



2-1917

## Jim Jam Jems: February 1917

Sam H. Clark

[How does access to this work benefit you? Let us know!](#)

Follow this and additional works at: <https://commons.und.edu/nd-politics-publications>

---

### Recommended Citation

Sam H. Clark. "Jim Jam Jems: February 1917" (1917). *North Dakota Politics - Publications*. 112.  
<https://commons.und.edu/nd-politics-publications/112>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Elwyn B. Robinson Department of Special Collections at UND Scholarly Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in North Dakota Politics - Publications by an authorized administrator of UND Scholarly Commons. For more information, please contact [und.common@library.und.edu](mailto:und.common@library.und.edu).

# Jim Jam Jams

by JIM JAM JUNIOR



FEBRUARY  
1917

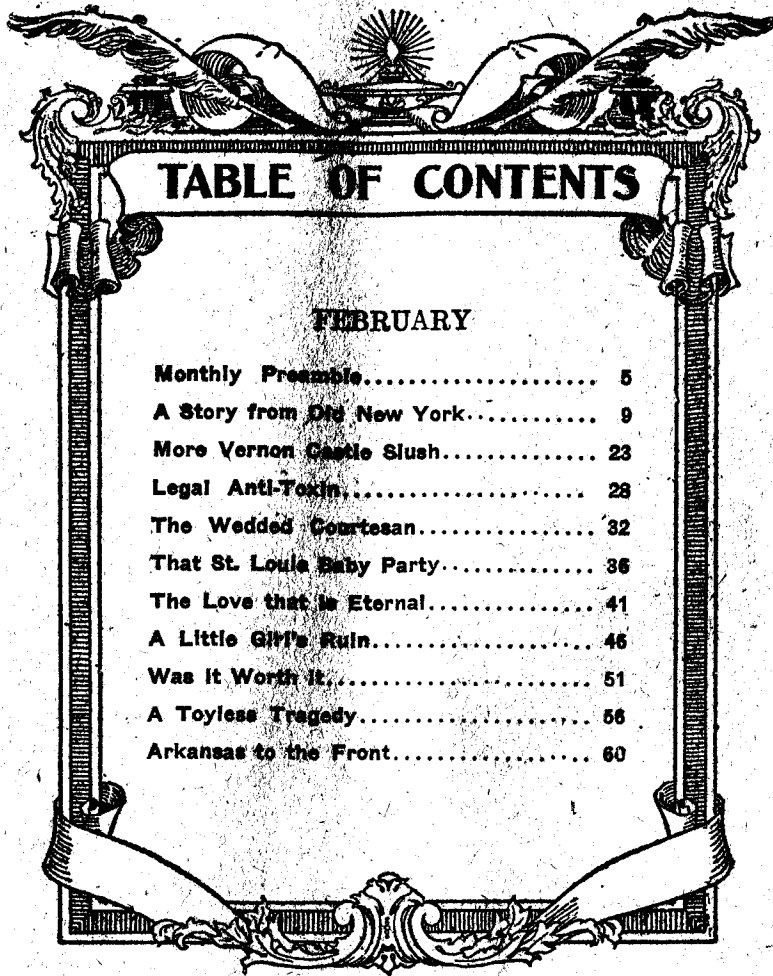
## A VOLLEY OF TRUTH



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

---

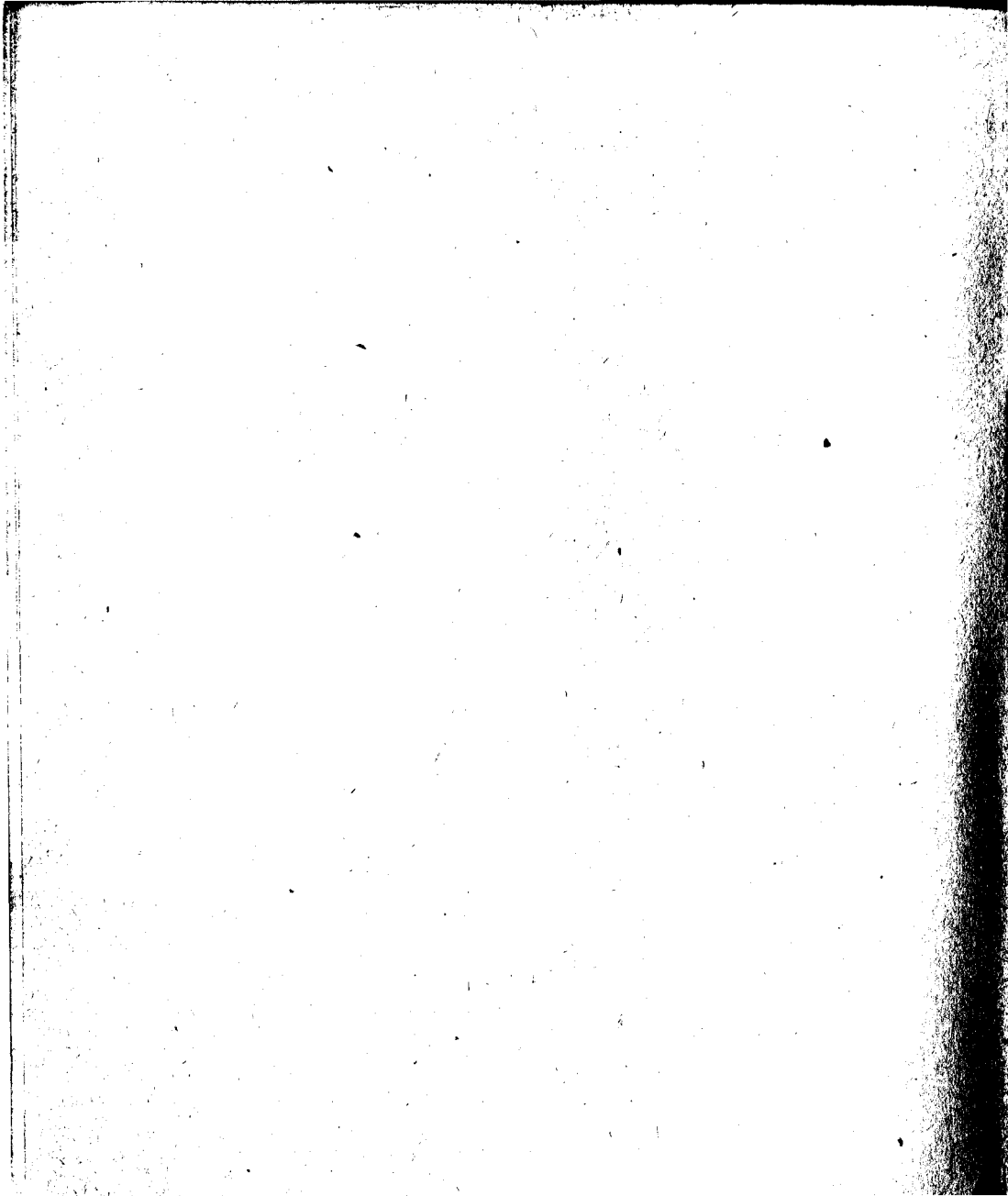
Copyright, 1917, by Clark & Crockard



# TABLE OF CONTENTS

## FEBRUARY

Monthly Preamble.....	5
A Story from Old New York.....	9
More Vernon Castle Slush.....	23
Legal Anti-Toxin.....	28
The Wedded Courtesan.....	32
That St. Louis Baby Party.....	36
The Love that is Eternal.....	41
A Little Girl's Ruin.....	46
Was It Worth It.....	51
A Toyless Tragedy.....	56
Arkansas to the Front.....	60





WE FULLY expected that when this issue of Jim Jam Jems reached our readers we would be somewhere on the heaving bosom of the old Atlantic ocean, aboard the good ship Nien Amsterdam. For it was our intention to visit the war zone again this winter as we did a year ago and take a look at conditions—to note the changes that a year have brought about. We had completed the preliminaries even to the point of engaging a stateroom on the aforesaid boat—the stateroom having a number “13” annexed. And right there the hoodoo started. Germany sent out a peace note. News-

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

---

papers, statesmen, war-experts, diplomats, wise and otherwise, filled the air with guesses. We sat tight for a few days, thinking perhaps the chaotic atmosphere would clear a bit. Then it got worse. Wilson had settled back into form since Hughes had heard definitely from the last precinct in Johnsonville, California, and was working his Underwood Machine-gun again. He fired a peace note also. The stock market wobbled like a cane fishpole with a small boy on one end and a five pound pickerel on the other. We had just annexed a bride, and here we were in old New York—sixteen shopping days before Christmas—with a forty-dollar-a-minute apartment on our hands. War is hell—but there are other forms of it here on earth.

We fiddled around between New York and Washington for six weeks trying to locate someone who knew enough about the situation to hazard something like a good guess about what might happen as a result of the peace talk and just what America's position was at this time, and—well, we are still here, and the British censors at Falmouth haven't had a chance to insult us. So we are going to sit tight a few days longer, and if some kind of a definite peace move doesn't take form shortly, we're going over anyhow and take another look, despite the fact that all of our friends have been trying to convince us that Europe right now is no place to take a perfectly good bride.

So here we are, still preambing in the land of the free and under the starry flag that George M. Cohan has so popularized. While waiting to see what develops along peace



## JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

---

lines, we are going to follow fitting winter society to Palm Beach and other places south and west, where the direct descendants of Jack Dalton and Jesse James operate hotels, restaurants, railroads and taxicabs. And when we get tired of being sandbagged and robbed in the attempt to see America again, we're going to slip back to good old North Dakota — out there where we can sit down and reflect that it is good to be alive. We long to get back to the silver hush of the woods where the frozen rain has gemmed each pendant branch and where the sting of the crisp morning air bites the nostrils and sends the blood tingling through a man's veins with new life.

Six weeks in New York has convinced us more than ever that there is no place like home. We have dined at Rector's, teaed at the Ritz, tangoed at Montmartre, breakfasted at Jack's, and done many other things that put fuzz on the tongue and an aching void in the family purse. New York may be all right for the cliff dwellers who bury themselves like moles in the vast skyscrapers by day and woo Bacchus and Gambrinus by night, but it is no place for the hard-working self-respecting stranger who wants to visit all of its well known haunts in a short space of time. We are tired of half-dressed women and the ukelele, the strident tones of the cabaret fiddle, the din and gong of busy traffic. These Manhattanese are clever people in their way but somehow we do not believe they have ever learned to live. They don't know what it is to see the glow of gold hallowing a western sunset. They don't know what it is to lie down to rest in

*JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

---

quiet where the hush of rose and silver wraps the world.

But enough of this—next month we will be back in the harness, back at our desk. And we will try to put a few kinks in the tail of the March lion.

JIM JAM JUNIOR.



## A Story From Old New York

Virtue, Home-ties, Honor—All Are Thrown Into the Vortex by  
The Unscrupulous Man In Reaching Out  
For More Business.



VERY little while we bump into a man, prominent and successful in the business world, accepted by his fellowman and society generally as a gentleman, and yet the fellow is an unscrupulous scoundrel, a menace to society, an unclean and immoral leper. During our recent visit to New York we accidentally found just such a person, and in following the trail of his iniquitous doings we unraveled a most

interesting story.

Our attention was first directed to this particular individual by reason of the fact that he had just been made defendant in a suit for alienation of a wife's affections. His prominence as a New York manufacturer, of course, precluded any chance for detailed publicity, and the fact that the legal

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

---

action of the injured husband in the affair has not as yet come to trial, has kept the public from learning some startling truths about the system used by certain New York manufacturers in building up a business.

The man in question is Philip Goldston, a wealthy suit and cloak manufacturer of 136 Madison Avenue, New York City. He is a married man, with a wife and two children. First of all, we will give the reader an insight into the true character of said Goldston by giving a somewhat detailed account of how he deliberately stole a fellow business-man's wife and wrecked a home; then we will show to what purpose this man Goldston uses the women he entraps to further his business interests; and lastly, we will show what a handy and effective place to carry out clandestine assignation the famous "Murray's Restaurant" is. The latter place is one of the popular bonton cafes of the city of New York. It is located at 43d street, between Seventh and Eighth. Incidentally, our remarks may prove a valuable tip to the authorities who are just now making an agonized stab at raiding questionable joints.

Louis J. Kahn is a manufacturer of fur garments in New York. His wife, Rose Kahn, is young and decidedly pretty. In fact, there are few women in New York more attractive than Mrs. Kahn. She is now twenty-three, having been married at the age of sixteen. For six years, or until February, 1916, the Kahns lived happily together. But it was during the month of February, last year, while Mrs. Kahn was taking tea one afternoon at the Claridge Hotel, that Philip Gold-

## JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

---

ston was introduced to her by a lady friend who had accompanied her to the Claridge for tea. Goldston was immediately attracted by Mrs. Kahn's beauty. He spoke to her friend about it. He made inquiry and learned that she was not a regular habitue of the tea parlors; that she was an apparently contented wife who seldom appeared in public except with her husband. So he set about at once to steal this woman from her husband and add her to his list. He saw in her a valuable asset to his "business getting" campaign.

It was during this first meeting at the Claridge that Mrs. Kahn casually mentioned the fact that she had come down town to do some shopping—that she wanted to select a new spring suit. Goldston was on the job instantly. He told her that he was one of the largest manufacturers of ladies' suits in the city, and that he would be pleased to have her come to the factory and look over the new spring suits, adding that she might have one at cost. Mrs. Kahn went to the factory. Goldston was there in person to see that she was properly cared for. She selected a suit. Alterations were necessary. Two or three fittings were necessary. Goldston was always in evidence to make himself agreeable. Mrs. Kahn asked for a bill. "Suits not marked up yet," said Goldston. "I'll send the bill later." That suit was Mrs. Kahn's undoing.

One day, two other married women, friends, and herself were invited to take tea in an apartment at the Oxford Hotel. This apartment belonged to Mr. Wallie Ayers, head suit salesman for Goldston. Mrs. Kahn didn't want to go, but

## JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

---

her married women friends (who, by the way, were friends of her husband also) urged her to go with them, assuring her that there was no harm in it. Goldston was giving the party in his friend's apartment, and told Mrs. Kahn that he would have the bill for the suit with him. So Mrs. Kahn went to the party. Goldston singled her out for his personal property. Told her to forget about the suit; it didn't cost him anything, and some day he would send her a bill.

Goldston was always the suave gentleman and talked on a very high moral plane. Mrs. Kahn trusted him. One day she was invited to the apartment to attend Mr. Ayer's birthday party. A lot of others were invited—so she supposed. When she arrived at the Oxford, Goldston met her in the lobby and escorted her upstairs. There was no one in the apartment but Ayers. The latter was dressing, and he said that he was hurrying to go after his girl as she wouldn't come alone. The others were to drift along shortly. Ayers left, and Mrs. Kahn was alone with Goldston. He commenced to work at once. She struggled and fought until exhausted.

"I realized what I had done for the first time," said Mrs. Kahn, in telling us the story. "I did not dare make an outcry. I knew what publicity would mean. I thought of my people and my husband. I begged and fought, but Goldston was strong and made violent love to me. Told me that he had left his wife and children and that he just couldn't live without me. Begged me to desert my husband and go to him. I was infatuated with the man. I went home and the

## JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

next morning he called me on the 'phone. He kept calling me, and a few days later I met him down town.

"My father and brother were both working in my husband's factory. Goldston knew this. He told me what he intended to do for my people, who were poor. He gave my brother a contract to sell goods on the road at a salary of four to five thousand dollars a year. He was so earnest and sincere, I believed him. I thought he was madly in love with me and I certainly fell in love with him. I met him every day and made preparations to leave my husband. We had no children. My husband was very attentive to his business. We did not go out very much. I was decidedly domestic until Goldston came into my life. But I liked the lavish way he spent money. I liked the afternoon teas in the popular down town cafes. I fell for him, that's all.

"One afternoon, while Goldston and I were eating lunch at Murray's, he told me he had taken a 'bachelor apartment' upstairs. He took me up and showed me the apartment. He had furnished it beautifully—that is, he had equipped the dressing-table with beautiful ivory toilet articles and made the entire place as attractive as possible. This was our rendezvous every afternoon from that time on.

"At the end of a month, Goldston had to make a trip west to call on some of his customers in the larger cities. He gave up the apartment and was away about six weeks. I was still living with my husband and he suspected nothing. Goldston wrote passionate love letters to me from every city he visited. Here are some of the letters:"

# JIM, JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

---

MURRAY'S

42nd Street West of Broadway.

## My Wonderful Girl:

The train is going quite fast—it jolts occasionally, so if my usually poor penmanship is harder than usual to read, blame it on the train, or the engineer, who is quite heartless and cares nothing for the fact that I love you and must write you.

I have been sitting here in my compartment for hours looking out of the window. It is a wonderful night, dear; the stars are shining and the sky never seemed quite so blue before—perhaps it is trying to reflect my own feelings—for I am blue—oh, so blue—I know that every turn of the wheels is taking me further away from the dearest girl in the world—it seems as if my body were here on the train—but my heart and thoughts, dear, are with you.

I sometimes wonder, dearest, if I am not perhaps the most miserable creature in the world—I am always, always dissatisfied with life—with conditions, and most of all with myself. It has always been the way—this past week has been one of perfect happiness and joy—but now that I am leaving you again I am in the deepest despair. When I am in New York—my one thought has been: “I shall see her tomorrow. I shall hear her voice—I shall hold her in my arms.” Now I realize there will be no tomorrow. It is at times like this, dearest, that I think of our positions—it is at times like that that I realize the honor of it—you are another's. I have my tie too. How can you ever be mine—it is maddening—I think and think until it seems I must go quite mad.

I am quite sure that once started I should go to the devil, whip and spur—it is a strange thing how I can hold myself back at all. Reason, Prudence, Restraint—they all mean nothing to me. It is the thought of you, dear. It is that thought that keeps me straight. So you see what it means to me to know that you care. You have said once or twice you wish I would tell you that you were bad. How can you be, dear, when the thought of you is the holiest thing in my life? Could any but a good



## JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

---

woman inspire in any man the thoughts that you do in me? And what is a good woman? Is it what the world with its cynical laws says is good, or is God alone the judge of all us weak mortals, for He alone can read our hearts?

It is the so-called good woman, the self-satisfied, chastened, puritanical, bigoted, incorruptible female, who hounds a man to the jumping-off place, and gives him the final push that sends him sprawling overboard—the so-called good woman with her own little set of ten commandments, to break any one of which means hell. These women are the gossips—the scandal-mongers, the uncharitable. They think because they possess one virtue they need have no others. They must have descended from the criminal mob that stoned Christ on his way to the cross. Thank heaven, dearest, you are not one of these so-called good women. You, dear, may have commandments of your own and the original ten may not exist for you, but you are generous, charitable, kind; you sacrifice yourself for others. You are weak when you love, but that, dear, is because you are a woman. To me, you are and always will be the best and noblest woman on earth. You are good; you could not be otherwise. I love you, dear, and trust you. I feel that you are sincere. You and I, dear, may have to wait for our happiness, but it will come some day. I feel sure of that. I know that you will not do anything to make that "some day" impossible. Whatever is written in the book of fate for you and I, time will bring about. Some day you will be mine before all the world, and when that day comes, dear, you will come to me as sweet and pure as the day you were born. I mean by that—that I know you are true—not only physically but to my thoughts and dreams of you. I want you to know this—I know your friend, G. M. A. is in New York. I knew it when I said good-bye to you. I never mentioned it because I trust you. I felt sure that you knew it, too. But as you said nothing—I did not either. It would please me very much if you did not see him. I wonder if you will.

Dearest, please write me a letter. If you address it to me, care of the Palmer House, Chicago, Ill., I will surely get it. It will be destroyed as soon as I read it. I am hungry to hear from you.

Yours,

PHIL.

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

---

PALMER HOUSE,

CHICAGO,

The Chicago Hotel Co. Lessee.

.....1916.

Dearest:

This has been an awful night—for it is daylight now and yet I can not sleep unless I sit down and write you and tell you the truth. I have been drunk tonight—terribly, beastly drunk, although I am sober now, God knows. And sorry and ashamed. You see, dear, I am at least truthful. I promised you I would never lie to you and I never will.

Poor little Salvation Nell. I am afraid, dear, that all your efforts in my behalf are quite in vain, and I am what you once said: "No Good." I am not trying to excuse myself, dear; I have been blue and depressed since I left New York. One of my moods and, as you know, I am a creature of moods. Well, I had been hoping and hoping that I would receive a letter from you here, and when the day passed and none came, I certainly felt downhearted. I felt that you could have written a few lines, even if you didn't sign them—and then I remembered that Anderson was in New York, and the most awful thoughts came into my mind.

Well, dear, what occurred seems incredible. I would never have believed that such unworthiness was in me. It is a type of thing I have always despised and never done before. I went and got drunk deliberately and alone. I just drank and drank trying to forget my troubles and the more I drank the worse they seemed to grow. I am sober now, dear, but somehow I feel even more blue than before I started. Rose, dear, I love you so, that sometimes I feel there is nothing left for which I can live and if there were any escape from existence that would not bring sorrow and shame to my innocent children, I would not go on with it. Every hope, every ideal, every dream has fled. Matters will only get worse; they never get better. My mind goes back to the days and weeks since I have known you. Every word you have ever spoken remains like a photograph in my brain. You have said some things, dear, that if I thought you really meant them could almost make me hate you. For God's sake, Rose, tell me once

## JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

---

and for all that you have put these terrible ideas out of your mind and that you are the fine, true woman I want you to be, and that I believe you to be. This is the one spar I have clung to so far in my love for you, and if that is gone there is no use in longer fighting the waves. For me it means only bitter disappointment and disillusionment—but for you it ultimately means empty, desolate years of despair.

You cannot imagine how these things worry me, and how I brood over them. Even drink cannot make me forget. But what I most want is to impress upon you what such a thing means.

There you are. A girl of startling beauty, imagination, ideals and with a quality of supreme tenderness. You have a taste for comfort, perhaps even a desire for luxury. These are factors; just because life seems a little hard just at present, you cry out against it and seek for some means of escape. Isn't this true, dear? Isn't it to gain some luxuries you feel you need rather than because you are anxious for a career—that leads you to ask men like Anderson or Kingsley or Zit to put you in pictures.

You know the price you must pay. Believe me it is the highest price a woman can—it will strip all beauty from your life, leaving all the grimest ugliness. For, in the end they will throw you aside like a worn out coat or a toy of which they have tired. There is only one bond by which a woman can hold a man and that is love. And love was or never will be sexual attraction. Love is essentially self-sacrifice and the desire to see the one we love happy. Ask yourself if any of these men feel this way toward you. Will they help you to achieve what you want without demanding what they demand of every woman unfortunate enough to need them. How others may feel about these things I do not know. Some men are so self-centered that they would allow a woman to do anything to make it easier for themselves, and still claim that they love her. Such to my mind are only high grade pimps—Others there are so good and broad-minded that they could forgive a woman they loved if she sinned. History has examples of this kind in Marcus Aurelius and Leonardo da Vinci, and I guess such types exist even today. But for me—I possess no Christ-like attribute. I am just a normal, average man. I love and hate intensely perhaps, but I would never forgive a woman I loved if she was false to me.

## JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

I might go on loving her—possibly I could not control that, but I would tear her image out of my heart, if it killed me to do it. And I would never see her again. I would feel as if she had died. Because her soul would be dead and her body would belong to the other man.

But enough—these thoughts are too morbid and grewsome to discuss further. My brain and my body are exhausted. I am going to try and get some sleep.

God grant that my fears for you are groundless—and yet I cannot help thinking and asking myself why you did not write.

Why didn't you?

Yours,

PHIL.

Any experienced person can readily see what a smooth individual Goldston is. He purloined whole paragraphs and sentences from books of fiction and passionate novels and incorporated them in his letters to this woman. No wonder she thought he was a helluva fellow and that he was madly in love with her.

Space will not permit a detailed account of all that happened after Goldston's return to the city. He kept up the chase and finally succeeded in separating Kahn and his wife. Kahn filed suit for \$50,000 damages against Goldston, and announced that any money he might receive in damages would be given to charity. He doesn't want Goldston's money. He wants what little satisfaction the courts may be able to give him.

Goldston exercised a peculiar influence over Mrs. Kahn. When Mr. Kahn started after Goldston legally, the latter retaliated by attempting to prosecute Kahn for supposed

## JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

irregularities at his factory. He prepared statements of the supposed cruelty of Mr. Kahn to his wife and forced her to sign them. These statements are absolutely untrue according to Mrs. Kahn. He employed a lawyer and took Mrs. Kahn to this lawyer who was to direct her action for separation.

One day Mrs. Kahn awoke to the fact that Goldston was a real scoundrel. Her love dream had become a nightmare. Her husband had been true-blue always. He loved her and she looked back at the six happy years of their wedded life before the libertine had come between them. She realized what she had done to the husband who had trusted her. She turned on Goldston and has never had anything to do with him since. She would not go back to the husband she had wronged, and to the comfortable home she had left while under Goldston's spell. She was a good woman, too good to allow her foolish escapade with Goldston to send her to the bad. She cut the cafe life then and there. She went to live in a small apartment with her mother. At eighteen dollars a week she is working in a wholesale establishment. She is earning her way legitimately back into the confidence of her friends. She will accept nothing from her husband, nor from anyone else. Rose Kahn was too good a woman for even the experienced Goldston to ruin.

But now comes the interesting part of the story. Goldston is a chaser—a past master in the art of duping women. He has a long list of "friends"—women who help him in his business. He also has several pretty models in his whole-

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

---

sale house who work in and out of business hours. When the buyer for a western store, or a buyer for some out-of-town establishment comes to town, Goldston arranges "entertainment" for the man. If the fellow is inclined to "step along a little," Goldston fixes it up with a model, or with one of his other lady friends to go out with the man and drink wine, and dine and do the other little things incidental to the end of a perfect day's entertainment of a man who is a long way from home and lonesome in the big city. Thus the buyer is under some obligation to Goldston, and naturally it is easier, much easier, to sell him a large bill of goods. Mrs. Kahn attended some of these parties where Goldston was entertaining buyers. She always went as Goldston's girl; he wanted her for himself.

This entertainment of prospective buyers is not new with Goldston. He has been working it until he has it down to a science. Shortly before he met Mrs. Kahn, Goldston pulled off a birthday party for some of his customers that was a real one. He told her all about it. It was in February, 1916. He had two automobile loads of men and women in the party. They went to the Woodmansten Inn. There the wine flowed freely. They secured several rooms. Each man had a room. The girls flitted from room to room, so as to diversify the entertainment. Goldston gave out souvenirs neatly wrapped in pasteboard boxes and tied with ribbon. The boxes contained small douche-bags. One girl filled her souvenir with wine and passed it 'round the circle as a loving-cup for all to drink from. It was a highly suc-

## JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

---

cessful party, and doubtless Goldston was reimbursed for the expenditure incident to such lavish entertainment by selling each of his male guests a long bill of suits and coats and ready-to-wear garments for the women and young girls in the smaller towns where the progressive merchants have exclusive buyers to send to New York each season to select the very latest models. And when the woman shopper in the smaller city pays the long price for her new spring suit, and everyone grumbles about the high cost of everything, just stop and think that there may be "entertainment" for the buyer—a la Goldston—tacked onto the cost of the garment.

Now as to the famous "Murray's." This popular restaurant has "bachelor apartments" overhead. Goldston rented one of these. Mrs. Kahn went there with him *every afternoon*. - Very frequently a friend of Goldston's and some other woman would be there. There were comfortable accommodations for four. "Nearly every day while we would be in the apartment," said Mrs. Kahn, "some of Goldston's friends would call and ask if they couldn't use the place that evening, or ask when it would be unoccupied so they could pull off a little party. No questions were ever asked. We were never disturbed during our parties by the management and apparently there were no restrictions with regard to women visiting the bachelor apartments or going there with men."

Thus we find that one of the most popular cafes in the city, with elaborate cabaret entertainment and a "revolving dance floor"—one of the unique features of Murray's—is an ideal

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

---

rendezvous of assignation. The cafe gives it an air of respectability. Here one can take a girl, dine her and wine her, dance her 'round and 'round on the revolving floor, and then step into the elevator, take her to an apartment above and anyone not onto the ropes would never suspect. We have not been upstairs at Murray's and we forgot to make inquiry, so we don't know whether the bachelor apartments are equipped with "revolving" beds or not. But Murray's is well up to date, and we wouldn't be surprised to find something unique in connection with the furnishings and equipment of the Murray bachelor apartments.

A gay place is old New York. There are many Goldstons playing the game. Virtue is on the bargain counter. It's all business. The sanctity of the home and the purity of womanhood don't count for much when a man like Goldston gets busy. He needs good looking women to help him in his business and incidentally, he likes a little entertainment once in a while himself. Mrs. Kahn got out of his clutches. She is paying the penalty for her folly—but she is going to make good. Unfortunately, others have not fared so well. But that is another story.



## MORE VERNON CASTLE SLUSH



**S** A soldier in the British trenches, Vernon Castle, the nimble-legged fox-trotter, is proving to be what vers libre is to poetry; what cubism is to art; what the hole is to the doughnut; and what the ukelele is to music.

The latest news about Vermin—no, hod dog it, Vernie—to clutter up the cables, is the zipping information that he has just burst forth on Gay Paree and told the waiting world that he has opened up an American bar in the trenches where he is going to serve his own brand of cocktails.

A jigger of eau de cologne and a dash of rose water would send Vernon reeling, so it is interesting to know just what he is going to serve the hardy, red-blooded fighters who are

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

---

patrons of his perfectly cute little bar. Oh, Sachet Powder!

Vernon also told the reporters in Paris that he had the sweetest little monkey imaginable with him in the trenches and that he was going to teach it to help him serve the cocktails to the soldiers.

How perfectly charming, indeed! Instead of shaking for the drinks the tired Tommies can watch Vermin and the monkey mixing drinks and guess which is which for the libations.

Vernon has proved admirably by his plunge into militarism, inspired by an itch for publicity, that he is to the regular soldier what foam is to beer—connected thereto but not a part thereof. We hope if any of his cocktails intoxicate the men in the trenches that they will steal his Pomeranian.

The cable telling of his latest cream puff escapade is copyrighted by the American newspapers that printed it. It is our idea after reading the article that it is the zenith of nothing to copyright.

Castle is a lieutenant in the Royal British Flying Corps and we don't know whether he was furnished with a press agent by the British Government or whether he took one with him, but we do know that every time he waves a lip stick he bursts into all of the front pages as a real dyed-in-the-wool hero.

If he wants to make people believe he is a hero let him dispute the right of way with a German shell. Until he does, the tired American reading public is going to read of his heroics and then have a good laugh up its sleeve.

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

---

Castle declared that he had been promoted to operating a single-seated aeroplane on defensive patrol work and that this promotion came after destroying a German machine last month. One wonders just how Vernon destroyed the giant German machine. It is our guess he smothered it with kisses.

He also says that he has had a dozen machines riddled with Archie shrapnel. We do not know what Archie shrapnel is but we wonder if it is anything like Percy stuff.

Well, at any rate, Vernon says he didn't mind the riddling at all. One gets used to it after a time. It seems from the cabled description that when one is riddled with Archie shrapnel it is akin to the old sensation of going over the fence with a watermelon under the arm, the south end north, and, at the critical moment, the old farmer blazing loose with a charge of rock salt. All you watermelon thieves will remember this experience of your boyhood, no doubt.

But, after all, you have got to hand it to Vernon. He is crowding King George off the front pages and putting him in among the want ads with the Little Pink Pills and the Lydia Pinkham testimonials. It beats the cars how this spindle-limbed spear-toter can jump from the back row of a musical comedy chorus into the thick of terrific fighting and grab off more fame in a few months than the entire British cabinet. And all of this too, mind you, while he wears a thin pointed mustache, a wrist watch and a handkerchief in his cuff. He knows about as much about fighting as a Zulu chieftain knows about trigonometry.

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

---

The big men of England have to resign or snub the King publicly to get as much publicity as Castle gets. Vernon can kiss his pet monkey while in public and he gets into the big white glare of the spotlight as quickly as the cables can carry the news.

The pity of it all is that he is using the most terrible tragedy in the history of the world as a means to shove the name of himself and his dancing wife further before the public notice. Press agency has its uses, no doubt, or there would not be so much of it; but when a man goes to a battlefield, wetted down with blood, and tells silly stories of cocktail bars in the trenches, and pet monkeys tending bar, to gain fame, he ought to have his uniform stripped from him and be given a swift boot right opposite the vermiform appendix but a little lower down.

If Castle had the brain of a louse he might well realize that he is insulting the widows and orphans who have given up their life's blood to the last cubic inch for their country, by stooping to this cheap form of press agency. He is capitalizing in what he seems to think is a humorous vein his association with tired, gaunt men who are battling against most fearful handicaps for their very lives.

There has been no report of Castle being hit by a bullet or of losing an arm. On the streets of Paris today there are men who haven't any noses, any eyes, and some of them have lost both arms and legs. And yet we see this miserable little squirt trying to jest about his attempts at heroics. Bah! It is low and disgusting!

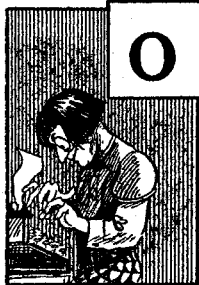
## JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

The first clear day, Castle says, he is going to drive his new machine back to the front from Paris with a monkey as a passenger. He wanted to have a lion cub, but he says he cannot find one and even if he did we doubt if any self respecting lion cub would ride with him.

If he does take the monkey back with him in the aeroplane it is our earnest prayer that the monkey does not get shot.



## LEGAL ANTI-TOXIN



**O**NE of the most badly needed things in this country today is an anti-toxin which can overcome the bounding bacilli of the law-making fever which becomes epidemic every winter. In the "good old summer time" there are two special causes for thankfulness—one that it is the summertime, and the other that it is the closed season for law-making. Every winter is a struggle against old Boreas' blasts, and against the open season for law-making, with the chances that one of them, at least, may hit you. We seem to have an incurable mania for law-making, and the coldest weather can not freeze out the legislative "bugs."

Sometimes a few dry statistics are illuminating. During the same period of time—before the present European holo-

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

---

caust—our Congress and State Legislatures enacted more laws than were even proposed by all the legislative bodies of Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria and Italy. Yet these countries comprised a population two and one-half times greater than ours. We admit they have gone war mad, but we are always law mad.

Between 1909 and 1916 our Congress and State Legislatures enacted 78,748 laws. For the open legislative season of 1914-15 forty-three legislatures turned out of their hoppers a grist of 16,222 new laws, of which but 1066 were vetoed, leaving 15,156 to scourge suffering taxpayers. Here were all these masses of involved verbiage for printing, distribution, construction—and litigation. During the last seven years the innocent public of the United States has been drenched with an average of 12,000 new laws each year. Only a naturally powerful constitution could withstand such a drenching of physic administered by legislative malpractitioners.

Hasty, ill-considered, needless, purely political, treasury-looting, place-making, freakish and unconstitutional laws cumber the statute books, clog the courts, fatten lawyers and leave the producing public to pay the piper that these legal luminaries may joyously dance.

It is one of the law's steady jokes that "every man is presumed to know what the law is." The man who writes it, the legislature which passes it, the Governor who signs it, the learned lawyers who proceed under it, the courts attempting to administer it, often do not know what the law means. Frequently they do not know whether it is any law at all, until

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

---

the court of last resort, which has the final guess, has settled it. Legislatures scramble the eggs, and courts of last resort must "unscramble" them as best they can. It is a hard job.

In one State a man may be legally divorced, and, remarrying in another State, may be a bigamist in a penitentiary cell—just that has happened. Your paternal Uncle Sam, upon production of the requisite amount of current coin, will cheerfully issue you a license to sell liquor in a prohibition State. Of course, it won't protect you from breaking the State law, but it will joyously start you on your way to crime. The Mann act has been the blackmailers' best friend, and has extracted oodles of money from the pockets of festive frolickers who crossed a State line. Diggs and Caminetti are pondering upon the unwisdom of not confining their frolic exclusively to California. When they crossed over into Nevada they qualified for hard labor and free board. The famous Sherman act was passed in 1890 and after twenty-six years of litigation and interpretation some of its provisions are still shrouded in mystery. You can't tell whether you are a financier or a plain felon until the Supreme Court of the United States registers its final decree. Hundreds of cases and thousands of printed pages attest the vain attempt to clear the muddy waters of that law. It has been a hopeless labyrinth for business, an inexhaustible gold mine for lawyers, and a ceaseless grist for the court mills. Of course, Congress could, at any time during all these years, have amended it into clarity; but "pork packing" and "log rolling" are jealous mistresses.

So, amid legal mazes, bypaths and labyrinths of verbiage,



## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

---

surrounded by an impenetrable fog of confusing language, the average citizen is compelled to pick his perilous pathway with no responsible guidance. A highly paid legal opinion will not protect him if his lawyer guesses wrong.

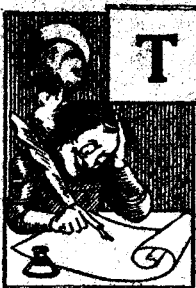
During the open legislative season it is to be hoped that legislators will shoot their law-enacting missiles as little and as accurately as possible.

Between doctors shooting poisoned serums and law-makers setting traps for the unwary, the average citizen holds his life, liberty and property on a very slender thread.

If the Doctors' Trust would produce some good legal anti-toxin and shoot it into legislative bodies, life would be robbed of many terrors. But if that were successfully done and real sanity injected into legislation the Doctors' Trust might find itself in trouble. The snake would swallow itself. No such luck!



## THE WEDDED COURTESAN



HE subjoined news item, which caught our attention recently, is typical of many marriages which do not get into court—at the outset, at least—and we cannot refrain from commenting on it. Tucked away in one corner of one of the inside pages of our daily paper we were on the point of passing it by when the enormity—and the tragedy—of it occurred to us. The story haunted us, and the longer we thought of it the more terrible the sham and hypocrisy of it seemed. We quote it in full:

### MAN, 83, OUTWITS SON: WEDS GIRL, 15.

Harrison, (Ark.).—While the bridegroom's son was making application in the Chancery Court for an injunction to restrain him from marrying, Marshall H. Willis, aged 83 years, obtained a license and married Pearl Carnahan, 15.

## JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

---

The parents of the girl consented. The petition, asking an injunction, alleged the aged man was afflicted with delusions. The Court also was asked to name a guardian. The ceremony was performed before the Court had an opportunity to act.

We believe in marriage. So do we believe in wheat—but not in chaff; in sugar—not sand; in wool—not its shoddy imitation; in gold—not the glitter of iron pyrites. So do we believe in money—not counterfeit. In short we believe in the mint and not in the glint. We believe in substance, not shadow.

A few words scrawled on a piece of paper by a clerk called a Marriage License and a few formal words muttered by a Magistrate or a Clergyman do not make a Marriage—except in the bandaged eyes of the law. Clerks may write out licenses until their hands are palsied; Magistrates and Clergymen may mumble vows until their lips are stiffened; but a mock marriage remains a mock marriage; it isn't a joke; it is a tragedy.

The burned and whitened ashes of December and the rosy buds of May cannot coalesce. It is a fake, a fraud, a delusion, a counterfeit and a real crime. A wedding for pelf is not a wedding; it is legalized robbery and licensed prostitution in courts of true justice where honor presides.

Sanctioned by law, the most pernicious parasitism and the most licentious lust meet without legal fear. May and December, youth and age, poverty and wealth join unsuited hands at the altar of legalized matrimony. The yoke is riveted upon the fair neck of youth by lascivious age. Licentious wealth purchases pauper purity at the matrimonial

## JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

auction block. Legal blacksmiths weld golden chains about youth's rounded limbs.

But the bonds are broken. The same legal blacksmith who welded may cold chisel asunder. The wedded courtesan, none the less a courtesan at heart because legally wedded, escapes with the wages of her real prostitution euphoniously and legally called "alimony." But they are none the less the "wages of sin." The law sanctions it and the "court awards it" but the law does not remove from her breast the seared scar of a loveless, merchandised marriage.

The divorced courtesan, freed with her plunder, from a repulsive union, from a counterfeit marriage, made greedy by success, may repeat the process; or she may really wed the real man of her real choice. Let us hope she does the latter. But in any event she is hardened and coarsened. The real bloom has been effaced. She knows, and her world knows, that under legal guise she has been merchandised. Commerce has prostituted her youth. Money, and money alone, has purchased what should have been her unpurchasable, priceless possession.

Merchandised marriages, unions "for revenue only," counterfeit caresses, Judas-like kisses, are all glitter and they are always bitter. Unless burst by death the counterfeit bonds are stamped "counterfeit" in some Divorce Court.

The mulcted man meditates on the foolishness of his infatuation. He has found one thing money cannot purchase—true affection. He has paid dearly for a counterfeit. He becomes a sincere convert to the a la carte system. Never

## JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

again under matrimony's guise will rosy, rounded cheeks, sparkling eyes, ruby lips, gleaming teeth, shining tresses, shapely limbs and long, slender, white, grasping fingers enmesh him in the marriage net. He issues no more blank checks countersigned by a Marriage License and a Wedding Ceremony.

But how about the woman? After all, was the economic ease worth its real cost? Did luxury fill the aching void in her loveless heart?

Nature issues imperative mandates. Every true woman longs for real wedded companionship, for a real home and a real fireside where the light of real love really burns, for babies' dimpled arms about her neck, for the fond caresses of a true mate in whose eyes she sees love's true gleams. Nothing else satisfies, nothing else fills out her woman's life.

No legal mummary can sanctify what is really a mock marriage. No law, except the unerring law of love, can regulate the sacred relation of wedded life. Law may sanction it, society may beam on it, sycophants may condone it, lick spittle newspapers may glorify it, but it is none the less in truth and fact legalized prostitution. And its usual sole offspring is divorce and alimony.

And by the way, we would hate to write our opinion of the "consenting parents" of this young girl. The only thing it could be written on would be asbestos paper and then it might burn through.

## THAT ST. LOUIS BABY PARTY



R. AND MRS. Julius S. Walsh, Jr., who are the leaders in that portion of St. Louis society that bears the earmarks of exclusiveness, gave a holiday romp the other day in their home that caused a titter among the brewers' wives who do not belong, and also smashed the names of Mr. and Mrs. Walsh onto the first pages of all the metropolitan press—which after all was probably the prime motif.

Despite the Birth Control agitation, Mr. and Mrs. Walsh gave a "Baby Party"—but hold, gentle reader, the party was not what you think. The population of these United States was not increased one iota. Those who were invited to sit in at the party did not have any labor pains; they just had headaches the next morning—that was all.

## JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

---

Every guest dressed as an infant. They represented every walk in life—poor little rich girls, waifs, sunbonnet babies, romper kids, sailor boys, and so on. Some of them came in baby carriages and they were just too cute for anything.

The host appeared early in the evening in a Little Lord Fauntleroy costume, but later on he blossomed forth as an Eton lad, and Mrs. Walsh was dressed in a long-waisted white lingerie frock with a blue sash, blue socks over flesh-colored stockings, and a big pink bow on her hair, which was curled as a child's.

A Mrs. Stickney was the "Barefoot Farmer Boy" of fiction, but her feet were stuck into an old battered pair of shoes. Her blue jeans were ragged and worn and a frazzled straw hat topped her head. The reports do not say what particular portion of her jeans were ragged. It is a detail that is left wholly to the imagination—possibly as it should be.

To get into the function it was necessary for the kidlets to climb a ladder and slide down a board. It was noticed that some who slid arrived at the bottom with a wondering look and then retired to the bathrooms to extract divers and sundry splinters that they had collected en route.

Plentiful libations of cocktails were served in nursing bottles and big hulks of both sexes sat around on the floor and inhaled the cocktails through the nipples until some got colicky and "pit up" in convenient receptacles.

The barnyard atmosphere was there in gobs with a plentiful supply of calves on exhibition to those who had not imbibed so many cocktails that they could not see.

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

---

To make the party complete it would have been appropriate to have diaper favors at each plate in the form of napkins. It is not recorded that this was done and consequently a big bet was overlooked.

The party is a striking example of how society will go to any lengths to shake off the ennui with which it is surfeited. They continually wail that they are not happy, when they ought to be grateful that they are not hanged. When the bubble Joy refuses to dance in Folly's cup they resort to almost any scheme to get their foolish heads into the lime-light.

If Romans, nursed by a she-wolf, became demi-gods, we suppose that society, nursed out of a bottle on cocktails, become, to say the least, sap-heads.

Society in our larger cities is degenerating into a pitiful spectacle. They seek that ignis fatuus called Joy and then wonder why they cannot find it by licking up all the booze and smoking all the cigarettes in sight. An empty life indeed is theirs. Behind their every song there lurks a moan. Every man who does not acquire a big bank roll is to them socially damned—and yet how happy they would be if they could get out and mingle with the real people—the people who are doing things—the people, if you please, who are devoting their days to soul development, hallowed by the perfume of love and made gracious by deeds that are noble and sweet.

Society's creed is nothing but an effort to live true to Omar's verse:



## JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

---

A book of verses, underneath the bough,  
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou  
Singing beside me in the wilderness—  
O wilderness were Paradise enow!

Society folk can prattle Omar's creeds when they do not know a prayer, and they believe that one of the ten commandments is: "Don't Get Caught!"

Their idea of charity is to organize kissing auctions and garter raffles for the glory of the Almighty. They are the people who are stoning the progress of the world. They bray like an asthmatic donkey at all times—but that is the sum total of their contribution to the world's progress.

If this "Baby Party" had been staged by Hinky Dink, of Chicago, all the pseudo reformers from Maine to California would have laid back their ears and shouted for police interference; but it was done in society, you know, and money covers scandal of all degrees and odors.

Instead of giving such a silly party, St. Louis society might well turn their feeble intellects to propagating a race of healthy children and not desecrating the holy innocence of the purity of childhood.

It is not known whether or not Mr. and Mrs. Walsh have children, but if they have, they have set a mighty fine example for them. Surely any child would be pleased to look back at the day when "Mamma and Papa" invited all their friends to get spiffy out of nursing bottles. It is so original, you know.

The very nozzles which were used to suck the swill from the

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

---

nursing bottles by the fluttering social hybrids in St. Louis were, after all, filched from the anaemic infants who all over the land are tugging at the breasts of tired, wan and over-worked mothers. Anarchistic, you say? Not at all. It is the truth, and it is the truth that hurts. Grown men running around in rompers and infants' clothes when they ought to be out cutting wood or raising hogs, is a sight that must disgust the red blooded man.

After all, a large part of the world is hungry and ragged because there are people who have amassed fortunes by the millions—and these fortunes are owned by the people who make up what we know as high society.

The good people of St. Louis should be ashamed of such a party as that pulled off by their "high society"—and we have a sneaking notion that most of them, at least those who are doing the real work there and upholding the citizenship of the city, really are.



## THE LOVE THAT IS ETERNAL



HEY were very old and their faltering steps were palsied. His beard, whitened by the drifting snow of many, many winters, gave him a Patriarchal appearance. The lustre of his eyes was dimmed by the passing of the many years, and his complexion was seared and yellow.

She was just a tiny wisp of a woman. The years had not sat lightly on her wrinkled brow. She was stooped by the travails of motherhood and a thorny path over which she had patiently and faithfully trod through life. They timidly ventured into the little red brick police station in the village of Flushing on Long Island.

Outside the biting January winds from the Sound lashed the leafless maples and whistled through the deserted village

## *JIM JAM, JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

---

streets, while Nature was coating the earth with a billowy mantle of white.

They were like two frightened children—babes in the wood, indeed—and their withered, rheumatic hands held tightly to each other. He was burned out by eighty-five years of life, and the wife, who had been his for more than a half century, was tired, weak and wan.

“We are very old,” he said, in a crackling, high-pitched voice, with great effort. “And we are both nearly blind. We would like, please, sir, to be sent to Blackwell’s Island, if it is possible.” She nodded her head in assent and clutched more tightly at his hand. He felt the touch and turned quickly and stroked the sleeve of her shiny dress.

“Blackwell’s Island?” said the lieutenant, as a look of amazement spread over his face. “What do you want to go there for? I couldn’t send you to the Island unless you had done something.”

“Well, you see,” the old man explained gently, “we’ve been together so long I don’t think we could stand it if we were to be separated now. We have a little money—not much—and that is going pretty fast. Winter is coming on and I want her to be comfortable. So we are willing and anxious to go to the Island. If you would be so good, sir.” He stopped and gasped for a few times for the speech had quite taken his breath.

The big, strapping, stern lieutenant turned and coughed, and huskily rebuked an underling, all the while trying hastily to brush away the glistening tears and force down the lump

## JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

---

that came persistently again and again into his throat. The couple waited eagerly for the answer.

"I'm sorry," he finally said. "You haven't committed any crime—"

"Of course he hasn't," quickly interrupted the little woman, and there was spirit in her tones as she looked proudly at the bent figure beside her.

"And you say you have a little money, so I couldn't send you up on a vagrancy charge," the lieutenant continued.

The law, sometimes a cruel mistress, would not allow that. He told them as gently as possible of this bar to their plans and that he would see what could be done.

"We thought you could send us there anyway," said the old man. "We wanted to be some place where we could be together."

"I'm afraid I can't do anything like that for you," the lieutenant answered gently. "If you have no home, we can appeal to some charity organization, but that is about all we can do for you."

"Wherever they send us we want to be together," the old man said earnestly, and groping their way through the station they tottered out into the falling snow.

His name was William Livingston, and after it should be inscribed Hero.

He and his aged and infirm wife were eager and willing to go to a barred cell, but they wanted to go together. They meant too much to each other ever to be separated.

What a lesson indeed to those whose puny lives are wrecked

## JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

---

and shattered on the shoals of marital unhappiness! What a lesson to the cocktail, tea-drinking, tangoing young married couples who are bored to suffocation after the first flame of passion has died down. The joys and sorrows this couple had shared had only made their loving hearts beat higher and warmer, and in the evening of life the heart tendrils, softer than silk but stronger than hooks of steel, were still weaving and knitting them closer together.

What a glorious way to approach the shadows! They have proved each other's sheet anchor in storm and stress as they have been roughly tossed about on the waves of life. Their's was not a love to burgeon and bloom only to be forever blasted.

Poverty could not estrange them. It could only bring them closer together. They were made one in marriage and will always be one. They know full well that in the great beyond the Father keeps watch, and they ask no more. They fear not the unknown terrors of the starless night nor the waves of the river Styx.

After all, the poorest beggar that walks the earth may have the most prized possession of all. And that is—Love. King and cynic, hovel and palace, lantern and sceptre, all may perish, but William Livingston and his good wife—God bless her—still have the greatest thing in all the world and they will cling to it on and on and past the line we call Death and into the night we know not of.

It is for such a love as this that Aurora gilds the morning and Apollo hangs the evening sky with banners of burnished gold. Centuries hence the dust of the bloated millionaire will

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

---

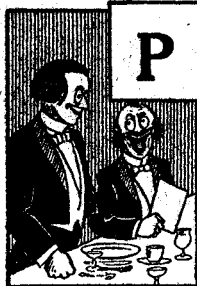
be mingled with the gutter mendicant, but the love of William Livingston and his wife will go rolling on and on through the eternal years. A thousand years indeed are but as one tick of the mighty horologue of time.

People who cannot find happiness on earth begin to look for it in Heaven. But not William Livingston and his wife. They have found the eternal beatitude and hugged it closely to their bosoms.

Not to the past, but to the future, when love will be the universal law, have they turned their faces. It may be far across the dismal swamps where only the condor's shadow sweeps but they will find it. William Livingston and his wife are not chasing a rainbow. They are at the rainbow's end; they have found the pot of gold—love!



## A LITTLE GIRL'S RUIN



**P**ROBABLY the most damning indictment against the licensed saloon, which is gradually being sucked into the vortex as the national prohibition forces register victory after victory, comes from the state of Pennsylvania. It is the type of saloonkeeper who knows no moral code of honor that is gradually stirring and crystalizing the prevailing sentiment for the abolishment of the licensed saloon. The men who are conducting drinking places in an orderly manner and obeying every law must suffer from the vicious immorality of these scoundrels—and unless the decent element among the saloonists arouse themselves they will find that in a few years national prohibition is a fact.

William McAvoy is a young man 23 years old who lives in



## JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

Germantown, near Philadelphia, Pa. On Christmas eve he was out to celebrate and among other places he visited the grog shop conducted by Rudolph Krause at Ninth Street and Columbia Avenue in Philadelphia.

The spirit of Christmas was supposed to be abroad in the land. Margaret Baylock, a 14-year-old girl, had been out in the business section looking at the pretty things in the shop windows and eagerly anticipating the joys of the morrow. Margaret still believed in Santa Claus.

About 9 o'clock she was passing the Krause saloon. McAvoy stood unsteadily in the doorway preparing to leave. He saw the girl and wished her a Merry Christmas. She shouted back familiarly at him that she hoped he would have a Merry Christmas, too.

McAvoy called her back to him and, hesitantly, she came. After much persuasion he got her into the back room of the saloon on the promise of treating her to a glass of lemonade. The girl a little bewildered was finally induced to drink some port wine which was served by the saloonkeeper Krause. She had taken her first drink and was instantly befuddled by it all. The room swam about her and the lights were a jinkle jumble. McAvoy sat alongside her and with his own brain reeling from drink encouraged her. The demons of lust were urging him on and on.

After a while little Margaret didn't know what was going on. She was stupefied. She wanted to go home but she was afraid. It was the night before Christmas and her mother and father had made great preparations for her.

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

---

After pleading and coaxing the girl, she consented to go to a room with the man where he promised her he would take care of her and then see that she got home later. When he got the girl in the room the beast accomplished her ruin and later the girl fell into a deep sleep and did not awaken until long after other children had been aroused to see what Santa had brought.

The girl was fairly paralyzed with fright from the predicament she was in. So keenly did she feel the disgrace of her ruin that she would not go home and face her parents. She remained away from home for two days and then the mother, distracted by her absence, appealed to the police, who found the child in a state of nervous hysteria at the home of a girl friend. Her eyes were red from weeping and her nerves had been shattered by the terrible ordeal.

The whole damnable story was revealed before Judge Brown in the Municipal Court. The judge in speaking of the girl said:

"She is a good little girl of refinement and character and she went to the saloon because she had been told she could have a 'good time' there. She had never in her life touched liquor before. And she did not go into this saloon with the intention of taking a drink.

"It is horrible to think that innocent girls are subjected to this danger. If the Baylock girl had not been made drunk, the man would never have taken advantage of her."

The girl sobbingly told of the advances that were made when she was alone with her seducer in the room. The wine

## JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

---

had gone to her head and all the world was giddy. She didn't know what to do and as he fondled her and called her endearing names, her will weakened by the intoxicants, she submitted to his blandishments.

When she awakened in the morning she was in bed, with her seducer lying beside her. Then came the realization of the enormity of the disgrace. From her window she could see the neighboring children out showing their Christmas gifts. She wandered out into the street in a half daze and finally decided to go to the home of a friend where she told the disgraceful story.

Of course the saloon-keeper will lose his license but that is not enough. There are very few crimes which are meaner than the one he sanctioned and the mere deprivation of his rights to do a kind of business he should never have been allowed to do is small punishment indeed for his heinous offense. The young seducer was a brute, too; but had the saloonist refused to sell the girl the drink the tragedy could never have occurred.

There are drunkards in their cups who would never stoop to such infamy as that of this rum-selling rascal. There are women who have visited the most degraded dives in the White-chapel district where rum-soaked humans, with every bestial passion unleashed, have a spark of reverence still spluttering for the glory of womanhood, and where they are allowed to pass unharmed.

Their ribald songs are stilled and the oath dies on their lips. Men steeped in crime to the very lips often remove their hats

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

---

to the tribute of noble womanhood and they would disembowel the human vulture who would sanction under his very nose the ruin of innocent young childhood. And saloon keepers who countenance such infamous curs are digging their own graves.

Little Margaret Baylock was more than murdered. Steeped with wine it is easy to see how a brute of a man could quiet her childish fears and succeed in her ravishment.

The penitentiary doors yawn for her ravisher but the real offender—the pitiless saloonkeeper, who served her with the wine that set aflame her passions, is too mean a wretch for Hell. His Satanic Majesty should have some private torture chamber for his rotten soul. All the joy and sweetness of this young childish life has been crushed out in a twinkling. She at one swoop becomes a woman of the world. Her most priceless possession has been taken from her by all that is worst in the brutish element of man.

It is little wonder that the world is rebelling at the licensed saloon. The Star of Bethlehem which should have been a messenger of joy to this young child last Christmas morn proved to be a blighting thunderbolt.

We cannot exterminate the causes which result in bestial sexual crimes, but we can curb them; and the honest saloonkeeper can help if he but will by seeing that the dispensers of rum to such girls as little Margaret Baylock are immediately sent to the prison cell, where they can keep company with the vermin who are their equals if not their superiors.

## WAS IT WORTH IT?

Or the Sad Story of the \$3500 Peek



PETER ZYLA used to labor among the various assortment of smells that live in the Chicago Stock Yards. Peter was a big hulk of a man with hair on his chest who sang at his work. And anybody who can sing in a stock yard can eat *pate de foi gras* in a glue factory. It is the zenith of Optimism.

But anyway, Peter sang while separating the hides from what was inside of them. And then one bright and sunny morning his comrades saw him pass his hands over his eyes. It was a regular Sothern pose and it was no wonder that everybody was excited when Peter shouted: "My eyes! My eyes! Hevings! I have gone plumb blind!" A dramatic moment, indeed! And so it was that his fellow workmen, forcing back the tears that sprang naturally to their eyes, led Peter stumbling home.

## JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

---

His case, as cases will, in due time came before the State Industrial Board and long-faced experts with whiskers testified that Peter had become sightless because of the alternate heat and cold of the shop in which he sang away at his humble tasks. The medical experts knew he was blind for Peter had told them that he couldn't see. They worked all the tests on him but there was nothing doing. Peter was destined to grope around the rest of his life in a desolate pit of blackness.

The board accepting the medical testimony, awarded Peter \$3,500 which was to be paid to him in installments just like Peter was paying for his furniture. The insurance company which handled the risk, however, became just a bit suspicious. They employed one of their best sleuths to see if Peter was to remain permanently blind. And so Peter went tapping along the streets with his cane the object of deep pity on the part of all of his neighbors.

The detective who was getting at the truth for the insurance company posed as a teamster and lived in the neighborhood. And he and Peter became very familiar after a few visits to the corner groggery where cheer was dispensed *ad libitum*.

However, the sleuth with all his well known Sherlock tricks could not get any evidence that Peter was not blind. But he knew that Peter liked the girls—and there it was that Peter stumbled against his Waterloo and lost his \$3,500.

Peter and the sleuth were standing in Peter's back yard not long ago when a group of pretty girls and a moving picture operator with a flock of cameras drew up in automobiles. Peter did not look up. One of the pseudo actors asked to

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

---

whom the yard belonged. The sleuth replied that it was the property of his poor, sightless friend.

Then the most beautiful of the girls jumped off the wagon and in her most gracious manner said: "Oh, sir, we are making a photo-play. It is called, 'The Country Girl in the Great City,' and this is just the place to show where the heroine left home." Peter looked out of his sightless eyes in her general direction and nodded his head. In fact, he told them the roof was the limit. The director of the company and all hands performed several stunts and then they prepared for the Big Idea—which was indeed a wallop. It was to be a "close up" with the most beautiful girl of the outfit in the center of the picture.

"Now girlie," said the director, "we want you to raise your skirt just a little bit—"

The girl coyly lifted her skirt above her shoe tops and poor Peter still did not bat an eye.

"Higher, higher," shouted the director while the camera man madly turned the crank. Then the director in exasperation stopped proceedings and started to get a bit rough.

"Listen, you," he said to the girl. "When I tell you to lift your skirt, I want you to do it. You've spoiled a hundred feet of film."

Poor Peter looked as though he wondered what it was all about.

Then the camera man started and the girl lifted her skirt. Peter was then looking in another direction.

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

---

"Higher! Higher!" shouted the director. "There, that's it! Fine!"

And then Peter suddenly turned about and gave the young woman a single peek, look, slant, glimpse or once-over.

Bang! Jingle! Crash! Away went his \$3,500. The detective clapped him on the arm and told him it was all off. He had spilled the beans. The other fake actors in the comedy—or was it tragedy—declared that Peter got more than an eye-ful. He simply feasted on those heavenly calves. That was all, of course, that the movie company wanted. The play ended right there.

But there are those who will not blame Peter. Such a revelation is enough to restore any man's sight. It may be that after his drab life in the stock yards, the abnormal excitement, the exacerbation of nerves did really restore Peter's sight. Who can tell? At any rate there will be a familiar face back at the stock yards presently.

And then perhaps Peter thought that life was too short indeed to gnaw at stale bones and grope around for a measly \$3,500. When he got the first peek at that ankle, he did just as many other men have done before him. He threw away his future of ease and contentment for the excitement of the moment.

On the busy street corners of any big city you may see idle young men standing around to watch women and see what the winds will do with the skirts. It is an age-long habit and few there are who will not succumb.

It is this knowledge that makes burlesque managers dress



## JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

up their chorus girls in a nickel's worth of cheesecloth and send them whoop-la-ing across the foot lights.

"Peeping Tom" we are told, yielded to temptation and looked out of his window when Lady Godiva passed by on her horseback ride of immortal memory. He was stricken stone blind, as the legend goes, but it is recorded that until the end of his life he insisted that "it was worth it." Lady Godiva was some queen and her costume would have been rather shocking even in this day of high skirts and peek-a-boo front lattice works.

We wonder if, when Peter gets back among his stock yard smells and thinks of his vanished \$3,500, he will spit on his hands and kick in with the cryptic comment: "Well, fellers, it was worth it!"

We wonder—but still there are many of us who would have to see the particular calves that were exposed before we could pass any kind of an opinion whatsoever.

So there!

## A TOYLESS TRAGEDY



HERE was always a baby," she said, and so there was. But they were not her babies, except vicariously. The babies were really her brothers and sisters. Her father was an impecunious night watchman, and her mother was a semi-invalid, who passed into the Beyond shortly after the birth of the last little one.

Little Ruth Smith, of the mature age of twelve, living in a few poor rooms—if you can call it "living"—at 52 Assanpink Street, Trenton, N. J., was really the head of the household. She daily drudged for her father, who slept during the daytime, for John aged ten, for Cora aged eight, for May aged six, for Dorothy aged four, and for George aged ten months. She scrubbed, washed, ironed, cooked and mended for six people besides herself on a

## JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

---

sum appallingly paltry. She heroically bore burdens which would have broken many a mature woman. Her days were filled with endless, tedious, grubby toil and carking care, and her nights' rest was broken by a sickly, crying baby.

She said she "never had a toy, or a ribbon, or a doll, or any fun." Sometimes, after getting her family to bed, the poor little care-ridden child would go out on the streets to look in the shop windows longingly for things for which her heart vainly yearned. For this wild dissipation she was reprimanded, and despairingly attempted suicide by swallowing iodine. But even the joy of death was denied her and she was reluctantly forced back to life and its repellent burdens.

School, pleasures, toys, dolls, ribbons, freedom from trying toil and burdens belong of right to girlhood. Little Ruth Smith had none of these. Economic problems, grubby toil, and crying babies, with never a pleasure, bounded her childhood horizon. Can you blame her if her little heart broke under her burdens? Can you blame her if she sought to end an existence which was merely one continuous torture with no ray of hope to pierce the tedious gloom? We can't find it in our heart to blame the gallant little lassie. She struggled until her girlish spirit broke and she sought to end her life of unceasing wretchedness and misery.

Probably under the law of New Jersey little Ruth Smith committed a crime when she attempted suicide. But in the great Court of Conscience was not a greater crime committed against little Ruth Smith? She said "there was always a

## JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

---

baby" for her to tend, and so there was. And here again we run against that pressing problem of "Birth Control."

Frankly, we don't know much about it in general. But we do know this: We know that on his paltry wages, with an invalid wife, little Ruth Smith's father had no moral right to increase his family. It brought about abhorrent conditions and precipitated a tragedy. The case is typical; there are many such. There are many thousands of little Ruth Smiths sinking under just such burdens as finally engulfed her sturdy little soul. She will never be the same. Her girlish courage has been broken. Her vitality has been sapped. Her burdens were too grievous.

Judge Wadhams, of New York, said in commenting on a similar case recently: "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 which they violate. The question is whether we have the most intelligent law on the subject that we might have. These matters are regulated better in some of the old countries, particularly in Holland, than they are in this country. I believe we 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 now permit to exist." This is the opinion of an experienced humane judge brought in daily contact with this pressing problem. We believe it is one of the most perplexing problems which confront civilization. Judge Wadhams' attitude is obvious from his statement.

But we do know this: We know that the public authorities,

## JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

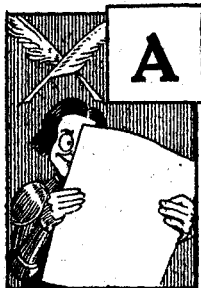
---

or the State at large, or organized society, or some of them or all of them, owed a duty to little Ruth Smith and her flock. No little girl's shoulders should be bent beneath such weights. No vicarious little mother should be driven to suicide as the only loophole of escape. Society at large owes a duty to its downtrodden members. She said "there was always a baby" and that she never had a toy, or a doll, or a bright ribbon, or any kind of pleasure.

Are there some little Ruth Smiths in your town or city? Are there some childish shoulders being crushed under intolerable loads? Look them up, lighten their load, brighten their dark days, ease their burdens, let them have a toy, a doll, or a ribbon. Think of your own happy childhood, look at your own joyous children and do something for the little Ruth Smiths 'round about you. There are lots of them.



## ARKANSAS TO THE FRONT



ROUND about Arkansas there has not been drawn the magic circle of birth control. Old Dame Nature there holds sway and makes the much vaunted doctrine of chances look like a deflated tire. Arkansas may or may not be a benighted region; we think not, but you may take your choice. You must pronounce the final syllable "Saw"—not only by custom but also by legislative enactment. It produces Hot

Springs galore. It also produced Jeff Davis, of post bellum, not ante bellum, fame. It produces also a never failing crop of "hill billies" who always drop their votes into one slot, the Democratic slot. Republican committees and orators waste no time in Arkansas. Even birth control advocates will find it an inhospitable country.

## JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

---

Sex is not a matter of law in Arkansas either. At Corning, Arkansas, the God—not the Goddess—of chance seems to have grasped the governing gears. One family alone in ten years has added nineteen males to the electorate possibilities of that fecund state. A few more such families and Arkansas would tangle the census adding machines and put actuarial experts to flight. Whatever this family practices it doesn't practice race suicide—and still the Sage of Oyster Bay remains mute. If medals were to be distributed the Scott family of Corning, Arkansas, would be glitteringly and iridescently bespangled. If the record has been surpassed we would like to know it. It seems to us unsurpassable. There must be something in the air of Arkansas fatal to race suicide.

As you put your finger on Uncle Sam's wide domains and as you put your pencil point on Corning, Arkansas, it seems almost infinitesimal, but it isn't. It keeps statistically enlarging and the Scott family fairly looms; in fact, it booms.

Nineteen boys in ten years—three sets of triplets, four sets of twins and two lonely ones, comprise the count to date. And we are not going to embarrass our printing department by additionally adopting apt alliteration's artful aid because each of these nineteen masculine names begins with "A." We assume Adam heads the list.

The Scott family stands unique. One pair of father's cast off trousers would merely be a joke in retailoring for this family. Shoes, jackets, stockings, caps, underclothing, knee

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

---

breeches, pegtops, kites, lead pencils, school books, balls, bats, beds, and food wouldn't be an expense account; they would be a country store.

Think of the appetites of nineteen growing boys! Meditate on the flapjacks and syrup necessary to fill nineteen yawning boyish cavities! We can't do it! Our imagination wavers, wobbles and upsets.

Think of nineteen haircuts! Coldly contemplate nineteen modern dentists' bills! Let your imagination dwell on the whooping cough, measles, chicken pox and similar childish diseases running rampant through nineteen boyish bodies! A modern pharmacy and a school of trained nurses would be necessary.

Corning, Arkansas, is on the map. And so far as we know, Mr. and Mrs. Scott are the king and queen of the anti-race-suicide kingdom. Nineteen boys in ten years of wedded life heads the poll. What has become of the doctrine of chances as applied to births? But as previously said our imagination has an attack of paralysis. Once again fiction removes its outworn cap in the presence of fact. In the face of this the doctrine of chance isn't a doctrine, it's a joke.

If any foreign nation invades our shores it had better look out for the Scott battalion of Corning, Arkansas.





# “SOB STUFF”

*A Volley o' Sentiment*

BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

**A** bound volume containing twenty-four stories of sentiment taken from former issues of Jim Jam Jems. Bound in Japanese Grass Cloth. Two dollars the volume, prepaid, direct from the publishers, or through your local dealer.

---

---

JIM JAM JEMS,

*Bismarck, N. Dak.*

Gentlemen:

Enclosed find { bank draft } for \$2.00.  
                                  { money order }

Send a copy of "Sob Stuff" to the following address:

(Write plainly) Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_