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Jim Jam Jems: October 1915

Sam H. Clark

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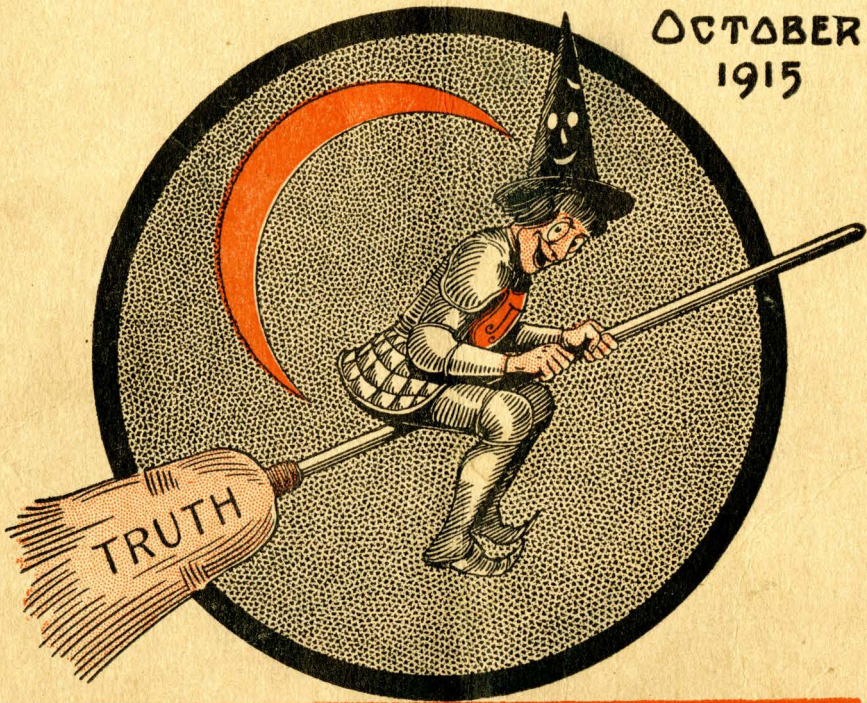
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Jim Jam Gems

by JIM JAM JUNIOR

OCTOBER
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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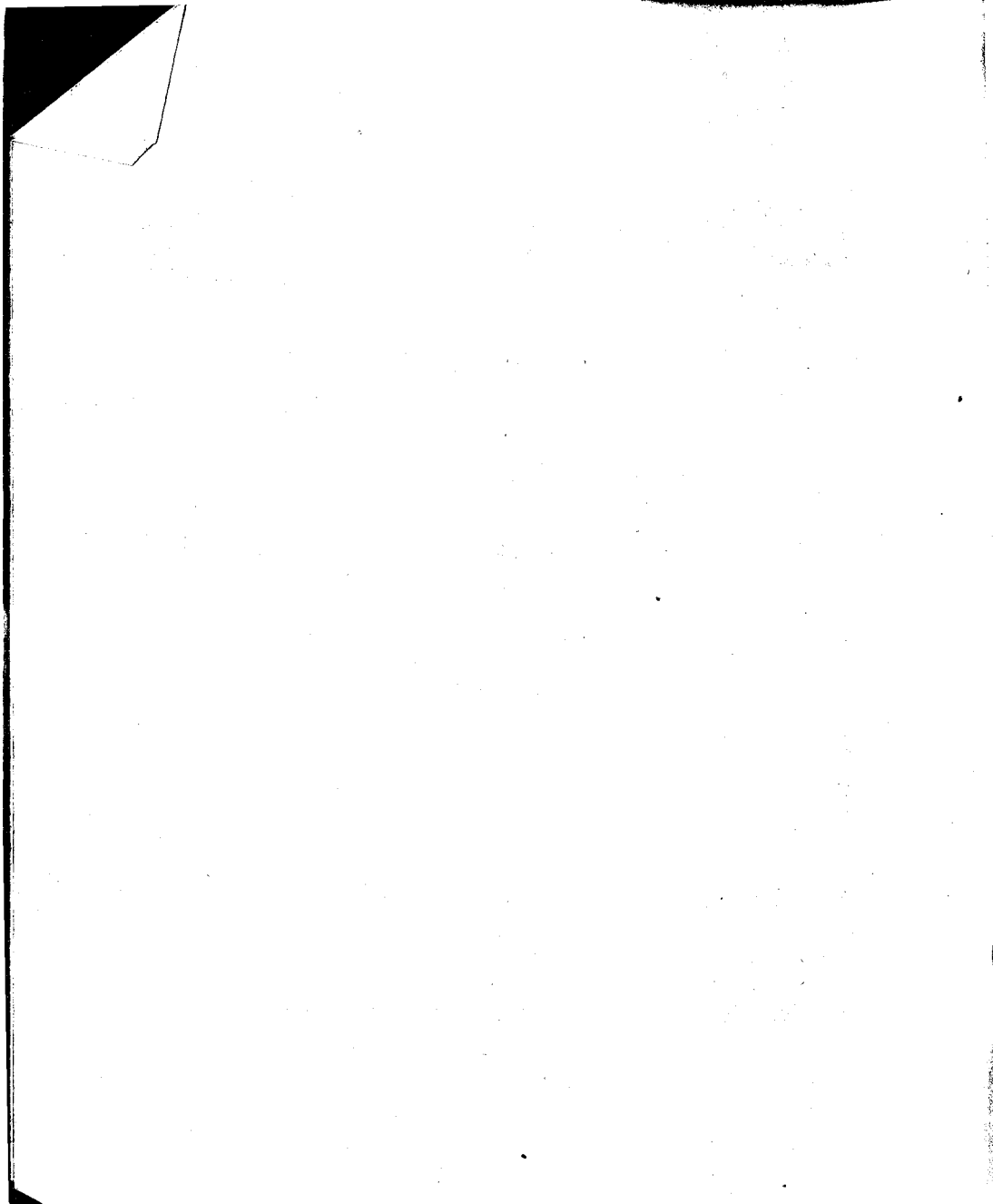


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SEATED in our den the other evening solemnly sympathizing with the Sultan of Turkey, who will have to move several hundred wives when Constantinople falls, we laid aside our pipe, slipped into a heavy coat, and decided to get behind the wheel of our sixty-horse motor for a spell, in the hope that the evening breeze

would blow the cobwebs from our thoughts. We hit for the country at a merry clip, the winding trail glistening in the moonlight, as we sped toward the empurpled hills along the Missouri. The cool night air filled our lungs and acted as an elixir; our foot pressed a little more firmly on the inebriator or exhilarator, or whatever the bloomin'

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thing is technically termed, and the old car fairly sailed along; we passed a farm-yard and the blat of sheep sent our thoughts roaming over the hills with the shepherd and his flock, and we caught ourself humming that old time favorite, "Then I'll be True to Ewe," when suddenly something big and black and ominous loomed up in the trail ahead; we were almost upon it; the next second we realized that it was a cow—just a mild-eyed bovine who swished her tail and shifted her cud with utter nonchalance. She was standing squarely across the road, and showed no immediate intention of changing her position voluntarily; on the left was a deep ditch where the spring floods had capered gaily toward the Missouri, and on the right a barbed-wire fence confronted us; we had to choose quickly—the ditch, the fence or the cow. The cow looked the softest. Funny, isn't it, how fast a fellow's mind will work under circumstances such as we have described. Unconsciously our foot was on the brake and in a few seconds we would have eased into that cow with all the control of a Casey Jones drawing up to a water tank. Then suddenly it occurred to us that if we slipped up easy-like, the cow might just roll under the car and ditch us. Our foot slipped from the brake to the exhilarator and bingo! We hit that cow amidships—'bout midway 'twixt the bowsprit and poopdeck. We held the wheel firmly, the speed of the car slackened perceptibly, and it was dummed hard to keep the old boat in the road for a second or two. We finally stopped and let the cow off; she had simply rolled over

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onto the car, taking the right fender and lamps with her; the weight of the animal smashed the hood down flat onto the motor as she lay peacefully across the front of the car with one foot through the wind-shield. At first we thought we had only scared the cow. There was evidence that she was badly scared. The evidence was all over the car and even in the seat. It was this evidence that convinced us we had hit the bloomin' bovine somewhere near the poop-deck. However, the cow was a thoroughbred—at least the farmer who owned her said she was a seventy-five dollar cow when we hit her and cut both ciphers off. We paid without a whimper and undoubtedly the fellow at the garage who rebuilt our car knew this. We paid him also—but not without a whimper.

This cow incident simply goes to show that it is just when everything is working smoothly, when one is sailing along without a thought of care or trouble, something looms up where there is no chance to duck. If it hadn't been for this cow, we might have been able to assist Wall Street with that loan to the Allies. But the entire solar system is liable to slip an eccentric sometime, and we'll all be blown down the narrow beach of time into Eternity's shoreless sea.

Nobody but a fresh-picked damphool expects smooth sailing all the way. Only the fellow who is too lazy to work and too cowardly to steal never has any sudden bumps. It is the fellow who grabs the wheel and hits the

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road straight ahead who gets the bumps—but if he's made of the right stuff, these bumps simply add to his experience and he continues on his way with increased determination to push along to the end.

Jim Jam Jems has traveled a rocky road in the almost four years of its existence. We have experienced some severe bumps. There are probably more ahead, but, as in the case of the cow, we intend to hit 'em with full speed on. When we launched this publication, the road had not even been blazed. We had to fight our way through the fogs of ignorance and the clouds of superstition, and hew our own road to truth in journalism. The restrictions placed upon our writings for "policy" newspapers only sharpened our desire to cast off the fetters which bind newspaper and periodical writers, and we conceived this vehicle to convey a few plain truths to the public. That we have made a success of the venture, even our most bitter critics must admit. We printed more books last month than for any previous September in the history of our existence. The demand was so great that a second edition was printed—and exhausted, and we have scores of unfilled orders on our desk. Truth is indeed stranger than fiction—and the demand for Jim Jam Jems grows greater each month.

In the past four years, noting the success of Jim Jam Jems, a hundred like independent publications have sprung into existence. Some of them are imitators, but many of

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them are hewing their own way and meeting with success. There is room in the world for thousands of independent periodicals which dare tell plain truths. Toiling millions are suffering the oppressors' wrong. Labor has been bamboozled until it is losing faith in everything but death and destructive force. The powers of the world are at each other's throats in a death struggle for supremacy. Patriotism is rank with decadence and smells of decay. Literature is yellow, the pulpit is jaundiced and society is rotten to the core. While here in America plutocracy and capital are fattening over the struggles of European nations, when our time comes it will be the mendicant and not the millionaire, the lowly poletair and not the plutocrat or the capitalist who will pay the bloody debt. Financiers and capitalists have ever told us that it was a shortage of money which made times hard and brought about America's periodical panics. Now, they tell us that our prosperity depends on loaning a billion of American money to Europe that the death struggle of nations may continue. The poor man has naught to exchange for life's necessities but his labor, but thank God, American wages have not as yet reached a European level. But the age of greed and avarice are upon us. The world is money mad. The grasping greed of Monarchs has bedewed the land and incarnidined the seas of Europe with humanity's blood. The greed of American capital is aiding in the continuance of this struggle for control and supremacy. A fitting ex-

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ample of what greed for gold will do comes to us this month in the "confession" of America's foremost clergyman—Dr. Dwight Hillis of the famous Plymouth Church, Brooklyn—who admits that the lure of Wall Street supplanted the work of God in his heart. Money is King Paramount. Character, Ambition, Virtue, Truth, Religion, Life—all are sacrificed on the altar of Mammon! Do we speak aright when we say there is ample field for independent publications that dare tell the truth and point out to the masses whither we are drifting?

Looks to us as though there's another cow in the road ahead. And sure as Satan, we'll have to settle if we hit 'er.

JIM JAM JUNIOR.



Abortions on Installment Plan

Five Dollars Down and Balance in
Payments Charged by Minneapo-
lis Female Abortionist ∴ ∴ ∴



ANOTHER flint-hearted old Jezebel has been grabbed down in Minneapolis and held under a \$4,000 bond on a charge of manslaughter, as the result of the death of a young married woman following an abortion. Mrs. Mary Newell is the name of the old hag who for a long time has been conducting an abortion mill at number 4904 Thirty-fourth avenue south, and from the evidence which we have been able to gather, she had a triple entente alliance with a supposedly reputable doctor and a second-hand coffin dealer and undertaker.

The story at hand is a most pitiful one. Mrs. Jere Miller, 19 years old, for some reason decided that she wouldn't

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have her baby, although no good reason can be ascribed for such decision; she had been married about two years and was in excellent health. Someone directed her to Mrs. Newell at the above address, and she made a deal with the woman to abort her for the sum of \$35—which sum was to include care during the period of the abortion. Mrs. Newell demanded \$10 advance payment, but when she found that the applicant did not have the \$10, she agreed to take \$5 advance payment, and in lieu of cash, she took Mrs. Miller's ring as security for the \$5. We give these facts in detail so as to indicate the market price of abortions—the fee charged by this woman who made a business of slaughtering unborn babes.

Mrs. Miller took her mother, Mrs. C. E. Dudlin, 3924 Snelling avenue, into her confidence; she also told her husband that she had arranged with Mrs. Newell to perform the abortion. Apparently both mother and husband acquiesced in the plan to get rid of the four months old child carried by the young wife. Accordingly, Mrs. Miller went to the home of Mrs. Newell and the latter performed the operation. A day or two later, the patient was sent to the home of her mother, and the latter was instructed to "keep hot plates on the patient's stomach and she would be all right in a few days." But the young wife did not feel so well for a day or two and her mother wanted to call a doctor. Mrs. Miller protested vigorously against this, saying, "Mrs. Newell would not like it for it might cause trouble." The old skinflint had evidently cautioned her pa-

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tient very carefully on this point, and so loyal was the sufferer that she sacrificed her life to protect the woman who aborted her. The patient continued in great pain for a day or two more, and finally—at the earnest request of the mother—Mrs. Newell went to the Dudlin home on Snelling avenue and arranged to have the suffering woman returned to her slaughter-house on Thirty-fourth avenue. Both the mother and the young wife were assured that there was no danger—just a little blood-clot that would have to be removed. So the suffering woman was carted back to Mrs. Newell's. That is the last time the mother saw her daughter alive.

The professional abortionist never wants any relatives or friends around when a patient is dying; they don't want any "scenes," and above all—no reputable doctor and no death-bed statements. Thus the unfortunate woman who places herself within the clutches of a professional abortionist takes the chance that if all does not go well, she will die without a loving hand to administer to her suffering, die among strangers without the comfort and sympathy of a relative or loved ones, will probably be slashed by a ruthless and unscrupulous doctor in a hurryup "operation," in the attempt to remove evidence of the criminal operation, and then while the body is still warm a "trusted undertaker" is called in, the remains hurried to a second-class undertaking establishment, where the vital organs are shot full of embalming fluid and when the relatives are finally notified, and locate the body at the morgue,

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the full story of suffering and hurried handling after death is apparent in the almost unrecognizable corpse. And yet, is this not a fitting end for the woman who will permit the unborn babe to be swept from her womb—who will submit to the murder of a defenseless life without a pang of regret?

Mrs. Jere Miller parted with her wedding ring—gave it as security to the woman who ruthlessly swept the living-babe from her womb—and through the bungling of this cheap, so-called operation, Jere Miller, the young husband, has lost both wife and babe, and all that life held dear to him. The story is indeed a sad one, and yet we find it hard to sympathize with anyone connected with the dastardly affair.

But to further acquaint the public with the inside workings of abortion mills—and there seems to be a code of procedure pretty well established and adhered to in all institutions of this kind—we will give further details of this case, our information coming from the husband and mother of the victim, through one of our trusted representatives.

From the story of Mrs. Dudlin, the mother, we learn that when she telephoned to Mrs. Newell's home for news of her daughter's condition, she was informed that the patient was quite ill, but not in danger. This was the afternoon of the day Mrs. Miller had been taken back to the Newell home for further treatment. The next morning she called again and was told the same story, with the

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added assurance that the patient would be all right very soon. The following morning, Mrs. Newell sent a rig over to the Dudlin home with a request that Mrs. Dudlin come at once. Here is the story in Mrs. Dudlin's own words:

"I went over, and as I went in the door, Mrs. Newell met me and introduced me to a man whom she said was Dr. Hatch, and Mrs. Newell said to Dr. Hatch, 'You had better tell her.' Dr. Hatch said, 'I am sorry to tell you, but your daughter has just passed away.' I didn't hear or see anything until I came to in the room where my daughter's body lay. I didn't know how I got there. I saw her on the bed dead. The next I knew was when I woke up in Mrs. Newell's bedroom. Dr. Hatch said that they ought to give me a drink of wine, which they did. Dr. Hatch then said to me, 'Did you know that your daughter was suffering with pleurisy?' I said, 'No, I never heard her complain of pleurisy.' Dr. Hatch asked me if I ever knew that my daughter's left lung was affected. I said, 'She never mentioned any lung trouble to me.' I then asked the doctor what she died of, and he said, 'Pneumonia.'"

Dear old Doctor Hatch! How comforting he must have been! Pneumonia, eh? Sounds like Doc. Hunter, doesn't it?

But to continue with the facts. Here is an extract from the story told by Jere Miller, the young husband, which gives a further insight into the workings of these baby slaughter houses:

"I was called on the 'phone by Mrs. Newell, who asked

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me to come over to her home at once. I asked if anything serious had happened to my wife and she said, 'No, but your wife has pleurisy in the side and we don't know what will happen.'"

(The wife was dead and at the undertaker's before Mrs. Newell 'phoned the husband.)

"I went over to Mrs. Newell's at once. When I got there I went in and met Mrs. Newell at the door. She took me upstairs into her private room alone. She said, 'Your wife passed away this morning.' I asked her what was the matter. She said that my wife had pleurisy. I asked her where my wife was. She said she had already sent her body to the undertaker's. I asked her where, and she told me to Crawley, 733 East Lake St. She acted very badly scared and could hardly talk. She said she had three doctors there that morning, but they couldn't do anything for her. Mrs. Newell then said that there was apt to be trouble and that we would have to fix up the matter, to all keep out of trouble. She then called a man into the room and he wrote out a statement on a piece of paper, which they asked me to copy in my own handwriting and sign. She said that she made everybody who came there do the same thing, when they first came, and that the statement I signed should be dated on the day my wife and I first came there. I wrote out and signed a copy of the statement, which is as follows:

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“TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

“This is to certify that my wife, Pansy Miller, having previously tried to perform an operation to bring about menstruation by the use of a pencil. Being unable to take care of herself afterwards, I brought her to Mrs. Newell to nurse her. Mrs. Newell refused to take care of her without my permission, and I hereby certify that I know my wife started herself.

“Mr. Jere Miller.’

“I then went over to my mother-in-law’s. She was almost crazy, and said that she wished she hadn’t let my wife go over to Mrs. Newell’s, and that she was to blame. She felt awful bad and cried and could hardly talk. We went to the undertaker’s and also got some clothes and stockings. I saw my wife’s body. She didn’t look natural. I later went over to Mrs. Newell’s with the undertaker. She had her clothes packed and said that she was going to leave. I told her that if she ran away it would look worse than if she stayed. I tried to get my wife’s clothes and the ring, and ’phoned Mrs. Newell several times. She said that her daughter would bring the things to me, but she didn’t do it until I told her that the best thing was to send them if she wanted to save trouble. She then sent them to my mother-in-law, by Myrtle Newell, her daughter. Mrs. Newell’s lawyer sent for me and I went to his office, and he wanted me to tell him what I knew about the case. He wanted me to testify for Mrs. Newell and protect her,

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and he also wanted me to give them the letter that my wife had written me.

"Mrs. Newell, her boy, her daughter and the undertaker, all tried to get me to turn the letter over, but I told them I had lost it.

"My wife was perfectly well when she went to Mrs. Newell's and had never been sick."

The letter referred to was written by Mrs. Miller to her husband while she was at the Newell home. It tells of the performance of the abortion. A certified copy of this letter is now in our possession.

Fortunately, the county attorney's office and the coroner's office in Hennepin county are on the square, and the evidence has been carefully gathered in this case. Valuable assistance was furnished the county also through the agency of Police Chief Oscar Martinson. There isn't a loophole left for the guilty, and we haven't a doubt in the world that Mrs. Newell will be prosecuted for the crime.

Jim Jam Jems camps on the trail of Minneapolis abortionists like a buzzard following a bad smell. Not because there are more hell-holes commercializing the slaughter of unborn babes in Minneapolis than in any other city of the size in the country, but because we started in to make life miserable for abortionists in Minnesota's foremost city, and by giving publicity to those guilty of criminal operations in Minneapolis, we have discouraged many heretofore successful operators, closed several abortion mills,

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sent a few of the guilty to jail and discouraged the practice generally. And if the newspapers of the country would do this very thing in every city—there would be an appreciable decrease in this wholesale slaughter of the innocents. Jim Jam Jems can't cover the whole universe in this fight against abortionists and abortion mills, but we can make a pretty good showing in a limited field, and perhaps in time, the exposures we have made will bear fruit, and the public will demand that the daily newspapers enlist in the fight which is indeed a worthy one.

The Miller case bears out the charge made so many times in our abortion exposures that a majority of the criminal operations have not the slightest justification. We can understand the young girl who has sinned through love, and finds herself abandoned by her lover and in trouble. The abortion seems to be the only way out for her. But the married woman, young, healthy and bearing the natural result of the marriage relationship, who will deliberately submit to an abortion rather than give birth to her legitimate offspring—in this case a child of love—is beyond our comprehension. And there are scores of "Mrs. Newells" in every large city who will take the wedding ring from a young wife's hand as security for the payment of a paltry five dollars, deftly wield the catheter, sweep life from the mother's womb, and continue in society as a respectable citizen until the death of a victim arouses suspicion, and someone who will not be bluffed out, makes an investigation and brings the true facts to light.

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We repeat, the Miller case is a sad one, but we can't see where anyone connected with the abominable affair is entitled to any sympathy. And after all, it is an ordinary case—only the public doesn't always learn the details of cases of this kind. The newspapers as a rule are afraid it may offend a subscriber and it might mean a loss of twenty cents a week to print the whole truth.



Ziegfeld's Leg Show



LORENZ Ziegfeld, who should have switched first names with Billie Burke when he married her, has broken out again with his annual tribute to nudity. The 1915 edition of the Follies is on display in a New York theatre, making the bald-headed old rams paw the floor and gulp long, cool drinks to prevent incinera-

tion.

Ziegfeld is a specialist in legs. It would probably be more becoming to say limbs—but let us for the nonce be bold and frivolous.

Ziegfeld himself wouldn't capture an iron cross for personal pulchritude, even if he would leave off his trick mustache—"thousand leggers," some one with a highly de-

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veloped sense of the fitness of things, called them, but take it straight from the shoulder, he knows how to select pippins—those rare classical figures that are svelte, lithe and artistic in every line and especially in the breakfast bacon parts.

He is in the business of pandering to the tastes of the sensuous, and Ouch! how he does it. He is the first person to introduce the "chicken" or "squab" to Broadway. On and off the stage, the Ziegfeld girls wear the lo and behold gowns that make bricklayers, chauffeurs, bankers and street sweepers quit their work and trail along for a block or so. They are sizzlers.

It is said that a young girl from the middle west was told by a traveling gentleman in front of the Occidental Hotel that she should quit slinging hash and burst forth on Broadway. She believed every word, for how could such a nice man lie? He told her she would make a blinger for the Follies chorus and fired with the ambition to lillianrussel her way to fame, she bought a one way ticket to the heart of the Glowing Boulevard.

When she arrived she sought out Ziegfeld and finally got to see his stage manager. He gave her one look, a withering one, and told her that the only thing he could use her for would be to stand on one foot and be used as a spear.

The next week a familiar face was seen back in the Occidental Hotel dining room.

The moral is that to be a Ziegfeld beauty one must not

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only have a beautiful face, but also the pedal extremities that have those owned by Dionysus, Apollo, Paris, Gany-medes and all the other Greek and Roman gods backed off the map.

We believe Ziegfeld has a perfect right to give a summer musical show, and we do give him all credit for the stage effects, costuming and the like—but we do not believe he has a right to turn loose his moral filth on the young and innocent. Leg shows are a trick of the devil or evil or whatever the illusory force is that makes married men stay out all night and come home with powder on their coat lapels and a breath that would make the in-nards of a garlic fiend quiver.

We do not believe that a half-naked bunch of beautiful girls should be allowed to race and galavant around on the stage of a theatre, any more than they should be allowed to walk up the main street of Gallipolis or Osh-kosh, with nothing on but a flowered dimity completely slit up the back.

It is the young who suffer from these immodest displays of legs and bodies—the red corpuscle youth who needs only a spark to fan the white hot passions that may lead him anywhere from total disgrace to death. That is why we are against the Follies type of shows. Older men are naturally more immune from the suggestive influences of a pack of bepowdered, bepainted and be-per-oxidized damsels racing out in front of them with nothing on but a smile and a wrist-watch, but the young man or

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the young woman who has reached the devil-may-care period should be tenderly nurtured and gently led over the rough places until their straying feet are on firmer ground.

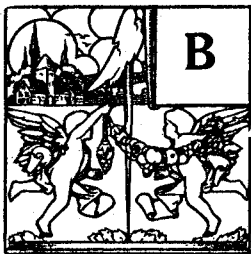
So it is our opinion that Florenz Ziegfeld and every other producer of leg shows who pollutes the morals of the young under the guise of art—whether intentionally or unintentionally—should be restrained.

When Ziegfeld was the husband of the chic and captivating Anna Held, his shows were not so rich, rare and racy. They sacrificed nudity to cleverness and a purer lot of performances resulted.

Now it would seem that the more daring the costumes become and the more flesh that is exposed, the bigger the box office receipts. Some of the leg shows in New York, Chicago and other cities are nothing more or less than the old type of hoochy-koochy show with a trifle more dignified setting.

One of the most famous vaudeville dancers, who leans toward nudity in expressing Art, is said to have been a graduate of the hoochy-koochy tent with a traveling street carnival. Today she drags down an enormous salary, sits in at bridge with the upper crust and is courted by the rich young bloods who are always blinded by the glare of the footlights.

Sunday at His Old Tricks



BILLY Sunday, the famous Gospel Clown, has been pilloried in Dallas, Texas. The unregenerate heathen of the famous commonwealth declare that they are going to have some daily shots of the Sunday serum, if the Dallas Council of Churches breaks a puckering string in the do-or-die attempt.

All that Billy wants to save the city from rum is a bagatelle of \$100,000—One Hundred Thousand Iron Men. A modest cuss is Billy. When Providence isn't looking out for the Kaiser he is watching Bill to see that he is amply provided for. There is no use in talking, Billy jerks them to Jesus in a hurry, but he has to have his itching palm greased with long green—and the kale must be baled and

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secured by a warehouse receipt in advance or he will not save the sinners.

He loves God in a way—but it takes money to pay the fiddler. “One born every minte?” Heavens, what a low estimate! Why they pop out into this old mundane sphere by the scores every second.

Dallas has appointed a committee of one hundred “Prominent Citizens” to raise the \$100,000 to bring the famous three-ring religious farce to that city. While the “prominent citizens” are out scurrying up the money, Billy is quietly resting with his ear to the rail for the first flutter of encouragement.

If Billy Sunday was anything but a hypocritical braggart and blackguard, he would go to Dallas at once and save the city—for he says it ought to be saved. He wouldn't wait for the citizens to raise such an enormous fund for him. If he was a true disciple of the Christ he would go there for his bread and board if necessary.

What do we read in Matthew. Harken and then think of this bunko artist.

“But go rather to the lost sheep in the house of Israel.

“And as ye go, preach, saying, the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

“Provide neither gold nor silver nor brass in your purses.

“Nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staves; for the workman is worthy of his meat.”

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The famous pulpit slang artist has given a Billy Sunday twist to the scriptures. He would make St. Matthew read: "Billy, go down into that miserable, stinking, hell-hole of a Dallas. Yank those poor deluded souls into Heaven, but before you touch a single solitary sinner—make the Dallas boobs give you a certified check for \$100,000 or put it in the hands of responsible parties."

Among the men who have arranged to let Dallas see the famous Sunday circus are some of the most accomplished poker players who ever lied about having a sick wife at home, in order to jump the game.

There are several who drink all the rum and red liquor their paunches will hold, then inhale it and rub it in their hair.

Also there are a few who have wives as pure as the wives of the Cracchi, but who are constantly seeking a liaison with every old lazarrone who steps cross their unholy path.

It is a burning shame that such charlatans as Billy Sunday should despoil the good intent of the churches. His conversion is purely a form of hypnotics which every psychologist knows exists. There is nothing sane or logical about it—it is religious fervor raised to the ninth degree and there is always a reaction. Religious conversion takes thought—a man must believe, he must have faith, "and with all his getting he must have understanding."

A man cannot hop, skip and jump his way into Heaven—even with the aid of the Religious Acrobat, Billy Sunday. He has for years been spewing his foul venom on the fair-

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est flower that ever bloomed in the heart of the world—the Gospel of Jesus Christ—and he should be muzzled, hog-tied and thrown into a cess-pool until he comes to his senses and quits faking a gullible public.

We believe that the philosophy of Christ is the brightest hope of the world, but thinking men certainly resent such mountebanks as Billy Sunday posing as the exponents of the gentle and pure Jesus. It is such rascals, flying under false colors and hypocritical in every fibre of their being, who sow the weeds of doubt and dogma and try to choke religion.

The vain, self-seeking Sunday representing the Christ of Galilee is like a lousy ape representing the Victorian age of literature. Christ was truthful in everything he said and did, and Billy Sunday is one of the world's biggest liars. The lowly Nazarene was modest and unassuming, and the Gospel Clown has the gall of a circus side-show ballyhoo.

If you will read Billy Sunday's sermons you will see that he hasn't an original thought. Everything he says is a direct steal from Beecher, Talmage or Bob Ingersoll, only disguised a bit with Billy Sunday smut.

He ought to be thrown into jail for a while for being a public nuisance.

There now—we feel better.

Southern Chivalry

**While Prating Protection to Womanhood Georgians Allow
Age of Consent to Remain at Ten Years.
Age Limit Lowest in South**



As a result of our article on the lynching of Leo M. Frank, which appeared in the September number, Jim Jam Junior has been literally bombarded with letters protesting against our arraignment of Georgians and Southerners. Most of the letters are signed "A Georgian," "A Southerner," "One Who Believes in Protecting Our Women," etc.; very few of these correspondents had the courage to sign their names. One fellow, W. D. Shaul, of St. Louis, Mo., grows very sarcastic in his reply, and closes his letter with the following postscript: "As a Southerner, I take offense at your foolish condemnation

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of the South, trusting to you as a gentleman not to repeat it."

First of all, we want to say to this fellow Shaul, and all other correspondents who designate themselves as "Southerners," that every drop of blood that courses the veins of the writer was nurtured at fair bosoms for several generations in your beloved Southland. Our mother was born, reared, schooled and married at Natchez, Mississippi. Two of her brothers were officers under the Confederate flag. Our father was born and raised in Virginia, and during the four years of struggle 'twixt North and South, while a mere lad, he fought under the Confederate banner. It was while a staff-officer near the end of the struggle that he met "the girl of his heart," at Natchez, the girl who became his wife at the close of the war. And the writer, while born north of the Mason-and-Dixon line, is one of the fruits of that union of Southern blood—a child of their youthful strength. And we are just as proud of our Southern parentage as Mr. Shaul can possibly be of his, just as proud of that "blood of the Southland" as any correspondent who has taken issue with us as a result of the Frank outrage.

And it is because of this Southern blood in our veins that we have the courage to criticize and condemn those acts that bring everlasting disgrace to "the Land of Our Fathers."

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The one excuse that has been offered for the cowardly murder of the defenseless Jew—Leo M. Frank—is that “we of the Southland protect our womanhood.” Mayor Woodward of Atlanta sounded the keynote of defense in his speech at San Francisco on the day following Frank’s death: “I want it understood that when it comes to a woman’s honor, there is no limit we will not go to avenge and to protect.” This cry of “protecting woman’s honor” has been the one answer that the Southland has put forth in justification of its mob-law. It is the one answer that has been given to Jim Jam Jems—practically the sole text of every communication that has come to us in criticism of our attitude in the Frank case.

So then it is on this basis of “the protection of woman’s honor” that we continue the discussion, and we would say to Mr. Shaul and all other correspondents that we are not going to back up an inch in our contention that you of the South protest too much—that you preach but do not practice—that your cry of protection of womanhood, of virtue and of purity, fall flat when an attempt is made to back up your cry of protection with facts.

First of all, we call your attention—and the attention of the public at large—to the fact that *the age of consent in Georgia is ten years*. Think of it! *Little girls of ten years of age may legally consent to illicit carnal intercourse in the state of Georgia*, and the male beast, who is guilty of such intercourse with a ten year old child, is not charge-

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able with the crime of rape under the laws of the State of Georgia.

We ask the reader to call to mind the little ten and twelve year old girls of your neighborhood, and then try to realize if you can that Georgia—where virtue and purity are supposed to be paramount—refuses to protect by law these mere babes from the beastly lust of the libertine! While a child of ten or twelve or even fourteen—and fourteen is the standard age of consent in many of the southern states—is hardly competent to dress her dolly or make her trundle bed, she may legally consent to carnal intercourse. With a stick of peppermint candy a licentious brute may win the confidence of one of these little girls, despoil her, rob her of the priceless jewel of womanhood—and not be chargeable with the crime of rape under the laws of the state of Georgia!

In North Carolina the age of consent has been raised to fourteen years. But the male person who has carnal intercourse with a female under the age of fourteen—*“who has never before had sexual intercourse”*—is guilty of a *misdemeanor*, and *punishment for the act is absolutely discretionary with the court* whether it be fine or imprisonment.

In Alabama carnal knowledge of a female child over twelve years of age may be punished by a fine of fifty dollars—in the discretion of the court.

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Sec. 756, 1911 Criminal Code of the State of Georgia, reads as follows: "Any person who shall sell, apprentice, give away, let out, or otherwise dispose of any child under twelve years of age, to any person, for the vocation, occupation, or service of rope or wire walking, begging, or as a gymnast, contortionist, circus-rider, acrobat, or clown, or *for any indecent, obscene, or immoral exhibition, practice or purpose, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.*"

Thus, if a person sell, apprentice, give away or let out or otherwise dispose of a little girl who has reached the mature age of twelve years for any immoral, indecent, or obscene exhibition, such person is guilty only of a misdemeanor—and punishment with fine or imprisonment is discretionary with the court. And the letting out or bartering of such little girl for tight-rope walking purposes is an equally great offense against the laws of Georgia!

Guess that's protecting virtue and purity and womanhood with a vengeance, isn't it!

There are only a few states in the Union where an enlightened people have not raised the age of consent to eighteen years, and made carnal knowledge of a female under that age a crime. It is rape—a crime, not a misdemeanor—to carnally know a girl under eighteen years of age in almost every state of the Union. It is in some of the Southern states—where "there is no limit to which we will not go to protect our womanhood"—that the age of consent remains at ten, twelve and fourteen years.

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And how about your child labor laws—you of the Southland. Again we find them low down in the established scale. And it is only in recent years that legislation along this line, after much agitation by women workers, has gradually raised the age limit.

There are only two states in the Union that do not have compulsory school laws. Both of these are southern states.

As we write, a copy of the Constitution, a daily paper published at Atlanta, Georgia, lies before us on the desk. It is of the issue of September 1st, 1915. On the front page we read the sad story of a young girl who was ruined by Charles Jackson, a prominent young man of Watkinsville, Georgia. The girl committed suicide by first taking paris green and then shooting herself. We quote from the article as follows: "The young woman killed herself, taking paris green and then shooting herself in the side and taking a second quantity of poison, two weeks after Jackson was married to another woman. It is said that after taking poison and before her death she declared her love for Jackson, but said that she could not stand the possible eventualities since he had married another."

We quote this as but the incident of a day, to show that even in Georgia, where womans' honor is the paramount thing—prominent young men despoil young women just as they do in those communities where woman's honor is not forever and eternally prated.

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And as sure as the sun shines a day of reckoning is coming in the Southland; the white man will have to pay for his beastly lust in filling the land with hybrids—yellow niggers. Stand on any street in any southern city and watch the drift of countless saddle-colored coons, ninety-nine per cent of them the offspring of a lustful white man and a negress. No one who understands the negro character doubts its natural lewdness. But does the lack of virtue in the black excuse the lechery of that vast horde of Southern white men who debauch black women?

One of our correspondents decrys our arraignment of Georgians in the lynching of Leo Frank, saying that the state should not be condemned because "a few outlaw mountaineers took the law in their own hands and dealt what they believed to be justice to a guilty man." We ask in all fairness, do your outlaw mountaineers travel in automobiles, do they carry a supply of handcuffs, do they know the roads of your best settled communities so as to be able to make short-cuts across country in the dead of night and reach a designated spot at an agreed time to carry out a foul deed? Are they familiar with the surroundings at your state institutions and acquainted with the officers thereof so as to know just how to enter your prisons and carry away a victim? Does not everything connected with the lynching of Leo Frank point to the fact that it was your substantial citizens who made up the personnel of that mob?

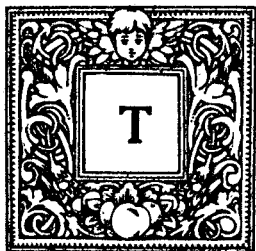
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It looks to us as though Georgia had best come to its senses and make some endeavor to regain her lost standing. And it well behooves our beloved Southland to quit prating about the protection of womanhood long enough to pass a few real protective laws and indicate to the world at large that womanhood, virtue and purity are really on a par with that of the Northern states, instead of low down in the scale as the facts now show.

Get busy and elect a state legislature not composed chiefly of chippey-chasers, protect your young girls by raising the age of consent to eighteen years, where it rightly belongs, make the carnal intercourse of white and black first degree rape, whether the woman be fourteen or forty, and you will do much toward proving to the world that there is such a thing as "Southern Chivalry," and that it still lives.



∴ A Despicable Graft ∴



HE Medical Highbinders have resorted to a brazen scheme to foist antiquated medical theories upon a free people in New York state. The New York City Department of Health has demanded that each pupil—boy and girl—before entering a public school must be stripped stark naked and examined by some Van Dyked fakir, whose whiskers may contain more germs than a regiment of pure-minded little children.

What a mockery of justice? How sinister it bodes for the future and how strongly it emphasizes the fact that the Medical Trust—the American Medical Association—is trying to foist its own school of healing upon an enlightened people.

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These doctors know that they are impressing disease facts upon the minds of innocents—they are scattering with reckless abandon the seeds of destruction, and there is nothing in the world that has come up for our attention in the past few months that we deem so despicable, heartless and barbaric as this action.

The effect of this scheme is aimed to destroy other schools of healing. The child, after it is examined, will be told to take such and such a drug—the allopathic or old school way, of course. If that child be the offspring of parents who have found health in osteopathy, the child must use the “so-called regular” method. It is a restriction of freedom that should be nipped in the bud.

The parents who have found homeopathy, chiropractic and Christian Science methods more effective will in a like manner be forced to use the medicines or resort to the operations prescribed by the Whisker School of Old Fossils.

The shy, modest little girl, excited by her first advent into school life, must go before a man doctor, who makes her undress, in most instances to the extent of being entirely nude. He asks her questions which a young girl should not and does not understand. This is a disgrace to both the schools and the pupils. If the girls refuse to do this they are taken by main force.

We have not seen any corner of the moral market by doctors, and they have no more right to demand that a

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girl strip before them than the laymen, unless of course the parents desire it and accompany the child.

Not only has New York been subject to these regulations, but all over the country the Boards of Health, when they dare do it, are demanding that children strip before they be allowed to enter school.

The citizens of Newark, N. J., are just awakening to the fact that they are living in an Americanized monarchical Prussia so far as their medical liberties go. The parents of young girls are fighting mad over the recent rule promulgated by the medical adviser of the local board of education to strip girls from the waist up, to ensure a correct diagnosis in diseases of the thorax. The examining staff has enforced the rule, taking groups of girls from the class rooms and examining them in the presence of each other.

There have been complaints by the wholesale by the family physicians that girls were sent home with the request that the doctor treat them for diseases which upon closer examination were found absent, or it was ascertained some other condition was present.

Over in Winetka, Illinois, the young girls in the High School have been compelled to submit to the same sort of indignities. Many of them, young women, were taken to the gymnasium and stripped of all their clothing. In the presence of other girls they were examined and a request from their parents to excuse them and a physician's certificate were ignored. The low-browed inspector and the

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equally low-browish school authorities held themselves superior to both the parents and the family physicians. The girls were led to the gymnasium and compelled to submit.

When a protest was filed on the ground that the schools were free and no physical examination could be required as a qualification of admission, the newspapers published the story. The board of education met, and—fearing the wrath of a furious citizenry—they meekly decided that the physical examination was not required for admission to the high school, which was public and free, but if the girl entered the gymnasium she must submit to the physical examination.

This is the insidious propaganda that is being carried on by the American Medical Association to gain control of the public schools and force upon all the pupils and their parents their own system of healing—a system, by the way, which has proven so fallacious that the thinking man laughs at it. Medicines heralded as cure-alls a few years ago have long since been discarded.

There is a concrete example of how mean a graft it is over in Jeanette, Pa. For five years now they have been forcing little impressionable school children to undergo medical examinations.

Hear what Theodore B. Shank, superintendent of the schools, says: "It has proven a good thing for the physicians. All the children who were examined received cards indicating the defects, and their parents were advised to see the family physician or dentist as the case might be."

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As a result many children who were feeling perfectly well had it forced upon them that they were sick. Many minor operations, not needed at all, were performed, and the parents put to a lot of unnecessary expense.

The medical politicians of the A. M. A. are using every high-handed method possible to bring about annual medical inspection of man, woman and child. It offers them a wider field of practice, and finally, which is more important than all, it instills in the minds of the healthy in every community the necessity of having a doctor visit them regularly.

So deeply interested is the American Medical Association in this system of medical inspection that in one state they have local representatives arousing the fear of the people.

According to the South Bend, Ind., Tribune, Dr. W. E. Borley addressed the Mishawake Woman's Club, Civic Department, on the subject of medical inspection. The Tribune said: "Dr. Borley is a representative of the American Medical association in this county in the nation-wide conservation of vision movement."

It also stated that "it is expected that lectures will be given in every county in this state by men appointed by the association."

What a petty, mean graft it is! How many poor little innocent children are affrighted by these dreadful, long-whiskered doctors. It is time for the well known and justly famed vox-populi to take a hand.

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Every father and mother should protest against this outrage. Parents know when their children are sick and they have a right to secure the form of treatment they believe best. Certainly they have a right to reject the antiquated ideas that predominate the "regular" profession and that is the profession that the American Medical Association stands for.

The medical profession is on the treadmill circle of uncertainty. It revolves and comes back to the same old starting point—Doubt! What must parents think, who have found the greater relief in other systems, of a health board that foists its own political-medical views upon their helpless children.

Here we have the inspiration behind the stripping of young children. Putting it very plainly, the stripping is actuated by a greed for gold. Read between the lines of the report of the committee on administration methods of physical examination of school children to the Section on Preventative Medicine and Public Health of the American Medical Association, June 1911. Here it is:

"That this examination be sufficiently thorough to detect defects that interfere or are liable to interfere with the health, growth and development of the child, such examinations to include the examination of the eye, ear, mouth, nose, throat, posture, nutrition, mentality and nervous functions; that in all cases showing defects or in which defects are suspected but undetermined, re-examinations be made by trained medical

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examiners, such re-examinations to include the ear, eye, nose, throat, teeth, heart, lungs, thorax, shoulders, spine, hips, inguinal region, mentality and nervous system."

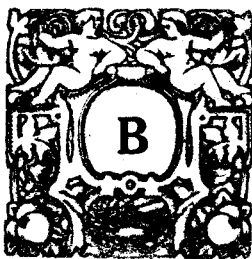
What do you think of this, dear reader? Do you "get the re-examinations?" Re-examinations mean that more doctors are employed. It has been rough sledding for a lot of them.

How sweet is the clink of gold?



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A Mother's Warning



“OBIE” Brown was one of the liveliest little ponies in the Winter Garden chorus. She had just come to New York from a little village up-state, and everything she did and everything she saw was a genuine thrill. To her the real life was in the glare of the Broadway calciums. Beauty on Broadway is handled like so much stocks. When something new in feminine pulchritude hits the street it sparkles up and down Broadway like forked lightning. If the girl is in a theatrical production the invasion of the Stage Door Johnnies begins immediately.

She is sought out, goes the highball, tango pace—unless she turns away her pursuers—and soon drops out of

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sight. Third Avenue tenements have hundreds of women who at one time dazzled cafe habitués by their beauty. New "flappers" crowd them out and through drink and drugs they finally drift with the flotsam and jetsam into the slums where no one hears of them again. It is a veritable Port of Missing Men and Women.

"Bobbie" Brown's mother had read the New York newspapers and had felt certain that if she came to the big city with her daughter she would be able to guide her child's feet away from the snares and pitfalls. All went well for the first few months. "Bobbie" had no trouble in getting an engagement. Theatrical managers will pay for beauty when sometimes they snub talent. Every evening "Bobbie's" mother met her and they went home together. The Stage Door Johnnies knew of "Bobbie," and they were circling around her, ready to pick her up and carry her away, but they wanted the mother's vigil relaxed. Patience has its reward and there came a time when "Bobbie" went to the theatre alone and came home alone.

Mysterious boxes of candy with notes tucked in them began to reach her dressing room. Flowers came in profusion and slowly the young girl was being sucked into the Broadway vortex. There came a time when she used to take short motor rides after the theatre. Then she would each night allow admirers to take her home in their cars, dropping her out around the corner from her home. "Bobbie" was getting a taste of Broadway and she loved it.

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The Buzzards were after her. Like the decayed phosphorescent fish, the Broadway Buzzards are good to look upon but are rotten under the skin.

Came the night when Bobbie and her friend were walking up Broadway from the theatre. They were both mere slips of girls and should have been in bed long before. A clothing store Apollo tipped his hat. "My car is waiting around the corner, girls," and little Bobbie Brown walked with him and stepped into the big, purring limousine which shot away like some living thing.

Little "Bobbie" was on her way to the Big Thrill.

Up through the myriad lights of glittering Broadway, and onto the cool avenues the car chugged its way. When Pelham Bay Park was reached the tang of the salted air had given the party of five an appetite. They drove up to the Pell Tree Inn, a city-owned restaurant which is rented to a concessionaire. The girls were given food and drink and little "Bobbie" was the most animated person present. The wine, the music, the dancers—it was wonderful to her.

About three o'clock the party started home. The moon was at its best and a joy-ride was probably natural. The roads would be clear at that time of night. "Bobbie" sat in the rear seat and the car chugged off into the night—the tail light gleaming red and ominous.

When the open asphalt road was reached the driver threw the lever into high speed, his foot went off the clutch and the merry party fairly flew along the glisten-

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ing road. Somebody started to sing. Little "Bobbie" joined in.

Faster and faster they skimmed along, seeming fairly to just touch the surface of the road.

A sudden shadow came up before them. The driver groaned. He knew what was coming. There was a crash, a scream and two flying motor cars leaped high into the air and fell in a mangled heap in the roadway. Little "Bobbie," crushed and bleeding, was the first to be rescued. She had been killed instantly and her companion, who invited her on the drive, was also dead nearby. The others were not badly injured. But two of them were married men—men whose wives were shocked to read their names in the list of the injured the next morning.

At the little Harlem flat, the mother was waiting for "Bobbie." Twice she had gone to the corner bareheaded to see her. Then a messenger came about dawn—a messenger from the hospital. He told her as gently as he could that "Bobbie" had passed on.

At the funeral all of the ponies who knew "Bobbie" were there. The mother made a public and pitiful appeal to the girls present. She warned them against the allurements of the stage door Johnnies and the highball, cocktail, tango accompaniments of the road houses and cafes.

The mother is going back to her little home town soon. The little cottage is waiting for her. In the attic upstairs is a box of toys—rag dolls, tin kitchens and blocks. "Bobbie" used to play with them. There is also a picture over

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the parlor mantle. It is a chubby faced child at the age of three. This is a picture of "Bobbie."

The mother will look at it often. It will speak volumes for what Broadway—the greatest street in the world—did for her.

After all, some mothers seem to be made to suffer.



Vernon and Irene and Monkeys



VERNON Castle and his wife Irene floated gracefully to a million dollar bank-account, country homes and the like on the wave of popular dancing that swept the country like wild-fire. Vernon who could easily qualify as a living skeleton with Barnum and Bailey, used to tote a spear in the chorus and it was hard to tell at times which was his left leg and which was his spear. His wife was the daughter of some Plebian types of New Rochelle—and there you are.

Vernon could buy the Shuberts and Klaw and Erlanger—a few years ago he was almost on his knees begging for

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work. He would be a "merry villager" in a musical comedy, or he would groan in a mob scene, or if needs be, would be a "footprint" in a production of Robinson Crusoe. To-day Vernon is one of Broadway's most famous dilettantes. He wears a sport shirt, to keep his neck out in the open air presumably, and he has long been addicted to the wrist watch and raspberry sundaes.

Mrs. Castle about a year ago fell afoul of a group of typhoid germs and it was necessary to bob her hair. She did it for safety first's sake and now every squab, chicken and old hen on Broadway is doing it because it has become the fashion. Thus from a little acorn do mighty oaks sprout.

Mrs. Vernon Castle today is the pace-maker for styles in New York. She not only sets the pace for the fast and loose Broadway crowds but for stately grand dames and young girls on Fifth avenue. Her gowns are designed and made free because the person who makes them knows they will instantly become popular and thousands of dollars will be added to the costume designer's bank account.

Not long ago Mrs. Castle appeared at the fashionable Belmont track carrying a monkey and wearing a man's plug hat. It was about the most ridiculous lay-out that could be imagined, and on a burlesque stage, if the same costume was worn, a lot of red-necked truck drivers would have toppled from their seats with mirth.

New York smiled and then grew quite serious about it. The next week the monkey season opened with a dinner

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dance to the Simian younger set. The idea of the dinner was to give the monkey and marmosets a status as fashionable companions. The dance was held on the roof of the Majestic Hotel and the manager should have known better. The hotel is one of the largest in New York and overlooks Central Park. The guest of honor was to have been Mrs. Castle's little monkey Tweety, who had already made her debut. At the last moment, however, Tweety got the sniffles and the owner was afraid to take the poor dear out.

There were five other pet monkeys present, however, and perfectly groomed and beribboned they entered gayly into the merry spirit of the evening. Their very chatter was provocative of conversation. After the dinner the monkeys were taxicabbed home.

And yet there are a lot of people who wonder why the Socialist party is growing and why some men throw bombs!

Vernon Castle and Irene can be seen almost any pleasant day on Broadway in a huge, purple and old gold limousine with a liveried chauffeur dressed like he might be a Brigadier General. In the rear seat may be seen Vernon in some creamy creation, powdered and perfumed. His lavender silk sport shirt askew at the collar and his hat at a rakish angle which well might say: "Come on boys another nut sundae. What do we care." Vernon is the kind of a fellow who might stagger out of a soda fountain any day—so devil-may-care and reckless is he.

Seated by his side is Mrs. Castle with some new gewgaw in her bobbed hair and the latest word in millinery on

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her head. She will probably be coddling a monkey while Vernon is nonchalantly perusing some French journal. The whole effect is studied. It is a staged effort to awe the Hicks of Broadway—and they certainly get away with it. Traffic suspends and the famous thoroughfare is in an uproar.

The Castles have a dancing place down at Long Beach. An astute management pays them fabulous sums to use their names; there are several places in town that are named after them and from which they draw weekly stipends that would trip up a nimble greyhound.

Phonograph makers, hat, clothes, shoes and candlestick makers also pay them large sums to use their names. Vernon and Irene will indorse anything if you pay them enough. What their endorsement would mean to anything—we cannot understand. In fact it would immediately discourage us from purchasing it.

The Castles are great dancers. Those who understand the real art of terpsichore say that every movement of their lithe, swaying bodies embodies all that is graceful and pleasing in dancing. As dancers we take off our hats to them—but we think they are about the most insipid looking couple we ever saw. Vernon has the squirrel teeth so popular with the Haw Haw boys who come from deah ol' Lunnon. He has the loose silly smile that helps to fill our imbecile asylums and he affects a most disgusting English accent which is no more genuine than the gold brick sold to

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you by the gentleman of easy conversation at the county fair.

Perhaps we are wrong but somehow it always rubs us the wrong way to see such types of indolent riches. There are too many red-corpuscled men and women in the world who are really doing things and living in hall bed-rooms and dying unsung. We think of them, their struggles, their hopes, their long toil at nights to secure an education, the good they do in the world—and then we see a couple of addle-pated whipper snappers dance magically into a life of untold luxury and ease.

As Goldberg would say: "It's all wrong, Abelard, its all wrong."



A Bit of Human Flotsam



SOMEONE has well said, "No matter how small a community one lives in, if you look about you it will not be hard to find tragedy." As we write these lines, a case is being heard before the supreme court of North Dakota—right here in the little city of Bismarck—that is tragic in its denouements, yet filled with love and

sighs, with grief and longing and anxiety.

The scene is staged in the spacious chamber of the house of representatives in the capitol building. It is a habeas corpus case, brought to decide the rightful possession of a little golden-haired, blue-eyed boy of eight years.

High up at the speaker's desk, behind massive carvings

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of oak, five serious-faced and dignified judges preside at the supreme bar of justice. Below are the reporters and court officers, while seated at long tables, practically buried among a mass of legal documents and law books, are fully a dozen members of the bar, fighting as if for the life of their client.

On the west side of the spacious legislative hall sits a neat little woman dressed in black, weeping at times. On one side is her husband, emotionless, while on the other side is a bright-eyed little fellow of six years, who is her son. Back of them is a score of witnesses ready to testify in her behalf. With her is also a pale-faced nurse who attended her at the time her first son was born—the child this mother is now fighting for. On the east side of the hall are the foster parents, who love the child as well as if he were their own flesh and blood. Back of them is an array of witnesses from various states, who have come to lend their mite that little Herbert may remain with them.

The little boy in question is Herbert, the adopted son of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Clark, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

As we viewed the scene of this court we were impressed with the story that it told. On the south of the United States we have a nation in a state of revolution, a place where throughout its length and breadth a man's life is not worth his hide for tanning. Across the waters the entire eastern hemisphere is torn asunder by war. Millions of lives are being sacrificed and whole empires devastated. Yet here in the United States, here in the splendid state

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of North Dakota, sits the highest tribunal of justice, listening patiently for a solid week to the testimony of many witnesses and to the arguments of lawyers, all to determine the possession, future welfare and happiness of one little citizen. Is it not a glorious thought?

But to get to the story.

On the 28th day of February, 1907, two young people married in Iowa, and moved to North Dakota. On the 1st day of September following, a baby boy was born to them. The parents, not wishing relatives and friends in their home town to know of the early birth of a child, hired the nurse to take it in charge until such time as they might arrange to claim it. Night and day the mother wept for the babe which had been taken from her breast, but the opportune time for taking it again did not seem to arrive. The nurse being busy with her profession could not mother the child, and the parents could not afford to pay her to devote her entire time to it. When occupied with her work, the nurse left it with various people. Some times the little fellow was in Iowa, again in Chicago, again in North Dakota, then in Massachusetts, and at one time in New York City. Finally the nurse had to go to Europe with a blind brother, and this little bit of flotsam was wafted across the Atlantic to Germany. After several months in Germany she returned, clinging to the waif.

After being hawked about the country, left in innumerable places, always among strangers, and no one ever knowing the child's true name, its origin or rightful parents, it

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finally was left with the Sunshine Society of Cedar Rapids. With his golden hair, his blue eyes, his bright, beautiful face, his pleasing presence and sunny disposition, he made friends wherever he went, and scores of people offered to give him a home with every advantage of money and social position. Once he disappeared and was missing for a long time, then a telegram announced to the matron of the Sunshine Society that he was on a certain train which was soon to arrive in Cedar Rapids, and the little fellow was greeted with sobs of joy and kisses. Where he came from was not known, but he had returned. The matron of the children's home finally being unable to trace any real sponsor for the little piece of humanity, allowed Mr. and Mrs. Clark to adopt him. At last he had a home, and his little heart seemed to be as happy as were his benefactors.

One day, only a few months ago, Mr. and Mrs. Clark were on their way to the western coast and stopped off in Bismarck on business. Here lurked the bogey man, for the Clarks were served with habeas corpus papers, and it was claimed that the real parents lived in this state and demanded their child.

And now it is up to the wise judges of the supreme court to determine with whom this little fellow will make his home hereafter. He knows not the parties who claim to be his real parents, yet they yearn for him, believing him to be their own flesh and blood. On the other hand he knows no other real home than that of the Clarks. There

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are his playmates, his home and his familiar surroundings. He knows his foster parents only as if they were his real parents. Both parties in the case appeal to the court to give them the child, and one is reminded of that case in the scriptures where King Solomon was called upon to determine the true mother of the child. But his process of determining the question cannot be applied today. In tears and prayers the parties who believe this little prize to be theirs beg that they may be allowed to take him home with them, while in deepest supplication the foster parents await in equal anxiety and with the hope in their hearts that the boy will be left to them. To send him back to Iowa will break the mother's heart, while to take him from his foster parents and send him to the prairie home will bring grief to his benefactors and possibly cast a cloud of unhappiness upon the life of the unfortunate child. Oh, if the Divine Ruler could but determine the issue and heal the wounds that will be caused in either decision of the case, what a relief it would be!

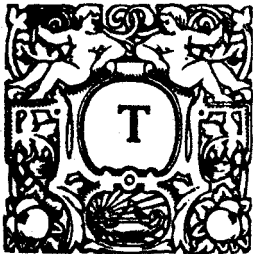
On both sides of the case there is pathos, mystery and anxiety. On both sides there are tears mixed with subdued anger, while the public sits in speculation as to the outcome and is divided in its opinions. It certainly is a solemn warning to all that motherhood is noble, even though it be outside the pale of conventionality and the customs of society, and that when a little one is sent, it is God's command and the parents' duty that the child be cared for, loved and reared properly, for no one can tell

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how it will cling to the heart strings in time to come, and if once neglected the time may arrive when the wrath of a just God will be poured out upon those who would so ruthlessly violate his mandates.



Dr. Dwight Hillis—Hypocrite



HE Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis has for years occupied the pulpit of Henry Ward Beecher in the old Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn—the city of churches. He has been held up as a paragon of virtue for the youths of the country. One could almost see his wings sprouting, such a saintly soul was he. Long faces and the ability to spurt platitudes, however, it would seem, do not make a man a true preacher of the gospel.

Dr. Hillis has written books and newspaper articles that fairly breathed spiritual power. All of this was true of him until a few weeks ago, when he became the storm center of a church scandal that has caused Brooklyn tongues

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to wag as never before. Dr. Hillis, he admits, began to dabble in stocks. His was a congregation of bank rolls, and he made a lot of money. He wasn't satisfied, however, and began to flirt with Wall Street brokers, and zip went another thousand, and it kept on zipping until the Rev. Dr. Hillis was about as free of money as a bedbug is of discrimination.

But that didn't deter him from getting up in the pulpit every Sunday morning—the sanctimonious old hypocrite—and chanting of the beauties of the virtuous life and painting high-flown word pictures of the Pearly Gates. Not on your golden collection plate!

He was ordained to be God's prophet to the people, and instead he became a frenzied financier—but all the time he was telling his flock how to be good. If he had been a poorly paid minister most of us could have forgiven him. For flesh is weak, and the poor parish minister does well if he gets three square meals a day for himself and his family.

Dr. Hillis didn't need to speculate, and if he did speculate, he didn't have to draw other people into it. He not only speculated himself but advised others. Although he says in his appeal for "My dear friends to rally about me," that the panic of 1907 left him "indirectly" responsible for others.

He also sheds a few crocodile tears and says he fears his example "might be bad." Great Caesar, could any example be worse? This powerful, influential preacher gam-

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bling. Personally we would think a lot more of him if he had gone out publicly and got hell-roaring drunk. Sometimes there are folk who simply have to blow off steam—and a harmless drunk seems to be about their only way of doing it.

The grand stand play made by Hillis to his flock after the exposure was about as disgusting as could be imagined. Instead of stepping out of the pulpit so they could find a better man—and they wouldn't have to go far, either—he began to work on the sympathies of the congregation. The esteem with which he is held by his own family was shown when Percy D. Hillis, a nephew, brought suit for \$50,000 libel against his uncle shortly after the exposure. It seems that the Rev. Dr. wanted to shift some blame.

Behold the man, though, after the exposure. It is Sunday morning in Brooklyn. The church is taxed to capacity and the pastor steps into his pulpit. It was the first time they had seen him for some months. He had been away on his summer "vacation," delivering a lecture tour 72 times.

With daring hypocrisy he announced the hymn:

Oh, Thou by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide.

He was making a play for sympathy in a pulpit he had dishonored. He said he was trying to provide for his family. Oh, the hypocrisy of this minister and other ministers who advise their poor to put their trust in an all omnipo-

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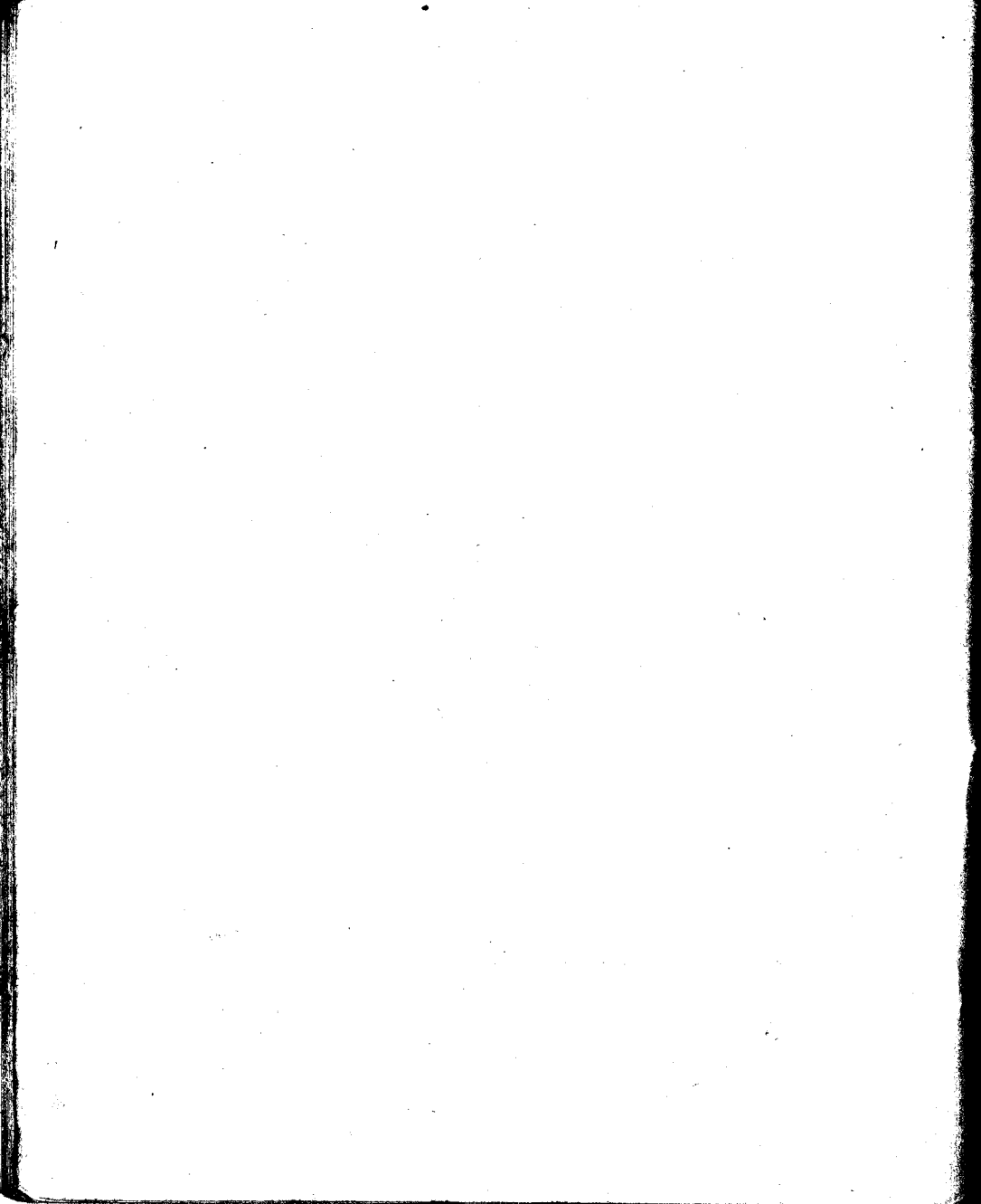
tent Maker—and then slide out the back door to mail a check to the broker. He shouts to the high Heavens that the Lord will take care of His sheep, and then gambles in the stock market to make a fortune so his family will not starve.

Dr. Hillis wrote books that were supposed to be a mental and spiritual stimulus for the young theological students. How their faith must be shattered!

Dr. Hillis was a wonderful man—a power in his city and practically all over the world through his writings. He betrayed a most sacred trust and until he has shown his flock that he has reformed himself, he has no right to try to reform them.

By the power of his words at the “plea for support” he aroused his congregation to great fervor. They flocked to the chancel rail to wring his hand, when possibly they would have liked the day before to wring his neck. But such is the power of oratory.

What sins are committed in thy name!



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