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Jim Jam Jems: June 1917

Sam H. Clark

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Jim Jam Jems

by JIM JAM JUNIOR

June 1917



A VOLLEY OF TRUTH



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

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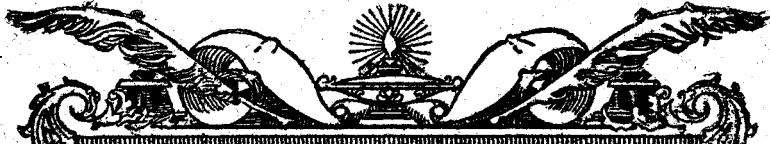


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GOING to war is like going to Heaven: Everybody wants to go—when it becomes necessary—but most of 'em don't seem to be in any great hurry about it. Roosevelt, of course, is different. He insists on going right away. If he could give any assurance that he would come back discredited or not at all, the chances are good he would not have so much difficulty in securing permission. Funny, isn't it, how we humans

look with suspicion on the other fellow.

For instance, the other evening we went out into the backyard and commenced tickling the sod with a spade in an honest endeavor to do our bit and make two spuds grow where only one had hitherto sprouted. A neighbor leaned

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over the fence and wanted to know why we didn't give a boy ten cents to catch us a can of frogs instead of breaking our back digging worms. "And besides," he added, "frogs make the best bait." The other day we attended the funeral of an old friend. Just by chance we noted a huge wreath of flowers standing at the head of the casket. It was very elaborate and this message was worked in forget-me-nots: "Rest in Peace—Until I Join You." Instinctively we knew it was from the widow.

Trouble with this old world today is that there's too much show and fuss and feathers, too much sham, hypocrisy and deceit. That is why truth hurts so many people and that is why some people are eternally damning Jim Jam Jems and calling loudly for its suppression. They don't like to look truth squarely in the face for fear it will point the accusing finger at them and rip off some of the hypocritical veneer.

When we started out to publish this Volley of Truth, we expected to follow Truth wherever it chanced to take us. When Truth is sweet and wholesome, we are glad to paint it as such, but as the bee knows there is richest juice in poisoned flowers, we know there is deepest Truth in questionable places. Sometimes we find a festering sore of vice that needs the lance of publicity, and we do not back away from our plain duty. Thus at times it is necessary to use plain language in handing out plain facts, and just as sure as we go into detail in pointing out an evil or showing up a criminal, some half-witted reformer bobs up and yells "nasty" and insists that Jim Jam Jems is obscene and we should be

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prosecuted. And it's an even bet that the fellow who calls loudest for our scalp is a venerated hypocrite who fears the light of Truth.

Ordinarily we don't pay much attention to the yappings of critics. We go on about our business and let them howl. And after almost six years of "hewing to the line" we have convinced the honest individual that Jim Jam Jems is a mighty power for good and that we can't be bribed or bluffed. The result is that our circulation has surpassed any like free-lance publication that has ever been attempted in America, and this fact is responsible for the recent unwarranted attacks by the Fra, which has been literally kicked into the discard and pushed off the news stands to make room for the more popular publication, Jim Jam Jems.

Of late we have had more or less trouble with one John S. Sumner, of New York, who occupies the unenviable position of "Secretary of the Suppression of Vice Society" in America's foremost city. Sumner and the Fra seem to be working hand-in-hand in an attempt to suppress the sale of Jim Jam Jems in New York City. At least, the facts would warrant such conclusion. The Fra comes along with a long-winded criticism of Jim Jam Jems. Editor Shay says our publication is nasty and obscene and advises Vice Agent Sumner to look after us. Then Sumner accepts the challenge by insisting that he has had our representatives and several dealers in New York arrested and is doing his damndest to put us out of business there. He addresses a long letter to the editor of the Fra, insisting that he is attending to his end

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of the game and it is unfair to insinuate that he is not alive to his duties, and the Fra publishes the letter in the most prominent place in its current issue; and so, together, Mr. Sumner and the Fra are attempting to put us out of business.

As the active head of a Society for the Suppression of Vice in New York City, the ordinary individual might think that this fellow Sumner is a great reformer with a mighty power for good. Let's see about that. A few facts regarding Mr. Sumner and his Society may be interesting. We have before us a photographic copy of a certain check for the sum of \$2,100, signed by John S. Sumner. And here is the story of the check.

A confiding contributor to Mr. Sumner's Vice Suppressing Society had forwarded \$2,100, which fell into Mr. Sumner's hands. The Society had a Treasurer, Mr. William H. Parsons by name, and it also had two banking accounts. Under such circumstances, what that money was doing in Mr. John S. Sumner's personal possession is not for us to explain. We do not know how long it had been in Mr. Sumner's personal possession and use. But he had it in his possession and his Society wanted it and wanted it badly for its 1915 accountings. So Mr. Sumner produced the following:

Freeport, N. Y., Feb. 4, 1916 No.

THE FREEPORT BANK

Pay to the Order of William H. Parsons Treas., \$2,100.00
Twenty-one hundred and 00/100 Dollars.

John S. Sumner.

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It will be noticed that this check is dated February 4, 1916, but it was later forced into the 1915 statement—why, we don't know. When this little missive had been extracted from Mr. Sumner, a representative of the Vice Suppression Society entrained for Freeport, N. Y., with the check. On his arrival at the Freeport Bank, Mr. Sumner's check was pronounced in banking parlance "No Good". But the representative of the Vice Suppression Society wanted that money and stayed in Freeport until Mr. Sumner's check was finally paid. And on February 7, 1916, as per another photographic reproduction before us, this elusive \$2,100 was finally paid in to the credit of the Vice Suppression Society at the Irving National Bank in New York. Also, it got into the 1915 receipts of the Vice Suppression Society although not received by it until February 7, 1916.

Again, Mr. Sumner, as a professional suppressor, went so far as to "suppress" or suspend or refuse payment to a former official or employe, William R. Rowlands, who brought suit in the New York Supreme Court. This suit it was agreed, should be arbitrated, and it was arbitrated and decision made against Mr. Sumner's Society awarding Mr. Rowlands \$1,000, which the Vice Suppression Society refused to pay, after having entered into the arbitration. It took another law suit, this time in the City Court of New York, to extract that \$1,000 from Mr. Sumner's Vice Suppression Society. It was finally extracted, but it took a law suit, an arbitration and another law suit to do it.

The Dove of Peace did not always hover about Mr. Sum-

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ner's eyrie. We now quote from remarks by Ex-Judge Jas. C. Jenkins, concerning the Vice Suppression Society: "It is my sincere belief that as it has been conducted for some time past there is little hope of its being a public benefit in the future, if indeed it does not further degenerate into a public detriment, reflecting discredit upon the management and causing disappointment to those who have contributed so liberally to its maintenance and continued existence." Ex-Judge Jenkins was one of the arbitrators who unanimously decided against the Society in the Rowlands case.

Mr. C. Clarence Swift, who was for some years Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Suppression of Vice Society, has made some very biting comments on its methods. We quote a few of them: "As former Chairman of the Finance Committee, and as a fellow contributing member of the Society I earnestly protest against sending out these false statements, intentionally so made, in recent appeals to contributing members.

"I challenge Messrs. Tasker and Parsons to show what has been done with the \$2,100 obtained through Mr. Wm. R. Rowlands January 31, 1916, for the permanent fund. Why was the \$2,100 deposited in a little bank to the credit of John S. Sumner, on Long Island, and not given to the proper officer, Wm. R. Rowlands, Financial Agent?

"I ask them to state the number of arrests made by the Society in 1916 or acquittals of those arrested, since January 1, 1916.

"I ask them to state when Mr. John S. Sumner was elect-

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ed Secretary of the Society. Acting Secretary Sumner commenced in December without authority to print his letter-heads with the name J. S. Sumner, Secretary, and to submit statements and letters signed by him as Secretary—not as Acting Secretary, which he was—in an office that should not tolerate false statements or evidence, especially when it is considered that the main business of the office is to give under oath the truth, not falsity, in suppressing vice by sending men to prison.

“Let us have both manly policies and principles. Some love the Society, meaning themselves, for what they try to get out of it in unreasonable salary and otherwise—regardless of the great cause.

“To allow the present false statements in appeals under the same mismanagement will not work out the problems.”

Mr. Swift doesn't mince matters in the communication dated June 10, 1916, from which we have quoted above.

Evidently, judged by contributions, the Suppression of Vice Society is not finding going very easy. Its reports for the years 1915 and 1916 are before us. In 1915 it extracted in contributions from a confiding public for its piffling persecutions, the tidy sum of \$14,840.10, and in 1916, the same public produced only \$9,956.50, for the same purpose. This difference of \$4,883.60 very probably is a mathematical expression of the lack of public confidence in Mr. Sumner's erratic methods. Also we observe in the 1916 report that the Society spent for current expenses sums very largely in excess of its receipts for that purpose and ended the year with

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a bank balance of \$64.16, as against a balance of \$4,855.80 with which it commenced the year. This is about what we would expect from Mr. Sumner's management—large decrease in public support and a vanishing bank balance. It looks as if Mr. Swift's criticisms and Ex-Judge Jenkins' remarks were entirely justified by events.

Billy Sunday, speaking in his tabernacle in New York the other day, said: "New York probably has more saloons, more brothels, more dance halls, more gambling dens, more card players, booze guzzlers, thieves, prostitutes, adulterers, working for the devil every hour of the day and every day of the year, than can be found in any city or town the country over."

And no person who knows anything about New York will question the truth of Billy Sunday's statement. But does Mr. Sumner pay any attention to real vice. Not he! His society is a misnomer. For instance, last February Jim Jam Jems told the story of homewrecking and debauchery by one of New York's most notorious libertines. We gave names, dates and places. We also printed facts showing that one of the most popular cafes of the city was a rendezvous for libertines and adulterers, and rented its rooms above the cafe for immoral purposes. The reader might think that an expose of this kind would result in a raid and prosecution of the guilty culprits by Vice Secretary Sumner; but nothing like that happened. On the contrary, Mr. Sumner caused the arrest of dealers selling Jim Jam Jems upon the ground that calling attention to vicious crimes is in itself a crime

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and that our story pointing out the vice that existed right under his nose was obscene! But he couldn't get away with such damfoolishness in court. Sumner had been jabbing away at our dealers for some time, so we went into court and fought the issue out with him. And the Court of Special Sessions declared our expose proper, legal, and not obscene, and an acquittal resulted.

So after all, Sumner and his Vice Society don't amount to very much and it is only a question of time until it will peter out entirely and Sumner will have to take up some sort of honest work for a living. And then if the Fra is still in existence, which we very much doubt, Editor Shay will have to find someone else to help him in his dirty work.

We're going out into the garden to do a little more digging, not for bait but with the honest intention of coaxing a few vegetables into our store bin for next winter. By the way, digging in the garden is a sure means of girth-control for the fellow who is inclined to be embonpoint. Incidentally we are going to keep an eye on this fellow Sumner and his flights in finance while he operates as the head of a great Society for the Suppression of Vice. We may find a lot of interesting things, and we will probably keep him so busy explaining that he will not find time to "suppress" our publication. We intend to keep right on coming despite Mr. Sumner or any other misguided reformer.

JIM JAM JUNIOR.

JOFFRE AND BALFOUR



JOSEPH Jacques Cesaire Joffre, Marshal of France, a plain man of the people, born without a silver spoon in his mouth, like Caesar of old, "came, saw and conquered" the great American people. There is magnetism in the sturdy old "War Horse," in the "man who stopped them at the Marne" when civilized Democracy was swaying between life and death at the embattled assaults of barbaric Autocracy.

No foreigner ever received such a spontaneous ovation as greeted Joffre, Marshal of France, on Manhattan Island. Over one million Americans paid tribute to our real, natural Ally, personified by plain, blunt, little-talking, but hard-fighting Joffre, on May 9 last, when he landed on almost the exact spot where Lafayette embarked from his visit here in 1824. You can't fool the American people; their instincts

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are right and their inherited memories are tenacious. There is a difference in Allies. Balfour creates about as much enthusiasm as a wooden image on stilts.

And you can account for it, too. "Born in the purple," as they phrase it in England, a scion of the Cecil family, he has about as much real love for real Democracy as the Sultan of Turkey, or Sulu, or Zanzibar, or a Cannibal Island Chieftain. The people know it, sense it, feel it, radiate it. If a referendum could be taken in the United States today, the American people would gratuitously, without wish for return, pour billions of wealth into the lap of France to preserve her freedom—and they would like good collateral for whatever John Bull bears away. That is the fact of the matter.

Balfour before Congress, aided by the personal presence of President Wilson, turns out his rounded periods tipped with taffy. But this concentrated representative of British Aristocracy couldn't get a "hand" before a typical American Audience. Only a few kid-gloved Anglo-maniacs might feebly clap their nerveless hands. But the silent Joffre by his mere presence can make the great, thinking, remembering American public pay real tribute to real Democracy's real representative. There's a difference, and "there's a reason," and it lies deep in the true American heart which beats responsive to history's deep-graven events—events which no taffy-tipped oratory can ever remove.

Exigency, not real sympathy, has allied us with John Bull. But Americans have loved the French with a deep-seated, heart-felt, affectionate gratitude since the days of Lafayette.

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You can't smother the fires of American love for France. And you can't light a flame of love for John Bull in sturdy American hearts. That is the cold, hard truth, and we speak the truth without fear or favor.

There can be no legal distinction between Allies but even the belligerent bonds of a common War interest cannot kindle love for John Bull on the inter-national altar. You can't fan it into blaze.

History's verdicts, deep-cut in American memories, cannot be erased by Balfour's balmy breaths of candied—not candid—high-sounding oratory. Memory forbids it.

When John Bull with his hat in his hand sends in his card on an international visit you can make up your mind that on his departure something of value is going with him unless everything of value is locked and the key lost. That is John's traditional practice. He will lug it off with an air of smug self-satisfied hypocrisy—but he will lug it off. He always has if he could.

Past memories are reliable guide posts for future conduct. When we parted from John Bull in the Revolutionary war he bade us farewell very reluctantly. There was no "God speed you" about it. There was no chivalrous regard for a successful foe. There was a rankling determination to bind anew the riven shackles. Cornwallis surrendered his sword, but John Bull did not surrender his intentions to re-enslave America.

His intentions ripened into attempted execution in the war of 1812 and America had to re-win her once-hard-won free-

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dom. It took two international arbitraments to battle's gage on land and sea to get off John Bull's horns.

In the Great Rebellion when we were wavering on the bloody precipice of national dissolution, John Bull in remembered hate and in greed for King Cotton, did all in his power to push us into the crimson abyss. His "neutrality" weighed into just one scale—the scale of dismemberment. The Geneva awards forced him to disgorge a fraction of his ill-won gains but he did it grudgingly and only at the point of an international judgment. There was nothing spontaneous or graceful about this partial reparation for a series of monstrous misdeeds when we were in a death grapple.

He made one more tentative pass at us in the Venezuelan imbroglio but President Cleveland "called his four-flush" so determinedly that he laid it down face up and abandoned his bluffing tactics.

We turn up these stone tablets of graven History because their gravings are deeply impressed on American memories and because these gravings and their unerasable impressions account for the public coldness toward Balfour and for the blazing public enthusiasm for Joffre.

Sword-cut memories do not quickly heal. Blood-painted pictures do not quickly fade.

We are Great Britain's ally. We are France's ally. But there is a difference as deep as memory and as true as History. The difference of the public's reception between Joffre and Balfour reflects the true public mind. And the decrees of the Court of Public Opinion are based on equity's demands and memory's evidence.

A Remarkable Ex-Congressman



AMID all the yodeling yawps, incident to war times, we note a refreshing exception, the exception being all the more refreshing because the gentleman is an Ex-Congressman who in some inexplicable way escaped the vociferous grandstanding contagion naturally inherent in that assinine aggregation.

He didn't send the President a long telegram full of patriotic slush and gush offering his services "in any capacity where he could be of use", and then rush into print and join the valiant fighters around the club fireside and levy war through his facial orifice. He didn't, like most public men, seek an Officer's Commission knowing no more about practical war than a jibbering rabbit.

He didn't wave an imaginary sword in the circumambi-

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ent air and ask a lot of followers to "rally 'round him" that he might organize some military unit and emerge brandishing an Officer's Commission. If there is any Bay impinging on Detroit's water front, it has not been infected by any of the vociferous and vociferating bacilli infesting Oyster Bay. He didn't put out any Bryanesque bunk about being of use and "contributing to the Y. M. C. A. and the Red Cross".

Edwin Denby, of Detroit, Ex-Congressman, quietly stepped into a recruiting office and enlisted as a Private in the Marine Corps. We can hardly credit the charge that he is an Ex-Congressman; but aside from that, his record is crystal clear. He isn't "all talk and no do". In fact, he didn't talk at all until asked, and then so modestly and sanely that again we say we hesitate to believe that he is an escaped Congressman. But perhaps he only served a short term or obtained an early parole.

When asked, and only when asked, Mr. Denby gave some reasons for his remarkable conduct—reasons so sane and truly patriotic that they entirely outweigh and overbalance his perhaps unmerited misfortune of having been once a Congressman. We quote briefly from Mr. Denby's modest statement given only after insistent inquiry:

"You have asked me to tell you why I enlisted as a private in the Marine Corps. The reasons are many. Only one need be given.

"The country needs men. It needs men badly. The outcome of this war is absolutely uncertain. It is foolish to soothe ourselves with hopes of an early peace. If Russia is

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seduced from her alliance, or her very life threatened by the German armies, and so literally forced to a separate peace, or if the undersea warfare prevails against Great Britain, the United States will stand in the shadow of a terrible disaster.

“The United States must lose no time in making itself ready for a struggle of titanic magnitude. All its great forces may not be needed, but national safety demands that all its great forces should be made ready.

“It is perfectly obvious that the success of the present Government of Germany in this war will make freedom anywhere upon earth impossible. That Government does not keep its word. It breaks its solemn pledges. It is brutal beyond words. Its philosophy is sinister and threatening to civilization. The people of Germany must be freed from the yoke which now oppresses them, and the present German Government must be destroyed before liberty can sing again.

“I profoundly feel that the future of the United States is at stake. Victory or destruction are our only alternatives. Therefore no sacrifice that any man can make—or any woman—is too great at this time. It has been said that the ‘tree of liberty is watered with the blood of patriots.’ It should be said that the ‘tree of liberty is watered with the tears of women’. It is they who suffer, and for myself, never have I been so proud of my wife or so deeply devoted to her as in this moment when she proudly consents that I shall go to serve my country, however and wherever they may call.

“I enlist in the ranks because some must. All cannot begin as officers”.

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Mr. Denby's statement rings true. It carries with it the real, underlying, cogent reasons for our entrance into the greatest war in this World of wars. Ideas as to methods of waging it may differ, but there is no difference as to its cause or as to its finalities. Autocracy must yield or Democracy must be submerged. The two ideals cannot co-exist or coalesce on this planet. When Mr. Denby gets on the firing line, if his bullets hit as true as his words, he will be very effective.

For a man of family, of means, of position, to quietly step into a recruiting office and enlist as a Private, when he could have had a much higher rank for the mere asking, sets a high mark of real patriotism. Mr. Denby don't say "go"; he says "come". And there is a vast difference. Of course, he won't stay a Private always and he should not. But he starts right and he produced a gem when he said: "I enlist in the ranks because some must. All cannot begin as officers".

That is the kind of personal, practical patriotism which has made the American Flag and defeat total strangers.



JEANETTE RANKIN--WOMAN



WE have never met Jeanette Rankin, Congresswoman from our sister state, Montana. We don't know much about her except that she is the first woman to win a seat in the National lawmaking body of America—and what little else we have gleaned in truth from the columns of stuff that have been written about her in the bunk feature pages of the Sunday newspapers. But we do know this—that despite the fact that

Miss Rankin holds a political office and is the Keystone, perhaps, of the arch of feminine lawmakers who will some day support the Constitution of these United States by being able to checkmate the pork-packing male contingent with an equal number of feminine representatives in our national Congress

—we know she is a woman, and we know also that the woman in her is not one whit o'er-shadowed by the fact that she is a political officeholder and ostensibly a representative of that vast contingent of so-called "Suffragists" who prefer ballots to babies.

When America's greatest crisis came—when it became the duty of Congress to uphold President Wilson in his declaration of war against Germany—Jeanette Rankin's name appeared on the roll. It is the first time that a woman has had the responsibility of voting on a nation's crisis. When her name was called Miss Rankin falteringly said: "Oh, I want to stand by my country and by the President, but I cannot—I cannot vote for war."

And then all the editorial writers in the country proceeded to call the Congresswoman a weakling. They criticised her. We watched the editorial criticisms of the Congresswoman and her vote with minute interest. And the press of the country did just what we thought it would do—took the first opportunity to jump on the woman because she was a woman and because she showed every instinct of a womanly woman in doing and saying just what she did when asked to vote on a declaration of war.

Had Jeanette Rankin stood up when her name was called, thumped the desk with her fist, and shouted in a rasping suffragist voice: "I vote Aye, Mr. Speaker," she would have shown the true instincts of a politician and a liar, and the newspapers would have said she was a helluva fellow, a standpatter, and they would have insisted on a monument

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being erected in her honor for standing up like a man. But politics hasn't killed the womanly instinct in Jeanette Rankin, so she stood up like a woman instead. There were tears in her eyes and her voice faltered when she said: "Oh, I cannot vote for war!" For Jeanette Rankin is a woman, and in that never-to-be-forgotten moment her breast heaved and her heart throbbed with the love and sympathy and tenderness of true womanhood. She instinctively knew what war would mean to the wives and daughters and sisters and sweethearts and mothers of men. She was brave with tenderness and daring with love. She knew that criticism must come because of her vote. She knew that woman's cause in the political world would receive a sorry slap from the pandering press and from thoughtless editorial writers. Yet she was true to herself and true to her womanhood. She "stood up" like a woman, and in so doing won the admiration and respect of every manly man in America.

We have always been a bit skeptical about women in politics; but since our first Congresswoman has been on the job much of our skepticism has been dissipated. Jeanette Rankin did just what every red-blooded man wanted her to do. She showed that she was still a woman.

We can prate of equality until doomsday; but we cannot get away from the fact that woman is and must always be the weaker sex. It is for the man to strike and the woman to bear. It is that inherent clinging tenderness and love, instinctive in a woman's heart, that makes the man bare his breast to the bayonet. And it is for that inherent love and

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tenderness in a woman's heart that men battle and die. It is her tender weakness that makes man stand back and brave death with the cry of "Women First" when there is not room enough for all in the lifeboats; and it is that same tender weakness he would shield when he steps forward and says: "We are coming, Father Abraham, a hundred thousand strong!"

Jeanette Rankin did not stand up like a man, but her tears were a sparkling eulogy to the strength of those men who did stand up like men and a benediction to true womanhood, which must bear while manhood strikes.

Thank God for Jeanette Rankin and her strength to show woman's weakness!



No More Montgomery and Stone



THEY buried Dave Montgomery the other day. Little Dave Montgomery—the other end of Montgomery and Stone. While the fun-loving world will see them no more, it will be a long, long time before that rare combination of mirth-provokers will be forgotten. What joyous funmakers they were! Clean-lived, keen punsters and rare thespians in the realm of make-believe, they brought huge waves of laughter and light-heartedness to all who made up their vast audiences.

Dave Montgomery and Fred Stone bumped into each other many long years ago. It was down in St. Joseph, Missouri, that they met—in the days of the traveling circus. They were mere lads, each with a world of hope and ambition, and

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out of this chance meeting sprang a friendship and palship which went along through the drifting years, through troubles, poverty and sickness; through fame, riches and the world's acclaim.

When we refer to Dave Montgomery as "the other end of Montgomery and Stone" we mean just that. For the world knew, and Dave and Fred knew, that Fred was pretty much, the whole show. Dave was more of a stage-setting for his more versatile pal. He was the foil of the team, the lesser and reposeful member whose dun-colored background gave the more brilliant partner the spotlight. Yet little Dave always had a place. Stone would have been a great comedian without him, but it would never have seemed just right. Looking back at the "Wizard of Oz," the Scarecrow without his Tin Woodman—oiled through a funnel set neatly in the top of his head—would be lacking something. It would be as incomplete as Johnson without his Boswell, Shakespeare without "Methinks," or Chaplin without his ridiculous feet.

The gifted team made its way from traveling circuses to medicine shows, from medicine shows to the cheaper comedies and from the cheap comedy stage to comedians de lux, where nightly their names in large electric letters threw their effulgence over Broadway yogis of the flesh and their undulating ladies.

All this time Stone was standing out like the finished and perfect theatrical diamond while Montgomery served as the mounting for the scintillating rays. Most men would have grown sour, resentful and churlish. But not Dave Mont-

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gomery. Fred Stone was his big brother, his pal, and he loved him with the devotion of Pythias unto Damon.

Many times greedy theatrical managers thought they saw a chance to separate them. Stone was worth his weight in gold. Why not offer him more money and let Montgomery go his way? These offers were enthusiastically made and as enthusiastically rejected by Stone. He never took these stories to Montgomery, but the foil knew it and it quickened his sense of appreciation.

In the meantime both were becoming wealthy. They bought theatres, country homes, skyscraping office buildings and valuable bonds. When Stone married, Montgomery was the best man; and when children came to bless the Stone home, it was hard to determine who was the happier—the father or his partner. Dave's spare time was spent romping with them at the country home in the summer months.

Dave was the foil for the children, too—just as he had been for their Daddy. Neighbors saw them frequently on his back as he galloped over the lawn a la "horsie." At other times he was a wheel-barrow and they pushed him about by his feet while he walked on his hands; and at still other times he trotted through the village on the way to the post-office with a make-believe bit in his teeth while the kiddies held the reins and guided him.

"The Wizard of Oz" was probably their greatest triumph. "The Red Mill" was another striking success as was "The Old Town" and "The Lady of the Slipper."

Two years ago they again brought audiences to their feet

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at the close of each act in "Chin Chin." It stayed for more than a year on Broadway and then went on tour. Stone had improved with time and so had Montgomery, but it was not so noticeable with the latter. He brought out the best in his partner without the public knowing it.

After the New York run the show moved on to Chicago. It was here that the task of amusing nightly audiences began to show on Montgomery. He went directly home from the theatre. He remained in bed all day—just up in time to dress and go to his accustomed place.

The ravages of an insidious disease were slowly breaking down a strong physique. His athletic work on the stage—to bring out his partner's comedy—sometimes left him pasty-faced and gasping. Stone saw the change. He took matters into his own hands and forced his partner to go to his bed for a rest, while Stone continued with an understudy for Dave.

When the show left Chicago without Montgomery, he failed rapidly. At times he was in a coma, but at other times he had flashes of consciousness and he went over his lines, and asked for his partner, who had gone up into Canada with "Chin Chin."

Four days before the end there came a haunting conviction to Stone that all was not well with his partner. The company was playing in Montreal. Stone had been unable to sleep for thoughts of Montgomery, who, so far as he actually knew, was recovering in a Chicago hospital.

He wired. The answer came in the middle of the second

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act of the evening performance. He left before the last act was over. He arrived to find Montgomery very low, but conscious at times.

"How's the show? What are you doing here?" were the weak but eager queries put by Montgomery at sight of his pal.

Stone thought the time had come to lie to Dave Montgomery and he did his duty like a man. The show was just waiting for the other half of it, he explained. Audiences simply refused to stand for a Montgomery and Stone show that was only half there. There would be no more productions of "Chin Chin" until Montgomery could appear again.

A wistful, quizzical smile came over Montgomery's face. He knew that "damned partner of his was lying—lying like a gentleman." He raised himself up a few inches on his pillow and his thin hand took the full-fleshed hand of his partner.

"Fred! Fred!" he said, and there was just a tinge of pathos in his voice—enough to make doctors and nurses tiptoe out, tugging suspiciously at their handkerchiefs. "Don't lie to me, partner. You know that you are the whole show and always have been—and will be when my bones are laid away. You've stuck to me because we're pals. Because no love has been greater. Go now, you lyin' rascal, your partner wants to take another one of those wild, fantastical flights into the realms of the unconscious."

"Wait till you get out of bed, I'll fix you, you big lummo," responded The Scarecrow as he tiptoed out into the drab hall-

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way and broke down with a torrent of tears—manly tears, that came from the innermost depths of a broken heart.

It was a lie, however, that turned out to be the truth. Montgomery passed on perhaps to a higher realization of life to wait for his partner. There will be no more performances of "Chin Chin." The company was disbanded at Montreal. Stone says: "No one will ever take his place."

And so it was that a partnership of twenty-two years came to a beautiful end. If the name of Fred Stone ever twinkles again above a theatre entrance it will be as a memorial to the laughmaker who died in Chicago; for there will be no other name to take Montgomery's place.



MEN AND MONEY



IF the United States Government wants to borrow one billion, it can do so easily at three and a half per cent. But, of course, if the Government wants to borrow five billions, or seven billions, it must expect to pay a much higher rate of interest."

This banker's buncombe, above quoted, caught our eye and its cold-blooded cynicism enchained our interest. On the same page the Government's intention to conscript citizens for military duty stared us in the face.

Why this amazing arrogance? Why this captious caviling about interest rates? If this Government can, as it can, and as it will if it wishes, force its citizens into crimson waves of slaughter, can it not if it chooses requisition mere money at what rate it chooses, or at no rate if it chooses? It cannot, it will not, return to their homes resurrected men killed in battle. Must it needs barter too much about money or its

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rate? It may, if it sees fit, take it and spend it as lives are spent, with no return whatever.

Is money more sacred than human life? Governments at war take living, throbbing, loving men, at what price they please, never to return them. Can they not fix their own price upon mere money? Governments at war take what they want, and money owners, when their stores of wealth are requisitioned, will receive what the Governments choose to give.

Farmer Brown or Carpenter Smith with his soul and body must work for practically nothing, with dire death his daily companion. Is there any sacrosanct halo about banker Jones' dollar or the rate at which it shall work?

Citizenship in times of war must give its lives when asked. May not dollars do the same?

We believe in the sacredness of property rights, but we do not believe that there is any greater sacrosanct halo about a dollar than there is about a human life. There should be a dollar draft as well as a man draft.

The most expert statisticians tell us that the total earning power of the inhabitants of the United States is fifty billions a year. If the Government saw fit, it might calmly draft, requisition and conscript one full year's income with no return, instead of borrowing a paltry seven billions.

Sometimes it clarifies a situation to look its possible eventualities squarely in the eye. And this is one of those times.

This Government is going to obtain whatever of its citizens' money it needs for war purposes, and interest rates, if

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need arises, will be a very negligible proposition. It might become so negligible in fact that it would be entirely eliminated from the problem.

You can't draw a magic circle of sacredness about money in war times and cavil with a War Government about terms of interest. The Government might issue a dollar draft against idle hoards if it saw fit, not only without interest, but without return of principal sum.

None of us, and bankers least of all, can be too altitudinously arrogant with the Government when we are in the throes of armed conflict.

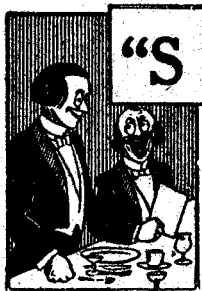
If flesh and bone and human blood are to be hurled into the maelstrom of war, it strikes us that the necessary dollars may take their sordid chances.

We don't say that bankers are not patriotic. We believe they are. But they might just as well realize that their monetary commodity in the presence of war is like all others—subject to draft on the Government's own terms. And those might be very simple; they might be just three words: "Stand and deliver".

So if we were going to venture to advise a body, usually very prolific in advice itself, by the way, we should advise the bankers to quietly apportion among themselves the Government's need for war funds and at whatever rate the Government chooses to pay. Worse might befall them.

For when human lives are to be thrown to the Dogs of War is no time to prate or barter or cavil or dictate about dollars. There is no halo of sanctity about them.

A VIRGINIA TRAGEDY



SOUTHERN hospitality" has received another sorry blow in the Vawter tragedy. And the great, big, chivalrous Southern gentleman—whom tradition sends about with a gun in one hand and his hat in the other while he bows before woman's chastity and shoots to protect it—has proved to be the villain in this tragedy, while the heroics fall to a pale and trembling little professor with heavy convex glasses and twitching hands. The eternal unfitness of things is strikingly prevalent throughout the story.

At Blacksburg, in the Old Dominion State of Virginia, famous for its beautiful women and chivalrous men, dwelt Charles E. Vawter, Professor of Physics at the Virginia Poly-

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technic Institute, with his beautiful wife and two children: Stockton Heth, Jr., became the house dog in this idyllic family—but he wasn't "house broke."

Smooth, sleek, attractive and cunning, Heth had discovered the weakness of the Vawters—an overwhelming fondness for whiskey. It took but little of the joyous juice of the corn to submerge the mentality of Professor Vawter, and a drink or two transformed Mrs. Vawter from a faithful wife into a faithless courtesan. With or without whiskey, Heth was a traitorous friend and a violator of the home's sanctity. It was an old role, but Heth played it long and skilfully. When he visited the Vawters, as he frequently did, he carried plenty of whiskey into the home. Professor Vawter believed in his friend—and liked his whiskey. Mrs. Vawter liked the whiskey and loved the friend. Here in the classic shades of learning in the Old Dominion was staged the familiar "triangle situation" dear to fictionists. And it ran true to form on fact's fateful track.

On the tragic night Professor Vawter's fuddled senses cleared. He traced in memory's trail the sordid panorama of his violated hearthstone. He could, as he lay solitary in his bed from which his wife was absent, see through all the twists and turnings the sinuous track of the beguiling serpent—Stockton Heth, Jr. His manhood 'roused, he fronted his home's violator—under his own roof tree, too—and shot him.

As Heth fell, mortally wounded and knowing it, one last spark of manhood flamed and he exclaimed: "I alone am to

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blame!" And over his dying body, Mrs. Vawter, true to woman's sacrificial instinct, cried: "No, it is all my fault!"

No fictional imaginings, no motion pictures' plot, could surpass this midnight scene in the Professor's home at Blackburg, Va. The dying violator shouldered the blame. The faithless wife sought the burden.

But manhood's chivalrous instincts once aroused in Vawter's breast, he was all man. To his faithless wife, the incarnation of feminine falsity, he said: "Now I have vindicated my family's honor and I will go on trial with my lips sealed and go to the electric chair before I will besmirch your good name."

But, freed from whiskey's befuddlement and from the hypnotic influence of Heth, Mrs. Vawter's innate sense of womanly truth resumed its sway. "No, I have wronged you once," she said, "and I will never consent to let you suffer further for me. I will go on the stand and tell everything to clear you." And she did.

Under the sanctity of an oath, in a court room crowded with friends of a lifetime, before a gaping jury, before a table full of reporters with pencils sharpened for avid press sensationalism, the little woman told the truth. She told how Heth had dogged her footsteps in and out of her home, how he had plied her with liquor's fire, how he had offered her a pearl necklace, how he had sent her his automobile for her own use—and how she finally fell a victim to his hellish designs. She set down "naught in malice." She offered no excuse for her conduct. She simply told in plain, unvarn-

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ished, unveneered language the o'ertrue tale of her descent into the pit of Heth's digging. Adulation, liquor, jewels, automobiles, flattery had lured from virtue's decorous path this little woman, perhaps weary of her drab-hued life as the wife of a poor professor. Her tale rang true—true to the ears of her hearers and true to womanhood's poignant regret at downfall, and her resolve to reform.

The truth will out! Torn with the shame of her misdeeds, blaming herself for the deserved death of her paramour, her heart bleeding at the loss of the love and respect of her husband, almost crazed at the disgrace thrust upon her young daughter, with every incentive to boldly and brazenly lie her way out of her dilemma, Mrs. Vawter told the truth.

A repentant Magdalene will move a heart of stone. She has suffered much and much may be forgiven her. Professor Vawter has been acquitted by a Virginia jury. Stockton Heth, Jr., has passed beyond human juries, beyond human help or harm, as deep-dyed a traitor to friendship as ever crossed the dark river.

All the actors in this tragedy are accounted for but one. And that one, while inanimate, played the greatest part—whiskey. It is a colossal question. We are not so certain of its easy solution as are some of our Prohibition friends or some of our Regulatory friends. But it was the moving cause of Vawter's blinded befuddlement, of Heth's inflamed pursuit and of Mrs. Vawter's surrender. That fact stands out clear.

EFFERVESCENCE AND ENLISTMENT



WHILE there isn't any doubt that Europe sold Uncle Sam a second-hand war much worse for wear, and while there isn't any doubt that President Wilson didn't want it—now that we have it there is also no doubt that with the transfusion of America's fighting blood, the building and sustaining power of American food and the purchasing power of American dollars, Uncle Sam will be able to save the day and bring about a lasting peace with what came very near being a lost cause.

For nearly three years the North Atlantic Seaboard States fairly seethed with jingoists who clamored for war. Cartoonists, head-line artists, editorial enthusiasts, the great pandering press and banquet orators, vied with each other in

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bellicose bellowings. As Wall Street's commissions decreased, its patriotism increased. Munition makers mumbled in their sleep about "crimson tides"—the tides that bore on their crests more profits to bursting bank balances. Steel magnates and powder purveyors kept up a display of pyrotechnic "patriotism" in scenting fat contracts. The East clamored for war. The West didn't want it. The East loudly condemned President Wilson's peace policy. The November election was a terrible disappointment to Wall Street. The West was damned roundly for its stolid and sane support of Wilson, because "he kept us out of war".

The West was "not patriotic". It was "pusilanimously pacific". Its sons had no red blood; all the red blood of righteous courage was riotously coursing through the bursting arteries of the denizens of the North Atlantic seaboard.

Oodles of Paul Reveres vaulted into high-powered motor cars, fearlessly charged up and down concrete roads and thundered out the "call to arms"—which were awaiting their embraces at femininely fortified road houses. Thousands of emasculated mannikins who wouldn't know a gun from a griddle desperately armed themselves with wrist watches, filled themselves with the juice of the corn in high-ball doses—and wildly charged in tangoes' whirls. Orotund orators, sizzling with soup, bursting with food, distended with ruby wine, afflicted with convex curvature of the peritoneum, volubly turned the cranks of oratorical machine guns and fired thousands of verbose and verbal shrieking shots—safely ensconced behind a barricade of white naperly and cut

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glass. Fair and frail femininity luxuriously gowned, magnificently coiffeured and hatted, daintily booted, with desperate courage mounted into limousines, foregathered at expensive luncheons, puffed cigarettes, sipped cocktails, passed patriotic resolutions—and went home to take a nap and fortify exhausted nature. These belligerent bouts have been a terrific strain—on digestion and purses.

But when the inevitable happened—when Germany went mad and deliberately forced President Wilson to defend America's rights and liberties—the Eastern thunder rolled away and the insincerity of greedy "patriotism" showed through the cheap plating. But what about the West?

When it came to enlisting and not effervescently enthusing, it was different. The West believes in President Wilson now just as it did last November. And it is standing by him now just as it did then. Statistics stare us in the face, so let's face the figures. Any day's figures will do. Take May first for instance. On this day, New York with over ten million population proudly and patriotically presented one hundred and sixty-one army recruits. But the "pusilanimously pacific" West on that day did a little real business. Uncle Sam's army on that May day recruited three hundred and ninety from Illinois, two hundred and ninety-two from Indiana and one hundred and seventeen from Nebraska. Those three "pacific" Western States, with a combined population less than New York's, put into military harness seven hundred and ninety-nine against New York's one hundred and sixty-one—about a five to one ratio against the bellicose bel-

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lowers. Using that same index date Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Maine, Vermont and Delaware all combined poured out a patriotic squad of eighty-two recruits as against Nebraska's one hundred and seventeen. Mathematically expressed, a population six times as numerous produced thirty-five less soldiers. Other days and other State figures show practically the same ratio.

But let's go a little farther west and see what happened. Take Minnesota, the two Dakotas and Montana. Little towns and hamlets in these states produced for enlistment as high as ten per cent. of their entire populations. Towns of two and three hundred sent as many as a score of their young men and the West came through with about a hundred to one enlistment over the East when population figures are considered.

The West didn't clamor for war. We were pacifists out here. The West didn't do any talking before or after. But when the time came to act—the West was there with the goods and the East continued to talk.

Washington can't provide sleeping quarters nor food for the crowds of enthusiastic lobbyists protesting against war taxation in the morning, hunting fat contracts in the afternoons and hunting God knows what at night time.

When it comes to conferences, commissions, contracts, log-rolling, "pork-packing", "fat-frying", tax-protesting, preaching, orating, advising and bellicosely and belligerently firing round shots of superheated hot air from "smooth bore" facial orifices, the valorous, valiant, fire-eating, bloody-bones-

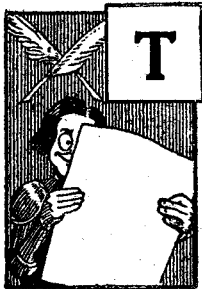
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gnawing North Atlantic Seaboard States are right at the fore front of the first firing line! But enlistments are distinctly different!

We don't say that the citizens of the North Atlantic seaboard are not patriotic. But we do say that their enlistments are pitifully piffling compared with their vociferous bellicose war propaganda.



TY COBB'S YELLOW STREAK



HE baseball season is upon us again with its wealth of disgusting details. For some time Jim Jam Jems has contended that the game needed a purging dose of a strong deodorant, for as it stands it is rapidly becoming a National Disgrace.

From the peerless Jawn G. McGraw, whose foul-mouthed epithets have shocked ladies in the grand stand from St. Louis to Gotham, up to the moneybags who control the national pastime, there has been such an ignoble disregard for the public—which has made the game what it is today—that it is nothing short of marvelous that the game has prospered as it has. It is perhaps only because there is no other sport that excels it in public favor and because it is universally known in detail.

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Tobacco chewing roysterers ogle any girl or woman who happens to come into their presence on the street, and it is looked upon as one of the chief amusements by these bands of migratory athletes, who have a sweetheart in every city. There are women, whose occupation is the oldest in the world, who make a profession of pandering to them.

Jerked from the plows in most instances, these embryo ballplayers secure a bush-league haircut, trick changeable silk vests and celluloid collars with their first regular salary and become gosh darned "city slickers."

Mistake not that Jim Jam Jems realizes there are many worthy men who are playing professional baseball; but most of these use it as a stepping stone to something better. The majority wind up using their professional success as lodestones to draw "barflies" to their saloons or billiard parlors.

The newspapers give the profession of baseball millions of dollars worth of advertising every year for which the sum total of expenditure is a few season passes. The public pays a high price to see the games which are sometimes as interesting as a bowl of goldfish—and what do the players themselves and the men who control the clubs give the public? Nothing! The game is supported by red-blooded Americans and the interest on this investment is WIND.

The 1917 season had not yet gotten under way before there was a disgraceful piece of barbarism enacted by the man who has been crowned as King of the Diamond. His name is Tyrus Raymond Cobb, of the Detroit club, who hails from Georgia, where men are chivalrous and where fair-play is

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supposed to be a living, breathing, palpitating thing, despite the travesty of justice in the Leo Frank case. Cobb is not only a disgrace to his state but to the game that has made him a fortune and to the public, who, in their innocence have applauded.

Cobb has a Yellow Streak as wide as the State of Texas, where this disgraceful action took place. He was playing before a crowd of fans in a small Texas city. Charles Herzog, a true sportsman, was playing with the New York Giants, who had coupled up with the Detroit team for exhibition purposes.

In baseball men are supposed to give and take. In the heat of the game men sometimes say things that they are sorry for, but after the last ball has been pitched, if they are true sportsmen, they shake hands with a smile and forgive and forget. That is the athletic spirit that prevails among true athletes.

But not so with Cobb. He had said many things to Herzog during the game and Herzog had retaliated in kind—but not with malice. There came a point in the game where Cobb was attempting to steal second base which was covered by Herzog. He has always been rough in sliding into bases and many men have been hurt by him by the long, steel spikes which ballplayers wear on their shoes to aid them in running.

Cobb's were well sharpened. He was going after Herzog. He raced toward him. Herzog was looking for the ball to be thrown to him and was standing in his place. Cobb, run-

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ning like a streak of greased lightning, waited until he got within jumping distance of the New York player. Then he jumped, feet first.

There was a flash of steel spikes in the sunlight. Herzog did not see them for he was watching the ball. Suddenly there was a crash, and the long spikes tore into Herzog's side, sending him writhing, bleeding and half unconscious onto the ground.

Cobb smiled leeringly. He dusted himself off and left his professional brother writhing there. He had accomplished his purpose. His dirty work was done—like that of the villain in the cheap melodrama. They carried the wounded Herzog off the field and medical attention was called.

Berated by honest, God-fearing athletes—a few of whom are still left, fortunately—Cobb was insolent and unyielding. He admitted that he did it and he was glad that he did.

When Herzog recovered he went to Cobb's room in the hotel. Although physically much weaker than Cobb and much smaller in stature, he tore into the diamond coward. Even then he was worsted, for the brute is still dominant in Cobb. But Herzog showed his mettle. He didn't take his man by foul means. He went up to him, told him he was going to try to lick him and then sailed in. He didn't sneak up behind him in the dark and jab a knife into his back—which was in effect what Cobb did.

Friends endeavored to prevail upon Cobb to do the only decent thing left—apologize to Herzog like a man. But in his truly Southern chivalrous style he stubbornly refused.

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This is not the first time that Cobb has shown that the only difference between himself and his ancestors is that he is able to "stand up and walk like a man." He has jumped over railings and struck innocent spectators, who were merely exercising their privilege and the "unwritten law" of howling at the opposing players. That is a part of the game, and the player who loses his temper on account of it is a menace to the game and dangerous to be at large.

These glaring examples are not the only disgraceful actions that are taking place on the ball fields. There are many players almost as bad as Cobb—but not quite.

Baseball is thoroughly American. Jim Jam Junior is an ardent fan, but because we want to see the game handed down to our future generations as it has come to us we must fight against its decay.

Just now it is on the skids to oblivion. Only one thing can save it—and that is General Decency. It needs cleaner men, not only in the managerial and ownership ends, but among the players. Until these defects are remedied the baseball-loving public is going to bestow a steadily decreasing patronage.

THE CZAR'S CATAclysm



A PRISONER in his native land where he was once the sole autocratic over-lord, with certain punishment and possible execution grimly confronting his twitching face, with visions of vanished grandeur and with ghosts of hundreds of thousands of simple subjects foully murdered haunting his sleepless nights, Nicholas Romanoff, formerly earth's mightiest monarch, dwells in torture's realm—where he belongs. If it is possible for God's forgiveness to halt at mountainous human misdeeds it will halt at Nicholas Romanoff's monstrosities.

The pages of History would wither with heat if they bore the full crimes of the Romanoff dynasty. Impulsive, merciless, punitive, erratic, random, autocratic, torturing, omniscient, ruthless—all these qualities are Nicholas Romanoff's and their initial letters spell the old Roman designation of Emperor, I-M-P-E-R-A-T-O-R. For the first time in the history of this world, the Jews in Russia—six millions of them—will have full political and social rights. A white milestone

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of real human progress here rears its head heavenward on the footworn pathway of history. The abdication of this anomalous autocrat permits Jewish effort in Russia, for the first time, to freely mingle with the world's currents of life. Education, family life, industrial opportunity, for the first time unrestricted, appear athwart their blood-stained horizon. It closes an era and opens an epoch. The elimination from government of this petty human atom releases the flood gates of aspiration of the most bloodily persecuted race in human history—Russian Jews.

In 1894, at the age of twenty-seven, the nerveless hand of this petty personality grasped the Russian scepter. Consider—calmly and thoughtfully consider—the astounding opportunities of this flotsam and jetsam of human protoplasm. In all human history no human outlook, absolutely unrestrained, ever surveyed such vastnesses of lives and land. He was the absolute arbiter of the lives and destinies of 170,000,000 human beings. In power he was literally their "Little Father." He was the absolute lord of 8,700,000 square miles of land. His personal possessions in addition totaled 1,000,000 square miles (not acres, notice, square miles) of cultivated lands and merchantable forests, highly productive gold mines and a vast store of hoarded gold bullion. All dreams of opportunity, power and wealth melt into mist compared to the amazing actualities grasped by this child of destiny. Fiction in its most ambitious flights never compassed a tithe of such realities. The most highly trained imagination retreats appalled before such avalanches of ac-

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tualities. Absolute sovereignty of the greatest unbroken stretch of Empire and the largest personal possessions in this whirling world both centered upon this degenerate scion of the ruling, yet really retrogressive, Romanoff race. He had, in its finest flower and fruitage, human opportunity raised to its zenith, and actually approaching human conceptions of infinity. He had to deal with a loyal, industrious, simple, faithful, childlike and confiding people. To them he was the visible embodiment of God. He was their fetich, the object of their adoration and their conception of Divine Providence. No human hand has ever before, or will ever again, hold within its single palm so many million human destinies. No human brain has ever before, or will ever again, hold within its convolutions the possibilities of evolving such huge benefits for humanity.

To catalogue the monumental misdeeds of commission and omission of this human receptacle of Earth's vastest opportunities would fill volumes. Volumes are filled with them. Oppression instead of fairness, extortionate taxation instead of moderation, political oppression instead of freedom, press censorship instead of free expression, ignorance instead of education, bureaucratic bungling instead of intelligent administration, lavish extravagance instead of ordinary economy, subservience to priestcraft, bloody persecutions, a bone-whitened roadway to Siberian exile, prisons bursting with tortured political prisoners, darkened mines filled with these shackled political prisoners, gaunt starvation instead of peaceful plenty—these are a few of the black

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monuments of misrule which mark the pathway of the human caricature who might have been Earth's greatest benefactor. One—just one—ray of sunlight pierces the dark gloom of this Romanoff rule, and that is the abolition of vodka.

The period of time from the coronation of Nicholas Romanoff, Czar of Russia, to his abdication marks off in Czardom the blackest deeds contrasted with the whitest opportunities in human history. The gates of opportunity never swung so wide to a human molecule and they were never before so ruthlessly crushed close to a hermetical closure. Opportunity didn't knock; she fairly battered daily and hourly at the gates of Nicholas Romanoff at Tsarskoe-Selo Palace. Autocratically, he repulsed her fairest offering. He pleased neither radicals, reactionaries, bureaucrats, generals, soldiers, merchants, manufacturers, peasants, Jews, nor priests. Vacillating where he should have been strong, stubborn where he should have been yielding, he had an almost uncanny facility for sowing seeds of disrupting discord in the fairest field of opportunity ever opened to human vision.

There could be but one ending. It came amid failure, abdication and flight. Compressed into his twenty-three years of absolutely autocratic rule rest the greatest mass of miserable misdeeds in earthly annals. When history records the real life of Nicholas Romanoff, it must dip its pen, black with the blackest misdeeds, in the deepest wells of crimson human blood and deface the whitest pages of fairest opportunity.

JUST FATHER



WE WANT to say a few words about father—not “sob stuff,” just rock-bottom facts. We mean that plain, old-fashioned, home-loving variety. “None others need apply.”

It was one of those magnificent, sunshiny, spring days in Chicago. We had lunch in a glittering Michigan Avenue hostelry—no, no booze, just plain lunch. We had paid for it, too—maybe another “two.” Anyway it was enough, both the

lunch and the bill.

Fashion's tide was at its flood, its highest flood. Up and down the boulevard on their cushions of air rolled literally thousands of purring motor cars. They were late models, too. Inside them were seated fashionably arrayed women and gaily dressed children, all in the latest mode. Except for

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chauffeurs, men were very scarce in this dress parade. Where was father? Busily at work in some mart of trade producing the wherewithal to support all this rolling luxury. Why was he toiling so industriously to provide all these unnecessary frills to life? Because his wife and children desired them and he loved his wife and children. Just plain, old-fashioned, fatherly love is the answer.

Then we strolled, or rather we were hustled, up and down State Street and its environs. Store after store, block after block, were filled with luxuries. Tapestries and rugs from the Orient, laces, jewels, gems, fans, embroideries, gowns, slippers, furs, lingerie, hats, coats, paintings, statuaries, bronzes, "robes et manteaux," blazed upon our bucolic vision. The whole world and the ends thereof, even in war times, had been ransacked for women's pleasure and adornment. Father from the depth of fatherlove laid all these trophies at the feet of his womankind.

Then we got reckless. We hailed a taxi and went up the North Shore Drive. Mile after mile of perfect roadway lined with mansions ribboned out ahead of us. Home after home, filled with every necessity, every convenience, every luxury, awaited our observation. Who provided all this? Father, out of his boundless love for his loved ones.

We turned and went down the South Shore. We passed miles of apartment houses filled with family life. We passed the Chicago University with all its huge endowments and the latest educational equipments. All these erected and

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maintained by whom and for whom? Built and run by Father for his loved ones.

Then we, or rather the money-eating taxi with us in it, retraced our path, crossed the river and cruised on the teeming West Side. It wasn't so magnificent, but on the whole it was pretty comfortable. There was lots of it, all built and run by Father, built as best he could and equipped and run as best he could for those he loved.

Then we thought of the millions of homes in other American cities, towns, hamlets and farms, all housing families, all built and run by Father.

It occurred to us that in the bouquet-throwing, poor, plain, practical Father had been omitted. Really it seems to us he is quite some cog—perhaps even a mainspring—in this complex mechanism of civilization. His features aren't fine. As a rule his hair is largely noticeable by its absence. He may be several years—in the country maybe several decades—behind the current style in dress. But his family is quite usually up to the minute. There is one thing about Father that is quite current—his “long green.” He must produce it, he does produce it. He has no alternative. But if he had an alternative he wouldn't choose it. On the whole, despite all his woes, Father rather likes his job. He is used to it. He is accustomed to the feel of the collar around his neck and he has grown accustomed to the tug of the load he pulls.

But Father does more than attend to the present. He looks ahead. He provides for the future and he does it on

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a colossal scale. In the last year for which complete figures were obtainable Father paid eight hundred seventy-eight million dollars in life insurance premiums. Father's beneficiaries received six hundred twelve million dollars as a result of his ante-mortem thoughtfulness. Father is paying premiums on thirty-one billions of life insurance.

Father—just that plain, plodding, practical, unromantic, bread-and-butter Father—projects himself into the future. He is going to do his duty while he is here. He is going to have his duty done for him when he has joined the "great majority." He pulls the load while living and he provides the wherewithal to pull it after he is gone.

Perhaps we are too practical, but, after all, this is a practical world on which we are whirling. So it seems to us that without fuss or feathers, or glint or glamour, with little profession but with huge performance, often with more thrusts than thanks, Father plods along his prosaic, practical, pathway and does his best to ease the road of life for his loved ones. We own up we like Father. We like what he does when he is here, and as a practical, post mortem philanthropist we claim the American Father has no peer.

So as we said in the beginning:

We would like to say a word or two for Father; we would like to make a note on dear old Dad: It will save you quite a lot of fuss and bother if you'll listen like a man to it, my lad. Father isn't always very stylish—fashions do not always match with grit; his clothes may hang in wrinkles and his eyes forget their twinkles, but he has a brain that is a

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perfect fit. Father's hair is thinning on the top, son; Father's fringe is gleaming rather grey; but his bankbook isn't bald and your old Pop, son, has quite a few long greens he's put away. Father isn't dippy on the fox-trot—they'll tell you he is foxy down on 'Change; but he pays the bills and sees the good old "rocks" trot—the money always gets old Daddy's range. Father may be ignorant of pictures, Father may not know a Queen Anne chair, and he never was a bug on an oriental rug—but he pays for all the stuff—so don't you care. He isn't strong on liter'ature or poetry (Father thinks this rough stuff rather fine); but he knows a grade of wheat and you'll never find a cheat who can peddle dear old Dad a salted mine. But it isn't always lively fun for Father, as he plods along his bimetallic course; he thinks often of himself as he garners up the pelf as an old and somewhat overburdened horse. But he settles down and struggles in his collar—which never is the latest sort of mode; and he's sticking by the job without whine or wince or throb; and he never lets you know he feels the goad. There is one day that we always think of Father—the first of every month we come on deck; and we watch him with a thrill as he overlooks the bill and puts his name upon the meaty check.

WHEN THE SCREENS ARE DRAWN



IN the crowded wards of public hospitals when the Angel of Death hovers over a cot, screens are drawn about. Even there some semblance of privacy is sought for the solemn passing of a human soul.

So it was with Mrs. John W. Springer, at Blackwell's Island, New York. Two wrecked households, two murdered men, and one man immured in a penitentiary for life, briefly tell the story of this once petted child of fortune. Pauperized and friendless she died. "Though the mills of the gods grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small," and between the millstones of lust and dissipation, the life of this poor creature was ground out. But she voluntarily placed herself between their grinding surfaces.

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Consider her true story. Of gentle birth, with radiant beauty and with brilliant mind, she was wooed and won by J. E. Folk, of St. Louis. But misery, not happiness, resulted. Furies gathered about that hearthstone. The union was nominal only; there was something lacking in this fair woman. She could kindle passion's flame but it soon flickered, faded and left but barren ashes on the marriage altar. The knife of divorce severed bonds which galled only and did not unite.

Again her charm attracted. Again she threw around a man her witchery's wiles. Again her plighted troth was given. Again she set sail upon matrimony's sea with every possible augury for a fair voyage. She married John W. Springer, of Denver, a man of wealth and position who had been won by her undoubted charms. She dazzled, charmed, attracted. Society opened wide its arms to her, not only in American cities, but in capitals of Europe. Her person, her gowns, her jewels, her beauty were subjects of description in the press of both hemispheres.

But she was not a faithful wife. Below her strings of pearls and beneath her jeweled bodice beat the heart of a courtesan. The dimpled arms of prattling babes, the pressure of their dewy lips, the adoration of a fond husband and the calm joys of luxurious domesticity had for her no charms. She was a stormy petrel. She loved not wisely but too indiscriminately.

Disputes over her favors and her love letters resulted in a double murder. Her lover, Frank H. Henwood, shot and

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killed George E. Copeland and Lewis Von Phul. He paid for his rash devotion to this spoiled beauty with a life sentence in the penitentiary.

Even the blind devotion of a fond husband could not brook these public affronts. Another divorce followed; a generous settlement was made, and Mrs. Springer was again free.

But she had violated high society's chief tenet. She had been caught, detected, branded in her amours. Ostracism resulted. Amid scenes where once she had reigned suprême the cold shoulders of disdain were shrugged against her. She was no different than before, but the veil of concealment had been peeled from her fair face.

She permitted herself, stung by ostracism, to sink lower and lower in her vain effort to forget her sorry past, her squandered charms and the loss of all a woman holds dear. Money gone, friends flown, beauty marred, the poor woman disappeared from the social horizon. How those years were really passed no one but she knew, and her lips were sealed.

Finally came the end—the inevitable end. Forsaken, friendless, pauperized, diseased unto death, she breathed her last in a Public Hospital with the screens of death drawn about the wreckage of her wasted beauty.

Why have we told this tale? Because it represents a type, and because we hope it may catch the eye of some woman, well wed, trembling on the brink of marital infidelity. Quaffing deep draughts of adulation's wine, coyly toying with passion's spell, many such a woman has fallen. From adulation to ostracism, from affluence to pauperism, from flat-

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tering friends to friendlessness—are but a short distance, the first step once taken. Beware that first step. Consider—calmly consider—Mrs. Springer's pitiful ending. Her history tells more than volumes or thousands of sermons. It is a true moving picture of a woman's downfall, ending, not upon screens, but upon a friendless, pauperized deathbed, with screens set about her cot of pain. The tale is as true as Gospel and the end as certain as fate—a fate filled to the brim and running over with vain regrets for "what might have been."



BOOZE BUBBLES



We are not engaged in booming the booze business—far from it. But we are engaged in telling the truth as we find it without fear or favor and without regard to whose tender corns are trodden upon in the process.

We have read an immense mass of hysterical distorted and incorrect statistics as to the wastage of grain in the production of distilled spirituous liquors. The cause of true temperance has enough good arguments in telling the truth. And there is such a thing as temperance in argument as well as in other things.

The report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue for 1916 is based upon actual facts resulting from governmental collections and the facts appear to be as follows: Wheat 3,873,000 bushels from production of 607,557,000 bushels;

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barley used: 4,480 bushels from production of 183,536,000 bushels; oats used: 9,807 bushels from production of 1,129,182,000 bushels; rye used: 3,116,612 bushels from production of 41,884,000 bushels; corn used: 32,069,542 bushels from production of 2,717,932,000 bushels; or a total usage of 39,080,000 bushels from a total production of 4,680,091,000. But from this must be deducted 8,000,000, bushels used for denatured alcohol, 7,000,000, bushels for alcohol exported and 5,000,000 bushels for alcohol commercially used in extracts, perfumery, chemicals, medicines, etc. This leaves practically 19,000,000 bushels of grain used for distilled spirituous liquors as a beverage. How much of this mash was returned into use as stock food is uncertain precisely, but certainly one-fourth, possibly much more. We therefore get a net consumption of about 15,000,000 bushels, and from it, Uncle Sam rang up on his cash register for 1916, a revenue of \$102,000,000 in round figures.

The actual facts are vastly variant from some wild statements on the subject we have read.

We produce the facts so that our interested readers may form their own conclusions on a very large question of very present vital moment. We believe in temperance all around and particularly in temperance arguments, which are strong enough without fracturing the truth—which always will appear, sooner or later, anyway—even in hysterical war times.

Whether this grain could or could not be used to better advantage is a question each one can settle for himself. We do not set ourselves up as a ready solutionist of so grave a

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matter. But when we see a vast column of "bunk" being erected by either side of a great controversy, we like to do our bit by shooting the cold shot of fact and truth into it—which can harm no one. In peace or at war, under prohibition, local option or high license, the searchlight of truth and fact is highly important and that is what we stand for, in spite of booze producers or temperance propagandists, both of whom had best rest their cause on the firm foundation of truth if they want an enduring superstructure. That is the way it strikes us.



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