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Jim Jam Jems: November 1916

Sam H. Clark

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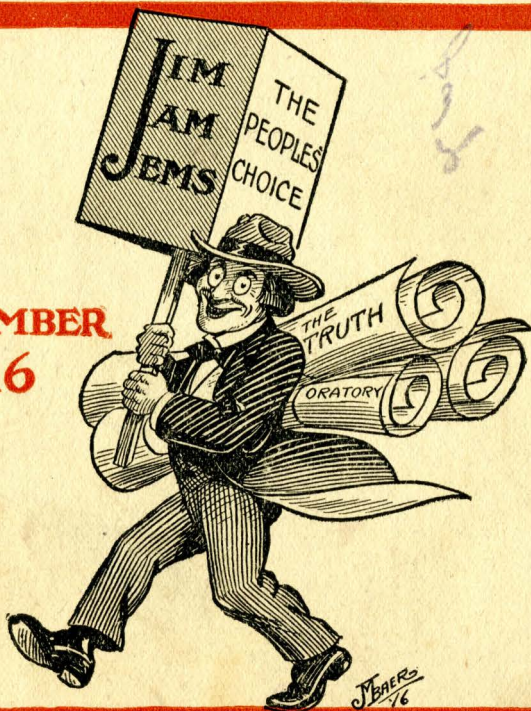
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Jim Jam Jems

by JIM JAM JUNIOR

NOVEMBER
1916



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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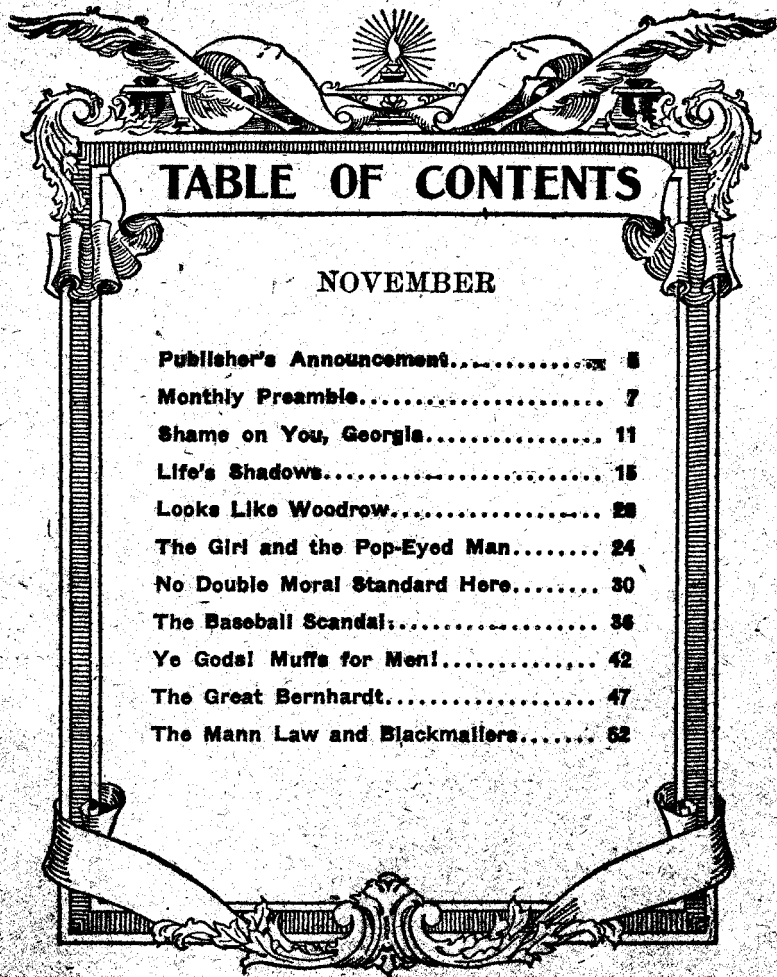


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MR. & MRS. ARMOND G. SANNES
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Publishers' Announcement

"Sob Stuff" by Jim Jam Junior

Hundreds of requests come to our office from Jim Jam Jems' readers asking for back numbers containing certain stories that have appeared from time to time in the regular monthly issues. For the most part the stories sought are those wherein Jim Jam Junior has given vent to sentiment in connection with some incident that came to his notice. These stories are characterized as "Sob Stuff" by the newspaper fraternity. As a result of the demand for this class of stories, we have compiled in a neat volume of 100 pages, twenty of Jim Jam Junior's best "heart throbs." The list includes such well-known stories as "Somebody's Mother," "In the Twilight of Life," "A Titanic Death," "Babies," "I Lost a Friend," "The Measure of a Man," "My Mother," "The Ties That Bind," "Love and Youth," "Gene Field's Monument," "The Little Feller," etc.

The volume is neatly bound in Japanese Grass Cloth, is artistically printed, and contains an autographed likeness of Jim Jam Junior, the

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first picture he has consented to have published since he commenced writing *Jim Jam Jems*.

There is not a "Volume of Sentiment" on the book market today that can compare with it for downright worth. It is good and wholesome and worthy a place on any library table. As a holiday gift for any member of the family, for mother or father, for sister, wife or sweetheart, it is ideal.

Comes packed in a pasteboard box direct from the publishers, prepaid at \$2 per copy. Cut out the coupon and remit by money-order, or bank draft. Shipments will be made any time after November 20th.

JIM JAM JEMS,

Bismarck, No. Dak.

Gentlemen:

Send me a copy of "A Volley of Sentiment" by Jim Jam Jr., charges prepaid, as soon as it is off the press. Enclosed find

(bank draft
money order) for \$2.00.

(Write plainly) _____



IFE is an investment. You must put something into it if you expect anything in return. The business of the world is done on paper—notes, bonds, coupons—the real coin is seldom seen. But there is no substitute for honor, courage, ambition, work—you must produce the hard cash in the game of life. Your real merit and worth are daily deposited in the bank of Humanity. You may slip along on an overdraft

for a while, but sooner or later there is an accounting, the books are balanced, and your fellow-man takes your measure.

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You can't slip along on borrowed capital. There is no substitute for manhood and no substitute for truth."

Five years ago we launched the publication of this "Volley of Truth." We have never offered any substitute. We have published the truth as we found it and have never wavered in our purpose. The truth hurts. There is so much sham and hypocrisy, so much tinsel and dross and slag mixed with life that the truth seems cold and hard and blunt. Nevertheless, we have gathered an army of readers throughout the United States that astounds circulation managers when they see the growth of our publication. People in all walks of life make up our great family of monthly readers. They seek the truth.

We thought to preamble to you this month in our usual happy vein, but an incident has occurred which demands that we speak cold hard facts here that there may be no misunderstanding of our purpose or position. Word has come to our main office to the effect that our circulation manager in New York and our distributors in New York and Boston have been arrested charged with selling questionable literature. The complaint is lodged and fostered by what is known as "The Watch and Ward Society," an organization that was founded by the late Anthony Comstock for the purpose of censoring and suppressing questionable literature, plays, art, etc. The October number of Jim Jam Jems seems to have fallen within the range of investigation of the society and prosecution has resulted.

Litigation over the worthiness of Jim Jam Jems is not

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new to us. We have been through the mill and through the courts. We have no apology to offer for the publication except that we publish the truth and truth needs no apology. It is able to stand squarely on its own feet. We defy any living soul, who is not forever irredeemably damned, to read a copy of Jim Jam Jems through without gathering therefrom many wholesome thoughts and ideas, and lessons that will prove beneficial in life's struggle. We don't expect everybody to agree with us. We don't expect to make a permanent reader of every person who chances upon a copy. All people do not want the truth. They prefer to live in the realm of make-believe.

In the past few months, Hearst's, the Cosmopolitan, Snappy Stories, and a number of other magazines as well as a number of popular novels have been placed under the ban by this society. Jim Jam Jems hasn't any particular distinction in drawing the fire of the censors except that in each of the other cases the matter objected to is fiction, just sensuous fiction written to sell. The average popular magazine today is filled with sex-stuff that teaches no moral and tends only to arouse sensualism in the reader. It appeals to sex and the relations of the sexes. Jim Jam Jems differs from these in that we publish truth instead of fiction, and always endeavor to inspire a higher and nobler thought by pointing out the sham and the unreal things in everyday life.

Jim Jam Jems points with pride to the five years of its record as a disciple of truth. Through the exposure of crime and criminals we have done a world of good. We have

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brought many a scoundrel to justice and have pointed the right way to many an erring pilgrim. An investigation will convince any fair-minded person that Jim Jam Jems has been a benefactor to society and not a menace as some of our narrow critics have charged. We intend to stand squarely on our record for the past and our constitutional right of free speech for the future. The policy of Jim Jam Jems will not change.

We regret that our portrayal of the truth does not meet with the approval of certain self-appointed censors, but the fact that Jim Jam Jems enjoys the largest circulation of any individual magazine or periodical in America is pretty good evidence that the people as a whole are willing to read the truth and recognize in Jim Jam Jems the one medium through which it is obtainable.

November is the month of Thanksgiving. We hope that peace and plenty will abide with each and every reader and that Thanksgiving Day will reflect the true sentiment in every home into which our little messenger of truth finds its way.

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SHAME ON YOU, GEORGIA



AMERICAN citizens would like to forget the injustice of a sovereign state to one of its citizens as told in the tragic pages of the history of Leo M. Frank, the luckless lad who was murdered by a mob while under the "protection" of the State of Georgia; but it seems that the citizenry of that state will not let us forget. Instead, they keep alive the nasty story and gloat over the lynching of the unfortunate

Jew like buzzards hovering over a bad smell.

Hugh M. Dorsey, the attorney who prosecuted Leo Frank to his death, has been nominated for Governor of Georgia at the Democratic primaries, and next week, at the general election, he will be named governor—for a democratic nomination in Georgia is equivalent to an election. And Dor-

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sey's campaign was based upon his prosecution of the Jew, and his nomination and election result solely from the fact that he is the man who prosecuted and convicted Leo M. Frank.

Like all other prosecutors who have become notorious through their connection with sensational trials, Hugh Dorsey did his damndest to convict Leo Frank. Unfortunate, indeed, is the citizen accused of crime, when he falls into the hands of an ambitious prosecutor. We shudder sometimes when we see the grinding machinery of justice set in motion to crush and damn an individual. That fundamental principle of law and justice and right—that the accused is presumed to be innocent of the crime charged against him until his guilt is proven beyond a reasonable doubt—is a most abused principle indeed. The rule is reversed in American courts. In nine cases out of ten, yea, in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, the state places a defendant on trial with the set purpose of convicting the accused at all hazards. The man accused of crime today is "guilty as hell" in the eyes of an ambitious prosecutor. Conviction is what he is looking for—to add to the glory of his record as a prosecuting attorney.

Jerome became notorious as the prosecutor of Harry Thaw. He stayed in the public eye just so long as he hounded Thaw. Whitman became notorious as the prosecutor of Becker and the gunmen. He was made governor of the greatest state in the union because of his success as a prosecutor. And now Dorsey is to be made governor of

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Georgia simply because he hounded Leo Frank to his death.

But there is a distinction between Jerome and Whitman and Dorsey. Jerome and Whitman are undoubtedly great lawyers, and Whitman has proved himself to be a big man capable of filling a big man's position. But Dorsey is a foul-mouthed, blustering braggart, with no particular ability. He did not go before the people of Georgia on his merits as a statesman or a citizen or a lawyer. He asked to be made governor for the sole reason that he is the man who prosecuted Leo Frank, and he asked vindication for his relentless, pernicious, almost fiendish prosecution of the Jew. And the State of Georgia will place its stamp of approval on the Frank affair by elevating Hugh Dorsey to the highest office within the gift of her people!

Tom Watson, that notorious assassin of all that is good in life, was a potent factor in Dorsey's nomination. Like a skunk lecturing on sweet incense he prated of Dorsey's fitness for chief executive of the State of Georgia because he had convicted the "damned Jew."

If we had to choose between such work as robbing the dead or supporting a man for high office on the sole ground that he prosecuted a fellow citizen to his death, we wouldn't hesitate a moment, but would proceed to tumble the dead out of their coffins and strip their clammy fingers of the trifling ornaments they bore. We could not harm the dead by thus despoiling their bodies, but by helping to place a man of the Dorsey stripe in high executive office we might corrupt the souls of the living.

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The election of Hugh Dorsey as governor of Georgia is as great a shame to the citizenry of Georgia as was the murder of the unfortunate Jew while under the protection of the state.



LIFE'S SHADOWS



BYOND the cloud with its shadow is the star with its light." How little sympathy, indeed, this old world holds! There is humanity in all of us, no doubt, and yet in this age of the "survival of the fittest," the love of Mammon, the greed for Gold, the passion for success, for position, for influence and independence drive humanity forward at a mighty pace, and few of us have time to note the misfortune of a fellow being, the misery, the loneliness, the loss of Hope and all that life holds dear. We see only the seething, surging mass, striving for Success, and we seldom cast even a passing glance at the unfortunate pilgrim by the roadside as we hurry on with life's throng.

These thoughts come to us tonight because of a picture of

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a lonely, helpless old man—just a bit of human wreckage along life's wayside—crudely depicted by a hurried newspaper reporter in the following item:

“Adjudged insane, Daniel Clayton, aged 106 years, was brought to the county jail from Oliver County, North Dakota, Saturday night, and will be taken to the insane asylum at Jamestown by the State Transportation Agent tomorrow. The case is one of the most pitiful brought before the county officials for some time. The man is in a feeble condition because of his advanced age and is unable to care for himself. The commitment papers show that Clayton is the father of 19 children, the youngest being now of age.”

The busy newspaper reader hurries by an item like the above without giving it a second thought. He looks upon it as but one of the tragedies of a day chronicled by the daily press. The fearful slaughter of humanity in Europe's carnage of blood in the past two years seems to have deadened the human sense. We hurry over the headlines telling of several thousand killed in this or that battle, or the terrific toll of life in the gaining of a few yards on this or that front. We read the account of the torpedoing of a transport that carried a thousand souls into eternity. Incidents of this kind are so common that few people take time to read the details. The headlines are sufficient.

What wonder, then, that the simple story of this old man being carted off to an insane asylum received but passing

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notice! And yet, the tragedy of this one human life appealed to us to the extent that we made inquiry to ascertain the facts, and we find them just about as recorded by the reporter in the colorless little item quoted above.

The story has haunted us—fascinated us. We can not shake off the spell of hopelessness that comes with the thought of this lonely, feeble, tired old man, buried there in the cell of an insane asylum. It is just a feeble hope that we may cause our readers to pause for a second and shed a tear of sympathy for the forsaken, forlorn, hopeless old outcast, that prompts us to comment. And who knows but what the lesson it teaches may save some other wreck of humanity from a like fate?

In looking over the century or more that has spanned the life of Daniel Clayton, one cannot but be impressed with the panorama that it unfolds. We have naught to guide us in tracing the years of Clayton's life, except the date of his birth—1810—and the date of his legal death by incarceration in the asylum—1916. We have only the birth and the period of the grave. Who can fill the interim? Who can speak of the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows of that century of human life? Who can solve the mystery of his quiet hours, of his years of struggle, of his ambitions?

Sometimes, when we look over the circumstances of human life, almost a curse rises to the lips. When we see the ambitions of man defeated; when we see him struggling with mind and body in the only legitimate prayer he can make to accomplish some end; when we see his aim and purpose frus-

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trated by a fortuitous combination of circumstances over which he has no control; when we see the outstretched hand, about to grasp the flag of victory, take instead the emblem of defeat, we ask, What is Life? Dreams, Awakening and Death! A pendulum 'twixt a smile and a tear. A momentary halt with the waste, and then the nothing we set out from.

Daniel Clayton, after living throughout the world's greatest century of progress; after witnessing the building of vast empires, the welding in blood of the American nation, the wondrous—almost unbelievable—advance in science, in structural and mechanical genius; after living throughout a century of continuous opportunity, of light and advancement, comes at last to end his days in an insane asylum, alone, penniless, a weary body and a weakened mind—the mind of a child that gropes falteringly back over the long stretch of years in the vain effort to locate the loving touch of the hand of kin, a vain longing for the caress of a loved one—his own flesh and blood. Forsaken, forgotten, discarded! A pitiable wreck along life's wayside!

Here, in the great state of North Dakota, where peace and plenty abound, where love and truth and honor and every sentiment that blooms in the heart of true manhood and womanhood is woven into the glad freedom of the West; here, where the measure of a man is taken from his worth as a citizen, a neighbor, a friend, and not from gold or lands or bonds—here, where humanity reaches its highest goal of happiness, Daniel Clayton finds the end of life's trail—and not a sigh or a tear marks the end.

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As the withered hand of the old patriarch shades the almost sightless eyes, and the tired brain tries vainly to view the eternal landscape of the past, Daniel Clayton hungers for the touch of the hand of love and sympathy. But the father of nineteen children, with their kith and kin, will go back to the nothing he set out from, his last caress being from the Angel of Death as she flutters above his withered body.

Is it any wonder that man so frequently asks himself, "Is life worth living?"



LOOKS LIKE WOODROW



IN 1896, the common people—the great common people, dinggast 'em—shouted like everything for Bryan, then went to the polls and voted for McKinley. There's no telling just what the common people are going to do in a presidential election. But one thing is certain, all this bluster about Hughes is less than half-hearted and we miss our guess if Wilson is not re-elected next week with the greatest popular vote ever given to a presidential candidate in a crisis.

The American people are peculiar creatures. We stand 'round in hotel lobbies, at the clubs, on the streets, anywhere and everywhere that men are wont to gather, throw out our chests and cuss Mr. President right roundly because he did not uphold American dignity and attempt to bluff Germany

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into submission in the Lusitania matter, and then again because he doesn't declare war on England for monkeying with our mails. We deplore the Mexican fiasco in no uncertain terms and call Woodrow a spineless school-teacher. And yet, right down in our hearts, tickled to death that America is not at war with any nation, we have a sneaking idea that Wilson hasn't done so badly after all and that maybe if we keep him at the head of American affairs he will work out our salvation without becoming embroiled in the bloody European conflict and maybe it is just as well to let things slide along as they are.

Of course, this all sounds kind o' wishy-washy for Americanism, but a careful canvas among your neighbors—and we don't care what corner of Uncle Sam's domain you happen to live in—will reveal the fact that there is a whole lot of just this kind of Americanism afloat, and it is going to be a mighty factor in the election next week. While we don't take any stock in the fool idea that "America is too proud to fight," we do believe that the average American knows this country is in no condition to fight and a vast majority of us have run away with the idea that there is no chance for war with Wilson as President. That slogan, "Wilson kept us out of war!" whether there is any truth in it or not, leaves a great big question in the mind of the average American, and it is going to have a decided influence on his vote when he gets into the booth next Tuesday.

Then there is another condition or element in the present political situation that will prove a potent factor in piling

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up votes for President Wilson. It is the indisputable prosperity that business and labor are enjoying throughout the Union. Never before in the history of the world has the laborer received so much for his day's labor as now. Never before has there been so much labor at a good wage for the man who wants to work. And never before has business been so good in every possible line of manufacturing or building or trading or dealing. Prosperity with a big "P" is evidenced in every walk of life from millionaire to mendicant. Do you suppose that the average citizen stops to inquire whence comes this prosperity—these piping good times? No! And he doesn't believe the politicians. All he knows is that he is getting along better than he ever did before, and he is willing to let well enough alone. He is going to take no chances on a change of administration if his vote will do any good. He isn't saying much, but he is going to the polls next week and vote for Mr. Woodrow Wilson!

Then there are a dozen minor elements in this campaign that inure to the benefit of Mr. Wilson's candidacy. Don't overlook the fact that the Democrats have been in power four years and have quite a powerful machine, including all federal patronage. Don't overlook the fact that since the slaughter of that great and good man, William Howard Taft, the republican party has had a mighty lot of sore spots and its machinery isn't running as smoothly as it did before Theodore threw a crowbar into the gearing. And while we think of it, don't forget that Roosevelt's activity in behalf of Hughes "who stands for my policies" is driving a great silent vote to

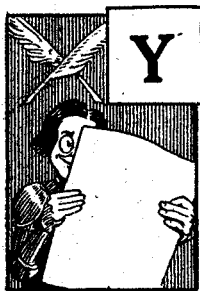
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Wilson that rightfully belongs to the Republican candidate.

It is all right to kid ourselves into believing that the Grand Old Republican party is united and that Wilson is a joke and that his forcing of the eight-hour law killed him and Roosevelt has delivered the progressives to Hughes and the Germans won't vote for Wilson and neither will the Irish and all that sort of bunk; but when we get right down to brass tacks, and take a sane view of the situation, it looks to us as though we've been fishing in the fog and haven't been near the water at all. The great silent vote is going to Wilson and all the stump speaking that the Republican National Committee has been able to put forth will not head it off. This is not a year when oratory cuts any figure. Too many fellows with the ballot at their command are thinking. Wilson may not win; but he looks like a good bet to us, despite the fact that we intend to vote for Hughes.



THE GIRL AND THE POP-EYED MAN



YOU may have seen him! Perhaps he is your neighbor. He is the Pop-eyed Man. Every community has a Pop-eyed Man interwoven into its history. Mary Given, a young girl of 19, met one not long ago on a train going to Duluth. She met him in the diner. He looked well fed and prosperous. It was the girl's first visit away from home and so it was that she smiled—the smile of neighbor-like intentions.

He engaged her in conversation. He was brilliant and they grew friendly. He, a man of the world, told her the stories of city life—of New York, of the bright lights and all of the things that thrill the young and innocent heart. She in turn told him her ambitions. Told him how she was

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going to Duluth to accept a position as a governess. She wanted to be the support of a mother.

What happened need not be told in detail. Mary Given is back home now, despoiled of woman's most priceless possession. In a maternity hospital—under another name—she is soon to give birth to a child—a child that must go through life ever bearing the stigma of illegitimacy.

The story has been told to us by a friend, a friend who will stand by her. All that Mary seems to know is that she met a "pop-eyed man." His name, of course, was a figment of fiction. He is now roaming the plains of civilization like a wild boar hunting his game.

Somehow the Pop-eyed Man seems to be interlaced with sensual desires. He is of the primates, the order of mammals. He is a bulbous creature with hands pudgily adapted to the acquisition of banknotes. He is the final effort of evolution, a member of the old proud pageant of man, though his hippopotamus eyes seem to relate him more nearly to the Ungulata, or hoofed mammals.

He is not to be found frequently among the cherished abiding places of men. He is never found in flannelled trousers on the tennis court and neither is he ever seen swinging his club over a golf course. To him the litheness and verve of swimming are as nothing. If he ever stepped into a canoe he would get a premature bath.

But he has his favored haunts and these haunts are luminous with the glowing incandescents and prodigal with fluttering tuxedoed waiters. He and his fellows move flash-

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ily and corpulently on. They sit at corner tables opposite stridently fair young girls, who gurgle in glee at their puffing witticisms and smirk appreciatively as they splutter their orders for wine.

The waiters know the Pop-eyed Man and hear in his crackling laugh the prophecy of a top-notch tip. He is rarely seen before the late hours of the afternoon, though he can occasionally be found as early as noon peering with watery eyes at the ticking tale of the stocks. His bulging eyes and rolling flesh are the acquired characteristics of long years of joie de vivre, of heavy dinners and light living with those whose business it is to be obtrusively young.

The Pop-eyed Man is generally in search of the young girl. He watches her as the serpent watches the young sparrow preening its wings for flight. And like the serpent he will attack the prey when the right time comes. He is loaded to the eyebrows with sensual thoughts. To him a young and beautiful girl is "game." There are men, of course, who have pop-eyes who have been the victims of ailments that bring on this symptom—but the sensual type is easily distinguishable and they are to be shunned.

There is no roue like an old one. And the one who came into Mary Given's life was between 50 and 60. They strut about when the sun has gone down and they disappear at daybreak like foul nightbirds or an unclean dream. Their breath comes from festering lips to be blown upon some young and unsophisticated maiden who is taken by their blandishments.

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The Pop-eyed Man roamed about in the days of Thomas Carlyle who wrote of him: "Thou unclean thing, what a course was thine; from that first truckle-bed, where thy mother bore thee to an unnamed father; forward, through lowest subterranean depths, and over highest sunlit heights of harlotdom and rascaldom—to the guillotine axe, which shears away thy vainly whimpering head."

The Pop-eyed Man pays court to the shrine of lasciviousness. His mind is a foul sewer whose exhalations coat even the Rose of Sharon with its gummy slime. He always has at his command the foulest story. He can tell you the most spicy scandal and he can pollute even the most degrading story with his own obscene adornments.

There are many Mary Givens in this world who have met and been conquered by Pop-eyed Men. This is the story as told in part by Mary Given. Read it and ponder:

"I was dining when a gentleman sat down at the table opposite me. He was exceptionally well dressed and wore a large diamond ring and a very valuable diamond stick-pin. His complexion was florid but the most noticeable thing about him was his pop eyes. Several times when I looked up he was eyeing me. I tried to look away. As he got up to go, whether by accident or design, he lurched against my table. He apologized and I smiled. Then he started to talk.

"He told me that he had a daughter who looked very much like me. She had my hair, he said, and was about my build. Then he asked me where I was going. He, too, was going

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to the same place. He seated himself at my table. It was all done so innocently and naturally.

"I will confess that his compliments brought a flush to my cheeks, but he seemed so fatherly. He gave me the impression without saying so that he was a man of large affairs—he had interests in Chicago, in New York, in San Francisco and even Europe.

"Then he complained of his loneliness. This, of course, won my sympathy. His wife, he said, was dead. His other relatives cared nothing for him except what they could get out of him.

"He remarked that we would both be strangers in Duluth and that he hoped to see me once in a while. He was always interested in young girls—he always thought of his young daughter when he saw them. And he always wanted to help them just as he hoped his daughter would be looked after if anything ever happened to him.

"I confess that I had a feeling of pity for him but I never thought of loving him. He impressed me and flattered me and I was susceptible.

"When I met him in Duluth several days later we went to a cafe. He told me I looked pale, that I must take a stimulant to sharpen my appetite. He suggested a cocktail. I had never touched one before but I took one; and the next time I met him I took several, and then we went out for a drive in an auto. It seems hazy after that. I only know that the next morning I awakened in what proved to be a roadhouse outside of the city. I was benumbed with fear

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and I realized that I had been betrayed. The man had gone. I do not know where and neither have I ever seen or heard from him again."

There you have the story. It is not a pretty one—but it is one that should be told. And if it saves one other girl from such a fate it will have fulfilled its purpose.



NO DOUBLE MORAL STANDARD HERE



HE wife of Joseph C. Le Duc, a prominent golfer of Chicago—and apparently wealthy, for only rich golfers can become prominent—was involved in a nasty shooting scrape in a Philadelphia hotel recently. It was the old story of a trip east and a liaison with an old friend, starting with a motor trip and a round of the cafes, “and,” as Samuel Pepys says, “no to bed.”

That is, they started in that general direction; but before they got there a love-crazed woman, who had been waiting for them with a loaded revolver jumped into the room and began pumping some bullets not yet sent to Europe into their bodies—and then killed herself. At least, that is the way the story reads.

Mrs. Le Duc, who is pretty and vivacious, had known J. C.

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Graveur, a garage owner, in the long ago. When she went to New York he looked her up—or she looked him up—it doesn't matter—for, at any event, they started out on a little joy ride. When they got to their hotel and entered the bedroom, the woman, who was identified as Mrs. Harry Belzer, a former paramour of Graveur, killed the man, injured Mrs. Le Duc, and then killed herself. It was a ghastly climax of a sensuous affair.

But the figure who stands out most prominently in the story is the husband, Joseph Le Duc. When he heard the news, he jumped on a fast train and rushed to his wounded wife's side, declaring, after he had arrived there: "I will stick to her through hell."

That is the statement of a real man! It is the statement of a man who deserves a better fate than to be embroiled in a scandalous murder brawl. After all, Joseph Le Duc probably realizes, that there is no double standard of morality. It is just as bad for a husband to be caught in such an escapade as a wife—but the world does not look upon it thus. It is the woman who pays.

Le Duc is going to take his sinning wife back to his home. He is going to stand by her. She tells a very thin story of how she was innocently brought into the case; that she left her purse in Graveur's room and had no intention of doing wrong, and no doubt she will finally say she was drugged. That is becoming the chief alibi these days for those who wander from the family hearth and are trapped into a compromising position.

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In taking back his wife, Le Duc is setting a precedent that should be followed by a lot of other men. It is human to err—men do it every day and go back to their wives with the dew of some concubine's lips still upon them. If they are caught, it is the wife who forgives. But when the wife is caught, she is generally cast off and becomes an object of scorn for the rest of her days.

It is not beyond the impossible that Mrs. Le Duc will make a better wife than ever. She has had her folly brought home to her in an avalanche of sorrow. Her husband was good to her. They had always been pals and it may have been her first false step. She deserves another chance.

The man who, posing as a friend of her husband, took the wife away, had had many affairs with women, registering with them in many eastern hotels; but he is now beyond the pale of the law.

Prostitution will probably never be eliminated until we reach the Perfect Day. As long as lust remains in mortal men, women will be degraded and debauched. There are some women who cannot be withheld from evil—but there are others who make their first false step and are plunged forever into an abyss of ignominy and shame. Men can do the same thing and go on their way—a power in their community. In this we find the damnable travesty of a double standard of morals.

We hold no brief for illicit relations between man and woman. It is, however, a thing that, despite our vaunted civilization, has never been eliminated from our social life.

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But to say that the woman who falls is to be placed beneath society's ban is to mock our sense of right and our boasted standards of civilization.

We do not have to go very far back in our history to learn that some of the noblest women the world has ever known have lived on intimate terms with men they have loved without the formality of being married—which is the human way of securing society's sanction. There are women in history and there are women in the world today who have become the mistresses of men because they could not trample their hearts beneath their feet at the dictates of society. There are women who honestly believe—although they are wrong—that love is a higher law before which the church canons shrink into nothingness. Though black chaos come again they will remain true to these men.

The pity of it all is that there are women who have been as foul as the hags of hell but who want to win their way back to the levels of decent society. They cannot do it. Women will not let them and men are just as obstinate in their opposition. For the man, the path is very easy. He will be welcomed back, not only by men but by women. There again you see the pernicious course of the double standard of morality.

If the God who made us all can forgive our sins, why is it that we petty creatures, resting in the hollow of His hand, cannot forgive? The church has not shown us the way. If God says that we can wash ourselves white as snow with

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tears of repentance, why is it that the fate of women who sin is put up to the court of the scandalmongers?

It is useless to hurl platitudes at people who have fallen. They do not want cold, theological axioms—they want to be considered as decent members of the social body; and until they are accepted on this plane they will never come back. They will drift farther and farther down.

Joseph Le Duc is a big, tall, raw-boned man. He is not handsome, but underneath is a heart of gold. He went to the side of his wife in the hospital. He took her in his arms and patted her and with one breath he forgave her. To him, her wrongs were wiped out. There were to be no more yesterdays—only the tomorrows.

What a fine big love this is! The hospital attendants who saw it turned to wipe away a tear while they tiptoed softly away. The husband and wife were left alone to face the most momentous problem of their career. A languorous stillness fell over the entire ward. The husband's head sank down upon the wife's arm while the tears stood trembling upon her drooping lashes. She thanked him, not with words, but with a silent song of joy that welled up in her heart and made her forever and ever a better woman.

After all woman is by her inherent nature as true to her rightful lord as the needle is to the north. Sometimes, it is true, she does "go astray," but many times it is the husband's fault. To woman, love is life itself. She cannot exist without it any more than the vine can climb Heavenward without support. She needs her husband's kisses, his little affections,

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and always her love is a flame that must find some place to blaze.

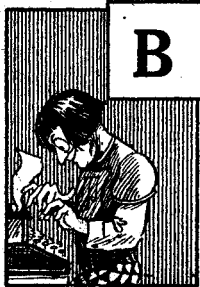
Joseph Le Duc says he is going to take his wife back and court her all over again just as assiduously as he did when she was his sweetheart. He will become paramount in her affections—that is certain. She will cleave unto him through good and through evil, through weal and through woe, through life unto death.

The years, we are told, are seldom unjust. There's happiness ahead for Joe Le Duc.



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THE BASEBALL SCANDAL



BASEBALL, readers, gentle and otherwise, is skidding. In a few short years, unless the magnates take a few reefs in their britches, the good old national pastime will be as extinct as the dodo and the dickey. The game so popular in America, and which is played by children in England and called "Rounders," has been getting some trip-hammer wallops of late; but the most serious of all is the charge of John J. Mc-

Graw that his team laid down at the critical moment and allowed the Brooklyn team to "cop the flag," as the sporting writers say.

McGraw is a foul-mouthed, up-from-the-gutter type—and has never been a credit to the game—but he is not a liar. And what he says is to be believed by those citizens who

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cannot don their fluted nightshirts before devouring a pink edition. McGraw has used language on the diamond in the presence of ladies that should put him in jail for life. And he did not run behind form when he left the baseball grounds at the close of the pennant race with the statement that his tribe of athletes had laid down. It is another way of saying that they "threw" the game. Whether by bribery, through friendship or what, he did not say, but it was a dishonorable thing to do and unless the situation is cleared up before the bell rings for next season there is going to be about as few attendants at next year's games as there is to hear Gen. Coxey speak.

Baseball is saturated with commercialism—it is the greed for the dollar that has plunged it into a quagmire of soon-to-be-forgotten things. The grand old game is trembling on the verge of revolution and unless some honest men come to the rescue and purge it of its insatiable gluttony for gold there is no hope. Mark that well!

The Federal League's entrance into the field was the first blow to fall and showed the rule-or-ruin policy that is the first by-law of the National Baseball Commission.

In passing let us say that it has always been a strange thing to us that the smaller cities can never win pennants. Had it ever occurred to you? Can it be that if they did it would not attract such large world's series receipts?

Cincinnati with some of the best players in baseball has never won a flag. Cleveland cannot win one in the American league—not so you could notice it, Susan. No, sir, the

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world's series must always be played in New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, or some of the other larger cities. There is indeed something strange about it. Why can't St. Louis win just as easily as Chicago?

But overlooking these facts. Men who love the game have come to realize that the game is degenerating into the same brand of sport that is known as "Old Hi, the Army Game," manipulated by a red-necked, black-mustached ballyho on the circus lot.

Isn't it a travesty anyway that such a man as Garry Herrmann should be chairman of the National Baseball Commission? He was of the triumvirate of bosses in Cincinnati ruled by George B. Cox who looted and pillaged a city; and Cox, 'ere he passed from mortal view, nearly passed within the gates of state's prison for graft—and graft is stealing. Herrmann was his side partner. They drank together, planned together and schemed together to hold a city in the palms of their hands and dip their fingers into the treasury whenever they needed any kale.

From whence come the Herrmann riches? Certainly not from hard labor. This is the type of man who stands at the head of the national sport of America—a game cherished by our fathers and now going into national decay. Only the youth of the land uphold it.

There has not been fair dealing with the men who made the game—the players themselves. They have been bartered and traded without their consent and when they lost their usefulness discarded without thanks. Arrant hypocrisy has

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run rife throughout the history of the game during the past few years. The baseball magnates have been accustomed to being regaled with the unctuous milk of public approval and the honey of adulation; but when the public lifted its collective eyebrow to inquire: "What's going on here? We are footing the bills," the baseball magnates dropped into a public-be-damned-we're-running-this attitude and slowly the receipts have begun to shrivel.

You simply cannot fool the public, as Lincoln pointed out, all the time. You may bump and abuse him but you cannot put it over on him for too long a period. If a man pays his money to go to a baseball game and it rains he is not only soaked by the rain but for the price of admission. He gets a "rain check," yes—but he either misplaces it or forgets about it. Perhaps he only intended to go to one game during the year. So he is stung!

Despite the fulsome praise and honeyed words written by sporting editors, the personnel of the game has improved very little. They claim that college men are entering the game—but usually you will find that they are college men who have flunked in their studies or were merely going to college to lend their aid to the athletic side. Watch a baseball team in front of any hotel in the larger cities. They seem to think they own the sidewalk. They stand out in front, chew tobacco and expectorate over the sidewalk, and smirk and make remarks about men, women and young girls as they pass. Their evening's entertainment consists in going chippy-chasing. Most of them wind up tending bar or running a roadhouse—

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the seeming goal of their ambition. Of course, there are a few men who are a credit to the game and would be a credit to any business or profession—but they are rare.

Take for instance, Johnny Evers—one of the much vaunted heroes of the game. He is a sneaking little hypocrite who would double-cross any of his men to gain his ambition. He thinks nothing of blasphemy in the presence of wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts in the grandstand. He is a snarling, ill-tempered person who delights in browbeating those he can and when he gets the worst of it from those he cannot browbeat, he bellyaches around and makes a few apologies to the whole world the next morning.

As an illustrious example on the other hand there is Mike Mitchell. He is a clean-limbed, clean-minded young man, married and an excellent husband. He is still young and active and yet when he began to slow up a little he was banded about from club to club until he could be conveniently slid down the chute to oblivion. He never swore at an umpire, never took a drink, but always minded his own business and played the game as honorably as a man could. He was never given the management of a ball club. Indeed not! Yet some fire-eating upstart who could swear like a trooper and had no scruples of any kind would be boosted into a managerial position. There is no incentive for a man to be square and fair in baseball. It is the muckers who come to the top and grab the big jobs.

Christy Mathewson, to be sure, did grab a manager's job. But they placed him with the lowly Cincinnati's who are

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never intended to win a pennant. They only gave him this sop after years of service and when they realized that public opinion would raise up and smite them in their beefy solar plexus, if he was not taken care of.

The egotistical Charlie Murphy, of Chicago, bulled his way to fortune in baseball. He was a copy reader on a newspaper and by grace of licking the boots of his employer and being subservient to every whim he became one of the magnates of the game. He was a newspaper joke—and a man who is a “joke” in a newspaper office is a pretty good joke all the way through if you scratch the veneer.

Baseball must clean house and do it in a hurry.



YE GODS! MUFFS FOR MEN!



IT IS a pity Caruso, who gurgles for a thousand or so a lyric note, did not defer his little stunt of pinching a lady on the hip in a Monkey-house until this winter. If he had waited, and had fallen in with the ideas of the men who haberdash to the exclusive varmints of the tea room, the whole thing might not have happened. For if Caruso had minded the mandates of fashion, as some decreer has already decreed, he would have had his hands encircled in a fur muff.

Yes, sir, men—we mean the regular he-men with fur on their tongue and hair on their chest—it has come to that epochal period when males are to wear muffs! The order has gone out!

Most any time now some dare-devil, eau-de-cologned son-of-

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a-weakling will stagger away from a soda fountain and his lily white hands will bear a circlet of fur. Can you beat it?

When the sport-shirt first flared its way on our boulevards there were a few of us men with zinc and vinegar in our blood who felt like leaping from some darkened doorway and strangling the wearer of the sport-shirt until it would seem silly to continue. But we kept our hands off by a mighty control of self. How much longer we can stand the strain no man knows. There is a limit to all things, as the Hughes whiskers will convince the most skeptical.

We have lived through an age where blood lust rules. We have lived through the infantile paralysis and strike stages and the wrist watch epoch—but it is not fair to presume that we men, who sweat instead of perspire, will forever hold our temper.

Just now there is a streak of blood across the moon and it all dates back to the fashion hound who several weeks ago announced that the winter would be marked by the wearing of muffs on the part of those rapid bipeds who are classed in the census books as males. Already these damnable contraptions are on sale in several hoity-toity haberdasheries and now and then some cream-puff-eating son-of-a-lady bobs up somewhere wearing a muff on his hands.

Trying to curb these insatiable fashion satellites is as futile as dropping a rose petal down the Grand Canyon and listening for the echo. They simply will not be stopped. Sex means nothing to them. If you try to reason with them, they may become insane with violent rage and strike at you with

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a stick of lip rouge. There is no way of stopping them, but by killing them, and insect powder—like other things, on account of the war—is going up.

Imagine if you can, starting out from your home in the morning with the world before you, happy as the twittering birds about you, full of the zest that comes from simply being alive. And then imagine if you can some spindle-legged whipper-snapper crossing your path with a fur muff on his hands! What is to prevent a full-blooded man from committing murder?

These are indeed the times that try men's souls. The brains of these lads should be X-rayed. The negative would show the nearest thing to a cipher with the rings knocked off that the world has ever known.

What, we ask, is the world coming to? The same stars that now fret heaven's black vault with astral fire winked 11,000 years ago when there were real men—men who fought like beasts and died like heroes. Today the stars look down upon a nation of milksops—a nation of men who are forgetting that it is only a short throw back to the Cave Man when man went out with a club and soaked his heart's desire on the konk and brought her home to have and to hold.

How fast we are skidding! Imagine what would happen to our hardy forefathers if one had appeared among them, with a powdered complexion, smoking a perfumed cigarette, wearing a wrist watch, a sport shirt, and to top it all off a—muff! There is nothing to it! He would simply have been skinned alive and his carcass thrown to the jackals.

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How small and narrow we are growing! The man who does not visit a manicure and have his cuticle pushed back once or twice a week is vulgar. If he goes into a barber shop he must come out smelling like a licentious bawd sitting for company on Saturday night.

It may be that we will get back to the standards of civilization soon—but we doubt it. For two months we have been away from civilization hunting for game—wild game. We have associated with men of brawn and brain and men who get up every morning and can tell the world to go to hell—and what is more get away with it. Picture if you can our dilemma when the first newspaper tells us that men are to wear muffs. Just when we have to be fed raw meat to keep our blood circulating. Ye gods and little fishes!

We have become a silk stockinged, tea drinking race—we men. We need some prussic-acid or something in our veins. Men do not even chew tobacco any more. It is a rough old world indeed. Better to have a race of men who wreck railroads, shoot up the streets and swindle orphans than to have a race of namby pamby squirts whose idea of a riotous evening is to play a rubber of bridge and suck a sweetened lemonade.

But in all seriousness—it does seem a pity that we have men in this world who will take up any new fangled sartorial fad and appear in public wearing it. It is all right for the women—God bless 'em and God dress 'em for we cant! But to see a man who is supposed to represent vim, vigor and vitality stooping to the idiosyncracies of some hair-brained ab-

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normality from Paris who seeks to make the fashions, gives us a pain. We need men with GUTS!

Civilization seems to be in a continual flux, flowing now forward and now backward. Instead of masculinity pure and undefiled we have men worshipping at the vulgar throne of Vanity. The hierophants of style have made fools of us every season.

Go back to a few years ago when men were wearing blouse shirts. Could any decree of fashion be more ludicrous? There are no one-gallus fellows any more who curse and drink rum. They wear belts now and nibble at crushed fruit sundaes.

Some of these days the world is going to be shocked. There will come among us a regular he-man. He will have a calico shirt that smells like a piece of decadent Limburger; he will catch a rat and eat it for lunch; and he will wear wooden shoes. He will sleep with his dogs and when he wants a drink he will go around to a slaughter-house and drink a quart or so of warm blood from a steer.

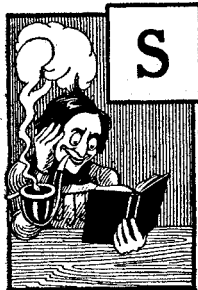
The world is either passing into dotage and senile decay or is becoming a universal asylum for idiots.

As for us, if things do not improve we are going back to the woods—back where the baying of the hounds is the nightly cabaret; back where to call a man a liar means another carcass in the creek, and where, when a man shakes you by the hand, it feels as though the hand has been run through a clothes wringer.

Woof! Woof! Woof!

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THE GREAT BERNHARDT



ARAH BERNHARDT, the great French actress, brings to our shores again a spark of inspiration that should arouse women all over the land who at middle age are coddling dogs, whimpering over their social status or annoying themselves and others over petty things.

The Divine Sarah bears blithely her threescore years and thirteen and is justly entitled to be called the most celebrated living actress. The presence of the submarines which might at any moment have pinged her ship did not frighten her. Death to her is just one more adventure.

The world has rarely had her equal. Just two years ago she underwent an operation which cost her a limb. She was at the age then when most women would think of retiring

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to a chimney corner and contemplating the last few days of existence. But the great Bernhardt instead went from her hospital to the stage and now she is carried about in a sedan chair and makes a tour from coast to coast to thrill large audiences.

Madam Bernhardt is a Parisian by birth and a Greek by marriage. But she belongs to no one country. She is owned by the world and the world will ever pay court at her feet—or rather foot, as she herself has so humorously remarked.

She has only recently won great triumphs in France in a series of poetic interpretations of the agony of the martyred cathedrals and continues to sway her audiences with the pity and terror which, as Racine's Phedre, more than a half a century ago, marked her for the heritage of the great Rachel. Bernhardt has long possessed the glamour of a legend and she will now add to her legend a gentler and loftier beauty.

What a pity we cannot have more Bernhardts to grace our American stage. Sarah Bernhardt is a living example of a life free from fear. She fears nothing and dares to do anything. Of all the mental and physical pollutants of life nothing exercises such a poisonous effect as fear.

It is fear that makes the aged wrinkled—and Sarah Bernhardt has no wrinkles. She has the complexion of a young woman who has just turned 30. By abolishing fear almost any normal man and woman can become an artist, and Sarah, the Divine, has proven it.

Luther died at the age of sixty-three, Calvin at fifty-three and John Knox reached the age of fifty-seven. Luther and

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Knox spent time in prison cells and Calvin would have been there too had he not escaped by flight. All of them lived under the terrible, withering blight of fear. And they all preached a religion teeming with fear. They were literally scared to death and have scared to death thousands of others.

Contrast these great men to Sarah Bernhardt. She is indeed an inspiration. She shrugs her shoulders when Death seems just around the corner. When going to the hospital operating room from which it was predicted that she would never return, she turned to the doctors and in her native tongue said: "Why, gentlemen, you seem frightened. Don't be frightened, please. It is I who should be frightened and I am not one bit. See!"—and she held out a hand as steady as a strip of steel.

Bernhardt has not allowed fear to enter her life. The clergy teach the fear of death; the doctors teach on every side the fear of disease and the legal fraternity foster the fear of the law. Collectively these men have cast upon the world a fog of fear that is permeating like a miasma and checking human life. Bernhardt dodges all of these fears. She goes on the straight road to Sanity.

The great Bernhardt has had her love affairs, yea, many of them. She has been human and she has erred, but she has not been hide-bound by creeds or words.

Just as the pine springs toward the sun so does Bernhardt spring toward Life itself. She was a mother at seventeen and a grandmother at forty-two. She pities the women who wait till they are twenty-five to become mothers. She

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believes that they deprive themselves of life's greatest joy. She has no patience with the woman who can find in existence neither plan nor purpose and who hesitates to thrust her own doubts and vacillations upon the generation ahead. She believes that we are here through love and we are here to love each other. We go forward and onward through our children she believes. And after all, Bernhardt believes that the most important thing in life is to love and be loved. And to be loved when one is young, gloriously, completely, sheds a splendor over all of life. It gives golden memories which one may count over and over. And it keeps one young.

There is nothing of the fish-blooded pharisaical female, whose heart has never been thrilled by love's wild melody, about Bernhardt. She has had her thrills, her joyous thrills, and she still throbs with rich, red-blooded, pulsating life. What a grand and noble lesson she preaches just by coming to our shores!

Bernhardt has always spurned the ridiculous social code that is calculated to crush all sentiment and sweetness out of the gentler sex and to make woman regard herself as merchandise rather than as a moral entity, entitled to liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The world is her playground. And she wanders at will. She will do the same in the next world. Life to her is eternal and she is realizing its eternality here and now.

Bernhardt is not beautiful—without her charm she might be called homely; but lack of facial beauty does not deprive

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her of being one of the most charming of women. What Bernhardt can do other women can do.

We need more Bernhardts if the female of the race is to progress. We need women of leonine courage, women of strong hearts who will throw down the gauntlet to destiny and trample hell itself beneath their feet.

There are those who upon seeing Bernhardt carried about in an invalid's chair will give a shrug of pity. It is wasted! She does not need pity! Neither age nor the loss of a limb handicap her one bit. She has her brilliant mind and her marked personality and, after all, that is sufficient. Physical charms are as fleeting as the early snows.



THE MANN LAW AND BLACKMAILERS



THE most abused law on the statute books of the United States today is the Mann Law. Very rarely is this law invoked to good purpose; very rarely indeed is it applied as Congress intended it should be applied. On the contrary, it is a bid for the unscrupulous scalawags to blackmail men and women of wealth and standing. Instead of correcting an evil, as was intended when the Mann act became a law, it created a field for the evil practice of blackmail and has resulted in far greater harm than the evil it was intended to correct.

The real purpose and intent of the Mann act was to prevent men and women engaged in the traffic from transporting

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prostitutes from one state to another—to prevent Madames of the underworld, keepers of resorts and brothels from transporting or importing inmates for houses of prostitution. But the technical wording of the law has caused its application to most innocent and guiltless parties until the thinking man hesitates to advance interstate transportation to a female relative or to a stenographer or clerk. And as an agency for blackmail, the Mann law is a menace to American liberty.

The recent arrest in Chicago of a gang of blackmailers who have been operating under the Mann act bears out the contention that the law has provided a fecund field of operation for the blackmailer. Scores of prominent men and women of wealth have been deliberately led into traps and threatened with exposure and arrest under the Mann act, and to avoid publicity the victims have disgorged fabulous sums of money to the Mann act swindlers. The story of Mrs. Regine Klipper, a comely Philadelphia widow, shows the ingenious working of this gang of blackmailers, and it is due solely to the fact that Mrs. Klipper had nerve enough to bare her relations with a handsome young blackmailer, that arrest of the gang was possible and successful prosecution probable.

Mrs. Klipper, who is about 35, and the mother of two children, is attractive and a stylish dresser. She admitted that her fondness for tea dansants, for the fox-trot and tango, led to her becoming a victim of the swindlers.

Mrs. Klipper met Frank Crocker at a Broadway dance-parlor. He was young, good-looking, and a fine dancer. She danced with him and the two struck up a flirtation. He

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claimed to be one of the wealthy young men of the city. He fascinated the widow and she invited him to her home in Philadelphia. "He came and stopped at my home three days," said Mrs. Klipper. "I believed him respectable and well connected socially. He made love to me and I believed him."

Crocker finally induced Mrs. Klipper to accompany him to New York. There they registered at the Hotel Empire. Shortly after they arrived at the Hotel, two men entered the room and represented themselves as government agents. They accused Mrs. Klipper and Crocker of violating the Mann act. Crocker played his part well. He appeared astounded and wrote out a check to "square" the deal with the two detectives. He pleaded with Mrs. Klipper to do likewise. She paid \$500 in cash and gave up her jewels. Crocker has since admitted that the whole affair was a swindle planned by him and three confederates. He has agreed to aid the government in prosecuting the others because his pals didn't tote fair in splitting the spoils with him. And Mrs. Klipper has braved the notoriety and publicity in her determination to punish the blackmailers.

According to the evidence gathered against the big blackmailing syndicate which operated in many cities of the country, scores of men and women have been trapped just as Mrs. Klipper was, and the gang has reaped a veritable harvest by threats of exposure and arrest under the much abused Mann act.

American society is filled with leeches and blackmail is as

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common today as shoplifting. The man or woman of wealth who "steps out" occasionally and indulges in a little flirtation or who steps from the straight and narrow path of morality is liable not only to suffer the usual consequences of playing with fire, but is very apt to find himself or herself hopelessly in the hands of blackmailers.

We recall a personal experience with blackmailers a few months ago which will indicate to the interested reader how easy and how tempting it is to a person in moderate circumstances to resort to blackmail to grab off a little easy money.

We were at the Radisson Hotel in Minneapolis one day when a party called us on the 'phone and asked for an interview. He gave his name and claimed to be well acquainted with us personally. We could not place the fellow, but he insisted that we would know him when we met him, so we invited him to come on up to the room. When he came in we recognized the man at once. We had known him several years as "Jim." He was head barber at a shop we patronized occasionally in the downtown district.

"I have a good story for you," blurted out the visitor.

"All right, fire away, Jim," we replied.

"This is a big story and worth a lot of money," said Jim. We saw at once that Jim was looking for something, so we told him to give us a general outline of the story, without using any names, and we would tell him in a jiffy if it was worth anything to us.

"Well, it's just this way," said Jim. "We have had a couple of spare rooms at the house and my wife has been

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renting one of the rooms to a stenographer, a young girl who has been working in a bank. She is the president's private stenographer. One day last fall my wife came to me and told me she had been suspicious about the girl for some time and that the girl had just confessed to her that she was pregnant and her employer was responsible for her condition."

"All right, Jim, that sounds good so far; go ahead with the story. Suppose the next thing was an abortion, eh?" we inquired. "No sirree," said Jim. "The girl had her baby and then went away to California."

"Well, who furnished the money to take care of the girl during confinement? Did this fellow stand by her, and then take care of the girl and baby? Where is she now?"

"She's living out in California with her baby," said Jim. "This banker gave her plenty of money and hired a nurse and bought a home and she's living out on the coast and he goes out to see her. This fellow is a married man. His wife has been an invalid for many years. He didn't want the girl around here. He's crazy about the girl and the baby. Never had any children by his real wife."

"We don't want the story, Jim," we replied. "It isn't in our line. It looks as though this fellow with an invalid wife got into a bad mess but he made the best of it. Instead of resorting to the usual method of getting the girl out of trouble, he took care of her, and he took care of her baby, and he has provided a home for them and is doing everything that any man could do under the circumstances. There is no object in publishing this kind of a story. No good could

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come of it. You would simply bring grief to every party concerned and some of them are not entitled to any grief or publicity. We don't want the story, Jim."

"Well, er—" Our friend hesitated and coughed and squirmed a second, then blurted out: "I didn't want you to publish the story; I just thought that this fellow was getting away pretty easy and if he thought you were going to write him up he would come through with a chunk of money for us. He can afford it all right and I know it would be easy."

We turned on Jim and said point blank—"Go and tell the skunks who framed this job up and sent you to us with it that we are too old to get caught in any such game. We are not in the blackmailing business, and if we were we wouldn't fall into any such trap as that."

"Oh, this ain't no frameup," whined Jim. "Just my wife and I know about it and it's on the square. I can prove it to you. I have never told anybody about it, but I just thought it wouldn't be any more than right to make this fellow pay. We shielded him and he can afford to come through with a good chunk of money."

We pitied the poor devil and while we were still suspicious, told him to go home and forget it. "If you have told us the truth, Jim, and there's no one mixed up in this thing with you, just forget it. That's blood money, old man, and you can't afford to get into a game like that. It will ruin you. What are you doing, are you still barbering?" we inquired.

"No," he replied, "I am traveling on the road for —," and he named a well known wholesale house in Minneapolis.

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"But I ain't making more than expenses and I just thought there might be a piece of easy money in this."

We tied into the fellow and when he left the room he had promised to forget the whole affair and said he was glad he had come to us before he tried to do anything in the matter.

The incident passed out of our mind entirely within a short time and we heard no more about it. Several months later, while we were on a scouting trip east, we walked into the Radisson Hotel one morning and there sat our partner, Mr. Crockard. He said he had been waiting for us for some time. "They're trying to mix us up in some kind of a black-mailing scheme here," said Crockard. "I don't know anything about the case, but we couldn't locate you, so our attorney, Mr. Fowler wired me to come down. I have been over to Judge McGee's office and it seems that they have had a fellow down before the state's attorney who has been trying to blackmail a prominent banker here out of \$10,000 and he says he represents Jim Jam Jems. It seems the banker got his stenographer into trouble, and he is a married man and is keeping the girl and the baby somewhere out west, and this fellow had the story and wants \$10,000 to keep it out of Jim Jam Jems. I never heard of the story before. Do you know anything about it?"

We recognized the story at once and knew instantly that the easy money had been too much of a temptation to Jim and he had gone after it. Crockard almost fell off the couch where we were sitting in the lobby, when we told him that

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we knew all about the story and there wasn't any question about the attempted blackmail. Guess for just a minute our pal couldn't get his bearings. Not that he doubted us exactly, but he was afraid we had been duped into a bad mixup of some kind. And about that time James Robertson was States Attorney of Hennepin County and he was rubbing his hands with glee. Jimmy didn't like the way we had been going after some of his pets. He had unceremoniously referred to Jim Jam Jems as a blackmailing sheet on several occasions and now he had us.

Jim, with some cheap detective who had an office in the New York Life building—the name was Gannon if we recollect rightly—had attempted to shake the old banker down for a cool \$10,000. And worse yet, the old fellow was ready to come through with the money, only he wanted a cinch on hushing up the story. So he went to his attorney for advice and that started the rumpus. The attorney urged him to stand pat, so the two would-be blackmailers were grabbed and taken before the States Attorney. Jim told a plausible story. Claimed he was working with Jim Jam Jems and if the money was not forthcoming at once we would publish the story. Jim claimed that he did not know us personally, but had been working with two of our Minneapolis representatives. It looked bad for us, we'll admit.

Crockard was anxious to know all about the affair but we told him to wait and see the fun. We went to Attorney Fowler's office and then to the office of Judge McGee, both in the New York Life Building. We admitted that we knew

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all about the story, and asked Judge McGee if he could arrange to have this man, Jim, brought in for an interview.

"Do you know him?" asked the Judge.

"Very well, indeed, Judge," we replied.

The Judge took a bundle of manuscript from his desk and looked through it, evidently hunting for something. "We had this fellow on the stand down at the County Attorney's office yesterday afternoon and he swore he had never seen you and did not know you."

"That's all right, Judge, we can clear this matter up in just a few minutes if you will locate the fellow and bring him in."

After some telephoning and maneuvering, a meeting was finally arranged for 1:30 that afternoon. We arrived at Judge McGee's office a little ahead of schedule, and set the stage for the big show. Of course, nobody but ourselves knew what was coming. Everybody was there but Jim. Finally the stenographer announced that Jim was waiting outside. We had previously admonished everybody not to disclose the fact that we were present and on the job. As Jim was ushered in, we stepped into an alcove behind a bunch of lawbooks until the preliminary "Howdedo's" were exchanged. Then we stepped out and saluted our friend.

"Hello, Jim," we said cheerily. "How are you?"

"Why, hello, Sam!" said Jim; "Glad to see you."

"I thought you said you didn't know this man, Clark," howled the Judge. Then Jim commenced to squirm. But we took the stage management away from the Judge. We called

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for a stenographer. She was sent in. Then we turned to Jim and said: "Old man, there seems to have been a misunderstanding of some kind and somebody has been doing a lot of lying. Now we are going to have a little truth-telling. We are going to make a statement here and the stenographer is going to take it down." Then we went ahead and told the story of Jim's visit to our room in the Radisson hotel several months previous. We told it word for word as we have told it here, only perhaps a trifle more in detail.

While we were talking, Jim squirmed around and hung his head, but said nothing. Judge McGee and the others were dumbfounded. When we had finished the statement, we asked the stenographer to read it over. Then we asked Jim pointblank if the statement was true—if this wasn't just exactly what occurred, and if this wasn't the extent of his attempt to deal with Jim Jam Jems on the story in question. He caved like a real scoundrel caught with the goods, admitted the whole truth and signed the statement.

"Did Clark say to you, 'That is blood-money, don't have anything to do with it,'" asked Judge McGee.

"Yes, and he scared me good at the time, too," admitted Jim.

"Clark," said Judge McGee, "I am glad we sent for you and gave you the opportunity to set us right. It looked bad. When we first started an investigation into this attempted blackmail, I made inquiry about you from men who know you intimately. I took the matter up with my brother, George McGee, of Minot. I know you two have hunted together in

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Canada and are close friends. I hated to think that you were a blackmailer. My brother assured me that there was no truth in the story. He told me to send for you and you would straighten it out all right. I am glad that you have not only been able to prove that your publication is above such dirty work, but that you are not looking for an opportunity to hit a man who has simply made a mistake. This fellow's confession shows that while you had an opportunity to publish a good story—and it was a good story—you preferred to pass it up rather than cause grief to innocent parties. I want to thank you for your willingness to straighten out this mess. I guess we can handle it without further trouble."

When we left the scene, Jim was crying for mercy and promising to be good forever if they just wouldn't prosecute him.

We have told this story in detail for two purposes. First, to indicate what a sore temptation it is sometimes to an individual to attempt to blackmail, and, second, how easy it is to secure big money sometimes by resorting to blackmail. This fellow would have paid the ten thousand dollars readily to save publicity. Only Jim made a mistake by claiming connection with Jim Jam Jems.

If anyone doubts the truth of this story in detail, just as we have told it here, Judge McGee and Attorney Fowler of Minneapolis, both men of high standing as citizens and professional men, will attest to it; and possibly Jimmy Robertson, now that he is no longer States Attorney, will admit the truth of it.