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## Jim Jam Jems: March 1912

Sam H. Clark

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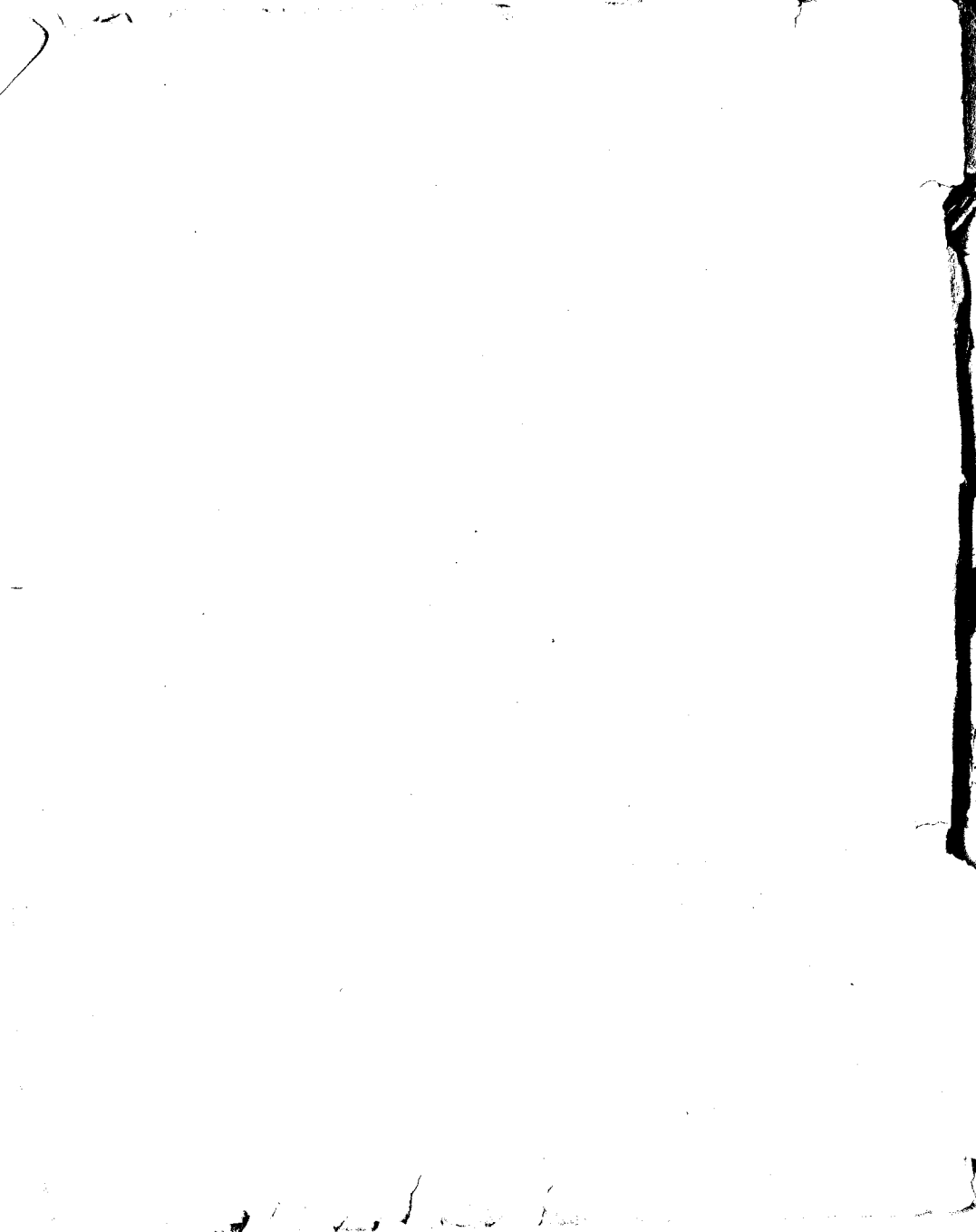
March 1912

# C O N T E N T S



1. Preamble .....	7
2. Religion as a Cloak .....	12
3. North Dakota's Shame .....	22
4. The Cuckold and His Mate .....	29
5. A Final Word in the Hunter Case .....	34
6. A Busted Idol .....	37
7. Prostitutes and Prostitution .....	41
8. Youth and Love .....	47
9. Sunday Baseball .....	51
10. Jim Jam Jabs .....	56

*Miss Olive Logan*





**"THE GREAT AMERICAN CRIME"**  
Doctor Hunter operating.



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



WE recall that old saying "some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." We have never offered any directions with Jim Jam Jems, believing that the public would learn in time just how to take it. It would be a difficult matter to prescribe a general dose that would fit everybody; you know in the spring, father always took swamp-root while we boys had to line up and go against the sulphur and molasses every morning. When father was ailing, he got a hot-mustard foot bath and a toddy; we boys got a stinging dose of Jamaca-jinger and a mustard plaster, while the girls never got anything but rhubarb. We have endeavored at all times to slip enough mixture into Jim Jam Jems so that most any kind of a system could be doped up; there's a bit of

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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swamp-root, considerable jinger, some mustard, plenty of sulphur and just enough molasses to sugar it up. The reader can take what the system needs and leave the rest alone. You know when you go into a cafe you look over the bill o' fare and carefully select what appeals to you; there are many dishes on the bill you couldn't eat if you wanted to; there are other dishes that appeal to you, and it is not difficult to pick out a good, appetizing meal; you don't cuss and condemn the cafe because there is something on the menu that you don't like; you simply select what you do like and let it go at that while the next fellow who comes along probably orders and relishes just what you wouldn't eat on a bet. And so it is with Jim Jam Jems. There are many things, no doubt, which don't appeal to the literary appetite of anybody; but the menu is so varied there is always something that appeals to everybody, and it is only the chronic kicker who condemns the whole bill because there are some things on it that don't appeal to him.

Milton said "Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as is the sunbeam." And "Milt" knew what he was talking about. The sun may shine into a cesspool without being polluted. When we started out to publish a volume of Truth, we expected to follow truth wherever it chanced to take us. When the Truth is sweet and wholesome, we are glad to paint it as such, but as the bee knows there is richest juice in poisoned

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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flowers, we know there is deepest Truth in questionable places. Jim Jam Junior started down the straight and narrow path of Truth with both eyes open and no smoked goggles; we see and admire the creeping ivy as it clings to the wood or stone; but we do not stop there; we brush aside the ivy and note the ruin that it hides and feeds upon. It is pleasanter, of course, to saunter down the sunlit pathway of time, hearing only the song of birds and breathing the perfume of flowers; it is unnatural that one should turn from the well-beaten path of illusion to traverse the trudge-way of reality and see things as they are; youth is happy, and Time—with his scythe—brings only memories, bald-heads and false teeth. While the scientists have not yet advanced the theory that the world is revolving more rapidly on its axis than it did in the days of our forefathers, we don't need any scientific aid to ascertain the fact that the earth's inhabitants are increasing their pace with each succeeding generation. We have reached that stage where we are "born in a hurry, live by electricity and die with scientific expedition." Jim Jam Jems is simply endeavoring to point out some of the rocks and rapids upon which humanity flounders as we speed down the stream of life toward the whirlpool at the end. The world today is a mass of tinsel; there is more shadow than substance; we do not stop to separate the pure dust from the slag; the washed and plated-ware is all too often substituted for the solid gold.



## JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

We do not believe that the person exists who more fully appreciates life, or who takes more enjoyment out of the pleasures that come to us as we journey toward the end than does the writer. We love nature and her beauties; we love life, and if we should die tomorrow—we will have lived. We are young and hopeful, and have never known despair; when the clouds appear we look upon them as but “the playful fancies of a mighty sky,” and we know that the sun will shine again tomorrow. But we despise sham and hypocrisy; we dislike the artificial, and we know that “things are not what they seem.” Why then should we not guide our thoughts along the paths of Truth, and picture the real instead of the unreal?

Truth is indeed stranger than fiction; and the Truth in print is so new and novel that it has startled the public. Jim Jam Jems has a fixed and certain place in the world. As a purveyor of Truth it has no rival in the world of journalism. We have passed the second quarter post in the first mile of our journey, and we are hitting a winning pace. We have not lost a single reader since our birth, and new recruits are being added by the thousand every month. No pleasure is comparable to standing on the vantage-ground of Truth, and the public has long since decided that Jim Jam Jems is telling the Truth, else by now our liberty would be dangling at the end of a ball and chain, and the writer would be wearing close-cropped hair, a striped blouse, a

*JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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number, and we would be taking our rations from a tin-plate while marking time for a democratic warden. Have no fear, friends; we have been at the game too long to mistake toadstools for mushrooms. We know the real thing when we see it, and we'll be on the job with a few cold Truths next month, to help counteract the August heat.

**JIM JAM JUNIOR.**

## RELIGION AS A CLOAK



HOW true, alas, is the saying "Religion is the best armor a man can have, but it is the worst cloak." Rev. Theo. Walker in the publication of his "Menace" is a very apt illustration of the fact that religion is sometimes used by men as a cloak for their villiany. In the last issue of Jim Jam Jems, we devoted some little space in paying our respects to Rev. Walker and "The Menace". We simply took issue with the fellow in his foul accusations, or rather his base insinuations and suggestive innuendoes relative to the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church, his blasphemous slurs upon the chastity and purity of Catholic women in general, and especially of the nuns and Sisters of Charity. In his issue of June 15th, Rev. Walker attempted a reply to Jim Jam Jems, but so incoherent, so disjointed and rambling is his reply, that we find it necessary to brief and index his column of rot before we can even surmise what he is trying to say, and whether or not he admits every charge we made, or has attempted to sidestep. Instead of meeting our

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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charges fairly, Walker attempts to reply with a jumbled mass of sarcasm, referring repeatedly to "Clark and his case of Jim Jams".

Our readers will recall the fact that we did not attempt to argue religion with Rev. Walker; the text of our article was simply a denial of Walker's charge that the Roman Catholic Church is attempting to get control of the American government (a damphool idea that has been adopted as an excuse for the publication of the Menace) and a defense of Catholic mothers, wives, sisters and daughters, nuns and Sisters of Charity, all of whom are blackened in every issue of Rev. Walker's publication.

The only place in his entire article which is supposed to be a reply to Jim Jam Jems that Rev. Walker touched the point or subject of controversy between us, is in the following three paragraphs:

"Mr. Clark has the same idea that the Jesuits have. That to blacken the name and reputation of the editor of The Menace is to make the Roman political machine look patriotic and holy.

"When Mr. Clark gets enough black ink and mud on the Menace man, he then runs and hides behind the ample folds of the innocent nuns whose unhappy lives are to be pitied. Robbed of their liberty, the right of life and the pursuit of happiness, they are incarcerated behind

*JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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stone walls and locked doors in the name of religion and are told that asceticism is the road to holiness of life and character, which is false.

“The editor of *The Menace* never was in a convent, never had a relative, who was an inmate. All he knows is from the lips and writings of those who speak from personal experience.”

Admitting in so many words that he personally knows nothing about the convent, and that his charges are based solely upon the gossip of idle tongues—that he has called the Sister of Charity unclean, branded the convent as a brothel and the Catholic nuns as bawds without knowing whereof he speaks except from hearsay, Rev. Walker has the consummate nerve to insinuate that we attempted to “blacken the name and reputation of the editor of *The Menace*”. Did you ever run against an exhibition of tripple-plated gall like this fellow has? When we were a small boy we were given a bit of advice by our father which we have never forgotten; it was this—“never wrestle with a skunk, for whether you come out victorious or not, the odium will cling to you just the same.” But somehow we just can’t resist the temptation to hit the mat again with this preacher-editor. We ask in all fairness if any sane person, after considering Rev. Walker’s attack on pure womanhood which he admits has no foundation to his knowledge, thinks it would be possible to “blacken his name or reputa-

*JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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tion" with any construction of words which we or any other person might be able to coin out of the English language? And how quick the sonofagun yelled "foul" when we tapped him on the nose and rattled the sweetbreads in his cranium! Why the miserable blasphemer, he should stand up just long enough to apologize for his existence and then plunge headlong into the bottomless pit.

Here is another excerpt from his tirade:

"It will do Mr. Clark no good with his "Jim Jam" publication to resist the imputation that lustful and licentious priests do not exist, when the Roman Catholic authorities hedge the confessional with laws calculated to restrain such priests."

It is a hard matter to argue any proposition with an ebullient ass who, if he chanced to have a sane thought, is unable to express it; but we are going to do just the very best we can with the Menace editor, and in order to make any sense of the above paragraph, we will stipulate to strike out the word "not", and take it for granted that he intended to say "it will do no good to resist the imputation that lustful and licentious priests do exist."

Our readers will of course recall the fact that we did not discuss the question of existence of lustful priests. This "imputation" as the Menace man has styled it never entered into our

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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former article. This is just a sample of the stuff the Menace has injected into its reply in order to evade the issue. But we will call him on this one, also. We will substitute fact for "imputation", and say that we do know lustful and licentious priests exist. But they don't exist long within the church. They are unceremoniously kicked out and there is never any attempt to keep the fact of their villiany from the public. And it is these same priests who have been kicked out of the Catholic church who furnish Rev. Walker and his ilk with their misinformation. It is upon their statements—made in a spirit of revenge upon the church which has excommunicated and disowned them—that the sisterhood and the Catholic religion in all its teachings, are maligned. For the sake of argument, we will take the position of Rev. Walker for a minute. In order to bear out his contention that illicit relationship is generally practiced by priests, it would be necessary, would it not, that practically every woman, young or old, professing the Catholic faith—be impure? How long, do our readers suppose, a priest could exist in a community if he was licentious? And would it not be necessary for the nuns and Sisters of Charity to be impure almost without exception to allow a condition of this kind to exist? This is the imputation—not that the priests are licentious—but that the Catholic women of the land are impure! That is what Rev. Walker insinuates when he brands the confessional as a way-station for illicit arrange-

*JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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ments and the convent as a brothel! And we know that neither protestant, atheist or infidel believes what the Menace editor insinuates!

Let us ask you, Rev. Walker, why in God's name any woman should leave her home and live within the four walls of a convent? To play the hypocrite? Why should a woman of gentle birth and breeding deliberately forego the joys of wife and motherhood and condemn herself to a life of seclusion if her heart is impure? Does she make this sacrifice to vice, or does she make it to her God? Shame on you, Rev. Walker, clothed as you are in the cloth of the church and masquerading as a Minister of the Gospel of Heaven, to give utterance to the "imputation" as you call it, which you so cunningly juggle to convert your true meaning!

Yes, Mr. Walker, there are lustful and designing priests, and the world knows every one of them, because of their disgrace. But we call your attention to the fact that there are innumerable lustful and licentious ministers also! When a priest goes wrong the world stands aghast at his downfall for it is a very rare occurrence indeed. But they don't pay very much attention to the minister who goes wrong. We haven't heard very much hellabellow about the three preachers who went wrong even during the Methodist conference held at Minneapolis last month. And we would respectfully call your attention to the notorious



## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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Clarence Richeson, the Baptist Minister who was electrocuted last month in Boston, who was known to have trifled with the affections of women in every one of the numerous parishes which he presided over, who promised to marry three women in one congregation, who robbed an innocent young girl of her purity and then killed her in the hope of hiding his crime so he could marry another innocent girl. And we call your attention to the fact that while he got into mixups with women in his congregations in practically every parish, he kept right on preaching and seemed to be able to get a better parish every time, didn't he? Is this a necessary qualification for advancement?

We well remember when a farmer wrote to the "query column" of Horace Greeley's paper and asked the following question: "What is the best time to cut elders? And the veteran editor replied: "Just before camp-meeting."

We simply cite these incidents to indicate to your warped mind, Rev. Walker, that the Catholics haven't any corner on the game and we are just slipping a little of the sauce to the gander that you seem to think is so good for the goose.

But another damphool proposition put forth by the Menace, and the one that is pointed out as the real reason for its publication, is the cry that "Romanism is a menace to liberty and the Catholic Church is attempting to gain control of the American government, its public schools and institutions."

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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Any man with the instinct of an oyster, knows that there can be no "Catholic conspiracy" to get control of the government or of the public institutions or schools of the country from the simple fact that Catholics are to be found in every political party and are continually voting against each other on all matters of public moment. Any numbskull (except perhaps the editor of the Menace) if he will lay aside his sectarianism and his prejudice for a moment, must realize that if the Catholics were working politically under direction of the Pope—as the Menace would have us believe—and if the Catholic Church desires to make itself temporal ruler of the United States or in any manner direct its affairs, the Catholics would be voting as a unit would they not—a mighty political machine—instead of being divided against themselves?

And how amusing it is to read the admonition of the Menace to its Protestant followers and supporters to "stick on the firing line; don't let any Catholics get on your school boards; keep control of your public institutions and schools!" Doesn't the chump who writes that dope see how ludicrous it is to presume that the Protestants have any more right as citizens to get control—which they have and to which the Catholics don't seem to be making any holler—of the school boards and institutions than the Catholics have? It would look to a man up a tree as though the Protestants and not the Catholics are attempting to dictate, to wipe out liberty and to prevent those citizens of the United

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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States who are of the Catholic faith from adhering to that faith without being maligned, abused, damned and persecuted.

Again, let us assume for the sake of argument that the Menace is right in its contention that the Catholic Church is endeavoring to gain control of the American government. Not even Rev. Walker has intimated that he thinks the Pope is a chump. Now if the Menace keeps up its damnable lying and abuse, is it not natural to suppose that in time it will have a tendency to drive the Catholics into a unity of self-defense? Just stop and think for a moment what would happen if they quit voting as Democrats or Republicans and voted as Catholics! What then, Mr. Walker? The Protestants, divided into a hundred different warring factions, many of them farther apart than Catholicism and Methodism, would have a fat chance of heading them off, wouldn't they? Does not the Rev. Walker see that if he is accomplishing anything at all he is but driving the Catholics toward the point where in self-defense they will be forced to do just what he says they are trying to do? Blamed if we aren't suspicious of the fellow. Maybe the Pope has some idea of grabbing this government and Rev. Walker may be an emissary from the Vatican sent over here to raise a hell of a row, unite the Catholics into a solid political party, and turn the White House into a monastery where "licentious priests" can be segregated. The Pope is a pretty wise old guy according to the Menace, and we would sug-

*JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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gest to the protestants that they look Rev. Walker over carefully. He may be a traitor. The only thing that allays our suspicions in the least is the thought that if the Pope had conceived the idea of getting control of the American government, he would have sent an emissary whose writings would at least indicate that the editor's brains—providing he is in possession of anything so perishable—were located above the waist-band, instead of this Walker fellow who has every indication of being a cross between the mocking-bird and the owl.

There is nothing so weak and cheap in debate as assertions not backed by fact. We can't see any particular use in arguing with Rev. Walker. We have always known it is a waste of time to argue religion and this we will not do. Our only argument with the Menace has been because of its deliberate lying and Rev. Walker's dirty libel of pure womanhood. We have proved the one and he has admitted the other. So guess we'd better lay off and see what kind of a spasm he'll throw next time.

## **NORTH DAKOTA'S SHAME**



**JOSEPH E. Remington, North Dakota's most notorious assassin, will step from the prison doors within a few weeks—a free man! Jo Remington, by reason of his fiendish crime, has well earned the distinction of being the arch-criminal of North Dakota, and by its infamous decision, in granting Remington his freedom, the North Dakota Board of Pardons has left a blot on the fair name of this state that centuries cannot efface.**

**It is not necessary that we should go into detail in this final chapter on the Remington case. In our March issue we told the story of Remington's crime, covering the subject in minute detail. Suffice to say here that there is not one extenuating circumstance, either in the early life of Remington, or in connection with his series of crimes, which could possibly lend excuse to the Pardon Board in giving this man his liberty. Remington was about twenty-one years of age when he murdered James Flett; his young manhood was wasted; a hack-driver, stud-horse groom and a pimp—his chief occupations; in selling a load of stolen grain to**

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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Agent Flett who operated an elevator at Arthur, young Remington discovered that Flett carried a large roll of currency on his person with which to pay for grain. With the money received from the stolen wheat he went to Minneapolis, and there formed a liaison with a prostitute; he never forget Flett and his money, and a few weeks later he traveled a thousand miles to kill and rob the elevator agent. A premeditated, carefully-planned, and fiendishly-executed murder, with robbery as the incentive. And the money was to spend on a Scarlet woman—his companion in a beastly lust!


Remington confessed his crime; "I killed him and took his money", is the text of his confession. He was brought back to North Dakota, and those pioneer residents who recall the affair still wonder why the man was not lynched. The lynching party was organized, the rope procured, but something stayed the hand of Justice. Cool heads took command, and pointed out that Remington would be tried, convicted and hanged. And the people believed this. Remington was tried, and every possible effort was made to save his neck. In the belief that the man was half-witted or insane, the jury finally recommended life imprisonment. There was a mighty howl over the verdict, and more talk of lynching, but the law was allowed to take its course, and Remington was placed in the State Penitentiary to serve out his life sentence.

## JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

At the November meeting of the Pardon Board, Remington's sentence was commuted to thirty years; with his deductions for good behavior, Remington will step through the prison doors in a very few weeks, after having served only a little more than twenty years. Thus at the age of about forty-two—a young man,—Remington gains his liberty at the hands of North Dakota's Board of Pardons.

The November 1911 meeting of the North Dakota Board of Pardons will go down in history as one of the most extensive and disgraceful liberations of criminals that has ever transpired in the United States; more than thirty pardons were granted at this meeting, murderers, rape-fiends and incests composing the greater part of the list. But chief among these was the pardon of Jo Remington.

When it was learned that Remington had been included in this wholesale prison-delivery, a mighty protest arose. Citizens of Cass County where the crime was committed immediately became active; the board of county commissioners passed a strong resolution protesting against the outrage, and the resolution was filed with the Pardon Board, but the only result of this resolution was to bring down upon the heads of the county commissioners the wrath of Chief Justice Spalding, a member of the Board of Pardons, who replied in a scathing letter to those men who dared question the Remington pardon. Petitions were circulated



*JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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throughout Cass County and in the eastern section of the state where many people still reside who were familiar with the Remington crime, and when the Pardon Board convened at the Capitol on June 3rd, 1912, it was confronted with a protest and earnest appeal signed by hundreds upon hundreds of North Dakota citizens asking that the pardon of Jo Remington be rescinded. The original petition, upon which the pardon of Remington was based and which is now on file with the Pardon Board, contained just 378 names; of this number 69 were not residents of the state at all, 66 were the signatures of minors or of people who were not residents at the time of the murder and knew nothing of the circumstances surrounding the crimes or conviction of Remington, and 95 were residents outside of Cass County; the latter signatures being secured at Bismarck during the Industrial Exposition last fall, while Remington was on exhibition with the State Prison exhibit. This petition for Remington's pardon was circulated by the murderer's sister; it is safe to presume that at least fifty per cent of those signing the petition did not know what they were signing except that it was a petition to get a pardon for the young lady's brother. When the 69 who were not residents of the state, the 66 minors and disinterested parties and the 95 who were residents outside Cass County are stricken from the petition asking a pardon, it leaves just 148 signatures upon which the pardon was based. Then when the protest was presented to the



## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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board last month, it was found that 87 of the original signers asked that their names be stricken from the pardon petition as they were "not in favor of granting Remington his freedom." James T. Flett, son of the murdered man, and James McGorris, a brother-in-law of Remington's victim, presented the protest; they knew nothing of the Remington pardon until the newspapers proclaimed the fact that the board had granted his liberty; no notice was ever given them; they filed a protest petition containing nearly one thousand bona fide residents and voters of Cass County asking the Pardon Board that Remington be made to serve out his life sentence believing that his pardon would be a cheat upon justice and a disgrace to the state.

But the Pardon Board was helpless! It had slopped over in recognizing that stuffed and padded petition of 378 names and had given to Jo Remington his pardon! The Pardon Board is a court of last resort in a case of this kind and "we cannot reverse or set aside our former decision" was the verdict, so the protest went for naught and Remington will go free. One Bismarck citizen made affidavit to the effect that he did not sign a petition asking for Remington's pardon and that if his name appears on that petition he supposed he was signing something else. But his name is there just the same. United States Marshal James F. Shay learned that his name was on the original petition asking for Remington's pardon and that the matter was

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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up for discussion, so he wired Chief Justice Spaulding that he did not sign the petition. States Attorney Fowler of Fargo says that if his name is on the original Remington petition it was not obtained by fair means and while he probably signed it, he did not know that he was signing a petition to free Jo Remington and he wrote the Governor to this effect and signed the protest petition asking that his name be stricken from the original petition. "Who in hell would think that bunch of dunderheads would ever release a murderer on a petition anyway," said another who was told that his name appeared on the Remington petition? Yes—who in hell, or anywhere else for that matter—would believe that the North Dakota Board of Pardons, composed of men highest in public and administrative affairs of the State—the Governor, Attorney General, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and two appointive citizen members named by the governor—would release a murderer, and especially one with the record of Jo Remington—on a petition of any kind, much less the abortion that answered as a petition in the Remington case. In justice to Governor Burke let it be known that he was absent from the state and did not vote to free Remington. Further, Governor Burke has emphatically stated that he would not have stood for the Remington pardon unless the relatives of the victim and all interested parties had joined in the request for his release.

"Thou Shalt Not Kill" is an edict from the Almighty that

*JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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stands out in a blaze of fire. The penalty for violation of that order is Death!—unless the act is committed in self defense, or there are extenuating circumstances. Is it any wonder that the people lose patience? So long as the murderer and the rapist are turned loose and whitewashed by Pardon Boards, Judge Lynch will continue to hold his midnight sessions. The damnable pardon of Joseph Remington points an unerring finger at the distinction between Law and Justice, and indicates all too plainly that Justice is lame as well as blind! If Jo Remington is to have his freedom, what kind of a criminal, pray, should serve out his life sentence and what kind of a crime could a fiend commit that would condemn him to death in the eyes of North Dakota's Pardon Board?

Law and order, life and liberty, justice and right have been outraged through the liberation of Jo Remington! The muscular arm of Justice has gone flabby and the "unerring sword of right" has been replaced with a wind-jammed bladder; the blindfold has dropped from her eyes to the waist where it pinions the arms, while a blush of shame incarnadines her cheek!

The pardon of Jo Remington is indeed North Dakota's shame, and Heaven forbid that the precedent thus established will ever be followed by another God-loving and God-fearing, law-abiding commonwealth within the American nation!

## THE CUCKOLD AND HIS MATE

Kansas City, June 18th.—John P. Cudahy, the packer, and his wife, who became estranged when Cudahy attacked Jere S. Lillis, bank president, at the former's home here, slashing him with a knife and disfiguring him for life, announced today that they had become reconciled.



**HE** above appeared in the press dispatches for June 18th, and was but the forerunner of columns of chatter which has set high society aflutter, since it has been actually discovered that Jack and his pretty wife have decided to occupy the same bunk again. Cudahy is the most prominent cuckold high society has produced for many a day; his pretty wife is one of the fairest forms ever cast in human mold, and young Lillis himself proved to be the blue-ribbon libertine of this progressive century. Cudahy comes from that famous family of swine-killers and soap-boilers, while Lillis belonged to the other end of the game as a banker who handled the immense wads of spondulix accumulated by the panderers of blood-sausage and pigs-feet.

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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The woman in the case was really Cudahy's wife—one of those madly beautiful creatures who trade their charms at Hymen's altar to some mutt or chilver who has the necessary wherewithal in demonetized coin to liquidate the indebtedness incident to the purchase of a splendidly garish paramour. Jack and Jere were friends, so of course the pretty wife and Jere were much together. One night after Jack has become suspicious that his pretty bird of paradise was laying an occasional egg in some other jay's nest, he announced the fact that he was called away from the city on important business and instead of hitting the trail for an eastern city, he slipped around the corner and let himself into the house with his pass-key.

The affair happened some three or four years ago, and our memory may be a little at fault as to the details of the drama which followed, but it was something like this: Young Lillis took the pretty Mrs. Cudahy to the show that evening, and then after a hot bird and cold bottle, he accompanied her to the Cudahy home; she invited him in to smoke a cigarette and have another drink or two. Then the dear thing of course just had to get out of her horrid corsets, so she slipped into her budoir and the maid disrobed the pretty figure, draped it in a soft and clinging something of the kimono variety, sprinkled on a dash of Jocky-Club, uncoupled the surplus hair and carefully brushed the real silken tresses into wavy masses about the shoulders; the tiny feet were

*JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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encased in soft slippers, a simple little brooch of garnets in the form of a dragon was used at the bodice to keep the flimsy garment from falling away altogether, and then—with a last glance of assurance in the mirror, the intoxicating vision glided noiselessly into the presence of the young banker. Ach! Gott! There sat Jere Lillis with thoughts as chaste as unsunn'd snow. He wore the rose of youth upon him and through his blue veins the good red blood tingled carressingly on its seductive journey toward the strong heart; he drew the back of his hand across his eyes to make sure that his mind was not playing him a trick—and it wasn't; the vision of loveliness was real; it was coming toward him in real life; "his spirits flew in feathers then"; his temples beat with the hollow thud of the tom-tom accompaniment to a belly-dancer; the needle of his compass of conscience pointed straight south and his first thought was flight; he threw the switch first onto the batteries then onto the magneto, but there was nothing doing; he couldn't budge; his spark-plug had gone bad and there was no escape; a moment more and the floating vision of loveliness was upon him; her velvety arm was about his neck and with a weary sigh of submission he bent his head and proceeded to bite his epitaph in the yielding marble of her snowy breast. And just as the two started to tie themselves in a true lovers knot, the portiers parted and there stood Jack the husband with a keen-bladed, sharp-pointed pig-stabber in his hand which he had ruthlessly wrenched from the Cudahy coat-of-arms.

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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Before the guilty twain knew what was transpiring, Jack had pounced upon his banker friend, and, brandishing his pig-sticker aloft, proceeded to operate; Jack worked with a deft hand for he had operated on many a porker while learning the business in his younger days. As soon as the young wife could catch her breath, she pulled a whistle on her lilly-white fingers which summoned assistance, but when help came Jack had accomplished his purpose and he stood calmly by with his pig-sticker in one hand and two-thirds of a pawn-broker's sign in the other, while the young banker lay on the floor disfigured at both ends, for the irate husband had made a few finishing slashes with his weapon across the face of his victim.

The next day the story reached the newspapers and soon the public knew all about it. Lillis didn't die but he might just as well have died, for he carried the mark of Cain on his brow. There was a separation, and Mrs. Cudahy immediately became a martyr. She was so seductively pretty that most every man envied Lillis everything but the final operation at the hands of her husband. Every little while we have been able to read something about Mrs. Cudahy. And her husband too for that matter. It has been quite well understood for sometime that their affections have been wobbling about, and no one is particularly surprised to learn that they have wobbled toward each other again.

The world doesn't seem to condemn Mrs. Cudahy, and no doubt

*JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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she will swing around the circle of Kansas City Society as popular as ever. Lillis is the goat. While it is true that many a chaste woman and many a virtuous maiden has been swept too far into the vortex by the fierce fire of passion, we don't often hear of these cases. The married woman who becomes so intimate with a male friend that he dares assail her continence, deserves no sympathy. Unfortunately for Jere Lillis, the husband crept into their ambrosial Eden with a toad-stabber, else the world would have never known.

"In the night all cats are gray;" what matter if this woman sacrificed the priceless jewel of her honor upon the altar of illicit love? Society will wink the other eye and take her back. There is a peculiar standard of morals among the rich; the woman who has had an "affair" seems to be the most interesting. And yet we are told that the world is growing better!





## A FINAL WORD IN THE HUNTER CASE



**F** there are any "Doubting Thomases," the kind who would insist on seeing the nail-prints in his hands before they would believe in the risen Lord—if there are any of these among the readers of Jim Jam Jems, surely even they must be convinced that Jim Jam Junior told the truth when we labelled Doctor Chas.

**H. Hunter of Minneapolis, an abortionist.**

Early in June the Hennepin County Medical Society, acting upon the recommendation of its Board of Censors, voted unanimously to drop the name of Doctor Hunter from its membership roll, as a result of charges made against the distinguished physician by Jim Jam Jems, which charges the Doctor failed to satisfactorily defend. Thus, Doctor Hunter, one of the oldest and ablest practitioners in the city of Minneapolis, a man who stood high in his profession and who was without doubt one of the most beloved and respected members of the Medical Society, has been

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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dishonorably discharged from the ranks until such time as he can prove to his fellow practitioners that he is not guilty of "The Great American Crime"—abortion.

Doctor Hunter's eviction from the Medical Society followed closely on his eviction from the faculty of the Medical Department of the Minnesota University, which school he helped organize twenty-four years ago, having held a chair and been one of the prominent instructors in the University Medical School for nearly a quarter of a century. This ouster also resulted directly from the exposure contained in the April number of *Jim Jam Jems*.

So far as this publication is concerned, this is the final chapter on Doctor Hunter, unless there be further developments which demand publicity. We have no desire and no intention of prosecuting Doctor Hunter. If there be any prosecution, it must of course come through the proper authorities of Hennepin County. We have told the story of the existence of this abortion mill, and our charges against those connected with it have been as complete and detailed as it is possible to make them. We have but told the truth as we found it, and after giving full and fearless publicity to the facts, we can do no more.

Doctor Hunter is not alone so far as the performance of abortions is concerned; he is simply unfortunate in having fallen within the range of our calcium. It is seldom, indeed, that one so

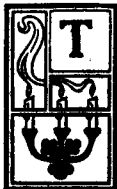
*JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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high in the profession is found guilty of the nefarious practice of criminal operations. The professional abortionist is usually a physician without principle or standing; a "quack" who has cribbed his diploma and secured license to practice without being worthy the professional title; there are plenty of such—men who could not successfully distinguish the joints in a stove-pipe, who could not diagnose an ailment if the human body were wholly transparent and lit up by gas, who could not successfully operate upon a dose of blind-piles without forever disfiguring the patient with a horrible scar. But it is seldom that a man skilled as a surgeon and practitioner falls into disgrace as Doctor Hunter has done, and we deplore the fact just as sincerely as do those fellow-practitioners who have ever had the utmost faith and confidence in him.

We repeat—we have no desire to prosecute, and certainly no inclination to persecute Doctor Hunter. Unless something unforeseen transpires in connection with the case, we feel that we have done our full duty toward the public, and so far as Jim Jam Jems is concerned, this is the final chapter in the story surrounding Doctor Hunter and his abortion mill.

## A BUSTED IDOL



**THEODORE ROOSEVELT**, the once proud idol of the American people, has jumped from the pedestal of honor erected for him by honest and admiring hearts, and has become in very truth a political vagabond. Stripped of every attribute of statesmanship, deposed as a leader of his party, spitting and fuming with chagrin, his immense bump of ego expanding to the bursting point, the once "Matchless Teddy"—defeated in his attempt to steal the Republican National Convention while he loudly shouted "stop thief" at the other fellow—rushed out into the street, calling upon the rabble to follow in his Bacchanalian madness, and like Coxey he has founded a "new party," at the head of which he madly declares, "I will march to Washington and take the white house by force."

For months the ex-president has been insisting that the nation is confronted with a frightful condition, while in truth he was only harassed with a foolish theory. Yelling "Boss and Bossism" at the top of his voice, this man who believed himself bigger than

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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the party which named him as leader and stood by him until the burnished bronze of his armor fell away, disclosing hypocrisy, deceit, ungratefulness and egotism—a simon pure apostate—attempted to become dictator and “Boss,” assuming the right to even think for the people and posing as their leader, he attempted to drive them before him.

“The dice of Zeus fell ever luckily,” but this is one time when he drew a blank; Roosevelt has ever been a spoiled child; conditions and circumstances over which he had no control made him the foremost citizen in the nation. He had ability and used it to good advantage. The people trusted him—they loved and honored him. But Americans don’t crown kings and they will not tolerate a despot. Lionized and even idolized by American citizens, Roosevelt allowed his egotism to get the better of his judgment, and when the time came for him to step aside and make room for another leader, he politely told everybody to go to h—l, donned warpaint and feathers, buckled on his wind-arsenal and with a whoop that echoed down the halls of time, he started on another imaginary trip up San Juan hill and bade the people follow.

But the people would not fellow; desperate with a realization that the people had not broken away from the habit of thinking for themselves, and that their cool and careful consideration of national affairs would demand a continuation of the safe and

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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sane administration of the past three years, he sought to throw them into a panic with his thunderous cries of "thief, robber, cut-throat, traitor," and raising aloft the red-flag of revolt, the maddened rough-rider gave his frenzied steed loose rein while he charged into the crowd, firing volley after volley from his blow-gun in the hope of causing a stampede. But it didn't work.

Standing firmly to its duty, the Republican National Convention nominated William Taft, knowing full well that any other course would mean party obliteration and the repudiation of one of the most fearless and effective administrations that the nation has ever experienced. President Taft has served the people well; he has administered the affairs of state conscientiously and with the rights of the common people as his guide. There has been no frenzy or rough-riding. A cool, calm, steady hand at the helm, the old ship of state has been safely guided through troubled waters. President Taft is not a politician; just a plain, blunt man, who does his duty as he sees it.

Does any man suppose for a minute that with the fiery Roosevelt in the executive chair during the past year we would not now be in the midst of a terrific war with Mexico? What difference if the national debt increased with leaps and bounds so long as we could fight somebody! What difference would it make to Teddy if Greaser battlefields were strewn with the dead bodies of Columbia's imperial sons, so long as he could attain fame and a place in history as a war president!

## JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

A kind providence surely directed the deliberations of the national convention; the naming of Roosevelt would have been a calamity; he is a veritable maniac—daffy with the idea that he is the greatest leader of men who ever drew breath of life. Let him howl and rant; like “a peacock crying in the night,” it is annoying but absolutely harmless.

The re-nomination of President Taft means a restoration of confidence; the danger of a fanatical administration passes like an uneasy dream; business will at once resume its activity; Roosevelt will be forgotten and “the country is saved” again.



## Prostitutes and Prostitution



**T**HE city of Fargo, through its mayor and other authorities, has commenced war on prostitution. Once again the "hollow" has been closed and the inmates of the brothels have been notified to skedaddle; the beaconing red-light has been snuffed, the taxi-business has gone on the bum and Fargo is going to attempt to put into practice what Billy Sunday preached. Mayor Sweet gave out quite a lengthy interview to the press in which he indicates that his is not the move of a fanatic, but rather the result of a careful study of the tenderloin situation, and he points to the fact that Minneapolis is making the same fight, having wiped out the restricted district where public prosecution was formerly segregated and licensed.

We have had some experience in municipal government and have long since come to the conclusion that segregation comes the nearest to affording control of the social-evil that any city can maintain. The idea is not original with us by any means; the same problem that now confronts the cities of Fargo and Min-



## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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neapolis has been a bugaboo to every municipality; we will cite as a case in point the fight made by Dr. Parkhurst in New York, who fought the social-evil in America's greatest city for a number of years, yet finally came to the conclusion that segregation and police control, under license, is the only solution to the problem. Prostitution can no more be wiped out than can poverty or greed; some women are wantons by nature, while countless others are daily driven to lives of prostitution through man's perfidy or through the lust for gold or the craving for bread.

Let us look for a moment to the conditions that actually exist in the city of Minneapolis since this vice-crusade has been in operation. The city is filled with street-walkers and roomers; new resorts spring up in all sections of the town and run until some fly-cop gets wise and the place is pinched. Hardly a day passes but what the police news of the Minneapolis papers chronicles the fact of raids on newly discovered resorts where women were found to be carrying on illicit business. "Massage parlors," "dress-making parlors," and the like are taking the place of properly labeled bagnios or houses of prostitution. For instance, only a short time ago, Detective Frank Brunskill, who is a member of the vice-brigade, visited four massage emporiums in the business district of Minneapolis; he went in the guise of a patient, supposedly suffering from "lumbago;" within a few minutes after he limped into the first place, the treatment proposed

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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in relief of his stiffness caused him to arrest the loidy in command on a charge of prostitution; the second place he visited was operated by a "handsome blonde widow, who gave the name of Mabel Calire." Mable soon convinced the "lumbago" detective that she would "stoop to conquer" his ailment, so she was haled into court on a charge of prostitution. The detective visited four massage dumps, which made a specialty, according to their advertisements, of "the Swedish movement"—whatever that is—and in each instance the "madame" with her foreign movement, was arrested and charged with operating a "resort" for immoral purposes.

Close up the tenderloin, and you but drive the inmates into every part of the city—business and residence—where they set up for business. Chippies and street walkers flock to the city where there is no restricted district, for they know that the street business is good. We stood on one of the prominent thoroughfares of the city one evening not long ago, and in a half-hour's time, we were asked by three different girls to accompany them to their rooms. Of course we didn't accept them—all. We merely recite the incident here to point out the conditions that actually exist in cities where there is no restricted district. We do not contend that there are no street-walkers or roomers in the city where the social-evil is segregated; but we do maintain that they are far more numerous in cities where there is no restricted dis-

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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trict. The city of Minneapolis is just as rotten in this respect today as it ever was, if not more so. Even several of the Methodist ministers who attended the conference there last month fell by the wayside, having become entangled with women and wine; and when the preachers can't get away from it, how in the name of Satan can the ordinary good fellow escape?

Fargo of course has a better chance of keeping its city fairly well rid of professional prostitutes, for it is not a large city, and if the people as a whole join in this crusade against vice, success to a degree at least, may crown their efforts. But there will be street-walkers and roomers, nevertheless, and instinctively the man who sets out to trail a bit of loose virtue will find these places just as easily as following the beaten path to a drug store in a prohibition state.

In a city the size of Minneapolis prostitution will always exist. The man with the price can always find an outlet for his basest passions, and men will always have both the price and the passion. In any large city segregation affords the safest, sanest solution of the problem. The district can be policed; the inmates can be forced to undergo physical examination at stated periods, thus lessening the chances of spreading those most terrible diseases which invariably attend promiscuous and illicit traffic of the sexes; minors can be kept beyond the dead-line and innocent girls and young women are not subjected to contact and evil influences

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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which cannot be avoided where prostitutes are scattered throughout a city. The district is labeled, and no man can expect to visit the tenderloin and deny the purpose of his visit. Segregation, while it may not come within the law of impractical and inexperienced law-makers who are generally influenced in their legislation by fanatics, half-baked reformers, insincere preachers and hysterical women, is the one and only solution to the social evil in large cities, and any man who will investigate and study the question—who will profit by the experience and learning of those who have had to contend with the evil as officers of a municipality—will come to the same sane conclusion.

It is really amusing to note the fool statements of some of the reform-agitators who claim that law enforcement will wipe out prostitution. Just so long as the sun shines and the human race endures the Scarlet Woman will continue to flaunt her flag in the face of Heaven. If it were possible to curb man's lust, then there might be some chance to wipe out prostitution and illicit relationship of the sexes, but a study of the evil throughout the world will convince even the unbeliever that prostitution is increasing with the growth of population the world over. There are 800,000 lewd women in the city of Paris—professional prostitutes and women of loose virtue who carry "medical certificates of character." Paris is the playground of the world, and so long as the fierce fires of passion burn within the blood of man—he will find an out-

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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let by choosing this kind of "play." Yokohama, Japan, has one of the largest restricted districts in the world. Thousands of women are segregated and the district is under government control and operates under government license. And we are led to believe that Japan is one of the most progressive and well-governed countries in the world.

We will watch with interest the outcome of the crusade at Fargo, just as we have watched the shifting conditions in Minneapolis and other cities where attempts have been made to wipe out the social-evil by closing the "hollow," and having no place in which to confine and control wantons and parvenues. And if Fargo succeeds in ridding the city of prostitutes it will accomplish something no other prosperous and growing city of any particular size has yet been able to accomplish.



## YOUTH AND LOVE



THE month of June just passed was the month of brides—the mating time of youth and love. After all life would not be worth the living were it not for youth and love, yet youth will fade and the fires of love will die within the breast; “the world is strewn with broken altars and ruined fanes;” old age must come and with it come memories; we cannot call back yesterday nor bid time return; youth today—old age tomorrow, as we travel with light footsteps toward the nebulous star that gleams across the silent river.

“The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new.” And after all, all things are artificial, for “Nature is but the art of God.” But how real life must seem to the young man and the young woman who joined their hearts and hands in Junetime—lovers filled with a sentiment as sweet and pure as morning-dew distilled on flowers. For them, life is just beginning; the years that have passed are but a memory, while the bright future stretches before their eyes in a mist of happiness, for their hearts are filled with

*JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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the melody of love and the stern realities of the future are obscured by the honeymoon. Oh, how good it is to live in the world of youth and love!

Tonight the leaves of memory make a mournful rustling in the dark; we are a boy again, traversing the sunlit paths of youth in Junetime. We see ourself as a freckle-faced, snub-nosed lad, as hand-in-hand we trudged o'er the hills with "Sunbonnet Sue"—our first sweetheart. We recall for the instant those vows of undying love, and the future we planned together; and on memory's fleet foot we chase o'er the years from Sunbonnet Sue to the school-teacher, the stencgrapher, the city girl who came to the town to visit, and lastly to the village belle. We were some muggins in those days, sort of a country-town Beau Brummel; we were invariably changing the lock of hair in the back of our waterbury—one day a blond curl and the next day a silken tress of brown—as we switched our affections from school-girl to school-marm, spending our idle moments in writing sentimental ditties and taking things for our breath. The happy years flew on noiseless wings, until all too sudden came that turn in fortune's wheel which in a single day drew the line between boyhood and manhood—the happy, carefree boy vanishes like a dream, and in his place we find the man with responsibilities. In the hand-to-hand conflict with the world we haven't any particular regrets; we have followed the Siren of Fortune—followed feverishly while she

## JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

beckoned, for the heart of youth is strong and the bright star of hope ever burns above the unrisen 'morrow. The years have sped all to swiftly, and as our faithful sweetheart—Time—counts the gray hairs above our temples, we realize that we have been in love with Life all these years, the girls of our youth are forgotten, the locks of hair have been mislaid, some other fellow has led Sunbonnet Sue and the little village belle to Hymen's altar and repeated in dead earnest those vows we whispered so long ago. Yes, "the leaves of memory make a mournful rustling in the dark;" just like every other old bachelor who has let Junetime after Junetime slip by unheeded while he camped on the trail of the Almighty Dollar, we have missed something; after all, the bachelor is simply a victim of circumstances which he might have controlled—but did not.

Ah, young man, and you too, young woman—you who have just taken that vow to love, honor and protect—to love, honor and obey—it is upon you that the future of the world depends. Be lovers always! Let the honeymoon wane only "when death doth us part."

What the old world needs is more homes and fewer hovels. All honor to the girl who would rather have the love of an honest husband than the admiration of the whole he-world—the girl who would rather soil the beauty of her hands in dishwater while rearing children of love, than to live in a world of luxury as a



*JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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loveless wife, the toy of some geek with wealth. Society has set a price on beauty of face and rounded figure, but the girl who keeps her purity and sells it for real love to the idol of her heart commands the price that purity should bring and one that will not tarnish when the blush of youth fades—but will live so long as there is honor among men.



## SUNDAY BASEBALL



**ABBATHLESS** Satan! We are damned! The Prince of Darkness has put in a revolving door at the main entrance to hell, installed an automatic register and is preparing to take care of the rush! The steam has been allowed to die down in the heavenly-caliope and the golden-gates will grow rusty on their hinges for the trend of humanity will be down instead of up for a long time. There are several thousand new sinners in North Dakota! They have dared to interpret for themselves the meaning of the words of the Savior, instead of allowing a bunch of torpid-liver bible-bangers and self-appointed reformers to interpret the Holy Writ for them. A measly bunch of reform anthropophagi have set up a cackle that would rival a coop full of buff-cochins upon the occasion of a midnight visit from a colored man, just because Sunday baseball has been inaugurated in two of the principal cities of the state, and from the echo of their howl—that babbling gossip of the air—we learn that the Sabbath has been desecrated and Heaven insulted.

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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We have always supposed that "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." We have even been thoughtful enough at times to believe that Sabbath is the poor man's day. But guess we haven't been thinking aright. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" sayeth the Lord. Hop along to church and fume and sweat and listen while I labor through a disjointed sermon, or you will be damned, howls the preacher. We have always supposed that Sunday is a day of rest and recreation, and the man who wishes to get out in the open air and enjoy his rest on this day never looked like a sinner to us. We did not suppose that if he desired to take his family down to the grove on Sunday afternoon, and there in the first temple of the Almighty stretch his weary limbs on the green-sward while the youngsters romp and play in the sunshine, he is desecrating the Sabbath. We did not suppose that the edict "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy", meant that we must draw our faces to the sanctimonious pinch and spend the entire day in prayer and tiresome worship. We always supposed that in this land of the flea and home of the knave, an American citizen could do just about as he dampleased so long as he does not interfere with his neighbor's rights and liberties and the pursuit of happiness. We believed that when he worked all week in the vinyard and crammed himself into a stiff-bosom shirt on Sunday morning, spent two hours in a stuffy

## JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

church listening attentively to a four-dollar preacher attempting to deliver the goods on a thousand dollar job, deposited his bit of silver in the hat, and then trudged home to do the noon-day chores and figure out how his week's work would help him pay taxes on his shanty while the home of the preacher and the house of worship with its gilded spires parting the clouds go untaxed—if he wanted to forget the stern realities of life for an hour or two and hie himself to the ball park and watch a score of young giants in healthful and innocent recreation indulge in the great national game, he would not be desecrating the Sabbath or committing a grievous sin. We always supposed the Sabbath to be a day of pleasure, one of rest without weariness, the one day in which the mighty army of day laborers have a chance to sit down and reflect that it is good to be alive, to breathe the pure air and enjoy the sunshine and indulge in harmless passtime that will help them forget life's drudgery. And when any set of men attempt to tell us that we have no right to use the Sabbath as we see fit, and that our use of that day is not solely a question to be finally determined between the Creator and ourself, we cannot understand them. When the laws of the land say that we cannot do that on Sunday which we may lawfully do on Monday, those laws are in direct violation of the constitution of our country.

Sunday entertainment and especially Sunday baseball is not a new subject by any means, but it is a mighty timely one; it

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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affects every citizen in the universe, and while North Dakota is experiencing a crusade against it right now, the subject cannot be considered a local one. At Grand Forks recently fully three thousand law-abiding, honest citizens gathered at the park to witness a game of ball one Sunday afternoon. The hours selected for the healthful sport did not conflict in any way with the hours of worship at the various churches. And yet local reformers kicked up a stink and caused the arrest of the participants in the game. The same thing occurred at Minot. The reformers are always howling because the majority is against them. Just stop and consider the question from the point of the Seventh Day Adventist or the Jew, neither of whom believe that the majority know what the real Sabbath Day is! Is not the Jew and the Adventist a good citizen? Has he not all the rights of American citizenship? These anti-Sunday entertainment fellows would not presume to stop a baseball game on Monday and attempt to force people to listen to their prattling sermons. Suppose then that the Adventists and the Jews were in the majority and would attempt to make these reformers observe Saturday as the Sabbath and "keep it holy" in the sense that these agonized and bigoted reformers would have us keep it under the present system where the majority claim Sunday as the Sabbath! There would be a hellofahowl wouldn't there?

The days of blue laws are past. Sunday is in very truth a

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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holiday—a day of rest and recreation, not of penance, sackcloth and ashes. The laboring man and citizen should be allowed to spend the day as best suits his pleasure; he should be allowed to forget the stern realities of life, put new hope into his heart and new blood in his veins. And when any clique of effervescing fanatics attempt to say to the American citizen that he must do nothing but pray and attend church on the Sabbath Day, they are but hurting the cause of religion and depriving man of the rights and liberties conveyed to him when our forefathers pricked the word "Liberty" with the bayonet on the backs of Cornwallis' redcoats.



JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR



It is wrong to play poker—the way some fellows play it.



Even the steam roller couldn't flatten the wind out of Teddy.



There's a case of soulmates in Pittsburg that resulted in twins.



Damn few men who are lionized come out as lucky as Daniel did.



And they opened that Chicago convention every day with prayer.



We never yet saw a self-made man who didn't worship his creator.

*JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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No, money don't make the man. It simply brings out what's in him.



The Roosevelt delegates spurned the band wagon and jumped an ambulance.



Well, there's no need worrying about the supply of Roosevelt. It will always exceed the demand.



Chorus of the defeated ones—"It was there that all my hopes were canned, O Maryland, My Maryland."



"I just cried when I read your last number," writes a Duluth woman. If it had really been our last number, we'd have cried too.



The really scientific politician nowadays is the fellow who can convince the dear people that what he wants is exactly what they need.



It beats all how one man can rock the boat and convince everybody that there's a terrible storm at sea, but Teddy did it quite successfully.



## JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

That Kansas City fellow whose bride eloped with another man fifteen minutes after the wedding, knows how it feels to have his wedlock picked.



Jawn Dee Rockefeller announces that he is subsisting almost entirely on a cheese diet. He'll never loosen up with his coin now, the old tightwad.



A Chicago woman is raising a row because she married one man when she thought she was marrying another. Alas, this is the experience of a great many women.



Down in St. Paul the other day we saw a blind man and a deaf woman fiddling on the street corner. And they were about the happiest married couple we ever met.



A Michigan man says he raises strawberries, seven of which will fill a quart-box. Yes, and there are men who make quart-boxes with a pint on each side of the bottom.



Some musical enthusiast in the immediate neighborhood of our den has a phonograph. And talk about good records! Wow! A clean run of ten hours one day and four hours after supper.

*JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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Father—"Johnny, when I was your age, I went to bed with the chickens every night.

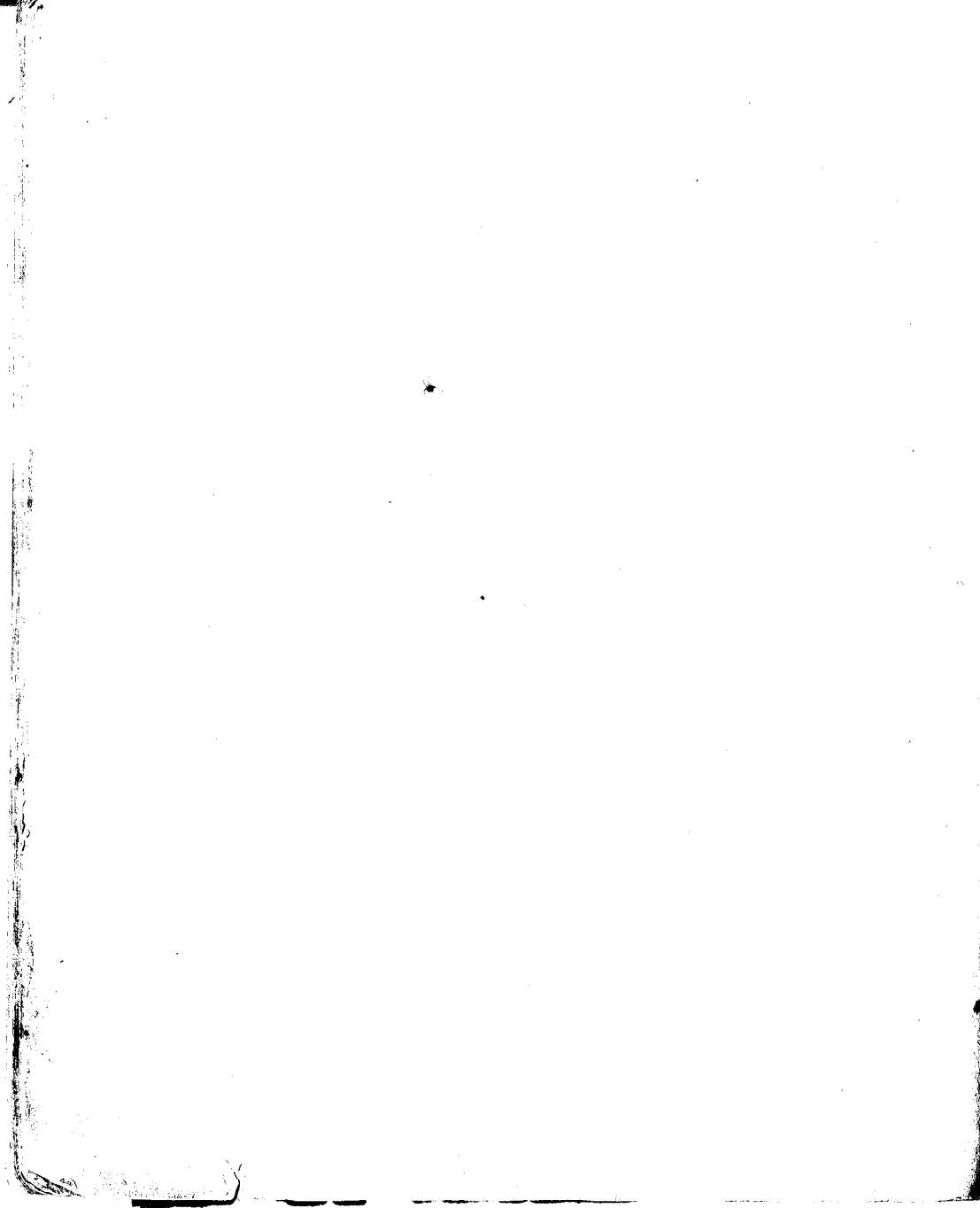
Johnny—"Bully for you, dad! I always knew you were a sport! But, gee—every night? Say, you did go some didn't you?



After all, bad people are in office because good people put them there. It is almost useless to exclaim against political and other corruption so long as this is the case. The remedy rests with the electorate. When it chooses to assert itself, as it sometimes does, its power to purify is at once seen.



A lady 'phoned down to the music store and told them to send up some of the latest sheet music. There was a new clerk on the job, and after scratching his head in deliberation for a time, he made the following selections: "Everybody's Doin' It," and "Cuddle Up a Little Closer." "Sheet music" without a doubt.



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Miss Olive Logan

Have read!