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Jim Jam Jems: February 1916

Sam H. Clark

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Jim Jam Gems

by JIM JAM JUNIOR



A VOLLEY OF TRUTH

Jim Jam Jems

By Jim Jam Junior





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

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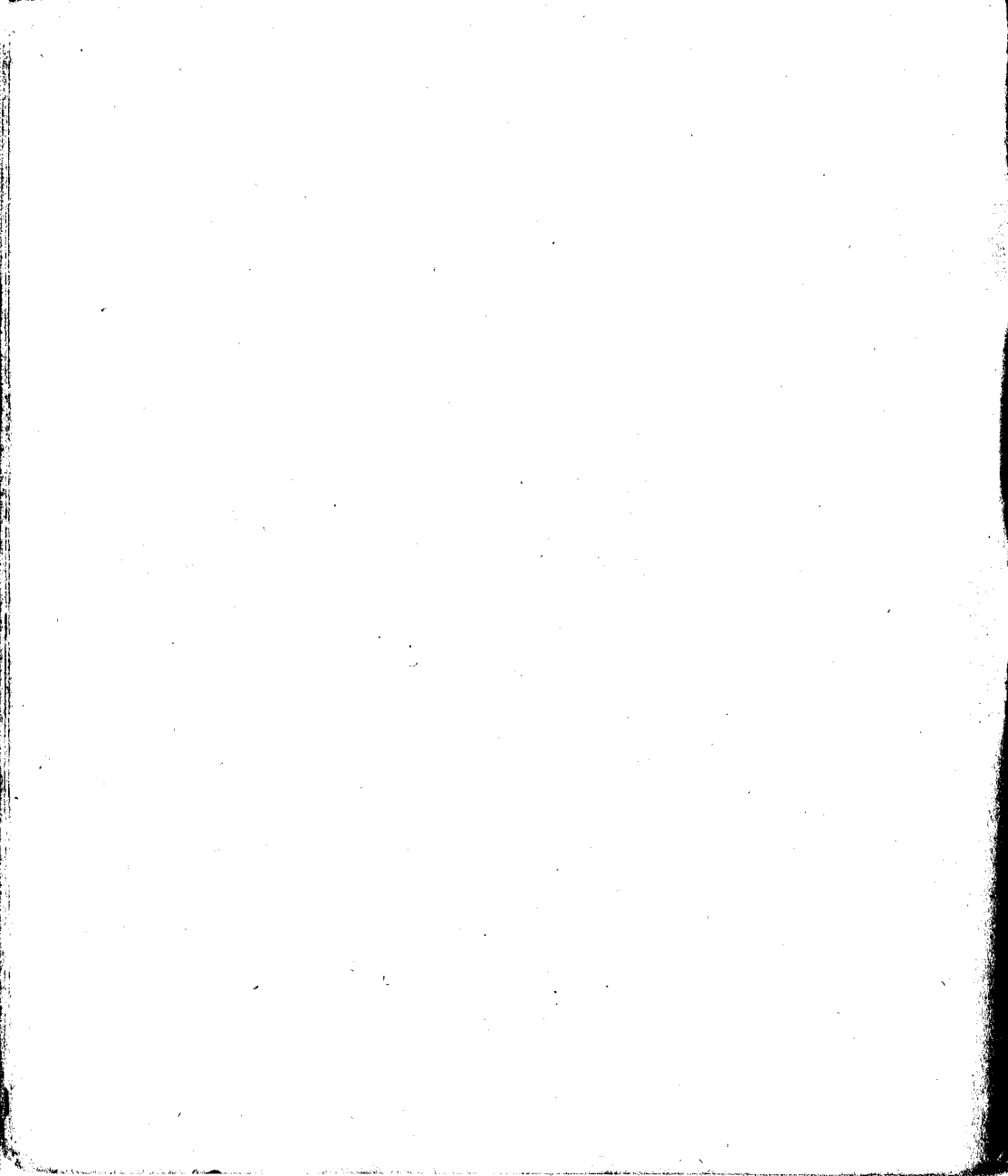


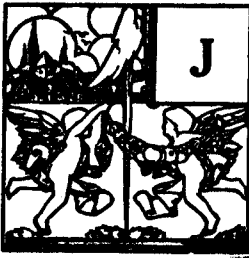
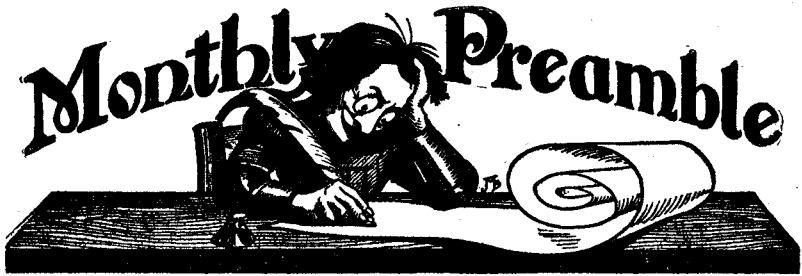
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JIM JAM JUNIOR, while our overworked typewriter clicks this off, is somewhere in war-swept Europe—we know not where. His plunge into pacifism—as an onlooker only—has swerved us into the primrose path of literature, and here we are preambbling along just as if we knew what we were going to write about.

Once before we had to turn to the role of preambbling when our partner was laid low by a valiant army of typhoid bugs in Spokane, and now the task falls to us because he decided to dash over the bounding main to see just what all of this European wrangle is about. He has a penchant

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for being where the excitement is most intense and we were not surprised when he called us up just an hour before he started, with the palpitating information that he was off for New York to engage in a little peace expedition with Henry Ford.

He knew very little about the Ford plans. He had been invited to enter the theatre of war, and the peace voyage offered him the golden opportunity to go, not as a peace-maker, but as a reporter of facts for Jim Jam Jems. He wanted to be there while world history was being made, and so, clad in the armor of a true knight—furnished by a tailor in Minneapolis—he fared forth to woo the elusive god, Mars. He has crossed, and will soon re-cross, but that does not mean that he has been double-crossed, for we will venture the advance information that he has some startling facts to give to the readers of Jim Jam Jems in his own characteristic way.

Henry Ford is already back home, a little crushed, but determined. We do not know what our partner thinks of the peace expedition. Only a cable regarding business matters has been received, but we do know that his notebook is crammed with the interesting sidelights of conditions as he found them.

We have received but one letter and that was written on December 17, while crossing the North Sea. Whether he is in Scandinavia, Germany, France, England, Holland or hades, we don't know, but it is a safe bet he is getting

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enough ammunition to fire many "volleys of truth" when he returns. In his letter Jim Jam Junior stated he was sending us two stories for this issue. Whether they were copped off by the censor, or destroyed by their own heat en route is a matter of conjecture—but they never arrived.

Many things have happened since our partner sailed on the good ship Oscar. This old terrestrial sphere indeed does flit. The president of our more or less United States has taken unto himself the fair Mrs. Galt and survived the honeymooning, thus furnishing bales of zippy copy for the sob sisters and giving the world a temporary relief from "note-writing," with all of its "strict accountability," and other Princeton terms.

Huerta is now a "good Indian"—which means that he has passed from mortal view just as hell has broken loose again down in Mexico. Villa, with a blood dripping knife in his teeth, has been on a rampage, and many innocent bystanding Americans have made a quick exit from this world of woe by way of Mexican bullets properly placed anatomically.

Vernon Castle with his nimbly skipping feet, started out for the war zone several months ago, and has been vainly searching for the scene of hostilities all the way from Maine to Frisco ever since, but he is still "in our midst." He is going to abandon his quest long enough, so an Associated Press "flash" informs us, to return to dancing with Mrs. Castle, which goes to show just how gullible editors

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are, and how easily they will make a man famous who in reality ought to be toting a spear and singing "We are the merry villagers, tra, la, la."

But despite the war, Vernon Castle et al., it is not splurging a platitude to say that after all this is a pretty good old world. When we turn back to hazy memory we recall that only a few short months ago the principal keeper out at Leavenworth was dusting off the lone chairs in our reserved cells, and the chief tonsorial artist was getting ready to clip our hair—but not our wings. You cannot down our enthusiasm for Jim Jam Jems. We believe in it so thoroughly that we live, move and have our being with this little volley of truth. We have done a lot of good, if we do say it ourself, and thank whatever gods there be that we are saturated with optimism.

Come to think it over, there is really no reason why we should not be both satisfied and contented. The boys have just handed in the report of business for the past year, and we note that our income tax will be about the same, which is just another way of saying that business is good. There is every reason for happiness. We have just passed another wedding anniversary, the eighth, and with a happy little woman, two ambitious children, so much work that we couldn't get into mischief if we wanted to—and a bunch of friends, why shouldn't the world look bright?

That is just where we as Jim Jam Junior's partner, find ourself tonight. At the time he sailed for Europe

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we were even then deluged with so many interests that we only saw the family by gaslight—between midnight and daylight—and when he swung onto the Pullman with, “Sit on the pop valve and be careful what you say,” we went back home, packed up wife and babies and shipped them to Los Angeles in order that we might work all the time without interruption, and while they gambol on the green in sunny southern California, “father” must make it an indoor sport these winter evenings if he wishes a like recreation in North Dakota.

We are beginning to realize that there is some work in the editorial department of a magazine and that the labor is not all in the business office as we have always thought. Preambling is no joke. Then again the season is wrong. Winter time in North Dakota with the thermometer frozen up is no time to let even your mind wander. Cartoonist Baer is always emphasizing the fact that to be impressive there must be action, and we are handicapped again on account of the winter—not enough chance for action. Our regular readers will recall that on various occasions Jim Jam Junior is wont to take a spin in his auto of an evening, thereby clearing away the cobwebs, dusting off the brain, as it were, and in the next issue you read of the joys of a solitary joy rider or scooping up a stray cow while driving sixty miles an hour. Now we have a car which is just as speedy, and we have just as much fun with it in our mild way, but he leaves this editorial stunt to us at a time when automobile stories

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are out of season and under the circumstances we can't even spring the latest Ford joke; we can't go back into our past and dig up any thrilling escapades with the fair sex, for eight years of married life has taught us to follow out a safety first policy and deny everything, and we dare not confess a single thing for the entertainment of our friends—yet we will do the best we can to hold the audience till Jim Jam Junior returns and the real act is resumed in all its attractiveness.

Even at that we wandered, but we are back now and must be thinking of other things. It is not ours to entertain, but to look after sales, shipments, collections, liquidations, feed the cat—and occasionally the kitty—and do other coarse hand work. Read the things we have for you this month and remember that your host is the business manager, who feels much more at home writing a check than a preamble.

J I M J A M J E M S

By *H. Crookard.*

Business Manager

THE DOG AND HIS VOMIT



S the dog returns to his vomit, so the fool returns to his folly," has been truthfully said, and can appropriately be applied to Minneapolis abortionists. We certainly stepped on the tail of a viper when we stumbled onto Dr. M. A. Hatch, of Minneapolis, during our search for another. This prolific old abortionist, spoiler of women's lives, illustrious member of the American Medical Association, and other disreputable et ceteras, is again in the toils. Notwithstanding the fact that he was arrested a few weeks ago on the charge of performing abortions, and that he was again arrested charged with causing the

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death of one Helen Davis, through abortion, and released on \$10,000 bail, he went forthwith from the portals of the court and proceeded to again bathe his hands in the blood of another woman through criminal practice, and to allow her to die from the effects. As a result he was arrested once more, and, being unable to secure bail, was remanded to the bastille to await the court's disposal of his various cases.

We cannot conceive of a microbe which could burrow itself so deeply into a man's brain as to drive him head-on into the very practice which had already plunged him into the vortex of perdition. It is nothing but perversion—that's all.

For years Dr. Hatch has been following his damnable practice. He knew it was unprofessional; he knew it was fraught with danger; he knew it was a case of walking the plank straight to the penitentiary; he knew that it was but a matter of time till the axe fell on his neck; he saw the case of Dr. Hunter, and instead of taking warning, he continued in the way of his infamous fellow practitioner, and persisted in breaking into the pen. The habit with Dr. Hatch, and those of his ilk, is like that of an untidy cat about the house. He cannot be broken of his offenses; he can be chastised, but without effect; his nose may be rubbed in it, but he continues his filthy routine.

It was last summer that we first ran across Dr. Hatch. The net was set for him and we waited. It was not long

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till he showed up in the case of Mrs. Jere Miller, who gave up her wedding ring as security for the operation. Mrs. Miller died, but Hatch escaped with a little notoriety. In November his home was raided by the police and several women in all stages of convalescence from abortions were found. The records of cases found in his office revealed the horrible conditions surrounding his unlawful practices. He was arrested. One of the girls died. His bond was placed at \$10,000 and he was allowed to enjoy for awhile his restrained liberty. Any man who was not case-hardened in crime would have taken warning and would have quit his criminal operations—but not so with Dr. Hatch.

No sooner was he outside jail than he tackled another job, that of Mrs. Moses Gruenberg. This also resulted in the death of the woman and he was again arrested. This time he was unable to furnish bail and remained in the toils for several days. He finally found two friends who came to the rescue and he was again released. Dr. Hatch now faces seven indictments.

In the name of the honor of the medical profession, in the name of humanity and in the name of pure motherhood, where is this damnable practice to cease. Think of the innocent girls, healthy women, and even the wives, who are being butchered, torn, poisoned, mutilated, crippled and ruined through the bungling of these wretches,

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who commit their villainous deeds for a few paltry dollars.

It is claimed by those who went over the card records and letters found in Dr. Hatch's office, that there were horrible revelations. Among them there were three cards bearing the name of Dr. Hunter, who was then under sentence and out on appeal bond. There were names of some of the highbrow members of the American Medical Association, and a number of them reside in South Dakota, who, no doubt, got a commission for sending the cases. There is little doubt that Dr. Hatch will follow Dr. Hunter in his sojourn in Stillwater prison. They will be a lonesome pair with no work in their special line, and then, if Mrs. Newell, who is out on bond pending an appeal, arrives, the three of them can visit over old times, but she must keep her fingers crossed, lest through force of habit, and desire to keep in practice, they might, during their unguarded moments, resort to their old tricks, and give her a dose of her own medicine.

There has been some criticism of the action of Chief of Police Martinson, questioning his right to raid the Hatch abortion mill, but he first thoroughly satisfied himself that crimes were being committed there continuously, and believed it was his duty to raid it. He found his suspicions true, which justified his act.

Jim Jam Jems feels justly pleased because of the capture of this third old offender, and believes he will, through

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the diligence of County Attorney Rees, and his assistants, Newton and Rivkin, succeed in landing him where he belongs. It was a long, hard and expensive fight which this magazine put up in order to get the ball rolling, but now that it is in motion, the momentum is irresistible.

As this issue goes to press, Dr. Hatch is on trial for the death of Helen Davis, with the chances strong for conviction. It matters not which way this case goes, he has yet to face six more indictments. So strong is the evidence that we have faith that the Minnesota jury will give the old criminal his just deserts.

Motherhood is the most holy benediction of God, the best gift which nature can bestow upon womankind. But when women find themselves enmeshed in the tangle of illegitimate motherhood, it is considered the worst trouble which can befall them. A good price is generally offered for delivery from the trouble. The price is not always paid in dollars alone, but also in loss of health and often in death. The unfortunate woman's system is disorganized. Her body is racked, torn and terribly abused. Nature unwillingly gives up that which God intended for a blessing; that little creature which is of her flesh and blood, designed for her happiness throughout life, and her protection and support in the declining and helpless years. Is it any wonder that God placed His pains and His curse upon the abortion? Is it any wonder that in His divine plan He placed a heavy price upon the woman and the malpractitioner who chose to violate it?

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Minneapolis is but one of thousands of cities where this awful crime is being carried on in wholesale, and there are thousands of Dr. Hunters, Dr. Hatches and Mrs. Newells. The medical profession is largely to blame for the number of disreputables among its members. If the American Medical Association would spend half the energy in ridding itself of its bad eggs that it does in persecuting some members who disregard its whims and ethics, there would be a more wholesome atmosphere cast about that gigantic trust of pills, powders and catheters.



Nan's Pajamaless Pajama Party



THIS is a cruel old world. It often occurs that about the time one thinks he is to enjoy its beauties and pleasures, when things are running along like a May party, some jynx bobs up, turns off the sunshine, breaks up the party and spoils the fun. For instance, it is hard enough to try to have a pajama party minus any pajamas to work with, without having the party broken up by a rude husband, be chased a block without time to dress, and finally yanked back into the house against one's will and compelled to await the arrival of two burly policemen for an explanation.

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But, according to reports, this seems to have been the cruel fate which befell Major E. B. Lloyd, former head of a military academy at Dixon, Ill., who with two companions, visited Mrs. Henry J. Gottschalk, of Chicago, while her husband was away.

Now Henry is suing Nancy for divorce and has had his mail changed to 4510 Magnolia avenue—for he “doesn’t board at the old place any more.” In the meantime Nancy is stopping at 6232 Evans avenue, and the home at 4535 Sheridan Road is vacant.

Nan says there wasn’t anything bad about it at all; it was just the way it looked to outsiders. Henry is a very busy man, his calling being that of conducting a horse bazaar, which naturally takes him from home frequently. When Henry was away Nan was lonesome, and of course in her prosy hours, fairy tales and visions of gaiety frolicked in her head. On a recent occasion Henry was called to Ottawa. Nan had a friend who is a blonde. Evidently Nan thought it would beguile the evening to have this pal and her friend, the Major, call, which they did, for there certainly could be nothing wrong in that. (Henry says there were two men.) But what puzzles the public—and Henry—is, what motive prompted the women to garb themselves in their nighties while the Major wore only his trousers.

The only plausible solution of the problem is that they had engaged in a game of “take-off” whist—the penalty of which is that for each defeat the parties who are beaten

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must remove one piece of clothing, and, after several games they were interrupted before they had a chance to rehabilitate.

But to return to the drudgery of Henry's routine. He received a long-distance telephone call while in Ottawa, asking that he hurry back to Chicago; man wanted to see him. Cutting his visit a day short he returned at once. Approaching the home at 10:45 p., Henry's heart was cheered by the sight of a light in the apartment. He rushed up to the door, inserted his latch key, but there was an obstruction. Forcing his way in, he was astonished at the scene which he beheld. Nan was clad in her nightgown, while the other woman was trying to slip a kimono over her slumbering robe. A man went through the window—Henry says—while another went through the door. He gave chase, caught one who proved to be the Major, hauled him back into the house and called the police to attend the closing ceremonies of the party.

The two policemen said the women had put some clothes on when they had arrived, but that the Major was clad only in his trousers, which would hardly pass as evening dress at a well regulated party.

But, now for Nan's side of the story. She says she is out to fight her husband to the last ditch for there is nothing to the tale. She says that living with Henry was hell, and she would have agreed to almost anything to get rid of him. Says she had deeded him all her property and even consented that he divorce her on the charge of in-

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fidelity providing he would do it quietly, but now that he has given out statements to the public against her character, she will go to the mat with him and assist him all she can in enjoying the muss which he has made. Nan admits that the Major was there, and further, that he had his coat and collar off on account of the heat; that her pal, the blonde, was also there, but she denies that there was a second man, or that they ran away. She claims she let her husband in, and there was nothing unusual in conditions, but that he became excited, blew up and made a complete damphool of himself, and is now talking for effect.

Nan is a pretty fair looker in street costume, and it is safe to assume that she is much more attractive in a slumbering robe of gauze. Then, didn't the Major have a right to call upon her with a friend and, with their permission, lay off his coat and cravat?

But why should Henry kick up all this fuss? Has the reader ever considered that things are pretty well balanced, after all? In cases where man and wife cannot get along together; where life is a hell for both; they do not nor cannot love; neither can they live true or happy—why not make it a matter of business, like buying an automobile? Suppose Nan had a machine which was out of date; had to be cranked before each ride; lacked speed and had an unsafe steering-gear, would it not be well for her to get a self-starter, a speeder, a safe steering-gear, one with such other good points as would better suit her tastes?

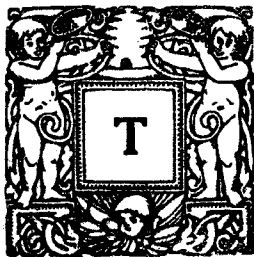
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On the other hand, suppose Henry wanted one with a streamline body, shock absorbers, better cushions and one which would be easier to keep in the road, why shouldn't he get it? The most fastidious can be suited today.

So common is the event for women clad in slumbering robes to entertain men, that Nan's soiree can hardly be termed as exceptional, and the custom is so old that it cannot be referred to as a new departure or as a precedent. This applies likewise to men in pajamas or in scant attire, and while such raiment complies perfectly with a custom as old as time, and has been adopted by certain classes of all nations, yet it cannot be considered as acceptable or practical in well-regulated families, especially when the man-o'-the-house is liable to become a sudden and unwelcome guest.

But Nan and her pal have charms, and they evidently enjoy displaying them. They had an appreciative audience, their bodies and brains tingled with a desire to entertain in a most sensational manner, and they were doing the best they could, when that jynx of a husband dropped in. The whole story and situation resolves itself into the substance of the old saying, "Be good and you will be happy, though lonesome."

Married His White Slave



HE way to “spread eagle” around the Mann White Slave law is a simple little matter. All one has to do—if one cares for such things—is to marry the “white slave.” Thus by a process of matrimony and elimination you eliminate the chief witness. This startling process of hiding behind a woman’s skirts has been carried out by Maury Diggs, a rich and prominent Sacramento youth, who looked long upon the wine when it bubbled. Diggs has just married Miss Marsha Warrington, who was the “white slave” he took from Sacramento to Reno, Nev. By this highly romantic act young Diggs has very cleverly robbed the United States prosecuting officers of the best witness they had against him, who will be sorely needed at

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the new trial if the Supreme Court grants one. No wife, the law plainly states, can be made to testify against her husband.

The Diggs-Caminetti case has been a national scandal. It is much to the roquefort, and shows how blithely wealth can circle around the law and, with thumb at the nose, wiggle at its majesty.

It was in March, 1913, that the United States sleuths collared the gay and debonaire F. Drew Caminetti and Maury I. Diggs. They were not professional "white slavers," but what is about as bad, they were both married and had fine young wives—far too good for them. Instead of sticking to their virtuous couches they preferred the amorous beds of the grisettes.

Diggs and Caminetti had been skylarking around Sacramento with the girls for the purposes of fornication. They played the grills and the resorts of the city until the wagging tongues began to clatter of scandal. Diggs and Caminetti had the aristocracy of wealth and ancestors to uphold them, but their secret liaisons soon became too public and so despite the fact that they were married and had children, they skipped out with Marsha Warrington, aged 20, and Lola Norris, aged 19, to Reno, where the conventions were not so strict. Both of the girls were promised marriage after the two husbands should have divorced their trusting wives.

Caminetti raised the money for the trip from Sacramento to Reno, and the four traveled as married couples,

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occupying the same stateroom on the night train. Kimona and pajama clad they carried on high carnival as the midnight choo-choo sped through the darkness. That was the existence.

Reaching Reno tired and weary, they registered at a nifty hotel as married, and occupied adjoining rooms with a bath between. One bath was enough for the four—for what cared they for bathing?

Diggs went out and scoured the city for a place where they would have a little more quiet than in the scandal-monging atmosphere of the hotel. He found a four-room bungalow and rented it. He represented to the agent that the party was from Los Angeles and intended to spend six months in Reno. They lived in the bungalow for three days and then the cruel hand of the law descended.

Diggs and Marsha Warrington were occupying the front room and Caminetti and Lola Norris the rear. Their collective garments' would not have been sufficient to outfit a doll's wardrobe.

Diggs went to the back door one night and found the officers waiting. The girls dressed and the merry party, a little crestfallen, went back to Sacramento. In the course of the trial of young Diggs and Caminetti the government succeeded in abundantly proving its case, and both young men were convicted under the Federal law, which carries a maximum penalty of five years and \$5,000 fine.

Caminetti was sentenced to eighteen months in the Fed-

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eral penitentiary and fined \$1,500, and Diggs was sentenced to two years' imprisonment and a fine of \$2,000.

They appealed to the United States Circuit Court for a new trial. Last March this court refused to interfere, affirming the convictions. Then an application was made to the United States Supreme Court for a review of the convictions, which the court agreed to grant—and there the case now rests.

And now Diggs has married his "white slave." It is our opinion that Diggs is simply trying to dodge the yawning prison by hiding behind the skirts of the young woman whose life he has spoiled. It strikes us as being mean, low and caddish.

The Diggs-Caminetti affair was a crime of opportunity, of course. The laxity of social conditions and the lack of parental control made it possible. All through the case there is evidence of the cock-tail, cigarette-smoking influence on the young. The terribly debasing influence of the road-house which now skirts every city, was apparent.

If Maury Diggs is granted a new trial by the U. S. Supreme Court it is hardly probable that the government can convict him again, now that the "white slave" he led astray can seek the privilege of a wife and refuse to tell the story of her downfall.

And if this very thing happens, Congress should be forced to amend the Mann law so that this door of escape will be closed to future white slavers, who may seek to

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hide behind the protecting skirts of their "white slave" victims.

Young Diggs and Caminetti are not to be pitied any more than the ordinary white slaver, although a lot of crocodile tears are being shed over their plight. The persons most wounded by the tragedy of circumstances are the good wives and the innocent little children.

Both were not so young that they did not know better. They wormed their way into the affections of these young girls and then when the trail became too hot, ducked out to escape exposure. All the way through the case the so-called "white slaves" have been held up as shields to protect these young rascals.

Hear the story of Miss Warrington as told in court. She said: "I had known Maury Diggs for some time, and we were very close friends. Two weeks before we left for Reno, he told me that there was a scandal about to be published about the four of us, and that we would have to leave town.

"I was surprised, but he said we would have to go. Miss Norris was told and Caminetti joined Diggs in urging that we leave immediately. They told us that we would be arrested and subjected to the third degree.

"I believed him. He manifested affection for me, kissed me and discussed marriage with me, and said he would get a divorce and marry me. Caminetti told Lola the same thing. I had a strong affection for Diggs.

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“Finally we consented to go. The men decided on Reno. That night we met in a cafe. Caminetti went out to get some money. We went to the railroad station. I told Diggs I would stay in Sacramento. He said he cared too much for me and I would have to go. We got into a Pullman and Diggs engaged a drawing room. He paid the Pullman conductor.”

There you have the story of a trusting young girl—who might easily be led astray. And she subsequently was.



A Defense of The Germ



NOT satisfied with opening a few perfectly good bellies and absent-mindedly leaving therein a pair of scissors, a wad of tape and a few other little surgical knick-knacks, doctors are now going to amuse a long suffering public with honest-to-heaven duels with germs. We do not know the difference between a germ or a microbe, but we think we do know a bacilli. One swiped our watch one day while we were idly cooling our inwards with a glass of beer in a concert hall in Cincinnati. Perhaps it wasn't a bacilli—mayhap it was a concubine, but anyway, it was something like that. The most important thing was the loss of the watch.

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But then, time was ever wont to fly. (Deep and subtle stuff.) We were talking about duels though, and digressed for the moment. The first germ duel is to be fought by Dr. Charles M. Fischer, who musses around with bacteria for a living, and Dr. John Dill Robinson, Chicago's Commissioner of Poor Health.

The two eminent men have been back-talking and back-firing at each other for months. They bombarded the newspapers, button-holed their scientific friends and made themselves a nuisance generally over the subject of germs—as if anyone cared. We all know that—according to the medical highbrows—some little bug is going to get us some time, so we just go on our way trusting that the Lord may in the end have a little more power after all than a germ. But doctors say not.

The trouble with the two Chicago docs is over fresh air. Doc Robinson belongs to the open-window school of medicine, and believes street cars should have all the air possible, even to the point of blowing the whiskers of some ancient passenger into your face. So he keeps all street cars full of fresh air. Air being the only free thing you can get with a corporation anyway.

It seems that the wife of Doc Fischer left her Tin Lizzie at home one day and essayed to ride in the plebeian street car down into the loop district of Chicago. No sooner was she seated than a group of grippe germs, playing pinochle on the scruff of the motorman's neck, saw her,

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and each claimed the fair Doc Fischer's wife as his very own.

Germs have the same street car manners that Diamond Jim Brady has at the table and in a very short while Mrs. Fischer was watering at the eyes and a group of chills moved in and started a game of battledoor and shuttle cock up and down her back.

Then Doc Fischer accused Doc Robinson of not knowing as much about germs as he should. Every doctor, barber and street sweeper should know just what family a germ belongs to. Suppose a germ got lost—how could it be restored to its fond parents?

Says Doc Fischer to Doc Robinson: "You don't know the difference between a stapylococcus and an elephant?" And it made Doc Robinson mad as fury. Of course, we would not know a stapylococcus if one bit us on the hand, but Doc Robinson ought to know.

So they engaged in a general quarrel just like a couple of school kids fighting over the core of an apple.

Now, to make themselves more foolish, they are going personally to prepare five cultures of germs, all of common type, three of them nonpathogenic and two of them pathogenic. Of course you know what they are.

They are going to exchange the prepared cultures through a mutually selected referee, a man like Tex Ricard, who knows the nonpathogenic from the pathogenic.

Each of the doctors will personally examine and diagnose the cultures and pick out the three harmless ones.

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To show their faith in their ability to distinguish the harmless germs from the dangerous ones, they are going to inoculate themselves with the three cultures that they select as the safe ones.

Here is where we are to protest. Has this country fallen so that a germ hasn't any rights? Maybe these perfectly innocent germs don't like doctors; maybe they prefer pale, horn-rimmed professors or tango teachers.

A germ is a germ, and no matter how stupid it may be, it is some poor mother's darling. To be shot into Doc Robinson's skin may not be to these germs' fancy. Let the germs alone.

They are entitled to lead their own life, as sad as it may be. We do blame them for picking on Mrs. Fischer. The first rule of any germ should be never to bite a lady unless encouraged.

Germs have their place in this world. If it wasn't for them most doctors would be shouting "Cash Girl, Twenty-six out of a Dollar." The medical publications would go out of business, and then the doctors would not have the opportunity to herald to an eager world just how little they know.

Next thing we know we will be making germs salute the flag, just as we did—let us see, who was it saluted the flag down Mexico way? We have been on friendly terms with germs all of our life. We have traveled with them, slept with them, enjoyed their pleasures and their pains,

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and we hate to see them made into duelling instruments. It is mean, low and degrading.

All over this land there are self-respecting germs battling against the tide of fate. Mr. Rockefeller employs funny-looking scientists, with trick beards and eye glasses, to torture them. The aristocracy of wealth and position is against them.

Even the Japs join in the general warfare. Dr. Nagouchi who shot some poor outcast syphilis germs into a scrub lady over in New York just to try them out, is always snooping around with those long telescopic instruments, to search out the new family of germs and then christen them with a high sounding name.

Perhaps, after all, our defense of the germ is a wasted effort. Most of them seem to know how to take care of themselves.

And after all, it is pretty hard to keep a good germ down.



Censor! She's In Again



ABY Deslys, known to some as Garbage Disease—especially to those who are shy on their French—is back in our midst, kicking her toes heavenward and wearing just about enough clothes to cover a flute. Just now Gaby is disporting on the stage of the Globe theatre in New York. Crowds flock to see her just as if she was a regular actress, although she has just about as much talent as a piece of fricasseed sausage. She is short on art and long on the sensuous smirk and the suggestive kick, which, after all, is what those poor, bald-headed rams in the front row want—those gentlemen who have acquired the degree of T. B. M.—meaning tired business men.

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Gaby is no more fit to be the star of a show than the old apple woman on the corner. She was elevated to stardom by scandal and now the theatrical world is paying court at her feet—splurting adjectives with gay abandon to let the public know she is some doll. Gaby had a good press agent and he buncoed the various news organizations to believe that King Manny of Portugal was all het-up about her and that she succeeded finally in figuratively kicking off his crown.

It is our belief—founded on well authenticated facts—that the King cared no more for Gaby than any other peroxidized courtesan that he could pick up on the marts of Paris. He might have gone to see her at the theatre, and if he went the second time—he doesn't know talent when he sees it. He might have bought her wine, got spifflicated with her and done other things that make society lift its eyebrows—especially if found out—but he was not in love with her, and she had just about as much to do with him being kicked off the throne as Billy Sunday had. Internal political conditions were ripe for Manny to get the gate long before Gaby was showing her skinny legs nightly to the Parisian boulevardiers.

Always on the scent of smut, the Shuberts were the first to bring Gaby to this country. We mean Lee and Jake, and not the Messrs. Shubert as the New York newspaper critics are wont to call them. They are wont to call them that for fear that if they don't the Shuberts will withdraw their

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advertising—and any New York newspaper will prostitute its columns for advertising.

We will now get back to Gaby, the poor innocent, shrinking young thing. She first appeared at the Winter Garden. She cannot speak English, and she has about as much charm as a gold-fish—and is equally as fond of privacy as a goldfish.

Not only is she unable to speak English, but she cannot sing, and in our opinion she cannot dance. She tries to do all of these and is absolutely pitiable. The one redeeming feature is the way she wears her clothes—what few she wears. That does not require art, however. It only requires the artistic ability of a Paquin, Callot, Worth or Michael. They can make the clothes and any old lazarene can wear them and look reasonably human.

Raised to stardom in scandal, with a nasty affair with a King hanging over her, the crowds came. They cheered and said she was great and wondered just what she did to the King, and why he really did not go to an optician and avoid such an affair.

Gaby picked up with an East Side dancer named Harry Pilcer. You can see his type any day in the New York subway. He is pushing old women off their feet to get a seat, has his hair slicked back and is a first-class example of a first-class pimp.

Gaby took him into her life and transported him from the cheap saloons of the Bowery to the rarified atmosphere

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of Broadway with all the expensive trimmings. He became her one best bet and he is just about her calibre. His brow is low and his neck is rough with the scruffy effect. We have always been led to believe that somewhere tucked away in the cosy corner of la Belle France, Gaby's ancestral castle rears its proud battlements. As a matter of fact, she came from the most plebeian stock and she is herself plebeian. He is most ordinary, and the two are well mated. She takes him back to Paris when she goes, they return to this country together, and are met at the pier and fawned upon in a manner that makes a self-respecting person mentally sea-sick.

No wonder the stage has fallen into disgrace. No wonder the moving picture drama has come to stay, and that all over the country hundreds upon hundreds of seats are vacant every night where the spoken drama is given. To make a theatrical star out of such material as Gaby Deslys is an insult to the Julia Arthurs, the Bernharts, Otis Skinners, Henry Millers, Mrs. Fiskes and the like of the legitimate stage.

Gaby would do all right in a chorus, although she would look better in the back row. But she ought to be in a burlesque house, not where young men are liable to take decent young women. No blame can be attached, however, to Charles Dillingham, the manager. He is giving the public what it wants, and having thousands upon thous-

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ands at stake it is very little wonder that he resorts to the Gaby type when he knows it will fill the house.

The dramatic critics too are in a measure to blame. Instead of saying what they think about Gaby—and they know she is absolutely worthless so far as histrionic ability goes—they pour forth high sounding phrases of her ability, her beauty and figure. They should say what they really feel or they are not in any sense critics.

Gaby will probably remain on Broadway a year—maybe two. No one can tell.

In the meantime there are hundreds of young men and young girls, of excellent birth, who are trying earnestly to acquire and increase dramatic talent. They stand for all that is pure and noble in the theatrical world, yet they must suffer the ignominy of seeing a brazen hussy like Gaby transported from the bed of a tainted King and made the theatrical sensation of the day. It is no wonder that the theatrical folk are sick at heart.

There are splendid men and women crowning the profession, and, despite the sins of some, they have elevated themselves to a unique place in the world. They lead clean, honest and decent lives—owe no man, stand by their ideals and yet seem to get nowhere. If it is not the advance of the cinema, it is the advance of some kicking coryphee from Europe.

More girls of the chorus in New York are supporting mothers and fathers than in any other profession. No

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class of people give so much to charity—they give benefit after benefit for every cause, and give of their own purse, and yet they never ask or would accept a benefit for themselves.

When an actor goes broke—the populace laughs. Broke!
Actor! Great Joke!

It is mighty funny now, isn't it?



IMMORAL INDIA

BY REV. "GOLIGHTLY" MORRILL



THE letter "I" in India stands for indecency and immorality in nearly everything I saw from Calcutta to Bombay. Benares is washed by the Ganges, the worshippers are washed in the Ganges, and though every day is wash-day, still the city and people are dirty. They need a new Hercules to turn the Ganges through its

Augean stables, filled with holy fakirs, anointed priests, pestiferous pilgrims, obscene carvings and sacred bulls.

I entered the Cow Temple, stable of sitting and standing bulls. The bull is a beatified beast. Priests pet him, the godly natives garland his horns and kiss his tail, virgin votaries bathe their hands, beautify their faces and plaster

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their hair with the divine emanations which Dakota farmers use for fertilizer. The "Bull Durham" of India is some of the same, dried and mixed with a little tobacco and paper. I have often imagined that our yellow-fingered dudes imported it for cigaret purposes; at any rate it smells like it. Like another ill-fated Gulliver in the land of Giants, I slipped around in the filth until I got a shot at his royal Bullship with my kodak.

Benares is called the "Holy City," on the principle, I suppose, that "In religion, what damned error, but some sober brow will bless it and approve with a text." As well call ice hot, vinegar sweet, vice virtue, or hell heaven.

One morning we pious pilgrims left the ladies, who were not permitted to accompany us, and climbed to the secluded spot where stands the Nepalese Temple ornamented with gymnastic and obscene carvings that would make the red pictures of Pompeii blush with shame. These indecent figures of men and women, carved to please and pacify the Gods, are not mentioned in the guidebooks or referred to above a whisper in polite society. If this sex perversion marks the high tide of Buddhist faith I am ashamed, though I have photos of the carvings which I keep in my strong box packed in chloride of lime. Kali Hinduism may be bloody, but Buddhism here is beastly.

Almost as bad are the stone images and inscriptions in the Caves of Elephanta out from Bombay. The temple columns, aisles and figures are carved from the living rock. I looked at the bust of three-faced Siva and noted

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the stylish headdress; saw another figure with cap ornament of human skulls; Virag, half male and female, and the Siva shrine with the "lingam" altar, before which millions of barren wives and hopeless girls had prostrated and prostituted themselves in Sivaite festivals. The temple keeper beckoned me to one side and gave me a private lecture on these "lingam," phallus or priapus symbols, of sex-organ worship which I had found in other lands. While he proceeded my blush illuminated the dark cave, and as I left the "altar," a lady of our party approached and asked me what I had been looking at and what the guide said. I replied, "Forget it." She wouldn't, I couldn't, and since she was past middle age and married, I looked her square in the eye and reeled it off as if it were an Edison record. "Thank you," she said, "It is always well to know about religion from a priest." I told her I was no priest, and this was no religion. There was a pool of clear water here and the frogs, big as turtles, were standing on their hind legs, with folded arms and eyes wide open with amazement, as if they were more shocked at what I had said than at the suggestive statues and symbols 'round about. If I had been alone I would have divested myself of all baggage but my trunks and plunged in to keep them company.

In the comparative study of other religions I could always find some "sweetness and light," but Hinduism is darkness and dirt. Its votaries are vile, their gods are deified beasts and their devotees are beastly depraved.

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Caste, child-marriage, obscene worship, nautch girls, ignorance, superstition, poverty and plague prove Hinduism to be a hell on earth and a disease that dwarfs and damns man's body, mind and soul.

Though the River of Time may wash away most of my India memories there is one thing that will remain as long as I live—my royal bath at Delhi and the time, the place and the girl.

Bathing has not only been a fad with me, but an article of faith. At home I take a cold plunge every morning, and on ship board it is the one thing I look forward to with pleasure. A country is known by the baths it gives, and in Constantinople, Moscow and Budapest, I learned that "every little movement" had a meaning all its own. But the bath that, like Moses' rod, swallowed up all others was the one at Delhi where cleanliness is not always next to godliness.

India is a hot and sticky place for fleshy people, and, like Falstaff, I was larding the lean earth as I walked along. After hours of dusty driving and hard sight-seeing, I asked my guide if I could get a bath, and he said, "Yes, Durbar bath." I had missed the royal pageant, but hoped to get the splash, so we drove off the crowded street to a building which invited us with its shady walks and flowers. The native proprietor ushered me into a darkened room and handed me a napkin. I had been in India long enough to know what to do with that square of linen, so I used it for a loin cloth.

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When I stepped into the bath, I was horrified to find a beautiful Mohammedan maiden standing in her birthday clothes plus a bracelet. In agitation I rang. The master came, and I said I didn't want that woman there with the bath. He seemed surprised, because she was part of it, shrugged his shoulders, ordered her out and beckoned to two stalwart natives. They seized me, threw me down on the marble, put a wooden pillow under my head, and then splashed, massaged, pounded, twisted and kneaded me, worked my arms like a windmill, rolled me like a log, used me as a punching bag, went through a whole course of gymnasium exercises on me, then grinned and said, "Not finished." I felt I was, when back came the "sweet sixteen," smiling like Spring and with less covering than September Morn. I sprang up, but she grabbed a towel and basin and laid me low, then soused me and began to put on the finishing touches. In broken English she tried to tell me all her physical, mental and moral charms, which I admitted, because she was a woman, but I knew her Koran didn't square with my Old Testament, so thanking her I fled, like Joseph from Potiphar's wife, to my room, where my guide "Kim" came to the rescue, helped me to dress and rushed me to the train, or I might have been there yet.

HETTY GREEN'S EDDIE



Take it from the saffron-hued papers, that Colonel Edward Green, the only son of Hetty Green, who lives in a \$30 a month flat in Hoboken, is on the marriage market. He is America's richest bachelor, and a lot of match-making mammas are said to be on his trail. He is now making a tour of California, and although he is not much to look at, there are many palpitating hearts in the breasts of fond mothers rat-a-tatting with the hope that Col. Green will stick his Number Elevens under the family table.

San Francisco society is all a-flutter over his arrival there. Money is the lode-stone that attracts the matrons

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to Col. Green. He is beefy about the chops, he walks like an awkward Jumbo and he has all the grace and sangfroid of a piece of Sweitzer cheese in the front window of a delicatessen.

Mrs. Hetty Green is an estimable old lady. She got her money by making the eagle scream. When she gets hold of a dollar it immediately goes out of circulation. Col. Green is pluming himself on his ancestors, and somehow we don't go much for ancestry. We presume that President Wilson, Ogden Armour, Jess Willard and Eva Tanguay had grandparents, but we do not see their names in print much, while we know a lot about Hetty Green, and that is the attraction that holds her son Eddie in the spotlight. Eddie may not want to get married; he has never taken us up a dark alley to confide any secret yearning, but the patent truth is that a lot of doting mammas want him.

Many men, worthy and true, belong to the aristocracy of money, but when you go back far enough into the family history—climb the family tree as it were, out on an outflung limb you will find some member of the family who butchered hogs or traded in fertilizer.

Every young girl dreams of an ideal, be she rich or poor. They want a man, tender and true and of their own choosing—most of them will not want Col. Green, but if he does not watch out, some one will get him. He will be hog-tied, roped and branded and will have to loosen up the family purse-strings.

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Our objection is not to Col. Green or to the fair young maidens who are coached to ogle him. But we do object to the she-idiots disguised under the name of fond parents, who try to set their daughters' cap for some rich man, who absolutely has no attraction save gold.

There are thousands of fish-blooded, pharisaical mothers in San Francisco and other cities, whose hearts never beat with the ecstasy of true love, who are anxious and over-willing to marry off their daughters to money or to a dukedom. For a mother deliberately to barter her daughter for an estate, or for cash and social position, is casting the most priceless jewel of womanhood—Virtue—at the feet of illicit love. It doesn't matter if it has the sanction of a preacher. It is just as much a "social evil" as assignation, and is the shallowest form of sexual commerce.

We have the unholy record of the marriage of Consuelo Vanderbilt to the Duke of Marlborough, which was pronounced the "event of the season." This fair young girl contributed her happiness for the family honor. The Duke had nothing but a name. He was the descendant of John Churchill and Sarah Jennings, who lived together for the purposes of mutual fornication. John used his sister's virtue to gain a stranglehold on the British nobility. He was the founder of the House of Marlborough, and the pimp de luxe of his princely day. He made his way on the shame of his own sister's prostitution.

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Sarah Jennings, his wife, was one of the most hated old swine in England, and too much ice in her anaemic veins made her incapable of becoming a promiscuous prostitute herself. But she divided equally the honors that ensued from the degradation of her sister-in-law. Fine lot, these aristocrats—every time we begin to write about them we want to trek to some convenient place where we can appease that gagging sensation in our innards.

The Marlborough family was a plebeian one raised to high social circles by fornication, and yet all the newspapers in America toadied to the duke at the time in such a way that—well, no wonder the Socialist vote is growing.

And then we have the sad story of Anna Gould, as it came back from over the bounding sea. She was one of the first American girls to have brought forcibly home to her the meanness and rottenness of a punk nobility. Count Castellane is one of the most irascible old bucks that ever kept a harem. He came from a family of rodents and his very blood would outstink a glue factory—yet the glamour of nobility was upon him and poor Anna Gould fell for him.

The Count started off the honeymoon by blowing in her boodle for booze and resting in the arms of his old time courtesans. Anna Gould was the daughter of a mouse-trap peddler, but when her generation got their lunch-hooks on the dough bag, they could see nothing but a Duke for Anna. They probably would have liked a King better, but all the Kings were tied up just then.

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The rich girls that have been sold to the syphilitic young dudes of fallen dynasties make one's blood boil. They insult hard working American men who would make good husbands. Men who get their money too easily rarely amount to much. Honestly earned wealth has a character-making foundation, and if we had a daughter we would pray that she married some good, strong, honest young man, who came from the poor, but who had worked himself up to a living competence, was honored among men, and a respectable figure in his community.

Title-hunting American girls deserve little sympathy, yet the generousness of America exudes pity on every hand. They make their beds and should be willing to lie in them.

We hope Col. Green is going to be a good sport—that is our motive in writing this little article. Somewhere in this happy land there is a poor young girl—a worker, if you please—who would no doubt like a helping mate who had money. She might want to lift her family out of the abyss of poverty. She may have more real natural beauty than the painted and powdered aristocrats, and would make the right kind of wife for Col. Green.

As we said, we do not know that Col. Green is even contemplating marriage, but if he is, we hope he takes our little tip and picks out some poor, honest, good-looking girl—and there are thousands of them. He will be mighty glad and it would be great fun to hear the fond rich mammas gnash their false teeth.

JUST A SCRUBWOMAN



SHE was just a scrubwoman. Through the fog of the early morning she entered the subway kiosk and was whisked from the tenements of Harlem to the marble halls of the Hotel Majestic in New York. Here on her rheumatic knees she scrubbed away the dirt, that the fine dresses of the rich ladies, upon whom the gods had smiled, might not be soiled.

Day after day this was her task. At noon she went back to her washtub in the little two room flat where, with aching back, she toiled out the rest of the day longing for

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the night that would bring her the only peace she knew—the oblivion of dreamland.

She was a shy, timid little woman, and was only distinguishable by her little black bonnet—a little green in spots from the searing of age, but she loved it. It came to her from her boy, Tim, the last earthly tie to which she clung. Tim was her god-man. She bore him when Michael her husband was earning his \$2 a day on the railroad cuts. He grew up to be a fine, big upstanding man, and one of the best drivers in New York. And then the dark hand of death knocked at the door, and Tim was buried, his old mother, the lonely, heart broken and sole mourner.

This is the story of Minnie O'Grady up to the point in her career when she became one of those silent heroines, unsung and unheard, save for a few scant little stories that trickled through the hopper of the news agencies. Minnie O'Grady they called her—for somehow they fail to tack the Mrs. on scrubwomen. To us she was Mrs. Minnie O'Grady, Queen of Hearts.

It was during a storm-tossed winter day of early January. Winter's blight had whitened the rooftops and the avenues, and the horses struggled valiantly in the icy streets for their masters. Tim had loved his horses, and was always careful of them in bad weather. He "mothered" them in his open-hearted, gruff way. When they fell he cursed them, at the same time patting them fondly and drawing their blankets more tightly about them.

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Mrs. O'Grady, drawing her shawl tightly about her, almost blown away by the wintry gale, was making her way to give the mosaic tiles their morning ablutions, when on one of the cross streets in down town New York, a big truck horse slipped and fell. Several times it staggered nearly upright, but the elements were against it, and at last it fell with a thud.

The driver lashed and cursed, beat and cuffed, but the animal could not arise. From a deep, fresh wound in the leg blood was crimsoning the snow. The driver in disgust walked over to a neighboring saloon to warm up and then to return full of new courage and fresh abuse. Mrs. O'Grady was the only person who had seen the accident. She stood in the haze of the early morning and wished her boy Tim was there. She walked over to the animal which looked dumbly at her. She patted the head and then again saw the deep gash in the leg.

Removing her shawl she tore it into strips and bound up the horse's leg, staunching the flow of blood. She waited for a time, but the driver did not return so she went on shivering, her pinched little face blue and numb with cold.

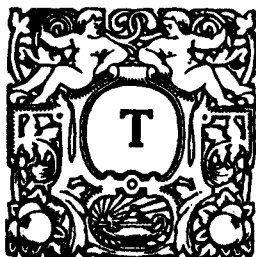
That is about all there is to the story—except that a few hours later Mrs. O'Grady was in a delirium of high fever, and the next day she was dead. "Exposure from cold," the doctor said, and through the halls of the hotel the other scrub women whispered that Mrs. O'Grady must have pawned her shawl. They did not know the simple little kind-hearted act that had cost her her life.

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Mrs. O'Grady would spurn sympathy, however. She does not need it. It isn't hard to believe that she is now with her god-man, Tim. She called out to him during the fever of delirium that swept her. He may have answered—we do not know.



A HELL-BORN CRIMINAL



HE revolting, sickening crime that has made Minneapolis stand aghast the last few weeks seems to have sprung from the very loins of hell. Conceived in the lowest depths of degeneracy, it was carried out in a cold-hearted brutality that makes man in his baser instincts, seem lowly beside that ferocious mate-eating ape of the jungle. Mrs. Price, a trusting and pretty young wife, was motored to a place on the Southeast River Drive and hurled from a cliff by her husband, Herbert T. Price, to fall on the jagged rocks below. Not satisfied with his fiendish work, he went to her while she lay bruised, helpless and bleeding and beat in her skull with a rock, as one might crush an egg-shell.

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The Minneapolis story reads like the wild distorted flights of a Poe in his most impassioned moments of wierd blood-lust. Civilization seems impotent and the work of the ages a futile, hapless task when the world sees such a hell-born crime revealed.

Mrs. Price was the daughter of David H. Fridley, a wealthy and well known man of Minneapolis. Reared in the lap of luxury, she was a sensitive plant, and the brain-numbing shock of terror that must have been hers as she wrestled at the brink of the yawning precipice with the husband of her bosom, baffles the most pyrotechnical imagination.

Price is the most consummate coward that we have ever had in the great northwest. To make his business of killing more complete he took along with him on the fatal ride, Charles D. Etchison, a traveling salesman. Between, the two, it seems, they were able to send the frail, lonely woman to her horrible death.

Etchison was arrested in Washington and brought back to Minneapolis where he revealed the sordid details of the murder. He took the authorities to the place where the killing was done and the details dovetail together so closely that even the crime-calloused officials were nauseated by the revolting facts.

Price was married to Mary Fridley five years ago. The marriage took place against the wishes of her family. Parental instincts are generally correct and if the stories in the neighborhood are true, it was not very long before

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Price was resorting to his cave-man methods of domesticity. Mrs. Price is reported to have left him twice. All the time the scheming Price was getting nearer and nearer the family gold-chest.

Mrs. Price's father had vast land holdings and Price was aching to cut a family melon. His palms itched with the longing for the feel of the long green. He placed the burden on the father's daughter in his effort to make him unloosen the family purse strings.

"You cannot take the money with you when you pass on," he urged. "Let Mary enjoy some of it now."

One can almost see His Satanic Majestic grinning and rubbing his hands in the offing.

The Devil won. On November 27, 1914, Fridley, loyal as a father, gave his daughter \$10,000 in cash, \$10,000 in government bonds, and \$40,000 in Minneapolis bonds. Innocently the poor father was giving his beloved daughter her death warrant. "Make your will right away," Fridley said to Mrs. Price.

"I will, Daddy," she promised, and kissed him. He never saw his daughter again after that. She was going away from him for the Big Thrill.

For months, the evidence shows, Price with his satellite Etchison, had been waiting for just this turn of events.

We will let Etchison tell the rest of the cold-blooded story:

"The day after Mrs. Price received the money was Saturday. At 6 o'clock that evening occurred what we had

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planned for months. In the afternoon she and Price and I went to a matinee. We returned to the Price house, and Price suggested that we take an auto ride. Price sat in front, and I with him, Mrs. Price sitting in the rear, happy and contented with her pet dog, Chum.

"We drove along the Southeast River Drive until we got to a spot near the Chicago and Milwaukee Railroad bridge over the Mississippi. Price stopped the car just as we reached a steep bank, muttered something about car trouble, and I got out with him. Then Price said: "Don't you want to get out, Mary, and give Chum a little exercise?" She handed Chum to Price. He put the dog on the ground. Then she started to get out backwards. The car was about three feet from the bank. A single wire gave protection, but it was loose and trailed.

"Price stood on one side of the auto door and I stood on the other, and as Mrs. Price stepped out backwards Price put one arm in front of her and gave a God Almighty fling. She went down through the air and everything was kind of noisy and quiet at the same time.

"Price picked up the dog and threw it after his wife. Then we walked around about a block to pick our way down to the bottom of the fifty foot bank, where she lay. She was yet alive, so Price picked up a rock and beat in her head, and she lay bloody and still.

"Then we ran to the street again and hailed some passing motorists and they helped us carry her body to a doctor.

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We told everybody that Chum had fallen over the bank, and that in trying to save him, Mrs. Price tumbled over.

"After everything was done, Price cancelled notes of mine for \$1,200 and gave me \$3,500 to boot."

As is usually the case, there is Another Woman. The charge of bigamy has been placed against Price, based on his supposed marriage to Miss Carrie Olson, a Minneapolis bookkeeper. His wife was then living and it is said that he promised Miss Olson to get a divorce.

Since Mrs. Price left neither children nor will, the money went to her husband. Price brought suit against the city of Minneapolis for \$7,500 damages for the death of his wife, but he lost his nerve and the suit was withdrawn.

This is undoubtedly the most sensational case which has occurred in Minneapolis since that of Harry Hayward twenty years ago. It is almost inconceivable that a brute of Price's calibre could circulate in good society without being detected sooner. Over a year passed between the time of the crime and his arrest, but thanks to those who had the nerve to tackle him, and to that jury good and true, he was yanked from liberty to prison, where he will be kept from society the balance of his life.

Those who have studied him say Price has every earmark of a criminal and moral degenerate, and that he is one of the worst specimens they have ever seen, inside a prison or out.

As for Etchison, his accomplice, he is a weakling and was a tool in Price's hands—just such a worthless piece

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of humanity as makes crimes possible and proves the undoing of the principal wrong-doer. Yet there is speculation as to whether or not the law has any hold on him, and there is no way of securing corroborative testimony or evidence against him. Hence through the gyrations of law, this dangerous man—and criminal—may go free.

Just why the divine plan provides for such shocking possibilities is a question. Just why a merciful God should allow a good, pure, loving, trusting woman—His highest creation—to be the subject of so foul a murder, is beyond comprehension, and when confronted with the awfulness of such conditions there is but one satisfaction, and that is that the Supreme Being which conceived the universe, certainly made provision for just compensation for every act—good or bad—and it matters not whether that act be one of kindness or crime—somewhere, somehow, sometime in the great unknown—reward will be meted out in just recompense for that which “ye have done.”

Is White Slavery A Myth?



THOSE cynical citizens who guffaw loudly at the charge of white slavery in this land that George Cohan made famous might well take a little jaunt to that section of Manhattan Island known as the Bronx. It is here that white slavery in all its ramifications and fornications holds high sway. A girl is sold in the Bronx with the same ease and grace that characterized the old days of the negro slave market.

The price depends upon the shape, the eyes, the hair and other qualifications that the girl may have, or on her power to attract. Judge Louis D. Gibbs will vouch for the authenticity of the statement that "white slavery" is a fact. Judge Gibbs has spent many months in ferreting out the

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dark and devious ways of the villains who barter the shame of young girls. For his pains a perfectly good hair-trigger bomb has been placed under his desk in the county court house, and he receives about twenty letters a day informing him as politely as the opportunity warrants that he will soon be found among the angels.

Poison, shooting, hanging, bomb-throwing and butchering are the pleasant little indoor sports that confront him on every hand. He has stuck to his unpleasant task, however, and although he bears several scars of assassination attempts, he is otherwise all right.

White slave agents are generally young foreigners who use a plenteous supply of pomade, are well dressed and have the manner that quite easily ingratiates them into the confidences of young and susceptible girls. No profession can boast of such meanness, such cowardliness and such hell-born machinations. Their duty it is to win the affections of some trusting girl, who must always be pretty, and in return for these affections the white slaver conives to have her put into a house of prostitution where she must nightly trade her honor for the gold that comes from the drunken patrons of the bawdy houses.

The white slavers graduate from the back-room of the saloon or the gangs that loaf on the corner. They find it easy money to dishonor young girls and push them as gently as possible into a living hell. They affect college boy clothes and know all the latest gew-gaws of fashion. It is their business to impress, and they do it as can be seen

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by the fact that twenty young girls have in the past few years been sold into white slavery in the Bronx.

How many others have been sold of which no record could be made on account of the secrecy surrounding such illegitimate enterprises may never be known.

Only a few weeks ago four girls were about to be sold in the Bronx. The detectives framed up the case against the white slave agents. Gussie and Margaret Smith, aged 17 and 19 respectively, pretty and vivacious sisters, were sold to the detectives, it is charged, by the white slavers for \$25 each. They were to be sent to a house of ill fame. Rose Goldman, 19, and Mary Feuerstein, 21, did not gain such high prices. They were disposed of at the paltry sum of \$10 each.

The Bronx is honeycombed with little apartments where the girls are sent. The old style bawdy-house with such a name as "Miss Gertrude," or "Miss Alice," has gone out of style. The new era or renaissance in bawdy-houses makes them the ordinary type of flat in any apartment house. And any respectable family may be living next door to a bunch of strollops without knowing it—unless the police come and cart them away in the patrol wagon.

White slavery is a product of congestion in the big cities. A young girl may be in a good environment, but a polished cadet may be snooping about the hallway—a human buzzard circling for its prey. Any young girl is more or less susceptible to the flattery of attention by a good looking

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young fellow, and it is this human frailty that makes white slavery so simple and so profitable.

The white slavery organizations are built up to defy the police and the average detective, who hasn't more brains than the constitution permits anyway, makes a sorry showing in trying to get to the real culprits. He soon finds himself in a barbed wire entanglement of the underworld that leads to nowhere.

Young immigrant girls, fresh from the foreign lands, are excellent "finds" for cadets. Alone in a strange country and unused to the ways of the snarer they soon fall under the blandishments and before they know it their virtue has been despoiled and nothing is before them save a life of shame.

White slavery abounds not alone in the slums and curious corners of slumland. It flourishes sometimes in high society. There are many who believe that Dorothy Arnold, the young heiress, was a victim of white slavery. She has never been found. Not a clue has been discovered that would lead anywhere.

There are Dorothy Arnolds in every city, many of them ashamed and too broken in spirit to speak out their plight. Any girl with a fair degree of good looks who accepts the attentions of men she does not know is flirting with a flaming brand.

In New York and in other cities there are men, the typical man-about-town sort, who live well and yet no one knows from whence comes their sustenance. The high police

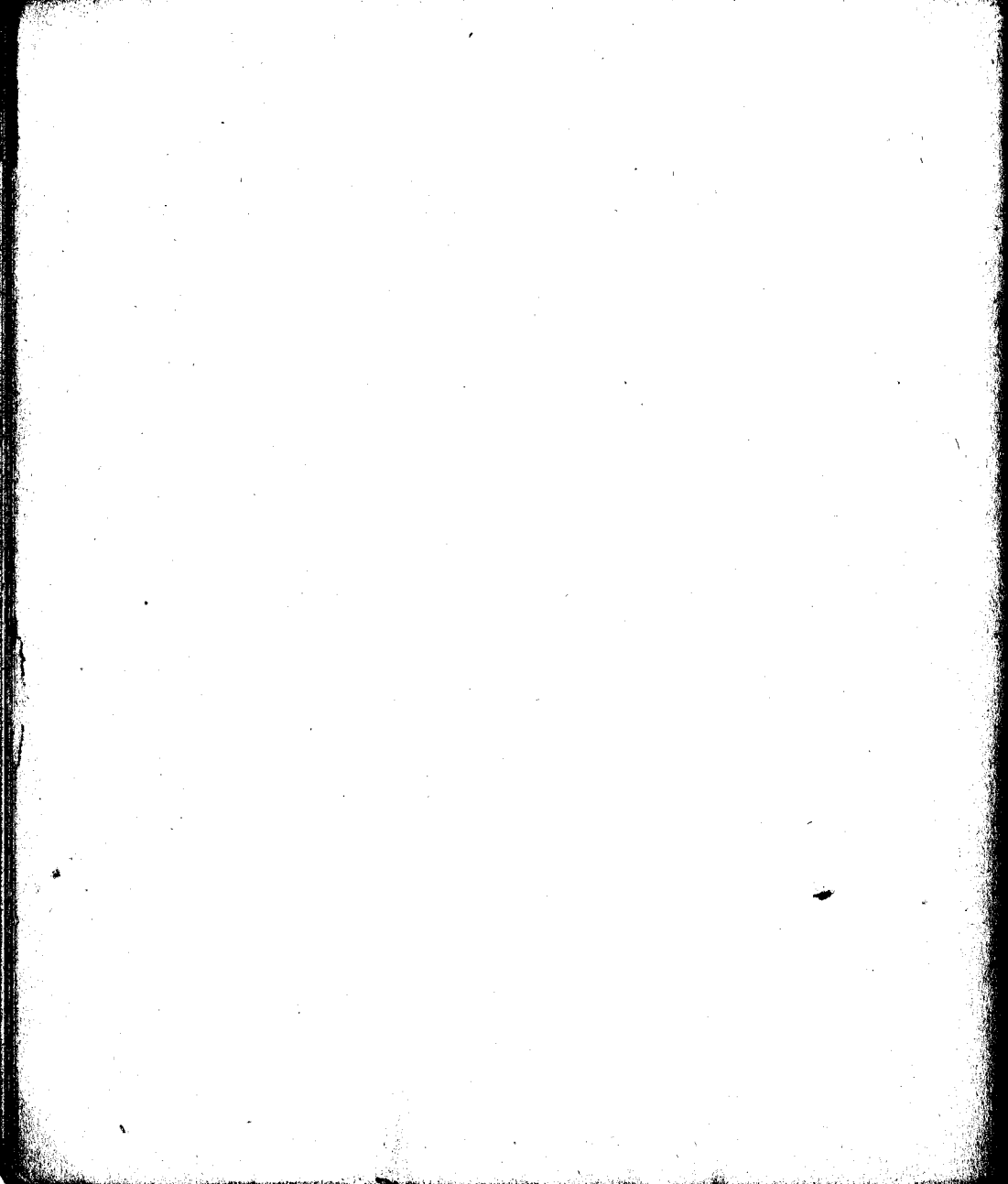
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officials know that many of these men are the tipsters for the sporting house madames and the white slavers. Hotel lobbies are always represented by the procuress. A chance acquaintance with some young girl awaiting her beau may lead to a clandestine friendship which will eventually lead to the paths of prostitution. One famous New York procuress is one of the most stunning looking women in the city. She dresses well but not gaudily. There is an air about her, her matronliness and all, that would easily win the friendship of any girl. So clever is she in her scheming that not once has she fallen afoul of the minions of the law.

White slavery can only be stamped out by education. Frankly to tell the young daughters of the dangers is one good step, but the average mother does not believe that any such fate will come to her child. True it is that many wild and reckless young girls are just looking for a chance to go astray. It requires no effort and for them white slavery opens up an easy path.

The girls who are trapped by the slavers are usually between the ages of 16 and 20.

Watch your daughters during that period!



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