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Jim Jam Jems: June 1915

Sam H. Clark

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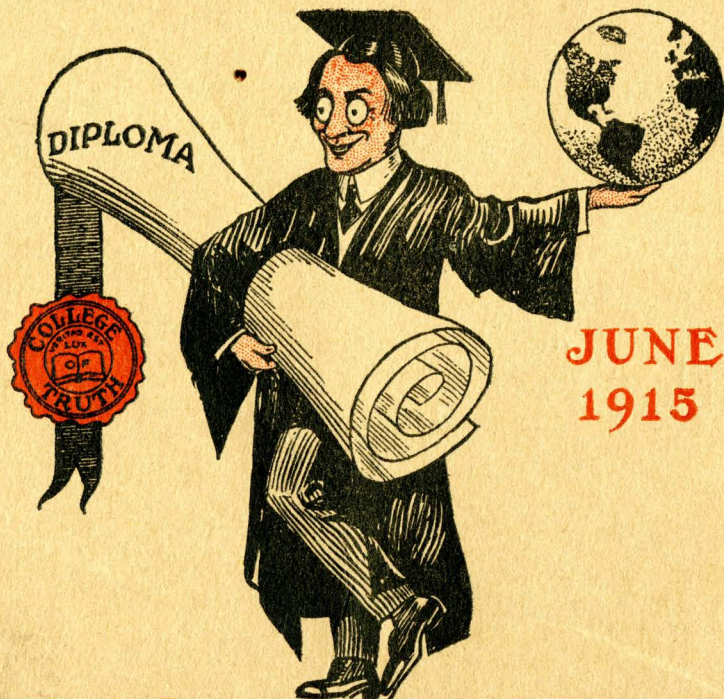
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Jim Jam Jems

by JIM JAM JUNIOR



JUNE
1915

A VOLLEY OF TRUTH



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



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

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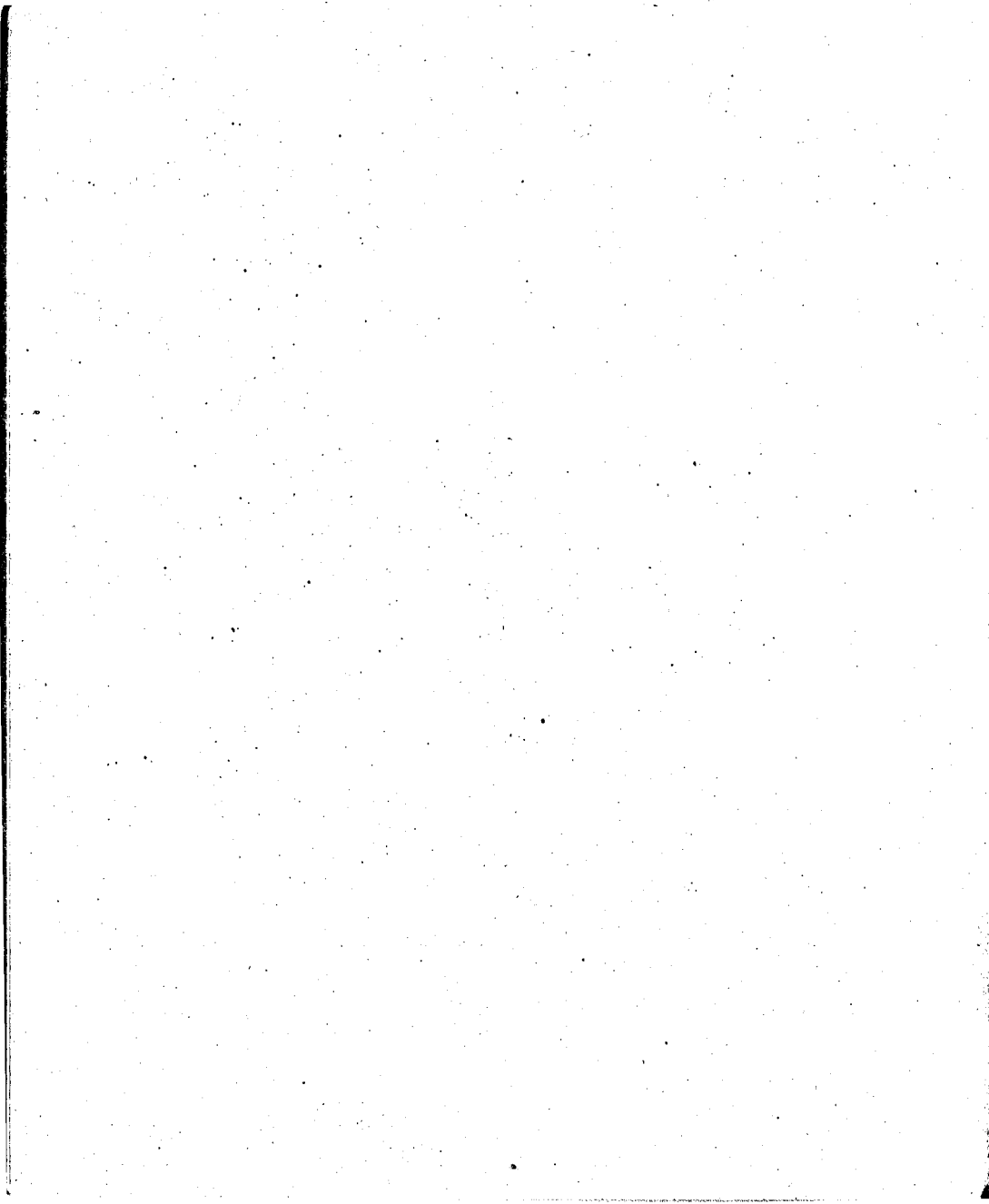


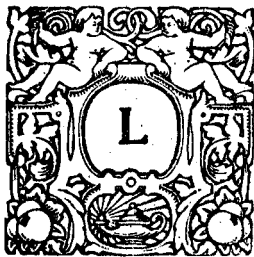
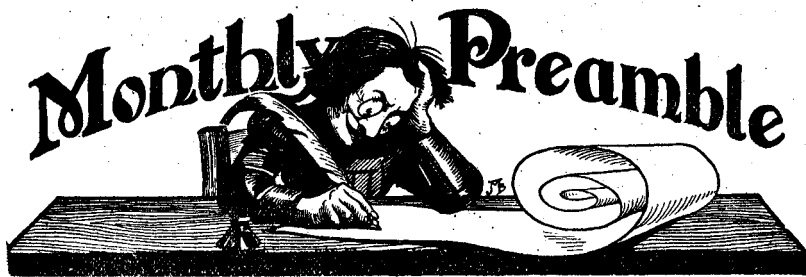
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JUNE

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LAST month our umbilicus seemed to have an affinity for our backbone, and our stomach acquired the disagreeable habit of putting back everything we gave it. We got to the point where we were living on light-faced soup, without even a freckle on it. By the way, we never realized before how thin it is possible to make soup, and we don't blame our stomach for its insurgent mood. One doctor said it was just a case of worry; another said too much excitement; another thought we had been smoking too many big, black cigars, and still another diagnosed our ailment as a case of nerves. But whatever it was it isn't now—for we're feeling like a fellow who has just drawn the grand prize in a lottery. All of the doctors told us to get away from our desk for a time, forget everything

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pertaining to our work and try a change of scenery and things. We did it. Down in Minneapolis we played poker with a bunch of good fellows thirty-six hours without a break, ate and drank everything that the doctors told us not to, made the acquaintance of a girl as beautiful as Anne Boleyn, with the majestic carriage of a Juno and the charm of a Cleopatra, danced all the new-fangled dances with her, fed her, irrigated her with all the fancy drinks from creme-de-cocoa to champagne highballs, took some ourself and came away without promising to marry her. And we'd like to see the color of the doctor's hair who can find anything the matter with us physically right now, aside from an abnormal appetite, a tendency to become really fat, and a desire to go back to Minneapolis and take some more treatment. Living a la carte is great stuff.

This is June. It is the mating-time of the year for the young and the fishing-time for the old. Suckers will be plentiful in both cases. But we're too old for the mating game and too young to make a good fisherman, so guess we'll just have to stand by and watch the parade. There's something about June that touches the heart of young and old. It is the month of bloom and blushes; the birds seem to sing sweeter, the wild rose exhales its wondrous perfume, the bee has a drowsier hum, the river dances on its way with a renewed vigor, and all life seems to be in tune. We fain would accord to the spirit of the day and write only of happiness and contentment, of sunshine, of

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love and hope and a sentiment "sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet, and soft as their parting tear," but like the preacher who is too smart to pray for rain, when the wind is in the wrong quarter, we know better than to attempt to sugar-coat the truth and expect it to take effect.

A great man once said: "Give me a lodge in some vast wilderness, hallowed by children's laughter; give me a dug-out on the plains to house the dearest of my heart; give me a tent on the far frontier, where, by the lambent light of their mother's eyes I may watch my children grow in grace and truth of God, and I'll build a heaven grander, nobler, sweeter far than was ever dreamed of by the gross materialists of bygone days."

Truer words than these were never penned, but alas—how many men in this day find time to build such a heaven? Times have changed and in this twentieth century the world is on high speed; we are born in a hurry, live by electricity and die with scientific expedition. Every mortal son of us is so busy chasing the almighty dollar that we don't have time to sit down and reflect that it is good to be alive. The man with a million is madly grasping for another, and the greed of capital makes the grind harder each day for the toiling thousands who tread the pathway toward eternity. Crime and immorality are on the increase; classes are fast growing out of the masses; Labor and Capital are at the breaking point; society is becoming

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more and more tolerant of easy morals, of suggestive dress, of affinities, of sex literature and sex plays, of divorce, and of everything that goes with the killing pace of the day.

It is nearly four years now since Jim Jam Jems set about to point out some of the evils that exist—to tell plain truths and expose the bigger scoundrels who are adding fuel to the flames that build a hell on earth for the unfortunate. Telling truth is not the pleasantest pastime in the world, but it holds a strange fascination for us; we have been called everything from a blackmailer to a highway robber, and it has kept us busy dodging the penitentiary, where our enemies would dearly love to land us. Sitting in the club-car of a Northwestern train, enroute to Chicago not long ago, we heard a big duffer give our pedigree to a bunch of listeners; the conversation started on Elbert Hubbard and drifted to Jim Jam Jems; according to the narrator we are an escaped convict, with a record of crimes behind us longer than the pedigree of a bull-pup; he failed to name the prison in which we clanked our chains, but he did say that we do not dare to leave the confines of the state of North Dakota for fear the federal authorities will grab us; while we rather enjoy being libeled and slandered, roasted and lied about by malicious lollipops, this is one time we regretted the fact that we couldn't control the thunderbolts of heaven just long enough to take a pot shot at the big bully who—thinking himself secure—accused us of everything but

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scuttling the Ark. We waited until he had exhausted his tirade, then quietly handed him one of our business cards and asked him to introduce us to his friends. Had we slipped him a bolt of greased lightning he would not have accepted it with less grace; our remarks to the fellow during the next minute or two wouldn't look well in print, but about the time our stock of adjectives was beginning to peter out, he found time to explain that somebody had told him the dope, and he supposed it was true. This is just a fair sample of what happens very frequently; friends often tell us of finding occasion to give the lie to someone who claims to have known us when we were a cradle-robber or grave-snatcher or something of the sort.

We don't expect everyone to love us; and we admire an honest enemy—one who fights on the square; there are plenty of people in the world with just cause to wish Jim Jam Jems and its editor in hell, for we have been no respecter of persons when it came to telling the truth; but falsehood is the weapon of the fool, and the fellow who deals in it and expects to get away with it, will come to grief sooner or later.

Gradually the public is coming to the understanding that Jim Jam Jems can't be bribed with the fruits of heaven, nor bluffed with the fires of hell. We write just whatever occurs to us, and thus far, at least, we have been able to take the consequences. It has been a pretty strenuous grind, but we're feeling fine, thank

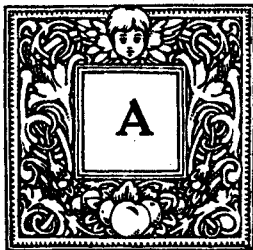
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you; we expect the June sun to warm us up a bit, and we'll be there with our usual declaration of independence and a bundle of skyrockets in July.

JIM JAM JUNIOR.



Jingoes and Hotheads



NOTHER shot has been "heard 'round the world"—the torpedo which destroyed the Lusitania, and while that shot should not concern this nation in the least as a nation, yet the cry of the hothead rings out in the land and bids fair to overthrow the cool judgment that has characterized America's position from the beginning

of this war crisis.

The sinking of the Lusitania and the loss of life which attended the disaster is a terrible thing to contemplate; every man within whose heart there pulses one drop of gentle blood, realizes the awfulness of that disaster. But with sane and just consideration of the facts, America has absolutely no rightful ground upon which to call for an accounting from the Imperial Government of Germany.

The Lusitania, a British boat, loaded into its hold an im-

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mense cargo of contraband goods; ammunition, guns and tons of war-supplies were loaded into this British boat in an American port. The German government knew this, for through the Imperial German Embassy at Washington a warning was sounded to American citizens not to take passage on the British liner, and the very moment that the wireless message carried to America the news that the Lusitania had been torpedoed, the German Ambassador gave an interview to the newspapers to the effect that the manifest of the Lusitania would disclose the fact that its cargo was almost wholly contraband. If the government at Washington did not know the nature of the Lusitania's cargo—it should have known. In addition to this, the passenger list contained scores of reserves—British subjects returning to England to enter the war against Germany. This boat entered the war-zone; it boldly attempted to run the submarine blockade declared by Germany; a few American citizens sought to run the gauntlet of the war-zone that they might commercialize the adventure to their aggrandizement and profit. They could have taken passage on an American boat if the trip to Europe was absolutely necessary; but instead they took passage on what was in reality a “war-ship” belonging to a nation at war. They accepted the protection of Great Britain! And everyone knows what kind of protection that was. It is to Great Britain that the American note should have been addressed! England should be asked to answer the ques-

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tion: "Why did you allow American citizens to take passage on your vessel, which you deliberately loaded with munitions of war and reserves, with the deliberate intent of running the blockade—knowing full well the danger that menaced our citizens?" And if England replied truthfully to such a question she would say: "We sought to sneak this immense cargo of war supplies through under the protection of American citizens." That is the situation in a nutshell.

Will some one of these ranting jingoists who are yelling so lustily for blood right now, kindly tell us why America spent a few millions of dollars, chartered and purchased boats and transports to carry American subjects out of the war zone, and raised a veritable hellabaloo about the safety of American citizens at the time war was declared throughout Europe, and then deliberately allowed her citizens to take passage on a British vessel, loaded with munitions of war, and carrying reserves (which virtually made it a war ship), and sail smash into the war-zone, where it was necessary to run the submarine blockade?

Had the Lusitania run the gauntlet and landed safely at Liverpool, would it not have been just as fair for England to have loaded an ammunition train, taken a few of these American citizens as passengers and started for the battle fields directly through the German lines? Would any sane person expect the Germans to allow that train-load of ammunition and soldiers to reach the enemy's lines

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and be used against them simply because a few American citizens were aboard? Not by several damnsights, and the simile is not overdrawn, either.

There is no question but that Germany has exceeded the limit, and there can be no question but that she should be brought strictly to account for two offenses other than the Lusitania. The German government insulted the American flag and every American citizen whom that flag represents when on April 28th its aeroplanes attacked the Cushing. That government repeated the insult when on May 1st it torpedoed the Gulflight, killing two or more American citizens. These were American boats, flying the American flag, and were manned by American citizens. If Germany is on the square with this government, it should make reparation and apology as far as such occurrences can be cured, but in the case of the Lusitania, which was a British boat under the British flag, carrying ammunition and reserves for the British army from an American port, with the tacit consent of this government, we fail to see where Uncle Sam has one peep to make in resentment of the act of the German government.

America today is on mighty ticklish ground. Let us hope that the ranting of Teddy Roosevelt and other jin-goists who went off at half-cock over the Lusitania affair will not act as a lucifer to the great powder magazine of patriotism. President Wilson is cool, calm and deliberate in his efforts to protect America's interests; he may

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make mistakes in diplomacy and judgment, for he is but human; but his every effort is directed by a strong heart and a desire to be right. The best citizenship of America is standing firmly with him regardless of party or creed, and if the hotheads and jingoists can be held in check, we believe that President Wilson will carry us safely through this crisis—the greatest that has ever confronted the nation.

While at this writing no reply to Wilson's note has been received from the Imperial Government, we believe that when the reply does come it will be framed in the same terms of friendliness that have characterized all diplomatic relations between the United States and Germany. That Germany deplores the loss of American lives on the Lusitania there cannot be the slightest doubt. It was both a calamity and a tragedy. But we miss our guess if Germany does not strongly justify her act in torpedoing the Lusitania and stand firmly upon her rights.

That some, at least, of America's citizens deliberately placed their necks on the buzz-saw, so to speak, in sailing on the Lusitania, is well established. That the dangers of sailing on a British vessel were generally known is also established. Friends of Charles Klein, Frohman and others tell of their entreaties in attempting to deter these men from making the ill-fated voyage. Elbert Hubbard, with all his wisdom, laughed at the fears of his friends, and said "to be torpedoed would be a good way

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to peter out," and then commercialized the joke by stating that it would be good advertising.

We repeat that the Lusitania's fate is a most deplorable tragedy. But the blame belongs to Britannia and not to Germany.



Elbert Hubbard



FRA Elbertus is dead! When the wounded British Greyhound trembled on the brink for an instant before her plunge into the dark waters of eternity, one of the great men who was a passenger on the ill-fated bark seemed to hear the voice of Omnipotence in the murmur of the majestic sea, and he is quoted as saying: "Why fear Death! It is the most wonderful adventure in Life!" But that man was not Elbert Hubbard. The world will never know how Hubbard met death. Whether to him it was just another pleasant "little journey" to the home of eternal rest, or whether it was a leap in the dark, fraught with the anguish and despair that comes at last to the unbeliever—will never be known. Fra Elbertus left no last message to the Roycrofters—those thousands upon thousands of men and women who believed in him, who loved

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his trenchant pen and who found a pleasant pastime in following his philosophy. The end was tragic—a victim of the *Lusitania*—and keen indeed is the disappointment of those who knew the man that Fate should have dealt so quickly and surely.

Hubbard was probably the most picturesque victim of this shocking ocean disaster. He was not considered a great man, and while he was without doubt the most prolific writer of the age, he has never been accorded a place in literature. He was considered an outlaw and the “literary talent” was opposed to him and all of his works. He was charged with being insincere and mercenary; yet Hubbard was always brilliant, resourceful, readable; he controlled the greatest vocabulary of any writer of the age, and while of late his efforts were largely commercialized, we can never forget that brilliant effort in a “Message to Garcia,” and the world of humanity and simple truth in his “Little Journeys.” There are those who condemn Hubbard because of his private life; he was, in a sense, a free thinker, and disregarded certain social standards, with the justification that genius should not be held in leash—to the extent that he divorced his first wife, and his remaining years were spent in apparent happiness with the affinity who as Alice Hubbard went to death with the famous *Fra*.

Hubbard was best known, perhaps, through “The *Phillistine*” his little monthly periodical of protest; this publication always appealed to us as Hubbard’s playground; while his “*Fra*” was more of a classic, the *Phillistine* re-

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mained to the end an unbranded maverick in journalism; the writer had a keen sense of humor and wit—but unfortunately at times he went too far and reached a point of vulgarity and smut; apparently this was a prime failing, and some three years ago he ran amuck of the federal authorities, and was charged with obscenity, to which charge he pleaded guilty.

But with all his failings, Hubbard was a most characteristic and brilliant genius, and it is with a sigh of regret that we chronicle his passing. As an American citizen we are proud of every man who, by the nobility of his nature or the majesty of his intellect, has carved for himself a “place” in the world; and to those paragraphers in press and magazine who have editorially overbalanced their biographic sketches of Hubbard since his death with criticism and unkind comment because of his shortcomings, we ask—“Would you condemn music because of an occasional discord; would you banish the sun from heaven because of its spots, or declare Love a monster because born of Passion?” Give Fra Elbertus his due. He was the most pointed and pithy, the most resourceful and readable journalist in America, and we could ill afford to lose him.

Hoch Der Kinder



AND a wail went up from Egypt," the good book says, but early history of the twentieth century will read, "And a squall went up from Europe," for Europe is to be flooded with "war babies." The sooner have begun to arrive already and judging from the "visible supply" there is to be a bulge in the market. Just what sort of an aspect the family trees of coming generations will present is a matter of speculation. And there is the far-reaching social problem: What is to be the moral effect on future generations? The question is attracting serious attention. Moral restraints have been broken down and the alarming rapidity with which the number of illegitimate babies are arriving in Europe has caused those concerned with the welfare of the nation to begin planning in the hope that some arrangement may be made whereby they will be

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able to meet the flood and cope with the condition.

In many places in Europe where birth outside of wedlock would have been looked upon as an everlasting disgrace, girls are now proud of becoming mothers. "War mothers" are appearing in all quarters. It is claimed by authorities that a wave of feminine hysteria seems to have swept over the country. It cannot be charged that the men are wholly to blame, or that this condition is the result of the violence of alien soldiers. All over Germany, where there has been no invasion, "war brides," "war mothers," and "war babies" are appearing in superabundance.

The fact that there is a war on seems to have given license to fornication and adultery, and the libertines who have so far escaped enlistment in the ranks seem to be taking advantage of the opportunity to browse on the luxurious and verdant fields of sexual provender and to frolic with the millions of women who are left without companionship or protection. They seem to think it is their harvest time, and are cocking up a large amount of hay while the sunshine of opportunity is at hand.

From among these thousands of "war babies" who are coming into the world, a combination of women has resolved to make super-women. Whether or not Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, the noted suffrage leader, is speculating on raising them for votes is not known, but she is organizing a plan which she hopes to make popular and whereby many of these babies will be adopted. The Wom-

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en's Political Union for the adoption of these babies has secured a large country place in Surrey, also a place in the vicinity of the London Flower Gardens, where these babies will be brought up under eugenic principles and cared for by trained nurses. Their education will be carried forward under the Montessori system. There will probably be variegated kinds and breeds, as they are a mixed lot, and many of the mothers know not who are their babes' sires. However, the mother's lot is to be made easier, for those who have been wronged, and those who are unable to support their babies will have a place to deposit them. The work is really a noble one, though it encourages the evil.

In England it is being suggested that some plan of "forgiveness" or condonement be figured out and it is possible that legalization may be extended in many cases.

The German government foresaw the possibilities of this trouble and minimized the shame by encouraging the wholesale marriage of single men before leaving with the army, and further by establishing a municipal guardianship for children of questionable parentage.

France is as mum as a clam on the subject but is sawing wood on the q. t. The old "cradle law" has been revived, and receptacles are placed outside the churches and hospitals, into which unwelcome babies of the "catch colt" order may be deposited and cared for by the government. This ought to boost business in the baby line, and throw down the bars to wholesale bastardy.

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No longer must the rules of morality and chastity be observed in Europe; no longer must the libertine and the woman of easy virtue be discreet and careful in their conduct, but on the other hand they may hold high carnival in every quarter from the gilded boudoir to the strawstack and the fence corner. Even Miss Venus de Milo, who is said to have lost both arms while trying to hold onto a man with one hand and heaven with the other, may be compelled to slide down from her pedestal in the Louvre and hike to the tall grass in the swamps of the Seine, if she her virtues would preserve. Babies may be strung about the country by the millions without fear of shame or prosecution and sex stuff per se dealt in, and indulged in, in wholesale lots, while repopulation takes place through illegitimates galore.

Future generations in Europe are not to be made up of love babies, born of God's inspiration, but of "accidents" and "happenstances," through combinations of parents which mean nothing for good citizenship. It's a nice mess—this motley muck—from which it will take centuries to recover.

The baby question is but one of those arising from war. Society is to be disorganized for a century at least, and the everlasting blemish from many sources will remain and cannot be washed away. This term "society" is used in the broad sense, and does not mean the narrow channel of entertainment and fashion. Business has received and will continue to receive its damaging blows, which will

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take decades to mend. Relations with other countries will be strained for at least a century, that is, as between the different people, before the surface will again return to its normal condition. Families are broken and dismembered in a heartrending manner and homes are destroyed, never to be again united. The chastity of hundreds of thousands of women and girls, who otherwise might have been kept pure and sacred, will be toyed with and trampled in the dust of scorn, and when the cloud of war has arisen, the cheerless, disheartening aspect of a depopulated, devastated and debt-ridden country will be left to the survivors to behold and regenerate.

Much will be left to the war babies of today. It will be theirs to rebuild the country, to raise it from its ruins and to spend their lives in the work of reconstruction. But the present condition, that of contemplating their illegitimate creation, their barren prospects upon arrival, the lives of drudgery ahead of them, is a condition pitiable to behold, and compels one to turn to God and Old Glory, bow the head in reverence and give sacred thanks that he lives amid peace, plenty and safety in the good old United States.

A Dangerous Quack



THE medical profession is full of quacks of course, and we could fill a volume several times the size of Jim Jam Jems every month with exposures of fake doctors, but until the American Medical Association has a house-cleaning and eliminates the quacks from control of the trust, little can be gained by exposing the cheap medical grafters who flood the cities of the country; there are thousands of "specialists" in "diseases of men and women;" these fellows cater almost exclusively to people who contract venereal diseases, and we have come to the conclusion that it is a hopeless task to convince the person who contracts a loathsome disease that the old reliable family physician—who is called in to treat every other ailment—is the one to consult in this case also; pride and shame send hundreds of patients to the loathsome disease specialists every day in the year, and we are not

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chump enough to waste much time trying to weed out the fakirs and quacks in this line when the people, through false pride, and the immorality with which society is so thoroughly rotten, create a constant demand for the venereal disease specialist. Then there is the anti-fat fellow, who reaps a harvest from society women who fain would retain their willowy girlish forms. A Clydesdale sire and brood mare never bred a Hambletonian, and the woman who seeks to defeat nature by doping herself with patent concoctions, in the hope that they will make her a veritable gazelle with a perfect thirty-six, while her good old father and mother never had a waist line that could be distinguished—deserves to be stung. This reminds us of the fellow down in Chicago who actually delivered the goods in some cases as an “anti-fat specialist.” His treatment was unique and simple; the patient was required to swallow an immense capsule; the one dose was sufficient; and many of his patients became so thin that they returned for the counter-treatment; and then they commenced to get fat again. The capsule contained nothing more than a live tapeworm; when the tapeworm had done its work, and the patient couldn’t stand the thinning process any longer, the specialist simply evicted the tapeworm, and back came the fat. This story is vouched for by a reputable doctor friend, and whether it is true or not—it illustrates the point. There wouldn’t be so many of these ordinary fakirs in medicine if the public did not create the demand.

The person who goes to a loathsome disease specialist

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always stands a chance to be grafted; but the patient knows what his or her ailment is, just as the fat woman knows what she wants treatment for, and no great harm is done except where an unscrupulous doctor prolongs a specific case in order to bleed the patient in fees. But the scalawag doctor who opens up a hospital and reaches out for patients with any and all ailments to which the human body is heir—who poses as a great specialist who has discovered a wonderful cure for chronic disease—who preys upon the gullible unfortunate whose body is wracked with aches and pains, and slips the patient a quack cureall treatment, gouging the patient meanwhile for hospital fees, etc., and probably adding to the severity of chronic disease by keeping the patient from treatment at the hands of a skilled and competent physician—this is the class of quack that there is some hope of killing off, and every time we find one of these fellows we make him known to the general public.

Doctor John Olson of Minneapolis is one of the latter brand of quacks, and the honest members of the profession of the Mill City will do humanity a good turn if they put the fellow out of business, or at least acquaint the general public with facts which will preclude any chance of his continuing to reap a harvest of gold by preying upon the credulous sick. Olson has a private hospital at 1828-1834 Central Avenue; morally the place is rotten; one of his nurses recently sued the fellow for breach of promise and secured a verdict of \$1,500; the trial was probably

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as nasty as a recital of just plain debauchery could make it; that Olson and the nurse had carried on an illicit liaison for years was well established, and Olson attempted to sneak out of the deal by proving that his promised wife had been in the habit of satisfying the lust of the hospital janitor two or three times a day. Other young girls, employed at the hospital, testified that they had learned to smoke cigarettes and do improper things at this joint which "Doctor Olson" claims to be the "Home of Capsular Treatment."

We took one look at the breach-of-promise trial and then decided to look at Olson's hospital and investigate his methods of practice. In our investigation we secured one of his pamphlets—a hundred page booklet—which is handed out to patients who call for consultation, "thus saving the Doctor the trouble of explaining his treatment to each new patient."

All rights of this pamphlet are reserved, according to a warning published on the first inside cover, which reads thusly: "Anyone caught copying anything in this book will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law." The pamphlet in itself is a most unique exhibit of simon-pure quackery and at the risk of being prosecuted we can't resist the temptation to give a slight resume of its contents to the public.

First of all Olson tells what a helluva fellow he is, by publishing facsimiles of several diplomas; according to

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this pamphlet, Olson graduated not less than five times in 1909; here is the list:

Graduate of Chicago School of Psychology, Jan. 18, 1904.

Graduate of Chicago College of Medicine and Surgery, May 14, 1909, receiving degree of Doctor of Medicine "Cum Laude." He is the only one who has received that degree, evidently due to the fact that he never missed one lecture during the entire four years course. Ten graduates that year. Dr. Paden, World's greatest specialist in Anesthetics, one of them.

Graduate of Special Course for Physicians and Surgeons by the Scroth System of Teaching Medicine and Surgery, Sept. 30, 1909.

Graduate of American Post-Graduate School with degree of Doctor of Optics, January 10, 1909.

Graduate of Dr. Paden's Post-Graduate School of Anesthesia, May 14, 1909.

Graduate of Illinois Post Graduate Medical School of Medicine and Surgery, August 31, 1909.

Physician's Certificate and License to practice in Illinois, secured July 31, 1909.

Physician's Certificate and License to practice in Minnesota, secured January 14, 1910.

Certificate of Membership in the American Association of Physio-Medical Physicians and Surgeons, dated May 19, 1909.

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Certificate of Membership in the Illinois Physio-Medical Society, dated October 28, 1909.

In order to give the reader an intelligent estimate of this paramount quack's methods, we have briefed the essential points in his pamphlet as follows:

Dr. Olson is not a fakir, or a quack. Page 2.

His hospital is only up-to-date one in Minneapolis, and few as good in the United States. (Page 6.) His great success is due to this hospital. Without it he could not secure such wonderful results.

Dr. Olson had his head examined by the great traveling phrenologist, Prof. G. Cozens, while in Fargo, to be sure he was adapted to the practice of medicine. (Page 7.) Positive proof in chart. (Page 9.)

Demands payment in advance. Treats only worthy patients (those able to pay). Rates from \$20 to \$35 a week, or for a course. Three courses usually required. (Page 26.)

CAPSULAR TREATMENT

IS NOT KNOWN TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION. Contents of capsules is secret, and he only makes enough at one time to fill a sealed watch case, which he carries on his person. (Page 27.)

Capsules are ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS—PROVIDED patients follow his instructions. (Page 27.)

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Origin of capsular treatment. (Page 28). Known only to two living persons, one now dead. Of course Olson is the other one.

Six to twelve capsules necessary to effect a cure, in three to eight weeks. (Pages 27-28.)

“Medicine fails to cure because it is too scientific.” (Page 28.) Capsular treatment cures because simple and old fashioned.

Effect of capsule is immediate. Eliminates impurities through every organ of excretion—including the mouth (vomiting).. (Page 29.) Gray laxative powder given first three days. Then in morning of fourth day, one capsule. If effect is not immediate, another, and vomiting is induced to get rid of secretions of bile that have backed up into the stomach. (Page 31.)

Keeps full supply of drugs on hand, and mixes all prescriptions himself.

Patients must bring along bedroom slippers to keep from catching cold during the night when going to and from the bath room. (Page 101.)

Treatment is simply house-cleaning, etc. (32)

Olson's cure is on a par with the discoveries of Lister, Koch, Pasteur, Roentgen, and other great men. But at that he is not a bit jealous of Dr. Murphy, of Chicago, or of the Mayo Brothers, of Rochester, or other great doctors. (Page 33.)

Should he die, he has made arrangements so that

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humanity will not be deprived of his great discovery. Maybe perhaps after he has made a million or two he will make his discovery free to all mankind and take his place with the other great men of the ages. (Page 34.)

All doctors are equal. One is just as competent as another; only Olson is better, because he has his great Capsular treatment. (Page 34.)

Does not guarantee to prevent death, because—

“If we believe in the word of God, where it states clearly that our days are numbered, and we all have to die, do you suppose that we doctors can come in then and save a person’s life. It was God’s will to release a person from this world, but then Dr. So-and-so was called in and “he” saved that sick man’s life—in other words, beat God to it.” (Page 35.)

Can’t cure everybody. (37) Takes no incurable cases. (49.)

Same treatment cures all diseases. (37).

One death in three years, and that from apoplexy. (38.)

Does not answer outside calls. Treats in hospital only. (Page 39.)

“Medicine and Surgery is not a science, compared with many other professions,” especially mechanics. All guesswork. (40.)

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Gastritis and indigestion caused by silver fillings.
(41.) Speaks from experience.

Operations too common, but he has small well-fitted operating room, with plenty of sharp knives and instruments.

Admits capsular treatment is not only treatment that will cure the sick, and that there may be a better method—only he doesn't know it. (43.)

Results sometimes not noticeable for months after patient leaves his hospital. (44.)

In addition to all this rot, Olson publishes a batch of testimonials; he even publishes a full-page picture of his own mother; and while he doesn't say that she was afflicted with any disease or had ever been sick, the following appears at the bottom of the page: "My Mother, Mrs. Carrie Olson. She has taken three courses of my capsular treatment, and is very much improved in every way."

That Olson's hospital is a free-and-easy-joint was well established in his breach of promise trial, and the following paragraph from his pamphlet is at least corroborative: "There is no reason why one should dread a hospital. In my present place I will try in every way to please the patients so that my hospital will be more like a home than a hospital; no set rules exactly when lights must go out; can go and visit the rest of the patients when one wants to. Of course there must be certain rules that patients must follow in order for them to get cured."

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The American Medical Association, posing as the protector of the public health, forces the vaccination of school children, compels health examinations, and raises a terrific howl against every known method of healing except that dealt out by the so-called "regulars;" now they are attempting to force the proposition of requiring everybody to submit to a health examination at least once each year at the hands of a "regular physician," who of course will be a duly qualified member of the trust. Yet such institutions as that conducted by Doctor Olson in Minneapolis are suffered to exist—probably because he holds a raft of diplomas and is licensed to practice as a "regular physician." Think of it, an institution as rotten morally as a brothel in the tenderloin, doing a business that runs into thousands of dollars a month, while this man Olson administers his shot-gun cure-all capsules to the unfortunate sick who happen to fall into his hands. If the American Medical Association would protect the public health, why not get after such quacks as Olson and afford the public a little real protection?

But then, we can't expect much from the A. M. A. when Doc. Simmons, who is the big man in control of the association, is an ex-quack himself—one who conducted a quack institution down at Lincoln, Nebraska, which he advertised as a "Medical Institute and Water Cure," which in some respects reminds us of Olson's Minneapolis joint.

It looks as though it is up to the authorities to ferret out these quack institutions and put the fakirs out of business

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without any aid from the “ethical medical profession.” And when we look at John Olson’s long list of diplomas and note his qualifications for the practice of medicine, we don’t wonder that he seals his dope in a watchcase, and carries it next to his gall, for he knows that the old saying, “there is honor among thieves,” dates back to that time before the practice of medicine and “protection of the public health” was controlled by a trust.



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

A Tribute to Humor

Eight hundred of the leading artists, writers and professional men gather at banquet board to honor Cobb, who has never taken himself seriously.



THE charm of Irvin Cobb, humorist, war correspondent and regular guy, is that he has never forgotten that he used to be a \$12 a week picture-chaser on a New York newspaper. It would be impossible to swell his head. Life is not that serious to him. He loves his fellow man because he is big, open-hearted and human.

It was a pleasure for Jim Jam Jems to be at the banquet board in New York the other day, when 800 of the flowers of the literary and artistic gardens sat down to break bread with genial, lovable Cobb.

There he sat in the center of the guest's table, red-faced and perspiring—wondering, no doubt, what it was all about. To himself he is just "Old Irv Cobb." His lock of hair,

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made famous by caricaturists, was askew, and the familiar big black cigar was in his mouth at the Joe Cannon angle.

When it came Cobb's turn to speak it would have been natural for him to wax into a sentimental vein and grow "mushy." That isn't Cobb. Those close to him could see that it was with a powerful effort that he was overcoming the surging swell of sentimental emotions, for it was the crowning hour of his life. He simply told the audience in a manly and straightforward way that he was proud and happy for the honor and let it go at that. It was fine of him that he didn't resort to cheap sentiment and it was a hard thing not to do it.

Up in box 25 in the big Waldorf banquet hall there was one person who may be forgiven for allowing the big tears to trickle down her wrinkled cheeks, although she tried vainly to check them, but here were the most prominent men in the world paying tribute to "her boy"—calling him Irvin and patting him on his big, broad back. It must have swelled her with pride, too, when, after the banquet was over, she marched out of the Waldorf to a waiting carriage on the arm of "her boy."

At the right of Cobb sat Old Judge Priest, the lovable Paducah character, made famous in the Cobb stories. Old Judge Priest in real life is Judge Hal Corbett, and he journeyed north to participate in the "panning" of Cobb. Judge Corbett has known Cobb from childhood, and saw him graduate from the front deck of an ice wagon to the foremost place in literature. He threw some sidelights on

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Cobb's life in an entertaining way, and the Cobb blushes lighted up the dark corners of the banquet hall.

After Corbett had finished roasting the guest of honor to a nice brown, Cobb said: "I was taught in my youth that there was a real sizzling hell, the kind of hell where a waiter would come in with an asbestos napkin and say to the devil: 'Devil, how would you like your lost souls fried this morning?' A man gets all the hell that is coming to him at a dinner given in his honor. There is one comforting thought, though: I am proud that so many of my friends here tonight have the appearance of owning their own dress suits."

There were lots of secrets of Cobb's dark and devious past exposed. Rennold Wolf called attention to the fact that Cobb once wrote a comic opera. It was in the days when money was coy and reluctant. One of the songs that he was responsible for went something like this:

"She stood in the moonlight, on the piazza,
No one in the world was as beautiful as her."

The dinner to Cobb was the greatest tribute New York has ever paid to a writing man; it shows to what heights a reporter may climb; seated at the guests' table were Mayor J. P. Mitchel, Job Hedges, George McAeneny, Dudley Field Malone, John Stanchfield, Wilton Lackaye, Martin W. Littleton, Judge Hal Corbett, Frank I. Cobb, DeWolf Hopper, and several others of equal prominence.

Early in the evening a bill paster forced his way into

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the room and despite the efforts to deter him, insisted upon pasting about Cobb's head a monster four sheet poster reading:

TOWN HALL TONIGHT

Irvin Cobb

IN

THROWING THE BULL

Cobb's picture was inserted in the picture of the bull. There were moving pictures showing Cobb's life from the cradle to the trenches. The first scene showed a bunch of young negroes shooting craps—the favorite pastime in Paducah, Cobb's town—a big negro mammy came running up and shouted, "Irvin Cobb am born!" but it didn't deter the crap game. It went merrily on, not knowing that history was in the making.

The picture also showed that when Cobb drove an ice wagon he had a penchant for fiction. It showed the piece of ice he dropped in the ice box, and then the amount that he figured it to be in the housekeeper's ice book hanging at the back door.

It showed our hero too, in the war zone—amidst the fire of battle. There he stood in his khaki suit, pounding like a demon on his typewriter. Smoke and shells were all about him, in fact the big cannon balls would drop on his

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typewriter and he would nonchalantly grab them and toss them aside never missing a key. He was some correspondent if the movie can be believed.

Through it all Cobb sat abashed—not affectedly abashed—but honest-to-goodness abashed. He told an intimate afterward that, deeply as he appreciated the honor, he had never been so uncomfortable. He had never felt more like sobbing, and he never felt so unworthy.

Cobb is a real man—and it is no wonder that such tributes of affection come to him.

There is no single instance where one man has shown such fecundity and quality as Irvin Cobb has so far evinced. He is just 40, and critics declare that his complete works contain more good humor, more short stories than the works of any other single contemporaneous writer. He writes in octaves, striking instinctively all the chords of humor, tragedy, pathos and romance with either hand. There seem to be no pinnacles along the horizon of the literary future that are beyond him. If he uses his pen for an Alpine stock, Bob Davis once said, the Matterhorn is his.

If there is a newspaper man in New York or any other city who says that he doesn't know Cobb was born in Paducah, Kentucky, in 1876; that his first newspaper work was on the Paducah Daily News; that he did the Goebel murder trial, moved to Louisville, came to New York and stole a job on the Evening Sun—then that newspaperman is one of the I-knew-him-when-club whose family name is Legion and whose middle name is Liar. To be a New York news-

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paperman it is necessary to know the fact that Cobb was born in Paducah.

Here are some of the tributes to Cobb expressed at the banquet:

“You may praise, you may flatter I. Cobb if you will,
But the band of his derby will fit round him still.”—
Julian Street.

“If Irvin Cobb had ever been a ball player he would have been more of an all-round player than Tyrus R. Cobb by about twenty-two inches.”—Grantland Rice.

“I can imagine nothing more superfluous than giving a dinner to Irvin Cobb, regarded from the viewpoints of nourishment, nutrition and waist measurement.”—James S. Metcalfe, of Life.

“I see no reason why I should not say that I like Irvin Cobb—because I do very much. He does not irritate the throat; and, if you are a magazine editor, his is the stuff you will eventually buy.”—F. P. A. of the Tribune. (This was a burlesque of Cobb’s tobacco indorsement.)

This is what William Johnston, Cobb’s old boss on the World, said: “In all the years he wrote for the Sunday World he never was late turning in copy, reaching the pay-window, going to luncheon, buying a drink, laughing at his own jokes or demanding a raise in salary.”

The newspaper man who doesn’t love Cobb—isn’t.

Knights of Columbus Oath

Being a Page From the Congressional Record of The Sixty-Third Congress of The United States.



THE following speech of Hon. William Kettner of California in the House of Representatives of the Sixty-Third Congress, Third Session, on January 29th, 1915, together with letters and report as published, will be a source of interest to the public generally. So much has been said in regard to the alleged oath of the Knights of Columbus that outside of the members of the K. C. Society there is much speculation as to whether an oath such as charged by the Menace and other anti-Catholic publications really does exist within the Catholic order. After perusing this extract from the Congressional Record there can be little doubt left in the minds of thinking people that the so-called "K. C. Oath," as heralded by the Menace and

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other publications of its class is clearly bogus, and has been published and circulated throughout the country for the sole purpose of creating religious differences. We do not belong to the K. C. or any other religious society, but we give space to this article simply that the people may know the truth:

LOS ANGELES INVESTIGATION

The Alleged Oath or Obligation of the Knights of Columbus

SPEECH OF

HON. WILLIAM KETTNER,

OF CALIFORNIA,

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

January 29, 1915

MR. KETTNER. Mr. Chairman, in this morning's mail I received a pamphlet from California dealing with a subject that has engrossed my attention for some time past. It deals with the report of four very prominent citizens of my state, all Free Masons, and active in that fraternal order. The report is made to Judge Paul J. McCormick, of Los Angeles, a Roman Catholic citizen of that city, who had submitted to the Masonic committee, with full authority of the supreme officer of the Knights of Columbus in the United States, a complete copy of all the work, ceremonies, and pledges used by the order of the Knights of Columbus for their full examination and inspection. That Masonic

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committee, consisting of Motley Hewes Flint, thirty-third degree Mason and past grand master of Masons of California, formerly postmaster of the city of Los Angeles, and president of one of the largest banks in that city; Dana Reid Weller, thirty-second degree Mason and past grand master of California, and a distinguished member of the California bar; William Rhodes Hervey, thirty-third degree Mason and post master and master of Scottish Rite Lodge, and formerly a superior court judge of Los Angeles County; and Samuel E. Burke, thirty-second degree Mason and past master and inspector of Masonic district, one of the most prominent dentists of Los Angeles.

These four men, than whom none stand higher for probity and honor in the State of California, and who are known throughout the state for their adherence to the highest standards of personal integrity, have just made a report on the ceremonies and ritual of the Knights of Columbus. They find unanimously that "the ceremonial of the order teaches a high and noble patriotism, instills a love of country, inculcates a reverence for law and order, urges the conscientious and unselfish performance of civic duty, and holds up the constitution of our country as the richest and most precious possession of a knight of the order." They state further that they "can find nothing in the entire ceremonies of the order that to our minds could be objected to by any person."

As a thirty-third degree Mason and a working member of

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the Masonic order, I esteem it a privilege to present this report of these distinguished and fair-minded men on a subject which has been grossly misrepresented, and has caused religious bitterness and strife. I believe in justice and fair play. In the Sixty-second Congress the Committee on Elections No. 1, in a certain contested election case, incorporated in their report (H. Rep. No. 1523), an alleged oath or obligation of the Knights of Columbus, the publication of the said alleged oath being in connection with a contest for membership in this body. This alleged oath, which can be found in the bound Congressional Record of the Sixty-second Congress, third session, page 3216, was used to the detriment of the Knights of Columbus, whose critics pointed to the publication in the Congressional Record of the alleged oath as sort of proof of its genuineness. The alleged oath having found publication in the Congressional Record, I think it but fair that this report dealing with the oath of the Knights of Columbus by this distinguished Masonic committee should likewise be given the same prominence.

LOS ANGELES INVESTIGATION

The following letters need no explanation:

Hon. Paul P. McCormick,
Court House, Los Angeles.

My Dear Judge: I take pleasure in handing you herewith the findings of the committee of Free Masons to whom

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you exhibited the ceremonials and pledges of the Order of Knights of Columbus.

I am very glad that I have been able, in a measure, to secure this refutation of a slanderous lie which has been widely circulated and which has been disseminated in many cases by well meaning, credulous, and deluded persons.

I shall see to it that this report has wide circulation among Masons, and you may use it in any way you deem best to bring about an understanding of the truth among men who, above all controversies and contentions, desire to know and to follow that which is right and true.

Yours cordially,

W. R. HERVEY.

October 9, 1914.

We hereby certify that by authority of the highest officer of the Knights of Columbus in the State of California, who acted under instructions from the supreme officer of the order in the United States, we were furnished a complete copy of all the work, ceremonies, and pledges used by the order, and that we carefully read, discussed and examined the same. We found that while the order is in a sense a secret association, it is not an oath-bound organization, and that its ceremonies are comprised in four degrees, which are intended to teach and inculcate principles that lie at the foundation of every great religion and every

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free state. Our examination of these ceremonials and obligations was made primarily for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not a certain alleged oath of the Knights of Columbus, which has been printed and widely circulated, was in fact used by the order, and whether if it was not used, any oath, obligation or pledge was used which was or would be offensive to Protestants or Masons, or those who are engaged in circulating a document of peculiar viciousness and wickedness. We find that neither the alleged oath nor any oath or pledge bearing the remotest resemblance thereto in matter, manner, spirit or purpose is used or forms a part of the ceremonies of any degree of the Knights of Columbus. The alleged oath is scurrilous, wicked, and libelous, and must be the invention of an impious and venomous mind. We find that the order of Knights of Columbus, as shown by its rituals, is dedicated to the Catholic religion, charity, and patriotism. There is no propaganda proposed or taught against Protestants or Masons or persons not of Catholic faith. Indeed, Protestants and Masons are not referred to directly or indirectly in the ceremonials and pledges. The ceremonial of the order teaches a high and noble patriotism, instills a love of country, inculcates a reverence for law and order, urges the conscientious and unselfish performance of civic duty, and holds up the constitution of our country as the richest and most precious possession of a knight of the order. We can find nothing in the entire ceremonials of

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the order that to our minds could be objected to by any person.

MOTLEY HEWES FLINT,
33d Degree Past Grand Master of Masons of California.

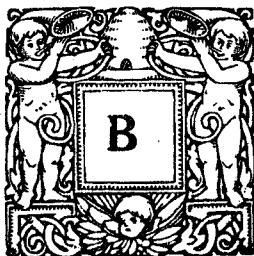
DANA REID WELLER,
32d Degree Past Grand Master of Masons of California.

WM. RHODES HERVEY,
33d Degree Past Master and Master of Scottish Rite Lodge.

SAMUEL E. BURKE,
32d Degree Past Master and Inspector of Masonic Dist.



Asinine Technicalities



IBLICAL history tells us that Baalam's ass spake; while this is a natural failing of the two-legged species so common today, it is unfortunate that the gift of gab could not be accorded to a sure-enough four-legged ass long enough to give the animal opportunity to defend its character and put to shame the fellows who have burdened the Supreme Court of Minnesota with the proposition of settling a scandal in the horse family, and determining whether or not a common, every-day mule shall be honored by being raised to the eminent plane of the horse.

It appears that one Thomas Greer stole a team of mules down in Steele county. The fellows who captured the culprit claimed the standing reward provided by law for the capture and conviction of a horse-thief, and along came

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an attorney who attacked the standing and character of the mule, and the district judge held that a mule is not a horse, and therefore the reward for capturing a horse-thief could not be paid in this case. The attorney for the claimants put up a half-ass argument—that a mule is half-ass and half-horse, and therefore the thief having stolen a team of mules had stolen two half-horses, and eliminating the ass from the theft there remained one whole horse. And this is the argument upon which the claimants have appealed to the Supreme Court.

This is a fair sample of the technicalities upon which most of the lawyers wage battle in the courts; the question of whether or not a thief had been apprehended and convicted does not enter into the case at all; it is a question of interpreting the law and the Supreme Court is asked to determine whether a man who steals a mule is a horse-thief; by the same token we would like to know how Jack Johnson was ever convicted of white slavery, and how a man can be convicted of manslaughter when he kills a woman.

Justice sure has a hard time in this day of sharp legal practice to maintain her standing; the merits of a case in court are all too often lost sight of; criminals are allowed to escape, defaulters slip through technical legal knot-holes, honest men are cheated of their rights and more real crime is committed in the name of the law than in any other way. The lawyer of today seldom tries a case upon its merits; rather he searches around for some technical loophole to

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pull his client through. But about the most asinine proposition we ever heard of is this mule-thief business in Minnesota.

It is apropos indeed that Senator Moonan, of Waseca, a staunch democrat, should appear in defense of the mule, that emblem of his party which has been so ruthlessly slandered in this case. There is an old saying that God made man and man made the mule—that is the reason why a mule cannot progenerate, but all the long-eared pettifogging jackasses in the country can't bray loud enough or long enough to make the mule anything but the direct offspring of a horse—either male or female. We sincerely hope that the characteristic stubbornness of the mule will prevail until this scandal in the horse-family is settled, and this much abused beast of burden will be able to establish the fact that its mother belonged to the royalty e'en though its father was an ass.

Every man with any sentiment in his makeup will rise to the defense of the mule. The first song we learned as a boy was about the mule named Max Welton whose braes were so bonnie that many a person became hoarse singing his praises.

To continue this damphoolishness which so beautifully illustrates the senseless technicalities resorted to by lawyers, we might call attention to the fact that the fellow who ran away with his sweetheart down in Kansas City the other day has been arrested and charged with kidnap-

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ping—yet he stole a woman. Technically, he was a chicken-thief. And on the theory that “pigs is pigs” we will await with interest the decision of Minnesota’s Supreme Court.



The Great American Failure



OR Teddy Roosevelt's sake, it is a pity he had not died in Africa, for, had he "cashed in" while on that famous hunting trip, he would have gone down in the annals of history as one of the few very great American citizens and statesmen—but today he is a most common political whangdoodle. Up to that time he was the most-talked-of man in the world, admired and honored above all living Americans. Upon his return he was shown all the honor which the royalty of Europe could show any person outside of royalty, and upon his arrival in America he was lionized to the limit. But at this point his star had reached its extreme ascendancy, and fell like a spent rocket. Today Teddy Roosevelt is no longer an idolized American, but the most common of the common. He doesn't even rank with John Brown, the raider, for

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the latter will live in song for coming generations, while Teddy will be spotted as the man who fooled all of them for awhile, but couldn't keep up the game successfully.

When a young man, frail and out of health, Roosevelt came out here to North Dakota, found his way into the bad-lands and became a cow-puncher. For a tenderfoot he was a wonder. His temperament, his aptitude for "rough stuff," and the strenuous life, soon found for him a place in the hearts of the sturdy westerners, and the longer he stayed the more he liked it. He finally drifted to New York City where he got into another rough-and-tumble game which suited him, that of police commissioner of Gotham. He made cleaning after cleaning and got away with it. His natural make-up fitted him for a bouncer. It was nuts for Ted to walk up to a bold, bad gunman, bite the end off his pistol, paste him between the eyes and drag him off to jail.

But we must give him credit for climbing the ladder, though he is, to a certain extent, a creature of circumstances. When he became governor of New York, it soon became evident that Ted had his eye on the presidential chair. Recognizing his store of political dynamics, the big ones became alarmed lest this fellow might become president, and they feared the devil would be to pay unless they could head him off. It was then decided to place him in a position where he would be "cared for," yet where he never would emerge alive politically. So they made him vice president, which is considered the political morgue.

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Ted took it and left it to the hand of fate to pull him out, which it did. President McKinley was assassinated and he became president. He made a good one, for the world was at peace and there was no chance for Ted to get into trouble. Had he been in the chair during the last two years instead of President Wilson, this nation would have been into it and out of it, by this time, the best licked country on earth.

Upon his retirement from the presidency Teddy was the idol of American hearts, and he immediately beat it for the jungles of Africa, and it proved to be the jungles of oblivion for him, politically. He never came out the idol which he was when he entered, for before he left Africa he wrote bombastic letters of political character which lost him many friends. Immediately upon his return he took up the losing cause of peanut politics, organized his frail, sickly Bull Moose party, and has since carried on a sort of bush-whacking, gorilla campaign, severed connections with his best friends, lost the respect and confidence of the American people, and today, instead of his word being gospel with the American people, and their cousins across the sea, he is a disreputed, hot-headed politician, and his word is believed by no one. He over-played the game; he blew the bubble till it burst, and he is the political jokesmith of America.

Col. Roosevelt's case has been diagnosed as one of "violent righteousness," and he indulges with great enjoyment in unqualified opinion. He is all force, and force never

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compromises. Force without a governor is the most dangerous agent. It destroys everything with which it comes in contact, even itself. The people of this country have allowed Teddy to tear just as big a hole as he wished in the order of things, and to damn without unction and condemn without mercy. But in these perilous times, when this nation is hanging on to the crystal edge of peace, and hoping there will be no unpleasantness with other nations, Ted marshals his gloom-squad and engages in a chase of condemnation and insulting remarks which have a tendency to embarrass this nation, through the fact that he was once president. One ugly remark from him penetrates deeper across the waters than the ranting of the press in this land. German societies in both America and Europe have dropped his name from their rolls of honorary members, and condemned him and the American people for his ribald promulgations. At home Teddy is not taken seriously, but abroad he is a menace to us.

A prominent newspaper of the United States has said: "We think that when the government of the United States is endeavoring to decide to the best of its ability a question which upholds the dignity of the nation and the happiness and usefulness of hundreds of thousands of this generation of Americans, and which concerns the future of the United States, Mr. Roosevelt might, for once, qualify his righteousness, abate his opinions, and control his utterances," to which a disgusted nation responds "Amen!"

With a mind which excels in brilliancy; with a won-

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derful ability for accomplishment, and with his power and lofty position at one time with the people, Theodore Roosevelt stood far above any man in the nation as a force for greatness and good, but, through his greed, his attempt at autocracy, his bombast, his harsh, despotic mode of handling men and things, he has bungled life's prospects, ruined his possibilities for further honor, and instead of endearing himself to the people who idolized him, he has lost their respect and esteem, and is destined to continue the pursuits of a cheap politician and go down in history as the great American failure.

Theodore Roosevelt is in a bad way; he needs a specialist. He is suffering with breaking out at the mouth, that dread disease which has killed so many men. He should be given a handful of Political Purgative Pills, and when his system is purged of its rheum he should be vaccinated with a serum of common sense and sent to Dahomy to recuperate.

Ted is a nuisance to the American people.

The Slaves of Big Business



THE average layman and citizen, who has not had occasion or opportunity to know true conditions in the big cities, doubtless believes that there is more or less hysteria connected with the cry that women and young girls and children are actually enslaved by big business in the larger commercial centers. But there is a world of truth in the statement, and conditions have been growing worse instead of better in the past few years.

In the city of Chicago alone there are one hundred and twenty-five thousand working women who receive less than six dollars per week. The Women's Trade Union league, working in the interest of organization among working women, recently issued statistics to this effect, showing what these 125,000 women are compelled to pay for lodging, food, clothes, carfare, dentist and doctor bills

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and other absolute necessities, out of this sum. The league also published a schedule showing how a woman can live on \$5.90 a week.

One-half of furnished room, \$1.50; 7 breakfasts, rolls and coffee at 10c, equals 70c; 7 dinners at 20 cents equals \$1.40; 7 luncheons, coffee and sandwich at 10 cents, makes 70 cents; carfare, 60 cents; clothes at \$52 a year, or \$1 weekly, making the grand total of \$5.90, which leaves 10 cents a week to cover laundry, dentist, doctor, newspapers, church and recreation, provided the girl who earns \$6 works all the year, and most of them work only 40 weeks of the year.

The report further shows that of the women home workers in Chicago on men's ready-made clothing, 84 per cent earn less than \$6 a week, and 15 per cent less than \$2 a week; 12 per cent earn less than \$50 a year, 45 per cent less than \$100 a year, and 10 per cent earn as much or more than \$200 a year.

In the home industries the report gives some interesting data on the sweated prices women receive for making what are termed luxuries for other women.

For a hand-embroidered chiffon shirtwaist front, which takes 2 1-2 hours, a woman receives 28 cents. For cutting out of embroidery she gets 50 cents for 200 yards, and 10 cents is taken out for the sharpening of scissors. For an Irish crochet yoke she gets 9 cents and there is an outlay of 2 1-2 cents for thread. For crocheting mercerized cot-

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ton bags she gets \$4 a dozen and there is an outlay of \$1.68 for cotton.

For picking out nuts she gets 4 cents a pound and no broken meats are paid for. For Irish crochet edging she gets 2 cents a yard, and averages 3 yards an hour. For fancy bows, machine made, which retail at 15, 25 and 50 cents apiece, she gets from 10 to 75 cents a dozen, and it requires 8 hours to make a dozen at 75 cents, and from 6 to 9 hours for a dozen at 50 cents.

For ribbon roses a woman gets 8 cents a dozen, and it takes an hour to make a dozen. For one yard of three-knot fringe she gets 9 cents and it takes 50 minutes. For Irish lace buttons, 2 cents a dozen, and she can make 4 dozen an hour. For canvas gloves, light canvas, she gets 15 cents a dozen pair, and it takes 2 hours to make them.

In the jewelry and silverware trade, the average wage is 8 to 14 cents an hour for the making of my lady's mesh bag, seed pearl hat pins, rope chains, bead strings, etc.

In the candy trade, to earn 15 cents an hour a girl must cover 720 pieces of cream candy with chocolate, or 1 piece every five seconds.

For covering boxes with slips of paper, 10 cents per 100 boxes, 6,000 boxes in 6 days, \$6, which means 2 boxes must be covered per minute, every minute, every hour, every day.

This condition actually exists in the city of Chicago. Employers are veritable slave-drivers and there is not a single touch of humanity in the relationship between employe

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and employer; just so many slaves grinding out a specified amount of work each day. Health is never considered; when an employe is unable to stand the grind—another takes her place, and the big grind continues, day in and day out, a ceaseless, relentless machine, made up of human bodies.

A master effort has been made by members of the Illinois legislature this year to correct some of the evils of low wages; a proposed minimum wage law has been introduced and a big fight has been waged against it by representatives of the big interests. There is no heart in the big commercial world; employers look upon their employes as so much machinery; the lower the wages the greater the profit, and profit is the one thing that counts in business.

The average citizen is also skeptical when told that low wages are responsible for much of the prostitution which abounds in the larger cities; the argument is advanced that any woman can remain pure and good if she wants to; yet every little while the truth of the low-wage responsibility for woman's sin is brought home to us in a way that leaves no room for doubt.

Just a few days ago in this same city of Chicago a woman told her story; it was published in the Day Book—a fearless little free-lance daily. Here it is just as the Day Book published it:

“They never paid me more than \$7 a week. Maybe if I had been alone, I could have gone hungry and kept

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straight, but I had my boy and I couldn't let him suffer, too. I hadn't any choice. Every so often I had to go on the street and pick up a man and stay with him to get money to keep us alive.'

"There was a hearing a few days ago in the LaSalle hotel. A senate committee gave the department store men and other bosses a chance to be heard in opposition to the proposed minimum wage law for women, and the bosses hysterically denounced such a measure and begged that the legislature would not pass it and reduce their profits by forcing them to pay higher wages.

"And in the morals court stood a woman who had been arrested for soliciting. She wasn't an attractive woman. She was worn-out and for that reason she had to solicit more often than the young girls and she had to crucify her body that much more frequently.

"She was asked why she had been soliciting. She said:

"I have had to support my boy since my husband died more than two years ago. I went to work in department stores. I have worked in almost all of the State street stores.

"They never paid me more than \$7 a week. Maybe if I had been alone I could have gone hungry and kept straight, but I had my boy and I couldn't let him suffer too. I hadn't any choice. Every so often I had to go on the street and pick up a man and stay with him to get money to keep us alive.

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“The cheapest I could get board for my boy was \$3 a week. That left me \$4 and sometimes less, when they paid me less. Out of the \$4 I had to live myself and dress the both of us.

“I practiced every economy I could, but we had to live. I had to dress well to work in the store. I made my spring suit do for the fall and winter. My boy wore his clothes until they were threadbare. But we couldn't pay for our room and food out of \$7 a week, and sometimes I got less.

“When the debts piled up I had to pay them, I went out and solicited until they were cleaned up, and then I stopped until we were heavy in debt again.

“A woman can make more money in one night soliciting than she can earn in a store in four days. But I didn't do it because of the money; we had to live.

“It cost me \$3 for my boy's board. I pay \$1.50 for my room. My carfare is 30 cents, because I walked one way at night when I had time, my lunches—”

“The woman wearily rubbed her hand across her forehead. ‘I did the best I could. I didn't want to solicit, but I hadn't any choice. I couldn't live on \$7 a week.’

“The Day Book in accordance with its custom in such cases will not give the name of the woman. A position has been secured for her that pays more money, but it is not in a department store.”

Surely there is a sizzling hell somewhere for the employ-

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er who grinds the life out of women slaves and drives them to prostitute their bodies because of the unfair wage paid for honest labor.

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