



4-1917

## Jim Jam Jems: April 1917

Sam H. Clark

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# Jim Jam Jems

by JIM JAM JUNIOR

APRIL  
1917



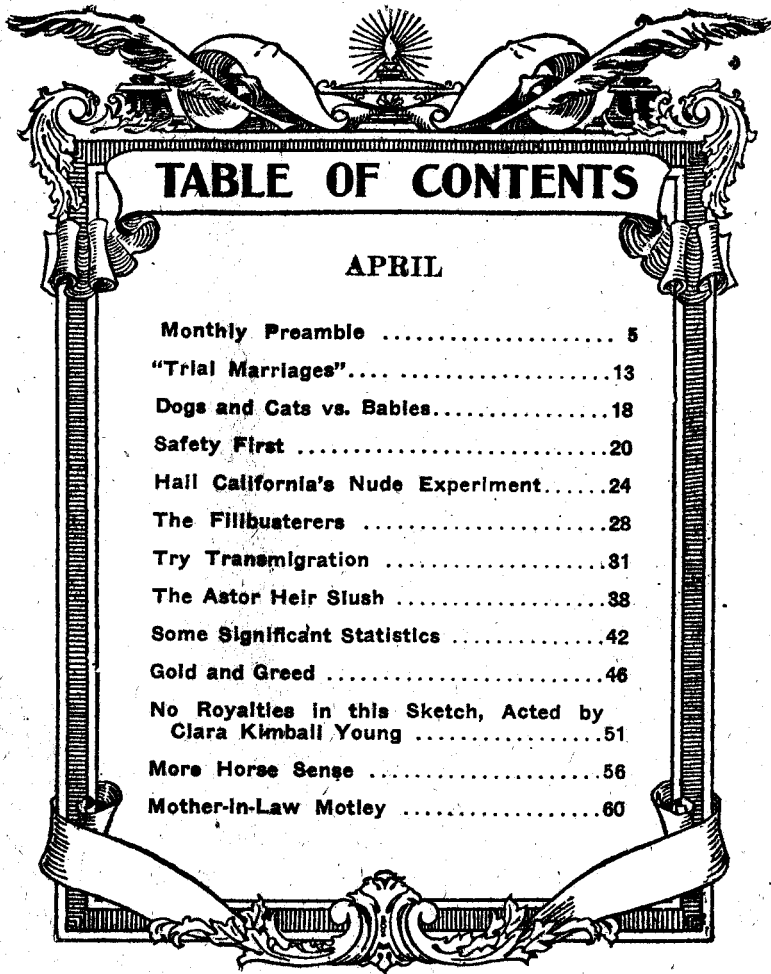
A VOLLEY OF TRUTH



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

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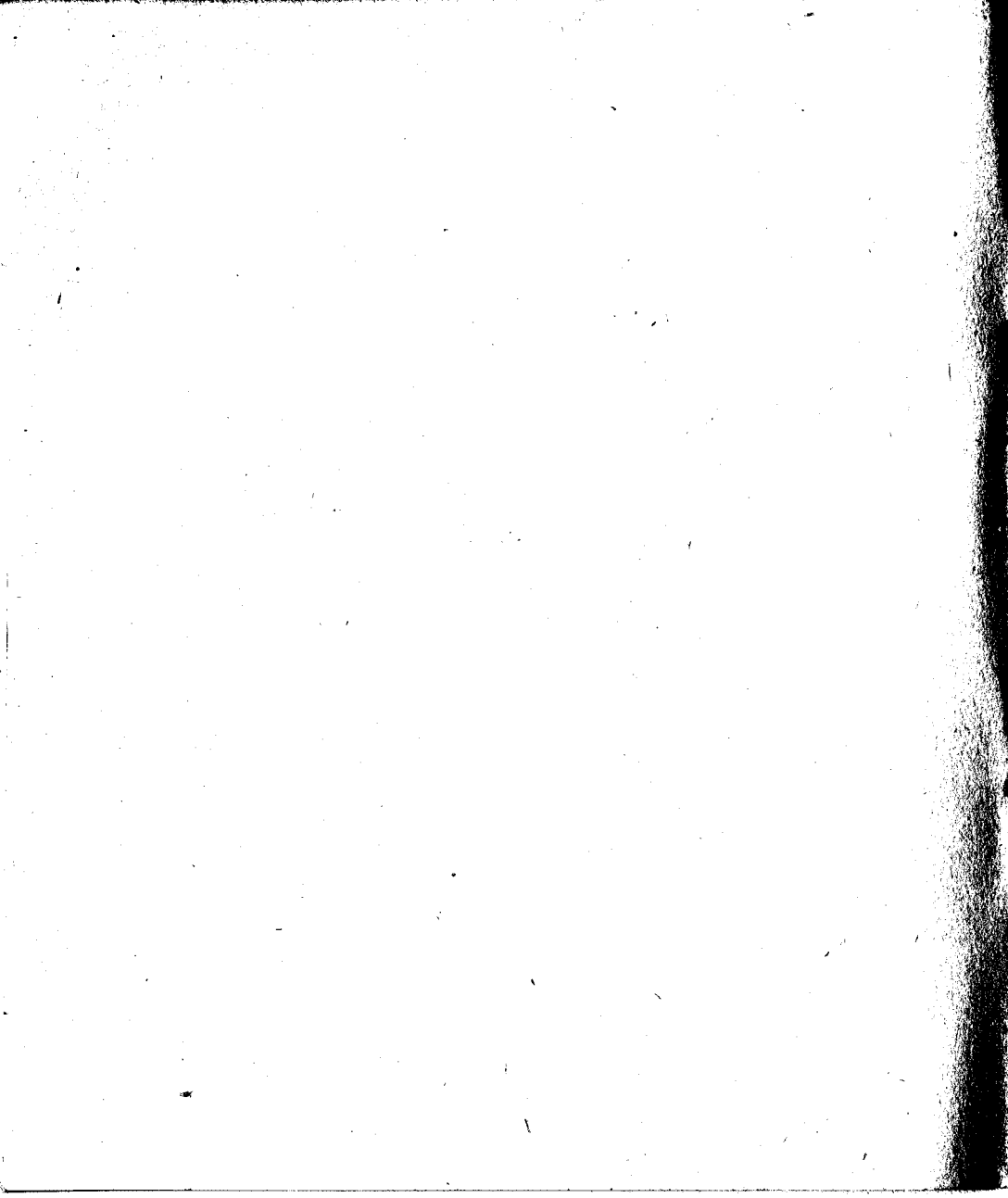
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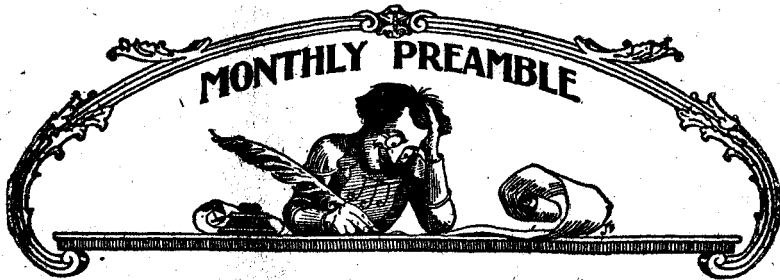


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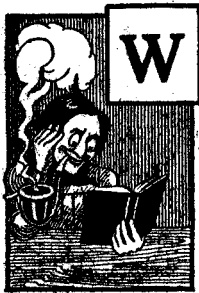
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With Our Respects to The Fra!



WE HAD thought to preamble to you this month in gentle rhythm, for there is a breath of spring in the air and a tingling in the blood that brings thoughts of youth and love and new life. All nature is stirring with that dreamy restlessness that speaks the awakening of another season of sunshine and fragrance; the moss in the glen softly caresses the tiny shoots that nestle beneath it, while the warm rays of a spring-day sun seek to coax the wood violets to peep forth their tiny blossoms; the "first robin" has been joined by his

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mate and their mellow notes find echo in the hearts of young and old alike.

It is with this consciousness of spring's awakening in our heart that we fain would breathe into our preamble this month a sentiment in keeping therewith; but we must smother the sentiment here and now and deal in cold, hard, everyday reality. For we have been attacked and slandered by a maudlin mucker who holds up a white-gloved hand to point the finger of ridicule and jealous criticism at us, while his unclean form is hidden behind a stolen mantle of purity and self-righteousness. And it is here in the preamble, in our regular heart-to-heart talk with our readers, that we must deal with the fellow.

We haven't time to kick every cur that yelps and every dog that snarls and skulks in our wake in the hope that it will attract attention from us, but the character-assassin who would divert attention from himself by besmearing another with his oozing slime must be reckoned with, for filth and falsehood will travel a mile "while truth is putting on its boots," and there are times when a skunk will compel even nobility to notice it.

In the March, 1917, issue of "The Fra," an emasculated comic-valentine attempt at continuation of the master effort of the Great Elbert Hubbard, one Felix Shay—whoever he may be—growls out a page or two of discontent because of the fact that *Jim Jam Jems* has found popular acceptance at the hands of a few hundred thousand readers, thereby supplanting the once popular but now effete "Fra."



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Elbert Hubbard, founder of "The Fra" and "The Philistine," was a peer in the world of letters. His masterful command of the English language, coupled with a vocabulary which no other writer has ever possessed, and an ingenious capability of manufacturing literary tobasco, created a wide and ever increasing demand for his writings. Hubbard went to his death on the ill-fated Lusitania. *The Philistine* died with him and 'tis a pity *The Fra* was not so fortunate.

But Bert Hubbard, the traditional putty-headed son of a really brilliant sire, fell heir to what his worthy parent had builded; and, loth to allow an unkind fate to shut off the steady stream of cash that had poured into the family coffers by reason of the Elder Hubbard's ability and ingenuity, he sought to save something from the wreck. So *The Philistine* after lying in state a month—a sort of final grab at a gullible public's pennies in the shape of a memorial edition—was duly interred, and then every effort was bended to keep *The Fra* alive, not so much as the scholarly and literary gem it had been under Elbert Hubbard's guidance, but more as a monthly catalogue or advertising sheet to sell "Roycroft Hand-Modeled Leather" trumpery and "Hand-Wrought Copper" junk at several times its honest value. For the Elder Hubbard had been thrifty, and had established a sort of mesmeric society known as "The Roycrofters," and from among his admirers he had acquired a liberal following who bought tons of freakish junk which was supposed to be manufactured in so-called "Roycroft Shops." This "Roycroft" junk became a popular fad and Hubbard reaped a golden

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harvest by peddling it through the medium of his publications. And it was to save this mail-order business that Bert Hubbard, the insipid son, has attempted to keep *The Fra* publication alive and it is proving a more sorry mess each month.

Where Bert Hubbard connected with this fellow Felix Shay we do not know and it doesn't make any particular difference. But we do know that the fellow's attempt to ape and imitate the Great Hubbard in his writings is the nearest approach to sacrilege we have encountered in a long, long time. And that the public believes as we do is evidenced by the fact that *The Fra* has become a derelict on the newsstands and the Young Hubbard-Felix Shay combination is up against a rapidly decreasing subscription list which spells death to the publication just as soon as the poor, deluded noodles admit the fact and cease trying to "tail-up" a dead horse. As worthy successors to the brilliant Elbert Hubbard, the son is a sorry failure and Felix Shay is a joke.

A friend of the editor of *Jim Jam Jems* met the late Elbert Hubbard on a train one day, when Hubbard was out on a lecturing tour. This was about two years after *Jim Jam Jems* appeared in the journalistic field. Our friend, being interested in our publication, asked Hubbard what he thought of *Jim Jam Jems*. "I haven't followed it very closely," said Fra Elbertus, "but from what I have seen of it I must admit that the fellow is a pointed writer, and—well, he is the best imitator of them all. I guess that is about the way to put it."

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Elbert Hubbard was an egotist—but he had a perfect right to be egotistical. And when he said that we were “the greatest imitator of them all,” he paid us a high compliment. While we have never attempted to imitate Hubbard, and while anyone who is familiar with Hubbard’s writing will agree that there is no similarity, yet there was a similarity between *The Philistine* and *Jim Jam Jems* in that both were individual, free-lance publications. And we find this to be true—that since *The Philistine* died *Jim Jam Jems*’ circulation throughout the East especially has increased by leaps and bounds, and many a person has written us to the effect that Hubbard’s writings supplied the sauce for their literary diet, but with the passing of Hubbard they have turned to *Jim Jam Jems* as a most acceptable substitute. Again we say we are flattered.

We give this brief size-up of the Hubbard publications simply to point out to the public why Felix Shay devoted so much space in the March *Fra* to criticism of *Jim Jam Jems*. It is simply that Shay realizes the hopelessness of his attempt to keep up interest in *The Fra* since Hubbard’s death, and he finds his supposedly artistic publication sidetracked on the news-stands of the country—pushed aside to make room for *Jim Jam Jems*. His circulation man has probably told him that a canvass of the Eastern field shows that there are six hundred dealers selling *Jim Jam Jems* in New York City alone, and that some of these dealers dispose of as many as five hundred copies per month. He has probably learned that there are twenty *Jim Jam Jems* sold in Amer-

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ica's greatest city to every *Fra* sold. And now you know what caused Felix Shay's bellyache.

Having disposed of a few historical facts which are decidedly apropos to the subject at hand, we desire to discuss briefly and pointedly Mr. Shay's attack on *Jim Jam Jems*. Bearing in mind that Felix Shay is attempting to fill Elbert Hubbard's seat as chief editor of *The Fra*, we would respectfully call the reader's attention to the fact that Shay takes a very high moral attitude in his criticism of our publication. He says it's nasty. He says it's obscene. He goes back four years to find a story upon which to base his criticism, and after spilling the scalding tear and belching forth the spasmodic sob over what he pronounces a nasty story, he refers sarcastically to the fact that at one time we had some trouble with the government on the question of obscenity.

The sauce having thus been applied to the goose, we will now apply it to the gander. Turn about is fair play—that's all. So we respectfully call the attention of the poor boob who seeks to criticize us so unmercifully to the fact that if he will go back four years into the history of *The Fra*—the publication through which he now seeks to criticize us—he will find that the editor of *The Fra* at the time we had our trouble with the government was subjected to the same thing. He was indicted on a charge of publishing obscene matter at the same time we were! The only difference is that we refused to be thus branded and after a trip through the United States Courts we came out with a clean bill of health and a certificate of good character. The courts de-

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clared that *Jim Jam Jems* was not obscene. But on the other hand, the Editor of *The Fra* went before the court, pleaded guilty, asked clemency and paid a fine, thus admitting and branding his publication as obscene! Dost know the facts, you poor boob! Further, we tell you frankly, Mr. Felix Shay, we can go back into the files of *The Philistine* and *Fra* and show you articles that we haven't the nerve to publish, even admitting that we are as nasty as you claim we are. We can show you literally tons of downright filth in the "Roycroft" publications, the very self-same publication that now suffers your editorship! Aye, the very publication that suffers from your editorship.

And don't you know, Mr. Felix Shay, that the founder of that self-same *Fra* (who by the way will live in the hearts of men as a Master, long after you are forgotten as a misfit) had to secure a pardon from the President of the United States before he could secure a passport to embark on that last fatal journey from which he did not return and from which you profited to the extent of being given a chance to get into a seat where you rattle like a buckshot in a tin-pail? And the pardon was necessary because the same publication through which you now howl "unclean" at us, was admittedly obscene, proved obscene, and was obscene!

After several spasms of affected astonishment of the arched eyebrow brand, this fellow Shay goes on to say that he cannot understand how we get by with our pointed truths. Then again he makes a few admissions thus: "The Editor of *Jim Jam Jems* is no fool. He knows what he is doing.

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He writes well. He is no amateur with the pen. His stories shape up," etc. But this time we are not flattered. Shay's opinion doesn't count. Even as the unworthy successor of a worthy predecessor he doesn't count. His writing is not good. His stories do not shape up. He is an amateur with the pen. And his attempt to ape Elbert Hubbard's style is the most ridiculous exhibition of misfitness we have ever encountered. He is a round plug in a square hole and he simply cannot fill it.

Go ahead, Felix, and sell your gibberings to the few hundred loyal Roycrofters who still take *The Fra* occasionally out of respect and love for the man who founded it. Go ahead, Bert, and sell your copper trinkets to whosoever will buy. Be honest and call yourselves the "Roygrafterts" instead of Roycrofters. But don't be babies and howl because the competition is too tough for you. Your glass house won't stand many stones. The guilt that you would fasten upon us is smeared all over you. Like peacocks crying in the night, you're disagreeable, but harmless. *The Fra* is about as useless in the literary world since Hubbard's death as a cook book would be to a starving hobo. Of course there have been such monstrosities as two-headed calves and red-headed niggers in the world, and we suppose that journalism isn't to blame for a freak like the present *Fra*, but it is a crying shame that a Master Mind like Elbert Hubbard had to shuffle off and thus make opportunity for such a blithering ass as this Felix Shay to damn his life's work.

JIM JAM JUNIOR.

## “TRIAL MARRIAGES”



WE rubbed our eyes when first they scanned the hideous headline of “Trial Marriages” heading a judicial opinion. We read it again and it was true! Judge Ordway of the Supreme Court of New York decides it and deplures it. We had always supposed that “Trial Marriages” were purely academic and lived only in discussions much affected by long haired men and short haired women.

This game has its rules, too, and if you live up to them you are perfectly safe. Also there is no responsibility for offspring—sometimes the result of matrimony where birth control has not shed its radiant beams.

But this is a sport confined to the young. It cannot be played after you have passed the eighteenth milestone. Yet

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up to that point, it appears to have been quite a favorite sport in Manhattan Borough. Propinquity, opportunity, and desire form the base upon which youthful lust may erect the legal tight yoke of a "Trial Marriage." If the reality equals the dream, it may become permanent. But if matrimony's yoke galls the neck of either of the youthful pair the yoke may be cast aside. The law allows it and the "Court awards it." As an encouragement for what is practically youthful licentiousness, this legal loophole seems to be without a rival. It is just another case of an ocean of law without a drop of justice. As a kindler of the fires of youth without any resultant explosion, it has the "gun silencer" faded. But you must "quit the game" before the eighteenth ring surrounds your natal tree trunk. That is settled. Justice Ordway says so. Likewise you are free from any legal obligation to provide for the fruit of the "Trial Marriage." Justice Ordway says so. To our old fashioned way of thinking out here in the "wilds" of North Dakota, this looks like a premium on immature follies, irresponsible fatherhood, and general sexual slackness. But perhaps we are wrong. Perhaps youthful sexual follies, under the legal guise of "Trial Marriage" are the proper thing in New York. Anyway the New York legislature at its last session, refused to change the law. It has another chance this year. Justice Cobalan and Justice Greenbaum have previously expressed themselves very forcibly, but the "Trial Marriage" remains at this writing a favorite pastime in the old Empire State for frivolous youth. But



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we let Mr. Justice Ordway tell his own story in the case of McCann versus McCann.

“This is an action for the annulment of a marriage on the ground that plaintiff was only seventeen years of age when she married the defendant, and left him before reaching the age of eighteen and has not cohabited with him since. There is one child born of the marriage and still living. The plaintiff has offered no evidence tending to show misconduct on the part of her husband or any reason for the annulment of her marriage beyond the facts already stated, but she is not required to do so, and any such evidence would probably be immaterial and irrelevant. I regret that I am compelled to grant the decree asked for. It seems to me unfortunate that the law of the State should permit these ‘Trial Marriages’ which may be annulled at the mere request of either party, if he or she has married and left the other before reaching the age of eighteen years. In this case such a law seems particularly unfortunate in view of the fact that no power is given to the Court in an action for annulment of this kind to make any provision for the care or support of children of the marriage. It seems to me most desirable that the Legislature should consider this matter and amend the law so as to protect more fully the marriage relation and family ties.”

It strikes us that such a law places matrimony—the holy state of matrimony—about on a par with the mating of animals. Up to a certain date you can quit if you wish, you need assign no reason and there is no parental responsibility for offspring. Thus is marriage made easy with a vengeance

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and divorce is made still easier. This isn't a "tie;" it is just a "granny knot" which may be slipped at pleasure. It isn't a real marriage; it looks like merely a temporary arrangement for the legalization of youthful lust. Flitting fancy seeks, desires and obtains gratification. Satiety and disgust ensue and the "granny knot" is slipped. Matrimony under such conditions degenerates into legalized cohabitation and the youthful participants are fairly started on the pathway for further matrimonial misadventures. A "youthful indiscretion" naturally solidifies into an utter disregard for a fixed matrimonial status. This time it wasn't even necessary to give a reason. The next time there must be a reason, but any flimsy one will do and so on until the desire for matrimonial adventure ceases.

In short, these youthful wanderers into matrimony's realm are taught very early in life to regard it as an ephemeral, temporary, experimental process. If the yoke chafes ever so little, cast it aside. It means nothing; it entails no real responsibilities. As a delicious dalliance and a joyous joke for temporary pleasure, these "Trial Marriages" are a soaring success! And when the majesty of the law throws about them the aegis of legal protection, it is such a safe game!

"Safety First" is a very appealing element in all sports, especially to lascivious youths. We cannot imagine any human legal device better designed to really corrupt youth, to throw disrepute upon what should be a holy alliance and to leave innocent offspring legally helpless, than the present law of the great Empire State of New York on "Trial Mar-

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riages." It almost equals some of the "War Baby" doings across seas but it lacks even the excuse of war. It seems to be just naturally lax with an open invitation to legal licentiousness, legal lasciviousness, sexual slackness and parental irresponsibility.



## DOGS AND CATS vs. BABIES



**I**F a very small per cent of the women of the country who are mothering cats and dogs would visit one or two of the countless foundling and orphan hospitals located in the more populous centers of America, and take unto their bosoms tiny babes instead, and give them as good treatment as the dogs and cats receive, more misery would be averted and more happiness result therefrom than from all the reform and uplift

work that is going on in the world today.

This thought is occasioned by the following item clipped from the morning edition of the Duluth News-Tribune of March 17th:

Patsy, an 18-pound Maltese cat, owned by Mrs. Edna Harris-Paris, well known Duluth pianist, 312 East First

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street, will celebrate his seventh birthday anniversary with a party today.

This afternoon, at the home of his mistress, Patsy, surrounded by a number of cat friends, will recline in the seat of honor before a birthday cake, decorated with eight glimmering candles, seven for his age and "one to grow on."

We are not going to trust ourself to comment at any length on the above. We might say something that wouldn't look well in print. With thousands of half-clad mothers hugging starving babes to their empty breasts and walking in the streets of America's greatest cities crying for bread, the story of a *birthday party for a Maltese cat* doesn't set well with us. There are thousands upon thousands of starving babes in New York and Chicago and in other cities of our great country. And for every starving babe you will find a fatted and petted cat or dog living in luxury in babeless homes of wealth and ease.

We'll admit that the problem is too deep for us. We just simply wanted to call attention to it. It may make one woman think and that would be worth while. It might mean that a cooing babe will be substituted in a good home for a purring cat or a blear-eyed pup. Who knows?

## SAFETY FIRST



WE do not aeroplane through the tenuous ether of high finance nor volplane down the corridors of speculative Bourses. We try to tread on the solid ground of common sense and we plead guilty to a farmerlike fondness for the "real stuff." As a canny Scot would say, "We hae our doots" about the ultimate value, redemption and payment of the many millions of paper promises of European governments which they have lavishly issued and we have confidently received.

We have parted with real wealth from our farms, our mines, our mills and our factories to further maniacal murder by millions across seas. We have received counters, tokens, paper promises. The issuers of these promises have used our billions of genuine wealth for destruction only upon a scale so gigantic as to be appalling.

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You may safely lend colossal sums to be used in productive, reproductive, constructive money-making enterprises. But you cannot safely go so far in lending such colossal sums as we have lent (for loans they really are when we receive paper promises in payment) for purely destructive purposes. We would rather lend, if we were in the lending business, ten thousand dollars to a community for plows than a thousand dollars for rifles for mutual extermination. Exchequer bills, short time treasury notes, government debentures, and other like high-sounding paper promises to pay, if not paid, if not redeemed in real money, would be just as worthless as the I. O. U's of a busted bankrupt. We have literally stripped ourselves of food, of clothing, of metals, of munitions of war, of wool, of cotton and of all raw materials in order to feed high and still higher the burning pyres of wholesale maniacal murder by millions.

Our own high prices at home have been reflected in food riots. Isn't it time to conserve our own resources for use at home, in peace if we may, and in war if we must? Isn't it better to be safe than sorry? Hadn't we better put food into good live Americans rather than into more European corpses? Haven't we fattened enough for slaughter and wouldn't it be better to nourish our own for peace? In order to preserve our own peace we may have to fight for it. Wouldn't it be better to keep a little real basic, genuine wealth here at home and quit trading so much of it for paper promises?

If we were running a country store and all of our customers were engaged in a deadly feud or vendetta they would

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have to pay cash for supplies if they bought from us. We should decline to take many notes from corpse factories. We should reason that they were all consuming and not producing wealth and should call for the real money or keep our goods. And if they began buying so hugely that we had to strip our own family we shouldn't sell further at any price. It strikes us that Uncle Sam would better put a padlock on his supply bins or his own children may hunger!

We don't say that all our prosperity is mock prosperity but we do say that we believe our bills receivable from European governments have mounted high enough. We do believe that as purveyor for war mad strife, we have all the book accounts we need. If the accounts are ever paid the profit is sufficient and if not ultimately paid the loss will be appallingly colossal. We believe it is a good time to feed our own at a moderate cost rather than to further supply the world at staggering prices for paper promises.

In other words, we believe this maniacal carnival of slaughter has gone to the absolute danger point in destruction of life, in maiming of workmen, in destruction of property, in crippling of industry across seas. We do not believe that men or money can stand much further strain. There is an end to human endurance and there is an end to liquid wealth.

It won't require years, it won't require decades; it will require centuries to replace the destruction already accomplished. Even if there be left a stable, solvent government among the combatants, rehabilitation physically, industrially, financially, productively, means the toil of generations and



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the lapse of centuries. We believe that we should cease supplying further fuel to suicidal flames. We believe we have reached the point where humanity's interest and self interest coincide.

Wages are, after all, purely relative, and, measured by their purchasing power for necessities of life, in food, shelter, fuel and clothing in congested centers, they are not high but low. We have phenomenally high wages and woeful want marching together. The dollar in comparison with primal necessities has been shrinking and it has been shrinking because so many of these necessities have left our shores.

In a world ablaze with maniacal war where determination for extermination is hardening and not softening, we believe we owe a duty to ourselves to preserve on our own shores and within our own borders, enough to guarantee our own protection and safety. We believe the time has come when the primal instinct of self-preservation should be heeded irrespective of politics, finance or location.

We must produce and conserve and preserve the necessities for life and for its defense if need arises. If Europe is to fight to approximate extermination every consideration of prudence, safety and humanity tells Uncle Sam to quit while the quitting is good. If Europe is to end in a melange of corpses, mutilated humanity, ruined industry and bankruptcy, let us at least preserve ourselves in comfort, safety and solvency. This may not be high finance, but it strikes us as good sense.

## HAIL CALIFORNIA'S NUDE EXPERIMENT



**H**ARK girls! Here's news what is news, and with the bark on it, too. Lay down the knitting and gather 'round the tea wagon while we bring into the incandescent glow of the spotlight the blushing A. M. Fairfield, one of the most original of solons who is soloning for a living in Lassen County, California.

Mr. Fairfield has just presented, with due solemnity, a bill for the consideration of the state legislature in the Golden State that has positively made the members giddy and most of them, when they heard the contents of the measure, dashed out of the state house with their hands in their pockets.

He has asked his lawmaking co-workers learnedly to survey a measure that is just as fresh as the winds that sweep over

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San Francisco's bay. He wants all girls—but only the respectable ones, thank whatever gods there be—to be allowed to go entirely nude—stark naked, mind you—if fashion so dictates.

If the fair damsels of Lassen County want to wander around the village streets with a smile and a single bead the bill proposes to let them do it. Those who hesitate at the bead and smile may adopt a blush for good measure. It seems that up to date the only men in Lassen County who are opposing the measure are the members of the Women's Wear Association. They see bankruptcy looming up in the distance.

If fashion so dictates a Lassen beauty may hop out of her downy couch in the morning and walk leisurely over to a neighbor's house and sit on the front stoop to discuss the latest bit of gossip. She doesn't have to worry about her last year's hat or the style of her dress beforehand. She will go as a child of nature—unspoiled by fashion's foibles.

It is reported that all of the hard working fashion dictators of San Francisco, Los Angeles and other metropolises have slammed their desks and left hatless and coatless for Lassen County to look over the material that would likely be very much concerned by the passage of such a law.

For the geographical information of readers it can be said that Lassen County is one of the highest sections of California and California is one of the highest points in the land.

If the county authorities just build a Yale Bowl effect around their county, and charge a twenty-five cent admission when the nude law goes into effect, it is likely that in the

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course of a couple of weeks they can build a courthouse that would make the Woolworth tower look like a two spot and use what is left over to fix up all the roads in the west.

During the winter months the snow is so deep up there that when a native goes down town he takes a few sticks of dynamite with him to blast a path home—but the warmth that will exude from the spectators who watch the native Lassen girls disport in the snow in the sartorial oddity proposed will melt all the snow in the county and possibly scorch the craters of a few volcanoes to boot.

A man with a good stock of spy glasses could make a munition-maker look like a push-cart peddler in an hour or so, and a ticket speculator gobbling up all the ring side seats could go to Washington every other week and take a good laugh at the mint.

In fact, we are rather disappointed that we did not defer our trip to California until a later date. It is a chance that comes once in a lifetime.

Small communities complain that their young men leave for the big cities and never return and thus civic progress is retarded. With one fell swoop the native Mr. Fairfield has solved the problem of metropolitan emigration. We'll venture that you couldn't drag any male citizen, young or old, out of Lassen County with a team of army mules.

And, after all, why isn't Mr. Fairfield to be commended for his legislative whim? During the recent cold snap we happened to be in New York and we saw wide expanses of silk stockings between the top of the shoe and the bottom

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of the skirt. The stockings were all cluttered up with knobby protuberances that resembled the Sierrean crest but in reality they were chicken flesh (literally, not slangily).

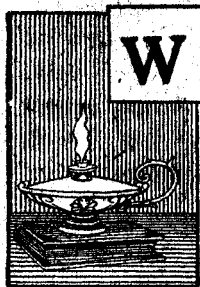
Old Boreas whipped around the corner and made the ordinary man, bundled up in a fur coat, woolen sock, high brogans, ear muffs and a heavy muffler, give an imitation with his teeth of Spanish castanets. And all the while hundreds of lovely girls were stepping down the avenue with skunk skins around their necks and the paws and toe nails and all hanging down their graceful backs, while their nude chests were not at all affected seemingly by the biting cold weather.

Most women like to show all of the flesh the law allows. At any grand ball you will find them with waist lines at about the point where father used to kick the hired man. A violent attack of sneezing would render them in the same state of attire that is to be the last cry in fashions in Lassen County.

If a man will abase himself in the dust before a fair young thing with a nickel's worth of clothes on what will he do before the Lassen girls? Aye, that is indeed a question.



## THE FILIBUSTERERS



WHEN President Wilson referred to those twelve United States Senators who blocked the passage of the Armed Neutrality Bill as "a little group of wilful men, representing no opinion but their own," he didn't leave any doubt as to what he meant. It was a kindly criticism, scholarly and gentlemanly, and thoroughly Wilsonian.

But to the ordinary American citizen they were just plain damned traitors—nothing more or less.

One of the fundamental principles upon which this government is founded is that the majority should rule. Yet here we have twelve men, who defeat the will of a vast majority in a deliberate attempt to tie the president's hands in a

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crisis that is by far the greatest that has confronted America since Lincoln's time.

It matters not where the sympathies of the individual American may have been during the terrible European struggle, so long as America has not been a party. Some of us have been Pro-German while our neighbors were Pro-Ally in their sentiments. But when President Wilson asked for armed neutrality he did so because he believed that America's rights were being invaded by Germany. And he desired simply to protect those rights. When President Wilson spoke, he spoke for America, and every man within whose veins there pulsates a single drop of patriotism and loyalty to his country, squared his shoulders and said: "We are with you, Mr. President, to the last ditch!"

President Wilson, whose honesty of purpose no man has dared question or deny, believed that the time had arrived when we were obliged to arm ourselves to make good our claim to a certain minimum of right and of freedom of action. He stated his position with firmness and positiveness. It was America speaking through its chosen representative. And when America speaks, every drop of patriotic blood with which her sons are endowed stands ready to defend her position.

"My country! May she ever be right! But right or wrong, My Country!"

That is the sentiment and the spirit of which freedom was born and the man who does not recognize it in his heart is not a patriot.

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When this crisis has passed, whether it result in war or not, those twelve Senators will find that their names have been listed with that of Benedict Arnold on the opposite page to that of loyal and patriotic Americans. They are forever damned in the eyes of their fellow countrymen. They may deceive themselves with the profession of a false faith, but they cannot deceive their fellow man nor their God. They are both doomed and damned to everlasting shame.





## TRY TRANSMIGRATION



**T**

AKE transmigration's tragic trail. "Put yourself in his place," as the famous Charles Reade once said in fiction, but do it in real life and imagine yourself in the place of Charles F. Stielow, who was awaiting electrocution in the death cell in Sing Sing Prison, New York. Also in order to give pleasurable piquancy to the proposition, consider yourself, as you are, absolutely innocent of crime.

If you are charged with first degree murder in the good old "Empire State" of New York and haven't limitless coin you had better take your hat in your hand and apply to the electrocution expert for immediate action. Molyneaux or Patrick with practically unlimited means at their command could tell you something about it. They escaped, but in spite of

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innocence it cost a prince's ransom and years of confinement in the most harrowing uncertainty.

Stielow is "the exception which proves the rule," the rare white blackbird, who, in absolute poverty, has had two reprieves, with a fair prospect of final justice. Please observe we said justice, not law.

In our more verdant days we wondered why Justice was always pictured with bandaged eyes. Since reading the actual record in the Stielow case, we wonder no longer. This case attracted us. We put in two solid days reading the actual evidence set forth in the "settled case" as certified to the New York court of appeals. We are not criticising the courts, but we pause to remark that if we had been on that Stielow jury, it would still be deliberating or would have filed a disagreement.

On March 22, 1915, Charles B. Phelps, a wealthy farmer of Shelby, Orleans Co., New York, was brutally murdered. Charles F. Stielow his farm hand, lived across the road in a ramshackle dwelling.

On the early morning of April 21, 1915, Stielow was arrested without any warrant and hurried to jail. He was physically and mentally forthwith engulfed in a horde of bloodthirsty detectives and county officials. The law of New York provided in substance that he be forthwith arraigned before a magistrate, informed of his rights, and if poor, as Stielow was, assigned counsel. Was this done? It was not. Torn from his family without legal warrant, his wife about to give birth, poor, friendless, unable to read or write or even to

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sign his name, hungry, sleepless, ceaselessly harrowed, and harried, surrounded by a sheriff, a deputy sheriff, two highly paid detectives and the District Attorney, without counsel, not arraigned before a Magistrate, as provided by law, this poor, ignorant farm hand was given the infamous "Third Degree" to the limit! Two "confessions" were extorted, to one he put his mark and to another he resolutely refused to subscribe. The horde of harpies hounded and hammered and harrowed and harried this helpless, hungry, honest Hun.

We are quoting a few gems from the evidence in the "Third Degree" phase: "Look me in the eye! You are a God damned liar! Charlie, if you will tell us who killed Mr. Phelps we will all three of us hold up our right hands and we will never tell who told us." "Here, Mr. Newton, if I say I done this, will that hurt me?" Reply: "No sir, it will not. The fellow that done the shooting is the fellow that we want. We want you home where you belong, with your family that you have got." "That won't hurt you, whatever you say; you can believe me, I am telling the truth." "Too good a man to be locked up, would make a high officer of him." "If he would believe him he would wear diamonds."

Incarcerated without warrant, hungry sleepless, tortured by fears of his wife's approaching motherhood, ignorant, uncounseled, deprived of his basic constitutional rights, surrounded by sleuths anxious for the money reward offered by the County, and by overbearing officials, he finally "confessed," as he pathetically put it, to "get rest."

We wouldn't convict a mangey, flea-covered, vermin-in-

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fested, blind, toothless, old hound on one of these "Third Degree" confessions. They wouldn't weigh with us the might of a thistle down! The "confession" once extorted, tardy justice commenced her meticulous, not to say mercenary, march. Stielow was arraigned, counsel was assigned, and fear, poverty and ignorance commenced its handicapped unequal struggle with knowledge and all the resources of Orleans County against it, plus the "Third Degree" "confession." In addition to the District Attorney, a distinguished lawyer assisted a corps of highly paid detectives and a "microscopic expert" and a "gun expert." Two detectives admitted \$8 a day and expenses, one admitted \$12 a day and expenses, the "microscopic expert" admitted \$25 a day and expenses and the "gun expert" was no piker! What chance had ignorance, panic and abject poverty against such a combination? No more chance than an icicle in the center of Hades' hottest heat!

To his glory be it said, Stielow's assigned counsel made a game and gallant fight. But the odds were too strong. The forms of law were complied with, blindfolded justice tipped her scales against Stielow and the Court of Appeals affirmed the judgment.

But the hand had been "overplayed;" it looked like a "stacked deck." Even calloused public opinion in New York winced. It might have been good law; in fact the Court of Appeals said it was; but, as justice to a poor, bedeviled, ignorant citizen, it smelled so loud that it odorously offended the olfactory organs. Things commenced to happen. In his death cell unexpected strange friends hovered around Stie-

low! These "Third Degree" Spanish Inquisition methods in Orleans County, New York, in A. D. 1915, savored too much of the Dark Ages! Detective-greed, highly paid experts and official over-zealousness bumped against the decree of a really practical Court—The Court of Public Opinion. You can't "put one over" on that Court. It has ideals of justice, once aroused, that proceed to conclusions unhampered by moth-eaten legal forms or fictions. Husks are thrown to the winds and the kernel of real justice is reached. Three days of the harrowing horrors of the "Third Degree" ending in an electrocution sentence for a man whom they believed innocent was a justiciary journey which seemed too sensationally swift when sane public opinion caught its breath. Some critical New Yorkers claimed they weren't living in Darkest Russia nor under the French Inquisitorial regime. The start wasn't right. The poor devil was beaten at the starting post. Those three days of illegal detention, unarraigned, uncounseled, sleepless, hungry, harrassed by detectives and officials, subjected to all the physical and mental horrors of the strenuous "Third Degree," had given Stielow an impetus deathward which revolted that innate sense of real justice inherent in every red-blooded American. While there are oceans of law in New York there are now and then a few desultory drops of real justice and they commenced to drip toward Stielow's death cell in that inhuman pile of medieval masonry known as Sing Sing Prison. And by the way, we can't pause to

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do that charnel house justice except to say that we wouldn't house hogs in it, to say nothing of humans.

But Stielow, ignorant, unlettered, still dazed, but hopeful, had a childlike faith in his ultimate vindication. You can't account for it. "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage," to some natures, untutored though they be. Like another in a like situation, this humble Hun thought (for he couldn't express it): "Dark as the clouds which cover me, black as the pit from pole to pole, I thank whatever Gods there be for my unconquerable soul."

But reprieves came. Inez Milholland Boissevain stimulated public interest. Other "confessions" appeared. Erwin King a peddler, has been indicted for perjury for some "testimony" he gave. Gov. Whitman has asked the legislature for an appropriation of \$25,000 to make a complete investigation of this astounding case. The Governor says: "The Stielow matter must be settled for all time." We hope it will be.

But there is another matter which ought to be "settled for all time." These infamous "Third Degree" outrages by officials and sleuths should be absolutely prohibited. Innocence, poverty, and ignorance should have a shield against what amounts to practical torture to extort "confessions." Successive relays of well-fed, well-slept, bull-dozing officers during a term of days and nights can extort anything from a helpless, sleepless, hungry, ignorant human being. It is torture raised to the limit of human endurance and when that limit is reached the tortured victim will say anything, or sign anything, as Stielow pathetically said, "for rest." The bare

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unadorned facts in these "Third Degree" tortures would raise the temperature of a graven image. What we want is just a few drops of the essence of human justice mingled with these torrents of law. These combinations of mental and physical torture amalgamated into the "Third Degree" belong centuries back in the barbaric past. Let us leave them there.



## THE ASTOR HEIR SLUSH



ISN'T it about high time that good old Pro Bono Publico shouted "Enough" of this Astor slush? Frankly we believe that most of the good men and good women of these United States who are doing the big things—writing the plays, the books, the music, building the cities and railroads—are being bored to extinction by the sloppy articles that are being circulated about the latest Astor heir. Incidentally these same men and women are being ignored in what they are doing for the world's betterment so that the populace may read and gag about the doings of the Astors, the Vanderbilts, the Goulds and the rest of the namby pamby tribe. The effect of it is to teach Young America to worship Gold instead of Ability.



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The latest highly illustrated article about the Astors concerns the zipping news that little John Jacob Astor—who, of course, knows nothing about it—needs \$75 a day to live on. The news comes from his mother, the widow of the late John Jacob.

In the first place it is an insult to the intelligence of a man or woman with the brains of a guat to believe that it takes that much money for this child or any other child to exist. It is simply breeding anarchy and we have had a notable example of anarchy in the recent bread riots in Philadelphia and New York. Anything that tends to inflame the passion of the people should be suppressed and this is exactly what these stories about the Astor child are doing.

Most Americans must smile—a sickly kind of a smile—when they trace the proud lineage of this Astor child who cannot live on less than \$75 a day, back to Johann Jakob Astor, who was the wooden shoe purveyor of green and under-ripe coon skins and stinking polecat skins, Jamaica bug-juice and cheap jewelry.

He had only a jug of cheap rum and a shirt tail full of glass beads and was in need of a bath when he went forth among the Indians and founded a fortune just because it happened that Manhattan Island proved by its geographical location to be a thriving metropolis in later years.

John Jacob fed himself once a day with a piece of fat pork with a string attached and he half-soled his own breeches with sea weed and in the summer time he let the mud squirt between his bare feet to save his wooden shoes. He slept in

his clothes the year around and he wouldn't have known a manicure if one had jumped into his lap.

He hung onto the land he filched from the Aborigines with a death-like grip until shrewder men than he developed it; then he let it go—and since then his descendants have been wallowing around in the social ooze spending the money, becoming involved in scandals and doing other things that are the lovely attributes of the cocktail-drinking set.

The unearned increment of the first Astor, accumulated from generation to generation in geometrical progression, has made all of the Astors rich and now they seem to put on more highfaluting agony than a Washington, D. C., negro with a government job.

The mother of the little Astor child was Madeline Force before she married John Jacob Astor. For a time there was a doubt whether she would even land John Jacob Astor. Finally her father went down to John Jacob's office and clinched the deal after a closed door confab. There was nothing wrong about this, of course. His daughter was engaged to Astor and he didn't want any crawling out of it. He was right in this attitude. The Forces, however, were never socially prominent and did not clutter up any conspicuous place in the Blue Books.

Mrs. Astor a few years after her husband died heroically on the Titanic, married W. K. Dick. He is the typical type of rich man's son with a vacant stare, a loose-lipped smile, and we cannot imagine that any child will be proud of him after growing up.

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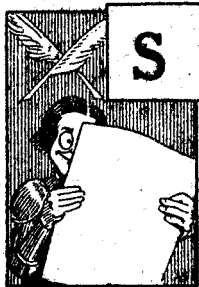
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All of this rip-snorting guff about this child not being able to live on less than \$75 a day is making the Astor family the laughing stock of the country. There are a lot of starving little children all over the world just now who have just as good stuff in them as this pampered Astor brat and they are living on almost less than nothing a day and tugging at the dry breasts of world-weary mothers.

Who are the Astors to be so proud and haughty? Willy Wally Astor, one of the breed, is a raging Anglo-maniac. He looks with disdain upon the country that gave him birth. He laughs at America and the "silly asses" over here. He married the widow of the late Lord Randolph Churchill after she had mourned sufficiently for the husband she drove to death by her debaucheries. It was the eldest son of the Prince of Wales who was caught in a compromising attitude with Lady Churchill at Windsor Castle. But Willy Wally is not worth wasting soaring white paper on or even the yellow tinted paper for that matter.

When Johann Jakob came to this country in the steerage he smelled of limburger cheese. This cannot be held to be to his discredit but it dishonors him to have his eau-de-cologned heirs make such a row over their ancestry. If the mother and stepfather of the young Astor heir want to make him a credit to the original Astor they will give him a lollypop a day, dress him in a pair of 25-cent rompers and let him get out in the gutter and frolic with the future presidents and cabinet members who are making mud pies and eating the proverbial "peck o' dirt."

## SOME SIGNIFICANT STATISTICS



**S**TATES, counties, and cities may go "dry" but your venerable Uncle Sam continues persistently "wet." The golden stream which pours into his Internal Revenue till tells its own tinkling story more vividly and graphically than temperance tracts.

The total revenue from whiskey and beer in 1916 was 252 millions as compared with 223 millions in 1915. Beer, alone, bibulously bubbled 91 millions into Uncle Sam's strong box for 1916, as against 86 millions in 1915. This doesn't look to a man up a tree as if Prohibition did any effective prohibiting. The temperance map shows an ever increasing area, but Uncle Sam's cash register keeps ringing up increasing receipts from booze bubbles.

There is something wrong somewhere. Dollars don't dally

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Liquor dispensers don't pay Uncle Sam's taxes for their health's sake. When they pay \$1.10 per gallon tax on 146,355,146 gallons of whiskey in one year to get it into their pipe lines, they know that there is a consumer's mouth watering for it at the other end of the line. The inexorable law of supply and demand makes Temperance Statutes resemble a cipher with a vanished circle.

Besides, your Uncle Sam needs the money if the merry industry of Congressional "pork packing" is to proceed on its pleasant pathway. It takes money—oodles of it—to persistently "pack pork" in the marble halls of Congress. It takes money—oodles of it—to enable Secretary Daniels' Navy to toss its ships on the rocks in times of peace. What it would cost in time of war, only God and Secretary Daniels know. We should hate to entrust a seaworthy canal boat to Secretary Daniels' orders. His resignation would be a calamity we should sustain with stern equanimity.

But to return to our stubborn statistics. Uncle Sam's reports prove that the "tailor made" cigarette is careening into perilous popularity by leaps and bounds. These "coffin nails" are getting ready to drive themselves into many a casket of youthful strength of bodily and mental vigor. This nation consumed the astounding total of 25 billions (not millions—billions) of them in 1916 as against 17 billions in 1915. And bear in mind, please, that these fascinating figures take no account of those personally rolled from the "makings" which must aggregate many billions more! Your Uncle Sam didn't say so, but this forty per cent increase of the cigarette craze

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is doubtless largely caused by the feminine fondness for these fascinating little paper rolls of tobacco.

And this feminine frippery of the "tailor made" tobacco pill is not confined to the "underworld" or the "submerged tenth" by any manner of means! The white, daintily manicured, slender fingers and the carefully carmined ruby lips of high social dames and demoiselles carelessly collide with the seductive cigarette. In "red light" districts, in cafes, cabarets, dance halls, in cheap tenements, in luxurious apartments, in the most exclusive society functions, the seductive smoke of the "tailor made" cigarette is wafted aloft from feminine lips. Jewelled cigarette cases are as much a part of milady's outfit as her vanity box, or her powder puff, or her complexion factory, or her transparent hosiery, or her exposed frontal development, or her stilted tottering heels. It is all a part of the ease, luxury and time-killing methods of modern femininity. There are large tobacco houses which specialize on the specially made articles from the most expensive tobaccos with your gold initials on each wrapper. And their patrons—or rather patronesses—are largely of the fair and frail feminine factions.

All of which reminds us that there are various kinds of drunkenness and destruction daily dancing downwards in the mingling maelstroms of American activities. But we don't wear a high collar buttoning in the back, nor an inverted chimney pot hat, nor a flowing Prince Albert coat, and piously pulpiteering isn't our profession. So we leave these

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staggering statistics (and they are staggering ones, too) to preach their own sermon, modestly expressing, what is probably the vain hope, that in 1917 your Uncle Sam's till will not tinkle so tirelessly with joyous jingles of descending dollars from such sources.



## GOLD AND GREED



NEW York never yearns for contrasts. It has them constantly. Poverty, hunger, squalor, wretchedness and misery raised to the limit of human endurance creep close to flaunting display and extravagance almost beyond belief. Sometimes all these degrees of hunger and poverty cease creeping and run riotously.

So it was on February 21st last, the day preceding Washington's Birthday. Near the place, if not on the exact spot where Washington delivered a famous address there were being unloaded twelve truck loads, twenty million dollars, in gorgeous, glittering gold, to J. P. Morgan & Company in payment for food and supplies shipped to Great Britain. It was a vivid object lesson of America's overbursting opulence.



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Just a few blocks north there was another object lesson at New York's City Hall. Thousands of gaunt, hungry women, bearing in their arms starving little ones, rioted and besieged Mayor Mitchell for food. Cries in Yiddish, Italian and various varieties of broken English rent the air. Police reserves had a strenuous time. Finally various committees obtained access to Mayor Mitchell's well groomed presence. Eloquent explosions ensued.

Marie Ganz, "Sweet Marie," raised her vibrant voice vociferously demanding an appropriation of one million dollars to relieve the starving East Side. The Mayor thought that would be illegal but was reminded by the "Sweet Marie," gifted with a tenacious memory, that in the panic of 1894 that amount had been appropriated under the guise of "giving employment." Rose Pastor rose to the occasion with "Oh, push the law aside a little to help the people who starve," and then a really practical economist injected this calamitous clincher: "You will have to appropriate money to care for us if we get so weak they carry us out of our beds to your hospitals. You might as well appropriate it now and keep our bodies and souls together." This certainly had a logical ring to it. A feminine statistician reminded the meticulous Mayor that the staggering sum of \$1,267,500,000 in gold had been brought into the port of New York since January, 1915. Of course that was what lawyers call "irrelevant" but a large peritoneal vacuum scorns syllogisms.

Mother Jones, that "stormy petrel of economic unrest," Rockefeller's Nemesis, then arrived on the scene. Acrimon-

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ious discussions ensued. An awful aviation of produce prices perplexed these feminine economists. The necessities of the poor man's basket were rising to unattainable heights. The youthful Mayor was bombarded by quotations of produce at wholesale. Among the aviating articles were: Onions, 100 pound boxes—1916, 75 cents, 1917, \$15.00; Potatoes, 180 pounds—1916, \$3.30, 1917, \$9.75; Cabbage, per ton—1916, \$7.00, 1917, \$160.00. When these quotations were reduced to push cart peddler retail prices and hurled at His Honor he hurriedly adjourned and boarded his waiting limousine.

The starving women with their starving children also adjourned but reassembled and upset sundry push carts and helped themselves without the formality of previous payment. It's a hard case. Starvation, like necessity, knows no law. Hordes of hungry women, with barren breasts and, crying children do not enter into elaborate economic examples. They act. They know their need, they know of the billions of accumulated surplus wealth on Manhattan Island and they annexed enough for a little vegetable stew. The odoriferous onions and peeled potatoes boiling, bubbling in a precious pot seduced them from the stern pathway of absolute honesty. Human nature succumbed to its fundamental requirements.

Years ago hungry women with starving children rioted through the streets of Paris. Blundering policemen fired on them and the French Revolution with its ghastly guillotine ensued! The Bastille was brutally battered! Chaos came!

New York does these things better. Inflammable mater-

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ial was at hand merely awaiting the friction of a little police physical interference. It did not come. The situation was handled in a kindly, sympathetic, friendly manner. Gradually these gaunt, hungry, desperate, starving women were broken into little bands and dispersed without arrests or bloodshed. The immediate crisis passed.

But this scene was really only a "curtain raiser." The complete tragedy will be bloodily enacted in many congested cities unless the authorities make some definite provision for the poor man's dinner pot. Fundamental requirement for human sustenance must be met by something more immediately practical than "hot air" press agent platitudes. Yawning peritoneal cavities can't wait for Congressional Committees. Stalking starvation, in the midst of billowing billions of "unearned increment" will finally spell revolution. Taking taxicabs, eating enormously, seeing salacious shows in one quarter of a city, and honest toil starving in another quarter, means ultimate collision and explosion. The perilous powder and fulminating flame are too close. It won't do. Human history teaches it.

Europe is across seas and at war; America is here and at peace. The poor man's dinner pot must bubble with something more sustaining than hot water and "hot air." Honest toil coupled with starvation, and idleness coupled with excessive extravagance, can not coalesce. Responsible government must intervene or chaos will come. Shelter, fuel, food and clothing, however humble, must result from labor or government will falter, stumble and fall prostrate finally!

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There is no middle ground. Trite truisms and pious platitudes won't do. Produce prices propelling persistently perpendicularly promote peril! Toil and sustenance must equate themselves in any practical government. The proposition is self evident. If grasping greed of merchandising middlemen bars the passage way between labor and livelihood it must be swept aside lest worse befall.

When toiling starving women and unfed crying children besiege the office of the Chief Magistrate of the richest city of the richest country in human history it means something. It means that there is a gap between labor and life which must be bridged or it will become a yawning cataclysm of Chaos! There is a "spread" between production, transportation and merchandising which must be taken up so as to permit toil to exist on its proceeds. Prosperity which does not percolate to the lowest layer of the scale of toilers in drops large enough to sustain life is not real prosperity; it is a tentative tragedy. It is an abhorrent condition. It is not a theory. It is an economic fact which must be practically overcome. It is a present perplexing problem pressing perilously for prompt solution.



**No Royalties in this Sketch Acted  
by Clara Kimball Young**



**A**NOTHER sad-eyed movie heroine has been engulfed in a scandal which threatens to be the fuse that will lift the cover off the whole cinema business and expose the rotten wriggling mess. It was not so very long ago that Jim Jam Jems modestly pointed out that the moving picture business would have to cleanse itself or go kerplunk over the abyss to oblivion.

With very few exceptions the whole structure is rotten—from stem to stern with the accent on either word you please. Investigation has shown that many directors are nothing more nor less than pimps for men higher up; it is they who procure the girls for the lustful magnates.

This may all sound like a penny dreadful but it is gospel truth. Ask any respectable girl who is in the movies or

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has tried to get in what lies before her and she will tell you a story that will cause you to shudder—if you have a few red corpuscles floating around loose.

Mistake not that this publication would impugn every girl who happens to be in the movies. There are many good honest, God-fearing girls, who honor the name of their mother, in the screened drama—but they are in the hopeless minority. They are as scarce as rum cocktails at a Bryan banquet. And there are many girls, it is true, who would like to be good but they cannot if they want to remain in the business. They must give up their bodies or be shown the open road.

Clara Kimball Young is perhaps as well known as any of the leading screen stars, and like the rest she has her following of gushing men, women and children of all ages. She was never a great actress, but she had a pretty face and she had a husband who worshipped the ground she trod on and who had unlimited faith in her.

James Young is the man. He is a movie director. He has boosted his wife into the top-notch of the profession only to have her snatched away from him by the rotten-livered and godless libertines who rule the film business. These men are as devoid of honor as the thieving tomcat is of conscience and are shameless sinners against all life's decencies and proprieties.

One of the men who helped to lure the star away from her husband is now the head of a big film concern. He is a pudgy-faced, pock-marked Shylock, who squints at the young flesh that is brought before him and singles out those whom

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he wishes to claim for his own lustful thoughts. He parades his name throughout the moving picture world as a genius and backed by his army of press agents and conscienceless editors he is the pampered darling of the public—if the printed word is to be believed.

Clara Kimball Young is young in name and age and is doubly as foolish. Flattery has turned her head and she doesn't realize what is ahead for her if she submits to the blandishments of these muckers. Her name has been coupled with that of this man for some time. He is married and has a family.

But just recently a new Lothario has come on the scene. His name is Harry Garson and he comes from Detroit, Michigan. He is married and his wife lives in Detroit but he kissed her good-bye the other day and started for the Gay White Way.

He and Miss Young have been seen together very much. They were coming out of a theatre one night not long ago and Young happened to be in the lobby and saw them.

He walked up to his wife and remarked: "Another kike, eh?"

It was Young's wife this married man and father was with and Young had a right perhaps to be abusive and he was. Garson was white and trembling. Finally Young pulled out a small pen-knife and let a little blood flow. The Magistrate subsequently, when he heard the details, dismissed the actress's husband of assault.

And so it is that Young and his wife have parted ways.

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For several years Young has seen his wife at the sway of these monsters but he has held his peace. He has tried to reason with her and to show her that they could be happy together. Those who know him say that while he is not in any sense a genius he is a hard working man, who wants to do the right thing but has been blocked on every side—his home broken up and the love of a good woman stolen.

It was his work, his long experience and training and his constant devotion to his wife's advancement that placed her in the exalted position which she occupies and from which she is tottering.

When she reached this position she was persuaded that she did not need his assistance—in fact that he was a stumbling block. All the luxury and wealth his wife now enjoys she owes entirely to him. Now he has been cast into the discard.

Holy writ tells us that man must go forth and seek to find. Man's heritage is peace, contentment and the joys radiating from a good wife and happy home. They belong to the good man and no one has the right to take these things from him.

Young and his wife presented to the world a little sketch from their own lives bearing no title and yet to them probably more dramatic and soul gripping than any of the thousands of thrillers with which they have amused the public in their professional careers.

Having won fame and fortune together by portraying the emotions of fictitious heroes and heroines, they found their



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real thrill in a domestic crash that ended their romance in a police court—a sordid story indeed.

But it is going to clear up the atmosphere. The public that is paying to see the great movie attractions is going to sooner or later learn the truth of what is going on behind the scenes. The whole moving picture business has funked itself into a howling farce and the revellers who are despoiling young girls are going to get their just dues.

If it has come to such a pass that a business can be conducted ostensibly for public amusement and education but in reality for the traffic in beautiful girls, it is time that we have some new laws. There are directors in the moving picture world who make it their chief business to secure the pick of the hordes of applicants who flock to the studios for men who pay them. Art to them is a minor consideration.

Launcelot and Guinevere would have been tossed out of a barrel house for using their table manners on the free lunch, but illusion protected them—just as illusion is protecting the moving picture industry. Under the guise of artistic endeavor the magnates and the directors are carrying on a business that is nothing short of perverse carnality.

It is in the studios of these cancers that the vigilant vice societies have a most remarkable opportunity to uncover hidden vice and earn the money that is contributed to them by well meaning but short-sighted reformers.

## MORE HORSE SENSE



**S**OMETIMES Dame Justice, taking care not to disarrange her careful coiffure, removes the historic bandage from her eyes, examines carefully what goes into her scales, locks arms with law, seats herself on the woolsack of common sense and with open orbs, reaches a righteous result. She took her seat beside Supreme Court Justice Guy in the Bronx in little old New York and between them, they did a stroke of legal business with cheerful celerity.

They dealt with the wilful wreckage of a happy family and they placed the burden exactly where it belonged—on the shoulders of the wilful wrecker. We believe in concrete instances and in the mighty lifting lever of truth.

And anent the temperance question we believe one solid

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fact, firmly fastened, is better than tons of temperance tracts or a sky full of orotund oratory.

At Beacon (formerly the historic village of Fishkill-on-the-Hudson), in 1914, dwelt in plentitude and comfort the Heaton family, consisting of husband, wife, two sons and a daughter. The head of the happy household was Reuben F. Heaton, formerly Village President, owner of a paper mill and also of a chain of grocery stores in Hudson River towns. He wasn't a millionaire but he was in a better class—the class of the prosperous, working well-to-do. Fortune hadn't slobbered all over them, but she had steadily smiled.

William H. Talbot was a liquor seller, whose place of business adjoined one of Heaton's stores. The testimony showed that when Mr. Heaton began "liquoring up" at Talbot's booze emporium he commenced shooting down the greased toboggan slide of disaster, pulling his innocent family down the grade of shame with him. From a loving husband and father, he became metamorphosed into an improvident brute. He had never touched his family except with affectionate caressing hands until Talbot's liquor impelled him to abusing, terrorising, and (to his shame be it said) finally beating them.

Mrs. Ida M. Heaton knew that this bestial brute was not her real husband, the erstwhile fond father and loving provider. Something had changed the kindly, generous, thoughtful Jekyl into the blood-thirsty, repellant Hyde and that something was Talbot's liquor. Heaton himself was an ideal

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husband and father. Heaton plus Talbot's liquor was a reckless fiend.

Mrs. Heaton therefore served written notice on Talbot to cease selling liquor to her husband. She claimed that Talbot did not obey her notice.

Disaster followed disaster and the dire demon of excessive drink disrupted the family. Poverty close-stepped after departed affluence. Separation became inevitable. The custody of the children and \$100 a month alimony was awarded Mrs. Heaton. But Heaton couldn't and wouldn't or at all events didn't pay. The deficit reached nearly \$2,000. Mrs. Heaton struggled valiantly, as any loving mother would, to support herself and children. Finally she was driven to a \$9 a week clerkship. The two sons, aged nineteen and fifteen, are working and the daughter, aged thirteen, struggles with her mother in repellant poverty.

There is the contrast and it is a vivid one. Up to the time of this mysterious metamorphosis there is a happy, prosperous household with every present comfort and with a fair future ahead. After the intrusion of Talbot's liquor, the seamy side of the fair fabric predominated. Poverty replaced plenty. Abuse replaced affection. Beating replaced caresses.

Things don't just "happen" in this practical world. Causes produce effects. Mrs. Heaton and her witnesses proved pretty clearly that the cause was liquor and that the effects were a disrupted household, ruin, disgrace and pitiful poverty.

The whole course of this family's voyage of life had been

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changed from a smooth, sunny, sparkling sea to a course of stormy mountainous waves and black rocks of disaster. The pilot was not himself. He had lost his course. He could not read life's compass aright. He finally laid his fair craft with its cargo of happiness on the rocks.

If a liquor dealer's grasping greed for gain caused this wilful wreckage, why shouldn't he pay for it? It seemed reasonable and it also seemed legal and Supreme Court Justice Guy's decision assessed Mr. William R. Talbot \$20,000. We hope it stands. When law and justice and common sense tread the same pathway, we hope that they may proceed without interruption.

This wife, these boys just stretching into manhood, this tender daughter, have lost something—practically everything. He who wilfully deprived them of it should replace it. It is just such events as this—the wreckage of family life—which have set rolling the wave of prohibition which bids fair to sweep the country. It is a large question; it has many angles. We don't profess to be able to settle it. But we do profess to say, and we do say, that Judge Guy's decision smacks to us of good, sound, constructive reparation. The cause was clear, the effect was appallingly apparent.

No sum of money, however large, could ever reknit or reunite those bursted bonds of family affection. That is the pity of it.

## MOTHER-IN-LAW MOTLEY



OTHERS - IN - LAW mustn't maunder and mess and meddle. If they do, the daughter-in-law may obtain financial balm. The amount of the balm may depend on the judge's digestion or the jury's damage scale. Mother-in-law Motley—Mrs. Thornton N. Motley of New York—has tapped a mine of information on that subject.

Mr. Justice Cohalan of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, with a jury on the side lines, has arbitrated a mess of matrimonial meddlesomeness. The boundary post has been erected at \$20,000 and unless disturbed by a higher court that boundary post sets the mark.

Among other impediments on life's journey, Mrs. Motley had acquired a son by a prior marriage. Charles Merton

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Haley is his cognomen. Matrimonially speaking, he seems never to have passed the nursery age. Anyway, his fond mamma seems to have still wheeled his matrimonial perambulator—and paid for the privilege. Twice Merton's matrimonial misfits have received judicial attention. As a wooer, Mrs. Motley's baby boy seems swift, but his pace doesn't hold. His fond Mamma has flagged him.

The first venture of the meticulous Merton in the car of matrimonial bliss lasted but two days. His companion on that venture, the first Mrs. Charles Merton Haley, formerly Miss Honore French, missed her Merton after the second day. As she phrased it: "His mother came and took him away. I've never seen him since." Matrimonially speaking, Merton remained quiescent for four years, when he impetuously acquired another life partner. But evidently this copartnership was no more agreeable to his matrimonial censor—Mother-in-law Motley—than the first one. Merton should get Mamma's O. K. first. It would save trouble and expense—especially expense to Mamma. For this second matrimonial censorship got into the legal mill and in that mill discoveries of Mamma Motley's meddlesomeness were made.

Mrs. Merton Haley number two had sailed the seas of matrimony before under the name of Mrs. Harry Allan. Her first title had been Miss Marian Steere. We know nothing about her first voyage, but in her second one the real captain seems to have been Mother-in-law Motley, whereas she had bargained for Merton Haley as her captain. Mother-in-law

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Motley seems to have boarded the matrimonial craft and pulled down Merton's flag and hoisted her own pennant.

Hubby started on an ostensible trip to Scranton, but didn't land there. Mrs. Haley found it out and applied to headquarters for information—to Mother-in-law Motley at the Hotel Belmont. Question: "Where is Charlie?" Answer: "He is in the South; he went because he wasn't well." Question: "Tell me where, I want to go to him if he is ill." Answer: "I won't tell you. I don't want you to see him." This reported conversation seemed authentic and Mrs. Haley number two did not gaze upon her loving spouse for two years except once when he met her in a street car and refused to speak.

Mother-in-law Motley seems to have grasped the lines and driven the Haley team singly after practically unhitching them. Then Mrs. Haley number two commenced to bump on the financial rocks. From the Biltmore to a boarding house and from a small allowance from Mother-in-law Motley to nothing, measured her financial decline.

This whole thing was wrong. Mr. Charles Merton Haley, so far as appears in this case, had never really emerged into real manhood. He seems to have never left the financial nursery. His lips, monetarily speaking, were still tightly affixed to Mother-in-law Motley's nursing bottle. His financial nutriment seems to have flowed from just one pipe line—Mamma Motley's check book. If that valve were shut off, Mr. Charles Merton Haley's garden of life would be a fundless desert.



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The Court seems to have diagnosed his case pretty accurately. Mr. Justice Hotchkiss remarked his parasitic position. "This young man seems to have been entirely under the domination of his mother. He surreptitiously left his wife. The jury's verdict that she be allowed compensation of \$20,000 is, in my opinion entirely just."

All of which brings us to what we really want to say. Courage, industry, self-reliance, thrift, to say nothing of ability, are lacking in the lexicon of life in too many young present day Americans. What they really need is a good swift kick into the vortex of life and then left to sink or swim by their own unaided efforts. To lazily float down the tepid stream of life easily upborne by the life belt of an ancestral bank-account is a job for a monkey, not a man. There are too many old women—of both sexes for that matter—drawing checks for idle youths. What these idle youths, now ambling up and down various Peacock Alleys, searching for a congenial fellow idler of the fair sex, really need is the tonic of effort. They should be compelled to provide their own fundamentals—shelter, food and clothing. Perchance in the doing of it, they might meet a real mate who would spur them on to sustained success.

Mother-in-law Motley has acquired a little lesson which probably she can well afford, as to the danger of matrimonial meddlesomeness. But if her dear boy Merton had been trained in manhood's real school and paddled his own canoe successfully he could have taken in a wifely passenger and navigated unaided, as a man should. Mother-in-law Motley,

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in being fined \$20,000 for meddlesomeness, is really paying the penalty for not rearing Merton to habits of manly effort and independence. Parasitic pedestrians of life's pathway simply cumber the ground. As operative cases for lawyers and courts and as units for the census enumerator, they have their uses. We hope that Mamma Motley will permanently retire that \$150 per week allowance to her manly Merton and metaphorically and financially kick him into the chilly stream of work—just plain every day honest bread and butter work. It's a right lively, blood-warming, interesting game and matrimonial meddlesomeness never invades it.



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