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Jim Jam Jems: January 1918

Sam H. Clark

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Jim Jam Jems

BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

JANUARY
1918



A VOLLEY OF TRUTH



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

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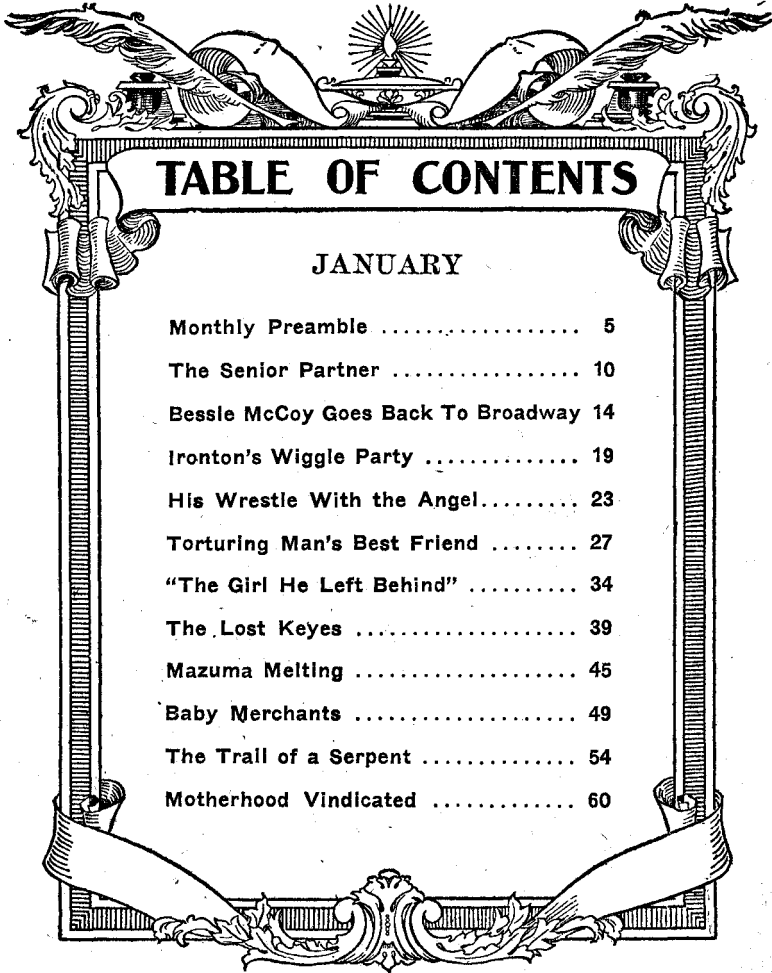
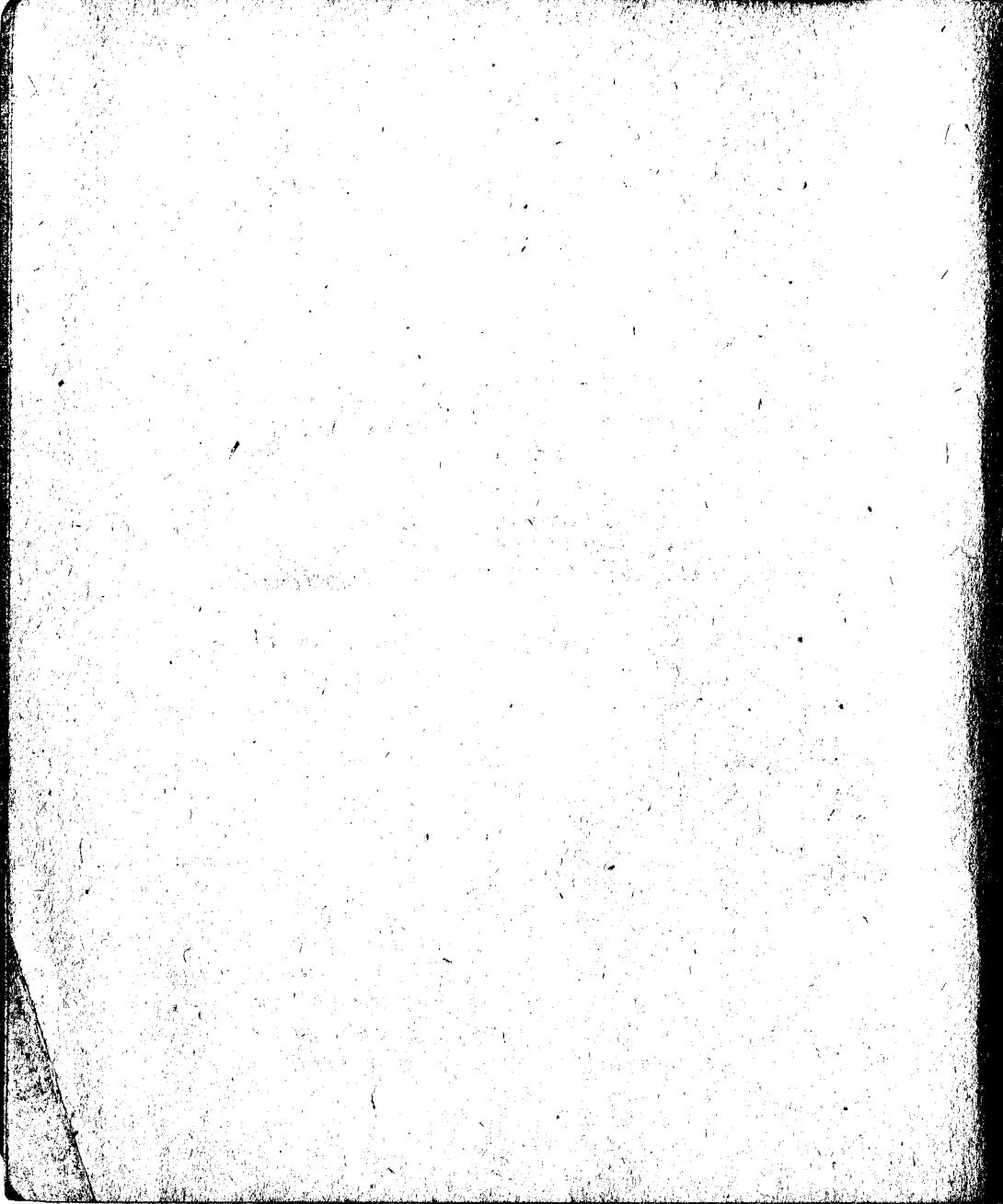
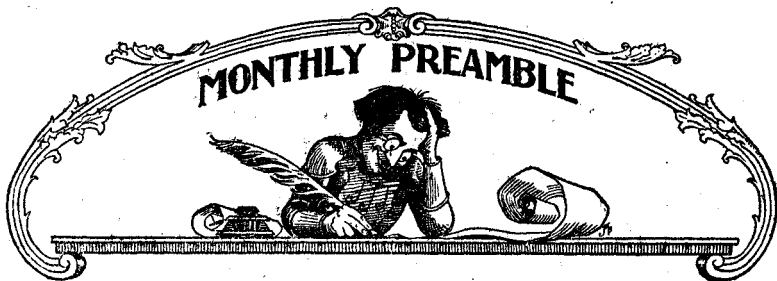


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IX years ago tonight—December 15, 1912— we wrote the first preamble for the first issue of Jim Jam Jems. Six years are but six ticks of the mighty clock of Time, and yet as we look back over those years a flood of emotions crowd thick upon us. A world of experiences have been crowded into that short space of time. We close our eyes and memory skips back over the years, dwelling for an instant upon the most marked incidents—some the saddest and bitterest, others the happiest of our life. Only those who have followed our fortunes from the initial issue down to the present time can even in a small degree realize what it has cost in work and grief to make good our promise to publish a Volley of Truth.

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Jim Jam Jems is without doubt the most unique publication extant. So far as we know, it is the only magazine published that carries no advertising matter and has no subscription list. When we announced in the initial number that we would endeavor to shatter the journalistic delusion that a publication could not exist and thrive without the usual revenues—that of subscriptions and advertising—our friends of the newspaper clan looked at us patronizingly and shook their heads. “The poor fellow has slipped his trolley,” was their mental verdict. Some of them said we would never get out a second issue; others gave us three or six months, and some of the more liberal thought we might perhaps worry along a year, but a year was the very limit.

We recall distinctly the day we put the proposition to our partner, Mr. Crockard. He didn't say much at the time except that he would consider it. But we knew he was going to do a lot of thinking before he made a final decision. The idea of a thoroughly independent publication, with Truth for its motto, appealed to him. But to accept the business management of an enterprise that right on the face of it looked like a loser, did not appeal to him.

It was after our conviction in the federal court and the sentence to Leavenworth three years ago (which, thank God, we licked in the Court of Appeals), that Crockard linked his arm in ours as we walked from the court room and with a twinkle in his off eye, asked: “Do you remember what you said to me the first night we talked over the idea of starting

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Jim Jam Jems and I asked you what would be the outcome if we attempted to publish a magazine of Truth?"

"Well, not just the exact words," we replied, "but in a general way, yes."

"You have always made good on your promises to me, and your prophecies and predictions have worked out pretty much to the good," said Crockard, "but I can't help recalling the strange reply you made to me when we first talked over the proposition of starting Jim Jam Jems. When I asked you what the result would be, you said, 'Lord only knows. But I have faith in it, and if you will go through with me I will promise you more excitement than you have had for many a day—and I may make you anything from a millionaire to a convict.' Well, blamed if it doesn't look as though you were going to make good on one end of that prophecy at least," he added. And it did look bad, we'll admit.

But now, after six years of struggle, we are both still out of jail—and for the first time in several years we are more than ten minutes ahead of a U. S. Marshal. In making our bow to Jim Jam Jems readers at the beginning of the seventh year, we smile with satisfaction and thankfulness to think the slate is clean and there are no indictments hovering over us.

Anyone can hold the helm when the sea is calm; but if anyone thinks we have been sailing o'er smooth waters in the journalistic sea, just take it from us that it's been a bit rough. "The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor the man perfected without trials." We've had our share of both.

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Taken 'em in good liberal doses, too. And while we are not sure that the finished product is any improvement on the rough timber we started with, perhaps our post-graduate course in the federal courts will cause us to evolve from the unbranded maverick into a combination of the American eagle and turtle dove. We said, "perhaps."

However, on our sixth birthday, we desire to renew our pledge to that vast army of readers who have stayed with us in the uphill battle to establish a monthly "Volley of Truth." We are going to continue to rise above the fogs of partisanship, of "policy," of fiction. We are going to continue to hold steadily and sturdily to the truth. And in doing so we know we are going to be without competition. Facts instead of distorted news! Truth instead of filthy fiction! And not a line of alluring and misleading advertising—not a line of any kind or class of advertising. The man does not live who can bargain for an inch of space in Jim Jam Jems.

For seventy-two months we have pounded away with the Truth. We have reached out and plucked many a scoundrel. Even our enemies—and God knows we have some good ones—admit that we haven't been afraid to hit the fellow on the pedestal. And mind you, so thorough have we been in gathering our facts, and so sincere in adhering to the truth, that not in a single instance have we ever been threatened with a suit for libel and not one word have we retracted under pressure! Is it any wonder that we point to the record of the past six years with satisfaction?

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The year 1918 is upon us. What it holds for humanity no mortal can conceive. But just as this War of Hell's Hate burst from a clear sky, so will Peace come from the darkened clouds. And we hope that ere the year 1918 passes, the benediction of God will have fallen upon a world at Peace.

JIM JAM JUNIOR.



THE SENIOR PARTNER



MODERN warfare is a stern business; it is no glittering pageant with gleaming plumes, with gaily prancing steeds, or with a half-holiday glamour about it. It is the sternest, hardest, most cold-blooded business traveling in worn ruts of time. Some things are known of all men and obtrude themselves to view as clearly as the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor.

When our present war allies sought our war aid their straits were desperate. Disaster in its direct form threatened them. Unpreparedness was valiantly but vainly battling against almost a half century of perfected preparation. Defeat threatened on land, disaster swooped from the sky, and sea-wolf submarines threatened the free seas. There was a shortage of money, a shortage of food, a

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shortage of men, a shortage of ships, a shortage of munitions—in short, there was a shortage of war's every necessity. It was the most cataclysmic crisis in human affairs upon which God's sun had ever shone.

There was one—and but one—House of Refuge for beleaguered civilization, the United States of America. The allies were grasping, not for a straw, but for an absolute ship of safety when imploring hands reached overseas for aid—for that aid without which European civilization seemed doomed to darkest night. We could have stood aloof, buttressed ourselves against any possible invasion, prepared ourselves to the keenest knife-edge of preparedness—and left Europe to stew to finalities. We did not do so. We did not close our eyes, we did not deafen our ear to the prayers, to the implorations of our sea-separated brother men. We had become the final reservoir of the world's wealth of gold. A cold, calculating self-interest would have said "No!" But the warm-hearted, red-blooded pulse beats of human brotherhood cried "Yes!" So it was, and so, thank God, it rightly was!

Lord Northcliffe, a man of clear, practical, far-sighted vision—but not visionary—has said in effect that it might be necessary yet for the United States to take the command in this war. And so it may be.

Glance at stubborn facts—not theories, but history's proofs. Great Britain unaided has never won a great war. France, our best beloved of all nations, lost her war with Germany in the Franco-Prussian disaster. The much vaunted Rus-

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sian "steam roller" has melted into a gelatinous mass of uselessness in a military sense. Italy after struggling bravely for years up the bloody mountain slopes is in a few days hurled backward. Such are the facts.

Of all the leading nations, of all the first class powers of this planet, the United States of America is the only one with an absolutely unassailable war record. It is commonly said that we are not a military nation. We are when we choose to be, and our flag and defeat are utter strangers! And there is a reason for it, too!

The same almost limitless resources and the same invincible, trained co-ordination of effort, which have made the United States the world's industrial leader, win wars. That is the real reason—resources and co-ordinated efforts and the "never say die" American spirit. It means invincibility in peace, and it means victory in war. That is the true story from the war of '76 down to the close of the Spanish-American contest. That is history's recorded verdict.

Every partnership, every alliance, every coterie of associates has a senior partner—made such by the inevitable logic of events and achievements. The United States of America is the real senior partner—appealed to for embarkation in the joint enterprise by reason of resources and success—of our allied interests. On desperation's edge, on defeat's verge, the United States joined the enterprise. Everything our allies lacked we had and everything we have has been freely placed in the common cause. There has been no holding back, there has been no jockeying for place, nor for advantage. Men,

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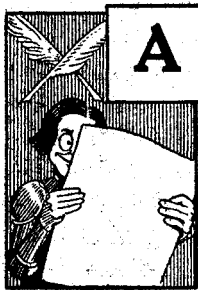
treasure, ships, food, clothing, ammunition and munitions from the only available source in this world—the United States of America—have been furnished and will be furnished with the freest hands drawn on all history's pages.

Measured by man power, measured by money power, measured by food power, measured by potential sea power, measured by aeroplane power, and above all, measured by uninterrupted war success, the United States of America is the Senior Partner in the world's greatest alliance. No other nation in war power approximates the real Senior Partner in real mightiness.

Isn't it fair, isn't it proper, isn't it just, that the United States of America, the real Senior Partner in the most momentous enterprise on this planet, be given a very large voice in its management? Can anyone else contribute as vast a volume of resources? Has anyone else as clear a record for actual achievement? Doesn't the inevitable logic of the situation—the real selective world draft—point unerringly to the United States as the Senior Partner? We think it does.



BESSIE McCOY GOES BACK TO BROADWAY



A TINY wisp of a woman, riding daintily through puffs of make-believe clouds on a glowing moon, swung slowly down from the recesses of a brilliantly Urban-esque stage setting. A muffled orchestra vamped rhythmically while the vast audience of de-collete women and smartly dressed men sat tense. As the moon neared the proscenium the faint glow of a dimmed calcium broke gently on the bewildered features of the little woman. Then far back in the gallery there was started a ripple of applause which seemed to gather increasing momentum as it swept down the tiers of seats into the orchestra row and the boxes. The crowd stood up and cheered as no crowd perhaps has ever cheered before. Shouts of "Bravos" and violent handclapping rocked the great building. Noth-

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ing in the annals of theatrical history had ever surpassed it.

The amazed little woman stepped from the pseudo moon—turned just slightly and shook two glistening tears from her eyes and then with the crash of of cymbals began the rhythmic pulse of her nimble, fast-flying feet.

Bessie McCoy—the Yama Yama girl—had come back to Broadway! Bessie McCoy, the one time toast of the town, the name that was hailed on every lip as the reigning dancer, had come back to the glaring footlights, the squirrel-teeth Johnnies and all the rest of the Thespian hoi-polloi.

And fickle Broadway claimed her as its very own. It was only a few short years ago that Bessie McCoy surprised the Rialto, that section of New York where the joie de vivre takes root, by her marriage to Richard Harding Davis, gentleman, journalist, war correspondent and adventurer. He married her to take her away from Broadway and its environs forever. He wanted in his big masculine way to build a little nest for the frail dancer so that she could live away from the din and clamor, and Bessie McCoy, petted darling of the footlights, was ready to go. She was ready, yes, anxious, to get out of step with the whirling world of restaurants, theatres and other artificialities of the sham world of Lobsteria.

Many lifted their penciled eyebrows and shrugged their powdered shoulders when the news was told.

“She’ll come back!” they said, knowingly, with that wise owlish look of the confirmed Broadwayite. And Bessie McCoy did come back to Broadway—came back to all of its glitter and gloss to take her place behind the footlights.

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But she did not come back because of the lure of Broadway. She came back because of a great and overwhelming Mother Love—the lodestone that will draw a mother, worthy of the name, into the very jaws of hell if need be.

Yes, Bessie McCoy has come back, and the cynics may smile. But those who know understand. When Bessie McCoy married Richard Harding Davis they went away up into the hills of beautiful Mt. Kisco, miles from the gleaming lights of the Great White Way. Here in a rough-hewn home they began their new life together. Bessie McCoy shed the Lady Bluff Gordon gowns that were the envy of the women of the cafes and substituted the simple homespun garments of the farm. With her husband, clad in rough corduroys, they tramped the hills and dales, hunted for game, fished for trout and lived the simple life of our hardy ancestors.

A great love was theirs. The glowing sunset found them at the end of day hand in hand on the little front porch whispering ever and again the old, old story. Broadway was merely a mirage.

Then a little baby came. Hope, they called her. And it seemed that their cup of joy was indeed overflowing. But Davis amid the alarms of war was called to the path of duty and while they were rejoicing over their newest and dearest possession he sailed for the blood-soaked battlefields of Europe. The letters they wrote revealed the master love that was theirs.

Each day they fretted for the hour that they would be together again. Davis at last came back; but the rigors of

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trench life had sapped his strength. Valiantly the little wife fought alone to nurse him back to health. But the damage to his strong constitution was too great—and as the sun was sinking behind a little hill back of the Mt. Kisco home one day the soul of Richard Harding Davis winged its eternal flight.

Bessie McCoy was a widow with only the little daughter left to console her in her deep grief. Richard Harding Davis was a writer—not a business man. When his estate was settled there was very little left for the mother and child.

And so it was that Bessie McCoy was forced to do the only thing that she knew how to do—to return to the footlights. And Broadway smiled and said: “I told you so.”

But the true hearts understood and applauded the brave little woman. The night of her ovation was the night of her greatest sacrifice, for she came back to the things she loathed so that the child who sprang from the loins of her God Man might never know the curse of poverty.

Somehow we cannot help but believe that the spirit of Richard Harding Davis looked down upon her that night to give her strength for herself and for their child. Amid the garish tinsel and labored rhyme that clothed the simple scene with dramatic gauds—there was a tragedy as grandly pitiful as Aeschylus ever pictured.

Bessie McCoy to the tune of first-nighters' applause was battling with despair. While she danced over the gilded stage she fought back the sobs that were trying to crush her. And at the close, when the audience rose with one accord

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and burst the bonds of decorum with vociferous and noisy praise, Bessie McCoy rushed to the edge of the stage with outstretched arms and looked straight toward the heavens. Her lips moved feebly as if in thanks but it was easy to believe that she was calling upon her husband to give her renewed strength for the new life she must lead.



IRONTON'S WIGGLE PARTY



TIME was when lodge “smoke socials” were everyday occurrences. And invariably the committee on entertainment felt its importance to the extent of springing some new sensation that would put its predecessors to shame. Chorus girls and vaudeville artists were ever in demand, and if there happened to be a “Cooche” dancer within a thousand miles or so, she was sure to be booked as a head-liner. Somehow the boys always thought their smoke social a failure if it didn't have a thrill or two in it and they liked to saunter home in the morning with a feeling that they had put something over on their wives in what was considered a perfectly legitimate way. But the boys' enthusiasm got the best of them and they over-did it. Some of the saner mem-

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bers called a halt and as a result smoke socials with their questionable orgies have been under the ban in most well regulated fraternal organizations. And rightly so! A "stag party" that affords good, wholesome entertainment doesn't harm anyone, but when the entertainment reaches the nasty stage it is time to call a halt.

It has been a long time since we have heard of one of these lodge orgies and it remained for the little hamlet of Ironton, Ohio, to revive the old order of things with a sensational stag party.

It all happened a little while ago at a picnic. It was one of those lodge affairs where the husbands left their wives at home with the understanding that they were simply going out into the woods to feed upon sandwiches and beer and listen to windy orations and cheer for the flag. The scene of the festivities was in a picturesque wooded spot on a farm near Hanging Rock, a village close to Ironton. Young men, middle-aged men and old men drove in for miles around to be at the post when the barrier snapped. It had been given out that an usually live and active entertainment committee was on the job and there would be things doing.

While the guests were arriving someone rolled out a keg of good rum and tapped it at its most sensitive point and then yelled, "come on boys!" They came on the gallop. They sipped it, gulped it, rubbed it in their hair. By the time the entertainment committee was ready to stage the big event, most of the guests didn't care if they didn't get home until nine o'clock that night, by Gum! Everybody got off the reser-

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vation and began whooping it up in good old Comanche style. In the meantime a space was being cleared in the middle of the picnic grounds to provide a good vantage point from all sides. Those who expected a chase for the conventional greased pig shouted to bring on the goldarned pig. And in a few moments they got their jolt.

From behind three trees came three young women. They had left their modesty with their clothes somewhere and strutted forth without even Eve's shyness.

"This is terrible," shouted a deacon of the Methodist church as he shoved three young chaps out of the way so he could get up a little closer.

Then the women commenced to dance. They made Isadora Duncan's wildest cavorting look like an old-fashioned polka. They gyrated and wiggled and tripped and dipped and hopped and skipped and flitted. And then there was a recess. But the onlookers kept up a vigorous encore and soon the dancers appeared again. This time they were much more conventional. They wore wreaths of autumn leaves about their heads. It is quite needless to say orations and flag cheering were forgotten for the day. The dance was the thing.

At sundown the party broke up. The dancers were conveyed to a nearby railway station and shipped back to the gilded palace in the Cincinnati red-light district from whence they had been imported.

The story of the orgy leaked out, of course. Several of the pious Sunday plate-passers are dodging 'round corners and avoiding their friends. Two arrests have been made and the

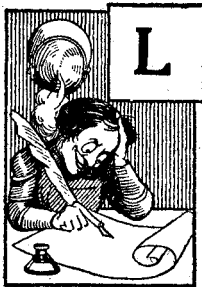
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matter will be taken before the next grand jury. The sheriff's wife insists that he arrest everybody connected with the disgraceful affair, and the dancers are to be brought back to do their stunt all over again before the grand jury. And those who missed the picnic want to sit on the grand jury.

We sincerely hope that this revival of the nude dance and other nastiness that characterized lodge picnics and smoke socials in the old days will be so thoroughly penalized that an epidemic of the "old time hot stuff" will not break out. The lodge that has to resort to honky-tonk tactics to keep up enthusiasm and attendance at its social functions needs more than fumigating.



HIS WRESTLE WITH THE ANGEL



LIKE Jacob of old, Frank A. Gotch had a wrestling match, and the Angel of Death gave him his first, last and only defeat. The match really commenced in the summer of 1916, but it was not until December 16, 1917, that both shoulders of the champion heavy weight were pressed down upon the mat of death. With the "strangle hold" of uraemic poisoning against him, Gotch's defeat was as certain as his struggle

was brave.

Frank A. Gotch on the professional mat was a Napoleon in strategy, a Samson in strength and a bulldog in tenacity. Gotch and failure were strangers.

In the summer of 1897 Dan McLeod, a famous professional, was traveling about meeting all comers and at Humboldt,

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Iowa, he met a sure enough "comer" in young Gotch. It took the professional champion just 46 minutes by the watch to beat the raw country lad who knew nothing of the technique of the game.

Gotch then became a disciple of the famous "Farmer Burns" and remained with his instructor until 1901, when the golden gleam of Alaska beckoned him. Whether the thrifty Gotch really intended to wrest gold from Alaska's frozen bosom or to wrestle it from the clutches of sportively bent miners we do not know. But he got his famous "toe hold" on over \$18,000 of Alaska's yellow harvest when he defeated Archer, the Alaskan champion.

Having wrested and wrestled his first "stake" from the frozen North he returned to civilization and to his first athletic love, "Farmer Burns." Strength and courage he had and technique he acquired. In 1904 Tom Jenkins surrendered to him the belt of champion and it never left his sturdy loins. In 1907 he deserted Burns and then conquered him. The pupil became the master and the master became the beaten.

In 1908 the shoulders of Fred Beal were pressed into defeat by Gotch and then began his battles with foreign aspirants who besieged the American champion—lured by his fame and by the golden apples of reward.

But Frank Gotch stood a Colossus on the wrestling mat. Raicevik with the Italian belt went down. Gussiff Mahmout, the "Terrible Turk" succumbed to Gotch. Zybszko tasted

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the same cup of defeat. Then there came George Hackenschmidt, the much heralded "Russian Lion."

This was Frank Gotch's supreme test. The world had been combed fine to find his conqueror and the "wise" sportsmen hailed Hackenschmidt as their deliverer from Gotch's long list of winnings in victories—and in coin. It was in September, 1911, that this famous contest—the most famous in all wrestling annals—came off at Comiskey's ball park in Chicago. It took Gotch but twenty short minutes to emerge with the title and the lion's share of the \$80,000 gate money—the high tide of box office receipts for a wrestling match.

Against all comers, including Joseph Smejkal, champion of Bohemia, Gotch held his title and more than held his own in winnings until his final retirement from the wrestling mat in 1915.

Gotch backed himself from his inexhaustible physical prowess and from his hoard of gold. Every time he held his championship belt it grew the heavier from his bets on himself. He never hedged on Gotch.

From a poor farmer's boy in 1897 he became the world's champion wrestler and a local capitalist. At Humboldt, Iowa, he was born, lived and died. He knew wrestling and he knew farms—those good rich Iowa farms whence spring the corn's golden grains. The gold that he wrested from the wrestling mats he planted in rich Iowa dirt. When the Angel of Death outwrestled him he left behind him four

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large farms near Humboldt, a block of bank stock and other golden evidences of professional prowess.

Cleanly he lived, courageously he won his way, thriftily he accumulated and gamely he died.

On the matrimonial mat he became the champion of but one woman and to her hand he held till death parted them.

In our last issue, we mentioned the passing of "Lanky Bob" and now Saint Peter's wicket opens to another champion, Frank A. Gotch. Both lived cleanly, both battled bravely, both prospered, and perhaps on that Thither Shore both will fare as well as many gilded souls—of greater pretensions and much poorer performance. None know. We pretend not to say. But as Robert Fitzsimmons or as Frank A. Gotch, we should have no fear of Saint Peter's challenge when halted with, "Advance friend, and give the countersign!" We should proudly say, "American Champion, fairly won and honestly defended!" And we believe the wicket would inward swing.



TORTURING MAN'S BEST FRIEND



AS a lover of dogs—and right now we own five beautiful Llewlyn Setters and two big brown Chesapeak Retrievers—we want to call the attention of our readers to the unbelievable tortures thousands of our dumb friends are subjected to annually in Vivisection's Halls of Agony. And while our love for a dog is sufficient to prompt this chapter, we are obeying a higher than human law in this protest against "scientific torture." Holy Writ says, "Open thy mouth for the dumb." We believe that these vivisectionists, under the guise of scientific investigation for humanity's betterment, are merely sating a degenerate ghoulish lust for torture, and that the men who practice vivisection as it is truthfully recorded

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here are infinitely inferior to the dumb animals upon whom they commit their atrocities.

The subject of vivisection is ever a live one. Tons of protest literature have been handed the public. But the average person knows no details of the real tortures dumb animals are subjected to in the cause of "science." Thus we set forth some facts that The New York Anti-Vivisection Society has been trying to drive home in its effort to protect dumb animals from the degenerate brutality of "scientific" tortures.

Here are a few paragraphs setting forth the hellish tortures that dumb animals are subjected to in the cause of "science:"

From "A Clinical and Experimental Study of Massage,"
By Dr. A. Castex, in Archives Generales de Medicine:

"Seventh Experiment. We proceed without anaesthetics thinking that they have nullified previous experiments. The animal is fastened on the vivisection table. I dislocate successively both its shoulders, doing it with some difficulty. The animal, which appears to suffer much, is kept in a condition of dislocation for about half an hour. It struggles violently in spite of its bonds. The autopsy shows that on the left shoulder there had been a tearing out of the small tuberosity and of all the adjoining skeleton!"

"Eighth Experiment. Poodle Dog. Replaced on the table with chloral; I dislocate his two shoulders. The animal utters screams of suffering; I hold him for twenty minutes, with his two shoulders dislocated and the elbows tied together behind his back."

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Dr. B. A. Watson, A.M. M.D., a prominent physician of Jersey City, made a number of experiments on dogs. He conceived the idea of hoisting a dog up to the ceiling and dropping it upon its back on iron bars, in such a manner as to produce concussion of the spine. Some of the dogs lived from a week to ten days. He experimented upon 141 dogs.

From "An Experimental Study on Circular Suture of the Intestines," by Dr. W. S. Halsted of New York, International Journal of Medical Sciences. (Over thirty dogs experimented upon.)

"Experiment A. Small young dog. Needles with dulled ends employed for sewing. Circular resection of intestines. Two rows of interrupted stitches; the stitches tore badly and had to be frequently retaken.

"To satisfy my curiosity I made experiments D and E.

"Experiment D was on a small brindle and white bulldog (pup). Found dead the day after the operation.

"Experiment E was on a large, long-haired dog. This animal died on the eleventh day after the operation. The experiment necessitated a good deal of stitching.

"I shall not record the rest of my experiments on circular sutures of the intestines, because most of them seem now rather absurd to me, and none of them admit of classification."

From Engelmann's "Archiv für Anatomie Und Physiologie," 1901: "Experiments by Dr. Max Buch in order to test the relative sensibility of the sympathetic and vagus nerves.

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* * * No narcotics were used. The vagus was laid bare in the neck, and at the same time the crural nerve was also laid bare. A great difference in the sensibility of the two nerves was evident. In the case of the crural nerve any movement of the pincers called forth expressions of pain, and when, during the experiment, a thread was drawn underneath the nerve the animal began to scream piteously."

From Engelmann's "Archiv für Anatomie Und Physiologie." Leipzig, 1906. (Operations on the kidneys.) "The animals (dogs) were operated aseptically, entirely without anaesthetics. As the experiments sometimes lasted more than a day, we always managed to keep the operation room at not less than 25 degrees C., so that the body temperature of the animals, which were firmly fixed to the operation board, should not get lowered."

Prof. Pawlow, the great Russian Scientist, is a wholesale manufacturer of "Pure Gastric Juice." This is his secret of manufacture:

An opening is made in the stomach of a dog weighing from 30 to 40 pounds by cutting through the abdominal wall so as to expose the stomach. That organ is then stitched to the edges of the abdominal wound and the gastric juice which escapes from this wound is collected by strapping a funnel to the belly of the dog and connecting a flask with the end of the funnel, another flask being attached to the mouth. In the meantime, an opening has been cut in the gullet so that food which is swallowed will fall out. The dogs will eat for hours trying to satisfy their hunger. "Sham feeding

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with stones, butter, salt, pepper, mustard, extract of meat and acid, though it excited a flow of saliva produced no effect on the stomach." If, however, meat is shown to the dogs for an hour and a half there will be a flow of gastric juice into the funnel. Prof. Pawlow tells the following story of one of his dogs: He says that one morning he found that it had torn down part of the wall in the laboratory, in which it was chained, and he found the animal was lying in the pulverized wall, evidently trying to take away the suffering caused by the constant trickling of the gastric juice, and the next morning he found that this dog had again, in its efforts to save itself, torn down another part of the wall. Thereafter, sand was provided for the dogs. These animals were kept alive for months, by the introduction of food through the lower cut end of the hole in the gullet, or directly through the opening in the stomach. Prof. Starling says of Prof. Pawlow that "Here, as in the stomach, he imagined that it was necessary to operate on an animal unpoisoned by anaesthetics."

Could anything be more horrible or revolting than this method of "manufacturing" gastric juice? Yet American druggists sell the product under the name of "Psychic Gastric Juice," or "Appetite Juice." And this revolting Russian practice is now being perpetrated in New York Laboratories.

The above are just a few illustrations of the hellish tortures suffered by dogs at the hands of Vivisectionists. Thousands upon thousands of other dumb animals—cats, mice, monkeys, guinea pigs—are subjected to tortures as fiendish. And it is

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the rule in most cases to avoid anaesthetics. Claud Bernard, a notoriously cold-blooded vivisector, casually remarks: "Muzzling a cat is by no means a simple operation and for that reason Walter used to sew the lips together instead." The lips of cats are sewed together by these fiends so as to silence their pitiful cries!

We have read of Vivisection—a little. We have written of it—a little. We frankly admit that we had not the slightest conception of the atrocious magnitude of its excruciating tortures upon helpless dumb animals until we recently dug into the subject. We now agree with Thoreau when he said: "We slander the hyena; man is the cruelest, fiercest animal." Regretfully we admit that he is.

In that greatest Book, the Book of Books, Job speaks of "The Lord in whose hands is every living thing." And who that has ever gazed into the depths of the speaking, appealing loving eyes of a faithful dog can doubt that dog has a soul? "As faithful as a dog" has been frozen into an adage—the concentrated wisdom of the ages. We are not going to quibble with theologians about definitions, but we have seen dogs and owned dogs that we know had more soul than has anyone of their concrete-hearted biped persecutors and torturers. We would rather dwell in the depths of Hell with a good dog—or for that matter with a yellow cur—than to live on Heaven's heights with a gelid hearted vivisectionist who has degenerately and out of wanton cruelty vivisected dumb animals—as much his real superiors as an elephant overtops a gnat.

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We should like to see a National Anti-Vivisection Society—one with teeth and claws and courage—under vigorous operation. We should like to see Law and Justice join hands in every one of the states and make the vivisection of animals a crime—and a crime not punishable by fine either.



"THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND"



YOUNG soldier on the eve of sailing for "Somewhere in France" sent the following unsigned letter to the San Francisco Examiner:

"I'm not afraid," he said. "We must die somewhere sometime, and I'd rather go down under the Stars and Stripes than a falling safe or a joyrider's automobile, like lots of people do every day.

"What held me back from enlisting earlier was a girl that I certainly do love an awful lot.

"I asked her to write to me regularly and promise not to get married to anybody while I was away. And she said she liked me too much for that.

"But you know how it is when you are not on hand with the glad talk and the theatre tickets and she doesn't see you

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for months—they get used to missing you. And I thought if somebody like you would print a little something, suggesting that if every girl whose steady was ready to fight for America, would promise him that she'd pass up the others while he was at the front, it would help thousands of young fellows to make up their minds. I saw an article in the paper which you wrote about 'cuckoos,' meaning doctors and lawyers ornery enough to steal the practice of doctors and lawyers who were away fighting. But I think the worst 'cuckoo' of all is the slacker who snitches a soldier's sweetheart. That's a good name for them, too. Will you please write something that will hit the mark?"

They ducked. We are going to take a shot at it. We believe she will "stand hitched," disdaining snitching "slackers" so feared by that sailing soldier.

Ah, that "girl he left behind!" There never was, there never will be again, such a girl. Painters cannot limn on canvas a tithe of her intoxicating, alluring, witching ways. The pen of poetry, with all its artistry of rhythm and meter, halts at the task. But what the artist's brush and what the poet's pen cannot do the sensitized memory of youth's idolatrous worship of beauty's image does. Cameoed crystal-clear on his memory's tablets stands out that "girl he left behind" when Mars' mailed fist beckoned the khaki-clad youth.

There she stands! Observe her! With classic features, with damask cheeks, delicately tinted by nature's peerless brush, with nose uptilted at just the right bewitching angle, with pomegranate lips luringly bent into Cupid's perfect bow

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slightly parted over gleaming teeth, with small pearl-shell ears, with beguiling dimpled chin, with low, broad white brow, with delicately arched eyebrows, with eyes whose violet depths are yet unsounded, with an aureole of tawny copper tresses in glittering waves, with rounded arms ending in perfect hands, with bosom rising and falling with youth's gracious curved roundness, with lithe and chiseled limbs, with daintily modeled slender feet and enticingly enwrapped with diaphanous draperies, and with violets in her girdle—stands "the girl he left behind."

But not "behind" after all! On the crowded transport, on the shores of France, on the Flemish plains, on the tented field, in the sodden trenches, amid the shrieking shells and booming cannon the "girl he left behind" ever stands. And when the thrilling moment comes—when he leaps "over the top" to charge the world's embattled foe—there stands clear-cut before his vision the "girl he left behind," holding in her slender hands aloft the victor's wreath for his well won guerdon. "The girl he left behind" is ever with him, ever spurring him, ever alluring him, ever beckoning him to a hero's deeds and to a victor's seat. In all war's crimson ways she ever leads him—a white-robed Goddess pointing the trail of courage, and the path of victory. Amid all the drudgery, filth, blood, clamor, clamour and confusion of strife "the girl he left behind" stands before his vision as clear, as distinct, as radiant as the rising sun.

And in his sleep, in toil's well won reward, she grasps his grimy hand in her white fingers, whispers in his ear "John,

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I love you," drops a chaste kiss on his tired brow, pillows his weary head on her rounded bosom and lures him to slumber's deepest depths. When he wakes, there she stands, gaily smiling, coyly waving him a morning kiss, strengthening him for his day's duties. "The girl he left behind" is ever present with him, sleeping or waking.

And in reality he never "left" her. No snitching "slacker" can beguile her for she sees only him. She sees him every day and every hour. His strong, confident, upright, khaki-clad figure is ever before her—the last thing she sees at night, the first thing her dewy eyes behold at morn, and the dearest subject of her sweetest dreams of pure maidenhood. She is proud of his dauntless courage, proud of his soldierly bearing, and prouder yet of his love for his country and for her. Her eyes fill—not with pain, but with pride—her bosom rises with love's ecstatic thrills as in spirit she walks with her lover overseas.

They have not been asunder. Her fair form is ever with him. His brave figure is ever with her. The cords of love's deathless spirit span continents and rolling waves and bind tight this loving twain.

No snitching "slacker" can replace to her that hero overseas. Her heart beats as true to his as if they pulsed together eye to eye, lips to lips and breast to bosom.

No beckoning siren overseas in the war zone can lure him from "the girl he left behind." Her image is ever with him, her sweetest smile fills full his well of courage, her rounded

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arms encircle his neck, and from the unplumbed depths of her fond eyes he draws his hero's inspiration.

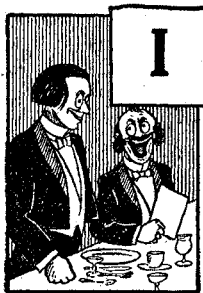
The war ends as end it must and will. From overseas, bronzed, weather beaten, with well-won shoulder straps, erect, proud with just pride of achievement, the soldier man returns to "the girl he left behind"—but who has been really with him in image and in spirit every second.

And there she stands on the dock, untroubled and untouched by any snitching "slacker." The lovelight gleams from her eyes, her radiant smile greets him, her white hand throws him a kiss from her rosy lips, love's thrills billow her bosom as she sees on the transport's deck her soldier man—who never really "left" her and whose brave spirit has ever attended her.

The ship docks and they meet! Lips to lips, eyes plumbing eyes, breast to bosom, embrace to embrace they meet. But really they had not parted. The cords of love, never severed, have merely shortened and brought together in the flesh that twain who in spirit have walked hand in hand.

And so "the girl he left behind"—who never really was behind—and her soldier man—her ardent lover on either shore—blest by priest and wed of ring lovingly journey toward the West! They know—and none know better—that in the Here and in the Hereafter they can never part!

THE LOST KEYES



IN the old Court House at Dedham, Mass., was enacted another scene in the tragedy of the "Duplicate Keyes" mentioned in our issue of September '17.

Briefly Harriet A. Varney—who believed herself to be the "common law" wife of George H. Keyes, but who was really only his seduced victim—was on trial with her life in the balance, for the murder of the real Mrs. George H. Keyes. On June 19th last, at her home at Brookline, Mass., was found the dead body of Mrs. George H. Keyes, a bride of but a few brief months, and by her side was found a note addressed to her husband containing among others these heart-breaking words, wrung from the heart of innocence by a husband's perfidious faithfulness: "I can not stand it any longer, some-

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one else has come into your life, knowledge of this is too much for me."

The State charged in effect that this note was in reality but a crafty forgery and that Mrs. George H. Keyes died, not by bullets sped by her own hand, but by the hand of Harriet A. Varney. Was Mrs. George H. Keyes' suicide merely the devilish device of a murderess who craftily placed the discharged revolver in her stiffening hand or was the suicide genuine and was Harriet A. Varney merely another deflowered and innocent victim of insatiate and insatiable lust? That was in effect the issue.

Whether murdered or whether self-destroyed, the fair young bride of George H. Keyes was in the realm of morality as much his real victim as if his own dastardly hand had fired the bullets which closed her earthly career. Young, innocent, affectionate, confiding, she had sought a husband only to find a ruthless rouse. The fair fabric of a maiden's dreams of married bliss had been eaten away by the foul acid of domestic duplicity. The barque of one fair life had been wrecked on the yawning reefs of lust. That much was certain. Whether the blasts of suicide or of murder bore it thither the real destroyer was the dastardly double-living, double-dealing George H. Keyes. On his life's ledger there stood traced in indelible and unerasable lines to his eternal debit, in morality's court, the death of his bride.

And another life, wrecked in any event by his lustful lecheries—that of the deceived Harriet A. Varney—awaited the dipping of Justice's swaying scales. Would lust levy its

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double toll? Had Harriet A. Varney, jealousy-driven, murdered the bride of her betrayer? Must she, stript of virtue, also immolate her life on the altar of George H. Keyes' lust? Was one enough or must Harriet A. Varney also be fatally enmeshed in the net? Was George H. Keyes' admitted perfidy to again unlock Hereafter's door to a woman maddened by his heartless deceits? That was the real question.

Harriet A. Varney was no coward. She took the witness stand fearlessly. She unbared the story of her life from the time Keyes poisonously unlocked her citadel of virtue. No court, no jury ever listened to a more cold-blooded betrayal of woman by a lustful counterfeit of a man.

She told how first she met Keyes, innocently introduced to him by her fiancée; how again she met him, and how he dropped a powder into her lemonade; how she later found herself, to her horror upon regaining consciousness, in his room in a hotel. She told how Keyes ill-treated her; how he heartlessly took her nurse's earnings, how he had beaten her because she refused to go out on the streets and "earn" money for him. Keyes exerted a powerfully sinister influence over her. As she put it: "It is impossible to explain Keyes' influence over me. I was afraid of him. He had a gun and threatened to kill me."

She accounted for her movements on that fatal day of June 19th last so completely as to practically prove the physical impossibility of her guilt. Whether she was a most accomplished actress or whether the truth dropped naturally from

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her prison-pallid lips there was staged a most dramatic moment when she fearlessly faced the issue. Her counsel asked her: "Miss Varney, did you on June 19 kill Pauline Keyes?" Straightening herself in her chair, turning direct to the jury, holding her head high and looking the arbiters of her life fairly in the eyes she replied in clear, carrying tones, "I did not!"

The jury believed her, and with their verdict of "Not Guilty" the death of Mrs. George H. Keyes is still legally draped in mystery.

The letter received by George H. Keyes shortly after the death of his bride, figured in this astounding case. We printed it before, with a prevision of its possible meaning, and we print it again. This is the famous letter of anonymity.

"Mr. George Keyes: You may or may not be implicated in this matter, but certain it is, such as you are just as bad as she who committed the crime. Your double life led to this. Such as you should be punished in some way, and there might be a lesson taught by it.

"That dear, sweet, innocent girl to be the victim of such a foul deception as you certainly practised on her! And to meet such an end! We who knew her loved her. And it is a cruel shame her life should have been taken in this way! There is no God or justice if such as you and she go unpunished for this crime.

"Someone else can eavesdrop and listen as well as she, and one who knows more than but few know will tell her story

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when the time comes. She DID commit the crime, and I hope she will be punished."

A handwriting expert, after having inspected a number of letters and checks admittedly written by George H. Keyes, swore that the same hand had penned the letter! Miss Varney's counsel in summing up to the jury uttered these prophetic words: "When the curtain rises on the second act of this drama another face will be here."

We care not what his wealth may be—though we hope he lives to bear poverty's bitterest stings. We care not who may be his associates—though we hope none will degrade themselves by ever greeting him. We care not what may be his family connections—though we hope every relative will disown him. We hope that George H. Keyes, the beneficiary of morality's damnable double standard, will cringe and slink his way down life's path a Pariah.

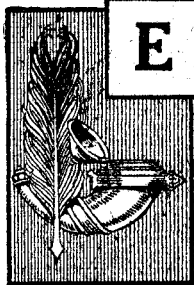
The blood of his bride cries out against him—more bitterly than any words we can pen. The disgraced, ruined, deceived, deflowered life of Harriet A. Varney cries out against him—more eloquently than the most scathing blasts of the most biting oratory. Can it be that with one woman—his bride of but a few brief months—dead, and with another woman's life wrecked, this lecherous, lustful monster can blithely go his way? He may laugh at the law and its powerlessness to mete out to him real justice, but he should be made to feel the scorpion lash of man's disdain until that time when a just God will mete out the penalty which man-made law may

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fail to inflict. As firmly as we believe in a God and in His justice and might, so firmly do we believe that ultimately the dastardly George H. Keyes will unlock and enter into his just deserts—mayhap in the Here, but surely in the Hereafter.



MAZUMA MELTING



EX-MAYOR PURROY MITCHEL'S mazuma morgue has been opened for inspection by the filing of the most monumental expense account in all political history. When the Mitchel gang in New York City unbelted \$1,229,895 in the vain attempt to re-elect Mayor Mitchel, their particular pet, they proved the futility of riches. Letting loose a flood tide of wealth is pretty good evidence of a combination of desperation and damphoolishness. This Mitchel mazuma-motor was cranked up, hit on every one of its twelve cylinders, burned up over twelve hundred thousand dollars and then limped in, hitting on but few cylinders, with all its tires deflated, and its passengers afoot.

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Let these figures do their own talking. It only cost \$1,808,348 to elect Woodrow Wilson President of the United States at his last election. With a popular vote of practically 9,120,000 it cost but twenty cents per vote to re-seat Mr. Wilson in the highest office in the world. With a vote for Mitchel of practically 147,000 in New York City it cost \$8.70 per vote for plutocracy's hothouse pet to lose his re-election—a difference in cost of \$8.50 per vote with a bad beating at the end of it. It cost the Mitchel Fusion Committee 43 times per vote more to lose than it cost President Wilson's Democratic Committee to win.

Every vote for Mitchel cost almost fifteen times as much as a vote for Judge Hylan, the victor, who polled more than double the Mitchel vote. The Mitchel mazuma minters spent about one hundred and forty times as much as the Socialist party which polled almost as many votes for Hillquit, its candidate, as were polled by Mitchel.

But this is not all that this epochal election proved. Every daily paper of any consequence in the City of New York, except the Hearst papers, supported Mitchel. These "moulders of public opinion" working their Archimedean levers of political power were thrown into the reverse gears and pounded in the midriff. The "power of the press" couldn't pull a jackass load to destination. The voters in New York City "coppered" the play of these marvelous Archimedean levers and gave a most startling proof of the utter powerlessness of the daily press to "put over" their political program.

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Two most stupendous delusions have bumped into a barrier of ballots and have been shattered. There is something the matter with the vote market. Votes at \$8.70 per vote cost for Mitchel drop into doubled disaster as compared with votes at a vote cost of about fifty-six cents for Hylan. With a cost difference per vote of about \$8.14 the cheaper article is almost doubly as efficient.

Either the Hearst papers in New York City are almost as doubly influential as practically all the other dailies combined or else the "public moulding" lever-pullers are a positive detriment with a fatal back action. Take your choice.

At this distance, from the Dakota prairies, where perhaps the view is clearer than in mazuma misted New York City, it looks as if a most stupendous orgy of maladministration had dug its own grave. In our October issue under the title of "The Neponsit Realty Magicians" and in our November issue under the title of "Deeds to Dreamland" we incidentally mentioned two nibblers at the huge municipal cheese. There were other nibblers, there was an army of them, and the Mitchel maladministration was not trapping them—quite the contrary! The golden creamery of the treasury of New York City was constantly turning out more cheeses for the rats' gnawings!

Nobody ever doubted Ex-Mayor Mitchel's patriotism. But he was wrapped, over-wrapped, smothered and mummified in the folds of "Old Glory" until he stumbled into the pit of defeat over the golden mounds of the most titanic slush fund ever built up in a city election. He assumed to make the

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“pay” in patriotism and the money of entrenched plutocratic predaceousness and the Archimedean levers of a pandering press push him into office. They pushed him into the pit of defeat with the loudest thud ever heard from its dismal depths.

But the law should dam up the tide of these garbage slush funds for election purposes. These golden orgies, degraded debaucheries and wastrel wassails of over twelve hundred thousand dollars to obtain a fifteen thousand dollar a year office should end, and end forever. Every sane human being whose brains function above his equator knows that the purveyors of this titanic fund expected to get it back in various forms so familiar to plutocratic special privilege and predaceousness manyfold. They made a poor bet. We are glad of it! But these graspers and grippers and cinchers and public plunderers should find in the law a stern barrier to forever stop the upbuilding of any such colossal slush fund for corruption of elections. While we are militantly and properly making the hugest sacrifice ever made in history to “make the world safe for Democracy” why not make Democracy safe for its plundered taxpayers in the World’s Metropolis—New York City?

BABY MERCHANTS



IF A merchant can obtain goods for nothing—and better yet if a premium can be obtained from dissatisfied holders—and then sell at a round price, affluence merely awaits enterprise. Such is the happy position of a coterie of Chicago baby merchants. They have tapped the rock of a new industry and golden profits gush forth.

Dr. Eva Shaver, of 1120 North Sedgwick Street, and her enterprising limb of the law, Clarence Shaver, of 848 Otis Building, have grasped the possibilities of this “infant industry.”

In the days of slavery when human flesh and blood were regularly merchandized there were some legal formalities such as warranty of ownership, description of the human

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chattel and an authenticated Bill of Sale. No such formalities hamper Chicago's baby merchants.

If poverty, or unwelcome or illegitimate parentage, embarrass baby owners, the Stork-borne merchandise is passed on—sometimes for nothing and sometimes with a premium—to dealers who never do business at a loss.

Mrs. Eva Shaver was annoyed by a conviction for manslaughter in March, 1916, growing out of the death of Anna Johnson, but is out on bail pending another round with the law. Her enterprising lawyer son is under indictment for manslaughter and conspiracy. But these are mere incidents of intensive industrialism.

Baby Henry Engel has been bartered about, through Mrs. Eva Shaver's methods, with no formalities except this interesting form of very brief receipt.

"Nov. 10, 1917.

I have received from Mrs. S. E. Wall, \$25.00, and I promise to deliver to her a baby or young child.

Mrs. Nolan."

The signer of the transfer of this human chattel is a Mrs. Bessie Nolan, of 316 West Division street, who appeared at Dr. Eva Shaver's "House of Mystery," delivered the baby and took the money. This was after lawyer Clarence Shaver had been "retained" by a ten dollar bill to further the enterprise. Modern industrialism demands expert legal counsel.

What was this poor little human chattel's history? He was the child of Mr. and Mrs. Engel. The father became

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a victim of the "white plague" and went to Texas where he died leaving his widow to struggle with poverty. Mrs. Engel's mother, little Henry's grandmother, Mrs. Jennie Herr, of 2654 West Adams street, helped until her savings were exhausted. The time came when there was no milk for baby Henry, and no money with which to buy it. In their dilemma, the two half-crazed women, the mother and the grandmother, lit upon this advertisement, inserted by some of these human buzzards who always wait for disaster.

"Personal—Wanted: to adopt a baby; must be healthy. Address X N 439, Tribune."

The advertisement was answered and there appeared two feminine human hyenas impersonating childless women of wealth, one of whom was "longing for a baby" and who said: "I will give the baby a lovely home and bring him up as my own. But you must promise never to ask for him again." Legal adoption also was promised, but of course that was merely bait. Poverty prevented getting a premium with the little human chattel, but he was obtained with no expense except smooth promises. One of these human buzzards was Mrs. Nolan, who, on November 10th last, "sold" baby Henry Engel for twenty-five dollars. His emaciation when he was "sold" would indicate that Mrs. Nolan spent but little in feeding her merchandise.

"Nurse Warren" also deals through Mrs. Eva Shaver, but is a canny soul and in trying to "sell" baby Bernice, aged five weeks, said: "Bernice's mother wants her adopted, but she might be willing to have her go without that. I will let

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you know in the morning. It is, of course, impossible for the mother to keep her. The baby is illegitimate and the mother is a stenographer—working.” “Nurse Warren,” a shrewd merchandiser, had had her troubles in business and said so thusly: “I don’t believe in letting them go without adoption. I let two babies go without adoption once and they came back on me starved and about dead and I had to pay their funeral expenses. I don’t intend to get caught again.” But all business—even baby merchandising—has its risks.

Like other merchants though, “Nurse Warren” had other “stock” in sight—not yet born into this vale of tears—and this prospective “stock” she would acquire not only for nothing, but with a premium added. Listen to this cold-blooded fattener on human woe: “Just this morning I received a letter from a man up North about another baby. I’ve been in this business a long time and I get lots of letters. This man says the girl must be gotten out of the town right away. You would have to wait only a month for that baby; and you could have it without adoption papers.”

“What will you do with the girl when she comes?” was asked. “Oh, we’ll take care of her somewhere. I’ll have to find out how much money the man has,” replied “Nurse Warren.” And after this greedy cormorant “finds out how much money the man has” and grabs it and the unfortunate mother is “taken care of somewhere” she will then “sell” the little human chattel at the highest market price!

Faugh! If you merchandise bread, or wheat, or cigars, or fuel, or almost anything else in Chicago the law will super-

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wise you with Argus eyes. But you can deal with and barter and sell the most precious thing in this world—living, breathing babies—free from law's restraint! You can batten, fatten, thrive and prosper on man's shame, on woman's wailing despair and on bright eyed babes' helplessness. Cowardly men shunning a real man's responsibility, outraged women, deceived and sacrificed on lust's foulest altars, and cooing babes—the sweetest things in this sin-worn world—furnish the premium-paid product for this accursed traffic which the worst fly-blown spawn of hell would disdain to touch with leprous claws!

Illinois legislators have fought shy of this question. We don't know why. Perhaps because only men's infamies, women's tears and helpless innocence are concerned. If you merchandise cattle at the Chicago Stock Yards you must unreel miles of legal red tape; but if you want to merchandise bright-eyed cooing babes—the future hope of the world—get them for nothing, and with a premium if you can, and sell them for all you can, and the law says God bless you! You may coin men's lust, you may coin women's tortures and tears, you may coin prattling babes' appealing innocence in the most nefarious bargainings on God's footstool in Chicago untouched of the law; but be careful how you sell cattle at the Stock Yards!

THE TRAIL OF A SERPENT



WE DON'T know to what tune Doc Simmons times his hypocritical steps as he struts down life's pathway. But what he should really step to is "The Rogue's March," because he falls so naturally into its cadences. We are referring to Dr. George H. Simmons, chief mogul of the American Medical Association and editor of its Journal. Once again we don our gas mask to save us from the fetid odors as the pitchfork of truth turns up his foul-smelling record.

This time he is haled into Court by the maltreated wife of his youth who is seeking to set aside his divorce decree granted him at Lincoln, Nebraska, years ago. We hope that she succeeds, and forces this monumental monster of ingratitude to divorce himself from some of his hoardings—hoard-

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ings which he never could have made except for the start given him by her unselfish devotion early in his dastardly career.

The affidavit of Mrs. Margaret E. Simmons lies before us as we write and it discloses a state of facts almost unbelievable; but it bears the indelible stamp of truth and Dr. George H. Simmons, that meticulous model of medical niceties, can not gainsay it. We are drawing our narrative from that affidavit omitting much with which we would not blacken good clean paper.

He favored John Bull by running away from home in Europe, and he "put one over" on Uncle Sam by gaining entrance to this country. For a short time he attended college at Tabor, Iowa, where he registered as a theological student because as such he was charged no fee. At the State University at Lincoln, Nebraska, he had dodged in as an agricultural student because as such he was charged no fee. Dodging fees was a Simmons specialty—unless they came his way—when he was an expert catcher. It was always "heads I win, tails you lose," with Doc Simmons.

At the State University at Lincoln, Nebraska, he met and wooed his much-abused first wife, Margaret E. Simmons. Through her influence with her brother-in-law, who was then sheriff, she obtained for him the position of jailer—doubtless a congenial job of about his mental size—which he held for two years. With his jailer's savings he then attended for a short time the Hahnemann Medical College at Chicago, went to St. Elmo, Colorado, where he remained about a year and a

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half, and then returned to Lincoln, Nebraska, where he married the unsuspecting girl he had wooed. She had been teaching school, and, womanlike, saving money for their joint benefit. Together they proceeded to Chicago where Simmons completed his course and graduated as a full-fledged Homeopath.

Together they returned to Lincoln, Nebraska, where a child was born; but it died at the end of eight months. At about this time Simmons determined to go to Europe. His wife was pregnant and urged him to remain home. He insisted upon aborting her, which she swears he did, left for Europe and left his wife to resume her old occupation of school teaching in order to support herself. While in Europe he repeatedly wrote her for money which she was unable to send because she had to not only support herself but also make payments on some property they had purchased.

On his return from Europe he opened up the "Lincoln Medical Institute and Water Cure" and became a typical advertising "specialist" specializing on whatever ailed a prospective patient who could be separated from a fee. He also published what he called "The Western Journal of Health," used to advertise his "Institute" and his specialties. One day he told his wife he was compelled to raise \$1,200 or go to jail, and his wife induced her mother, who had a little means, to sign a note at the Capital National Bank at Lincoln. Later his wife borrowed money of her uncle to pay that note and sold her property in North Lincoln to pay the uncle. Incidentally it has occurred to us that the borrowing of that

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money was a mistake. Doc Simmons should have been allowed to go where he said he would be compelled to go if that money was not raised for him.

He insisted that his wife become a physician, in order to aid him in his business. This she did, spending two years, less vacation times, in Chicago for that purpose.

Doc Simmons contemplated a medical conversion and he executed a medicinal somersault with neatness and despatch. He went to Chicago to attend the Rush Medical College, remained there twelve days, returned to Lincoln saying that he "had arranged to take his course by having some one answer roll call for him," returned to Chicago at examination time and reported at Lincoln in a few days, with a Rush Medical College diploma. Thereafter he was an Allopath and, like all renegades, of the bitterest variety.

Mrs. Simmons swears that during their married life he treated her most brutally, committed four abortions upon her, ruined her nervous system, fed her morphine until she became a drug addict, physically and mentally incapacitated, sent her to a Sanitarium, fraudulently procured a decree of divorce and paid her the pitiful sum of \$480 in twelve monthly payments.

What the Courts of Law will do we do not know. We pre-judge no one. But we know what would be done in a court of morality and fair dealing as between wronged woman and a most stupendous hypocrite who assumes to censor others.

And what is Doc Simmons' "alibi" or defense among others? It is in effect that John A. Patton of the Chattanooga

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Medical Company paid the expense of Mrs. Simmons at a Sanitarium for a cure of her drug habit with a view of using her testimony to discredit Simmons and his Journal and his American Medical Association. Suppose Patton did advance the money to provide a cure for Mrs. Simmons and thus deliver her from the hellish bondage of the dope fiend to which her husband sentenced her? We don't know Patton personally, but we do know that he gave Simmons and his gang a neat trimming when he established in a court of law the fact that there is real merit in "Wine Of Cardui," manufactured by the Chattanooga Medical Company, of which Patton is the President. And we do not hesitate to say that when we included Wine Of Cardui in our article on "Hypocritical Booze Sellers" in our September, 1917, number we did so inadvertently. While the percentage of alcohol in the Patton preparation is what we said it was, in view of the fact that the merit of Wine of Cardui has been established, we placed the manufacturers of the product in a false light by including them in the list of questionable patent medicines.

We can not say what was the motive of John A. Patton, although we firmly believe it was a good one, in rescuing this poor abused victim of Doc Simmons' greed and brutalities! She spent her youth, she spent her toil, she spent her savings, she spent her body in ministering to the lust and to the ambitions of this hypocrite. When the sun of success commenced to shine upon his schemes of finesse and shrewd dealings, when his goal was in sight, when his greedy fingers began to grasp the rewards which her toil and her wifely

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devotion had made possible, when her health had been shattered by his brutalities he cast her aside like an outworn garment and within a few months married another woman! In receipt of a magnificent income he leaves the wife of his youth, who sacrificed her all for him, to a life of diseased want and penury when but a pitiful tithe of his takings would have restored her to health and comfort—such poor comfort at best as a woman can get whose life has been wrecked by marital brutalities. We know not and we care not—except for Mrs. Margaret E. Simmons' sake—what the courts of law may decide. But this we do know: We have seen this frail abused woman, now no longer young; we have listened to her story; we have her sworn affidavit of her unspeakable wrongs; and if ever on this earth a woman was entitled to redress, that woman is Margaret E. Simmons! We have followed Doc Simmons' trail for years. It is one of chicanery, of shrewdness, of double dealing, of hypocrisy, of greed and of brutality to a helpless woman, who laid her all on his altar of Mammon—"the least erect of all the angelic host that fell from heaven." It may not be now, it may not be here, it may not be in earthly courts—though we hope it may—that the beam of Justice will bend to the wasted hands of Margaret E. Simmons. But in that Court of Eternal Justice, before whom all must sometime plead, there will be a decree entered against Dr. George H. Simmons which will wither his hardened heart and send his seared soul to its real home!

MOTHERHOOD VINDICATED



AW, justice and Motherhood's deathless rights were all merged into two words when "Not guilty" fell from the jury's lips at Mineola, Long Island, in the case of Blanca Errazuiz DeSaulles. In our September '17, issue we detailed the tragedy under the title of "The Cave Woman" and we never put pen to paper more gladly than in writing the sequel—how justice came into court under the law's mantle.

When the feet of John L. DeSaulles pressed the Thither Shore, sped by the bullets fired by his outraged mate, real justice was done—lawlessly but unerringly. Married at seventeen and in the prisoner's dock at twenty-three, the youthful feet of Blanca DeSaulles trod the red-hot ploughshares of disaster's path. But she triumphantly emerged, as she had

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first emerged from the Valley of the Shadow of Death when she bore him, with "Little Jack" safely cradled in her maternal arms —irrevocably placed there by a jury's righteous verdict.

In this case roles were reversed. It is usually a simian-like caricature of manhood from Europe's syphilitic "nobility" who captures an American heiress, despoils her, flouts her, and proves false to his every plighted word. We would not if we could, pursue John L. DeSaulles into his hurried Hereafter; but the truth must be spoken, and gild him as best you can, he was no fit mate for this pure Andean flower. He dwelt in an atmosphere filled with fetid poison to a pure girl, for such was Blanca DeSaulles.

He possessed himself of her fortune, derided what he deemed its smallness, flouted her, left her fair side for the charms of sodden sirens' wastrel ways, squandered her inheritance and proved himself in his dealings with his pure girl-wife a dastard. He forsook his birthright breeding, his training and his social prestige to travel the roue's route. Such are the sad facts which appear crystal clear in the history of this ill-wed twain.

Through what we deem a fatal miscarriage of justice in the divorce proceedings, alternate custody of "Little Jack" was awarded each parent. Blanca DeSaulles could never fathom this segment of injustice—and neither could we. Even hardened harridans and disreputable drabs have been awarded the exclusive custody of their young, but it was denied this pure girl mother, not maritally at fault by a feather's weight

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in justice's scale. Ignorant of the law's tortuous and torturous tangles this barb of injustice festered in the Mother's bosom of Blanca DeSaulles.

We now come to the fatal night. Carefully consider the circumstances proven and doubly proven. She was lured to DeSaulles' home—well called "The Box"—by a lie telephoned by DeSaulles' subservient valet, with DeSaulles at his elbow, to the effect that DeSaulles was not at home and that "Little Jack" was abed. By word of mouth, confirmed by letter, DeSaulles had promised "Little Jack" to her at this time. At this moment "Little Jack" was trebly hers—by the pangs of birth by which she bore him, by Court order and by DeSaulles' verbal and written promise. She was met by the coldblooded refusal of DeSaulles who was at home instead of absent as falsely telephoned. "Little Jack" was playing about instead of abed as she had been falsely informed. All cords of restraint, strained beyond maternal endurance by pillage, by adulterous amours and by studied deceit, snapped, and she shot DeSaulles' to his death! The aeon-old outraged ordinances of Motherhood fired those pellets of death!

You may beard the lion in his den, you may track the tiger to his lair, and if your aim be true and your nerves be of tempered steel you may go free. But when you deprive the South American Mother Jaguar of her young, your doom is sealed! God will not help and man cannot! No bolt from God's heaven bristling with lightning's fire is more fatal!

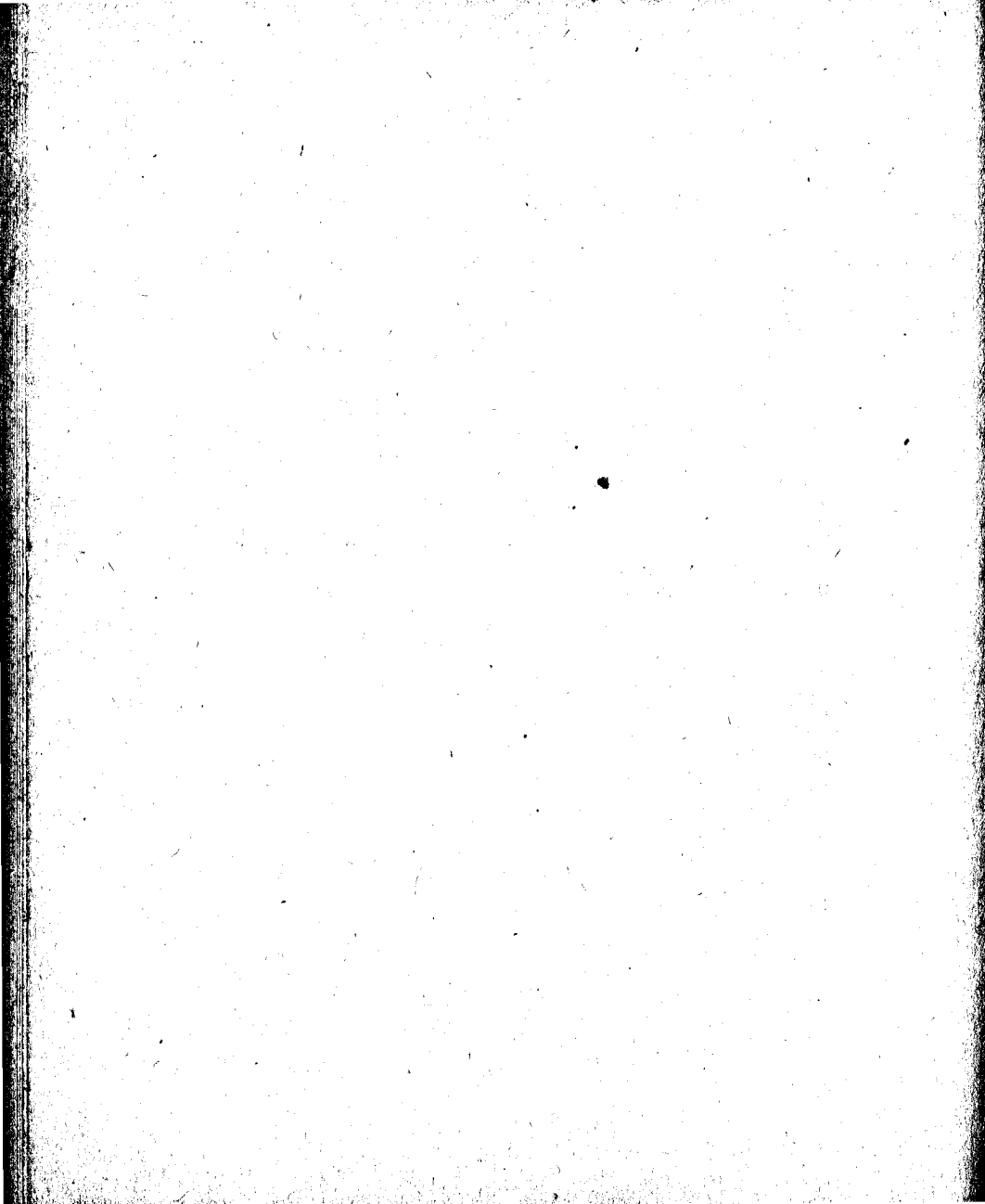
The fires of love, once lit on the altar of pure Motherhood, can never be extinguished, and the purer the woman the hot-

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ter her maniacal rage and fury. You fall like a dried leaf of the forest before that withering blast, superheated at love's outraged altar. Wealth, position, education, refinement, training fell from Blanca DeSaulles like a cast-off mantle swept aside in a sirocco blast of white-heated hate. She was well named Blanca, "the white," for her rage blew beyond the crimson stage and glowed at highest white heat until DeSaulles was withered by its blast—that blast which he had beckoned by years of studied floutings, by a squandered fortune and by adulterous amours.

And the sequel was inevitable, predestined and foreordained, by all the ordinances of Motherhood's deathless bonds. When Blanca DeSaulles at Mineola Court House was led—not over the Venetian "Bridge of Sighs," but underground through "Terror's Tunnel"—to hear that jury's verdict, she was led to a triumphant acquittal as certain as the stars in their courses, and as true as Motherhood's deathless love. Not Guilty! That Mineola jury merely registered a decree writ by the Almighty, indelibly stamped across the face of human events.

Tried as by fire and as pure as when first she entered its furnace heat, with her "Little Jack" in her rounded arms, hers by birth's pangs, by bullet's speed and by jury's verdict—trebly hers—Blanca DeSaulles can return to her Andean home, to the scenes of her childhood's joys, cleansed from the filthy muck of the splatterings of that so-called "Great White Way" of Broadway—really the dankest, dirtiest, filthiest segment of earth.





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

