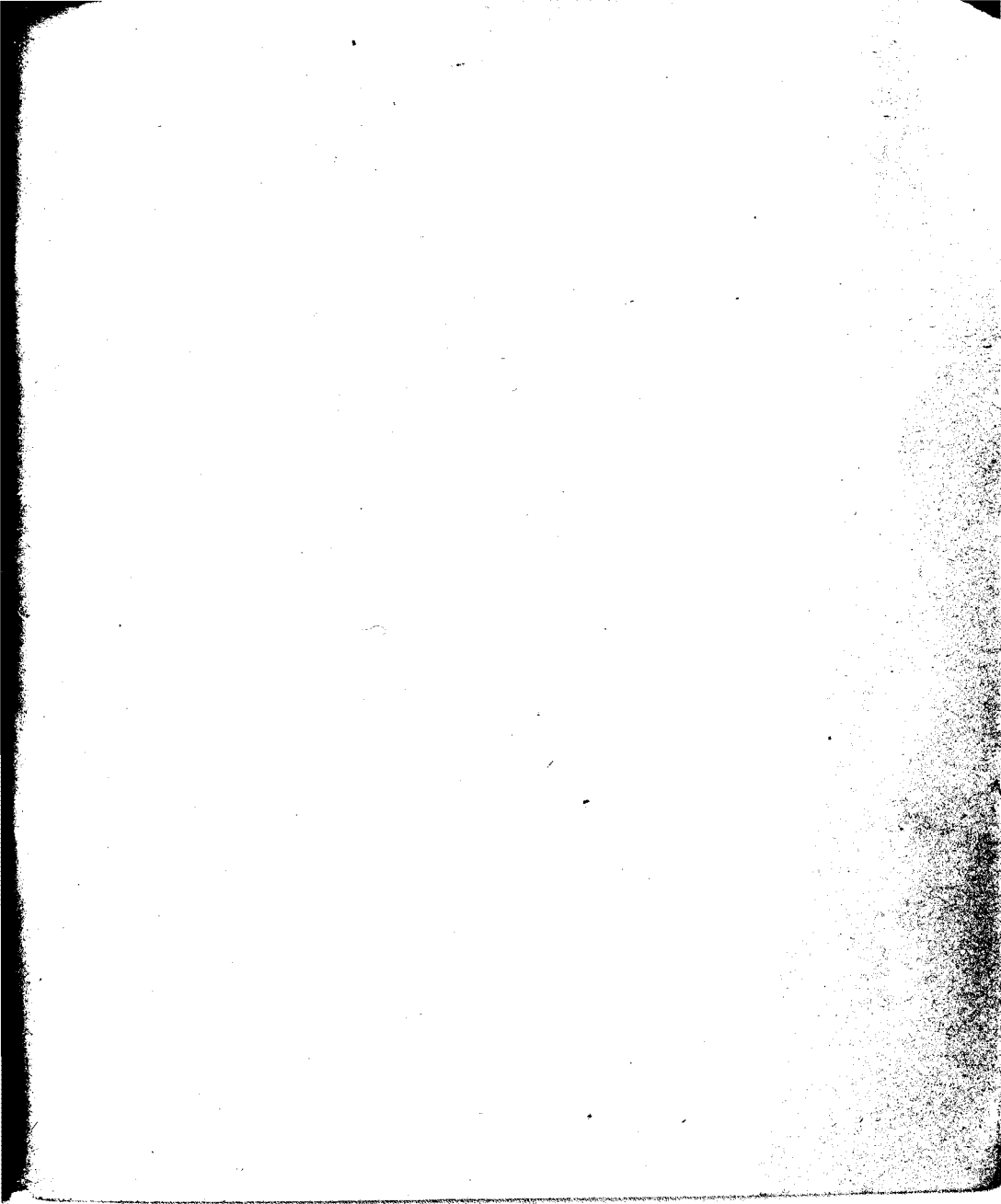
When we launched Jim Jam Jems we thought it a duty that had been thrust upon us by providence. And now the government is seeking to remove the duty.



The "government" inspectors are good advertisers. They arrested our dealers in St. Paul one Saturday and those in Minneapolis the next Saturday. That gives them front page space in the Sunday editions.



Yes, Cordelia, California wants a woman in the cabinet. Her petitions are just as dear as they can be. Printed on lavender-tint paper with hand-painted monogram in the corner. The body of the petition sets forth a whole lot of things, and the request for her appointment appears in the post-script. She has called in the petition three times to make some slight changes, and will probably file a supplemental brief. She is not sure she would accept if appointed, but it would be so novel to have a woman in the cabinet.



Miss Olive Logan.

Wearing

H. Dak.

Have read.

Have read.

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