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Jim Jam Jems: March 1917

Sam H. Clark

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Jim Jam Jems

by JIM JAM JUNIOR



A VOLLEY OF TRUTH



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

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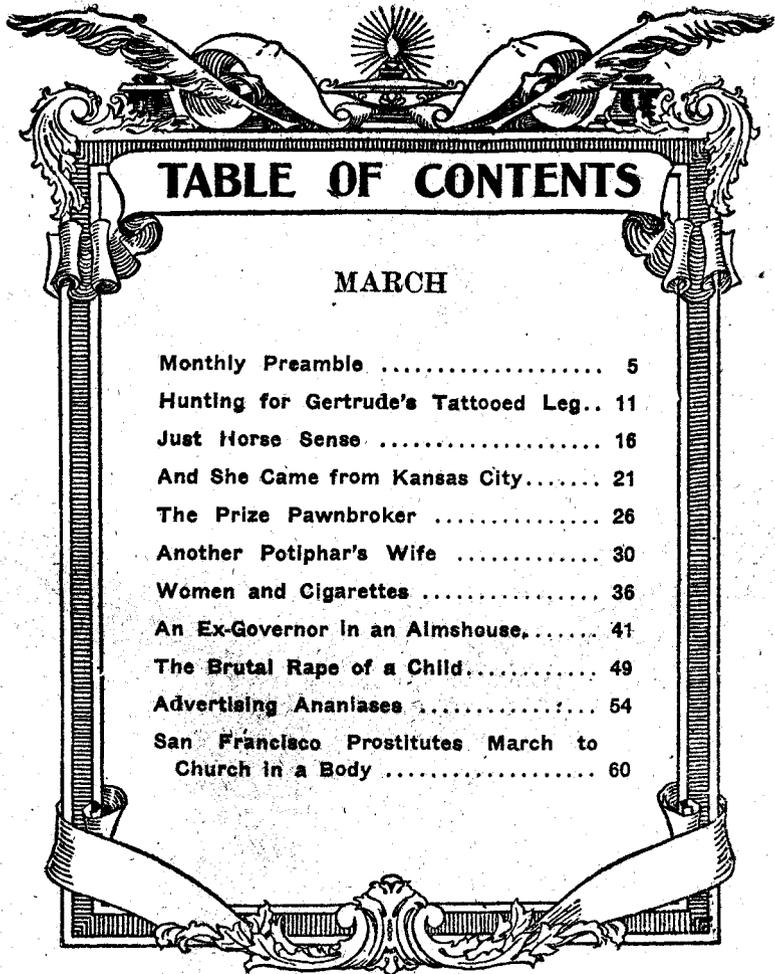
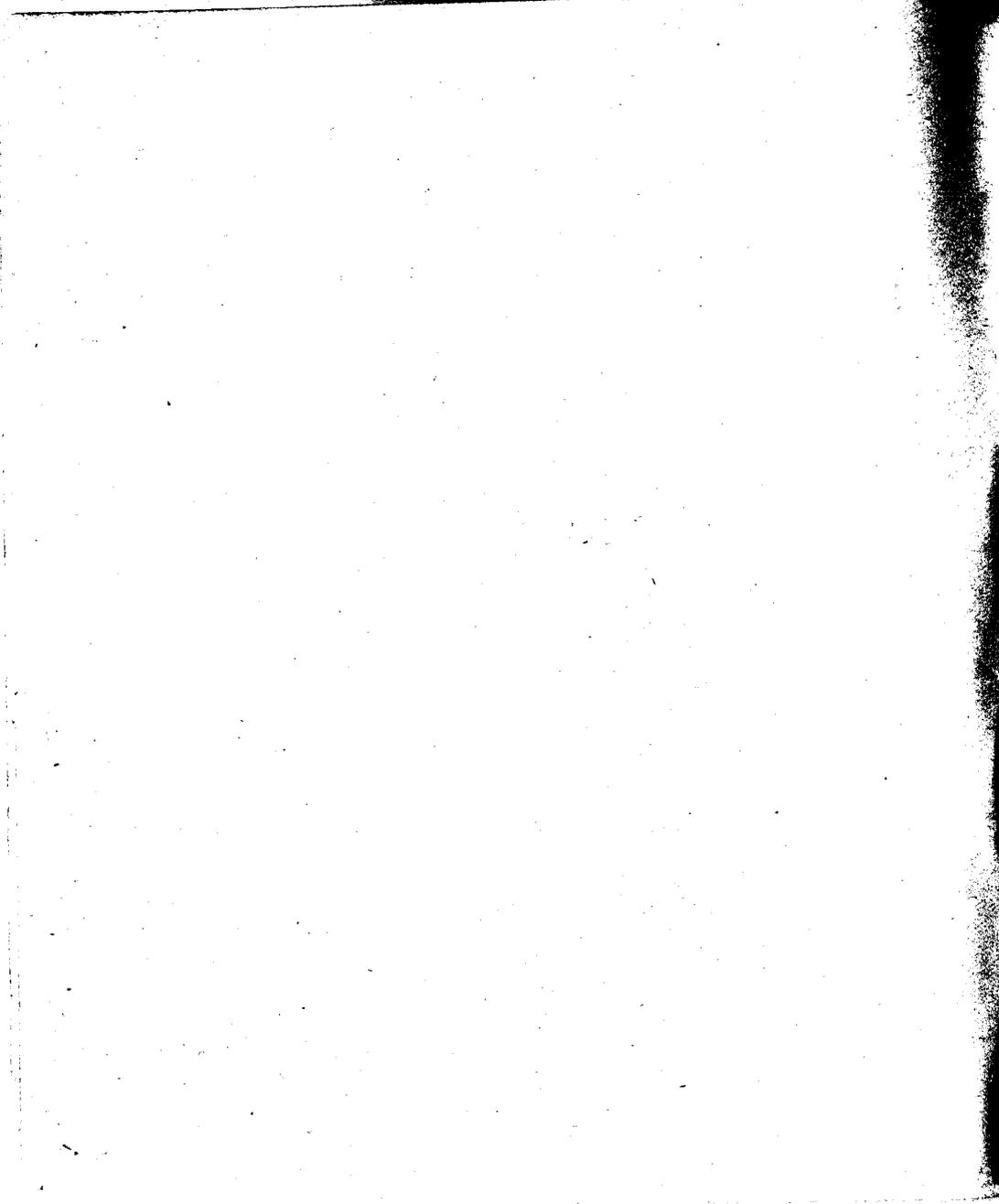
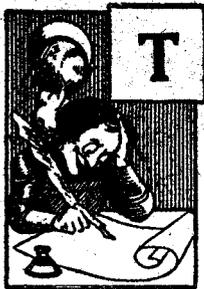
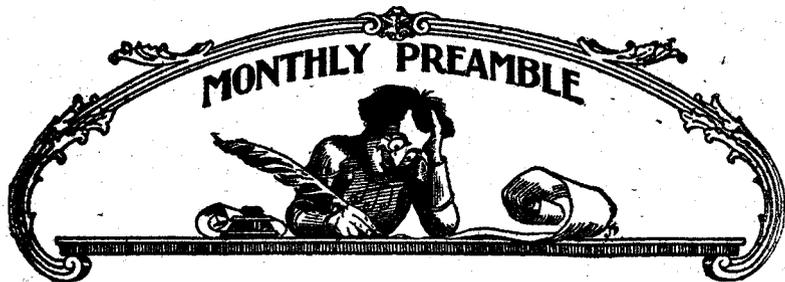


TABLE OF CONTENTS

MARCH

Monthly Preamble	5
Hunting for Gertrude's Tattooed Leg..	11
Just Horse Sense	16
And She Came from Kansas City.....	21
The Prize Pawnbroker	26
Another Potiphar's Wife	30
Women and Cigarettes	36
An Ex-Governor in an Almshouse.....	41
The Brutal Rape of a Child.....	49
Advertising Ananias	54
San Francisco Prostitutes March to Church in a Body	60





THE difference between a honeymoon and a honeycomb is that the latter is a continuation or rather a veritable mass of small cells, while a honeymoon is just one great big—well, we are home again after a three months' wedding toot, which is universally known as a honeymoon trip, and aside from the fact that our pocketbook looks as though it had been stepped upon by an overgrown dinoceras we haven't very much

to complain of, thank you.

But, right here and now, young man and young woman, you who contemplate scaling the Edenic wall for a stroll in

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connubial Paradise—take a tip from a fellow who has just gone and done it with all the frills and don't go honeymooning East or South. Keep away from New York and shun the Southern resorts. There's a meter on everything, once you start toward the money-mad East, and every time you take a breath—zing goes another gold eagle. And if New York doesn't give your love-jag the gold-cure, Palm Beach, Havana, New Orleans, or any other "delightful winter habitat" will convince you that "seeing Americans first" is the slogan of the East and South, and after they have seen you first, there is nothing left of you for anyone else to see.

For seven long, tedious, tenderless, merciless, fitful and pitiful weeks we carried money to the New York high-binders with all the confidence of a small boy carrying water to the circus elephants and with about the same satisfaction. And then in sheer desperation we started South where we thought at least we could enjoy a little sunshine without having to pay ten bucks to speak to the head waiter. But say, those New Yorkers are only petty-larceny operators compared to the defaulting-ex-bank-president suaveness of our Southern winter hosts. Palm Beach doubtless received its name from the habit acquired by the natives of keeping the palm up and out eternally and forever. We can understand the fellow who slips a handkerchief over his face, pulls down his slouch hat and awaits his prey by the roadside with an automatic sixshooter; there must be more or less of a thrill in the life of the honest-to-God highway robber—and then again he has the decency to hide his face. But the utter nonchalance with

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which the "hospitable Southern gentlemen" separate Northern tourists from their coin, and then pass them along from head waiter to bell boy and on down the line to the taxidriver for a final frisking, is enough to make Cole Younger turn over in his grave. Southern hospitality has truly become a "finished" art. There isn't anything left when they get through with you.

Seriously, the East and South seem to have suddenly gone money-mad. New York especially is staggering under a gold-jag. Drunken with prosperity—insane with wealth, Mammon rules with an iron hand while Greed welcomes the visitor with a mailed fist. Everything is money. Nothing else counts. Manhood and virtue count as naught in the mad dance to the clink of coin. A man is measured by his worth in round dollars. His character may be only gold-plated but if his purse is gold-filled he passes as the pure metal.

Economists say that money is a medium of exchange. It is more than that. It is the mighty lever that moves America and the world today. For it, orators will orate; ministers will mouth; lawyers will lie; doctors will disagree; politicians will plot; priests will pilfer; judges will juggle law; men will sell their honor; women will barter their virtue; gamblers will cheat; stock-jobbers will job; legislators will legislate; bankers will extort; manufacturers will adulterate; misers will hoard; votes will be stolen; ballots burned; fires lighted, children overworked, labor oppressed, murders committed; frauds will run rampant; thieves will ply their

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trade; trickery will triumph; harlots will hang out the scarlet thread on the walls of a modern Jericho; ruby lips will lie; purchased eloquence will resound; slender white fingers will filch; dynamite will rend; prison doors will open; war will be declared; human lives will be tossed into the mealstrom of death by millions; men will be mutilated, homes devastated; oceans will be converted into death traps; the very air will be made to sustain bird-men bloodily hunting their fellows; sub-sea monsters will throng the deep; cannon will belch forth death and destruction; forgeries will abound; solemn compacts will be derisively called "scraps of paper"; diplomats will lie; kings will intrigue; republics and kingdoms will rise or fall; a continent will be drenched in blood; one hemisphere will go war-mad and another will go money-mad.

But after all money will buy but little. It cannot buy peace of mind—consider Hetty Greene's embittered life; it will not buy time—consider Queen Elizabeth's last affrighted cry: "Millions for an inch of time!" It will buy servility, but not real respect. It will buy lickspittle lip-service, but not love. It will buy a high place in the councils of nations, but not real power. It will buy sycophants by the score, but not one shred of real honor. It will buy—has bought—seats in the United States Senate—and with them the derision and contempt of fellow members. It has bought, too, the judicial ermine, but carried with it the stench of its skunkish origin. It buys magnificent limousines rolling on cushions of air, but never the semblance of an eased conscience.

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

It will buy luxurious living, but not a night of restful slumber. It will buy rare gems and jewels and beautiful raiment, but not a gleam of lovelight from a friend. It will buy the choicest viands, but not one thrill of a healthy appetite. It will buy adulation, but not friendship. It will buy the attendance of the most skilled physicians, but not one second of joyful, bounding health. It will buy special trains, but not one moment's joy of woodland ways.

Money starts as man's slave—but ends his master. It caused Judas Iscariot to betray his Lord. It caused Benedict Arnold to betray his country. It is the real author of the terrible holocaust 'neath which half the world is now trembling. And it never leaves this money-mad world, for there are no pockets in shrouds.

There now—we feel much better. We got rid of all that pent-up fury with almost as much grace as we got rid of our money, and while our honeymoon was more of a golden-wedding tour—with us providing all the presents for every Tom, Dick and Percy who happened to get in our way—we are glad to be back home where we can get a drink of water without first apologizing to the telephone girl for disturbing her and then waiting an hour for a bell-hop to bring us a mouthful in the bottom of a cracked pitcher—for which he receives a quarter of a dollar or it takes two hours to get a drink next time. Yes, and we can get a piece of beef-steak without feeling that we are eating the golden calf.

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We are as happy and healthy as ever and a damnsight wiser than before we went away. And we're going to settle down to work and turn out the liveliest batch of Jim Jam Jems during the next few months that we have ever fed to the public. See if we don't.

JIM JAM JUNIOR.



HUNTING FOR GERTRUDE'S TATTOOED LEG



HERE is one of the most promising indoor and outdoor fads of the present bustling season developing in the little town of Wichita, Kansas, and it is not only proving immensely popular among the younger set but among the older and more staid residents of the town as well, according to grape vine reports that are creeping out of the city.

The innovation, for want of a better aptronymic, might be called, "Hunting for the 'G' on Gertrude's Leg." This at least explains the situation in a nutshell and also it sounds very, very interesting.

The policemen of Wichita—both of them—as upright a body of night stick twiddlers as ever thrived in a prohibition state, are also declared to be in on the game and are nerv-

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

ously but fearlessly seeking Gertrude Smith, the elusive wife of James of that ilk, who in a moment of exasperation fled from his bed and board in the Smith manor house at Augusta, Kansas, several weeks ago.

She boarded a train and was heading for the general direction of Wichita when James peeped into the kitchen and found that she was gone.

Wichita may not have any wild night-life with its accompanying din of cabarets, tango banjoists and the like, but when they spring something new in social circles out there it is more than probable that 'most any day the information will be catapulted into the first pages of the metropolitan press.

Since the fair Gertrude left, things have not been exactly the same around the old Smith place and James just droops around on the front stoop and pines for his Gertie. He wants her and the two children to come back home and whatever he did that was wrong he will never do it again—so help him. He asked all the eagle-eyed citizens of Wichita to help him out of his dilemma and restore peace and harmony in his otherwise peaceful little home.

If Gertrude would only wear half hose—Shades of Sockless Jerry Simpson—and short skirts it would be a comparatively simple matter indeed to locate her on any day when the wind was particularly active around the busiest sections of Wichita. While, as James admits, there is very little to distinguish her from the other feminine Smiths all over the land,

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

there is one feature that makes her stand out like a prohibitionist in a Barbary Coast honkey tonk resort.

On one of her legs—poor James seems to have forgotten just which one it is—but it doesn't matter; it just makes more dash and verve, as it were, to the game—well, anyway, on one of her legs there is the initial "G" which Gertrude, in a moment of pride, tattooed there. It gives her limbular distinction and she was always just as proud of it as was James.

The initial is neat but not at all gaudy. It has, it is quite true, a few flourishes, but withal it has far greater poise and dignity than the average whirls and geegaws that are affected by the more prominent of the tattooed ladies this season.

It is just a simple "G" of Gertrude's own handiwork and James loves it—every dot. He is quite sure that he is the only living, breathing soul in the vast universe that knows about the initial because Gertrude told him so her very self in a moment of easy confidences.

So it is that all that the good citizens of Wichita and the police force have to do is to examine a few lady Smith's legs and when they run across a vagrant "G" they may well be certain that it is none other than the erring Gertrude.

Clapping a hand on her—ah—that is, her arm, all they have to do is to say: "Gertie, skip home; James is waiting for thee on the front porch stoop."

As James remembers—it seems he doesn't care much for trifles—the initialed "G" is either slightly below or slightly above the knee cap. He is sure that if he saw the leg any-

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where under the most favorable or unfavorable conditions he would know it instantly.

As a matter of fact, James' negligence in giving the exact latitude and longitude of the initial is one of the most interesting topics of discussion these quiet Wichita evenings when all the folks gather around the parlor lamps.

'Most anyone will agree that in the state of Kansas there have been a great many innovations, not only in politics and in law, but even in police procedure; but it is frankly confessed that this latest initial-hunting stunt brings home the bacon with a romp.

All the boys from the Forks-of-the-creek and other remote outlying districts have knocked off work, put on their paper collars and Sunday suits and poured into Wichita to join in the mad chase for the elusive knee signet. It is a chance that comes but once in a man's life.

The Olympian games were the nurse of Grecian glory and who can say but what this latest sport in Wichita will bring this Kansas town out of a rural slough and make it vie with the more teeming cities of New York and Paris?

We Americans pay our good money to be entertained by professional pugilists and expert ball players but here is a brand new game that does not cost the eager participant a single, solitary penny—and it has even more thrills, some might say. It is a virile sport that requires skill and mayhap it requires manly strength, for Gertrude, according to advance information of James, is quite hefty.

A few of the old maids of Wichita have indignantly denied

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

that they were roaming the streets at night impersonating the missing Gertrude. . They declare it is a base libel and anyway they do not know how to tattoo.

It is also denied, with equal vehemence, that some of the ladies have importuned a professional tattooer to hang out his shingle in Wichita with the promise of an ever increasing patronage.



JUST HORSE SENSE



IF A MAN ran a peanut stand the way your venerable Uncle Sam runs this so-called government there wouldn't be even the toot left in his roasting machine. Square pegs, and sometimes not any too "square" either, in round holes—particularly in the large holes—is the rule. And by the way, these criticisms do not apply to President Wilson or to the Democratic party any more than to former Presidents and to the Republican party.

Would the stockholders of a bank employ a plumber for their cashier? They would not, unless they wanted leaky holes instead of assets. Would a great mercantile house employ a farm hand as manager? It would not, unless it wanted to grow grass on the store floors.

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

Existing conditions particularly illuminate the concentrated idiocy of inexperienced men in high office. Experience, fitness, adaptability are not in your Uncle Sam's lexicon when it comes to Cabinet appointments. When it isn't a joke it is almost a tragedy and under not very remote possibilities might develop into a national calamity.

There is a man named Daniels rattling around in—not filling—the office of Secretary of the Navy. Editing a paper at Raleigh, indulging in a trip in a row boat, having an acquaintance with President Wilson, contributing to a campaign fund, and having political influence, are pretty slim assets for a lien on so great an office in such critical times. Whatever Josephus did or didn't know about running a newspaper his expert knowledge of Naval requirements was represented by a cipher with the circle removed. Abolishing sailors' grog and making speeches are harmless amusements but scarcely indicate high Naval knowledge. Wasn't there somebody, isn't there somebody, who really knows something about Naval requirements, Naval construction, Naval personalities, who could be appointed as the head of that great government arm entrusted with the defense of over a hundred million people? Our Navy Yards are one of the greatest manufacturing industries in the world. Does Mr. Schwab look for greenhorn editors to run his Bethlehem Steel plant? Why shouldn't Uncle Sam use just a little horse sense in appointing the head of his greatest manufactory? Would Henry Ford employ as a superintendent an editor who didn't know a crank shaft from a ring bolt?

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

How long would a business man keep out of bankruptcy run as Josephus runs Uncle Sam's Navy?

There is a man named Baker, a Cleveland lawyer and politician, directing Uncle Sam's Army as Secretary of War. Both the Secretary of War and the army are feeble jokes and getting feebler. A few more trips to the Mexican border and the so-called army will melt into what Grover Cleveland called "innocuous desuetude". There isn't enough "pep" in either to savor a baked potato. Mr. Baker is doubtless a good lawyer and a most expert politician, but what did he know about the requirements of Uncle Sam's Army?

Suppose—just suppose—that in this war madness Uncle Sam should become entangled. Would you like to entrust your destinies to Editor Daniels and Lawyer Baker?

In the little two-penny brush with Spain we had an object lesson of "embalmed beef" and other monumental inefficiency with an inexperienced War Secretary. Experience, knowledge, fitness and adaptability make for success and their opposites spell failure. There is no magic in enlisting, maintaining, equipping or mobilizing an army. It is a matter of expert knowledge. Kitchener spent his life at it—not at practicing law and politics.

Could any appointment as Secretary of State have been more unfit, by actual demonstration, than that of Mr. Bryan? What knowledge had he of diplomatic usage, international law, treaty making, and all the innumerable niceties of National intercourse so requisite in his high office? The pressure came, the emergency arose, and his unfitness was so

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

glaring that even his monumental nerve failed him and he resumed his platitudinous preachments in private life. A man was found who had some knowledge of the duties of his office. Why wasn't he or some one like him appointed first? Because he had no political influence. He merely understood his business as a diplomat and international lawyer and, God knows, that is no recommendation for Uncle Sam except in a most urgent emergency. It is poor business to "swap horses crossing a stream," but it is better than drowning. Why not have a good horse before you plunge in? There are plenty of them.

Why shouldn't a Secretary of Agriculture be a successful, practical farmer? Isn't the farming business of Uncle Sam's children large enough to have at its head a practical farmer who understands requirements from actual experience?

Why shouldn't a Postmaster General be drawn from the ranks of men skilled in the business of expediting transportation economically? Uncle Sam's mail business should always have at its head the most skillful practical transportation executive. But men so skilled have neither time nor inclination to pull political wires.

Why shouldn't a Secretary of the Treasury be a man skilled in finance in the collection, receiving, disbursing and safeguarding of large sums of money? Your Uncle Sam is today the world's greatest banker. Practicing law, promoting a tunnel and being a politician never struck us as the best training for a Secretary of the Treasury Even

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

being a son-in-law does not denote high skill in finance according to our backwoods way of thought.

Uncle Sam's business of government, as things are today, is really the largest business in the world. He is entitled to have as the practical heads of his great departments the most skilled executives. Lawyers, editors, politicians, have had their day and proved their inefficiency. Why not use plain horse sense in Cabinet appointments? Why not apply plain, ordinary business rules to the greatest business in the world, administering the affairs of the United States of America?



AND SHE CAME FROM KANSAS CITY



HELLO to Louise, maid of the Midnight Snows! She is of the stuff that makes queens out of serving maids—a past mistress, if you please, in the great art of Bluff. And she comes from Kansas City along the wilds of the Kaw, where the folks go peacefully to sleep at night and wake up in the next county just because the old Missouri river wants to frolic.

The sob sisters and the sob brothers all over the country are spotting the editorial rooms with tears as the result of what might be called "The Exploits of Louise." She arrived in New York as a lovely Alaskan Queen, the unspoiled child of nature and all that sort of thing, and highbrowish, cultured and uplifting societies

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

rushed to her to fawn at her feet and have her speak before their forums.

It was supposed to be her first visit to a great city after yeahs and yeahs in the wilds.

And thus it was that a native product of Kansas City, who had clerked in a department store in Missouri and then had been a biscuit shooter in a Chicago beanery just before going to New York put it all over the effete East.

She is eighteen years old and when she got to the big town she put up at one of the most ornate hotels. She told her sympathetic interviewers the wildest kind of tales that thrilled them and made them cry.

She blew into town and took a suite in the farthest north corner of the hotel—for she came from the frozen north. Not many minutes later the clerks called up the newspapers and said there was an Alaskan queen there with bearskin clothes and a trunk full of nuggets. Whitefaced, the star sob reporters slid down the brass poles and with one jump were at the hotel. Sure enough, there was Miss Louise Sachen, a demure, pretty girl with soft brown eyes. And she had the bearskin clothes and the nuggets and everything.

The columns of the great metropolitan press were opened to her. A day hadn't passed until the morning mail of the unspoiled child of the frozen north had begun to mount higher than any stack of wheats a hard working girl in a beanery ever saw. There were letters from kindly men and women all over the city telling her that they had read of her and had seen her picture and advising her "not to let the

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

great, dreadful city spoil her beautifully fresh views." The movie men raced after her—and invitations came for teas, to appear in vaudeville and do all the other mighty things that one must do when the sob sisters suddenly make one great.

Dr. Alexander Cummins, of the University Forum, sent her a personal invitation to lecture before the students at the Washington Irving High School auditorium on the impressions the great city makes on the eyes of a child of the land of eternal snows.

Everybody in New York and, in fact, all over the country, had been reading about the girl and about the fine brass bed in father's home in far off Kuyukuk, Alaska, which had been mushed over the virgin snows at an expense of 50 cents for every pound of brass and trimmings in the bed. Oft and oft, one read on, after making the beds she would drive her dog team over the snowy hills madly, leaping the team from crag to crag and laughing into the midnight sun.

Ah, moaned Louise, why do the women of the great fear-some city paint their cheeks when, if they would go into the great silences of nature as she had, nature would paint their cheeks forever and ever? Yes, Frank, her father—Nick Sachen's first name is Frank—was a miner who had struck it rich in placer mining.

"Gal," he had said to her—it is Louise talking to the horn-rimmed reporters—"Gal, dear, with my bare hands I've torn a great fortune from the rocks that form the eaves of the world. Now you shall have your fling. Here are gold nuggets, gal. You kin take keer of yourself. Go down and see

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

the great tall buildings of New York, gal, and learn the ways of the great world. Your old dad will be a waitin' for you up here in the land of the snows."

And then Louise told of her sweetheart Jack—noble and true who was a hotel man in far away Alaska.

The men of the great city, the terrifying city, were so splendid indeed in their store clothes and citified ways. But some day, yes some day, the call of the North would come to her again and she would rush over the snowy mountains again to her Jack and wed him and live with him in the twilight of the world for all time.

Just about at this juncture Nick Sachen, of 500 Duggarro avenue, Kansas City, put his pick and shovel in the coal shed, washed his grimy hands in the kitchen sink and picked up the Kansas City Star. On the first page his eyes fell on a dispatch from New York telling of the exploits of the "unspoiled child of nature."

Nick shifted his pipe, rubbed his eyes and then looked again. And then he burst right out laughing—just like that. "Well, if that kid hasn't put it over again!" he said—and on he read about the child of his heart.

He telephoned the Kansas City newspapers and the reporters came, short winded. "Louise is my daughter," he began, "and she hasn't been shooting moose and caribou in Alaska all her life.

"She left Kansas City last fall to grab off eight bucks a week in Chicago shooting biscuits in a beanery."

And then the news was zipped to New York—and in an

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

hour the Queen of the Snows had disappeared. She had had her fun and she was pleased.

After awhile the reporters found Louise. "Say, bo," she said, "Somebody's been kiddin' you. Kansas City? Nope, I never heard of it. Where do you get that noise? Farewell, little boys, don't take any bad money."

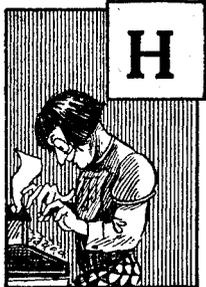
And then she laughed a big hearty Kansas City laugh, the reporters wiped their horn-rimmed glasses and said, "Oh, strawberry sundaes!" and went wearily back to the editorial grind.

Thus it was that the timid child of the great far frozen wilds of Kansas City put it over the reporters who hold country editors up to ridicule, correct their grammar and believe that anybody west of Philadelphia is a "Rube."

Louise was just having a good time. She has a sense of humor and some day she will be heard from—and it will not be from Alaska either.



THE PRIZE PAWNBROKER



HE WAS a man, an institution with many branches, a country gentleman, a yatchsman, a piano manufacturer, a large realty owner, an ardent Episcopalian—and a pawnbroker. His name was William Simpson, and when he took his seat in Charon's boat for ferriage over the dark Styx, his fare was very little if he was charged by poundage, for he only weighed about 120 pounds. But if Styx ferriage charges were based upon the power of the acquisitive faculty, there would have been a large bill; for William Simpson had annexed to his petty personality about fifteen millions of dollars in his parasitic practices. During his eighty-three years of life he had grasped millions in tolls of huge interest rates from needy borrowers.

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

He was not a Jew, although he had the acquisitive faculties of that race. He inherited his occupation from his father, who came from England and originally established "Simpson's" in little old New York where is the present entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge.

For fifty years William Simpson's office was at 91 Park Row, convenient to the newspaper fraternity, but it had many tentacles. The octopus spread its branches all over the City of New York, taking toll from urgent want, always present even in the magnificent metropolis of the Western Hemisphere. "Simpson's" was an institution that "lent to the poor" by millions—at a rate. It has always been whispered that in times of stress even the wealthy found it convenient to deposit tiaras, necklaces, stomachers, pearl ropes and diamonds with the dapper little pawnbroker and bear away the "needful" even at high rates. But the transactions of "Simpson's" were absolutely secret. No salacious details ever "leaked" and no safety deposit box guarded its secrets any closer than did the fertile brain and thin lips of William Simpson. There is a tradition in Park Row that a young cub reporter once "breezed" into William Simpson's office and inquired, "What's the news?" Simpson calmly glanced up from his interesting interest calculations and replied: "We don't lend on it."

Your venerable Uncle Sam and the sovereign State of New York will carve for their coffers a liberal slice from this parasitic pile, but none of it will return to the millions of despairing borrowers who so obligingly piled it up for the

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

little pawnbroker. It is getting so expensive for multi-millionaires to die that they naturally postpone the luxury as long as possible. William Simpson stood off the "grim reaper" until he was eighty-three before the scythe clipped his agile heel.

By the way, he was also a street; for Simpson Street, named for him, is one of the upper subway stations leading to massive piles of apartments and tenements, which he neglected to take with him on his departure for the Great Beyond.

Incidentally, one of his tentacles had grasped a piano factory. He made music by which his millions of borrowers could dance, if there was any dance joy left in them after his interest rates had been extracted.

If he sported a coat of arms it might have been three balls rampant borne on a badly bent back, for many backs must have been bowed under the interest loads of Simpson's pawn tickets. Also the ground of the coat of arms might have been red for the "shaving shops" shave so close they draw much blood.

You could get money on anything of value at Simpson's, from a scarf pin to a scarab, from a "ticker" to trousers, from a ruby to a roadster, from a worn wedding ring to waistcoat, from a crown to a curio, from an elephant to an earring, from pearls to a pipe or from a diamond to a dinosaur—but you had to pay the price. You might be working eight hours a day but the interest on those pawn tickets was working every second of twenty-four every day. While

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

you slept it was working, and it was a fast worker, too—hence those accumulated millions of the Simpson fortune. It worked just as fast on Sundays and holidays, too—hence Simpson Street and the piano factory.

Somehow or other, massive piles of millions founded upon or acquired by pawnbroking do not appeal to us. It is a stench to our nostrils. It is oppressive and depressive. It reeks of sweat, grime, squalor, misery, wretchedness, want, tears, despair and hunger. It is not inspiring. It seems made up of drops of widow's tears, orphan's sobs and men's despair. And we are not referring to William Simpson's millions in particular.

It takes no courage, no foresight, no genius, no skill, no high order of ability to make out pawn tickets, at God almighty knows what interest rates, for the hungry, needy and despairing to pay. It isn't a business, it isn't a profession; it is just one continuous series of tragedies—but it evidently pays in dollars. We doubt whether it pays in self-satisfaction or in the knowledge of real achievement or in the consciousness of good work well done.

To clutch and grasp from the gaunt hands of want, impresses us as a peculiarly parasitic performance. We should prefer to dig a ditch; but tastes differ.

ANOTHER POTIPHAR'S WIFE



GE could not wither nor custom stale" the artful amorous advances of Grandma Cornwallis-West, aged sixty-two. Love's lurid light leaped liltngly from her perfervid pen. Her love-like lucubrations lit on Patrick Barrett but he successfully sidestepped her affectionate adulations. "Backward, turn backward, oh, Time in thy flight," meant something real to Grandma Cornwallis-West, and she ardently angled for the affections of Patrick Barrett, aged twenty-seven. She "loved not wisely but too well" and made nothing of the disparity of thirty-five years between herself and her masculine objective. When Cupid's arrow penetrates the feminine heart, even after sixty-two years of beating, it merely stimu-

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

lates it and thirty-five years drop off the calendar like magic. As a time eraser, love leaps to the fore.

When King Edward VII was Prince of Wales, Mrs. Cornwallis-West was one of his flock of flitting, flirting, first favorites. Later Lily Langtry wilfully wrested from her the trembling title. The "Jersey Lily" bested the "Irish Beauty" in a socially historic contest for the then Prince of Wales' burning but wobbly affections. These first favorite females fought fast and furiously. Tradition says that as long as her voice held its virgin purity, when Mrs. Cornwallis-West warbled "The Wearin' of the Green," the royal admirer sought her favor. But her voice finally failed to charm and the "Jersey Lily" emerged from the feminine fracas the uncrowned queen of the swiftest social set in Merrie England.

As an interesting and invalid soldier, Patrick Barrett sought seclusion and healing at Bryncelyn only to be the target of Grandma Cornwallis-West's affectionate adulations. Let us read some extracts from the cacophonous cackles of this ancient temptress addressed to the youthful soldier. It is thus that this ancient "Cleopatra" entices her "Antony".

"Boy, dear, I am just thinking of you and your happiness.

"Now you are beginning to feel yourself again and the Man in you is speaking,

"I was only thinking of you.

"But personally I would so love to have you to myself at R—— and will arrange either for this Saturday or for next.

"God bless you, darling.

"Well, dear, I must have a few words alone somehow today,

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

“When we can sit at peace in my flower boudoir—I will teach you to love really beautiful poetry,

“Write to me often, I am so weary of life sometimes. But I want you so much to come, dear.”

This modern, yet ancient caricature of the “temptress of the Nile” was beckoning and beseeching her youthful “Antony”. But he liked her not. The withered hand of this beckoning Circe beckoned vainly. Lieutenant Barrett evaded and avoided the wiles of Grandma Cornwallis-West. He had not survived the hellish horrors of war to fall a victim to the darts of Cupid shot by the feeble arm of amorous and adulating age.

Lieutenant Barrett repelled his ancient autumnal admirer. Read his manly letter, It is the honest expression of a plain, blunt, young soldier, who seeks to be relieved from the beslaving beguilements of an ancient temptress. Here it is in full:

“My dear Mrs. West:

“I expect this letter will surprise you very much.

“I have been awake most of the night thinking over all you have said and written to me.

“I must speak my mind on paper, which I don’t seem able to do when I am with you; so I must tell you I don’t like the way you have written about Mrs. Birch. I came to Bryncelyn a very sick man, and she nursed me back to life and she and Mr. Birch gave me a home life for which I had always prayed.

“She does not have a tight rein on me and I don’t know what you mean about the man speaking in me. It will be a great

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

sorrow when I come to leave the only home I ever had and her wonderful motherly care for me.

"I respect her for all the good work she is doing and I don't like the way you speak about my letter not being safe in the posting at Bryncelyn. She is an honest woman and would scorn having anything to do with other people's letters and considering how very nicely she always speaks of you to me it hurts me very much. My heart is in my work and I want to get on and make a name for myself and show you and all those that have been kind to me how I value their help.

"I don't think I could look Colonel West in the face because you kissed me; he was very good to me. I don't want to understand poetry. I only want to live a good life and serve my God and King.

"I don't understand why you call me 'Darling,' when Mrs. Delme-Radcliffe, Mrs. Donald, Mrs. Leach, Mrs. Davies Cook, Miss Bidy or Mrs. Birch never do, and they do not want to teach me poetry.

"I honor and respect you very much and some day I hope to do something for you. Your note-frightens me very much.

"Will you please make some excuse for not asking me to Ruthin or Bryncelyn? If you do not do this I shall tell them I intend to work all Sundays for my promotion.

PATRICK BARRETT."

This letter rings robustly, radiates reality. It reads like a frank, manly, upstanding, soldierly repulsion of the adulating and osculating advances of the ancient temptress.

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

But "hell hath no fury like a woman scorned" and Grandma Cornwallis-West was stung into instant action. The curtain was immediately rung up for another staging of "Potiphar's Wife" of old with Lieutenant Barrett as the reluctant "Joseph" and a board of Parliamentary Inquiry as an interested and decisive audience. Lieutenant Barrett, a "ranker" had repelled the amatory advances of this aged ex-Victorian beauty, former first favorite of Royalty and wife of the Lord Lieutenant of Derbighshire! The proprieties must be propitiated. Common persons must not so address feminine aristocracy by letter.

But John Bull's Parliamentary Inquiry seems to have really inquired. The customary coat of whitewash was not applied. The line was hewn to and the chips hit Grandma Cornwallis-West. Neither influence nor affluence, nor both combined, could ply the whitewash brush.

Grandma Cornwallis-West's husband, in the role of "Potiphar", played to an inappreciative and critical audience. He put out some lame explanations which limped execrably and explained nothing. He tried vainly, vociferously and voluminously to explain his wife's unsuccessful siege before the citadel of young Barrett's affections. In speaking of his wife's Circe-like, osculatory, amorous, adulating advances, he said: "Mrs. West was a mother to him—nothing more". And also further defending his ancient spouse from amorous accusations, he naively and limpingly said: "When she was away, she wrote him a number of letters which she now admits were perhaps indiscreet". The doughty Colonel Corn-

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

wallis-West calls these beckoning, amorous effusions "indiscreet". We naturally wonder what he would call compromising.

But the curtain was rung down. This modern play of "Potiphar's Wife" did not "get over" the footlights. The board of Parliamentary Inquiry did not applaud. "Potiphar's" version was repudiated. Lieutenant Barrett as "Joseph", was generously exonerated. Grandma Cornwallis-West was stinging rebuked and she was enmeshed in the meshes of the net she vainly strove to cast about the raw, uneducated Irish Lieutenant. The former first favorite had flirted fatuously and amorously advanced into an ambuscading ambush.

All of which reminds us of that o'ertrue tale of the bevy of young ladies who approached an ancient dame and innocently inquired of her at what age women ceased to desire masculine embraces? The octogenarian dame replied: "I don't know, girls, ask someone older than I am". And after all, it didn't require a solemn Parliamentary Inquiry to prove that sixty-two years are no barrier to feminine frivolities!

But if our advices are correct, Grandma Cornwallis-West finally intends retiring from her Cleopatra role and will not again star in that absorbing drama of "Potiphar's Wife". The "Joseph", Lieutenant Barrett, has backed her off the boards.

WOMEN AND CIGARETTES



RS. MARGARET WILDA, who lives in Philadelphia, staid awake long enough the other day to have a quarrel with her husband. He wasn't in a good Quaker mood himself and so he quarreled back. The noise awakened a lot of other Philadelphia sleepers in the block and finally Mrs. Wilda put on her hat and coat and walked right out on her husband.

Then Mrs. Wilda decided that she would shock the puritanical city, so when she got out on the street she lit a cigarette and puffed at it. It just put the whole town in a buzz. Nothing so exciting had happened there since the Liberty bell cracked. A policeman came out of a nap on the corner and moved twice in as many minutes. Mrs. Wilda was escorted to a prison cell. She remained in

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prison all night to think over her rascality and in the morning the Magistrate dismissed her with a yawn.

We do not belong to the clan who believes that woman is the mere plaything of man and her occupation the amusement of his idle hours nor do we believe that she is valuable chiefly for breeding purposes. But the good woman, to the real man, represents an ideal, and when she puffs at the noxious cigarette that ideal goes up with the smoke and as quickly evaporates.

The cigarette-smoking woman is not always the bawd, as narrow-minded folk might believe. There are women who smoke cigarettes who occupy high places in life. The cigarette-smoking woman may be found among the great writers, the great actresses, the great sculptors and the great artists; but it is our opinion that they would be even greater if they would eschew the nicotine.

There is no doubt that so far as morals go women have as much right to smoke as men—but when she puffs at the fragile cigarette she is spoiling one of man's most cherished ideals.

In Mrs. Wilda's case it was probably her idea of revenge and it did no harm. But cigarette smoking among women has reached enormous proportions. There was a time when they puffed now and then at the highly perfumed cigarette in the privacy of their boudoir—but not any more. Now they demand the regular he-cigarette, full of Turkish tobacco which has all the aroma of a stoker's sock.

Nearly all of the hotels in the larger cities have lifted the

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ban against cigarette smoking for women. In fact, they encourage it. In some cities—notably New York and Chicago—women smoke on the street, and a great actress in her day openly smoked cigars in public places.

The cry seems not to be “Votes for Women” but “Smokes for Woman!” It will not be long until they will be smoking pipes—and a little farther down the scale is chewing tobacco. Who can tell but what the new woman of our day will “chaw” tobacco ten years hence?

In the past year the sales of cigarettes have reached the top notch figure of 25,400,000,000, and women have caused this big increase; there are probably no more men smokers than formerly. In one club woman's building in the United States now being erected, a special room has been designed for women-smokers. A few years back the cigarette-smoking woman was found only in the houses with the stained glass windows where virtue is easy and beer is a dollar a throw. This may shock the women who occupy high places and who smoke cigarettes but it is nevertheless true.

We do not want our mothers to smoke, nor our wives, nor our sweethearts, nor our sisters—and yet we sit by blandly, hypocrites that we are, and offer no protesting hand when other women smoke. In fact, most of us encourage it.

Smoking cigarettes is a flagrant offense against all that is noble and modest in woman. The woman cigarette smoker has a breath like an old Arkansas farmer we knew who enjoyed a bad case of catarrh and had worn his decayed

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

molars down to the pliocene period chewing plug tobacco and depositing the quotient on his beard.

It is true that royal women smoke cigarettes—but royal women are in no wise to be compared to our pure, healthy and radiant American stock. Most royal women are the descendants of 'disreputable sires who wallow in lust. The men who founded many of the royal houses would be considered prize pimps if they lived in this day.

In many of the royal families there is not a drop of pure blood. Across the escutcheons falls the bar sinister of many women's shame. Their sons and daughters never earned enough money to buy a yellow pot for the bed room. It is no wonder they smoke cigarettes, but because they smoke is no reason that they should set a standard for the best and fairest girls in all the world.

There is another phase of cigarette-smoking that may cause many women who smoke to throw up their hands in horror, but it is true. Cigarette smoking and drinking intoxicants go hand in hand. There are very few total abstainers who smoke cigarettes.

And with the drinking of intoxicants no one can tell where the road will lead. The Potter's Field is filled with the bleached bones of many young girls who strayed from the path of rectitude by smoking a single cigarette. This is not always true, as we have said, but the risk is very great. There is too much liberty on the part of cigarette dealers in selling cigarettes to young girls. Young girls under age can purchase them in any quantities at any time. The time was

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

when the woman who smoked would never go into the tobacco shop for her cigarettes and if she did go she was very secretive about it. But not any more. She goes in openly and makes the purchase, and yea, even in some instances she emerges smoking one of her purchases.

The real man will always sacrifice his all for the good woman. Alexander conquered the world and Mark Antony cast it away as a worthless thing for the smile of Cleopatra.

And so it will always be if woman upholds the standards which a good God gave her. The man who encourages cigarette smoking in a woman is greasing the skids for her to something ignoble. It is true that the idle puffing of a cigarette is in itself not a sin but it leads to a tangled path of thorns.

A police captain once told us that he never knew a street-walker who did not smoke cigarettes. It is just as true, of course, that most of our criminals are cigarette smokers—but the fact that men and women can smoke cigarettes and still be decent, does not indicate that it is the thing for a woman to do. She means too much to man to defile herself by the fumes of a poisonous weed.

Nations rise and fall; religions, with their gutta-percha preachments are born and die; and the Tower of Babel lifts itself to pierce the skies and then crumbles to earth again—but woman remains supreme and always will in the heart of man. He loves her for what she represents and she cannot represent the beautiful and altogether lovely with a foul smelling cigarette between her lips.

AN EX-GOVERNOR IN AN ALMSHOUSE.



OR time and chance happeneth to all." From the chair of a sovereign State to a chair in an almshouse is an incongruous contrast. It interested us and finally intrigued us and we paid a pilgrimage to Auburn, Placer County, California, to observe the phenomenon at close range. Hon. N. B. Willey, former Governor of Idaho, has broken all American records by his entry into the County Hospital of Placer County as an invalid indigent.

Idaho has already had some gubernatorial distinctions. Gov. Steunenberg was brutally blown into eternity by a bomb. Gov. Alexander presented the rare spectacle of a Jew in the chair of State. It took a decision of the Supreme

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

Court of Idaho to firmly seat the present Governor, Thomas E. Campbell, in his chair of office. But the Goddess of Chance, with a few deft turns of her loaded dice in the game of life, landed Ex-Gov. Willey in paupers' quarters with assets of \$7 in cash, a gold ring, a watch and a mine of doubtful value. From signing or vetoing the laws of a State to receipting a voucher for County aid is an abysmal difference, even in this whirling world of changeeful chance. From height to depth, from influence and affluence to pinch and poverty, is after all just a step in life's journey; but it is a vivid panorama of life's vicissitudes.

Auburn, "loveliest village of the plain," is snugly nestled in the Western foothills of the scenic Sierra Nevadas and is the metropolis and county seat of famous Placer County which has contributed oodles of gold to the wealth of the world. "Groceries exchanged for gold-dust," is a sign which still flaunts itself on one of the store buildings.

But another of our cherished delusions has been shattered by facts' fearless hands! We had always imagined an almshouse as squalid and repellant. Placer County's retreat for its indigent invalids borders upon the magnificent. Its buildings are large, clean and attractive within and without. Its grounds are as beautiful and carefully tended as a gentleman's country estate. Its Superintendent is human, humane, sympathetic and efficient. Its operating surgeon and its attending physician have more than local professional fame. The wards, the operating room, the dispensary, the dining room, the kitchen, are immaculate and spotlessly clean.

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

Hygiene and sanitation stick out all over the plant. If we ever find ourselves being "buncoed" by the Goddess of Chance with her loaded dice we shall establish a residence in Placer County, California, and descend into the vale of poverty amid real luxury. But still, it is an almshouse!

California's brilliant February sunshine was giving one of its choicest exhibitions as we walked beneath the palm trees and up the steps to the present residence of Ex-Gov. Willey at the Placer County Poor House. We were presented in due form to its dignified and distinguished guest. A man of massive frame even in decrepitude, with a Websterian head and a most kindly and benevolent face framed in snow white hair, extended a toilworn hand in gracious welcome. He had done the same thing in the same way thousands of times in the Governor's Room at Boise, Idaho, and the thought flashed over us that in spite of surroundings "a man's a man for a' that."

The kindly, dignified, courteous gentleman was just the same in an almshouse as in an apartment of state. Personality persists and kindness kindles irrespective of outward circumstances. Even in invalidism, decrepitude and poverty, the innate dignity and kindness of this life-scarred old veteran irradiated his surroundings.

He said his "shadow was sloping toward the West," and he humorously remarked with a twinkle in his dim blue eyes that his "judgment on mines was not as good as on politics." He recalled his early days at Bainbridge, Chenango County, New York, where he emerged into life in 1838, and he graph-

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

ically described his journey to Idaho at the close of the great Civil War.

He painted with a master's hand the struggles and contests of his father as an early day Abolitionist. He removed his hat from his shapely old white head as he reverently spoke of his boyish worship of Abraham Lincoln and said, "There were giants in those days." He recalled going to Auburn, New York, to hear the great William H. Seward, and jokingly noted that "all Auburns don't produce great Swards." His memory leaped from crag to crag of great events in his life-time and clung to the most prominent. He recalled Stanton, Lincoln's great War Secretary, and he knew and pointed out the differences between him and the present official.

He spoke of his first successful mining venture in 1870 on the American River in California, how he "rocked out" of the rude cradle-rocker a fortune in a short time; how he returned to Warrens, Idaho; how he again "struck it rich" there; how he one morning from his cabin in the Weiser Valley counted over six hundred deer.

Then memory had its elisions and he sketched decades with a sentence. Years of solitary toil in mountain fastnesses brought but few words. The present Mexican muddle smote the strings of his memory and he humorously related how he journeyed hundreds of miles mule-back into Mexico and "put in years of work and \$48,000 in money and got out only some large chunks of experience." He knows his Mexico, too; he had his brushes with bandits there, left years of toil and

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

his fortune there, and naively said that, "Villa wasn't the first Mexican bandit; I marked a few myself." Then came some remarks on fundamental Mexican conditions which it wouldn't have harmed President Wilson any to have heard and especially the peroration that, "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

Then came his return to Idaho, his plunge into politics, the election of Col. Shoup as first Governor with himself as Lieutenant Governor, the election of Col. Shoup to the United States Senate, and his own elevation to the gubernatorial chair, then his own election as Governor. He spoke of the sparseness of the population at that time. He dismissed his historical "removal" of the Mormons from Idaho with the remark, "They were not good citizens." He spoke of his paltry salary of \$3,000 as Governor and laughingly said, "It didn't go far, but I spread it as thin as I could."

Next came his disgust for present day politics with its veneers, shams, hypocrisies and press-agent methods, ending with: "It's no business for a gentleman."

But he was just "naturally a miner," he said, and after his term of office expired he listened to the "Call of the Wild" and California beckoned him again. This wandering Ulysses searching for the "golden fleece" finally pitched his tent at the Red Stone Mine in Blue Canyon. Here he made his last stand with some eastern associates. He was in charge. Success did not come but the reproaches of his associates did come. He stripped himself and bought them out and doggedly bent his back to the burden. Alone, unaided, for six-

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

teen years he fought a losing battle with "cave-ins," "wash-outs," "faults," antiquated machinery and unforeseen disaster.

Finally old age and illness bent even his sturdy frame and the County Hospital received him.

The elusive yellow metal had eluded his trembling hands. But he had made a hard fight in old Blue Canyon. Anyway he had had his share of honors and had had his golden dreams—but with a rude awakening and a sad closing curtain at the approaching end of his life's drama.

He had never married. He said, "My mine was my wife by day and my books were my wife at night." He knows his Shakespeare and his Bible as few men know them, by poring over them every night by candle light in his solitary mountain cabin. You can't tangle Ex-Gov. N. B. Willey on the Bible or on Shakespeare. He knows them and he can quote them and quote them right.

There was enough of the smoldering fire left in his eyes to show that once they had flamed fiercely. There was enough of the old vigor in his time worn frame to show that in his prime he had been a physical dynamo. There was enough left in the recesses of his memory to show that it once had been an absolutely reproductive camera of events. There was enough of humor still left in him to show that in his prime he took the buffetings of fate with a smiling nonchalance. He was a piece of wreckage, a derelict, but one could see that in his day he had sailed the seas of life gallantly and with all sail set had bravely breasted its billows.

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

But, to change our simile, time, hardship, disappointment and illness have eaten and corroded into the iron of his sturdy constitution. He sometimes thinks he is in jail, and so he is, in the thoughts of his free and once fiery soul. The air of restraint and constriction in which he now lives is poison to this old statesman and miner who has been used to freedom of movement and the canopy of God's blue vaulted sky. His thoughts travel in the time worn ruts of his splendid vigorous, red-blooded past and the windows of an almshouse distort his mental vision. In his mind he is in a prison and it is real to him. He longs, as only the old can long, for freedom and familiar faces.

Idaho is a rich state peopled by a generous people full of vim, vigor and virility. Her former Governor, N. B. Willey, helped to form, fashion and mould her. He belonged to and led that sturdy race of her pioneers who builded deep the foundation upon which stands the noble superstructure of her present greatness. Of all her architects of progress he was among the first and best. We believe they will take home their own. We do not believe they will leave their former great governor to end his days in an almshouse of another state. We think better things of them. There is something incongruous and repellant in the situation. It doesn't sound right because it isn't right. We believe the people of Idaho will change this tragedy into the loving kindness of eager helpfulness. We believe they will ease the feeble steps of this once rugged climber softly and generously down his last pathway to Charon's boat in which we must

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

all finally take a seat for passage over the Styx. We feel sure they will do so. Western spirit—that true spirit of ready help, of generous impulse—demands that Idaho's former first citizen be taken home, to the State he loves, to end his days,—short at the longest—in an atmosphere of freedom, love and generosity.

We are just a plain impecunious scribe from little old North Dakota, with benevolent impulses often ahead of our resources; but if Gov. Thomas E. Campbell, of Boise, Idaho, will start a fund we will "do our bit." Do it now, Governor!



THE BRUTAL RAPE OF A CHILD



HE is just a wee wisp of a girl who should be playing with rag dolls and rolling mud pies under parental espionage. But the Fates cast her lot in the environment of a life teeming with complex problems, where virtue is nil.

Gertrude Hilton, aged 14, is today despoiled of her most priceless possession and two strapping New York policemen are accused of her downfall. These two men are supposed to represent the law in all its majesty and protect the weak from the onslaught of the strong.

Gertrude Hilton today does not know what it is all about. Her tender years made her insensitive to perverse carnality and distorted desires. Tragedy enters strong lives in the form of inevitability but it came to this mere slip of a child,

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

if her charges are true, from scoundrels who deserve not the mandate of the law but the flogging post.

Andrew Bornkessel and William F. Loeb hold the rank of first grade patrolmen in the city of New York. This is the city that refers to its bluecoats as "the finest." As a class they are probably as fine a body of men as can be found the world over. The majority of them are men of high ideals and placed as they are in the path of great temptations in the way of bribery from those who wish to soften the law's wrath they deserve great credit. It is by such men as Bornkessel and Loeb that they are being dragged into the quagmire and held up to public gaze in the light of scandal.

These patrolmen are now under arrest. Gertrude Hilton made the charge against them following her arrest with one Ruth or "Billy" Howard, a notorious harlot of the underworld.

The arrest of the Howard woman and Gertrude Hilton was the direct result of a complaint made by Captain Richard Verbugge of the Netherlands army. It seems that the Captain was out for a night of it and when the auspicious moment arrived it was suggested that the party breeze through the quiet shades of Central Park. While the Captain was recounting his exploits in army posts somebody in the crowd permitted a stray hand to explore the innermost recesses of his breeches pocket and he was suddenly dispossessed of a roll of \$1,300 that was tucked away there. This brought the case into court and then the fireworks began to sizzle.

On the witness stand Gertrude Hilton, born April 13, 1902,

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

told a story that was one of such horror that it crimsoned the cheeks of the court attendants, hardened and calloused as they were to the stories of bestial crimes in the underworld.

The girl was alone in a big city and somehow the eddying currents of metropolitan life had thrown her in contact with the hardened woman of the streets. She had a velvety complexion, and limpid eyes that looked out wonderingly upon a big world she knew very little about. Her hair fell in soft auburn curls over her shoulders. She would have looked quite comfortable with a doll in her lap.

The woman of the underworld saw in her great possibilities to satiate her greed for easy money. She would exploit her and sell her frail body to those who would pay the price. She won the friendless child's confidence.

Gertrude's life had been a commonplace one. She was thrilled by meeting a woman she believed to have a motherly interest. No one else had paid any attention to her. She had made the dreary round of the factory offices, but she was told that she was too young to secure employment. She was surfeited with the hopelessness of life when the Howard woman crossed her path. Her mother was dead and her father was very poor and had nine other children to look out for. It was thus that Gertrude was left to herself to be a victim of the procreans and the he-wolves that infest every large city.

The inevitable happened. Alone, poor and friendless in a great city she met the designing woman who seized immedi-

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

ately upon the idea to turn her youth and attractions into monetary gain.

She asked the lonely little girl to come home with her to her big house where there were luxuries of which the young girl never dreamed. She told her she would help her to earn a living and intimated that she would have the jolliest kind of a time.

The girl was flattered and eager and after being in the house for two or three days the woman with the fiendish art of her lascivious trade taught the child to become a street walker—a creature who prowls at night to dog the steps of the befuddled wayfarer and appeal to his lower passions. This was the work that was mapped out for this innocent young child.

Night after night the woman took the girl with her to the resorts of Broadway where the blinking lights fairly dazzled her. She was coached how to approach men on the street and to lure them to the Howard woman's apartment where the "good times" were to be held. This is the kind of thing the hirelings of vice societies overlook in their zeal to wipe out publications that expose to the world these infamies.

Of course, the Howard woman won the girl's confidences. She was flattered as she had never been before. She was so childish-looking that the Howard woman secured a wig and made her wear it so it would not make her look so much "like a kid."

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

In the courtroom she removed this wig and revealed her innocent childish face and long flowing curls.

Her voice was soft and timid as she began to tell her story in court. Those who saw her wept for they realized that this girl who should be dreaming of her first long dresses was already steeped in the ways of lust. She told of the brutal attack made upon her in the Howard woman's apartments by the policemen.

It was one Sunday, just at noon, while she was still sleeping off the debauch of the night before that Bornkessel and Loeb came into the apartment. They did not come to make arrests or on any official business. They came to satisfy their depraved passions.

The girl was in her nightgown and her white young bosom heaved with fright when she saw what she was taught to fear—a policeman. The men talked awhile and then the Howard woman left the room. As soon as she was gone one of the big strong brutes grabbed the girl. She tried to fight him off, but with the connivance of the other, she was held to the bed while the first carried out his purpose.

Later the mistress of the place came into the room and said to her: "It's all right, kid, be good to them; they're cops and won't interfere with you on the streets."

That is the story that was revealed in court. It is not a pretty picture and it is not one that Jim Jam Jems likes to reveal. But somebody must, to protect millions of other little girls who may be placed as little Gertrude Hilton was placed.

ADVERTISING ANANIASES



F

OR downright pure bunk we call attention to the long list of advertisements appearing in every current magazine under such captions as "From an \$800 Clerk to a \$6500 Salesman", "Rises from Ranks of Subscription Representative to District Manager of our Chicago Territory", "\$100 Earned by Young Artist in Two Days", "Saves His Company \$80,000 a Year", "How I Raised My Earnings From \$30 to \$1000 a week." All of the above captions appeared at the head of as many advertisements in one copy of a current magazine for February.

The average man knows that advertising space in the popular magazine costs not hundreds, but in most instances thousands of dollars per page. It doesn't take much reasoning

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

power to deduce the fact that the class of advertisements enumerated above must bring a veritable deluge of dollars into the coffers of the wily advertisers, else they could not afford to buy space in popular magazines.

Most of the propositions start the nibbling victim off easy. They carry a coupon which will entitle the reader to a "book" free, or at a nominal price of say three dollars. This book is supposed to be the stepping stone in telling the victim just how to do it—"to make your earning capacity increase several hundred per cent"—or something equally preposterous.

Take this last advertisement referred to, for example. "How I raised My Earnings From \$30 to \$1000 a Week." It sounds a personal financial key which finds a responsive chord in almost any breast. It amounts to 5% on one million dollars annually and thrusts the reader bodily into the millionaire class at one joyous jump. It is really the finest fruitage and burgeoning blossom of the financial flower of the "personal appeal" Ananias. You naturally are curious to know just how he did it. You would like to do it yourself. Most of us would. It promises well. How a man can multiply his weekly earnings so that thirty silver dollars are magically, as it were, transmuted into one thousand sounds good? This thirty to a thousand transmutation has Doctor Bryan's old "sixteen to one" ratio financially faded.

You resolve to chase this rapturous rainbow, hoping to find that fabled pot of gold at its base. Your arid monetary system needs just such a gleaming gush of golden irrigation and you prepare to lave yourself in that pellucid pool of percola-

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

ting prosperity. Hypnotized hope beats boisterously in your heaving heart. You are already lolling in lavish luxury's lap. Your valet has just gloriously bathed, shaved, clothed, burnished and polished you; your faultless footman has just swung wide your iron wrought front door grille; your lavishly liveried chauffeur has just opened the door of your limousine and you are rolling on the cushions of air to clip your coupons! This is the life! In the language of that good old hymn: "This is the way I long have sought and sighed because I found it not."

But the sooner you find out how this tremendous transmutator turned the trick the quicker you can enter financial paradise, so you plunge into the two columns with the golden headlines gleaming o'er them. The opening sentences absorb you. They describe how with a wife and two children he struggled along on that despicable \$30 per week. You know how it is yourself! Truly this Midas suffered just as you. From his golden height of assured affluence he does not disdain to mention his early struggles. He is so human for a man with his princely income! But—"Today my earnings average a thousand dollars weekly. I own two automobiles. My children go to private schools. I have just purchased, for cash, a \$25,000 home. I go hunting, fishing, motoring, traveling, whenever I care to and I do less work than ever before."

That certainly reads good, and all those things especially the "less work" ingredient, are your own long suit. That "less work" clause is certainly a master stroke in this golden picture. Then you are doubly reassured, for Ananias pro-

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

ceeds with, "What I have done anyone can do—for I am only an average man". This comforts you for now you know that with less work and only average ability you can carelessly annex oodles of wealth and mount into millionaire-dom. You feared that the acquisition of wealth might require toil or extraordinary ability. You are glad to be cured of that delusion. This "easy money" with little work and only average ability certainly opens golden vistas to your enchanted gaze! You always knew it! You knew these millionaires accumulated their fortunes sort of casually, just aimlessly and carelessly selected them without much work and with a low grade of ability. God only knows why with these obvious qualifications you have so long delayed entering that happy golden throng. You resolve you will make it two millions while you are at it or maybe ten. Why stop at one piffing million?

Then you get right into the "modus operandi" of wealth made easy. But somehow it doesn't seem definite. You read that "few millionaires ever went to college." Good! That gives you another qualification for your place on Easy Street. But the road grows more hazy; direction posts disappear; fogs prevail. You absorb lots of language but definite directions don't register on your brain. You read several paragraphs about sleepless nights and "demand" and "command" and "will", and what you inwardly call "bull".

But suddenly it all clears up and it is so simple, too! Just buy "Professor" Blank's book for \$3! "One young man who worked in a big factory, (name and address carelessly omit-

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

ted,) invested \$3 in this magic prescription of golden advice and in less than a year his salary increased 800%." As it don't tell you what his salary was to start with you don't get anywhere in your concrete calculations and you think of that old sticker, "How Old Was Ann"!

An enthusiastic insurance agent "felt" it would be worth for him from \$3,000 to \$30,000. But there was nothing about his "feeling" the real money. You want to be a real, material, honest-to-God millionaire, don't want to just "feel" one.

Then a resident of Hot Springs, Arkansas, invested in this wealth-compelling production and leaped from \$40 to \$90 per week. But \$90 per week isn't \$1000 by a long shot—not by just 910 good hard iron boys!

Then you have a relapse into your customary sanity. This capering Croesus who merrily mounted with "less work" and only "average ability" from \$30 to \$1000 per week neglects the little formality of his name and address. He neglects to mention the vulgar detail of his occupation. As you re-read his "touching" lucubration you conclude that he must have elevated himself largely by pulling himself up by his own boot straps. Perhaps after all he only "felt" that princely increase in income! Perhaps after all, those automobiles and the magnificent home and all the traveling, motoring, hunting and fishing were only "felt"!

Then you reflect on "Professor" Blank. Why should any man possessing such a golden prescription for easy wealth write or sell a piffing book for a paltry \$3? Why isn't he solely engaged in coupon clipping or in some other typical

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

millionaire occupation? The whole thing doesn't dovetail. The ragged edges don't fit together. The whole structure topples and falls and you reach for your trusty pipe and your old Bull Durham (you have had enough of the other kind of "Bull") and begin to plot on how, by working like a buck nigger, you can hold that old \$30 per week job. It looks good to you!

But what gets us is the fact that supposedly reputable magazines will accept this class of advertising bunk. On the face of it the publisher must know that by accepting such advertisements he is a party to the wholesale gouging of a gullible public. There should be a national law against bunk advertisements. But there isn't. And Advertising Ananias and Magazine Publishers share the profits from the tons of bait thrown out in this manner for sucker dollars.

Thank Heaven, no Advertising Ananias can bribe Jim Jam Jems to accept any "easy money" advertisements. That is one thing at least we are not guilty of.



San Francisco Prostitutes March to Church in a Body



THE Rev. Paul Smith, of San Francisco, has no doubt caused a violent shiver to gallop up and down the spine of his brother pulpiteers. He has done the thing that most preachers should have done years ago if they had had the stamina. Instead they have been looking soulfully heavenward, preaching to empty seats and trying their level best to lift a mortgage on the church that sticks like a porous plaster.

It is not the church-going public that needs to be saved. It is the sinner, and the Rev. Smith has gone to the place where sin thrives to bring about his work of regeneration. He has gone to the prostitutes—the army of scarlet women of the Golden Gate city. He has had the backbone to speak plainly on a delicate subject despite the fact that he might offend the unco guid.

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

He has aroused them as they were never aroused before and as a result the Miss Daisies, the Miss Violets, the Miss Roses and the Miss Lillies of the flowery kingdom swooped down on his church in a body just as a mass meeting was on to discuss the question of immorality and prostitution as it thrived in San Francisco.

The Central M. E. Church, where Rev. Smith holds forth, was crowded with the ladies of easy virtue. One full bosomed madame listened to the discussion for awhile and then she got up and spoke right out in meetin'. Said she: "I want to ask you a question. How many of the women of this church would accept us into their homes—even to work? Not one! You would cast us out. There isn't one among us who wouldn't quit this life for decent work. But we won't quit for a wage of \$7 or \$8 a week. Even a pair of shoes nowadays costs \$10. I have a daughter of 14. Almost every woman here has at least one child. Some of them are supporting mothers and little brothers and sisters by selling their bodies nightly to any purchaser. We are against the lives we lead, as well as you. We are willing to work for a decent wage. But we can't get it. You mothers excuse your sons by saying, 'Our boys must sow their wild oats.' All right, dear mothers, you see before you the harvest of those oats."

And, of course, there was confusion. White faced mothers pursed their lips and wondered just exactly what could be done, hoping earnestly that the meeting would come to an abrupt ending.

But the scarlet woman was not through. She flung this

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

last volley of sarcasm: "You church women ought to quit slumming and rear your boys so they would not start girls on the way to ruin. Every girl here has trusted some young man and been betrayed. She is the victim of the basest perfidy. Many of your sons are now seeking girls to ruin. It is time for you mothers to wake up before you advise the women of the underworld how to reform."

This woman spoke a mighty truth and the day will come when the young libertine will be relegated to the social level of the prostitute. There can be no double standard of morals if justice is to be paramount in this sin-ridden world. The sexes must be equally pure or there will ever be Messalinas and Cleopatras along with the Lovelaces and Sir Launcelots.

There are those who plead that man is the grosser animal and has not so far to fall, but this is merely an evasion of the issue. Illicit intercourse is just as demoralizing to the man as to the woman, even if in the eyes of the world it is not considered so great a crime.

The man who despoils a woman is a shameless lecher and a contumacious criminal. The woman is the one always to be pitied because she generally enters into the sexual relation through the promise of marriage.

In the barbaric days there were religions, it is true, which considered the organs of generation as sacred symbols and prostitution was considered as pleasing to the gods. But civilization and divine intelligence have taught us that black paint will spoil the beauty of a marble Diana as well as a marble Hercules.

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

The man who strains the Seventh Commandment is on the same level with the woman, no matter how low she is—for the lower she is the more glaring is man's perfidy.

This may rankle some—but it is true and the truth is what gets under the hide.

Most all of us are of the earth earthly and we have need of great patience. It is time for us to save the prostitute, for never perhaps in the world's history was licentiousness more rampant.

Corinth used to implore the gods + increase the number and enhance the beauty of its courtesans but the wide world today does not have to make this supplication—the world is overridden with prostitutes. And, after all, they are our sisters in the spiritual sense.

The woman who becomes a prostitute seems forever unclean. But look about you at the hundreds of thousands of married men who have their mistresses and stalk about in the world respected pillars in their communities. Licentious men whose sexual ideas would shame old Silenus are cordially welcomed in the exclusive ballrooms while the licentious woman is not permitted to scrub the boards in the darkened kitchen.

The hardened roue may clasp the waist of the young debutante in the sinuous tango while doting mothers smile, but let the young prostitute get inside the portals and there is a hurry up call for the reserves and the fumigation squad.

And so the good citizens of San Francisco should cheer the Rev. Smith in his endeavors. If he cleans up that city and

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

the Barbary Coast and purges the resorts there of the wanton lust that is the shame of the fairest state in the Union, he will have accomplished more good than all the other preachers in California put together.

The license for man has already assumed latitudes of too great proportions. It harmonizes neither with civil nor divine law. It has become fixed in the thought of the world almost that woman should have her virtue placed on a pedestal so that all may worship and man should be encouraged in his lustful conquests.

We will reach that period before long when the male debauchee is a social outcast. It may be a few years but it will come as surely as the sun throws its gentle rays over the North Dakota prairies. We applaud the women who have histrionic ability even if they defy the sexual laws, but unless a woman has some marked talent she is eternally damned by prostitution. It is not the nature of man to be polygamous—it is lustful thought in his own consciousness that brings it about and we must correct that thought in man just as we must correct it in women.

The truly great man is never the lustful man. Alexander of Macedon might have made the conquered Persian King's wife his mistress, but he did not. Napoleon loved Josephine and wrote to her every day and when he turned from her it was not for lust but to have a son to ascend the throne of France.

“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
money order } for \$2.00.

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

(Write plainly) Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____