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Jim Jam Jems: January 1917

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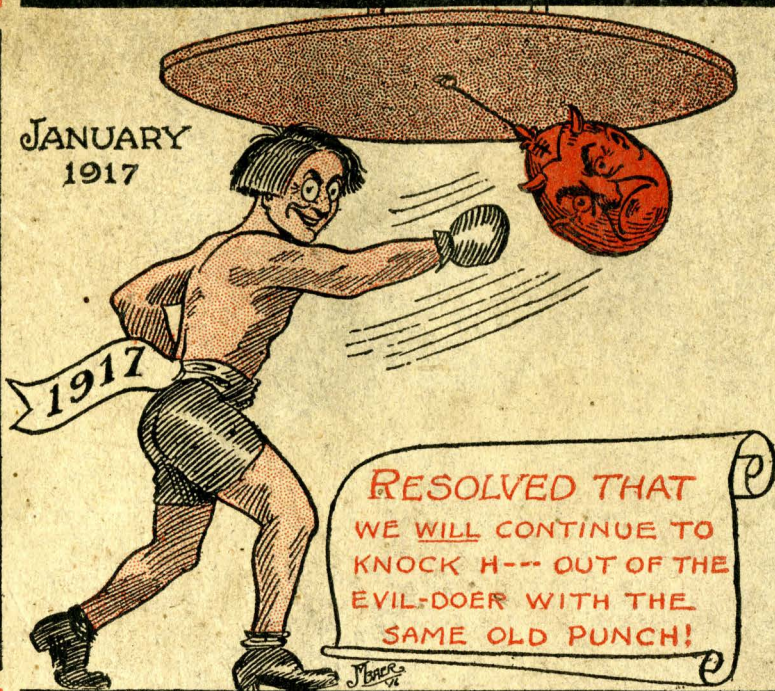
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Jim Jam Jems

by SIM JAM JUNIOR

JANUARY
1917



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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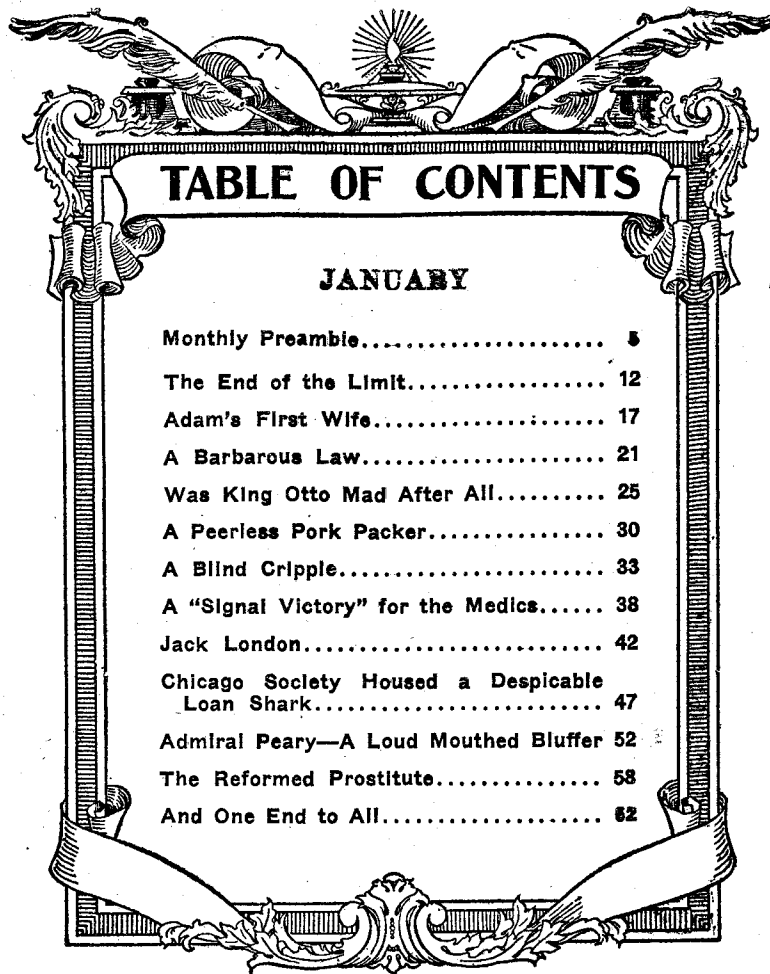
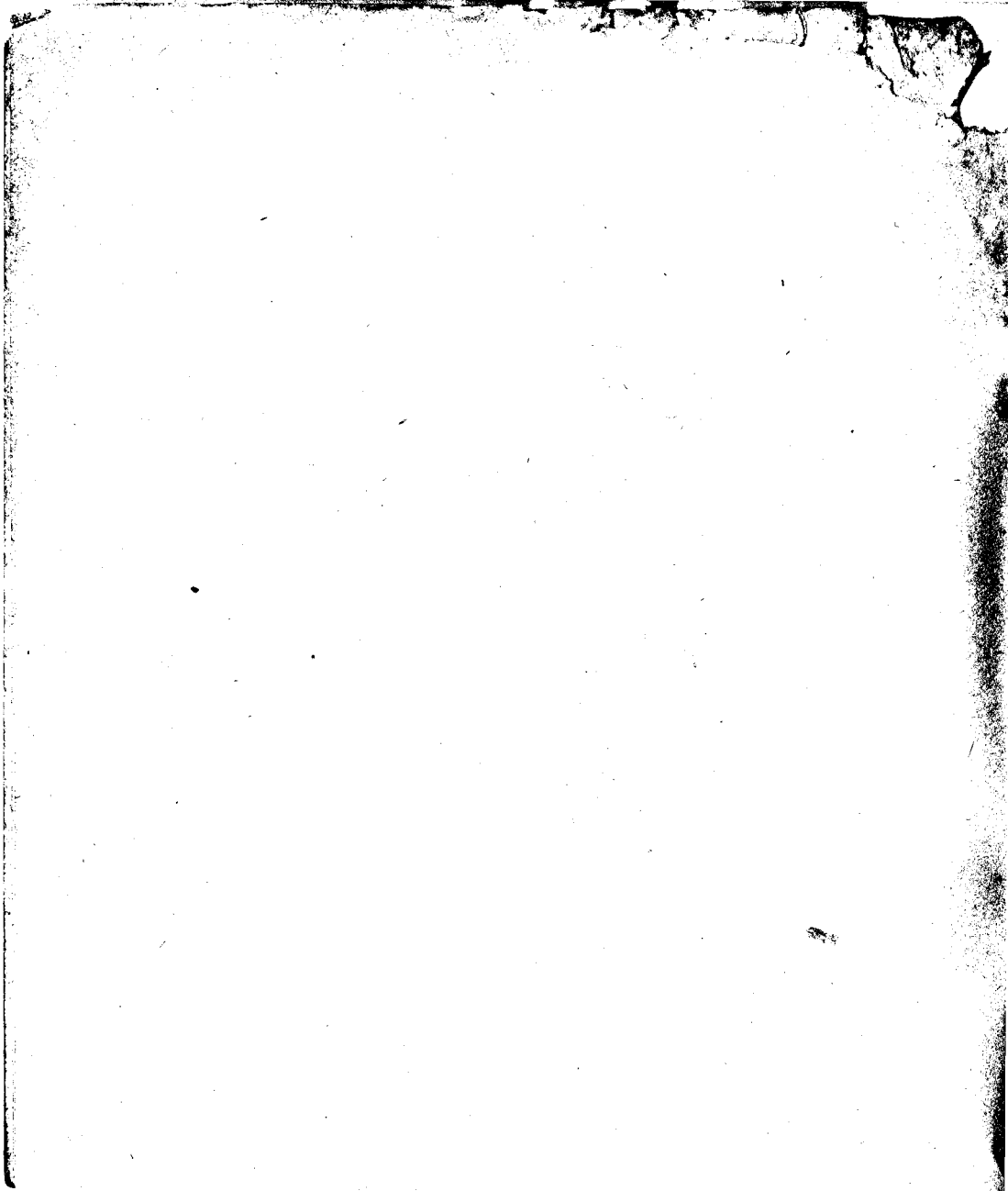
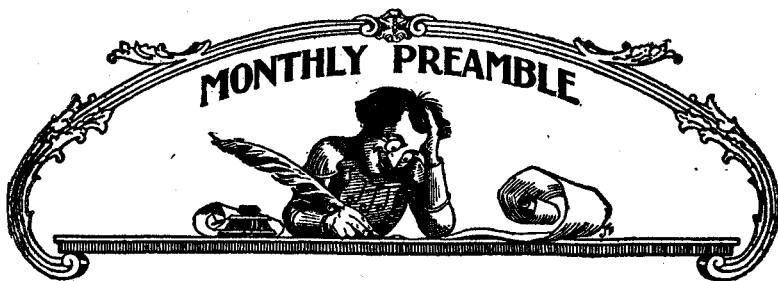


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WHILE we have ever been wont to make our monthly preamble a sort of heart-to-heart talk with our readers, this is one time when we want to take you deep into our confidence. During the five troublous years that we have been writing Jim Jam Jems, our preambles have reflected many moods. For it is here—in the preamble—that we have given vent to our feelings.

It has been our playground, a sort of mental gymnasium where we “work-out” before settling down to the task of telling the truth in hard knocks. Sometimes

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it has been a mere ramble through memory's fragrant fields. Sometimes we have encountered roses—and sometimes only thorns. But always we have endeavored to breathe into our preamble a touch of friendly personality that would tend to bring the reader to us in a feeling of comradeship—a sort of understanding between reader and writer—a common ground of fellowship and mutual interest. But tonight, as we squared away to indite this first preamble of a new year we had a feeling akin to that of commencing a letter to a near and dear friend—one to whom we could lay bare our very soul and know that we would be understood. And thus it is that we say we are going to take you deep into our confidence in this preamble and write of that which is nearest and dearest to our heart—a sentiment “sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet, and soft as their parting tear.”

In an interview with a Chicago newspaper recently, we quoted that wise old saying: “Love is akin to seasickness; everybody laughs at it but those afflicted.” Old Solomon in his most reflective mood, never uttered a more striking truth, paradoxical as it may be to that other time-honored saying: “All the world loves a lover.” Whether this last is true or not, we have no hesitancy in saying that a lover loves all the world. There's room in his heart for every acre of its sunny soil, for every hill-top upon which the morning breaks, for every vale that cradles the evening shadows and for every stream that laughs back the image of the sun.

This may sound a bit strange to the readers of Jim Jam Jems who have known its editor to be a “confirmed old bach-

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elor." And before we preamble further let us set you right. Jim Jam Junior is no longer a bachelor. Our way has been lighted by the mystic fires from Hymen's torch. The little blind god has driven his barbed arrow deep into our heart, and only last month we uttered those solemn vows to love, honor and protect the woman of our choice—"until death doth us part."

Thus do we come to you at the beginning of the New Year 1917 in a new role—that of a benedict. And we feel that the common ground of understanding—the personal touch of fellowship between reader and writer—that has resulted from our monthly preambles, would be violated did we not take you into our confidence and say just a word about the woman who has come into our life—who has become a part of us—to share our joys and our sorrows—to walk by our side throughout life's journey—to share our lot whether it be fortune or misfortune—to meet success with a sigh, and defeat with a smile.

In the hand-to-hand conflict with the world, we haven't any particular regrets. Just a little more than ten years ago we left college and set our face to the west with a firm determination to win. Trials we have had and tribulations sore. We followed the Siren of Fortune—followed feverishly while she beckoned. For a time we practiced law, edited newspapers and played politics. Then five years ago we startled our friends by the announcement that we were through with sham and hypocrisy—that henceforth we would throw "policy" to the winds—and with that announcement Jim Jam

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Jems was born. We christened it "A Volley Of Truth" and as such it has found its way from the North Dakota frontier to the furthestmost ends of the continent; it has permeated the social and business life of every great city in America and has found a ready welcome in the smallest hamlet and bailiwick. Through this little medium we have acquired a varied and extensive experience, and a reputation that is perhaps unenviable. Yet this post-graduate course in the school of hard-knocks and active experience as a man among men has taught us the value of friendship, the true measure of a man, and the worth of honest manhood and womanhood.

We have seen much of life; we have strayed to the four corners of the globe in our search for truth. We have followed the beaten paths—the highways and byways. We have played society from the Bowery to Fifth Avenue, from Barbary Coast to Palm Beach. And always our friends have asked us: "Why don't you marry? Haven't you found the right girl? Have you seen so much of life that you have become a woman-hater? You are a confirmed bachelor, aren't you?" and a lot of other questions that we have never attempted to answer. But now we will answer all of them.

First of all, there is no such thing as a confirmed bachelor. The "good book," with its usual stubborn accuracy, has said: "It is not good for a man to be alone." And the normal man does not live who will question the wisdom of the Bible in this particular. Were it not for the law of the land, the average man would be a King David or a Solomon or a

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Brigham Young. The "confirmed bachelor" is a myth. The normal boy has his youthful sweetheart before he commences to think of long trousers. The high-school lad pom-mades his hair and takes things for his breath. And we care not to what towering heights of success or to what depths of despair a man may rise or fall—we say that always, always in the background, shadowy, indistinct perhaps, is the face of a sweetheart—an ideal—a woman—the woman he hopes some day to woo and win—the woman who will some day become his wife.

And we are not different from other men when we say that always—throughout the years of struggle through college, and later the more mature years of dogged determination to win our way in the world—always she was there—the girl who would one day be a sweet reality. We never could quite determine her features. We could hear her laughter in the ripple of running water; sometimes in the glint of a sunbeam we would fancy we saw the shimmer of her hair; and often in the evening when the cooling mists were creeping 'round the empurpled hills we could feel her presence in the gathering shadows. Dreams! Dreams! Ah, what a golden heritage those dreams are! They belong to the hours that man spends with self. They fill the heart with fierce flames of endeavor. They ease the aches of defeat and spur the pilgrim on in the mad struggle of the survival of the fittest. And always in those dreams, like a friendly cloud that softens the sun-rays, the shadowy form of a woman hovers. The day-dreamer closes his eyes—for the eyes see sweet-

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est pictures when they're shut—and he just goes on dreaming the happy hours away.

Then one day she comes; the fairy form of the girl steps forth as from your dream picture; she is real; the haze that has obscured her features suddenly lifts; for the first time you are sure of the color of her hair, of her eyes. You feel the thrilling touch of her fingers, her merry laughter charms you.

And this is the way she came to us. It wasn't on the promenade-deck of a gaily bedecked yacht; it wasn't in the drawing-room of a country home where the idle-rich gather for the week-end; it wasn't a sudden meeting in front of a rare old print at the art-gallery. It was out here on the prairies of North Dakota where sunshine and health and happiness abound, where the rugged handclasp of man to man need not be under seal with witnesses and where womanhood means honor and purity and fidelity. She was just a simple country maiden—pretty and sweet. The sunshine of the west shone from her eyes and the freedom of the prairies echoed her laughter. We wooed and won her for our wife. Tonight, we look back over the years with a sigh. Those years of bachelorhood with their dreams whisper a sacred benediction and we are happy in their realization—for the girl has stepped into being like the fabled Galatea and as we hold her close to our heart we smile at the poor devil who tries to kid himself into thinking he is one of those mythical things—a “confirmed bachelor.”

JIM JAM JUNIOR.

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P. S. We pushed back from the typewriter after finishing this preamble with an air of contentment and satisfaction; the song of Hiawatha was in our heart as we lighted our pipe and elevated our feet to the desk. We fancied we could hear the dying note of a mocking-bird trilling a last goodnight to its mate—when of a sudden our wife appeared in the doorway of our den, enroute from the bath-room to our sanitary boudoir with its twin beds. Her regular hair was braided tight and her face glistened with cold cream and she informed us in anything but a musical voice that she had set the alarm for 7 o'clock as "You are going Christmas shopping with me early tomorrow. I have my Christmas list all made out. There are so many we must remember; why there are forty-seven right at home to say nothing of sister's people in Canada. It's now one o'clock and that typewriter disturbs me. Where is your razor, I must trim my corns. I just know my feet will kill me tomorrow chasing through those crowded stores. Go to bed and let your old book go until Sunday. One day ought to be enough to write two or three issues." And as she vanished from the doorway, we walked over to her best hat, plucked a nice long Paradise feather to clean our pipe-stem, took several long, cooling drags of Bull Durham smoke, sat down to the typewriter and wrote this just to prove that instead of being ready for bed we have suddenly awoke to the fact that married life isn't one glad, sweet song by several damnsights. And incidentally this postscript may indicate to our old friends that a month of married life hasn't entirely reformed us.

THE END OF THE LIMIT



JUST why God Almighty in his infinite justice hasn't hurled a greased thunderbolt at Professor W. Franklyn Jones and caused his dirty carcass to shrivel up like a caterpillar on a bed of hot coals, is beyond our comprehension. Professor Jones is a little physick connected with the Department of Education of the University of South Dakota and is apparently so thoroughly saturated with perversion that he has prostituted the confidence and trust that naturally attends a position of that nature to the extent that his principal business the past few years has been the examination of the sexual organs of girls and young women students at the state institutions—principally in public schools, in State Normals and the University.

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We have Prof. Jones' own statement for it that he has made thousands of such examinations mostly upon young women, and worse yet—now that his vile practice has come to public notice—the whelp openly defends his act with the statement that he believes such examinations are within the scope of the duties of an educator.

Prof. Jones is not a doctor; he is not a licensed physician and *has never even studied medicine*. Yet he has the audacity to set himself up as an expert on the organs of sex and intimates that by taking a squint at the genitals he can tell whether a young woman is going to be proficient in Latin or not.

Professor Jones reminds us of a skunk lecturing on sweet incense. Any man, with a grain of self-respect in his makeup, would hide his face in shame if caught in any such damnable practice as this man Jones has been guilty of. It is bad enough when necessity demands that a duly licensed practicing physician examine the private person of a young woman, but when a pestiferous little pedagogue insists that such examinations are a part of his duty as a state educator, the end of the limit has been reached.

And God help the educational fabric of South Dakota unless the fathers and mothers of our sister state take matters into their own hands and make a thorough housecleaning. For when Doctor J. G. Parsons, of Sioux Falls, who is evidently a conscientious practicing physician, appeared before the "School Hygiene Association" at a meeting of the South Dakota Teachers' Association a few days ago and protested

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against Prof. Jones' practice of examining the sexual organs of school girls, he was promptly sat down on and eighty per cent of the teachers belonging to this "School of Hygiene" within the State Teachers' Association voted to uphold Professor Jones in his nasty work. They even passed a resolution endorsing Doctor Jones in what they termed his "educational clinic" and wound up by electing Jones president of the "School of Hygiene." When the matter was under discussion one woman teacher went so far in approving of Jones' physical examinations of school girls that she admitted having taken her own daughter to the pedagogue for an examination of the sexual organs!

The Daily Republican, published at Mitchell, South Dakota, is to be commended for the publicity it has given to this matter, and the following editorial comment by the Republican editor is strictly to the point:

"The Republican has performed the rather disagreeable task of presenting to its readers the issue between Dr. Parsons of Sioux Falls, and Prof. Jones of the state university, as to physical examinations of students in public schools and normals, because it was believed to be the duty of some newspaper to make clear to the public what has been going on in this state.

"It appears that Prof. Jones regards it as a proper part of the work of education that he should make the most intimate examination of the persons of girls and young women at public schools and normals.

"It appears further from Prof. Jones' own statement at the

Watertown meeting that he has made thousands of 'sexual examinations.'

"The Republican confesses that it is almost incredible that practises of this sort have been going on. It is still more incredible that Prof. Jones' work in physical examinations should be endorsed by a group of teachers in a sectional meeting at Watertown. If it is the conviction of the teachers' organization, or any part of it, that such liberties with the persons of girls and young women can properly be taken by men who are not physicians and whose license is their vocation as teachers, then it is indeed time that the whole matter be presented to the bar of public opinion for a verdict. For the schools belong neither to the pupils nor to the teachers, however devoted they may be, but to the tax-payers, the fathers and mothers.

"The Republican has asked a number of men prominent in the educational field to give to this paper an expression of opinion concerning Prof. Jones' activities. It does not wish to allow the endorsement given his work by the Watertown meeting to stand as representative of the convictions of the educators of the state. This paper has also most earnestly requested Prof. Jones to make a statement, for it certainly wishes to give him full opportunity to explain and justify his course if he can do so.

"As for itself, The Republican can only repeat that the practice of Prof. Jones' theories is simply appalling. This paper cannot understand how any man acting in a professional capacity could ever think of such a thing as violating the

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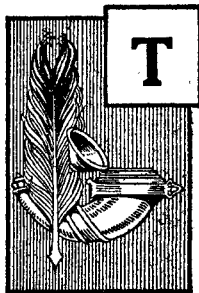
sanctity of the persons of the girls or young women who are, for the time being, at least, the wards of public schools.

“As Dr. Parsons says, the precedent established by Prof. Jones is more to be deplored than even the offensiveness of his own personal operations. If any man who qualifies in his own mind as an educator is to be privileged to go over the bodies of his girl pupils, where is it to end?

“If it is to be a legitimate part of the educational work of the man teacher to conduct sexual examinations on the persons of his pupils, at what particular stage in his professional advancement does he become qualified to begin such operations?”

Just as there are depths in the ocean to which the plummet will not descend, and sentiments in the heart sometimes that the tongue cannot express, so there are subjects which come to the writer's notice at times that defy description, and it seems impossible to find words of sufficient meaning and expression to do justice to the subject. This fellow Jones is the most unclean scoundrel we have ever heard of, and we will admit that for once our vocabulary is sorely lacking in words that would begin to express our contempt for him.

ADAM'S FIRST WIFE



HE golden harp has been stilled! Hushed is the loud hosannah! The stertorous sob has taken the place of the hallelujah in the Garden of Eden! Michael is wearing his wings at half-mast and poor Gabriel will probably never utter the much vaunted toot on his trombone.

The last precinct has been heard from in the Garden of Eden and old Adam, known as one of our first citizens, has run very far ahead of his ticket. If he had been running today he would probably have had Ferdinand Pinney Earle, the justly famed collector of wives, as his running mate.

For old Adam was—pardon the division—a-dam good collector. Already it has become known that he had another wife before he yanked the fifth rib out of juxtaposition and

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whittled it into the New Woman. The pages of history are so gummed by the revelation that it might yet develop that old Adam was the Brigham Young of his day.

The news comes zipping from Robert P. Dow, editor of the Brooklyn Entomological Society Bulletins. Just because entomology is the science of bugs it is no sign that Professor Dow is a—well, anyway, he revealed the secret of Adam's past life in a paper entitled: "The Insect Progeny of Adam's First Wife."

There are many simple souls today who believe that when Adam and Eve were doing their prehistoric fox trots in the celebrated garden, Adam was as spotless as the fig leaf that stood between Eve and the Garden's Vice Societies. Adam was a he-virgin to all of us—but Prof. Dow says he had a past. The first wife was named Lilith. Now that we know Adam's past it is not beyond the bounds of reason to believe that her real name was Lily but that Adam came home one night from the club, full of wild grapes and meeting the first Mrs. Adam under a rose bush, gurgled incoherently:

"Lilith, thish is your little Adamsh. Whee! Lesh have another bottle!"

And thus she became known as Lilith.

Prof. Dow says that in Germany people are much more familiar with Lilith, the first wife. She is first mentioned in early Jewish literature—about 700 A. D. or about the time Bryan began running for President. She had blue eyes and came from somewhere in the far North.

She married Adam but she didn't bear him any children.

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But Adam need not be blamed for that. It must be remembered that the world was young and perhaps Adam didn't know just what to do.

Later it seems that Lilith tired of the childless existence and secured the equivalent to a divorce of that day and married a rich Phoenician by the name of Beelzebub who had been snooping about the garden seeing what he could find underneath the fig leaves. For, as you know, Beelzebub was somewhat of a devil in his day.

Adam, according to Prof. Dow, had many friends who were very much incensed that Lilith should flitteth away. But her course seemed justified, for she and Beezy hadn't been married no time until they began to have a flock of little Beelzebubs, and it so incensed the neighbors that they named each member of the brood "zebubs," or wasps, and the second generation with accumulated vindictiveness was hailed as "succobees," or she-devils.

Throughout all subsequent Jewish mythology constant reference is found to Lilith, "the mother of insects." If she invented some insects well known to the more or less human race it is no wonder indeed that Adam had to scratch for a living.

But the fact that Adam had a past is not the most stunning revelation that Professor Dow makes. The learned gentleman informs us that Eve was a coon! She had Ethiop blood in her veins. We simple folk who have always imagined Eve a beautiful blond, flitting about the Garden with her wavy tresses floating in the breeze, will find it hard to

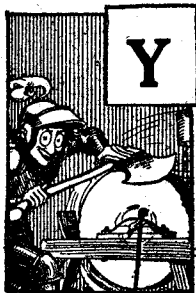
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accustom ourselves to the fact that she played a banjo instead of a harp, that it was a watermelon patch instead of an apple-tree where the forbidden fruit was located, that her hair was kinky instead of wavy and that her fig-leaf apron was made from autumn leaves—with all the colors of the rainbow. And Cain and Abel were mulattoes.

As a “bug” scientist, Professor Dow fills the bill.



A BARBAROUS LAW



YOU can't smother mother-love by law. It has been tried and it always fails—and always will fail. Sometimes you can smother humanity beneath the judicial ermine, but not always. As the lawyers say, "We note an exception," the exception being Judge Wadhams of New York.

Before him stood Mrs. Rebecca Schnur, mother of six small children, with one tugging at her barren breast. She had stolen in order to feed them. She had done it once before, too. Twice her mother instinct had overcome her fear of the law.

The bare unadorned facts make a man's blood sizzle at the idiocy of some of this half-baked legislation foisted on a suffering country.

The living father of the Schnur family was not a criminal,

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but he had collided with a section of peculiarly idiotic legislation. He had been guilty of a misfortune, not of a crime. As a garment maker he had contracted tuberculosis, and the law forbade him to work at his trade upon the theory that if he continued to work, he might spread the disease. So far so good! But there the law stopped. That was four years ago. More children came. But the father was legally debarred from supporting them. The law amputated his livelihood and there it left him and his family, helpless. It did not segregate Mr. Schnur. It did not prevent his producing more children. It made no provision for their support. It merely precipitated the Schnur family into an abyss of utter poverty and there it left them with a very reasonable certainty of increase. In other words, Mr. Schnur and his family were industrially annihilated and so left. Perhaps he didn't have tuberculosis, or if he had it, perhaps he failed to comply with the expected mortality tables. But anyway, he has lived four years and has begat offspring.

Birth Control had not shed its beams upon the Schnur family. But the judge remarked: "We have not only no birth regulation in such cases but, if information is given with respect to birth regulation, people are brought to the bar of justice for it. There is a law they violate."

Obviously Mrs. Schnur, working at odd jobs and incidentally bearing more children, could not support her industrially annihilated husband, herself and six children. So she stole, preferring theft to the starvation of her loved ones.

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The judge, providentially human and humane, refused to imprison Mrs. Schnur. Perhaps he thought the law in its majesty had done enough to the Schnur family.

Of course these innocent children would suffer, of course other children would be born, and of course Mrs. Schnur would steal for them before she would watch them starve to death! So would you!

The law in its wisdom segregated Mr. Schnur from industrial but not from procreative activities. He couldn't make garments, the only thing he industrially knew, for fear of spreading disease, but he could and did create more children—probably tubercular as well as pauperized.

This condition of affairs is abhorrent and barbaric. When the law destroyed Mr. Schnur's means of livelihood; it should have done two things more. It should have segregated Mr. Schnur, thereby preventing his further paternity, and it should have made a bread-and-butter provision for the innocent, helpless and suffering children.

We have too many of these half-way destructive laws. When the law undertakes to remedy a condition it should be constructive; it should not ruthlessly amputate the limbs of livelihood and then leave the innocent to industrially bleed to death.

This law is incompletely barbarous. It invites two disasters, more tubercular children and more pauperization, to say nothing of probable theft.

In declining to jail Mrs. Schnur—poor, harried, despairing woman—the judge took occasion to say: "I believe we

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are living in an age of ignorance which at some future time will be looked upon aghast as we look back on conditions which we should not permit to exist."

We often wonder whether some of these half-baked laws do not accomplish more harm than good. This law, well meant doubtless, was intended to prevent the spread of tuberculosis. Its real result in the Schnur family was to produce tubercular children, dire poverty and theft. But Mrs. Schnur wasn't jailed, the innocent children were not deprived of their mother.

A wise judge looked beyond the letter of the law. He saw the Schnur family enmeshed in a maze of "reform legislation" whose first step plunged them into pauperism and left them. He saw "Birth Control" needed but illegal, and even the information of it illegal. He saw an industrial atom, Mr. Schnur, industrially destroyed but no provision made for him after his industrial slaughter. He saw innocent children, born and unborn, led into pauperism. He saw a most urgent invitation to repeated theft. He did what he could and all he could. He left Mrs. Schnur free to struggle on and he expressed his abhorrence of such legally imposed conditions. In all of which we join him.

WAS KING OTTO MAD AFTER ALL?



THE Mad King of Bavaria has passed from mortal view! Long live the King! And in the death of King Otto, Europe loses another of her famous—or infamous—"mad kings." For King Otto was not the only royal lunatic who has graced an European throne. Let us see just how mad he was.

For twelve years, Otto was King of Bavaria, though he did not know it. His senses were steeped in the "black night" before Louis II sought and found death. However, his subjects have been spared the terrible spectacle of seeing a madman in the purple, of seeing their crown overtop a brain irretrievably diseased.

The lustfulness of King Otto is well known; but all kings inherit this trait. In order to satisfy this weakness a large

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number of handsome but physically powerful women were engaged to keep him company. One after another they impersonated the Queen of Sheba, Helen of Troy, Queen Dido, Mary Queen of Scots and Empress Josephine. As the years went on, however, his imbecility and violence became so advanced that it was impossible to employ this method of amusing him.

What is insanity anyhow? There is a man in Weimar who also is regarded as a lunatic now. Yet there are thousands who pay homage to his propaganda of bloodshed. This man was the son of a preacher and scaled the highest glaciers of thought. He lifted his head above the common thought of his day. But he never knew what it was to be famous. Today many praise him as a genius. But Friedrich Nietzsche is a mental wreck and unaware of the fame that is now his.

Neurologists tell us that most insanity can be hidden—probably because most patients can hide it from them. But it is nevertheless true that it is hard to tell where sanity leaves off and insanity begins.

We may call King Otto mad because he babbled in the dark like a child crying for the light. But his reign had nothing to do with bigamy, incest, uxoricide and adultery as has graced the reign of the so-called sane kings. Go back over the history of Henry VIII and the sainted Edward VI, or Good Queen Bess. What do we find? What did Luther say of Henry VIII? He described him as "a pig, an ass, a dunghill, the spawn of an adder, a basilisk, a lying buffoon, a mad fool with a frothy mouth." Luther might have been insane but he

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could tell an eagle from a buzzard if the wind was blowing his way.

Kings of royal birth have always pandered to their most lascivious passions. Their palaces are continually turned into ignominious dens of vice where bestial abnormalities of all kinds are given the fullest play. This is also true of queens. Many of them even to this day have assigned to their favorite paramours a bedroom adjacent to their own and have shown themselves calloused to every sense of shame.

When Otto of Bavaria succumbed to the mental miasma there was more to remember him by than most of his fellow kings who are kinging just now. He never did any harm. He never had the power to become a scourge to his people. He never performed the accursed infamies of the other mad monarchs from the maniacal Roman Emperors to Russia's Paul and England's George. He was never a curse to his country—unlike other kings, whose presence has been a two-fold greater curse than all the plagues of Egypt.

If you had visited a certain King ten months ago you would have found him plotting—steeped to his neck in intrigue, which would end in the slaughter of tens of thousands of innocents. Visiting the Mad King Otto at the same time you would have found him in his garden, perhaps. He would have been repeating certain cadences, or singing airs from certain operas. His tunes might have ranged from the songs of the vaudeville of his day to the chansons of Offenbach or the sweet melodies of Lortzing and Strauss—airs that

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were popular when he was young and dashing and his mind keen.

The Mad King Otto sank to the lowest depths of animalism, it is true. But how much lower can kings sink than our present flock of monarchs? Butchering human beings is their daily order. Not a hair of one head was touched or harmed by any order from King Otto.

They call King Otto mad! Yet he never sent a bunch of fresh young boys into the mouths of cannon to be made into mince meat. He never ordered his subjects shot, or ground the proletariat under his heels. He never got entangled in any royal scandals such as are a part and parcel of the lives of most kings. In fact, the Mad King Otto, in our opinion, was one of the best kings Europe has had for many a day.

How much better it would be today if a lot of other kings were banished from public view as the Mad King Otto was. Otto was of the common type of all kings. He sprang from the same sort of loins, and there is no reason to believe that he was any more mad than the rest of them. The only difference is that his madness was not hidden. Fate was merely less gracious to poor Otto than it is to the present-day kings. His paranoia was always in evidence, while the royal lunatics who are not wetting down battlefields with blood and dotting the seas with sinking ships, with screaming, dying men, women and children, are able to go blandly on, while their subjects, deluded as they are, applaud.

It was a sorry spectacle to see Otto falling upon his food

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with mouth and fingers, and rolling about his gilded rooms, kicking up his heels and drooling in an idiotic fashion. But how much more pathetic it is to see our present crop of kings, mad with the lust for power, exterminating the race.

The present kings have been nurtured from birth on the fruits of robbery and the milk of perfidy. Upon their unclean thrones thousands of humans are being sacrificed. The best and bravest of England's children, little boys and girls, have been passing through shot and shell to horrible deaths, to glut the pitiless maw of this modern Moloch, King George. The monarchs of today have already built a Frankenstein which is destroying them.

King Otto mad! It is to laugh. He may have crawled about on his hands and knees in his royal palace like a baby, but he was not, like Henry VIII, wedded with his daughter.

It would be better for the world, perhaps, if all kings were afflicted with the same type of insanity that afflicted the mad king. There was something sweet about King Otto, after all. He loved much. The memory of the singing of the famous Jenny Lind always inspired him. He never forgot. Tucked away in his clouded senses was a place for a touch of the spiritual.

Today King Otto sleeps. It may be that in that other sphere to which he has gone the mind-cloud has dissolved. In his youth he was tender and true. Perhaps he now looks down upon the awful carnage of the battlefields of Europe and sees things as they are. One can almost imagine him smiling to himself as he contemplates: "And so they called me mad!"

A PEERLESS PORK PACKER



WITHOUT pay or pelf we would like to modestly advertise a phenomenally peerless pork-packer. We refer to the Congressional variety. He is pretty "raw" but his raw material costs him nothing. Mr. James Hay, of Madison, Virginia, represents (or perhaps it is a misnomer, perhaps he really misrepresents) the Seventh Congressional District of the "Old Dominion". That State once produced statesmen of a different stripe, such as Washington, Jefferson and Madison.

As Chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs, Mr. Hay fathered a rotten Army Reorganization Bill. It was so rotten that Secretary of War Garrison and Assistant Secretary Breckenridge resigned as their protest against it.

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But the particular piece of political prestidigitation which challenges our admiration of Mr. Hay as a packer of "raw" Congressional pork reads, "Provided further, that of the vacancies created in the Judge Advocate General's Department by this act, one such vacancy, not below the grade of major, shall be filled by the appointment of a person from civil life, not less than forty-five nor more than fifty years of age, who shall have been for ten years a judge of the Supreme Court of the Philippine Islands, shall have served for two years as a Captain in the Regular or Volunteer Army, and shall be proficient in the Spanish language and laws."

There is just one human being in this world who can fill the conditions of this bill. His name is Carson, and he lives in Mr. Hay's district, or private preserve, or bailiwick, in the "Old Dominion". This "job" is riveted to Mr. Carson. There is no possible competition.

This looks like the fine Italian hand of a short-haired ward heeler. In Congressional circles it is colloquially known as a "joker"—possibly because it is an unusual card in the deck. Anyway Mr. Hay played it and won the "trick".

They raise a huge crop of peanuts in Virginia where they call them "goobers". And evidently the industry is contagious; Mr. Hay is in our humble judgment the prize "peanut politician". They make "peanut butter", too, and Mr. Hay is pretty "smooth".

When a man can "jimmy" a job like this through Congress in a bill purporting to produce military preparedness he is some "pork packer"—raw but efficient in his chosen

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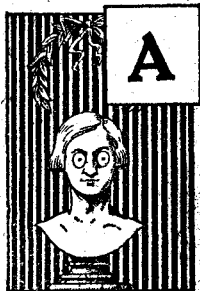
vocation. It almost reaches the dignity of a city alderman's graft in getting a street cleaner a job.

But we want to be fair to Virginia. One of their papers called it a "monumental piece of chicanery"; another said the "clause was drawn obviously and shamelessly to make a job for Judge Carson". So they aren't all of the "peanut" variety in Virginia. Frankly, we think Mr. Hay is an exception to the typical high-minded Virginia gentleman.

He is entitled to be retired on his pork-packing proficiency and his peanut productivity. "Pork-packing" in Congress is quite an industry anyway and of course it was a petty job—which really adds to its meanness if any addition is possible.



A BLIND CRIPPLE



ALL heroines are not celebrated in song and story like Florence Nightingale and Grace Darling. This one must be nameless, but she is real. With her beautiful sightless eyes turned toward us she made us promise secrecy—or no story. We gave our word and here's the story.

We were many hundred miles from home. It was dinner time. Cafes were all alike to us so long as our bare interior was unupholstered. We entered one, glanced over the robbers' schedule and ordered the upholstery. We were a little early. The musicians' stand was vacant. We had just imbibed our modest appetizer. Patrons were arriving. As we looked up, the musicians hove in view—only three, the "drum," the violinist and the pianist. The pianist riveted our attention.

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She was a cripple, but she glided gracefully by the aid of a crutch. She walked with an assured air, ascended the slightly raised rostrum, placed her crutch at her feet and seated herself at the piano. The violinist gave a preliminary tap and the music started.

Something, we could not tell just what, caused us to glance again at the pianist. There was something peculiar about her. She seemed different somehow. Then we discovered it. Her eyes were like yours, like mine, but the eyelids never fell. Her eyes were beautiful—but sightless.

We dallied with our dinner. Here was a phenomenon. Dancing commenced, applause was generous, encores were frequent. Our pianist was more pleased than the most enthusiastic dancers. She smiled delightedly, nodded brightly and spiritedly responded. We are not a musical critic but it sounded good to us. It sounded good to the dancers too. It seemed to have touch and go and vim and expression and human sympathy, and twinkling feet tripped tirelessly to its measure.

The cafe proprietor looked sort of human as he patrolled among his patrons. Finally we caught his eye. He took a seat beside us, accepted one of his own vended cigars and offered, during the intermission, to present us to the blinded cripple.

When he did so she rose gracefully, sustained herself by her left hand on her piano, turned her sightless eyes toward us, smiled sweetly and graciously extended her right hand in welcome. It was an artist's hand, shapely, with long,

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slender, supple fingers. The smile that greeted us was kindly, cheerful, animated and—not seductive—gracious. It revealed the soul within.

She told us her little story, simply, unaffectedly, modestly, never dreaming that it was extraordinary; that was its charm. When she was but seven years of age, or, as she naively said, disregarding mathematical certainties, twenty-five years ago, a cruel fall had at one stroke shattered her limb and by a blow on the head paralyzed the optic nerve. Science was helpless. There could be no repair. Darkness closed upon her crippled existence.

You, with all your limbs and faculties unimpaired, grouch-ing about some petty grievance, stop a moment and take stock. This girl, poor, blind and crippled, rose superior to this doubled disaster. God knows, one would discourage most of us; but two could not daunt her indomitable spirit. Within her slender body burned an unquenchable flame. Slowly, painfully, by ear, by touch, by the Braille system, by practice, by perseverance—and by all these over a term of years—she became a most creditable pianist. She claimed no genius but the genius of hard work. Sometimes—very rarely, she said—after hearing a new composition but once she could play it fluently; but, as she laughingly said, she was no “Blind Tom.” She had to earn her proficiency by tedious toil. She never spoke of herself as “blind”; she spoke of the rest of the world as “seeing people.” She never spoke of herself as crippled; she smilingly mentioned the disadvantage of “tapping her way about with her crutch.”

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The glory of the sun, the star-set heavens, the delicate shades and harmonies of colors, the brilliant flowers, the sparkling waters, the faces of loved ones—all the myriad beauties and splendors of this wonderful world—were forever sealed to her sightless eyes. She lived in a land of dreams. Yet she remembered colors, she combined them with her sightless imagination, she repeated the spectrum—the old v-i-b-g-y-o-r of school days—violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red. She combined these in all possible shades, tints, hues and combinations as only an imaginative woman could. She combined color and odor; she spoke of the vivid geranium and its pungent perfume, of the old fashioned pink with its spicy flavor, of the modest violet and its faint sweetness, of the pink and white trailing arbutus with its woodland scent. She knew these flowers and many others by perfumes too delicate and evanescent for us “seeing people” to recognize.

She knew and spoke of the city’s noises, the trolley clangor, the motor horn, the purr of the automobile, the thud of the motor trucks, the clang of the ambulances, and the growing rarity of horses’ hoofs—she said she missed their steady beat. She knew her way about her modest home. She dressed herself and dressed her hair—and dressed it becomingly, too—without assistance.

All these things she told as naively, as unconstrainedly and as naturally as a child, not proudly, not boastfully, not vaingloriously. It was part of her daily routine, picked out, assimilated, appropriated, as part of the necessities of the

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situation. She knew her way about the city perfectly; she knew the streets, she knew the stores, the corners, the intersections, the arteries of travel.

In all her crippled blinded life she had just one luxury. She spoke of it constrainedly and showed it reluctantly, rather apologizing for its extravagance. She had a watch which chimed the time. She "liked to know the time without asking." "Sometimes," she said, "the nights seem long."

And she had a grievance. This poor, blinded, crippled being out of all her mass of deprivations had one grievance—just one. It was the jitneys. Before the jitneys came she could go about—blind and crippled she could make her way certainly and safely—but she said there were so many jitneys now that she had to have some one go about with her.

Blinded to the beauties of this beautiful world, toiling like a galley slave at her daily practice and her nightly task, handicapped by blindness and lameness, she had one luxury—a chiming watch. And her tender heart had one very mild grievance—too many jitneys.

We have listened to many worse sermons, mouthed out by pompous paid pulpiteers, than this little grey-clad blinded cripple preached to us in telling her artless story. When we bade her good bye we did it with more deference than we would have yielded to any queen. She was better than any queen. She had suffered, toiled, labored cheerfully and uncomplainingly—and triumphed. We admit that we are an admiring subject and we know of no earthly queen her equal.

A "SIGNAL VICTORY" FOR THE MEDICS



A GAIN it becomes our duty to apply the lash to the Medical Association, but the hides of its members, or rather of its officers, are so calloused and their souls so shriveled that there is about as much satisfaction in it as in beating a tired horse. However, we will never tire of administering rebuke to such a soulless and inhumane combination as the association of pill peddlers which is found in various localities.

It was only a few days ago that our attention was attracted by an article in the Los Angeles Times which told of the persecution of a poor, harmless Porto Rican "miracle healer," the result of which was considered by the California Medical Board as a "signal victory."

This wonderful victory consisted of the conviction of the

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poor fellow for "practicing medicine without a license" when he used no medicine at all. The persecuted subject of this attack by the medics is Armando Dominguez, who made such a wonderful record by miracle healing in the United States, Mexico, Porto Rico and the Philippines that his fame has spread over the civilized world, through articles in the magazines and general press.

Armando Dominguez has actually caused the blind to see and the lame to walk, using no medicines and never charging a fee, yet the laws of this grand and glorious country authorize and empower the medical grafters to arrest him and to jail him because he is helping those whom they were unable to do anything for. It reminds one of the "lowly Nazarene" who was arrested, tried and crucified by the rabble because they could not understand him, and because he went about doing good, and working miracles among the poor classes without price.

In June, 1915, the "miracle man" was arrested in Chino, California, for practicing without a license and was tried by a jury in the Superior Court at San Bernardino. Notwithstanding the fact that the records showed and the defendant admitted that he had no state license, the defense introduced evidence showing that he had cured the blind and made the lame to walk, and the jury returned a verdict of "not guilty," holding that he had a "divine license which was manifest and inalienable."

Secure in his "divine right," the Porto Rican healer continued to practice among the dark-skinned laborers of San

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Bernardino county without further molestation for practically a year. He finally went over into Los Angeles County, and abortionists and high-priced grafters of the medical profession arrested him and again dragged him before the court. Knowing that he was up against it no matter what kind of a showing he made, the poor fellow decided to change his plea from not guilty to guilty and take his medicine as doped up by the medical profession. Judge Willis then sentenced him to six months in the county jail, but suspended sentence upon his promise to quit practicing.

This case has caused a storm of indignation, as well as did the first arrest, and the papers of California have carried many columns commending the "miracle man" and editorially condemning the action of the medical board.

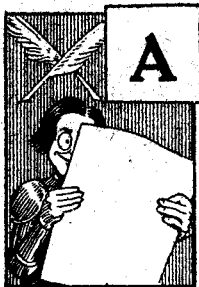
The feeling in San Bernardino county was intense during the previous trial and sensational scenes were enacted in the Superior Court when witness after witness took the stand and testified in favor of the persecuted man. When the wife of a Mexican laborer took the stand her four-year-old Jose sat in her lap and gazed at judge and jury through eyes which the mother swore had been sightless for three years before Dominguez saw him. A little two-year-old girl was also on exhibit and according to witnesses had been blind the first eighteen months of her life, notwithstanding medical treatment from a score or more of eye specialists. After more of the same testimony regarding other patients, the judge practically instructed the jury to bring in a verdict of "not guilty".

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In the name of suffering humanity, why is it that such a weapon for wrong doing is placed in the hands of the medical men of this country, and why is it that they are so heartless as to take advantage of this power by misdirecting it, thereby depriving the many sufferers of the last and only hope which they may have for being healed? It cannot be denied that there is a heaven-born power given an occasional person on this earth, and the hand which is raised against the Good Samaritan who does his wonderful mission without compensation, is as bad as the hand which strangles the infant in embryo. But the hand which performs one of these crimes is the same hand which commits the other, yet they hide behind the mantle of the medical profession and with the strong arm of the law, proceed with their crimes and their damnable work, preventing the carrying out of the divine law in each case. And all the while they point with pride to their claim as honorable, professional men, and wallow in the wealth of their graft-producing chicanery.



JACK LONDON



AND so the Great Call has come to Jack London, the author! They scattered his mortal ashes the other day in the Valley of the Moon, in his beloved California. What a puny thing is Death—the King of Terrors—if the grim visaged spectre imagines for one flickering moment that the real Jack London is destroyed. As the pine springs naturally to the sun so did the soul of Jack London spring to the field of greater adventure.

We mourn him, of course, for death has made him invisible to human senses; but that Jack London could die is to insult the eternality of good deeds, brave acts and loyal purposes.

Jack London blithely surmounted too many human obstacles to be balked or terrified by the hand of death. He

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went to the Great Beyond smiling and unafraid. Unfettered now by the physical handicaps which seemed always his, he soars the heights. No writer we have ever known was so steadfast and true to his high ideals.

No writer yet to live has fought his way to fame and fortune through such barriers. The millstones that Jack London wore about his neck only inspired him to go higher and higher.

No place but the west could produce his kind. The east may produce the milkop poets and the long-haired vers libre bards but it took the golden west to produce the virile type that stamped Jack London. He was alone in his cabin when disease racked his body and filled it with the poison that sent his soul to the heights.

He was the true adventurer. The "Call of the Wild" was as much in his blood as it was in the remarkable story he wrote by the same name. The unrest of the pioneer spirit of his ancestors taught him to seek adventure as a salmon fisher, as an oyster pirate, a fish patrolman, a longshoreman and many other things. He shipped before the mast with men who had hair on their chests and who drank plentiful portions of rum to forget their tired bodies. He tramped all over the United States and Canada. He knew the east; he knew the west; he knew the north, and the south. The wide world was his haven. Yet his ego was never swollen. He knew the inside of a jail as well as he knew the inside of Milady's palace. There were very few nooks and crannies

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of this old earth that have not been made happier by his presence.

London loved the real folk. He was at home with a dock-walloper, if his heart was true, just as much as he was at home with the great editor in the Fifth Avenue club. Poverty to him was a condition of environment and not a disgrace, and to help a man rise above his environment was the thing in which he had his greatest joy.

He knew what tramping was, and he knew what it was to be hungry and unsheltered. He had an uncompromising hatred for shams, but there beat in his bosom a warm and generous heart for the world at large, and no man was ever a more devoted friend to the needy. No one was ever turned away from his ranch. The servants had explicit instructions to feed every man no matter how often he came.

He loved the horses and the dogs, and was sensitive to the sufferings of animals. He knocked a man senseless in a mining camp once for cuffing a stray, whining dog. The golden California sunlight falling aslant the big redwoods on his big estate in the Sonoma valley reveals a picture of woe today. The footfalls of the faithful servants are hushed and the spirited horses paw the earth and look expectantly for their master. The dogs whimper and tremble for the voice that is stilled.

Jack London knew well that life was a game, and he played it fairly to the mortal end. It was his theory that the kingdom of Heaven is here and now, if we but grasp the opportunities. He had the faith to know—not merely to believe—

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that the Power that gives us happiness on earth can easily take care of our future, and so he snapped his fingers at the fates and conventions and went merrily on his way.

For years Jack London wrote without the slightest recognition. He did not know what an editor looked like. But he never lost his joy of living. He saw abject poverty in his life, and he saw great wealth, with the same cheery heart.

He went to the gutter once through drink but he came back to the top again a better man and a finer friend. His sympathies were keen for those who had strayed from the path, and his hand was always out to lead them on to greater and better things.

His story of "John Barleycorn" vividly portrays his heroic wrestle with the demon drink and how he mastered the unquenchable thirst that seared his very soul. It may be that his dallying with the cup that cheers and inebriates shortened his days on earth, but he won the greatest victory of all, for he learned to know that he was captain of his unconquerable soul.

He was a human being all the way through. He had his love affairs, like all of us. His first marriage was not a happy one, and divorce came and he married again—but always he took the blame. His second wife was his golden-haired "Little Lady of the Big House" and his pal on worldwide trips of adventure. Not many years ago she dropped her embroidery when her big boyish husband proposed a trip around the world in a forty-foot yacht. She was always ready to leave her beautiful home and go swinging through

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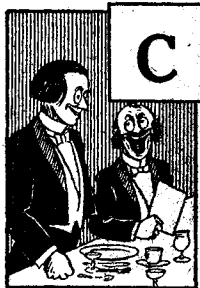
the mountains on a wild gypsying holiday. It was a most splendid comradeship between them that came to a sudden breaking-off—not to an end, if you please. And now, in the house, sits the young widow, sobbing aloud for her god-man!

London's recent book, "The Little Lady of the Big House," was a faithful picture of their life on the ranch in California. The complication of the "other man" was, of course, brought in merely for story-telling purposes, to give the plot the proper dramatic punch; for Jack London and his "little lady" have always been pals, and not a shadow ever came between them.

Jack London was a boy to the end. He loved to swing through the great forests and chop down the trees. He loved the smell of the earth, the song of the birds and the echo of the hills. He loved all out-of-doors, and it was fitting that his ashes should now be swirling about through the deep forests. The mountains called to him as well as the lakes and the billowy seas. The birds on the wing thrilled him. His heart was attuned always to nature.

And to be attuned to nature is to be attuned to Heaven. There is a happy thought in the fact that we will always have Jack London with us in his writings. And they reveal his soul.

Chicago Society Housed a Despicable Loan Shark



CYMLING-HEADED dudes and puffing society belles, who make up the upper frills of Chicago society, are now facing a situation that would wring briny tears from a wax figure of Sitting Bull. For some time they have been bending their knees, gushing their eulogies, and primping and puttering to the most hated of all the species—a Loan Shark. The serpent they nursed in their bosom has turned on his belly and bitten them right smack in the breastworks. 'Tis a sorrowful tale, my lads, so gather 'round the mizzen-deck.

Not so very long ago there flashed across the Windy City's social horizon a social light of peculiar effulgence. He had all the earmarks of class. His name was Frank Jay Mackey and although it was not a name that was parted in the

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middle, it had a snap. He was a noted sportsman, a celebrated polo player and mixed up with nobility and royalty. His late wife was welcomed into society in New York, Chicago and London and he created a sensation abroad by entertaining. Then the palpitating news burst like a bomb in the midst of Chicago society, that Frank Jay was the manager of a chain of loan shark agencies owned by his aged and obscure mother.

Mackey was always up at the top of the column next to pure reading matter in the Chicago newspapers and whatever he did just put the society chroniclers in a flutter.

In society that has the art of being miserable a la mode, Mackey was the truly fair-haired boy. Now that his true status has been established, however, the society tea-hounds are simply dazed by the revelations. What will people say?

The disclosure, which has set the upper-crust by the ears, was provoked, as it were, by the efforts of the Chicago Mortgage Loan Company—one of the agencies—to collect \$345 from a man to whom \$100 had been advanced. Think of forcing a hardworking man to pay \$245 interest on a loan of \$100! With the proceeds of this thievery—for it is nothing else—and countless similar thefts, Mackey wallowed in pink tea and bought perfumed cigarettes for the cackling sycophants who worshipped at his shrine.

The oppressed victim in this case was Robert Hutcherson, a man of family, who found himself unable to pay the Shylocks and filed a petition in bankruptcy after his salary had been garnisheed. The hearing of the case was held before

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Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis who tried to nick John Dee for a large slice of his ill-gotten gains.

The manager of this loan shark agency admitted that he got \$12,000 a year salary. It so astounded his honor that he gasped: "Gracious!" If he had been some place else besides the courtroom he would probably have shouted "Helandamnation!"

"Who is behind the company?" he asked.

"Mrs. C. M. French. She is eighty years old and lives in Reedburgh, Wis. All the notes are payable to her. She owns nearly seventy loan agencies in all parts of the country, and she put up \$100,000 to start the chain of agencies."

"Who looks after her interests?"

"Frank J. Mackey, her son."

And thus were the beans spilled all over the Windy City. Society read the news the next day and there was a collective shiver up and down the social spinal column that made the buck ague feel like a puny thing indeed. For some time columns and columns of intellectual bilge water had been written in Chicago newspapers about the sleek society bud, Frank J. Mackey. So of course when society read that he was a bud with a fuzzy cut-worm in the center, it dropped him like a monkey drops the heated coin.

However, the incident shows plainly how easy it is to break into high society if you have the money and the inclination. Mackey went to London in 1902 and by assiduous cultivation succeeded in breaking the social barriers. He was greeted as a new American multi-millionaire and it was not

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long, with his lavish expenditures, before he became a prominent figure in the American colony abroad.

It must make our great American dailies feel foolish to be so badly buncoed. They have printed picture after picture of Mackey and the Chicago papers out-toadied all Toadydom in palavering to him. They informed the world what color of socks he wore, how he buttoned his drawers, the part of his hair and the length of his feet just as though he might be a valuable slave being bartered off the block for breeding purposes. But after all, society likes to be humbugged. It relieves the ennui with which they are surfeited.

But we hope that Mackey will not get out of his scrape with such mild punishment as being dropped by society. A loan shark's proper home is playing checkers with his nose in a two by four cell. There is no vocation so mean as trading on human weaknesses.

The loan shark is a bastard of hell who filches from the sweat of the toiler. He works behind a maze of intricacies that bewilder the ignorant, and grinds out the dollars with his heel upon their necks. A more despicable business cannot be found, and pimping in comparison is almost a noble and grand calling.

The man who goes to a loan shark generally goes because it is the last place in the world he can go and get money. That is why the loan sharks thrive. They profit on the misery of a fellow being. Once he is in their clutches he is doomed. They hold the papers he signs over his head for a life time. And when you sign on the dotted lines in a loan shark's office,

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there is no hope. Well might they place over the portals of their infamous dens: "All who enter here leave hope behind."

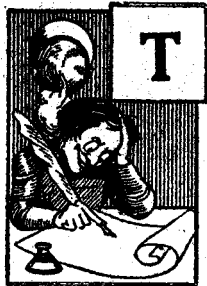
When a man does not pay promptly the loan shark will garnishee his salary—no excuses will go. A working-man whose salary is garnisheed is in great danger of being dismissed. In fact, it is a hard and fast rule in many shops and factories that when a man has his salary garnisheed he knows he is fired.

Thus many women and children are deprived of their sources of revenue. It is a damnable business and that a man should be engaged in it and try to mix with decent people shows the pluperfect nerve with which he is endowed.

Of course, there is something to be said for Mackey. He did work and that is an art unknown to most of the people in the high society with which he mingled.



Admiral Peary---A Loud- Mouthed Bluffer



HE discovery of the North Pole has again been gumming up the first pages. The recent failure of explorers to find the mysterious Crocker Land casts a doubt upon the whole nasty business—shadowed as it was with treachery, disloyalty and even dark hints of murder. It has always been our opinion that Admiral Peary was a blustering, loud-mouthed egotist. He had a drag with the “arm chair” scientists,

cloaked by the government, and they rode rough-shod over the proof and data furnished them by Dr. F. A. Cook.

Cook, whether he found the pole or not, was the victim of a damnable conspiracy and any close observer of the situation will believe that he was more entitled to the honors than Peary. But he was instead dishonored, heckled and is

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now considered one of the most famous of the world's impostors.

Congress has officially recognized Peary as the discoverer of the North Pole, but there are many men in Congress who insist that his admiral's uniform should be stripped from him. Recent developments are sufficient to throw much doubt on his veracity and competency as an explorer. He is blatant and will sacrifice his friends to gain his own ends. He is not the kind of man that can ever be placed upon a pedestal by the American public. He does not inspire confidence.

Dr. Cook on the other hand has fought against terrific odds. His fortune has been swept away and his means of livelihood have been taken from him through the devilish machinations of the Peary crowd.

Henry T. Helgesen, representative in Congress from North Dakota, is satisfied that Peary did not discover the North Pole. As he points out, there have been no scientific data furnished by Peary that entitle him to be called the discoverer except his own unsupported word. In fact, nearly all of the claims that have been made by Peary have been proven false. He is not a man to be believed. Why then should the American public take his unsupported word that he arrived at the North Pole?

Going back a few years it is found that Peary claims to have discovered the Peary Channel—an alleged northern boundary of Greenland—and therefore to have been first to establish the fact that Greenland is an island. That discovery alone, if a true one, would be sufficient no doubt to

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establish for Peary a reputation as an explorer. But it has been proved by explorations subsequent to his that no such channel exists. If he lied about one discovery—there is reason to believe that he would lie about a discovery that would mean more to him than anything else.

Peary proved a traitor with many of his people. In fact Cook has charged that the explorer has a bastard child by an Esquimaux woman and that he deserted her. Peary has never refuted this charge except to snort and say it was a "damn lie." Ruining ignorant Esquimaux women, and leaving them with half-breed children, is about the most contemptible of all things and especially is this so when it is done, as charged, by a man who was supposed to represent the United States.

Right now the Navy Department charts of the Arctic show, to the northwest of Grant Land, an undefined land-mass marked Crocker Land, which Peary claims to have discovered in 1906. To geographers, Crocker Land offered an obvious and tempting invitation; and accordingly, in 1913, an expedition was sent out by the American Museum of Natural History to explore it. The expedition got back not long ago with the report that "there was no such place." The site of the alleged Crocker Land was wholly occupied by a broad expanse of Polar Sea. So Crocker Land, like other Peary discoveries, must vanish from the Government and other maps.

Peary is determined that no one shall discover anything but himself. Had he lived in the days of Christopher Colum-

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bus no doubt he would have taken the honors—or tried to—for the discovery of America.

Here is a case in point. In 1900 Captain Otto Sverdrup, a trustworthy Norwegian explorer, discovered a big island off the coast of Greenland which he mapped under the name of Axel Heilberg Land. Subsequently Peary declared that he had "seen it first" two years earlier and gave it the name of Jesup Land. It was put down that way on our Government maps. Peary, in his book, "Nearest the Pole"—get that title!—published in 1907, says that in July, 1898, he saw this land mass "from the heights of Ellesmere Land icecap."

This statement is indeed quite remarkable for on another page of the same book he says that he spent all the time from July 4 to August 13 of that year in making the trip from New York to Cape York and in "hunting walrus" and assembling his party of natives in the immediate neighborhood of the latter place. If this latter statement is true he is certainly an annihilator of space. He was simultaneously in two places, separated from each other by several hundred miles. Even though gifted with supernatural vision, he could hardly have seen Axel Heilberg Land (alias Jesup Land).

Peary has brought back nothing from the far north to convince the American people that he was at the Pole. His scientific proof is lacking in many respects. Coupled with the fact that he has made many false statements and his veracity has often been shattered, the thinking man cannot help but believe that there is still much to doubt about his claims of discovering the North Pole.

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Despite our boasted culture and prattle anent freedom of thought, the majority of us are narrow-brained bigots and Peary in his be-damned attitude has forced his discovery down the throats of the people. He stalks about as a hero, snapping at reporters who ask him questions about Cook and villifying his fellow-explorer on every occasion. Cook was good enough at one time to be selected for one of the Peary expeditions and was afterward praised.

Contrast the statements of the two men after they came back to civilization from the north. When Peary was told that Cook said he had reached the Pole he immediately blurted out that Cook was a damned liar, but when Cook was told that Peary had found the same spot he seemed pleased and remarked that there was honor enough for all.

As a matter of fact Cook had no idea that the American public would take his claim of discovering the North Pole with such a fanfare of trumpets. He thought only scientific folk would be interested. He was almost paralyzed by the receptions that he received which wound up by a Prince rushing up and kissing him.

Of course he capitalized the claims of his discovery. Why shouldn't he? Any man who has suffered as one must suffer through the long Arctic winters is entitled to some of the world's goods. There is no record of Cook being unfaithful to his wife. The Arctic residents will tell of their fear of Peary and his abuse of them and his treachery, but they do not say these things of Cook. And after all, a contrast of the two men is a pretty good way to size up the situation.

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We hold no brief for Cook. He may be a monumental liar and a charlatan—but of the two reputed discoverers we much prefer him.

It is up to Congress to sift this whole Polar question. Not that it matters much if there is a North Pole or if there isn't, but up to date the Polar question smells to high Heaven with downright perfidy and treachery.

If Peary has lied—he deserves to be stripped of his medals and his uniform and booted out of the government's employ. If Cook has lied—he deserves public contempt. But he doesn't deserve to be treated as he has been treated just because this shouting explorer happens to have a pull with the government at Washington.

Last January, while in Copenhagen, we spent several evenings with Doctor Cook. He was then returning from a trip to Borneo, and was on his way home to America. The least that can be said of Doctor Cook is that he is a gentleman and a scholar, and a delightfully interesting personage. He is entitled to better than he has received at the hands of his fellow Americans.



THE REFORMED PROSTITUTE



THAT a woman who has spent her life in whoredom and all the wickedness which goes with it, and who has been so thoroughly steeped in sin and crime that there was nothing new in the catalogue to her, should repent and spend the balance of her days in trying to undo, as best she could, the many wrongs committed—or rather, to compensate humanity for her wrongs against it—is rare and worthy of

mention. But such is the case of Mary Goode, alias Mary Bell, a notorious prostitute in New York City.

Mary once was a handsome, innocent young girl, but born with a passion abnormal—just the kind that sends girls to hell. She soon found a sweetheart who trifled with her, and after he had seduced her and forsaken her, the stinging

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realization of her shame chilled her heart and she turned out upon the world to wreak vengeance upon her own sex as well as against men.

Mary was a bad actor from the beginning; she was a thorough prostitute and practiced every branch of the profession until she knew the game in all its details. None could put anything over on Mary. She also had business ability and after a few years' experience in the role of rolling and other things which go with the life of a scarlet woman, she got into business for herself and opened a rookery or hookery which soon became one of the most notorious in all New York City.

Mary Goode dealt not only in the wares of sex but she became a procurer of the wickedest kind and trafficked in the bodies of girls as a dealer would in horses. She procured them from the streets, from hotels and cafes, or wherever she could. She taught them the art of successful prostitution and passed them out at so much per head. She could procure any kind of an article wanted. She always got the price. She went after big game and got it. She bought her way into the police department which was the open sesame to every avenue of crime with all the protection necessary to make her business a success. Her field of operations was unlimited and the scope of her business broadened. She not only dealt in prostitution and perversion and white slavery but she dealt in lives, for such a life course as Mary Goode was leading could not avoid it. A stream of gold flowed into Mary's stockings—metaphorically speaking, of course,—but it meant the

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bodies, lives, health, reputation and souls of thousands who were sacrificed, for these were Mary's stock in trade.

But one day something happened which changed Mary's whole life. With all her power, money and control she could not withstand the tide of events which brought her undoing. The crooks of New York City got to fighting among themselves, and Mary was caught in the drag net. She created a tremendous sensation by telling the court about her arrangements with the police department and the amounts she paid for protection. This followed the Rosenthal murder, and all that went with it. Then she went out of business and quit the life of a harlot and a madame. She repented for the life of wickedness which she had led, and determined to do what she could to help the very class of people whom she had spent a lifetime in creating. She went about doing what she could to induce them to quit their habits, and trying to get the women into other lines of work. She spent her own money in this endeavor. She disappeared from the active field of sex traffic and changed her name to Mary Bell. She assisted churchmen and rescue-workers and went about the slums doing all in her power to assist bad girls in leading better lives, and in preventing loose girls from going entirely to the bad. It was not generally known that the good Mary Bell was the same person as the bad Mary Goode—for she did what she could to hide her identity.

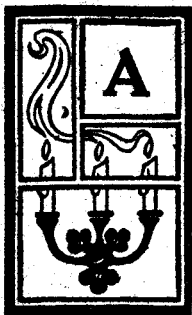
A short time ago Mary died, and then her identity was revealed to those who so unsuspectingly worked with her, and now sociologists are split on the question of voting Mary

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a halo. Some say she should have one for the manner in which she quit the wicked life and worked for the good of others in her later life. Others say she did so much harm in her wicked days that she deserves no halo now, and that if she secured any pleasure in the doing of good she ought to be satisfied with that—which hardly seems fair.

But Mary lived her own life. She was a bad citizen, and the world would probably have been better off had she never been born, for she sent so many souls to hell and crucified so many bodies before the god of lust, caused so much misery and so much crime that it would take several lifetimes for her to atone for it all. However, we are going to give Mary credit for doing all she could even if she did get a late start. And if there is anything to the teachings of the Good Book, if the doctrine of repentance and forgiveness holds water, then Mary Bell is entitled to a halo—at the hands of mortals as well as from the Great Judge. For who knows but that the good that Mary Bell attempted to do in atonement for her many sins may not continue to grow, that others who may have been saved from a life of shame through her efforts may simulate her good example and that the world in the end may be better because Mary Bell lived in it.

AND ONE END TO ALL



NEWS item from San Francisco caught our eye and set us to thinking on the fate of the political "boss." Charles Gildea, once San Francisco's most influential political boss, appeared in court the other day destitute and crippled. In his palmy days and in conjunction with blind Chris Buckley he ruled local politics and dwelt in splendor. Now "none are so poor as to do him reverence."

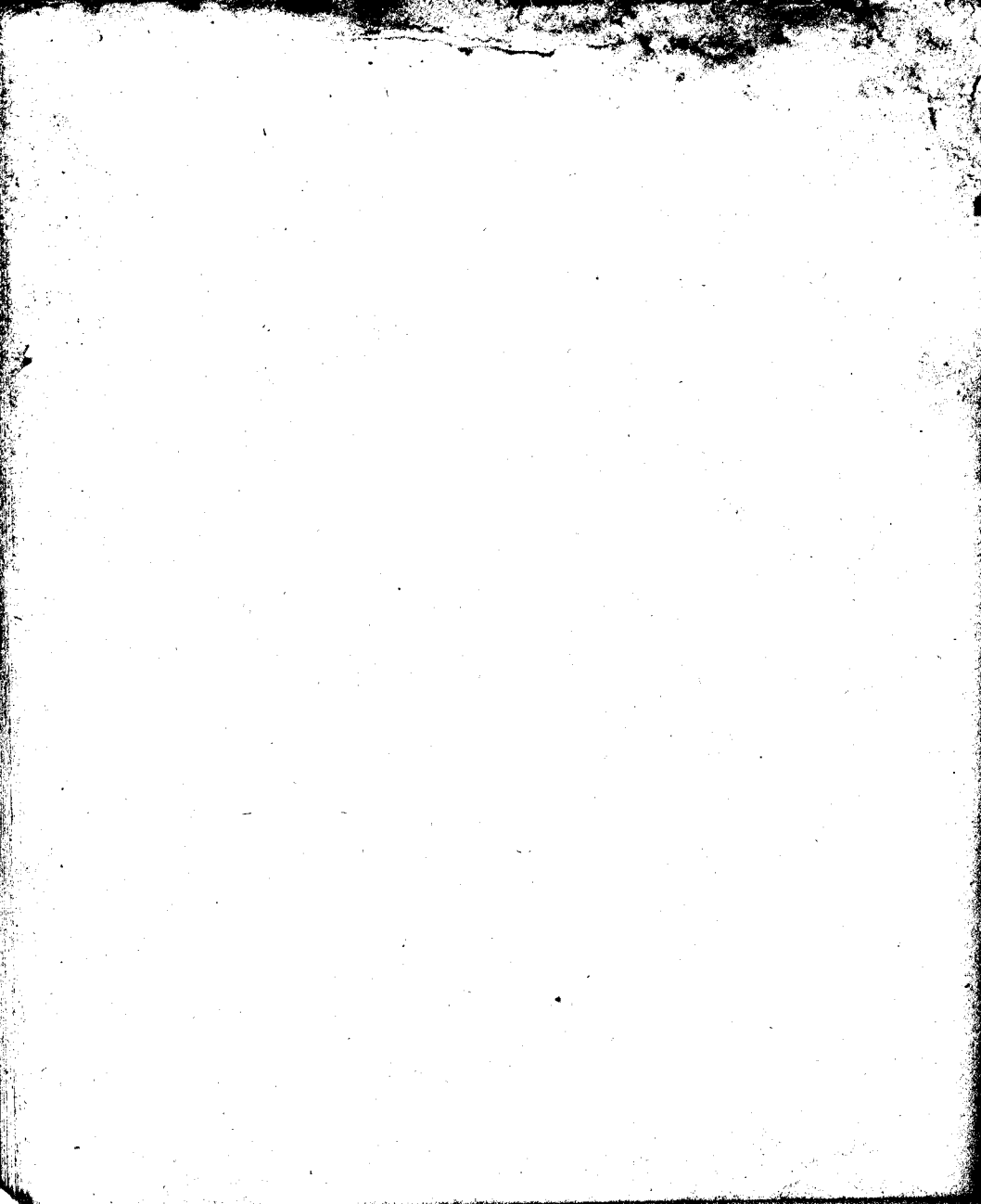
Then a few "bosses" and their fates occurred to us. Boss Tweed of New York, McLaughlin of Brooklyn, Buckley of San Francisco, Ames of Minneapolis, Cox of Cincinnati, Lorimer of Chicago, Ruef of San Francisco flitted across the strings of memory. And there are others. But these are

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enough. There must be something about the "bossing" business which isn't healthy. Disaster seems to pursue it. Rising in rocket-like splendor their sticks fall to earth with a sickening thud.

Of course, there are exceptions, just about enough to prove the rule. "Boss" Croker of New York quit while the "quitting was good." Very few are so wise.

Some Nemesis seems to haunt their footsteps. Few die, or for that matter continue to live, in honor and plenty. Perhaps "there's a reason." Perhaps it lies deep in the eternal frame of things. Perhaps it is destined that the trade "of getting something for nothing" from its very nature cannot permanently thrive. And it ought not to thrive. When a man draws on the public he is bound to attach a bill of lading showing that "value received" accompanies it. Sooner or later these "hot air" drafts go to protest. The drawee, the mulcted public, revolts and refuses payment. If the drawer stays in business long enough he ceases to "collect." And when he ceases to "collect," his power flees, his throne crumbles, his star sets. And it seems to be right. "Value received or no payment" rules in the long run in human affairs, from promissory notes to "bossism." As a profession, "bossism" is losing its attraction. And we are glad it is. The faster they come to grief the better for sound Americanism. We are "agin boss rule."



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