



2-1913

Jim Jam Jems: February 1913

Sam H. Clark

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Jim Jam Jems

by JIM JAM JUNIOR



A VOLLEY OF TRUTH

Jim Jam Jems



BY JIM JAM JUNIOR





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

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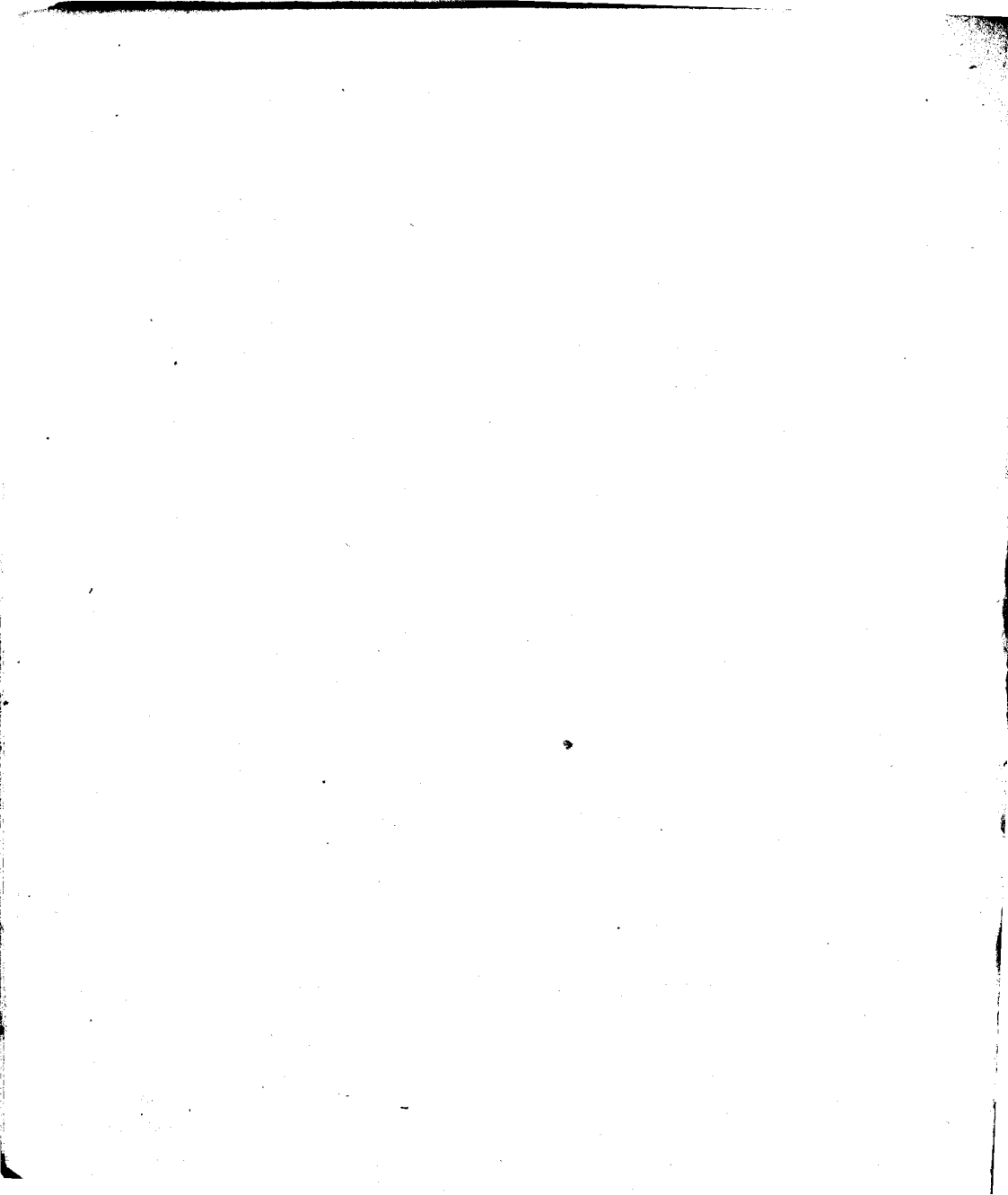


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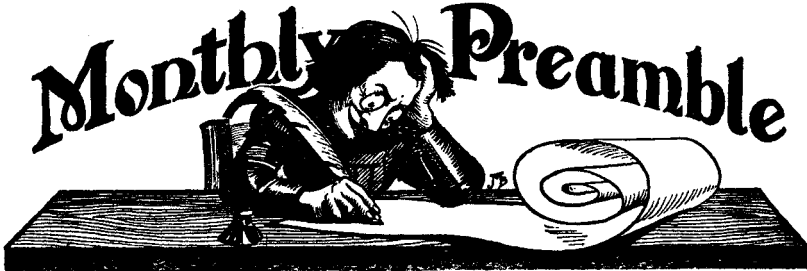
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Monthly Preamble



HOA Emma! Stop the deal! We have a kick coming and want to deliver it right now and here. In our short and somewhat checkered career we have been accused of about everything that any man may do and dodge the penitentiary (and we may not even escape that), but the time has arrived when we must enter a vigorous protest. We have been innocent of many things heretofore accused of, but

like every other individual who has ever done anything, we have been guilty of plenty of other things which nobody tumbled to, so the books have been pretty well balanced, and we have never wasted much good time in defending ourself personally. But the limit of endurance has been reached—we have been libeled, blasphemed, misjudged and misbranded. Here comes an apparently intelligent lady correspondent who claims to be a constant reader of Jim Jam Jems; she writes a delightful letter full of praise and confidence, but after saying a multitude of really nice things about our publication she exemplifies the moolley-cow of tradition

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sticking her foot squarely in the pail of sweet milk by winding up her splendid letter thusly: "I believe you will soon be recognized throughout the country as the greatest reformer of modern times." Holy mackinaw! Suffering Jericho! A Reformer! God forbid! We'd rather be a Fiji islander with a bull-ring in our nose, wearing a coat of sun-burn and a palm-leaf apron, than be known as a "reformer." There are too many water-brained preachers, clabber-brained eunuchs and short-haired women claiming the title "reformer" for us to ever break into the ranks. We don't want to reform anything or anybody. When a person or condition has reached that point where it has to be keeleycured—we pass. To the professional reformer everything in life is wrong. If the average reform fanatic had his way, the earth would revolve backward and the sun shine at night. The rose would be condemned because of the thorn on its stem and the golden smile of beauty would have to be assayed. We never had anything but contempt for reformers. A reformer is nothing short of a rattle-brained idiot chasing false ideals, or an unscrupulous scalawag who makes a business of "reforming" because it is an easy way to get along. Reformers are breeders of trouble and discontent. When the reformers get strong enough to gain control of and govern a municipality, business moves out and life becomes as stagnant and fragrant as that of a nigger graveyard. Political and religious reformers are the limit. Our experience has taught us that when a political reformer once gets his snout into the public trough all the reform mania vanishes

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immediately and he becomes the star grafter of them all. The religious reformer makes his living by becoming a howling misery to the community where he is suffered to exist. And if measured by the Golden Rule, nine out of ten religious reformers would be found long on the very shortcomings they see in others. The religious reformer is generally a close second to the prohibition crank who sneaks into the back door of a saloon or drug-store, buys cheap booze by the jug and consumes it in the cellar.

We do not question the right of any person to view any subject, condition or thing from any angle or standpoint he desires; we do not question the right of any individual to honestly advance anything that will work for the betterment of mankind either morally, spiritually or physically. This is a free country and we know that men may honestly differ, and every man is entitled to his own opinion. But the class of people who sally forth under the cognomen of "reformers" today are a bunch of hypocritical theorists who, instead of accomplishing any real reform, are simply attempting to foist some new-fangled idea or theory onto the public—a theory or idea that is born of agitation at some prayer-meeting, camp-meeting or political pow-wow where disgruntles gather to start something.

No, dear lady, we are not a reformer—at least not a reformer in the sense in which the term is used today. If any evidence were lacking, we would but point to the fact that in every community where Jim Jam Jems is read you will find that the holier-than-thou bunch of reformers are the

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very ones who hold up their hands in horror when our publication is mentioned, and it is the pious fraud who clamors loudest for its suppression. The reformer howls incessantly about everything. To the reformer the world is all wrong. Thank Heaven we don't see it that way. Just because some wall-eyed astronomer tells us that there are spots on the sun is no particular reason why we shouldn't enjoy the sunlight. We have always gone on the theory that this is a pretty good old world. We enjoy life just about as well as any other human enjoys it. And we couldn't do this if we were a reformer. The human ear craves harmony and melody; the eye beauty; the brain knowledge; and the human soul mounts to the very skies in a worship of all things great and good. It is only the miserable little soul of the arrogant fanatical reformer that doesn't grow and expand with life. It isn't the desire or the intention of Jim Jam Jems to reform anything or anybody. We know human nature pretty well and know that the fellow who has "reformed" will bear watching. We recall the story of the preacher who was nagging one of his flock about his shortcomings; "swear off drinking, break away from the old habits, and be a new man from today on," urged the dominie. After thinking it over John finally decided that he would become a new man. Then the preacher suggested that John hustle around and dig up the five dollars he had borrowed from the preacher some months previous. "Oh," said John, "that debt is on the other fellow. I am a new man from now on." Jim Jam Junior does not pose as a reformer by any means, and Jim

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Jam Jems does not aim at reform. Our whole aim is to publish the truth, to separate fact from falsehood, point out the real from the unreal, strip the tinsel and gewgaws and "show" from real life and let the people know the truth. When we go after an evil, we don't make any attempt at reform. If a thing is evil, reform is not what it needs. Kill it off! That's our policy. Reform hell! We are simply endeavoring to publish a periodical that is slave to no sect, party or creed. When we have anything to say we say it, without waiting to find out what somebody else thinks about it. Our idea is to get on the right side of a question—not the popular side. We don't expect everybody to agree with us. When they do, we will quit writing. The ordinary publication is but a blatant camp-follower. The average publication dares not venture an opinion on any subject until a popular verdict has been signed, sealed, approved and delivered. Reformers are always found riding some fool hobby or wave of public opinion, whatever that is. When we find a man high in the public life, who has plenty of money to play the game, and who spends his time ruining young girls we don't hit him on the nose with any idea of reforming him! Not by several damnsights. We brand the cur so that every respectable citizen in the universe knows him. He is pointed out as a thing to be shunned. He is forever damried in the eyes of his fellow-man. And the exposure causes other men to stop and think before they get too far. It causes young girls to think and it sounds a warning to parents. And if these exposures save one girl from going wrong—one

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soul from perdition—then we have accomplished more than all the howling reformers in the country will ever accomplish, for they are working on something already lost. The moral law is written on the tablets of eternity; for every false word or unrighteous deed, for cruelty and oppression, for lust and vanity, the price has to be paid at last. When we point out the pitfalls into which so many hapless girls are driven, we don't expect to drag the victims back and mend the broken hearts and wash the stained souls. It cannot be done. What we are trying to do is to save those who have not yet fallen. When we reach high up into the medical profession and jerk the cloak of respectability from some foxy old doctor who is performing criminal operations and aiding men with money in their work of ruining girls and women—doctors who aid the libertine to escape detection and disgrace by murdering the offspring of illegitimacy, we don't have any hope of reforming that doctor! We are but striking at the root of the evil in the hope that the time will come when abortions cannot be procured by the wholesale and thereby lessen the ruination of girls, for just as long as men know there are private hospitals where girls can be seereted and abortionists abound—all the yelping reformers in the universe can't keep virtue at par.

Time and experience have taught us that some of the biggest scoundrels in the world are masquerading under the banner of "reform." We find them in the highest walks of life, in the church, in society, in public office and public confidence. When we see a ranting reformer we are always

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suspicious of him. Pick out any active reformer of your acquaintance, study him a while, and you will find that he is a rainbow chaser who howls about this or that condition—a disturber, nothing more. Occasionally we stumble onto a sincere reformer—one who goes quietly about his work of reformation and dodges brass band accompaniment when attempting to do good. But so far as reformers generally are concerned, Jim Jam Junior positively refuses to be mixed up in any such questionable company. Did you ever see a reformer who would drive the javelin into a scoundrel and spread him out on the dissecting table of publicity for the world to gaze at as Jim Jam Junior does occasionally? No, the reformer is too busy advancing theories to grab a villain and strip him of his false robes. The reformer never attacks anyone where there is danger of a reaction that might injure his business or person. It's all shadow-boxing with the reformer. But this is not true of Jim Jam Jems. The individual never lived and no condition ever arose too big for us to tackle. The truth does not need to be larded. Reform is simply a compromise—an offer of something supposed to be a little better. There isn't any compromise with truth. Generally when a thing needs reforming something else needs the axe. We're after that something else. Jim Jam Junior simply aims to kill off a few evils, wipe out the biggest scoundrels we can discover, smash a few damphool idols and inject a little more truth into everyday life. The reformers can go their way and we will go ours. If the reformers had their way we would be in jail right now. Maybe

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we'll be there before long. But we'll go and serve a life sentence before we'll join any gang of insincere, misguided reformers. The average reformer is a four-flusher, a grandstander, a gallery-player, and more of a nuisance than a benefit to any community. We haven't any time for them, can't tolerate their fool ideas and we are glad, indeed, that they don't like Jim Jam Jems.

During the past month we visited a dozen or more large cities of the country. Everywhere we found evidences of misguided reform. In most instances the mayor doesn't know where he is at, the city government is disrupted, and the police force at sea. A bunch of howling, self-designated reformers get together, sing a few hymns, let a prayer or two, pass resolutions regulating conditions they know nothing about and advance absolutely ridiculous and impossible theories, and then put it up to the city government to carry out their ideas of reform. These reform movements break out in a municipality every so often—like the measles and chicken-pox—only the disease of impractical reform is far more severe to a municipality than varioloid is to youngsters. We refuse to be mixed up and confounded with fanatical reform, and when anybody attempts to yoke us up as a reformer we object, and the chances are good that we will be able to make the objection stick.

It has been well said that when both sides find fault you have probably meted out justice. The fact that most reformers dislike Jim Jam Jems and condemn it almost as bitterly as those who fear exposure do, is pretty good evidence

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that we do not play favorites. We have simply exerted our right of free speech, and when we attack an evil thing we don't mince matters. We merely tell the truth as we see it. It is the inherent right of every American citizen to criticize that which he does not approve, and condemn those things which do not conform to his ideas of right. That is all we have ever attempted to do. We are not a reformer; we are not a saint; just a plain, blunt, ordinary individual.

Candidly, dear reader, we feel much relieved after getting this emphatic opinion of "reformers" out of our system. But it just occurred to us that we might have been a little more diplomatic and yet left no doubt as to our position in the matter. Heretofore we have always endeavored to breathe a little of the spirit of happiness, of sunshine and lightheartedness into our preamble, reserving the blunt jabs for the later chapters—easing it to you gently as it were, but damfino how anybody could keep their dander down under the same circumstances, and after thinking it all over again, if we have said anything here we are sorry for, we are glad of it.

Don't know exactly what we are going to hand you in this number; haven't given it much thought as yet, but we hope to hit you on schedule time with something of interest. And in view of the fact that the promised indictments of more dealers for January has failed to materialize—we should worry. You may look for us on March first as usual, but after that we are not just certain. We have decided to discuss our future doings with twelve picked men and a federal

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judge early in March, and unless we can come to some satisfactory agreement there may be some delay in getting out the April number. In the meantime a bird in the hand gathers no moss, and the people who live in glass houses are worth two in the bush. We'll be with you when the sham-rocks bloom again.

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Doctors and Human Ills



It happened to pick up a copy of the American Medical Association Journal the other day, and read with considerable interest a comment on the subject of "Doctor Friedmann's Inoculation Against Tuberculosis." The comment in question is a decided "knock" and it is plain that Doctor Friedmann's refusal to divulge his secret to the profession generally is not relished by the "Association." The world has been awaiting with eagerness the results of the application of Doctor Friedmann's purported cure for consumption, and it is the earnest prayer of humanity that this discovery will prove even greater than Doctor Friedmann claims.

We haven't any quarrel with the medical profession. It is the noblest of them all. It contains countless learned men who devote their lives unselfishly to the amelioration of human ills, and a majority of the doctors are undoubtedly conscientious in their work and sincere in their practice. But at the same time there are hundreds and thousands of medi-

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cal fakers, and a whole lot of them belong to this same American Medical Association—this same Association that would have us believe that all physicians within its folds are honest and upright men, and that all without are dishonest grafters and quacks. The truth is that some of the most able men in the medical profession refuse to become members of the American Association, while some of the biggest advertising fakers and grafters are members of the Association and hide their hypocrisy under the cloak of ethics.

The American Medical Association has, through its official organ, attacked many virtuous discoveries, and by its assumed authority and self-delegated arbitrary powers, become almost unbearable to thinking physicians. Because of the knowledge of the rule or ruin methods of this society, many of the best physicians in the country have never become members and many of the old members are throwing off the yoke.

The Council of Pharmacy, which is a part of the American Medical Association, and which passes upon all medical products offered to the profession, has made many mistakes which it has been compelled to admit, and often changed its criticism. It has made few, if any, adverse criticisms of the work of any of its members, but those who are independent in thought must fight their way against the workings of the Association.

Doctor Friedmann says he is withholding his discovery because he does not want it to fall into the hands of unscrupulous and incompetent practitioners. Is this not his right?

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And is it not possible that he has a meritorious treatment without its being passed upon by the American Medical Association? The failure of the many other supposed cures naturally causes everybody to be skeptical. Past history shows us the utter hopelessness of the medical work to cope with tuberculosis, and the need of some treatment with much more virtue than anything so far discovered is so great that criticism even by those in a position to criticize, should be withheld until evidence is obtained of its merits or it has proven a failure.

The more we see of the American Medical Association, the more we are convinced that it is one of the biggest and strongest close corporations, or trusts, in existence, and we believe that the public generally is gradually awakening to the fact. The Association even attempts to direct legislation, and Association doctors everywhere of late years have fought hard for the enactment of laws, not for the protection of the people but for the protection of the doctor. We don't have to look very far back into the past to recall the Association's condemnation of Homeopathy and Osteopathy, the virtues of which cannot be questioned when properly applied. Even Christian Science has established its virtues.

In looking back along the pathway of medicine, which, to a great degree, has been under the control of the old school, and which is under the banner of the American Medical Association, we believe that it comes with poor grace from the Association or anybody else to question any new theory

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which has apparent virtue, until it has been given a thorough trial, since every physician must admit that the pathway followed by the medical profession during the ages past in the treatment of chronic and progressive diseases has been strewn with blasted hopes and human wreckage.

We are not interested in the success or failure of any system of medical practice, but believe that all paths in medicine should become one broad road leading toward the betterment of suffering humanity's present condition. For God knows that humanity suffers—both before and after visiting the doctor. Just how humanity is going to secure protection from the unscrupulous doctor is a question that deserves consideration from the people as a whole as well as from honest medical practitioners. There isn't any question but what a majority of the operations performed today are unnecessary. For a few thousand years at least, the world continued on its way under the impression that the Almighty had made the human body just about perfect. Of late, however, the medical profession seems to have overthrown this theory—especially where women are concerned. In some communities, where there is an especially brave practitioner, every other woman one meets has had her "operation." The theory seems to have gained ground that the "tree of life" in the female needs pruning—just as the trees of the orchard do. Abdominal surgery is as common in the country town today as vaccination was a few years ago, and causes less comment and excitement. Abominable

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surgery would be a better name for it. The average woman does not seem to be quite right until she has been opened up and her works adjusted. It seems that of late nature has been slipping a whole lot of useless things into the human body and these have to be cut out and a general readjustment take place before the machinery works properly. No doctor is absolutely infallible on diagnosis, and in thousands of cases where skilled physicians have been in consultation the diagnosis has proved faulty. And we know that there are plenty of doctors in the country—fellows who received their medical education from the almanac and their license through a pull with the state board—doctors who couldn't tell what is the matter with a patient if the latter were transparent as mica and lit up by gas—yet many of these doctors perform “major” operations upon the human body—cut and slash and make connections that an apprentice plumber would know couldn't work—and they get away with it. Hundreds of women are needlessly unsexed, thousands of operations are performed unnecessarily and a large percentage of those who bare their bodies to the surgeon's knife are but allowing the unscrupulous doctor to make an opening into which he can place a “drain” that connects with somebody's pocketbook.

It has been well said that since the doctors commenced writing their prescriptions in Latin it has become a dead language. To the credit of the average physician it is a well known fact that he will not practice in his own family, and

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when we read their mistakes written on the tombstones in every churchyard we don't blame them for not wanting to "practice" on anyone who is near and dear to them.

To no one is greater respect due than to the honest practitioner who is a close student of his work and gives to his patient his best thought and endeavor. And all honor to the old-fashioned village doctor who drives at night through the blinding storm to minister relief to the suffering. And the twenty dollars he receives for a night of labor in an obstetric case when he often fights against odds with two lives at stake, is in sorry contrast to the hundred or two hundred the wily city practitioner grabs off for puncturing a patient's abdomen and angling for a squirming healthy appendix. But there are too many fakers and grafters in the profession—grafters who deceive their patients for the fee, incompetents who make dope-fiends of patients by the improper use of drugs, villains who make prostitutes by taking advantage of the weaknesses they ascertain through professional work, and lastly that archfiend of them all—the criminal abortionist who plys his vocation under the cloak of an honorable profession.

It is high time that the people make a few laws to protect themselves from the doctors, rather than sit idly by while the doctors pile up laws to further their own interests. In every business transaction there is a guarantee of some sort. When you purchase a piece of property there is a warranty of title in the deed, a bonded abstractor guarantees

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his abstract, all of the capital and reserve of a banking institution is behind the draft used in payment, and so on down the line. But when a man goes to a doctor and places his health and very life in that doctor's hands, all he gets is a cipher dispatch to some druggist that may mean almost anything, or he is told to get ready for an operation. If the doctor makes a mistake as he often does, or is unscrupulous and administers dope or operates simply for the fee as is all too often the case, what protection has the patient? Suppose the law compelled the doctor to send every appendix removed to the state laboratory, and when the appendix indicated bum diagnosis and an unnecessary operation, the patient would be entitled to damages and a refund of all fees with payment for time lost? What a tremendous dropping off there would be in the number of appendix operations! Then again, why not have a law that would compel every doctor to issue a certificate showing what is wrong with a patient if any trouble exists and specifying the treatment given or prescribed? Wouldn't this have a tendency to keep doctors honest and protect the patient?

The fees for medical examinations, treatment and operations should be limited by law, and the present practice of a clique of doctors calling their confederates in graft into consultation at an enormous fee, should be prevented. There should be a law allowing the patient operated upon to have someone chosen by himself or his family present to protect the patient's rights during an operation, and when

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a mistake has been made in diagnosis through mere incompetency, and an unnecessary operation performed, the patient should have some recourse.

The American Medical Society had best get down off its ethical highhorse and give Doctor Friedmann and every other doctor a chance to "prove their goods," for God knows there is ample room for improvement in the practice of medicine.



The Price of a Soul



HERE is an echo to the story we told our readers last month about Jeff Livingston, Cincinnati's millionaire libertine, and the little girl he ruined and then cast aside as the boy casts aside the toy he has grown tired of. The echo comes from the Chicago court room where, only a few days ago, Madeleine Albers told more of her story to the world while testifying in the Wexeler white-slave case. Of late some of Madeleine's story has crept into the daily press. But the newspapers handle the story gingerly, so we are going to give it in further detail, for we want every father and mother—every honest man and woman to read it, that they may know Jeff Livingston and his kind—the millionaire who despoils little girls, then casts them adrift on the tide that carries them eventually to the underworld—the refuge of lost souls.

Madeleine Alber's story doesn't differ greatly from that of hundreds of other pretty girls who fall victims to the Jeff

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Livingstons in every big city. Down in the hollow—under the hill—on the reservation—down in the tenderloin where the bright lights, the merry music, the wine, the song and constant revelry help her to forget—that is where you will find most of the girl victims of Jeff Livingston and his like. The world seldom hears of them. Those who can no longer bear their weight of shame—who cannot longer endure the scourgings of conscience—force the gates of death and hide in the Potter's field from the cold world's bitter scorn. Others plunge madly into the vortex, sinking lower and lower into sin—rushing to the brink of eternity as fast as rum and riot and debauchery can carry them. Girls, pure as the snow, fall victims to man's perfidy every day. Love betrayed, honor outraged, body defiled—cast off and deserted—the helpless girl usually plunges toward that sunless shore where the very hags o' hell hold carnival and death is the only escape. But Madeleine Albers stopped on her way to perdition just long enough to point the accusing finger at the man who debauched her—Jefferson Livingston, the millionaire president of the Snider Preserve Company of Cincinnati—the man whom Madeleine says is the father of her child. Last month we told in the girl's own words the story of her meeting with Jeff Livingston, of the realization of her girlish dreams in the meeting of this millionaire "prince," of the luxuries he lavished upon her, of the joy-rides, the wine-dinners, the excursions, then the guilty love, motherhood, and the shame which was laughed down. But there is more to the story—much more that you will not find in the news-

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papers—and we want to drive it home to the hearts of our readers—we want you to know and understand how the millionaire libertine plays the game—we want you to know the price of a girl's soul.

“Jeff Livingston made me sign a paper in which I swore he was not the father of my child; then he gave me \$2,500. But he is the father of my child—the baby that I have never been allowed to see.” So said Madeleine Albers in a Chicago court room only a few days ago.

Jeff Livingston stole the soul of this child when she was seventeen years old; and then after her baby was born he settled with her for \$2,500. And then later, because he feared what was left of this girl he had ruined would continue to annoy him, he gave her \$1,200 more and told her to get out of town. This twelve hundred was not a second payment on the soul-purchase price. It was simply a bribe to get the girl out of his sight—for he was looking over the market with a view to purchasing other souls, and he didn't want a shop-worn soul around.

But Madeleine tells the story best—here it is in her own words: “It was last summer,” she said wearily. “My child was then about two years old. I suppose Jeff foresaw that I was likely to get into trouble and get my name in the newspapers, so he came to me one night and handed me a paper. ‘Sign this,’ he said. I signed it. I always did anything he told me to.

“When I had signed he folded it and put it in his pocket with a laugh. ‘Here is your payment for that,’ he said.

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"I looked at the check he handed me. It was drawn on the Providence Savings Bank of Cincinnati, and was for \$2,500.

"The paper I had signed said that Jeff Livingston was not the father of my child. The man in whom I had placed my trust, the great president of the Snider Preserve Company, and director of banks, the wealthy sportsman, had bought all my rights and all my honor and all my soul for \$2,500.

"My first real knowledge that I was to be cast aside came at a wine dinner at the Sinton hotel after my baby was born," said Madeleine, when questioned on this phase of the story.

"Just a few days before the dinner, Jeff had looked at me queerly and said: 'When a girl gets to be 19 she is too old. Girls ought to stay at 17. That's the right age.'

"I was 19 then.

"There were three other girls besides myself at the dinner. Jeff brought along three of his pals—Billy Kaiper, Phil Geyer and Ed. Wilbern. Now there is one thing that has always been a rule with Jeff. He always had his girl sit on the right hand side at dinner when others were present. That night he put Venus Lowden, a little orphan girl, about three years younger than I, on his right hand, and me on his left hand.

"I ought to have understood then. But I could not make myself believe. It seemed too terrible to be true; too terrible to believe that he would desert the mother of his baby for another girl. And I hoped—and prayed.

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"But I suppose God does not listen to the prayers of such as I. It must be so, for the other dinner when he gave me the \$1,200 check and told me to get out of Cincinnati, came soon after."

It is the old, old story—this story of Madeleine Albers—except that it gives a new name, a new place and a new sorrow. With the twelve hundred dollars Madeleine went to Chicago. She didn't care much where she went.

"When I first decided that since I had been ruined and cast off I might as well be wholly bad," testified the girl, "I went to the Delaware Hotel on the northeast corner of Randolph and Dearborn streets. There I heard about Tuckhorn's place. I asked about it. I was told to ask for "Dave."

Dave Wexeler is the man who is now on trial in Chicago for violation of the Mann white slave law. He is one of those parasites who "manage" young girls who make a business of prostitution. The manager gets half of the girl's earnings—sometimes all. And Madeleine fell into the hands of Dave Wexeler. It matters little what her next move is, for she is known to belong to the tenderloin of Chicago, and somehow society doesn't hurry to welcome back with open arms the repentant Magdalen. The girl is an outcast—the result of her meeting with Jeff Livingston.

Great God in Heaven! Does the law of compensation stand for anything! Can the Jeff Livingstons and the Dave Wexelers and their ilk go on and on forever—the one luring girls' souls to the shores of sin and the other holding her body there for profit! "Girls should always be seventeen,"

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said Jeff Livingston. And then he set the little sixteen-year-old orphan girl at his right during the wine dinner when Madeleine received her first notice that she was too old for Jeff—a girl nineteen is too old.

Only a few years ago Madeleine Albers was selected as one of five young girls—the prettiest girls in Cincinnati—to pin flowers on the coats of the visitors to a new banking institution on the day of its opening. Jeff Livingston was one of the officers and directors of the bank. Madeleine placed a flower in the buttonhole of his coat. He looked at her. "My God, how young and beautiful you are," said Jeff. He made her his plaything; robbed her of her purity; killed her soul; defiled her body and then cast her off for Dave Wexeler to pick her up and sell what was left of her body to frequenters of the tenderloin. Livingston paid the girl \$2,500 for her soul—Wexeler gave her half the profits of her body.

And the world is full of Jeff Livingstons and Dave Wexelers; and every day there is a new Madeleine Albers. Livingston is a man of millions and influence. Society tolerates him. His money will last a lifetime. But a girl's honor lasts only for the hour. She is "too old" at nineteen. Some other little girl must take her place. And as fast as they are cast off, the Dave Wexelers are there to offer them shelter and protection in the underworld, when they have nothing left to sell but their bodies.

False modesty may make a mother hesitate to tell her daughter the story of Madeleine Albers. But the mother who would keep her little girl sweet and pure and strong

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will remember that there is always a Jeff Livingston ready to despoil little girls, and the sweeter the girl—the more beautiful she is—the more relentless are the libertines in their work of despoilation.



CALVE'S YEARNING



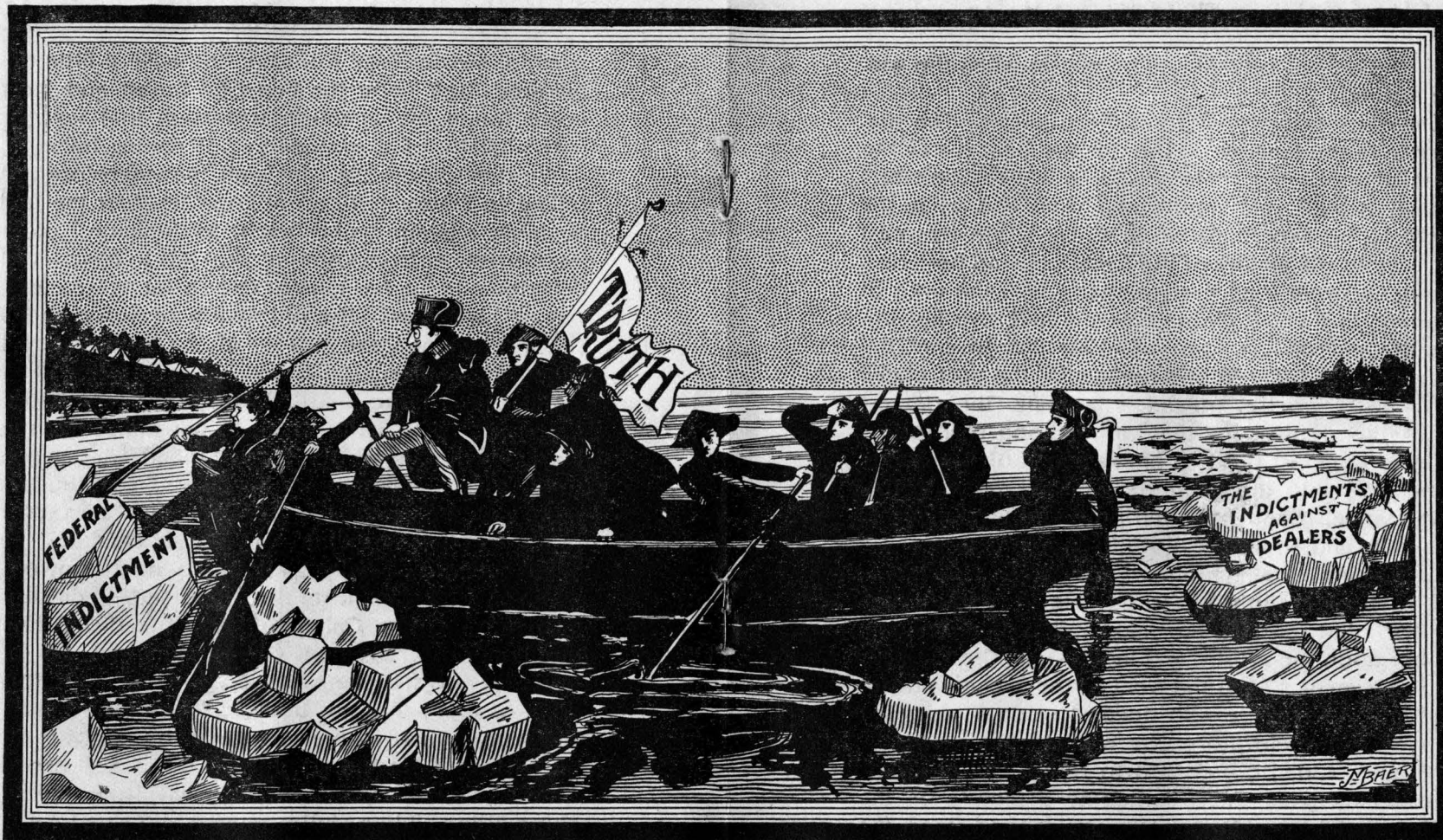
ME. Emma Calve, the human songbird who has been heard around the world, is mourning to-day. She sits by a grave and grieves alone. Among the millions who have been charmed by her voice and superb acting there is little sympathy, for they do not know and understand. She weeps alone. It is not the grave of a loved one. Nor is it the grave of mother, or husband or brother or sister. It is not this kind of a loss that has bowed her down. But she sits in the sunset, while tears such as angels weep burst forth in her heart's yearning as she looks down upon the grave of her past. She had her supreme chance of happiness, maybe, but she passed it by. It is gone forever. She is the childless woman of forty-five who looks back upon what she has missed. She has gathered riches—yet finds herself poorer than the poor woman who sat in the gallery and wept while she sang. For such is the law of compensation. Mme. Calve mourns because she has no child. She weeps because no lullaby has

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ever sprung naturally from her lips while a little downy head pillowed itself upon the beautiful breast and the matchless voice found the sweetest expression that voice can know—the lullaby of a mother to her cooing babe.

We don't know the whys and the wherefores. We never talked to Emma and do not know whether the fact that she is childless is due to her resort to "science," or that nature has barred her from knowing what it is to have a child. Mme. Schumann-Heink has nine or ten, so far as we can recall, and the old sweetness—the old charm of voice and person—is still there. For there is a dignity to motherhood that none other can realize.

But Emma Calve, married and with every material reason to be happy, recently wrote to her native France, and unburdened her heart to a dear friend who gave the story to the press. "Fame is not happiness," said the greatest Carmen that the opera has ever known. "I would have preferred to be the mother of five or six children. They would have been my lullaby." It is the heart bowed down—a yearning that can never be appeased. For the time has passed for Emma Calve to know the divine happiness of motherhood. Thus does the woman who was born in '66 taste for the first time the bitterness that is found in the dregs of a life that has been filled with ease and adulation. She realizes that in the chase for the almighty dollar—and we all love it for the good it will do as well as the pleasure it will bring—she has turned away from the sunlit paths where little children clutter around and give love and fidelity



"Crossing The Delaware"—Having steered successfully past the "indictments against dealers," Jim Jam Junior is directing his bark o'er troubled waters. Haul down the Flag of Truth? Hell! We haven't commenced to fight yet.

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through the years, give comfort and happiness when the winter of life comes.

Emma Calve is looking today toward the sunset. The sunrise had come in the long ago. The midday beams saw her in her great triumph—the matchless diva whose beautiful voice brought flowers and wealth and men and what she then thought to be everything worth while in life was cast at her feet. She is still an idol of the footlights, and her voice is more tenderly sweet than ever, perhaps, with the note of tender yearning in it. But Emma Calve would give her immense wealth and all the luxury that is hers to feel the chubby arms of her baby 'round her neck—the soft cheek pressed to hers. She has missed something, the dearest thing of life—the greatest joy that womanhood realizes.

Emma Calve sang last night to an audience of thousands. She sang her way into the heart of every hearer with that sweet, divine voice. She responded time and time again to the curtain-calls and while she bowed and smiled, many a young girl and many a young mother envied her. They would have given anything in the world to be able to sway an audience like that. But they did not know. The manager congratulated her upon the artistic and incidentally the financial success of the evening. Then she went to the exclusive hotel, and the people stood aside with deepest respect while she made her way to the elevator. She went to her room, the maid came, and Madame prepared to retire. As the maid was dismissed, the great singer turned to a picture on the wall—a cheap print of a Madonna. She looked upon the

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mother and her babe. She turned away. There was a picture of Baby Stuart on another wall. She looked at this picture a long while. Then the tears gathered in her eyes and rolled down her cheeks. For it was in the solitude of her room and in the dim still watches of the night that her arms hungered for the little form which could so naturally lie there. After all she had realized that the childless life is the empty life, and none can realize it so well as the woman of forty-five.

Emma Calve has paid the price. She has bought her many hours and days and years of uninterrupted pleasure and leisure with the children that might have come.



Archbald's Unfrocking



HE WAS like a bell that would answer every pull, was Judge Archbald. Contrasted to the honest jurist, walking humbly before God, dealing justly and mercifully, Judge Archbald dealt from the bottom, prostituted the robes of justice, tampered with the scales of equal rights, discarded the liberties of the common people in the interests of Gold and Gain, until at last the United States Senate—urged to action by an outraged people—stripped the robes of justice from his back, leaving him dishonored and disgraced in the winter of life.

In the impeachment of Judge Archbald there is food for serious thought. During the past few years, political parties to a greater or less degree have agitated a recall of the judiciary by direct vote of the people. There is a doubt—a great big doubt as to the advisability of a recall law, in view of the effective recall now in existence through impeachment. The “unfrocking” of that federal judge in Pennsylvania, his loss of the robes of office was one of the greatest

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victories the American people have realized. Jurists must not be corrupt. Men who occupy the bench must be actuated in their decisions by the best motives. And when they are dishonest, when they are unfair, when they are corrupt—the United States Senate is big enough to hear the story—big enough and strong enough and intelligent enough to do justice to all.

The impeachment of Judge Archbald brings assurance to the people that the dishonest man on the bench has no hope ahead of him. He cannot progress. Judge Archbald was a grasping and conscienceless man clothed with great powers and a life position. He was the arbiter between the people and the corporations, the referee in the differences between man and man. But he was swayed by dishonest considerations. He was unworthy and was found out. He stands disgraced, dishonored and denied the sympathy of mankind.

Ninety per cent and more of the judges are honest men from the standpoint of financial and official integrity. Not one in a hundred can be corrupted. They are wedded to the law as a science. Their work lives after them. Here and there may be found one who is narrow, intolerant and corrupt, holding a position for life or for a long term of years. But the poorly balanced jurist becomes known; the narrow-minded judge is conspicuous for his frailty, and the big, broad, able man is sought by both sides because of the wholesome atmosphere which he imparts.

The corporation-owned judge bears his brand conspicu-

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ously. He cannot get away from his own work. The story of his court tells its own tale, contributes to the history of the time and leads along a plain path down through the years, corporate control blazing the way. But these men cannot last. They cannot hold the respect of the bar or the bench or the people. For the work of every rogue becomes coarse.

No more powerful lesson could have come at this time than the impeachment, just and intelligent, of Judge Archbald. It has gone to every portion of the United States and carried its message. It marks at this time the most terrible disgrace that could come to a member of the bench. Perhaps it came just in time. It may cause a saner consideration of the subject of recall of the judiciary; it may prevent a hasty step, for it proves that there is a way—a just, effective and intelligent way to reach them all when they are unworthy.

It is the written opinion, the decision that is committed in writing and signed which is the safeguard of this nation. And as long as we have the written decision knavery cannot prosper long here. The written decision is the protection of the poor man. The inflexibility of the law is that which protects the workingman's home—his little plot of ground—against the whole world. We should hesitate and deliberate long and logically before we adopt a further system of recall than that which we now have. We should hesitate to place in the hands of a people who are prone to allow their prejudices and emotions to sway them, a weap-

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on that would in any way impart a fear to the man on the bench. It is the rich man who would threaten the weak jurist with the recall, were it available—not the poor man. With the proposed recall it would be the man of wealth, grasping, vindictive, relentless, who would keep the fear of recall ever before the ambitious jurist and cause him to pause, and hesitate, and seek a reasonable doubt.

There are periods in the official lives of nearly every jurist where recall could easily have been secured at the moment, but in sixty days more would fail utterly. The American people are an emotional people. It takes courage as it is for the jurist to face the mob and coolly lay down the letter of the law. But, thank God, the great vast majority of them are equal to the needs of the hour. They state the law which protects the poor man or the rich. Without the recall there can only be one law for both the rich and the poor, one principle to interpret and one interpretation to guide those who come later.

Sanely, the Archbald system of recall is sufficient.

The Unwritten Law



THE "unwritten law" has been written around the world and left its trail across every nation under the sun. Perhaps no statute recognizes it, no jurist quotes it. But it stands out in emblazoned letters across the story of jurisprudence—as infallible as the law of compensation—for it deals a swift and generally a merited reward to the wrecker of homes, to the debaucher of pure womanhood. Perhaps it is the law of compensation after all. Perhaps it is the final chapter in the reaping of the whirlwind, the apple of sin crumbling to ashes as it touches the lips. It is not only when womanhood fails, when the weaker member of the household falters, that the unwritten law is brought into play. There are so many phases of the unwritten law that there is no set rule for its application. In sexual sin the woman is always the great sufferer. The world has long since built up a single standard of morals. Of the man the world asks simple decency, and the word decency is truly elastic. But of the woman the world demands chastity without any compromise.

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The stories that have come as the result of women who loved not wisely but too well, have been as different as the men whom they have loved. One man chloroformed the betrayer of his home and so maimed him that the maimed one suicided in the home of his avenger. Another placed the redhot "A" upon the cheek of his erring wife and her guilty lover, possibly taking the hint from the story of *The Scarlet Letter*. Another sent his wife across the ocean and secured a legal separation while he concealed his own improper conduct during the weeks and months of his wife's transgressions. John Ruskin saw that his beautiful wife loved an artist, and he took her by the hand, led her to the artist and bade them be happy together. Another husband tried to tear his wife's seducer limb from limb but was unequal to it. For before he had won the winsome lassie—then pure and undefiled—he had sunk to the depths in debauchery and science could do nothing for the disease that had come to him. He had gone to her in marriage in all his filth and wantonness, yet he demanded of her the most beautiful virtue, the proudest honor.

From Atlanta, Georgia, comes another story of the invisible bond, that one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. A few days ago two little boys were playing upon the street. One of them saw Will Seals and his mother walking towards the woods. That old instinct which has come up to man through the tide of time told the little one that his mother was in danger. He ran to his father, T. J. Gilstrap, and told him what he had seen. The father hurried

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after the man and the woman. He saw enough to know that the honor of his home had been betrayed. In his rage he emptied his pistol at the guilty pair; he shot to kill; but the mother escaped—the wife who had been lured from the path of rectitude. Seals was killed. The southern jury had but one verdict—"justifiable homicide," and another horrible example of the results of home-breaking and the application of the unwritten law stands of record.

The Gilstrap case was an ordinary one. It told the story of a weak and silly woman and a man who had no scruples. But it is not only in the case of violated home sanctity that juries of good men have stood firmly and said "Not Guilty!" More than once in the year that has just passed the courts have seen long trials of women charged with the murder of their betrayers, and there was little hesitation when the twelve good men and true retired to deliberate upon their verdict. In each case it was an acquittal; it mattered not whether it was an unfaithful husband, a debaucher of innocence who had driven his victim to madness in her new fear, or the snapping out of the spark of life of the beast who beat the woman who was entitled to his protection until she could bear no more. For after all the unwritten law is as old as the hills. It has come down to us from our fathers. It is the enforcement of the Golden Rule. When the juror hears the case, when he listens to the story, the query comes to him, "What would I do under the circumstances?" And the answer that his heart gives writes the verdict.

Very few men in the world are as chaste as Joseph—or

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rather as chaste as Joseph claimed to be. The greatest men, the brightest intellects, the very stars in the galaxy of even the old world's intellectual gods, worshipped at the shrine of beautiful womanhood and most of them knew a guilty love. The devil is often quoted as saying that when he wants to catch a he-saint, he baits his trap with a beautiful woman. And it has been well said that no man is ever at his best until he has known the love of a good woman. But it is the single standard of morals which man has forced upon woman that evokes the unwritten law against the invader of home sanctity! Married men the world over carry on guilty liaisons, leaving the sanctity of the home for the wife to uphold. Men usually do not stop to think that the married woman rarely if ever goes astray until she leaves the halter-string dangling alluringly in the path of some male admirer. Men do not usually stop to think that a married woman's continence is seldom assailed until she gives sign of approval. When a man discovers that his wife is faithless, his first thought is vengeance upon the life of the one who has made him a cuckold, and his sole thought is to slam a fistfull of buckshot into a blunderbuss and write the story of his wrongs in blood. And yet, if justice always prevailed, while the same married man is pumping lead into the carcass of his wife's paramour, some other man should be turning a cannon in the "wronged" husband's direction, for the chances are even at least that he has also tasted of forbidden fruit.

It is, after all, the single standard of morals that has made

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the unwritten law so effective. The husband may be a libertine. His wife may know it. Society may know it—yet he is tolerated. The wife may be a wife in name only—knowing her husband as the head of the household and not as a mate. There may be no marital relationship between them—no actual relationship of husband and wife. Yet the woman is yoked with the burden of retaining the sanctity of that home. And if she falters and fails even to the slightest degree and that husband invokes the unwritten law, he is looked upon as the avenger of an outraged home, the woman is forever damned in the eyes of the world, and her erstwhile lover fills an unhonored grave.

But the unwritten law is with us to stay. It always has been and always will be. While it is all too often shamefully abused, there is ever a presumption when it is invoked that justice has already prevailed and “justifiable homicide” is the common verdict. For the death of the debaucher of the home is but a sanitary improvement after all.

Scattering the Scarlet Woman



IN OUR preamble this month we have referred somewhat pointedly to "Reformers," those self-delegated, short-sighted, impractical, self-elected custodians of the world's morals. Technically speaking, every man or woman who attempts to do good in the world is a reformer; the person who honestly attempts to alleviate suffering, reduce want, better conditions in any phase or walk of life, is a reformer. But the title "Reformer" in the general acceptance of the term today, means nothing more or less than a perniciously active citizen who is eternally endeavoring to enforce some radical and impractical policy of government upon the people, his principal hobby being the liquor traffic, the social evil, Sunday amusements and anything that tends toward a liberal policy in the government of the municipality in which he lives. The agitating reformer is all wind and theory. He doesn't attack anything direct. His mode of procedure is through testimonial meetings, communications to the news-

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papers over the signature "A Taxpayer," "A Citizen," or something of that sort, petitions to the mayor or someone else in authority. The reformer is always trying to force someone else to carry out his ideas. He is the very anti-thesis of the man who goes quietly on his way, stretching out the helping hand to the needy brother and the fallen sister—the man who works for the betterment of mankind, for the betterment of conditions socially, politically, or any other way. The professional reformer always performs in the limelight with tom-tom accompaniment. And it is to this pernicious activity of misguided reformers that the average city today owes its helplessness in coping with vice in its various forms, principal among these being the so-called social evil.

Only a few months ago, "reformers" got busy in Chicago and pulled a star performance which they styled a "vice crusade." Chicago is the third largest city in the world, generally known as "Wicked Chicago." There are thousands upon thousands of wantons, degenerates, common courtesans, fallen women, unfortunate and miserable lost souls belonging to the underworld of this great American city. Many of them have drifted there from other cities; many of them are wantons by nature—the kind where brutish instinct dominates the divine; some of them are there because they have been driven there by hunger and cold, and it was the only shelter they could find; some of them are there because they made one misstep—and all of the "reformers" were too busy theorizing to put forth the helping hand—and they

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went down and down into the depths; hundreds upon hundreds of them were made courtesans and bawds right in the city of Chicago—young girls who fell from virtue's path through love—young girls who fell because there was no guiding spirit to help them in their weakness. But no matter whence they came—they are there and always will be there as long as the breath of life lasts. Every time one of these unfortunates gives up the struggle in death, there are two to take her place, for daily and hourly in that vast city the scarlet brand is being placed on the brow of some unfortunate woman. Try as we may, theorize as we will, howl and rant for reformation until doomsday—it is as impossible to eliminate prostitution from the world as it is to extirpate Want and Avarice.

But Chicago had its vice crusade; agitators fired the reformers until the authorities were compelled to issue an edict closing the tenderloin, breaking up the segregated district, and scattering those thousands of prostitutes throughout the city. For the reformers demand that there be no segregated district and Chicago is trying the experiment. Now let us see what the result is:

During the past month we visited the city of Chicago. We wanted to know something of the conditions that exist there under the non-segregational system. Since the initial issue of Jim Jam Jems we have devoted considerable space to a discussion of the social evil in its various phases, and always without hesitancy we have maintained that segregation is the one solution to the problem. Right now the social evil

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is the one greatest problem in all municipalities; a score of larger cities are wrestling with the problem; the newspapers and magazines are filled with comment on the subject; vice commissions are studying it; special representatives and writers are studying the situation in various cities and giving their views in print. Jim Jam Jems has been roundly condemned for devoting so much space to the subject, and for the pointed manner in which we have handled it. Yet it is the one great big vice topic of the day; it is the paramount issue in every municipality, and the sooner this fact is recognized and the people meet the issue fairly, the better they will be able to cope with it. If it were possible we would like to take every howling reformer in the universe—these anti-segregation fellows—on an excursion of investigation throughout Chicago today. It would act as an antitoxin on all the anti-segregation germs in their systems—we believe they would be forever cured of their false theory that the social evil can be handled in any way aside from segregation.

While in Chicago, we secured a copy of the report made by Robert A. Ward, which he prepared in narrative form for the National Police Magazine published in that city. Mr. Ward made an actual personal investigation of the existing conditions with regard to prostitution since "scatteration" succeeded "segregation;" we are going to give a synopsis of that report here, with the simple comment that we know what Mr. Ward says is true; here it is—judge for yourself:

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Since our previous report we have sought and obtained interviews from sources that we deem authoritative to express intelligent opinions in connection with the question of prostitution. During these conferences, all relating to conditions existing within Chicago, where the situation continues to grow more hazardous and acute from day to day, we were keenly surprised to learn that during the interval of the last sixty days there has blossomed into existence within one of the finest residential sections of the city and a community which had always been famed for its exclusiveness, a district known to men-about-town as "Little Paris." Through our inquiry instituted in order to gain first-hand information regarding this newly-corrupted territory, we learned that thus far the police have found it absolutely impossible to take any action tending towards its desertion by the undesirable element which overflows it at the present time. This for the reason that, as stated in the first article of this series, positive and convincing proofs must be presented in the courts introducing specific cases, before convictions can be secured, such evidence, in fact, as is impregnable beneath assaults by smooth and experienced attorneys.

Apartments in the neighborhood referred to, a locality including staid old family homes, fashionable young peoples' schools, respectable family hotels and clubs, draw rentals running up into hundreds of dollars per month. They are leased and maintained by real estate agents who insist that prospective tenants furnish unquestionable references. Notwithstanding this stringent provision against an influx of undesirable renters, hundreds of females, ex-habitues of the red-light district, have succeeded in leasing expensive apartments in this formerly exclusive community and hence, although rabid welfare workers are patting themselves on the back and soliciting congratulations for their so-called good work in closing up the "houses" in the restricted district, there has been inaugurated in that heretofore respectable neighborhood a miniature series of dives, dangerous, harmful, and not unlike those of the old municipality, in which countless horrible crimes were committed, the evidence of which, mouldy, crumbling bones, was uncovered years afterward. And this new hot-bed of corruption is one of the many that exist hidden away within the best sections of the city.

As stated, the police are entirely helpless when such a flood of immorality descends upon a staid residence section. The real estate men are also at sea, as will be explained by the following:

A seemingly refined woman, of mature age, calls at one of these offices and expresses a desire to lease an apartment under the agent's control. She states that her husband is a travelling man, and is consequently obliged to spend the greater part of his time outside of the city, and therefore it is necessary that she arrange for the rental of an apartment. She is requested to fill out a blank, which must show four or five references evidencing her character and responsibility. Upon examining the blank the agent notes several references of

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usual merit, business and professional men, whose names attached to her request are prima facie evidence of her good standing. Investigation of their authenticity later discloses that one and all they deem her a very desirable party, and therefore the agent gladly permits her to execute a lease. There is absolutely no way for the agent to prove that she is of bad character, and in this manner ex-redlight habitues obtain access to neighborhoods in which they do not belong, and to which they are a menace. The ordinary reformer would be very much surprised to learn that their references, responsible business and professional men, are patrons of the undesirable leaseholder and for reasons of fear of blackmail, etc., vouch for her good character.

Upon the desertion of a segregated district the male companions of these women usually permit them to take apartments in such manner as above, supplying them with sufficient funds to pay their first month's rent and secure house furnishings on the installment plan.

There is also another method which has been adopted by these women in the securing of harbors into which their "tricks" (victims) may be lured. Among the city's population there is a certain proportion which may be termed as "floating," i. e., families who dispose of their apartments, including furnishings, on sub-lease, in order that they may spend certain intervals within each year at the seaside or in the South. They are always very anxious to arrange for these sub-rentals, and consequently when seemingly respectable women express a willingness to take over apartments in this way, it is very seldom that references are requested. Moreover the deal is usually consummated between the sporting habitue and the woman of the family, and is therefore more easily contracted. In this way, with but slight trouble, the prostitute is enabled to secure the services of a first class apartment, already furnished, with 'phone, etc., at a very slight initial outlay and which may be released after perhaps a six months occupancy. This, as will be understood, is of great advantage to the unrespectable sub-renter.

It is not merely the domiciling of these scarlet women within the intimate relationship of an apartment building that is the worst threat against the moral cleanliness of a city. To maintain a staff of presentable people for the use of their patrons is another of the conditions that result in many clean, innocent girls being drifted away into the horrible life of the streets. Lewd women make a practice of frequenting down-town stores and theatres, ingratiating themselves with sales girls and others who possess a certain quota of beauty, and later entraining these underpaid, sensitive folk with stories of their wealth and position, thus breeding a feeling of dissatisfaction and unrest within the young girls' minds and introducing opportunities to the "sporting" individuals to offer them a more lucrative livelihood, perhaps in such mythical positions as "companions." These innocent young girls, blinded by the prospects of escaping from lives of drudgery, rarely ever fail to "fall" for the hon-

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eyed bait of this iniquitous fraternity, believing implicitly, of course, that they have been offered respectable positions. The ex-habitué will furnish them with an address which they will at once recognize as being located in a first class and respectable neighborhood, and not a suspicion will present itself to them until too late to withdraw from the web that has been spun about them. This is an unfathomable problem to the keeper of a house in the segregated district. Young girls could not be deceived nor lured into a house located within the "sporting" lines unless they were strangers in the city, for an address within them would be self-evident a disrespectable one, and would enable them at the outset to correctly gauge the patron's standing. During the past sixty days the daily press has recorded many cases where young girls have fallen owing to their ignorance of conditions as they exist under the present non-segregational era. These particular conditions not only hazard the moral life of the city's young, but in addition they instill the initial criminative impulse, whereby the victims are led, spiderlike, into many other forms of vice. Ex-redlight habitués are often skilled shoplifters, and it has often occurred that their dupes are induced to assist them in their evil exploits.

It will always be found that a woman who has dropped into the ranks of the fallen will have a tendency to degrade any girl with whom she may come in contact. Would this not prove to be the case with the thousands of young girls living in environments which are now infested with these women? Would it not instill within them the idea that if it should happen that sometime in the future they met with ill luck, they could resort to immorality to gain a livelihood?

Reviewing our remarks in connection with the conversion of respectable residence districts into haunts of vice and crime, what other remedy could be suggested than segregation? If these depraved women are compelled to reside within police lines, and they know the public is aware of such a district being at its service, there would seem to be no inducement for them to intrude upon communities which do not desire their presence. We feel ourselves safe in saying that if the restricted district were to fling open its doors today, there would be many vacant flats to be found in the residence neighborhood to which we previously referred, and they could be found within the next thirty days!

When the levee district was countenanced there were scarcely any flats domiciling immoral women without the police lines. There was no summoning of girls over the telephone to appear and entertain visitors, as there is at the present time. When the regular "houses" in the levee were closed, the immoral element fled into respectable neighborhoods, in order to insure safety to its clients. As the weeks went by and the regular keepers were not permitted to re-open, the flats grew more profitable, and today the writer would estimate that there are no less than 2,000 immoral apartments in the city. Patrons may secure their addresses through chauffeurs, men telephone operators in the ho-

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tels, waiters in the popular restaurants, cigar stand clerks, many saloonkeepers, and hotel clerks, providing that they are believed to be "right." Within these flats there are employed no less than 15,000 lewd women.

Such a prostitutional element always attracts, no matter where it is found, a following of criminals, who manage to reside somewhere in the immediate vicinity of their favorites picked from among these women. Under segregation conditions, necessitating the residence of habitués within a certain prescribed district, this criminal element is taken away from the suburban sections of the city, which they otherwise frequent and to which they present a terrible menace, and centered in the slum district where it may also, along with their sporting allies, be better controlled. Moreover, under "closed" regulations ex-redlight habitués, upon which ordinarily this male contingent thrives, are unable to supply sufficient funds to satisfy their companions, and these men therefore continually find it necessary to take out their "rods" and "billys" and get it through strongarm tactics. This will show that segregation has a tendency to diminish crime.

With further reference to this phase of the situation, it might be added that we concluded after considering it that the indicating point at which we might discover the real underlying threat of prowling degeneracy might be found in the records of the criminal court during the past two months. Upon examining those proceedings we were not surprised to discover that there were referred to the grand jury for attention an approximate average of fifty per cent more cases of rape than in any other period, which would go to show that there was some foundation in our theory that segregation served as a preventive towards the spreading of this branch of crime, which is plainly increasing since the closing of the levee. As an index to the conditions mentioned, we quote an extract from the Chicago Inter Ocean, for December 17th, 1912, which is self explanatory:

"The conditions of the Northwest Side are even worse than the people imagine. It has reached such a stage that women are afraid to venture on the streets alone after dark. The police have done everything in their power to stop the men who seem to be responsible for all of the attacks. Thus far they have eluded them, and continue their outrages. Unless the committee which is now being formed of the men in the neighborhood, under Schneider and Kelly, is able to stop the work of the men, a meeting will be called before the end of the week and committees organized by the citizens of the Twenty-seventh Ward. If it is necessary we will remain on patrol all night."

Since the closing of the district a great increase has been noted by conductors on through street car lines in the number of women frequenting the cars for the purpose of soliciting. A girl will "pick" an acquaintance in this way, and strange as it may seem, it little matters on what part of the line she does it, for she is always able to leave the car at almost any point and

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find a place to lead her prey. And this is a city claimed by reformers to be closed. In fact the sporting fraternity finds little difficulty in meeting their patrons in any part of the city.

Among the prosperous classes perhaps prostitution is not on the face of things so common, but if one will walk behind the scenes he will discover that while the lower classes are obliged to come into the open and visit the brothels with the bright lights, the rich and pleasure-seeking individual will always be found patronizing a "kept" woman, which is prostitution in a higher strata only. But it matters little in what circle a man fluctuates—whether he be prince or slave—he is endowed with the one and the same instinct. It is regrettable that such is true; if it were not, the curse of prostitution could be done away with; if such should exist, but as it is a necessary evil, the situation must be looked squarely in the face and the best possible solution arrived at for its control.

So far as we can see, a segregational system appears to be the only method proper under existing conditions. If vice is not handled in that way, we have shown many evils that are sure to result, i. e.,

1. Overrunning of residence communities with immoral women, causing:
 - a. Spread of disease.
 - b. Spread of criminality.
 - c. Fall of young girls.
2. Soliciting in street cars and theatres.
3. Street walking.
4. Hazards of degeneracy, such as rape, etc.
5. Thriving of P. I.'s (prostitute's lovers).

Under a non-segregational era, street-walkers and inmates of clandestine flats are living hot-beds of disease. Keepers of houses will tell you that when a girl comes to the restricted district from outside the levee and enters a brothel, it usually requires three or four weeks for the house physician to return her to a clean physical condition. During this interval she is not allowed to work.

When a woman enters a "house" she is obliged to submit to a physician's care, and these doctors call daily upon all brothels. Without segregation this vital point is left to her own judgment.

To conclude our arguments offered in the present article we wish to quote from PEARSON'S MAGAZINE, Issue of January, 1913, reading as follows:

"Prostitution has existed so long that those who practice it are said to be members of the "oldest profession." It seems likely that the profession will be somewhat older than it is, however, before most of those who are fighting it will know enough to fight it intelligently.

The city of Atlanta and the Men and Religion Forward Movement are now giving a demonstration of how not to fight prostitution. The police department

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of the city of Atlanta has made the "red light" district dark. Every known house of prostitution in the city has been closed. And the Men and Religion Forward Movement is trying to complete the reformation of the scarlet woman by obtaining for each of them employment at domestic service.

If women became prostitutes because they could not find housework, this would appear to be both a logical and an excellent remedy. Yet the fact is, that the great bulk of the women who are prostitutes became so because they had first tried housework and found it so disagreeable that they preferred prostitution to working in anybody's kitchen. What the Men and Religion Forward gentlemen are really doing is therefore this: They are going to women who know all about both housework and prostitution, and asking them to return to the calling that drove them into prostitution.

The relationship that exists between domestic service and prostitution is so well known that it should be known in Atlanta. It was set forth 50 years ago by Dr. William W. Sanger, resident physician at the Blackwell's Island prison in New York, in a book entitled "The History of Prostitution." Dr. Sanger knew the life of the prostitute as well as if he had been one himself. His book shows it. He asked 2,000 prostitutes what they did before they became disreputable. Here are the answers:

Occupation.	Numbers	Occupation.	Numbers
Artist	1	Vest makers	21
Nurse	1	Cap makers	24
School teachers	3	Book folders	27
Fruit hawkers	4	Factory girls	37
Paper box makers	5	Housekeepers	39
Tobacco packers	7	Milliners	41
Attended stores or bars	8	Seamstresses	59
Attended school	8	Tailoresses	105
Embroiderers	8	Dressmakers	121
Fur sewers	8	Servants	933
Hat trimmers	8	Lived with parents or friends.	499
Umbrella makers	8		
Flower makers	9	Total	2,000
Shoe binders	16		

Of course, these questions were asked fifty years and more ago. The women who answered them are long since dead. That makes no difference. Prostitution is no older than the causes that make for prostitution. The answers of these women of half a century ago are the answers of similar women today. Poverty is the great cause of prostitution. When poverty presses a man hard enough, a certain type of men become thieves. Precisely as naturally, do a

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certain type of women become prostitutes. Being unfitted for burglary, the "red light" route is for them the easy way.

Dr. Sanger frankly asked the 2,000 women why they became prostitutes. Here are their answers:

Causes.	Numbers	Causes.	Numbers
Inclination	513	Persuaded by prostitutes	71
Destitution	525	Too Idle to work	29
Seduced and abandoned	258	Violated	27
Drink and the desire to drink ..	181	Seduced on board emigrant ships	16
Ill-treatment of parents, rela-		Seduced in emigrant boarding	
tives or husbands	164	houses	8
As an easy life	124		
Bad company	84	Total	2,000

It will be noted that destitution is the largest single cause given. Inclination ranks next. But when you learn what these girls received in wages before they became prostitutes, you will discover that destitution and inclination, in their cases, meant much the same thing. Dr. Sanger asked each of them to tell what she earned weekly in the good old days when their employers were, perhaps, proud of their purity. Here are their answers:

Average earnings.	Numbers	Average earnings.	Numbers
\$1	534	\$8	5
\$2	336	\$20	1
\$3	230	\$50	1
\$4	127	Uncertained	663
\$5	68		
\$6	27	Total	2,000
\$7	8		

Wages are not so low now as they were fifty years ago. Still, there are hundreds of thousands of girls in cities who are working for \$6 a week or less. Moreover, the cost of living has so risen that the wages of today will buy little more than did the wages of half a century ago. Any city working girl will tell you that it is desperately hard to keep alive and keep straight.

The last of the foregoing tables shows what often happens when working girls can keep straight and alive only with great difficulty. Eleven hundred of the girls who became prostitutes were in receipt of weekly incomes of \$3 a week or less.

The world will get rid of prostitution when it gets rid of poverty. The \$50 a week ladies who become prostitutes are not sufficiently numerous to create a problem. Therefore if the Men and Religion Forward gentlemen really want to do something to curb prostitution they would do well to change the direction of

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their efforts. If they can do anything to compel the employers of women to pay them decent wages, they will save many a woman from becoming a prostitute. In seeking to place prostitutes back in the places that drove them to prostitution they reveal an exceedingly attenuated degree of intelligence. A river having broken through its banks, one might as well ball the water back into the river, without repairing the banks. A woman who has given up a job paying starvation wages to become a prostitute is more than likely, if put back at it, to give it up again for the same purpose. Particularly is this true if, having tried both housework and prostitution, she relinquish the latter profession only when compelled by the police to do so."

If our philanthropic reform element would busy themselves in the work of inducing employers to discontinue paying employees starvation wages, they could effect far more good than by endeavoring to fight a condition which has existed since world was young.



Unspeakable Depravity



LAST month we told our readers something of the unearthing of a nest of degeneracy in the city of Portland, Oregon. For some time previous we had been in touch with the authorities of the coast city, and through correspondence with the officials, with newspaper men and private individuals we learned something of the situation. Later we received a transcript of some of the testimony produced at the trial of one of the principals, with copies of statements made by some of those under arrest, and also several articles taken from the columns of the Portland Daily News—the one newspaper that had dared to touch the story. Through these various sources we believed that we had a pretty good idea of the situation at Portland, but the facts in our possession were so startling and unbelievable that we decided to go to Portland and gather first-hand information and evidence covering this new vice that has apparently gained a foothold in every large city throughout the country. Accordingly, we made the trip to Portland last month, and in the three days

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spent on this investigation we found a condition of vice, of human depravity, of unspeakable degeneracy so revolting in nature and so disgusting in detail that no mortal man—not a degenerate of the very lowest type himself—could believe exists until confronted with the indisputable evidence which we found.

When we say indisputable evidence we mean just that. We have in our possession at this time the confessions of eleven men and boys who admit the most revolting practices that the diseased mind of a pervert could conceive. We have transcripts of the evidence produced at the trial of two of the principal offenders, both of whom were convicted. We have statements from Deputy District Attorney Frank Collier, who conducted the investigation and prosecuted those of the offenders who have been brought to trial, and from Dana M. Sleath, managing editor of the Portland News, the man who has fearlessly fought to clean up this nest of degenerate vipers while handicapped by big business, by members of the Y. M. C. A., by so-called religious organizations and narrow citizens, who attempted to protect the leperous gang with the cry that the city of Portland was being advertised as a hotbed of degeneracy, and for the best interests of Portland and her citizenship the affair should be hushed up. Further, we visited the county jail in company with Attorney Collier, with Editor Sleath and others, and heard some of these degenerates repeat the story of their terrible depravity. Unabashed and apparently indifferent to the expressions of disgust and horror from their listeners,

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many of those who had been placed under arrest by the Portland authorities told of absolutely nauseating relationship of a sensuous, bestial, depraved nature between man and man. Young boys told of having submitted to the vilest relationship with men who forced attentions upon them until these damning practices became a habit that swept the boys into the vortex, making perverts of them.

If it were possible for us to describe this terrible vice; if we could but set forth here the contents of a single confession of the eleven in our possession; if we could but make the public understand just what these men did—the nature of their debased and bestial practices—the things men are doing in every city of the United States, if these perverts are to be believed—we know that every man and woman with a spark of decency in their makeups would be stunned, shocked to unbelief with what they would read. For the first time in our life we have found a condition which the English language is incapable of describing with any semblance of decency. The vice practiced by these self-confessed perverts is so vile that the crimes against nature practiced in old Sodom and Gomorrah could well be classed as gentlemanly pastime when compared to those of these Portland perverts. Oscar Wilde was a novice and Lot a gentleman compared to these later-day degenerates.

These are cold-blooded facts. They are matters of court record. We, as well as many others, have heard the damning statements and confessions from the mouths of the men themselves. And yet pious frauds, sanctimonious fools and

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suave hypocrites within the city of Portland have put every obstacle in the way of justice, have made every effort conceivable to block the investigations and smother publicity of this terrible vice. Young boys and young men have been ruined in health and taught the very depths of degeneracy and perversion within the walls of the Y. M. C. A., within the walls of the Chamber of Commerce, within the walls of Mount Tabor Presbyterian Church, in the offices of prominent doctors and lawyers—aye, even in their own homes and right under the noses of their fathers and mothers! Knowing the facts, it seems beyond belief, past understanding, that there would exist in any community a corporal's guard who would be so short-sighted as to attempt to suppress publicity of the affair or hinder the courts of justice in dealing with the culprits by hiding behind the fool cry that "the exposure is hurting the good name of our city."

All honor to the Daily News for the fight it has made. While there has been a lull in the proceedings during the past month, owing to the fact that an entirely new set of officials went into office at the beginning of the new year, we learn with satisfaction that Attorney Frank Collier has been appointed special prosecutor in the vice cases and that the score or more now under indictment will be forced to trial. Portland citizens need not fear the publicity of this vice probe. It is a credit to Portland to unearth and wipe out this terrible thing that threatened the youth of the city. We have secured enough evidence to convince us that this same condition exists to a degree in every big city. We have

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but to point to the recent exposures in the cities of Philadelphia, Pa., and Mystic, Conn., where this same vice has been unearthed within the past month. In Philadelphia the pastor of one of the foremost churches fled secretly from the city when it was found that he was contributing to the delinquency of several boys. In Mystic six prominent citizens are involved, and one—a man seventy years of age—committed suicide when exposure was inevitable. Some indication of the extent to which the vice has grown in Portland may be gleaned from the statement of Attorney Collier to the effect that 150 persons in that city are under suspicion by the authorities, and when questioned by us at the county jail one of the degenerates boldly asserted that he believed fully a thousand men and boys were implicated in the practice of this particular vice in the city of Portland alone.

Startling as our statements here may appear, they are as nothing compared to the facts in our possession which point to the true condition—to the conditions which exist throughout the country. We were dumbfounded with what we found at Portland—the damning proof of man's depravity. The authorities in every city of the United States should be prodded to take action against this new vice wherever it exists. The government should aid in the fight to eradicate it as far as possible; much good has been accomplished by federal authorities in the fight against the white-slave traffic, and the government will do well to take a hand in the fight to eradicate this terrible new vice that is threatening the youth of the nation.

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We are going to watch the fight at Portland. This is not a threat, but a promise. And if we can be of any assistance to the authorities there by giving publicity to those who are responsible for any further attempt to shield perverts and hinder justice, we will publish the names of every individual connected with such a move, if we have to issue a special edition to do it.



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The reason some people haven't an automobile is because they haven't any home to mortgage.



A woman 105 and a man 80 were married the other day in California. May they live long and happily.



A porter on a sleeping car killed a bandit down in Oklahoma the other day. That's one way of getting rid of competition.



Liquor is being shipped into Oklahoma in coffins. And the boys take a stiff drink, then pass 'round the bier for a last look at the absinthe brother.



Battling Nelson and Miss Fay King were matched in a one-rounding bout at Hegewisch, Ill., on the 23rd. They wore half-ounce gloves. D. Cupid referred the affair and pronounced it a draw because Bat insisted on biting during the clinches.

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The good housewife is now getting her coffee by the parcel Postum.



Now the newspapers are telling about the mother of twenty-seven children who is praying for a baby-girl. Pray, and has she forgotten the recipe?



A Massachusetts doctor is making considerable fuss over a married woman who has two hearts, both normal. In our estimation the husband is the one to fuss about. He had to step along some to woo and win 'em both and make three beat as one.



John Dee Rockefeller's grandson is fast developing into a big-league pitcher, according to the sport-page dopists, and he is expected to twirl in the big league the coming season. If he takes after his grandfather, he will find little difficulty in pitching a shut-out game.



Prof. Ladd, North Dakota's pure food expert, has drawn a bill which will doubtless find a father in the present session of the state legislature—a bill which provides a penalty for the person who publishes an advertisement containing any misrepresentation whatsoever. Patent-medicine fakers are especially provided for. The bill is a worthy one, and should become a law. Of course this would be a terrible blow to many of the newspapers and other publications that reap a rich harvest through publishing these fake advertisements.

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