



11-1917

Jim Jam Jems: November 1917

Sam H. Clark

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

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

Recommended Citation

Sam H. Clark. "Jim Jam Jems: November 1917" (1917). *North Dakota Politics - Publications*. 118.
<https://commons.und.edu/nd-politics-publications/118>

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

Jim Jam Jems

BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

NOVEMBER
1917.

I WISH I COULD
GET THIS FELLER
CLEANED UP, ONCE!



A VOLLEY of TRUTH



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

Copyright, 1917, by Clark & Crockard

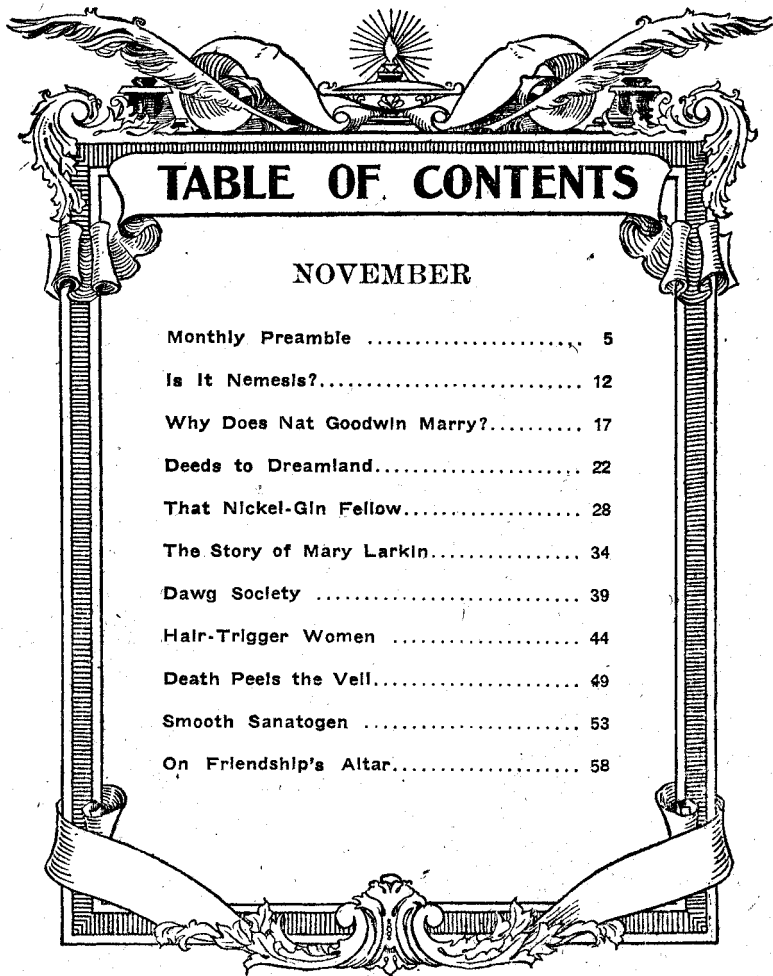
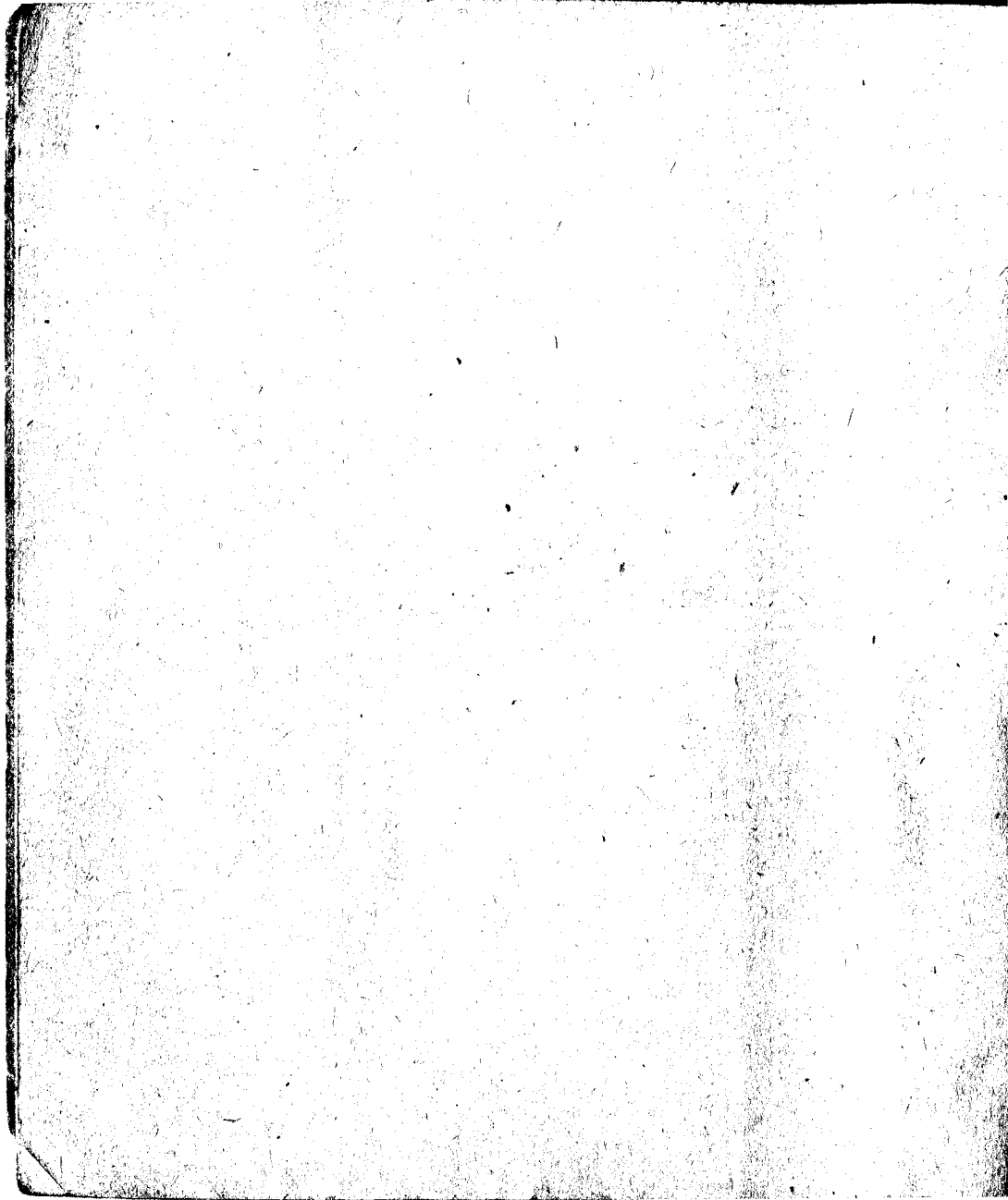
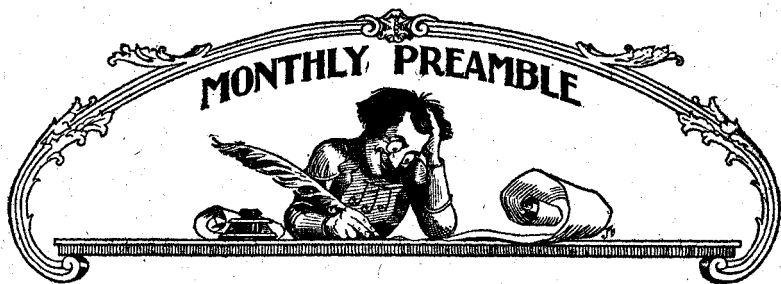


TABLE OF CONTENTS

NOVEMBER

Monthly Preamble	5
Is It Nemesis?.....	12
Why Does Nat Goodwin Marry?.....	17
Deeds to Dreamland.....	22
That Nickel-Gin Fellow.....	28
The Story of Mary Larkin.....	34
Dawg Society	39
Hair-Trigger Women	44
Death Peels the Vell.....	49
Smooth Sanatogen	53
On Friendship's Altar.....	58





THIS is the season of autumn leaves, of memories, of turkey and cranberry sauce. It is the thirty-day span 'twixt summer and winter, the convalescent month of nature. It is getting too chilly for the fair sex to longer enjoy their furs, so they tuck the skunk and the fox and the mole in their holes and sally forth in low-necked slippers and high-necked skirts to flirt with influenza, pneumonia, lagrippe and other well known cold weather bugs, while dad sheds his BVD's and slips into his sheep-lined underwear just in time to spread B. S. on the front lawn and pay the anthracite bills.

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

The harvest is over. The note at the bank has been extended. The garnered grains have piled up and paid the farmer his recompense. The Hallowe'en and Thanksgiving season of festival, fun and feast are upon us. Some of us are going home to partake of mother's cooking and hear dad say grace just once more. We'll take a stroll about the village where our careless childhood strayed and note the few changes that time has wrought. There in front of the court house square we will see the Squire's yellow dog lying in the dead grass between decaying water-melon rinds; we will see the delivery boy with the roan hoss drive up and whistle his way to the back door with the kerosene and butter in the same hand; we will see the village doctor stop at the town well, send the bucket down into the depths and as he holds back his beard with one hand and steadies the moss-covered bucket with the other, he drinks long and deep from the slimy brim of that nectar so sweet to the heart of those fellows who put over the bone-dry stuff and relegated the bungstarter to the attic with the bootjack and spinning-wheel. And as the old Doc smacks his lips we wonder why he doesn't drop dead with that mixture of whisker, slimy bucket-brim and well-water microbes that the highbrows in his profession insist lurk in all these places. We will see the old school-house up the street with its barren two acres of fertile memories; we pass the old banquet-hall over the livery-stable where we attended the harvest dance years ago with the Judge's daughter. She was beautiful as Anne Boleyn and had the majestic carriage of a Juno. But she traded her beauty

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

for culinary skill and got her money's worth when she married Bill Skaggs, the butcher's boy. There isn't much change in the old town after all. The boy who graduated when he was sixteen and won fame is driving a delivery wagon for the "Family Grocery," while the kid who played truant and went fishing on Sunday and turpented the preacher's dog and tied two cats by their tails and hung them over a clothesline and did everything that tried men's souls in his youth is president of the First National Bank, President of the School Board, President of the Village Council and Deacon of the Presbyterian Church. In like ways Fate has played her hand with weird but exacting system, and the old town has furnished the stories of the rise and fall of all who stayed. There is sadness and joy all along the road. We all love to close our eyes and allow our minds to travel back to the old town at Thanksgiving time, even tho' we can't make the trip in person. And as we view that eternal landscape of the past we note the ends that Divinity has shaped for her subjects. After all Fate isn't to blame for everything. The fellow who has the stuff in him will generally get there. The counterfeit will be detected in time. The most certain thing about a counterfeit is the certainty of detection. The archives of Uncle Sam's Secret Service are full to bursting with the records and details of the misguided efforts of counterfeiters. Uncle Sam's highly prized engravings, known as bank notes, can in the long run only be obtained by honest effort.

The world abounds with counterfeits, and counterfeiters. They are ever seeking to pass for genuine and ever being

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

detected. As a profession the rewards are negligible, and yet the depleted ranks are daily filled by recruits ever hopeful of solving that insoluble problem of "getting something for nothing."

The beautifully engraved counterfeit bank note and the artfully made bogus coin are discovered and across the face in glaring letters is indelibly stamped the word "counterfeit." It ceases to circulate. It has been branded for what it is. Its life is ended.

You can't check out of the Bank of Life what you don't put in. Counterfeit deposits are soon detected and checks go to protest. Your checks drawn to the order of happiness or success will never be finally paid unless there is a deposit of honest effort against them. A few may "get by" but the overdraft is soon detected. The public is a very alert paying teller, and begins to scrutinize your deposit account against which you are drawing.

Soon or late, at some time, and under some circumstances every human being must submit to the "acid test." It is inexorable. The glittering "gold brick" can not endure it. Glint has but a short life at the longest. It is the real minted article which lasts. Life is real—not just real. Glamor and glitter and glisten and gilt will soon dull with the attrition of daily life, unless based upon the true stuff and then it will but shine the brighter.

Iron pyrites has fooled many a "tenderfoot" but it never passed an assay. "Fool's gold" fools only those for whom it was named. It soon passes from apparently worthy into

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

notoriously worthless, never again to carry the semblance of real value.

Crises come. The physician proves his worth, or his quackery. He fights death, and battles against disease wisely and bravely, or administers some bread pills, squirts a little rose water, looks wise, collects his fee and looks for more patients as he quacks down life's pathway.

The lawyer proves that he is a real lawyer, fighting grimly for his client's rights, and for real justice, or he relapses into the shyster class, grafting here and there a fee, and continually seeking fresh pastures.

The public man proves himself a statesman, working determinedly for the public interest, or just a pot house politician afflicted with an itch for office to be salved only by the ointment of salary at the public expense.

The editor tells the truth and "hews to the line," letting the chips fall where they may, or like a sycophant beslaves the boots of the business office and prostitutes his brains in the bawdy house of gold.

The merchant merchandises honest wares, sells honest goods for a fair profit, or sells shoddy for wool, cotton for velvet, sand for sugar, seeks the short cut to wealth, and ends with neither customers, money, nor reputation in the bankruptcy court with a negligible dividend for creditors and a row of ciphers for integrity.

The husband proves himself to be a real man doing his duty, providing as best he can for his loved ones, whether he be a mechanic or a millionaire, and true to his marriage



JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

vows, or just a human derelict drifting on the waves of idleness and immorality.

The wife proves herself to be a real helpmate and yoke-fellow caring for her household and rearing her children or just a dressmaker's model with a complexion as false as her heart, and with her brain a vacuum.

The judge sits on the woosack, not for pelf, but for love of justice, and holds even the scales or tips the beam to suit his personal interests with a financial or political slant.

Clergymen preach the Gospel pure and undefiled, and seek to follow the footsteps of their Great Exemplar, or hypocritically gloss over the misdeeds of their wealthy parishioners, and bow at the altar of the golden calf licking flakes from his gilded feet.

A reformer is the real thing, earnestly and honestly seeking to correct abuses or a mere sneaking, snooping Paul Pry pelf-seeking, pelf-paid, and with his eyes glued to the pay window. In this connection, our thoughts naturally revert to one John S. Sumner, of the New York Vice Society—we don't know just why, but they do.

In short every human being "lives and dies game and true," bravely and squarely fronting his duties, and daily depositing honest efforts against his checks on life, or goes furtively skulking and side stepping his way contriving counterfeits, always being detected, always being finally branded, always being retired from civic circulation.

There now, we feel decidedly better after getting that little sermon out of our system. We didn't intend to sermonize

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

when we started out on this preamble, but in looking backward at the approach of Thanksgiving we couldn't help but see the real and the unreal as memory reeled off her story. Everything must break even. We note by the press dispatches that two Kansas citizens ordered a taxi to drive them to the suburbs, piled out at their destination, held up and robbed the driver and went on their way. This very satisfactory reversal of the usual order of things indicates that we are right when we say everything must break even. You can't get something for nothing and get away with it very long. The tables will turn. Counterfeits won't go.

We will be along on schedule with a regular North Dakota blizzard for you next month.

JIM JAM JUNIOR.



IS IT NEMESIS?



R. GEORGE A. FRITCH, of Detroit, Mich., declares himself as innocent of crime as an unborn babe and the Detroit police declare that the destruction of unborn babes is his steady occupation. This different viewpoint has resulted in legal battles in which the tide of contest has ebbed and flowed about the doughty doctor's person. No Sherlock Holmes has solved any of the mysteries encircling this man of mystery.

Since 1907—for ten years—Doctor Fritch has been battling and the police have been battering.

Edith Presley was a stenographer, whose graceful curves by pen and in person had attracted Charles E. Ward, a Solon from Bancroft, Mich., whom it was charged had other occupations at the State Capital besides soloning. There had

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

been correspondence of a very sensational variety—if nothing warmer—between these twain. Edith Presley died at the Hope Sanitarium at Detroit, and Doctor Fritch and Solon Ward were co-defendants charged with manslaughter. The law's lasso was loosed and they both were freed. About the only certain things in the Presley case were the intimacy of Ward and the dead girl, her treatment by Doctor Fritch and her subsequent death. Those events, and those events only, were clearly silhouetted in the mysterious haze surrounding Edith Presley's death. Suspicion and proof were so far apart that Judge Connolly practically threw the case out of Court and Doctor Fritch calmly stepped out of what, at one time, looked like a very entangling web. As a side stepper, the dapper doctor has acquired dexterity. Innocence is presumed, guilt must be proven and from this hazy twilight zone Doctor Fritch emerged into the clear air of freedom. Solon Ward was also free to follow soloning or other pleasing occupations as fancy dictated.

But the case of Mabel Millman was very different and Doctor Fritch met with varying fortunes—among them an unwilling sojourn in Jackson prison for about two years. This case was one of the most puzzling in American criminal annals. The trial was a bitter contest. Omitting a mass of revolting details the dismembered body of Mabel Millman was found in Ecorse Creek near Detroit and Doctor Fritch was convicted as responsible for her death. A chauffeur, a sack and a mysterious trip of Doctor Fritch from his office to Ecorse Creek contributed to his defeat.

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

But Doctor Fritch and his lawyers were no quitters. After a long and very famous engagement with the lances of the law the Michigan Supreme Court ordered a new trial and none the worse for prison wear and prison fare, the doughty Esculapian emerged for another legal tourney. It didn't look good but the battling Doctor Fritch in law as in medicine believed that "where there's life there's hope." The jury in this case had a foreman and thereby there "hangs a tale" where old Father Fact again puts fiction far rearward. But to the trial. Public opinion was aflame, the blood of Mabel Millman cried aloud for vengeance. The Detroit police were right up on their toes and the public prosecutor was bound "to go over the top" and capture the militant doctor's legal trenches. Judge Phelan who presided did not entirely conceal his own views or desires. The record of the former conviction stared the doctor in the face.

But one of the law's inscrutable mysteries occurred. To the bitter disappointment of the public, the police, the prosecutor and the judge, the foreman of that jury handed in a verdict of Not Guilty! Judge Phelan received the verdict and the jury then received a most biting criticism at his hands and were dismissed by him from jury service for the rest of that term of Court.

Doctor Fritch was pleased. He said he was. He proved it. He "unbelted" from his thrifty hoard and celebrated his acquittal with a dinner at which he entertained the members of the jury who had practically unlocked his cell door. The juice of the grape flowed freely and in reportorial parlance

“a good time was had.” After cell-filtered light the rosy rays from wines’ goblets looked good to Doctor Fritch! No matter what the public thought, that jury, through that foreman, had thought “Not Guilty” and they had the last and the controlling thought, too!

But the law’s machinery has been again actuated against Doctor Fritch perhaps justly, perhaps unjustly. We do not know and we express no opinion. We prejudge no man.

But if the verdict of the jury in the famous Mabel Millman Case was wrong—as jurors’ verdicts sometimes are—and if there be in this world a veritable Nemesis who camps on evildoers’ trails, Doctor Fritch and the Millman juror-foreman are shining examples. Doctor Fritch is now charged with the death of Mrs. Christine Gordon, by means of an illegal operation and the dead woman was the daughter of the foreman of the jury which acquitted the doctor in the famous Millman case!

“Though the Mills of the Gods grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding fine.” And if the verdict in the Millman case in the Court of Real Justice chanced to be wrong and if the foreman of that jury chanced to be wrong—as being human he might have been—the Nemesis of retribution has fast shot her bolt.

If this phenomenal situation be a mere coincidence plucked from the urn of life by the careless hand of the Goddess of Chance, it is indeed a strange one. If the situation on the other hand be one of Nemesis’ making, it is a truly retributive stroke.

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

Poor Mabel Millman from the further shore, brutally butchered, can not answer. But there is one living human being—and but one—who could solve the riddle, if he would, and that human being is Doctor George A. Fritch. It may be that Mabel Millman's lips "though dumb yet speak" through the misty haze of that unavenged crime! We know not. But we do know that the daughter of the foreman of the jury that acquitted Doctor Fritch of Mabel Millman's murder lies dead from a criminal operation and her death-bed statement charges Doctor Fritch with the crime. And the hand of the law is again on Doctor Fritch.



WHY DOES NAT GOODWIN MARRY?



OME inquisitive, lop-eared cactus-eating son-of-a-gun out in the wilderness of arid Arizona has unhinged his neck and stuck his head up out of the untamed sage brush to ask the local gun toting editor down at Tucson if Nat Goodwin has been married during the past year.

They have time to think and wonder about current events out in Arizona now. The state is as dry as a sunburned shingle.

Except for the annual pilgrimage the Arizona Mohammedans make to a neighboring state to chant "Allah il Allah"—which means "a little more of the same"—a bottle of fiery rot gut is as scarce as a virgin at a nigger picnic.

Those who used to gallop out of bed at the first flush of dawn in the good old days and sneak behind the barn for the

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

morning slug now have to worry along on a cup of insipid pennyroyal tea or something like that.

The inquisitive gun toter had kept patient track of most of Nat's romps to the connubial couch, but during the past year he hadn't heard a word and he wanted to know. For a year to go by without Nat being spliced is just like skipping the Fourth of July.

In the past when Nat has had his head bumped on the altar and the boys on the ranches received the news in the weekly bazoo, they made it the cause for a rip snorting celebration—just like they do at hog killing time or when somebody shoots a sheriff.

Nat is one of Arizona's Favorite Sons. He was not hatched on its sun burned deserts but he went in for Arizona mining one season between marriages and so all the Arizonians regards him just the same as they would a native son or a man with ten notches on his pistol.

To set right the Arizona questioner and what is left of the rest of the world we have just received a grape vine message from New York that Nuptial Nat is dusting off his Thespian robes, and taking a reef in his breeches to be ready to strut about on the stage in a brand new play.

And you could never guess, Gwendolyn, what the name of the play is?

We knew you couldn't. Well, the name of it is "Why Marry?" If there is any actor on this side of the submarine filled Atlantic who ought to know the inshoots or outcurves of coverture it is none other indeed than this blonde buffoon.

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

Nat has had more wedded adventures than Abdul Hamid and has been married so many times that we cannot remember the one before last.

And to rattle the skeleton just a little bit more, the wily and well known husband is rehearsing for his new performance in the Maxine Elliott Theatre—a theatre which Rialto rumor has it was erected as a monument to the great actress by one of the world's greatest Napoleons of Wall Street.

The beauteous jet haired and slumberous eyed Maxine, it will be remembered, was one of Nat's early wives, taken at that period when Nathaniel was not so dexterous in his wrestling with vinculum matrimonii. Nat and Maxine splashed around in the marital waves for several wild months and then they drifted apart.

Today there is one actress on Broadway who boasts that she has never in all of her life married Nat Goodwin. People in her profession lift their eyebrows and regard her as being jolly well eccentric.

Nobody has ever tried to keep track of just how many wives Nat has had and no soothsayer can foretell how many he is going to annex in the future. Nat goes about these things in his own way. But one thing is sure, he has accumulated the most astounding aggregation of beautiful women that the world has ever known.

Blondes, brunettes, Titian haired ravishers and the lean and stout, short and tall have at some time or other thrown themselves into Nat's arms with a sacred and resounding yum-yum and a promise to love and to obey.

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

After awhile Nat tires of them or they tire of Nat—and the shackles are snapped and Nat and the wife go their separate ways. It is one of the most perplexing problems of the day to understand how Nat Goodwin gets his wives.

Some say that beautiful women use Nat as a stepping stone to a career because he is a famous actor. But we believe the cause is deeper than mere ambition for a career. There is something about Nat that wins them.

To look at—well there are thousands of counter jumpers who could give him cards and spades and then canter home with the beauty prize. He is short and squat, flabby about the optics and has that wrinkled fat appearance of those who begin to slip down behind the horizon of sixty.

But still he gets them. Those who have not married Nat Goodwin would be willing to. Even the few that are left. Not many months ago Nat and a beautiful bride—his latest one—were breasting the breakers off a Pacific summer resort. Nat tried to dispute the right of way with a motor boat or something and when they took him out on the beach and pumped the bilge water out of him he was as inert as a piece of camembert.

But he had a beautiful bride to play nurse to him and she did, hovering over him through the long months, from bed to wheel chair, from wheel chair to crutches and from crutches to cane. Most women, young and beautiful, would have walked out and left him to the care of hospital attendants.

It is one of the unsolvable riddles of the universe: Why do women marry Nat Goodwin?

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

From the dizzy heights of modern learning men hurl their logical thunderbolts at Mahomet's mouthings and Moses' solemn confabs with the Almighty and sneer at Guatama's fourfold path to a Celestial Someplace. They seem to grasp these big questions with easy nonchalance. But when they try to figure out why beautiful women marry Nat Goodwin—they fold up their tents, spit on the midnight lamp and beat it for the Dutchman's.

There is nothing to it. It cannot be figured. And so now it is that at the beginning of a ripe old age perhaps Nat is to give us some feed-box information, as the touts say, on the marriage question. He is going to appear in "Why Marry?"

Why, indeed, Nat? We'll bite—we want to know!



DEEDS TO DREAMLAND



WE admit that big game appeals to us and there is a certain lustrous largeness to William H. Reynolds of New York, and his "Dreamland" deeds which removes him from the piker class. "While you're getting, get a plenty" is Reynolds' motto.

In our last issue we casually mentioned the "Neponsit Necromancers" and their golden transmutation of the sands of Jamaica Bay on Long Island. Reynolds belongs to the same coterie. His gold mine was on Coney Island. He had the same method of extracting gold from sea sand as had the "Neponsit Necromancers." His operations covered a much smaller acreage but his proposed extractions were enormously larger and he peddled his output to the

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

same smelter—New York City's Board of Estimate—for park purposes.

In 1903 Reynolds and his associates purchased these Golden Sands containing 8.72 acres for \$672,500 with buildings valued at \$55,000, leaving a land cost of \$617,500 and started what they called "Wonderland" as an amusement park. The name and incorporation were changed to "Dreamland." But as a business proposition it was just a bad dream. It piled up losses instead of profits and liabilities instead of assets.

In 1911 a kindly fire occurred and "Dreamland's" buildings faded from mortal view and materialized into \$398,000 of good insurance money. Presumptively this fire was no disaster, for the buildings were never replaced, and the property was now all sand and debts and dreams.

Before this fire and on April 11, 1911, Reynolds testified before New York's Tax Board that the whole property, the 8.72 acres and all the buildings, were worth only \$750,000. Such was his statement under oath. Very soon thereafter the fire occurred and deducting the insurance of \$398,000 we get a land value of \$352,000 for the 8.72 acres or \$40,366 per acre on Reynolds' own sworn testimony—however valuable or valueless it may be.

Immediately after the occurrence of this providential fire—the next day in fact—Reynolds began connecting up with the city's pap pipe line thusly: "I believe the best thing that could be done with the property would be its purchase by the City for a park. *The old argument of excessive cost no*

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

longer holds (the italics are ours). No buildings remain to be condemned. Only the cost of the land need be considered. If the City was a private institution I will wager that no time would be lost in grasping the great opportunity."

Gold Miner Reynolds with his fire-swept sand waste gold mine of Coney Island sand was a true prophet. The City of New York through its Board of Estimate did commence to "grasp this great opportunity"—and grasped the hot end of the poker too—so philanthropically extended to it by Gold miner Reynolds of "Dreamland."

Successive options were given the City, one for \$1,350,000, one for \$1,500,000, covering the entire 8.72 acres or at the rate of \$154,817 and of \$170,870 per acre for a sand waste which Reynolds but a very short time before had sworn was worth but \$40,366 per acre. It makes some difference to Gold miner Reynolds whether "Dreamland" is paying taxes to the City or taking money from the City—a difference of about \$130,000 per acre for fire-swept sand dunes!

But even a lavish City government complaisantly tossing about millions dared not—or at least did not—turn "Dreamland" into gold at this ratio. It looked a little raw and besides there was a better way—for Reynolds and "Dreamland." Of this total acreage of 8.72 acres 1.72 acres was by far the more valuable. It was so much the more valuable that its assessed valuation was \$390,000 as against an assessed valuation of but \$340,000 for the 7 acres! Whereupon another option was given for the 7 acres only at \$1,000,000. But there were two "Jokers" held out by Reynolds

JIM JAM. JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

and "Dreamland" in this deal. One "Joker" was that by far the most valuable piece of land was omitted and the other "Joker" was that the option bore 6 per cent. interest from August 1, 1911 or \$60,000 per year or \$1,153.86 per week or \$164.84 per day—pretty fair day wages even for a philanthropic "dreamer" and for "Dreamland" sands.

Under this option an award was made of \$1,014,602 which the Supreme Court finally set aside as "largely excessive." It took the first commission over three years to reach this award. The second commission is now proceeding with like leisure. But what cares Reynolds or what cares "Dreamland" how leisurely the law proceeds? Every twenty-four hours the clock is ticking \$164.84 golden dollars in interest alone into their till. "Time is money" indeed for "Dreamland" and the City can have all the time it wants at \$164.84 per day. Already since August 1, 1911 the "Sands of time" have dropped over \$375,000 into "Dreamland's" slot from Coney Island's sand dunes! Already the interest alone exceeds the assessed valuation for the 7 acres!

Look this proposition right between the eyes. On April 11, 1911, Reynolds appears before the Tax Board and swears to a valuation of \$750,000 for the 8.72 acres and all buildings on "Dreamland." On May 27, 1911 the fire occurs with \$398,000 good insurance leaving a land value on Reynolds' own sworn statement of \$352,000 for the 8.72 acres. "Dreamland" retains the highly valuable 1.72 acres, gives an option to the City for \$1,000,000 on the comparatively worthless 7 acres on which the interest account since August, 1911, ex-

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

ceeds Reynolds' sworn valuation on the whole 7 acres! If this is the stuff "Dreams are made of" give us "Dreamland," dreamer Reynolds, Coney Island sand dunes and a complaisant City government!

We don't know, and we don't care, whether Mayor Mitchel and his purchasing Board of Estimate were or were not improperly influenced by these very substantial "dreamers" and their "Dreamland" sands. We say this whole proposition is a putrescent stench to the nostrils of the tax payers upon whose backs it is proposed to load such burdens to the enrichment of conscienceless treasury looters. The bare statement of the bare facts convicts any governing body, which would propose such a transaction, of the grossest incompetence—to put it very mildly.

As an amusement park, as a business proposition, it was a financial cemetery—merely a monetary morgue. As a speculation to unload upon helpless taxpayers it is a veritable Mine of Golconda where the interest alone upon the purchase price exceeds the assessed valuation and where at this date "Dreamland" is to get over \$1,375,000 for 7 acres, or almost \$200,000 per acre, for land worth on Reynolds' own testimony only \$40,366 per acre!

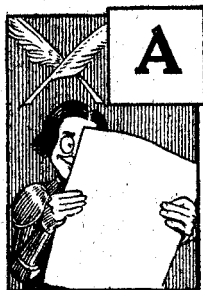
It is from such doings that Anarchists are made. It is from such filthy financial cesspools that "Big Bill" Hayward and Berkman and their ilk draw arguments which are difficult to answer. It is just such events which disgust honest workingmen with honest work and set them scheming to "work" some public treasury. It is just such schemes and

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

fakes and frauds and monetary manipulations for the enrichment of a favored few which have made Gotham fairly totter with its graft-laden burdens. It is such money so consciencelessly coined which debases the moral currency of a nation. It is such propositions which make of New York's magnificent Municipal Building a mere skunkery distilling odors which will finally penetrate even the nostrils of Gothamites!



THAT NICKEL-GIN FELLOW



ANOTHER Medical Fortification defended with the desperation of professional prejudice surrounded with ivory-headed obtuseness has finally been forced to reluctantly capitulate. Gordon Edwards and his Nikalgin, a complete local anesthetic, finally took the trenches of medical ignorance protected by the barbed wire entanglements of jealousy and inertia. Dr. Morton with his general anesthetic when he battered the bulwarks of medical prejudice trod a bedecked pathway of fragrant roses compared to the flinty road traveled by Gordon Edwards.

The unending shrieks of pain from the tortured wounded had penetrated Edwards' conscience and consciousness to the point of saturation, Years of toil and experiment had finally

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

produced the magical mixture. New York Hospitals had proven that it was what its name implied—victor over pain. In November, 1914, Edwards landed in England—the most misguided enthusiast who ever stormed the prejudice-plated British War Surgeons. They were not merely the typical “hard headed” Britons, their cranial attics were packed with concrete and idea proof.

There were three counts in John Bull's concrete-pated indictment against Edwards. First count—he was an American. Second count—he was not a cardholder in the Licensed Looters of the Medical Plunderbund. Third and most damning count—he wanted no profit. Verdict without trial—he was a fakir and his Nikalgin a fraud. He was dubbed by these concrete-domed British Licensed Butchers “the nickel-gin fellow, that mad American.” If he had wanted to make some “exploratory incisions” in Tommy Atkins' anatomy and to torture helpless animals by the Vivisection route, smug smiles would have doubtless greeted him. And in the meantime the agonized shrieks of the tortured wounded in daily dressing, vainly beat against the prejudice-stuffed ears of British Surgeons.

The Surgeon General of the British War Office, solely to get rid of him, finally gave him some half-hearted letters to hospitals across the channel and Edwards crossed with his Nikalgin. The ebb tide of the Battle of Ypres was bearing on its crimson waves scores of thousands of moaning-wounded screaming madly with pain, never intended to be borne by mortal man. Was Edwards given an opportunity—just one

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

chance to demonstrate? He was not. He was turned out of the Hospitals at Abbeville and at Boulogne like an interloping impostor. Apparently shrieks of tortured agony were sweetest music to the enraptured ears of Britain's Licensed Body Carvers—not half as humane as a gibbering Cannibal, gloating over his revolting banquet in his simmering pot. And still the needless peals of agony pierced God's Heaven!

Ignorant of the language, ignorant of the City, and buoyed up solely by love of humanity, Edwards was in Paris on December 11, 1914—a white day in pains' encrimsoned annals. Chance brought what months of toil had denied—the first chance in Europe to test Nikalgin.

Test conditions could not have been worse. The patient had a hip and thigh wound, torn out by a shell, larger and rawer than a raw beef steak, and by weeks of acutest agony his nerves had been set on a hair trigger. The attending surgeon was brutal and prejudiced and determined to prove that “Nickel-gin mad American” a fraud.

Visualize the scene, no other conditions could produce it. The huge wound, really a massively deep excavation, was bared to the accompaniment of the agonized shrieks of the tortured patient. With this wound it had been “dress or die” and the patient's repeated agonies had brought him to death's preference. He said so. Edwards immediately deluged this huge raw wound with his Nikalgin solution. Very promptly, not waiting nor desiring to wait for the anesthetic effect, the prejudiced brutal surgeon sarcastically said: “Is anesthesia complete?” “I believe so”, quietly replied Edwards. In-

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

stantly with a self-satisfied grin of cunning triumph, this shameless heartless brute of a surgeon by main force plunged a large glass drainage tube into the mass of raw, palpitating, quivering flesh! Instead of shrieking, as the inhuman brute of an apology for a surgeon had confidently expected, the patient entirely ignorant of the intended torture was quietly telling the nurse just how he received the horrible wound!

It was an absolute and unqualified success. But did this end it? Did this surgeon humanely grasp the God-given opportunity to end pain's reign? You little know the inhuman convolutions of the prejudice-plated surgical brain if you so think. Quite the contrary! Nikalgin was not only not adopted but the "great surgeon" drew Edwards aside and said in effect that war and pain were inseparable and that a local anesthetic was a needless and expensive luxury anyway. But Edwards was a stayer. God had given him brains and guts plus! Perchance it was to supply the surgeon's brains and humanity minus!

Thank God, ye butchered soldiers, Edwards stuck! Now on credit—for his money was gone—Edwards kept on making his Nikalgin and kept sending it to hospitals and finally the prejudice-plated, concrete-domed British War Office was forced to adopt it. Edwards told them the constituents—he made no secret of it—and they bought and compounded the raw materials. But they bought poor materials too cheaply and it didn't work. So Edwards, still sticking, bought the proper raw materials at an added cost of only six

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

shillings a gallon and sent the bills to the British War Office, which, in sheer shame, finally paid them!

Then Miss Anne Morgan entered the game and all was to be clear sailing. She, with all her wealth, prestige and influence scored over fifty repulses before the final trial in France came, and then only at General Nivelles' personal order at the Verdun Hospital—the most awful abode of agonized pain under God's canopy. And from that Inferno the worst case was selected. It was indubitably the worst case of cooked humanity which could contain a tortured breath of life. The man had been burned by liquid fire almost to a char and with nerves exposed, a removal of the gauze dressings meant death from pain and their non-removal death from blood poison. So said the surgeon grimly, and enthusiastically awaiting Edwards' defeat.

Now visualize the scene. Edwards was ready! He had a card up his sleeve, he had to play against such foes! He had perfected a pressure jet which would force Nikalgin through the gauze. There was one particularly huge burn from neck to navel with flesh removed and nerves bared. Edwards sprayed his Nikalgin from his pressure jet. It penetrated the gauze, produced complete local anesthesia, the dressing was removed with absolutely no pain! So it was removed from all the other wounds on the tortured body and the man lived to bless and actually kiss his real life saver, Gordon Edwards.

By December, 1916, Nikalgin had literally forced its way and English, French and Italian army surgeons had finally

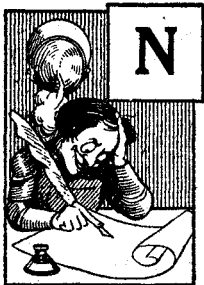
JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

and reluctantly capitulated. Edwards is poorer than when he started—poorer by the loss of his time and his expenses.

But finally he won. It took him very much longer—even with Miss Morgan's aid—to pry open just the crack in the barred door of medical inertia and prejudice than it did to perfect his life saving local anesthetic. He sought for no profit—unless it be found in Life's Great Ledger on Hereafter's Shelf! He merely wanted to deaden bared, tortured nerves and to silence agony's screams wrung from butchered manhood's pallid lips! That was all. And a jealous, hide-bound profession (whose professed duty is to relieve pain and to save life) barred his path! It is one of the blackest pages among the many black ones tight-bound in the history of a profession where performance lazily lags behind promise and prejudice and jealousy stalk far ahead of human betterment. The butt, the ridicule, the "nickel-gin fellow," the object of the Licensed Butchers' and Plunderbunds' jeering jeremiads is in truth and in fact the greatest benefactor who ever trod the agonized battle fields of this battle-scarred planet. With no thanks to the prejudice-plated horde of concrete-domed torturers of mangled men Gordon Edwards and Nikalgin won their way and put a silencer on agony's shrieks from tortured nerves!

We said Gordon Edwards is poor. We were mistaken. He has great treasure—greater than cords of engraved securities and massed mounds of yellow gold. He has the minted gratitude of scores of thousands whose exquisite agony of tortured throbbing nerves has been transmuted into Heaven's bliss—freedom from pain.

THE STORY OF MARY LARKIN



NOT long ago Billy Sunday and his troupe of trained revivalists—including Rodey, the demon cornetist—paid a visit to Paterson, N. J., to scatter their samples of old fashioned lava fresh from the pits of hell. True to his circus instinct Billy had the sawdust ring or trail upon which the hypnotized sinners trod in the hope that a few tears of anguish would make them as white as the proverbial snow.

Up the trail one night there came a little fluffy dressed girl a little pale from excitement but with feverish wide-questioning eyes. She looked like the personification of all that was innocent and pure.

But she was merely young in the ways of wickedness and dissipation had not sapped her beauty or impressed the hard, vicious lines upon her peach-like skin. She was a girl of

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

the streets. She lived in Jersey City and at night when the bilious lights threw out their effulgence on Broadway she walked the pavements soliciting for the oldest trade in the world. In police circles she was a street-walker.

She was born in that sordid section of Eighth Avenue where the pink-nailed, sweetly scented cadets get their victims and get them young and fresh to barter to the corpulent madames of the easy going apartments. This girl, young in years was wise as a serpent in the ways of crime. She had been the vicarious mistress of a dozen or so young bloods who were blowing in the pater's bankroll.

But like all women of easy virtue she liked the Cave-Man stuff and so the greater part of her earnings went to a conscienceless cadet who beat her for exercise and in return was showered with fresh outbursts of affection.

It was that way with Mary Larkin. She is dead now and her troubles are over or we should not mention her name. The murky waters of the East River closed over her frail form early in August. She was taken to the morgue and a kind hearted New Yorker saw that she was buried decently in a little plot in Westchester county. Near her the daisies bow their drooping heads and shading the grave is a mighty oak—standing mutely like a lone sentinel to defend where men and women would not.

The story of Mary Larkin is an indictment against the church that is as damning as it is horrible.

The time she went to the Billy Sunday revivals she was beginning to revolt at the life of a harlot. She had been

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

fed up on the glitter and gloss. She was beginning to see the dross. She talked it over with the pimp she supported and he bruised both of her eyes and left her limp and fainting in her apartment for an answer.

Then Mary went to Paterson. The theatrical outbursts of the evangelist stirred her at first but when she got away she realized the influence was mesmeric, but she went back and back again until one night she gripped the seat, threw her head up high and walked up to the rostrum. The girl of the streets was a convert. She had slipped away from her past like a snake sheds its dried-up skin.

She was beginning to live. Or at least she thought she was and she had a right to believe so for it is the prime purpose of Christianity—or should be—as represented by the church to take care of such as Mary.

She went to work after some weeks for it was not easy for her to get employment at once. She was unskilled and could not even do common housework. But she was willing and wanted to stick to the straight and narrow road. She spurned the primrose path of dalliance for virtue's sake and it was no more than right that she should expect a helping hand.

She began to study the Bible. She found surcease in the Scriptures but she found that at the places of worship respectable people drew aside when she came near. She was the Scarlet Woman and vivid were the scars of her past. They stood out in all their hideousness to those who were supposed to give her a lift up from the depths.

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

Mary Larkin fought the good fight. She kept away from the garish rendezvous of her past. She spurned advances of men who wanted her body and would torture her soul.

She worked for \$6 a week and every Sunday she went to church to worship. Not a friendly hand was stretched out to her. Where her eyes should have been glowing with a new light and her voice thrilling with a new happiness Mary became glum and morose but she kept to her cross.

It was in this new environment she met a man—a Wall Street broker's clerk. He was a clean limbed young boy and Mary inspired in him a longing that he never knew before. At first she repulsed him for the knowledge of her dead sins could not be easily buried.

Mary began to find the world different altogether. But the divine spark had not gone out. Her zealousness rekindled it time and again. And then one night after she had known the admirer about three months she told him her story.

She did not understand that the beautiful theories of the Master had not been modified to meet every day conditions. The young man blanched at the story. It was a bitter pill and he tried to treat it lightly but he was hard hit.

He told her that nothing could make any difference in their love. But he did not kiss her when he told her good-bye that night. He began to show a diffidence that worried her. His calls grew more and more infrequent and he talked less of marriage and more of the lighter things of life. His actions toward her were beginning to be just like the men she had known when she was a social outcast. She sensed

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

it dimly at first and then one night he came to her, just a bit under the influence of liquor, and before he had left she had been stung to the marrow by his proposal.

He did not want a wife. He wanted a mistress. Mary Larkin's world crumbled about her head. It was chaos and the black night and she wept all during the lonely nights and dragged herself to the work where she was paid a pittance.

She wrote the young man a note. It was kind but firm. She must never see him again. Mary stuck to her resolves for a few weeks—and then one night she rebelled and went back to the lights, the laughter, the wine and the revels.

She had had her experience with what we sometimes call Christianity. She began to drink and to carouse and her health became undermined. One morning she read where the young broker's clerk had married. For two days to benumb her brain and forget she was stupified by liquor.

It could not last always. It was a dark, black night. The city was sleeping. Mary arose from her bed, dressed simply, walked through the city—meeting now and then only a late wayfarer—and paused on the edge of the pier gazing out into utter blackness.

Perhaps she uttered a silent prayer. We shall never know. But there was a muffled kittle scream, a splash and the waters of the river closed over her. They found her bloated, bruised body several days later. It was finally identified by some of her companions of the underworld at the morgue.

That is the story of Mary Larkin. What she might have been had she had a helping hand is another story.

DAWG SOCIETY



RED HARVEY acquired fame and fortune as a food purveyor along the Santa Fe Railway System. In other words he knew how to serve beans and ham sandwiches that were palatable and at a profit to himself. Harvey established a line of exceptional "railroad eatin' houses" throughout the length of the Santa Fe System, and he made money, but it remained for his feminine offspring to gain notoriety in other

than hashisling lines.

Mrs. John Frederick Huckel and Miss Sibyl Harvey, daughters of the hash king, reside at Colorado Springs—otherwise known as the Parasites' Paradise—where most of the society subsists on the toil of others either past or present. Sawsiety fights ennui at the famous tuberculosis resort by

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

pulling weird and freakish stunts, but it remained for the Harvey Sisters to reach the absolute pinnacle of the inspired inanity of feminine foolishness.

Last month Mrs. Huckel issued handsomely engraved invitations to a select circle, announcing a dog wedding. The announcements read as follows:

“Mrs. John Frederick Huckel announces the marriage of Rufus of Bulmer to Dahlee Winks Chin Chin, daughter of Nowata Li Chee and Pekin Chusan, at the residence of Miss Sibyl Harvey, Broadmoor, Colorado Springs. At home after Oct. 1, 3737 Gillham Road, Kansas City.”

Here is an account of the affair, taken from a Colorado newspaper:

“Aristocratic dogdom of the Pikes Peak region is on the tiptoe of delight in anticipation of the wedding next Thursday of Rufus of Bulmer, formerly of Kansas City, Mo., to Dahlee Winks Chin Chin, Pekinese Spaniel, recently of the Celestial kingdom, who arrived last month via San Francisco to be the bride of the most aristocratic Pekinese Spaniel in America. The wedding, which has been announced in swell society on engraved stationery, will take place at the Broadmoor residence of Miss Sibyl Harvey, and the invitations were extended by her sister, Mrs. John Frederick Huckel, who is also summering at Broadmoor. The sisters are daughters of Fred Harvey of Kansas City, who made wealth and fame in the Sante Fe restaurant business, and both are popular in society and noted for their gay functions.

“Dog collars of pearls and diamonds are in demand for the

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

event. The bluebloods of canine society in this city are to be there and the color scheme will be the crimson and gold of autumn. Chrysanthemums and lotus, the favorite flowers of the Orient, will predominate and the guests will drink perfumed milk out of golden goblets. Biscuit, a la Pekin, will be served on silver plates with silken napkins and satin bibs. Bonbon baskets of silver with imported creams will be in the favors. The bride will be given in marriage by her father, Nowata Li Chee, and her mother, Pekin Chusan, will preside as matron of honor at the banquet.

"The bride will be dressed in Chinese flowered silk with Valenciennes lace for trimmings and a bodice of maidenhair tulle overshot with crepe de chine, cut low. Her trousseau has been imported from Paris and her traveling gown will be of simple Oxford effect with a collar of Chinese cameos.

"Among the guests will be blue blooded poodles, Spitzes, French poodles, Pomeranians, dachshunds, airedales, Boston terriers, English bulls and Belgian police hounds. These petted aristocrats are to be found in the homes of wealth and fashion, such as those of the Penroses, MacNeills, Shoves, Chester Alan Arthurs, Carltons, Hopkins, Schleys, Allens, Baldwins, Otis, Carpenters, Hungerfords, Taylors, Bemis and others of the smart set generally."

We suppose that all of Dogdom and the elite of Society bipeds of Colorado Springs were shaken from center to circumference by the great possibilities of these canine nuptials. Advocates of Birth Control and Eugenic enthusiasts are doubtless awaiting results of this dog-match with bated

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

breath. The coming of the stork will doubtless be forestalled by several sewing bees in the creme de la creme circle of Springs Society and Red Cross knitting will be supplanted by the much more needful work of providing dainty lingerie for the litter of blind sucklings that are sure to be whelped.

Millions of human beings—not of canine royalty, just human beings—in Europe, on famine's verge are suffering for life's barest necessities. Hundreds of thousands of brave soldiers, mutilated almost beyond recognition, with gaping wounds, need medical supplies, and woman's soothing hands and tender care. Millions of orphaned, destitute children need food, clothing, education, care and adoption by kindly, sympathetic women. The ranks of nurses are never full, more are ever needed. Hundreds of thousands of American youths doomed to endure war's perils and winter's blasts in ice watered trenches need common comforts. Practically the civilized world in its strain and stress and travail is imploring aid. There has never been a time since God's blue canopy covered this planet when women could do so much to alleviate the world's moans and sufferings! There has never been a time overseas when Famine's gaunt hands and when sufferers' wounds so implored womanly aid! And these two daughters of a deceased, wealthy food purveyor, idly lolling in Parasites' Paradise, spend time, money and effort in "announcing" a Dawg Sawciety Wedding! It seems incredible that such woeful want must wait on wastrel insipidities in sponsoring or "announcing" disgusting dog nuptials!

If they are capable of nothing higher or better or nobler or

JIM JAM JEMS. BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

more womanly, these two women might much better be "slinging hash" in one of their deceased father's beaneries. We could say more, for the subject is inviting, but we would not be hard on the dogs who are at least natural—more natural than vacuous domed biped celebrants of canine matings!



HAIR-TRIGGER WOMEN



OUR Uncle Sam's daughters have their pistol triggers filed down to a hair and their fair trigger fingers have been vibrating on very slight provocation of late. Murder mania has crossed the Atlantic and infected and obsessed feminine circles. When affairs go awry it is just a case of "Sally get your gun!" And she has been getting it and using it on very slight provocation too.

Recently Mrs. Doris Eisenbrand of Chicago casually stepped into the dental office of her husband and shot him to death. They had been sixteen years married and, boiled down, Mrs. Eisenbrand's chief grievance seemed to be that they had become uncongenial. The "tie that binds" was merely binding a typical marital misfit. And the fair marks-

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

woman preferred a sod to a grass widowhood—and in the citadel of grass widows too—and hence “removed” Dr. Eisenbrand via the pistol route.

“Why didn’t I get a divorce?” she repeated the question asked. “I do not believe in divorce.” “Did you shoot him?” she was asked. “I shot him,” was her calm reply. “Did you give him any warning?” she was asked. “I talked to him a few minutes and then shot him,” was her cool answer. “Did he know you were going to shoot him?” was the next question. “Oh no! I don’t think he did” was her careless answer. And so for the very prevalent misfortune of matrimonial uncongeniality Dr. Eisenbrand is hurried into the Great Beyond and after the conventional jury acquittal the beautiful Mrs. Eisenbrand will be at liberty to draw with her fair hand another ticket in the Great Matrimonial Lottery! Murder is speedier than divorce and if the murderess be “passing fair” she is equally certain of her verdict.

On this occasion Judge La Buy of one of the Chicago Courts remarked: “Something has got to be done about women shooting their husbands. No fewer than twenty-five of them have been acquitted of late.” The murder market must be badly glutted when a Judge in Chicago—a real criminal hothouse—will pause to mention it!

But we have been quietly “keeping cases” of late on this flourishing industry in a very much smaller City and one more fairly typical than Chicago—New Orleans. This is the record of a few months and we may have missed some at that.

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

Ernest J. Smith, a pilot, remonstrated with his wife for her marital infidelity (of course he may have been mistaken) whereupon she promptly furnished him with transportation on old Charon's ferry with a bullet pass. And an obliging jury furnished her with a pass to freedom countersigned "Not Guilty."

Anthony Di Franco made some ill judged remarks to Mrs. Augustine Miquez about her reputed liaison with a young student. Mrs. Miquez punctuated her reply by killing Di Franco, received the customary jury acquittal and married someone else of course—not the man for whose sake she murdered Di Franco.

Pascal Peterson made an unwelcome call upon his estranged wife which she resented by shooting him to death. Mrs. Peterson is free on bail, although murder is not usually aailable offense, and doubtless prepared to still militantly and murderously discriminate between callers.

Arthur J. Behan called upon Mrs. Carrie Haas and upon announcing his intended marriage with another was shot to death by Mrs. Haas. An admiring jury deliberated only twenty minutes before presenting her with her Liberty Bond. Intending Benedicts should not mention their intentions to Mrs. Haas. She may not approve their choice!

Miss Violet Dendinger shot and dangerously wounded Henry J. Knecht because of some disagreement incident to his courtship of her. She was freed pending the result of her markwomanship. Violet should improve her target prac-

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

tice! She may be forced to try it again. Mr. Knecht might recover.

Mrs. Mikele Sulli preferred a razor to pistols and cut her husband's throat. Awaiting the results of her proficiency as a human butcher she is free with no trial anticipated.

In this City of New Orleans with a population of about three hundred and fifty thousand, in a few brief months, we get four cold-blooded murders and two bloody attempted murders, all perpetrated by women with no legal results except acquittals or no trials. All who were tried—all the murderesses—were acquitted.

And in all the criminal history of the State of Louisiana but one murderess was ever convicted—Dora Murff. Her step-father sentenced for life with her was denied a pardon but Dora Murff has been released to go abroad as a war nurse where she can observe murder at wholesale.

All of which brings us to Kipling's o'ertrue statement that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male." In not one of these cases was the deadly woman being deprived of her young and in not one of these cases was her virtue being filched! And in every one of these four murders the cause was but a common quarrel where the woman deliberately took the law into her own fair hands and bloodily slew the man with absolute safety to herself!

Are there two laws for murder? Must a murderer pay the last drop of the law's penalty and is the murderess forever to gaily fare forth to freedom's air, the envied and admired of her sex because of her slaughtering prowess? Are solemn

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

courts, learned judges, and duty-sworn jurors mere facile dummies to be beguiled and befooled by the wiles of deadly murdering women? Is Kipling right, is "the female of the species more deadly than the male?" And is she so for the reason that she knows she may snap her fingers at the law, gracefully dance outside its loops and smilingly evade its penalties so rigorously imposed upon man? It looks so. It is so.

When a woman is battling for her virtue or battling for her young any man, in or out of a jury box, who would lay on her shoulders as much as a feather's weight of the law is a craven cur. But these four cited cases—and hundreds like them annually—in this land contain no such elements. Merely by reason of sex, by wearing skirts instead of trousers, by wearing hair long instead of short, these four cold-blooded, bloody murderesses are as free of penalty as if their hands were clean instead of deep-dyed when with blood guiltiness. You can get the truth—the cold frozen truth—from us. And the truth is that in these United States there are far, far, too many bloody murdering women abroad who have been calmly executing with no real reason their own vengeance. "Vengeance is Mine and I will repay" said the Lord and He said it irrespective of sex.

DEATH PEELS THE VEIL



WHEN Joseph B. Martindale, President of Gotham's Chemical National Bank, appeared before Saint Peter, his coat of mundane whitewash disappeared. Alive he was an exemplar of financial probity. Dead he was a common thief. If old Charon on his Styx ferry didn't have his fare box nailed down Bank President Martindale doubtless took it.

As a churchmember, as an adviser of youth and as positively the last word in absolute integrity Martindale stood as a shining light. Obviously he had missed his vocation. He was really an actor—and in his part the best.

When any Y. M. C. A. orator wanted to "point the moral and adorn the tale" of the rewards of industry, right living,

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

perseverance, and adamant honesty all combined, he cited Joseph B. Martindale. So monumental was his integrity that despairing creditors of the Clafin Company and of Mills & Gibbs had him appointed Receiver for those two huge bankrupt estates.

He developed a new method of thieving but any gunman had more real guts than Manipulator Martindale. A gunman takes a man's chance of having his hide perforated. Manipulator Martindale took no such needless risks. He acted as special adviser or trustee for a very wealthy depositor, Miss E. D. Hunt, in the Chemical National Bank and withdrew money from that account as he saw fit, having the vouchers for the account rendered to him personally. But there were periodical accountings to his principal. And Martindale steered around that rock like the accomplished crook he was. He had purloined a pass-book from a Trust Company in which he himself entered fictitious deposits in the name of his principal cleverly explaining that the Trust Company paid interest which the Chemical National Bank did not. And all was smooth sailing. About \$200,000 traveled this route.

But when Martindale wanted a little loose change in his pockets, he would forge the same depositor's name to demand notes, O. K. them as President of the Chemical National Bank, put them into the Bank's assets and put the money in his pocket. About \$80,000 of "chicken feed" for the Martindale chickens came from that hopper. For sixteen years he had been pursuing the methods of a crook while posing as an im-

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

peccable financier. He has been considered a crank by the bank's employees on the question of personal integrity! As he was about to receive honeyed congratulations from admiring (and perhaps envious) friends and associates on his fifty-fifth birthday the Hereafter sternly beckoned him. Possibly he was not sorry! Possibly he was aweary of the false luster in which he moved.

What became of these huge sums of money? Bank President Martindale worshiped the Goddess of Chance via the Great American Poker Game route. He "stood on four flushes" and had an enormous "calling acquaintance" with gentlemen whose hands very steadily outranked his own. His judgment in Poker was as poor as it was good in bank credits. He seemed incapable of learning the rudiments of that fascinating game. He dug his grave of honor and of solvency with flimsy cards. Also there were fair fingers not belonging to Mrs. Martindale, which greedily beckoned money from his coffers. He was secretive and sportive and one of the most accomplished hypocrites who ever wended his white-washed way adown Gotham's Canons.

Without any legal compulsion and immediately upon discovery of the thefts, the Chemical National Bank paid to its depositor the money stolen by Martindale. The Bank had a better conscience than its President who kept no such useless lumber among his mental equipment! But boot licking sycophants and beslaving adulatory worshippers at the feet of the Golden Calf no longer lick the golden flakes from the feet of their dead, dethroned idol, Joseph B. Martindale! He

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

was of the commonest thieving clay, self-moulded into a despicable crook. The ordinary Bowery panhandler prowling for garbage can crusts was infinitely his superior!

He died of "heart failure" and perhaps he literally did. Possibly his heart really refused to longer pump the red blood of life through the arteries of a mere imitation man!

Joseph B. Martindale filled the public eye—and was himself gazing fondly into enticing feminine eyes. He was loaning safely huge sums to customers of the Chemical National Bank—and was himself making ruinous investments with the Goddess of Chance. When he seated himself for ferriage over the Styx he was one of the most monumental poseurs and lustrous hypocrites who ever crossed those black waters.

Finally his heart "failed" him. The weight of real debit slips became too heavy. The role of actor, daily dreading detection and sudden fall from high estate outwore vitality. The daily adjustment and constant wearing of the mask frayed his nerves to a frazzle.

Was it worth while? Was the pitiful game worth the candle, which, burning at both ends, soon sputtered out? Whether bank President or bank Porter, no game is worth while unless it is played fair and square with integrity's compass unhooded by fraud, hyprocrisy, thievery, lust or pretense. No human beslaving drivel of lick spittle flattery can erase the blots of crime's career. Crooks, thugs, burglars, gamblers, gunmen and bank Presidents' accounts all look alike on the Great Ledger of Life when Saint Peter strikes the balance.

SMOOTH SANATOGEN



WHILE Hoover is attempting to amputate some of the unreasonable profits of middlemen and establish a fair price and profit for food products, thus easing up a bit on the cost of living, it occurs to us that the scheme might be extended to patent medicines with the net result of saving thousands upon thousands of dollars to the suffering public who just will buy patent nostrums regardless of what they contain or the exorbitant price charged by medicine fakirs. If it is fair to tell the farmer what he can charge for his product, why not tell the patent medicine peddlers what the market price for their products will be, and apply the rule rigidly.

This thought is occasioned by reading a lot of highly embellished advertising bunk turned out by the peddlers of

"Sanatogen." Everybody has heard of Sanatogen. Every magazine and periodical in the country carries its page advertisements and countless testimonials, and artistic booklets have been circulated in building up a demand for Sanatogen. And there is probably no patent nostrum on the drug shelves of the country that moves with the ease and grace of Sanatogen. It is a good seller.

Food Commissioner Ladd, after analyzing the stuff says: "Milk and eggs should produce better results at a fraction of the cost of Sanatogen."

This mess is just a Patent Medicine, protected by U. S. Patent numbered 1,003,151. The sales agents or distributors or manufacturers in this country (for they carefully refrain from stating which they are) announce themselves as "affiliated with Bauer & Cie., Berlin, and A. Wulfing & Co., New York and London." This international tripartite alliance or "affiliation"—whatever that may be—carefully steers around from stating whether or not this is one of those "Made In Germany" mixtures. But as a financial amputator it is free to admit that it is "affiliated with Bauer & Cie., Berlin."

Dr. Claude B. Wheeler *formerly* (the italics are ours) Managing Editor of "The New York Medical Journal" (get that imposing title and notice the "formerly," too) on page sixteen of his tiresome tout for this Patent Medicine says that it is composed of ninety-five per cent casein and five per cent sodium glycerophosphate.

We can get casein (called cheese by the dictionaries) at 25 cents per pound and the drug with the imposing title at \$1.70

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

per pound. A pound of this Patent Medicine conglomeration at ninety-five per cent casein and five per cent of the sonorously sounding chemical would cost for the raw material just about $32\frac{1}{4}$ cents per pound. You are graciously permitted to purchase this mixed mess at one dollar per hundred grams and there are just five hundred grams to a pound, thereby fixing the price to the consumer by this roundabout route at just five dollars a pound. The difference between a raw material cost of $32\frac{1}{4}$ cents per pound and the retail price of this mixture, of five dollars per pound, leaves the financially gratifying difference to this tripartite international "affiliation" of about $\$4.67\frac{3}{4}$ per pound absorbed between the cost of the raw material and the confiding consumer's aesophagus. Truly as "A Wulfin'g" they need no change of name! The "tie that binds" this tripartite "affiliation" must be veritably a golden one!

And Richard Le Gallienne has bent his pregnant knee, prostrated himself before this three-legged tripartite golden calf and prostituted his literary ability, touting for this Patent Medicine. He calls his contribution, "The Art of Living," maunders meaninglessly about Elijah and the angels and Yiddish "Manna" and ballyhoos for this Patent Medicine like any touter at a circus sideshow. Before we ever prostitute our pen to tout for a Patent Medicine—or for anything else for that matter—may paralysis strike our good right arm! If ever we lick the golden calf may the first touch of our tongue poison us! We have given many a golden calf a "licking"—

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

a good one, too—but not the kind with which Le Gallienne sycophantly beslayers this mess.

And, of course, this stuff is good for whatever ails you. That is precisely what its touters say when they use this euphonious phraseology: "There is no pathological condition in which Sanatogen is contra-indicated." That is certainly some language! But when translated into good, plain United States vernacular it comes to just exactly, "it is good for what ails you"—the infallible old out-worn and yet ever-new Patent Medicine earmark!

Dr. Claude L. Wheeler *formerly* Managing Editor, New York Medical Journal, (present occupation not mentioned) consumes many pages in medical euphemisms touting for the mixture in two booklets, one on "Neurasthenia" and the other on "Nutrition in Diseases of the Lungs." And "A New York Physican" anonymously does the same stunt on "Sanatogen in Dyspepsia and Kindred Ills." The author is entirely justified in withholding his name from this mess of fulsome flattery for a Patent Medicine—that is, if his name is of any value to him!

This tripartite German-English-American "affiliation" of mazuma amputators on a raw material cost of about 32¼ cents per pound and a sales price of five dollars per pound pretty nearly reaches Bryan's old fabled sixteen to one ratio—as a matter of fact about fifteen and one-half to one ratio!

While the Government is telling the farmer just what price he may put upon his wheat why not curb a little the porcine

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

greed of Sanatogen's "affiliated" proprietors or vendors? This mess is protected by a United States patent, too!

Why should Americans be paying their good money to a Germanized "affiliation" under an American patent and for a mess, too, of which Food Commissioner Ladd says: "Milk and eggs should produce better results at a fraction of the cost?" This Germanized "affiliation" seems to have their "fore feet in the trough" of American purchasers.



ON FRIENDSHIP'S ALTAR



FROM out the seething, surging welter of Russia's bloody convulsions, there emerges from a loathsome dungeon—walking by the aid of a crutch and crippled for life—Anna Vyroubova. In that land of topsyturvydom, where suspicion supplanted proof and where punishment preceded conviction, Madame Vyroubova paid to slanderous charges a grievous penalty of pure friendship for a sorrowing sister woman.

The sorrowing sister woman chanced to be the deposed Czarina. But stripped of all her jewels, silken attire, priceless furs and pomp and panoply of lustrous royalty, Alexandra Romanoff was just a woman, just a Mother, with but one real object in life—a sickly son and his cure.

Royalty in Russia has come to an end—to a doubly and

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

trebly deserved end—and we are glad of it. But Motherhood's heart is one whether it beats in the breast of princess or peasant, in palatial splendor or in the humble cot. Mothers—God bless them all—are alike the world over whether they eat from gold plate or from pewter platters. A child's sufferings tear and rend their tender heart strings. So it was with Alexandra, wife of Nicholas Romanoff—erstwhile Czar of all the Russias from whose nerveless hand was well wrested the most oppressive scepter which ever ruled deluded millions.

Anna Vyroubova was the bosom friend of Alexandra Romanoff. They were the feminine Damon and Pythias. It was disinterested friendship. Madame Vyroubova had wealth and high position. No gain could accrue and she needed none and she sought none. About her fair personality, the fiery, cruel tongues of slander writhed and hissed and circled. She was a Catherine de Medici, a Lucretia Borgia, a Queen Elizabeth and a Catherine of Russia combined. She was the mistress of the Czar. She was Rasputin's concubine. She was Germany's arch plotter. She was daily poisoning the sickly child. She was anything and she was everything which the brain of jealous malice could conceive or the forked tongue of cruel slander could fashion. In truth and in fact she was the disinterested friend of the half crazed Alexandra Romanoff whose life's horizon was bounded by her sickly son. That was all.

At the time of his birth, before the dethronement of the Romanoff dynasty, when the destinies of almost two hundred

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

millions of subjects hung upon his frail life, the then Czarevitch entered this world an invalid with the accumulated effects of generations of Romanoff excesses centered in his puny frame. His life—doubly dear to his distracted Mother—hung by but a precarious thread. Doctors of Medicine—much alike the world over—advised operations and prophesied speedy death. Jealousies, machinations and national and inter-national intrigues beat about the feeble child.

Then there entered upon the scene the monk Rasputin—a piece of human offal possible in no land but Russia. A dissolute, lascivious misrepresentative of religion, he had native shrewdness and foresight. The salvation of the life of the then Czarevitch would wide open to him the doors of wealth, of preferment and of his loved lust. With all the force of his holy office, with all the strength of a natural scientist he fought the weird theories of ignorant self-seeking doctors, and the machinations of shameless political intrigue. He knew that fresh air and sunshine were the best tonics, and he “threw physic to the dogs.” He knew that if the life of the child could be preserved until adolescence set in, the frail thread of life would strengthen. He so advised the half crazed Mother, Alexandra Romanoff. Madame Vyroubova seconded this common sense treatment—not so common after all—and the boy lived, thrived, grew and strengthened. There was no magic except the magic of common sense. Rasputin glutted his foul body and his fouler soul with rewards.

But Madame Vyroubova needed no rewards and sought

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

for none save in friendship's pure coinage. She puts it this wise: "Let any American Mother imagine that she had an only son who had come into the world a weakling, one whose life had always hung on a thread, and that that child had suddenly and miraculously been restored to health. Let her suppose that the person who did this wonderful thing was not a doctor but a monk of her own church. Wouldn't it be natural for that Mother to regard the man with almost superstitious gratitude for the rest of her life? Wouldn't it also be natural that she should want to keep the monk near her, at least until the child grew up, in order to have the benefit of his advice and help in case of the return of the illness? Well, that is the whole truth about the Empress and Rasputin." Madame Vyroubova frankly admits the general dissoluteness, depravity and lust of Rasputin, but strenuously insists upon the purity of the deposed Czarina and of herself in their relations with him. Sated with wealth, power and dissipations, Rasputin met the murdered fate he had courted and took his departure to the Hereafter as dark a soul as his Satanic Majesty ever welcomed.

But he left behind him a legacy of Court intrigues and of international machinations, and of the sinister influences of discredited doctors which beat stormily about the heads of the boy's Mother and Madame Vyroubova. Slander's hydra-headed tongues pitilessly licked about them. But the Mother had her strengthened boy, reborn into health, and Madame Vyroubova rested content in her friend's happiness. The cords of friendship held taut despite slander's brutal blows.

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

Brutality did what slanders could not do—separated Madame Vyroubova and Alexandra Romanoff. While traveling, supposedly on a guarded special train, between Petrograd and Tsarskoe Selo, Madame Vyroubova met with a devilishly prearranged accident intended for her death. The car occupied by her was intentionally wrecked. Instead of being killed, however, her legs were badly broken and crushed, and her spine injured beyond repair. Neglect completed the disaster, and the life of a cripple was made to pay the penalty of years of friendship. Lithe, beautiful, graceful and proud of her physical perfections, Anna Vyroubova awoke doomed to a crippled existence.

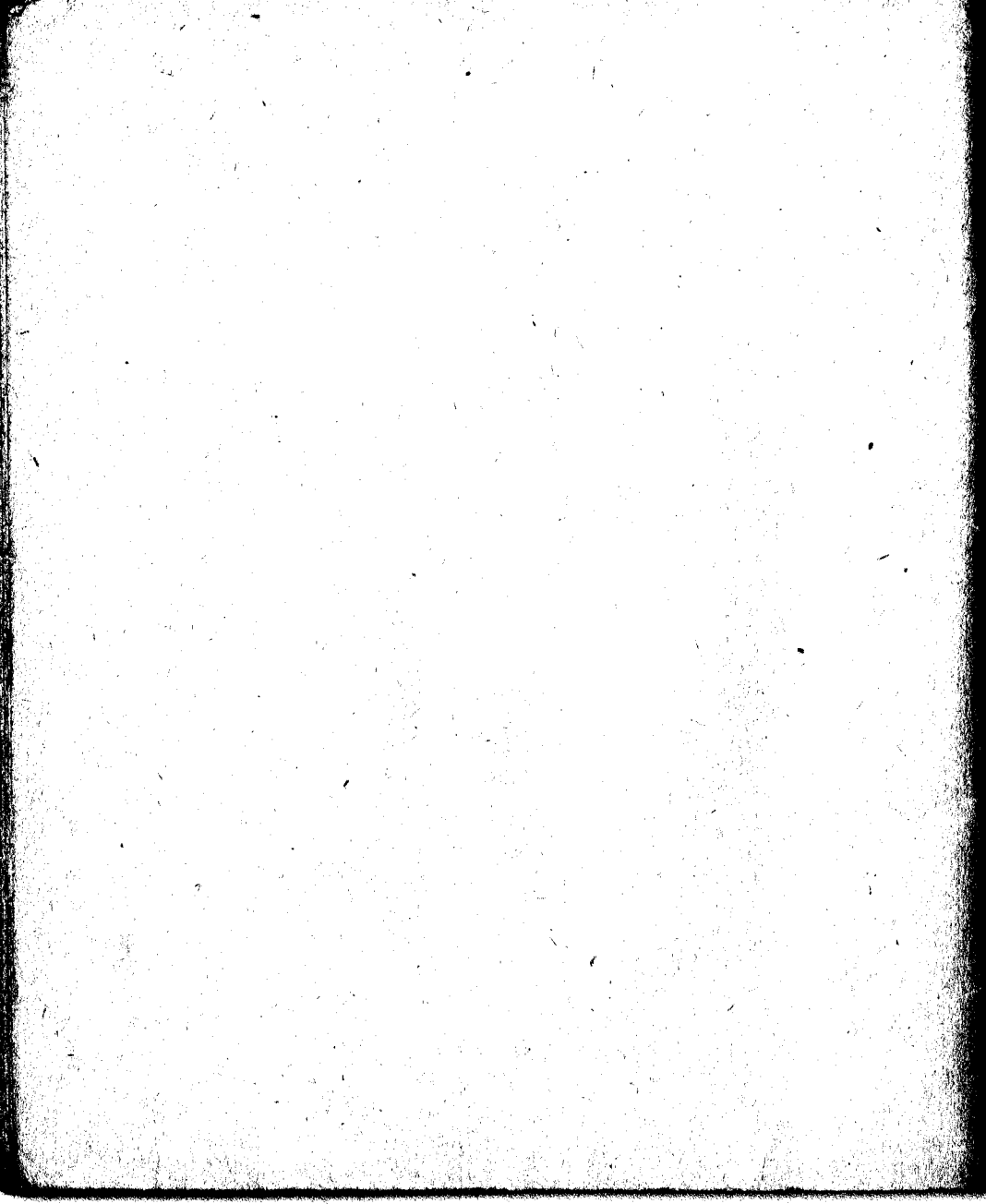
But malevolence was not yet exhausted. She was brutally hurried from a bed of pain and suffering and heartlessly thrust into an underground dungeon at the famous fortress of Peter and Paul—the grave of many a brave soul. Immured in a cell, her husband killed in battle, dead to the world, crippled for life, her wealth depleted to almost poverty, she was bitterly penalized for her pure friendship for a sorrowing sister woman. Her house was ransacked, she was examined, re-examined, cross-examined and finally given the infamous “third degree.” But she lived. No evidence of poisoning was charged, no evidence of conspiracies as charged, and no evidence of any liaisons as charged was found. Slanderous malevolence finally ran its course, and even fantastic Russian justice (so miscalled) had to admit the innocence of Anna Vyroubova. Ruined in health, crippled for life, her beauty faded, her fortune wrecked, widowed, Anna Vyroubova has

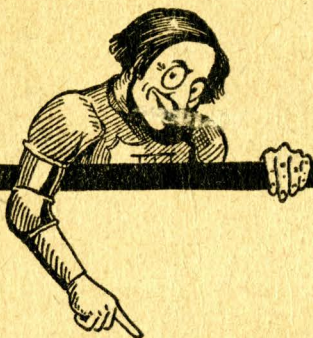
JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

sacrificed on friendship's altar everything dear to her except her life which beats but feebly in her crippled body where once it surged in glowing flood. But in far Siberia, Alexandra Romanoff—a woman and a Mother despite her former royalty—clasps in her arms a healthy son.

In the realm of femininity there live no classic Damon and Pythias, but in their stead live Alexandra Romanoff—a Siberian exile—and Anna Vyroubova—a crippled invalid—true to friendship's holy bonds.







At all news-stands twenty-five cents per copy. Single copies direct from publishers, thirty-five cents, forwarding charges prepaid.

