



6-1919

## Jim Jam Jems: June 1919

Sam H. Clark

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# Jim Jam Jems

BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

June  
1919

GEE, BUT IT'S  
LONESOME  
OUT HERE!

THE ISLE  
OF TRUTH



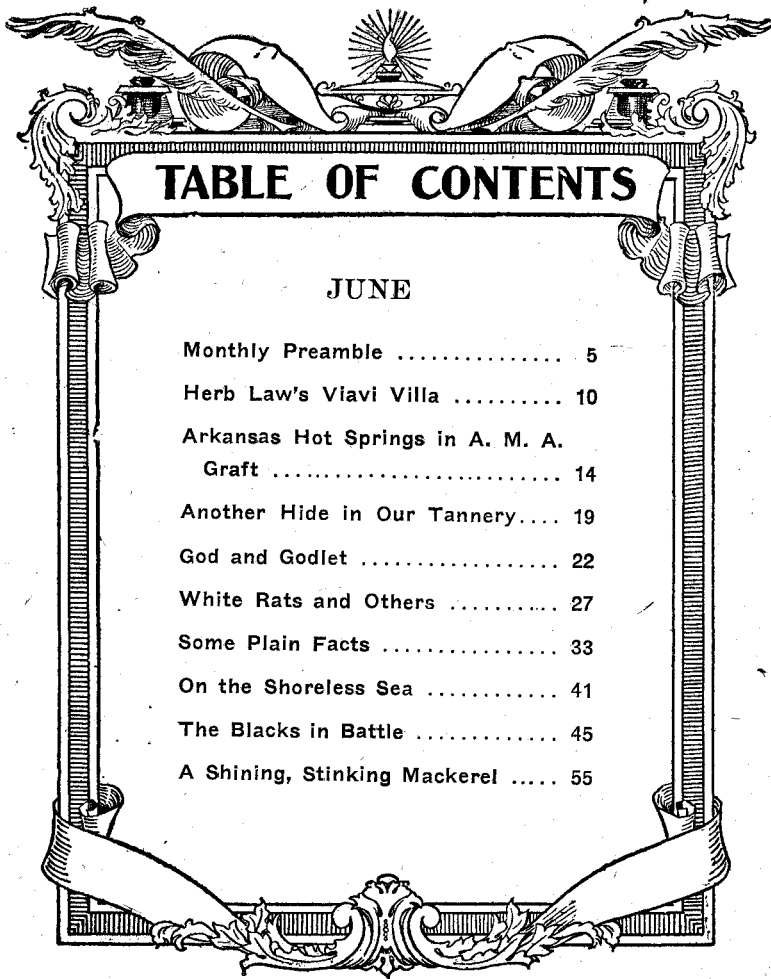
## A VOLLEY OF TRUTH



SAM H. CLARK, Editor and Publisher.  
Bismarck, North Dakota.

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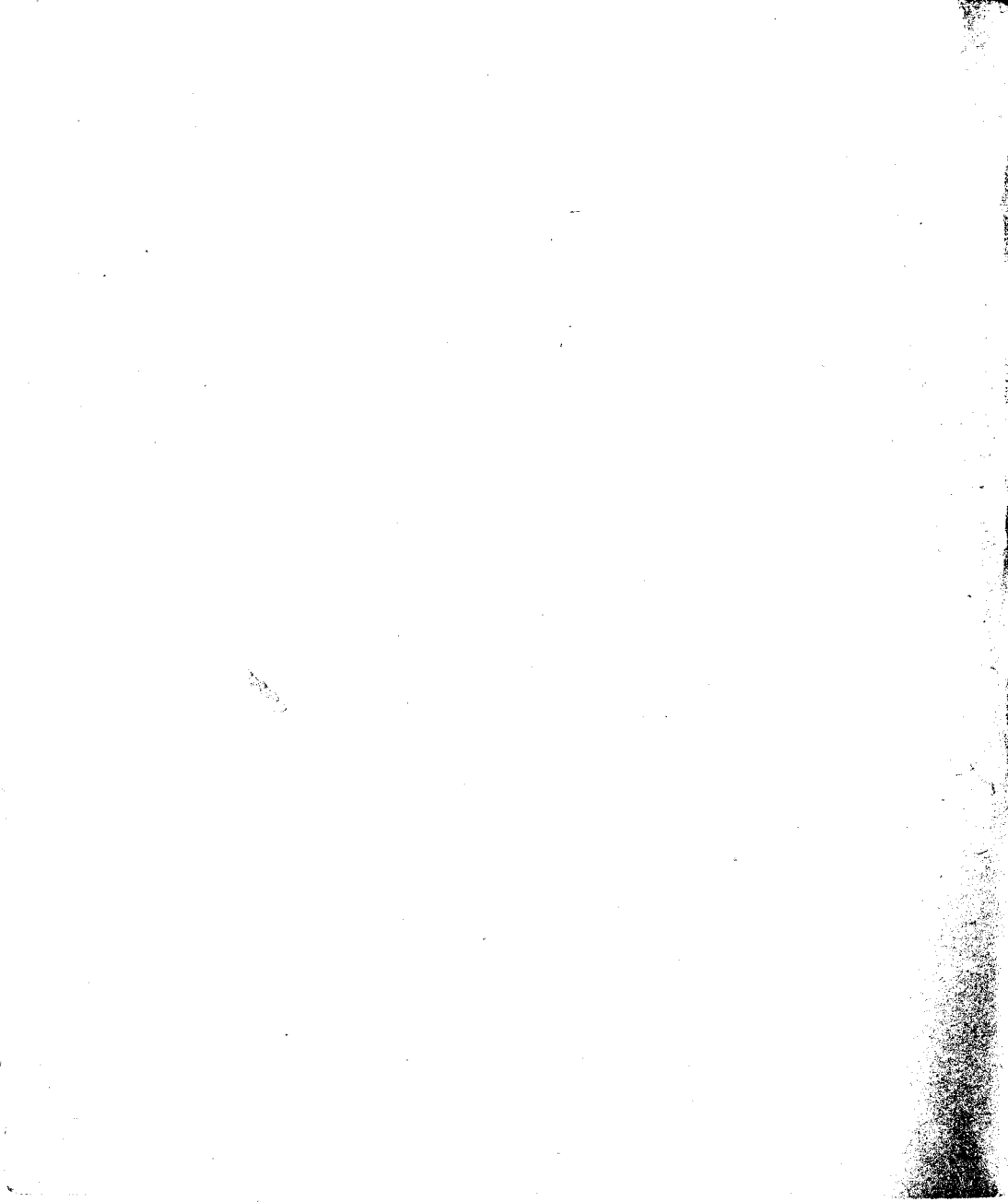
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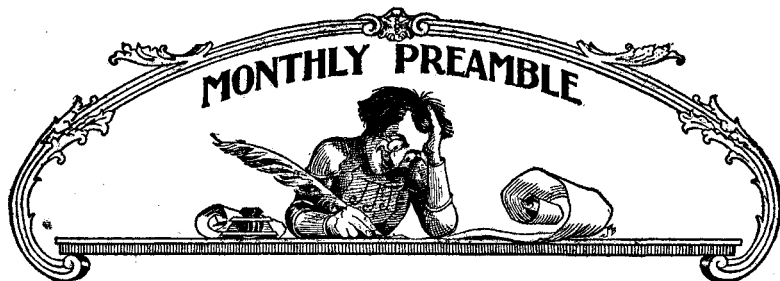


# TABLE OF CONTENTS

## JUNE

Monthly Preamble .....	5
Herb Law's Viavi Villa .....	10
Arkansas Hot Springs in A. M. A. Graft .....	14
Another Hide in Our Tannery....	19
God and Godlet .....	22
White Rats and Others .....	27
Some Plain Facts .....	33
On the Shoreless Sea .....	41
The Blacks in Battle .....	45
A Shining, Stinking Mackerel .....	55





WE took a squint at the moon as we were coming down to the office this evening and we couldn't just decide whether it was a dry moon or a wet moon. And this set us to thinking. June has arriv. And the question is, do we drink our fill this month and then forever after hold our thirst, or do we still get our regular nip after July first? Apparently the moon is as much up in the air on the proposition as we are, for just a little "tip" either way would make it a dry moon or a wet moon, according to the astronomic observations of our red-skinned predecessors of the plains. While we never did

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believe in signs, this wet spring may be significant. After all the rainbow may really be a sign that the Prohibitionists will some day carry the country. Old Noah is about the only man we know of who has demonstrated that it is possible to get drunk on water—as easily as on land. While there isn't exactly any authentic foundation for the surmise, yet we have always had a sneaking suspicion that the Prohibitionists or cold water advocates were so aggravating about Noah's time, that the Good Lord opened the flood-gates and drowned the whole shooting match. And again it has come to pass in the year nineteen nineteen A. D. (meaning 'Anti-Drink') that we poor humans are going to have water, water everywhere and not a drop (of anything else) to drink! The doctors, of course, will find something to replace "alcoholic" cases. Any time an old disease peters out, the M. D.'s spring a new one. We expect to hear about operations for "sandbar of the stomach" when the Prohibitionists come into their own. And the old biblical admonition will be revised thusly: Cold water is a mocker; strong women are raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby would probably have gone wrong on red licker!

Water is a wonderful thing. We recall Col. Bob Maxe's tribute to water. Col. Bob was attending a banquet of the Arkansas State Bar Association one evening several years ago. His friends thought it would be a good joke to ask the Colonel to respond to the toast "Water!" But he was equal to the occasion. We don't know that we quote him verbatim, but the gist of his response was something like this:



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“Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen—you have asked me to respond to the toast, ‘Water,’ the purest and best of all the things that God created. I want to say to you that I have seen it glisten in tiny teardrops on the sleeping lids of infancy; I have seen it trickle down the blushing cheeks of youth and go in rushing torrents down the wrinkled cheeks of age. I have seen it in tiny dewdrops on the blades of grass and leaves of trees flashing like polished diamonds when the morning sun burst in resplendent glory o’er the eastern hills. I have seen it trickle down the mountain sides in tiny rivulets with the music of liquid silver striking on beds of polished granite. I have seen it in the rushing river rippling over pebbly bottoms, purling about jutting stones, roaring over precipitous falls in its mad rush to join the mighty Father of Waters, and in the Majestic Mississippi I have seen it go in slow and majestic sweep to join the ocean. And I have seen it in the mighty ocean on whose broad bosom float the battle fleets of all nations and the commerce of the world. But, ladies and gentlemen, I want to say to you now and here that as a beverage it is a damn failure!”

And them’s our sentiments, too. We have always felt that Col. Bob’s analysis was about correct. Cold water was only meant for crocodiles and Prohibitionists. The fellow who has watched the amber juice of the grape capering up and down the hollow stem of a crystal glass moulded from the left breast of Venus, and felt it tingle through his system with the warmth of Cleopatra’s kiss, will be a long, long time coming to the viewpoint of the pious reformer who dreams of

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no nectar so sweet as that which drips from the slimy brim of the old oaken bucket that hangs in the well.

Since the day Eve brewed her first applejack toddy from forbidden fruit, water as a beverage has been "a damned failure." We are neither the friend nor enemy of "licker" any more than we are the friend or enemy of buttermilk. We have drank both for a quarter of a century and have never felt any evil results. But we can't say as much for water. It is only a few years ago, while on a hunting trip, we ran out of whiskey and drank a little water. We developed into a living cage for millions of typhus germs and spent seven weeks in the contagious ward of a hospital with the loveliest case of typhoid fever that ever burned in a human carcass. And all of the doctors agreed that the water did it. The average well is nothing but the seepage of cesspools, the river an outlet for sewage, and the lake an immense reservoir of nastiness that is dumped into it by little creeks where cattle and hogs wallow and all surface filth gathers into a great bouillon of bacteria, and one drink of the filthy stuff will do more harm to the human system than a draught of beer or a glass of wine.

We repeat that we are neither the friend of the saloon nor a hireling of Anheuser-Busch Brewing Company. But we are a friend of personal liberty and an out-and-out enemy of ignorant prejudice. And we hate like the very dickens to have a bunch of water-brained reformers tell us we've got to drink water—which is the real bug-juice—when we have the price and prefer a glass of beer. They may put it over, but we

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have a hunch that the fellow with a thirst and the price will be blowing creamy foam off his schooner of brewed nectar long after the daisies have gone to seed on the graves of a lot of hollow-eyed, clammy-fingered, holier-than-thou cold-water advocates. Them's our sentiments, and we don't care whether you like 'em or not.

JIM JAM JUNIOR.



## HERB LAW'S VIAVI VILLA



**P**RETTY widow, millionaire widower, suit for one hundred thousand dollars—nothing particularly startling in this kind of a combination. In fact, it is being done this season and every season in the best society. But there are a few peculiar twists in this combination, which has found its way into the courts, that may point a moral and sound a warning.

Some few years ago law separated Herbert Law from his wife. About that time worms got into the bower of Margaret Robbins and her husband. Law—divorce law, not Herbert—intervened, and the Robbins failed to nest again.

Thus was the stage set with Herbert Law—millionaire

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grass widower and Margaret Robbins—pretty grass widow, cast in the leading parts.

Herbert Law made a pile o' money out of patent medicine. "Viavi," "a regulator for women," was the dope he peddled. And apparently there was a lot of irregularity in the country for he sold enough of the dope to float a dreadnaught. Had Herbert stuck to his "Viavi" concoction he probably wouldn't have had any trouble with Margaret. But let us tell the story just as Margaret tells it.

Margaret, and Herbert, each with a mate mislaid in the divorce court shuffle, met in sunny California in the spring-time of 1916. They had dinner together at Law's bachelor home at 1021 California Avenue, "a house of no windows and only a central lighting." Margaret says: "After dinner we motored down to Mr. Law's country place at Woodside. It was a beautiful moonlight night and the gardens surrounding the place were enchanting." This was Law's "Viavi Villa."

And it was there in the garden, where the poppies spread their narcotic perfume, where the little gallinipper lay cuddled in drunken sleep within the chalice of a great blush-rose; where the spray from a lighted fountain rippled the mirror of a lagoon and tossed the chaste heads of water-lilies; where a contented thrush, nestling among the lilacs, trilled a last goodnight to its mate; there—where all nature lolled in its wondrous perfume at the close of a perfect day—Herbert Law made love to his Fairy Queen.

"I have spent a great deal of money on this country place

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of mine, waiting for the little fairy of my dreams to occupy it. When I saw you tonight I was sure I had found her," purred the patent medicine king. And right then and there Margaret felt and looked like the "Fairy Queen of Viavi Villa."

And then Herbert took Margaret by the hand and led her gently through the garden of enchantment to inward luxury. Hand in hand they wandered through Viavi Villa. Her feet sank deep into priceless rugs, her eyes were enchanted by symphonies of colorful decorations, rich paintings of love scenes adorned the walls, and a deeply upholstered couch invited her to rest and bathe her soul in the luxury of richness. And while she rested there, Herbert prepared a magic brew and bade his Fairy Queen drink of love's nectar. And she did drink.

Enter now fair Margaret's lawyer, after a lapse of three years, thusly: "The defendant administered to plaintiff certain intoxicating and narcotic and anaesthetic substances the composition whereof is to the plaintiff unknown; that is to say the defendant then and there prepared and offered to plaintiff a certain drink containing such substances, and plaintiff partook thereof; that the same immediately brought a drowsiness and sleep over plaintiff and then and there prevented plaintiff from resisting all and singular the acts of the defendant hereinafter set forth."

Mebbe it all happened to Margaret just as her lawyer so unpoetically expresses it. Mebbe 'twas narcotic and not love's intoxicant which lulled to sleep the senses of the lis-

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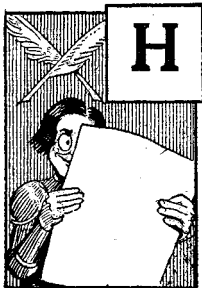
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some and alluring grass widow. Mebbe she was drugged to her ruin. Mebbe the Viavi Villian did just what the complaint says he did. We don't know. The courts can settle that. But what gets our goat is why does she wait three years before putting in a cash claim for damages? Has she just recovered from the stupor of that Fairy cocktail, or has she just gotten up nerve enough to admit that she went into the garden on a moonlight night with an arduous widower and received a hundred thousand dollars worth of experience?

Herb Law made a fortune "regulatin' wimmin" with Viavi. But his Fairy Queen Cocktail made Margaret absolutely incorrigible and perhaps her fair feminine hands will extract some of the gold that flowed into Herbert's coffers from fair feminine users of his Viavi. Looks as though Herbert handed Margaret the wrong prescription. He should have stuck to Viavi and not mixed his drinks.



## Arkansas Hot Springs in A. M. A. Graft



**H**ERE are some facts that should intensify the itching of every festering pustule upon the person of Hot Springs habitues, and incidentally cause the ire of every fair-minded American to rise. Would you believe that the American Medical Association—the Doctors' Trust—has secured legislation that gives the Allopath doctor exclusive graft in the Arkansas Hot Springs?

Would you believe that a citizen of the United States cannot bathe at this famous resort if he happens to be treating with a Chiropractor instead of a "regular" physician? Worse yet, would you believe that an American citizen who did chance to get in a bath or two at Hot Springs while having his rheumatic joints massaged by a Chiropractor has been charged with crime, arrested and con-



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victed for an offense against the peace and dignity of the United States? No! Well here are the facts.

Mr. J. B. Parker is a citizen of this land. So is Dr. M. O. Evans, licensed as a Doctor of Chiropractic by the State of Arkansas and practicing at Hot Springs. Certified copies of legal proceedings—which would make anybody but an A. M. A. licensed grafter blush—are on our desk as we write.

Mr. J. B. Parker is a deep-dyed criminal. Yes, sir! He “did unlawfully bathe and attempt to bathe, enter upon and attempt to enter upon, the United States Hot Springs Reservation for the purpose of bathing in the hot waters while a patient of M. O. Evans, an unregistered physician, with the knowledge that the said M. O. Evans was not regularly registered as a physician authorized to prescribe the baths.” For this heinous crime “against the peace and dignity of the United States of America,” Mr. Parker was fined twenty-five dollars. He has appealed and intends to ascertain whether or not he has any constitutional rights as against a band of Allopathic grafters seeking to dip their predaceous paws sticky with greed into the pockets of American citizens against their will.

We are now quoting from some evidence given in these most astounding proceedings by F. M. Thomas, manager of the Ozark Bath House:

Q. “Mr. Thomas do you know the defendant over there?” A. “Mr. Parker, yes.” Q. “Did he bathe at your establishment?” A. “Yes, sir.” Q. “After you found that he was a patient of Dr. Evans’ did you object to his bathing at your bath house?” A. “Yes, after he told me he was taking Chiropractic treatments I told him

## JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

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we weren't able to give him the baths, that we had written orders from the Superintendent not to bathe any one treating with a Chiropractor and that he couldn't bathe any further."

Now observe the rotten discrimination practiced by this complaisant Superintendent as developed on cross examination of the same witness.

Q. "Mr. Thomas, you say you would not bathe him because he was treating with a Chiropractor?" A. "Yes, sir." Q. "And you had written orders from the Reservation not to bathe any one treating with a Chiropractor?" A. "Yes, sir." Q. "Have you any written orders not to bathe any parties taking mercury rubs from parties here in town?" A. "No, sir." Q. "Have you any written orders from the Superintendent of the Reservation not to bathe any party or parties taking massage treatments from a masseur?" A. "No, sir." Q. "You are not prohibited from that?" A. "No, sir." Q. "I will ask if this 'Exhibit A' is one of the regular forms presented to people desiring to take the baths?" A. "Yes, that is the regular form." Q. "There is nothing in that form, is there, that says anything about Chiropractic?" A. "No, I don't think they are mentioned there." Q. "There is nothing in that form, is there, that says anything about masseurs or mercury rubbers?" A. "No, sir."

Dr. Evans testified that he had been duly licensed to practice his profession by the State Board of Examiners of Chiropractic at Little Rock, that he was treating Mr. Parker and that he had not prescribed any baths for him and did not know that he was taking any baths.

Now concentrate on this proposition. Why was Mr. Parker, a citizen of the United States, arrested and fined on a criminal charge? Simply because he had exercised his constitutional rights as a free born American citizen to employ what brand of physician he saw fit. Simply because he de-

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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clined to be looted by an Allopathic sectarian monopoly in which he did not believe. It is perfectly clear from this evidence that a man areek with syphilis and employing a "mercury rubber" and no physician at all would not be debarred from the baths. And it is also perfectly clear that a man having no syphilis but employing a Chiropractor is debarred from the baths and treated as a criminal merely because he employed a Chiropractor!

Isn't this condition of affairs—proven from the legal record—enough to set the blood of an American citizen aboiling? Are American citizens at Hot Springs, Arkansas, to be fined and treated as criminals because they decline to turn their pockets inside out to placate Allopathic bandits? Talk about autocracy, talk about despotism overseas! Here is a sample in the U. S. A!

It might just as well be required that no one but bluebellied Presbyterians, or hard-shell Baptists—who could show a receipt for their contributions—could bathe at Hot Springs! What's the difference between medical sectarianism and religious sectarianism? There is no difference. American citizens have just as much right to choose a guide for their bodies as for their souls.

We don't believe that any law or regulation debarring a believer in the medical sect of Chiropractic from the use of the baths at Hot Springs, Arkansas, is worth the paper that bears it. It is naught but an insidious scheme and device to force free American citizens to lay tribute on the blackened Moloch altar of Allopathic greed. We are not touting for

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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Chiropractic nor for any other medical sect. Let them all rise or fall, survive or perish, fail or succeed on their proven merits. Let there be no discrimination, let the field be free and fair.

But let not the lash of the law be laid on the back of an American citizen, let him not be branded as a criminal and fined in his country's courts because of his choice of a physician! Aren't we right?



## Another Hide in our Tannery



WE are forced to pause a moment, out of self-respect, to kick into the ditch a mangy cur yapping at our heels—and heel-high to a real man is about his stature, too. Of course he is a “reformer.” And while our tannery is full of the tanned and deodorized hides of reformers we feel like apologizing to the rest of them before hanging with them this pelt. His name is E. R. Holderby. He is a mental miscarriage who squats on his hindquarters and yaps at us from Sweet Grass, Montana, which he infests and where he weekly and weakly publishes a paper called the “Sweet Grass Advocate.”

He editorially lies about and libels us in this wise: “Sam Clark, editor of Jim Jam Jems, published in North Dakota,

## JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

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was tried and convicted in a federal court of overstepping the bounds of decency in his publication. The court imposed a sentence of two years in the federal prison at Leavenworth." Again he says: "The law frowns upon the licentious utterances of Jim Jam Jems," and this haloed yipper from Sweet Grass says we should be "Suppressed."

What lawyers call "suppressio veri"—that is strangling the truth by telling but a part of it when telling the whole of it would upset the whole structure of rotten falsehood—is in law, in fact and in morals the most despicable kind of deceit. And that is the kind of deceit which this "reform" cur would naturally yap from his fetid throat.

It is true that we were convicted and sentenced several years ago. But it is also true as this yipper and yapper well knows—and carefully refrains from stating—that we promptly appealed to the Circuit Court of Appeals and that the conviction was reversed and set aside as grossly illegal. Everyone of the hundreds of thousands of readers of Jim Jam Jems—thousands more in a month than read this cur's yawp in a year—knew and know the full details. An attempt was made to railroad us to the penitentiary, but it failed! It is ancient history, and history of which we are proud, too!

But this Uriah Heep editorializes that we ought to be "suppressed!" He's a "reformer" and yips for our "Suppression." There never yet was a "reformer" into whose worthless hide we drove the probe who could stand it. They squeal like a stuck pig before we get far. And this holier-than-thou jour-

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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nalistic "reformer" who yells for our "Suppression" is so easy that it seems a shame to peel off his worthless hide.

Jim Jam Jems ought to be "suppressed" according to Editor Holderby, of Sweet Grass, Mont. Well! Well! How long since? And who has been selling Jim Jam Jems at Sweet Grass, Mont.? Why Editor Holderby, to be sure! We didn't have to go any further than our own books to get the hide of this "reformer." And why isn't he selling Jim Jam Jems now? Because he sold our books and pouched our money and we closed his account by an entry of several dollars to profit and loss in December, 1918! That's why!

Sometimes we are compelled to investigate a "reformer" a little, but this buzzard left his dirty tracks in our own office! Can you beat it? He sold Jim Jam Jems from January, 1917, to March, 1918, couldn't or wouldn't, and at all events didn't, pay his piffling debit balance, which we charged into our loss account in December last, and then pens an editorial that we ought to be "Suppressed!" He's a "reformer" right, "blown in the bottle" and with all the ear marks. Goodbye to our dollars! Goodbye "Reformer" Holderby of Sweet Grass! Suppress yourself, you poor boob, and cease to libel better men whose products you sold and whose money you pouched, ere we expectorate on you and drown you!

## GOD AND GODLET



HERE is a piffling sky pilot in Philadelphia who should get into hiding whenever the fool killer makes his next round. His name is Horace C. Stanton. Some misguided college ruined a perfectly good sheep skin by pinning the degree of D. D. on the tail of his name. We move to amend it by making it D. F.

The sectarian halo athwart his fevered brow is Presbyterian and he considered himself "foreordained and predestinated" to oppose the Victory Loan because some moving picture shows on Sunday were thinning out what few auditors were left to listen to his maunderings. Why is it that when a sky pilot of sectarianism meets with a little competition he produces a fit and falls into



## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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it? Can't the Presbyterian God, aided by sky pilot Stanton, stand a little competition? Other occupations endure competition, why not sky-pilotage?

But here is crepe hanger Stanton's Jeremiad. "If I had a million dollars I would not give a dollar to the Victory Loan campaign when its promoters insult the Christian sentiment of the people of Philadelphia by disregarding the law and using Sunday motion pictures. Since they wish to insult the churches let the drive prove to be a drag. Let us boost the Victory Loan with a cold shoulder."

Certainly! Of course! Quite so! Never mind the Victory Loan, shower your money into Presbyterian coffers so that some high-chokered, long-coated, ass-eared, leather-lunged, brazen-throated hypocrite can luridly paint word pictures of Hell whither you are bound if you don't tread in their little by-path heavenwards!

Doctrinal dopester Stanton further says: "The government says that Sunday moving pictures are holy." Of course, the government said no such thing. Holiness does not cling to a segment of time—except in the topsy turvy attic of a brain-stormed sky pilot, whose whole mentality is askew.

And then this pitiable atom of distended gaseous egotism spills this gem: "After earnest prayer I have decided to stand entirely aloof from this Victory Loan campaign." His standing "aloof" had about as much effect on the Victory Loan campaign as a cootie standing on the earth's equator would have on the earth's revolution on its axis. Sky pilot Stanton should be treated for elephantiasis of the ego and

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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atrophy of the intellect. If the Almighty answers prayers and if He listened to Rev. Stanton's orisons and if He answered them He doubtless directed Stanton to get right into the fray and help put through the Victory Loan to His glory!

We want to say right here and now that we believe a darned sight more in the God of Battles than we do in any Presbyterian Godlet, and so would crepe-hanger Stanton if he would raise his eyes beyond the petty palings of sectarianism. Why was it that millions of Germans strung up to concert pitch by a generation of military preparation were stopped and held in Belgium by paltry thousands? Why didn't they go through Belgium as easily as a herd of elephants would go through ant hills? Why did Joffre, outnumbered four or five to one, stop the Germans at the first battle of the Marne? Why did the thin battle line of the English, outnumbered almost beyond counting, hold back the German hordes from the channel ports? Why didn't the German submarines clear the seven seas of all commerce? There is just one answer to these questions. There is a God of Battles. He does preside. He does intervene. He does palsy the arms of might and He does strengthen the arms of right. In that great God we do believe—but not in any petty Presbyterian Godlet who would be offended by raising money to glorify His Victory on Sunday.

The Reverend Horace C. Stanton, D.D.—and in our opinion D. F., too—has been bestrewing his advice, and right here we are going to shoot a little advice athwart his midge-like mentality. What ought sky pilot Stanton to have, done on that

*JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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Sunday about which he so wails? He should have opened the doors of his church free to all. He should have had a good band to play "The Star Spangled Banner" and "America" as well as "Rock of Ages" and "Come to Jesus." He should have had some good, stirring, heart-moving pictures of gallant American lads on their far-flung battle line in Flanders fields. He should have had some speakers who could move the hearts and minds and pocketbooks of patriotic Americans. He should have thanked the One Great God—not his Presbyterian Godlet—for His greatest series of Victories in human history; and he should have sold hundreds of thousands of the Victory Loan notes and beaten the moving pictures at their own game—all to the Glory of God.

That's what he should have done instead of puling and whining about people who were working to God's Glory to make good His instrumentalities for Victory!

Raise your eyes, Stanton! Raise them high enough to look at a One Great God! Raise them above a puny Presbyterian Godlet! Let a flood of light from the throne of the One Great God irradiate your understanding and blot out the petty candle rays from a petty sectarian Godlet! Step over the knee-high palings of Presbyterianism and get into the great concourse of living, throbbing humanity looking aloft to the One Great God and thanking Him for His Victory Loan and for the chance to worship Him with it! Be a real man, Stanton, and not a whining, wailing, kicking piece of sectarian protoplasm trying to hang crepe on the deeds of better men! Keep your church open seven days a week—not

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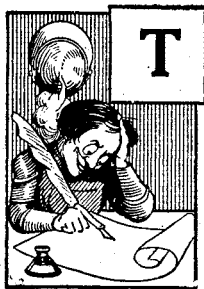
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just one day—and make religion attractive and not repellant!

Don't whine at competition and run bawling to the law! Meet it and beat it or it will beat you! Forsaké your petty Godlet and your narrow by-path to heaven! Open the doors of your church, open your blinded eyes, open your darkened mind of sectarianism and of law-made worship to the One Great God! He—and no dwarfed Godlet—rules this world!



## WHITE RATS AND OTHERS



THE "White Rats" is a Vaudeville Actors' Association organized for the purpose and with the hope of protection against the graft of greedy "kikes" who control the show business. The other rats we refer to are the fellows who exploit actors and actresses, filch by dirty graft a large percentage of the honestly earned salaries of those engaged in the business of amusing the public, and those managers within the ring who force many a good woman to part with her virtue as the price of her "booking" as an artist.

That sounds like a pretty strong statement, doesn't it? And yet every actor or actress on the vaudeville stage in America today will tell you that the statement is absolutely

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true. Last month, under the caption "Vultures of Vaudeville," we showed up the methods employed by so-called "Booking Agencies" and the trust in control of the vaudeville business in its boycott of the White Rats Association. We pointed out wherein the trust refused to allow a member of the White Rats to appear in vaudeville wherever the strong arm of the trust reaches. In this article we intend to show the workings of this giant Vaudeville Octopus in its grab of gold from the performers, who are forced to pay tribute to the gangsters in order to secure work on the various circuits throughout the country.

The "U. B. O.," colloquially known as the "United Booking Offices," is located in the Palace Theatre Building in New York City. Judging from the "U. B. O." the initials might well be interpreted the United Bankroll Obtainers. For very few vaudeville transactions escape its levies in some form or other.

It has a state of Maine charter. Its \$25,000 of preferred stock is held by A. Paul Keith, E. F. Albee, J. J. Murdock, F. F. Proctor and Reed A. Albee. Mr. Proctor, Mr. Keith, Mr. E. F. Albee and Mr. Murdock hold \$24,700 of its common stock. Only \$300 of the \$50,000 capital—held by negligible employees—is outside of the magic circle of vaudeville magnates. At least, such is the last obtainable report made by Maurice Goodman who legally directs the tentacular arms of the U. B. O. coterie. Salaries and dividends—we know not why—are shrouded in gloom. Perchance because they would dazzle beholders. But as this story progresses, just

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keep in mind the names of the gentry who control the U. B. O. They will appear later.

What is the business of the U. B. O.? Its business is to milk both ends of the vaudeville industry. Its first operation is to charge the actor or actress a fee, taken from weekly salaries, for obtaining their employment. Of course, if you chanced to own, or to be interested in, a large number of vaudeville theaters and also to own stock in the U. B. O., the real result would be that the charge made the actor or actress for obtaining the contract of employment with yourself would merely be a salary reduction. Be that as it may, this is tidbit number one sliding down the maw of the U. B. O. octopus.

But this is just a little appetizer to those gentry, whose insatiate greed really needs no appetizer—not at all. It also charges theaters employing these actors and actresses what is euphoniously called a “booking fee”—morsel number two engulfed in the octopian gullet. Mr. Maurice Goodman, the legal squidfish of this octopus, has attempted to befog and darken the issue by saying that the U. B. O. “is to vaudeville what a domestic employment agency is to the housewife. It supplies vaudeville acts and shows, just as the domestic employment agency supplies cooks to the housewife.”

Fine! But did you ever hear of an employment agency which charged and collected a fee from both employee and employer for the same service? We never did.

But be that as it may, one tentacle of the U. B. O. grabs a fee for getting the actor a job and another tentacle of the

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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same octopus grabs another fee from the theater for getting the theater an actor. One service, two payments! Is a broker entitled to two fees, one from the seller and another from the buyer? This is the only "kitty" we know of which obtains nourishment at both ends! Isn't this most smoothly "playing both ends against the middle" and both ends eating right into the middle?

But observe other tentacles from the same central octopus waving aloft from the same building. The jobless actor or actress—"usually but one jump ahead of the sheriff" as the tentacular Mr. Pat Casey pleasantly puts it—entering the halls of the mighty, the United Booking Offices, finds them "too busy today; better find some personal representative." Does the actor or actress thereby escape any octopian tentacle? Never think it! By some strange coincidence he is directed to some "personal representative" whose office is likely to be in the same building as the U. B. O. Possibly he finds himself employed at some of the theaters owned or controlled by Mr. Keith or by Mr. Proctor or by Mr. Albee or by Mr. Murdock whom he sought in vain at the United Booking Offices. He immediately transfers a large segment of his salary to the "personal representative" who procured his employment. And the "personal representative" transfers that authorization to the Vaudeville Collection Agency. That concern also has its office in the same building and only charges the "personal representative" up to fifty per cent for making the collection—all lopped off from the actors' or actresses' salaries.



## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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Now fasten your eyes again on the individual tentacles of the Vaudeville Collection Agency. Among its officers, directors and stockholders are A. Paul Keith, Edward F. Albee and J. J. Murdock with the same Maurice Goodman acting as legal pilot. Looks a good deal like the same old "kitty" drawing down the same old rake-off from the same old game, only by another route, doesn't it? And the pot is always filled by the same victims—the vaudeville actors and actresses. They can contribute to the octopus through the United Booking Offices, or through a "personal representative" with the Vaudeville Collection Agency rake-off, but, however devious be the route, they are despoiled just the same and the various tentacles practically are offshoots from the same old octopus in the same old lair.

Now enters still another corporation, the Vaudeville Managers' Protective Association, and among its sponsors and directors we find the old familiar names of A. Paul Keith, Edward F. Albee, J. J. Murdock and F. F. Proctor with the same Maurice Goodman as legal guide. This organization represents about four hundred fifty theaters. But what we want to know is this: Why a Vaudeville Managers' Protective Association? Against whom do those gentry need "protection?" Did any human being ever succeed in bearing away any loot from any Vaudeville Manager? Do they need "protection" from the actors and actresses legally looted either through the United Booking Offices or by the "personal representative" game of the Vaudeville Collection Agency?

Through the workings of this gang of highbinders, the

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

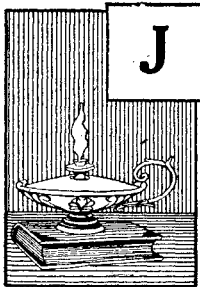
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vaudeville actors and actresses of America are bilked out of hundreds of thousands of dollars each year. This money is grabbed off the salaries through devious routes and the combination in control of the business is so thoroughly entrenched that the actors and actresses have to stand for the sandbagging or the booking offices are closed to them.

It may be that Uncle Sam's Federal Trade Commission will put a stop to this dirty graft and by throttling the octopus give the actors and actresses a square deal—something they have not had in many long years. And then if the proper authorities will see that a little real law is applied to the scoundrel manager who threatens to cancel a girl's job and blacklist her on the circuit unless she stands for his insults and makes of herself a bawd for the pleasure of lustful kikes, perhaps the vaudeville business will have more attraction for both art and virtue.

And we want it understood now and here that we're going to keep an eye on this vaudeville mess, and there are a few vaudeville managers due for some unsavory publicity.

## SOME PLAIN FACTS



**J**IM JAM JEMS purveys facts. Facts are the greatest things in the world and we respect them. In our last issue under the title of "The Franking Stench" we mentioned the fact that a member of Congress franked out at one shot 640,000 parcels of books, the postage upon which—if the human hog had paid it—would have been \$288,000. We have received some mail upon the subject intimating that this was a fairy tale and suggesting that we dare not name the Congressman. The name was omitted in the article through oversight. The human hog who so abused the franking privilege was Walter M. Chandler of New York City. When we take a wallop at an abuse—and this franking privilege is a most rotten legalized abuse—we take a real wallop with no

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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wrist slaps. We have the facts in our loaded magazine ere we pull the lever.

Incidentally we observe that if former Congressman Walter M. Chandler wants to mail out 640,000 parcels of books nowadays he can pay his own transportation charges. And we are betting that he is not cluttering up Uncle Sam's mails as much as he was now that the Congressional halo no more encircles his seething thought dome. Shooting out parcels of books with a frank and shooting out \$288,000 from your own pocket are horses of vastly different colors and we are gambling that Walter M. Chandler is not diffusing as much literature as formerly. Anyway this answers all inquiries as to the identity of the human hog in Uncle Sam's Congressional trough—and lowers our own postage bill, too.

Now have some more facts—just to show you that we keep them on tap. In our issue of April last under the title of "The Block System" we grabbed by the neck and held up for public inspection a brightly gilded young slacker and deserter from Indianapolis by the name of William H. Block, Jr. It was one of the most dastardly cases of yellow cowardice which besmirches the army record of this land. In brief the facts were that this youthful poltroon, a son of one of Indianapolis' richest men, deserted after being legally inducted into the Army on or about March 28, 1918, and was captured at Roseburgh, Oregon, on or about October 12, 1918. He was taken to Fort Benjamin Harrison, tried, convicted and sentenced to dishonorable discharge

*JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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from the army, forfeiture of pay and fifteen years of hard labor—a just sentence if one was ever pronounced. This sentence was set aside by “the reviewing authority” at the Headquarters Central Department of the Army, at Chicago, Ill. The father of this glittering young scion of Millionaire-dom is William H. Block, Sr., of reputedly large wealth and of reputedly huge influence.

We are now going to give you the absolute official record of this sandbagging of justice—just to show you how such travesties on justice are worked and also to show you we know exactly what we are writing about. If ever our arsenal runs out of facts we will quit shooting—but our supply has never yet been exhausted.

At the time this Court Martial was held at Fort Benjamin Harrison it was openly boasted by interested parties that no matter what the sentence might be Block would be freed through an arrangement with certain parties at the Headquarters of the Central Department. He was so freed and we are going to show you exactly how justice was prostituted. It is as shameful a record as was ever spread upon the records of any human tribunal. There is nothing complicated about it. Anyone who can read can see just exactly how this garrotting of justice was operated.

We now quote from the official records of the reviewing authority at the Headquarters Central Department of the Army at Chicago, Illinois, February 13, 1919, as follows: “In the foregoing case of Private William H. Block, Jr., unassigned, the prosecution has failed to call the employee of

*JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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the Local Draft Board to establish that he had invariably collected and posted the letters of the office in the Post Office Department. Consequently there is no presumption that the notice contained in form 1014 P. M. G. O. ever reached Private Block through the Post Office Department. Private Block will be released from confinement and restored to duty.

“By Command of Major General Wood,

“H. O. S. Heistand

“Adjutant General

“Department Adjutant.”

Keep your eye on this joker and don't get false carded. The sentence is disapproved and Block, the deserter, as yellow as a sunflower, is released for the sole reason that there was no proof that the Local Draft Board mailed him his notice. He might just as well have been released because the Aurora Borealis didn't shine on the capital dome at Indianapolis. The Local Draft Board had no more to do with mailing that notice to craven Block than you had.

Section 133 of the Selective Service Regulations provides that the notice should be mailed from the office of the State Adjutant General. That notice, form 1014 P. M. G. O., was mailed from the office of the Adjutant General of the State of Indiana. This fact was testified to by Adjutant General Harry B. Smith; by Major Robert C. Baltzell, Inf. U. S. A. State Executive officer, and by Mrs. Edna Doyle, mailing clerk of the Delinquent Department of the Conscription De-

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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partment of the State of Indiana. There was no dispute about the proof of the mailing of this notice.

But don't take our word for it. There lies before us as we write a letter written on this case by E. A. Kreger, Acting Judge Advocate General of the Army of the U. S. A., dated April 5, 1919, in which he very curtly says: "In the opinion of this office the action of the reviewing authority was based upon an erroneous view of the law and of the effect of the evidence in the case; but such action having been published in orders is now beyond recall."

There also lies before us as we write a letter written by the next highest authority, Adjutant General Harry B. Smith—no quitter, thank God—which says: "The action taken leaves the accused 'Guilty as found' but without sentence, a most unusual situation. The action by the reviewing authority does not question his guilt. The sentence is disapproved on a technicality and the technicality employed is in itself technically wrong; it is also in direct contradiction to the Selective Service Regulations which are prescribed by the President under the terms of the Selective Service Law."

We ask you, can you beat it? We ask you, did you ever see justice so deliberately throttled, garrotted and prostituted by the strong arm of power? The just conviction of this yellow-streaked, cowardly, fleeing, deserting dastard and poltroon—a disgrace to his family, to his State, and to his Nation—is set aside upon a technicality false in fact and bad in law! We say this is the most astounding record of a farce and of a travesty upon justice which has ever defaced

## JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

the annals of Courts Martial reviews in the Army of the U.S.A., and we have given you the exact official facts, which are frozen into the record beyond any hope of change or alteration. When we wrote about "The Block System" we knew what we were writing about. And we challenge poltroon deserter William H. Block, Jr.—a walking and advertising disgrace to the uniform which covers his cowardice—and his father William H. Block, Sr., with all his wealth and influence and the "reviewing authority" of the "Headquarters Central Department" of the Army at Chicago, Illinois, to gainsay the facts or the records. Did we know about the "Block System" when we pilloried, or didn't we?

Have some more plain facts and we are through with this Block stench—for the present. We had a pretty large mail from Indianapolis, Indiana, after the distribution there of our last April issue. We are going to quote one letter only from many, first because it is typical of many a mother's letter received and second because its writer comes from our "home town." We omit the address at the top and the name at the bottom—but it's genuine—just another plain fact—and we have the original in our files. Here it is.

Mr. Sam H. Clark,  
Bismarck, No. Dak.

Dear Mr. Clark:

It may interest you to know how the April JIM JAM JEMS is taken by the people of Indianapolis, especially by one person, William H. Block, Sr., inasmuch as he sent "hirelings" around and bought every one of the JIM JAM JEMS possible and asked dealers and brokers to order more and you might be able to increase your bank account by printing a few extra editions for him. True



## JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

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Americans cannot find them to buy. I have one copy but do not feel that I can run the risk of loaning it until after our next meeting of the "American War Mothers" as we expect to have your write-up of "The Block System" read at that time for the benefit of those who could not obtain copies.

I feel more than the average interest in JIM JAM JEMS as it is the product of my "Home Town" of Bismarck, No. Dak. It has been my home town since 1883. I have been away temporarily the past four and a half years in the interest of my son's education. The war has added one extra course that he didn't enroll for, but enlisted for last May. He has been in France since September and no one feels the sting of slackers more than the widowed mother of an enlisted boy so dear, so young, so promising—his time, strength, talent and his health—and life if need be—to be offered upon the altar of sacrifice in this war for humanity that people, including the slackers, may live in happiness and prosperity. I wish to tell you that words are inadequate to express my appreciation of your courage and force of character to condemn the action of the Blocks and the War Department and I hope the War Department has to set its house aright in this case.

Yours very truly,

MRS. BLANK.

Our shipping department had reported to us large extra orders by wire from Indianapolis for our last April issue containing "The Block System" and also reported the exhaustion of that edition. But we don't pay much attention to the shipping department anyway and the exhaustion of an edition is no new thing in our young life. We admit that we aren't much of a merchant anyway.

But if William H. Block, Sr., of Indianapolis, has been secretly accumulating some first class merchandise we are glad of it. It is his business anyhow. And if he has surreptitiously acquired a few thousands of last April's issue of JIM JAM JEMS which we do not say or know that he

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

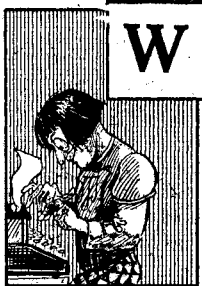
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has—he has got some really salable goods. And if his young hopeful, William H. Block, Jr., has obtained that “honorable discharge” from the Army he might be usefully employed behind the paternal counter selling the last April edition of JIM JAM JEMS! He needn’t spend any advertising money on that sale either!

Here is the final plain fact on this episode. William H. Block, Sr., may, if he sees fit, by secret means—and we do not say that he has done or intends doing so—buy up all Indianapolis allotments of JIM JAM JEMS referring to his son’s craven skulkery. But he can’t buy up the truth; he can’t buy up the record of Adjutant General Harry B. Smith; he can’t buy up the letter of Acting Judge Advocate General E. A. Kreger; he can’t buy up the garbled facts nor the bad law of that “reviewing authority” and he can’t buy up this loaded magazine nor its editor. These are a few unpurchasables which even the money of William H. Block, Sr., of Indianapolis, Indiana—even if he were disposed to spend it thus—can’t buy!

And in the meantime JIM JAM JEMS is going to serenely proceed with volleys of plain facts—truth—together with casual comments thereon. Watch it!

## ON THE SHORELESS SEA



WITH her dead babe clasped to her dead breast—no more billowing to love's throbs and yearnings—in a dismantled box car made to serve as a home, were found the dead bodies of Mrs. Myrtle Cici and her eighteen-months girl baby. By her side was found this remarkable letter. When we read it, it swept our heart strings. Read it.

To My Dear Husband and Friends: I leave this little note that there may be no misunderstanding or misplaced blame for what I am about to do. No one is to blame but myself, and all that I ask is that I may be forgiven and quickly forgotten. I am simply weary with bearing the burdens too heavy for mortals to bear.

I have lived to see all my air castles topple to the dust till life holds nothing worth living for. I do not blame my husband; he thinks he is doing right, and perhaps he is. But now he no longer cares for me, and after I have given him my all, he says that I

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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may go any time I wish. I prefer to go this way, and although it may be a cowardly way, it is best, for I have not the courage to face my people a beggar.

No one will understand and I cannot explain the longing that has been eating my heart out ever since I was a child. I thought when I found my husband that this longing was to be satisfied; that he would understand me and shelter and protect me. But that, too, was only an illusion—an idle dream.

The poor, little baby! That is the hardest of all, but I think it is best to take her with me.

Once more I want to say that my broken heart is not due to the way in which I was provided for by my husband, but because he no longer loves me.

To my kind friends who have helped me to bear up as long as I have I say: Just forgive and forget me.

When but eighteen years of age, when about to be graduated from the high school at Spokane, Washington, in June, 1917, and against the commands of her parents, this young woman ran away and married Cici, a section hand on the Milwaukee railway. The end came in a hovel of a box car near Spokane.

Whether it be in palace or hovel, whether it be amid luxury or poverty, whether it be among millionaires or mendicants, "love is of man's life a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence."

This is one of the most remarkable letters ever penned by woman's hand. No complaints, no reproaches, no repinings at her hard lot! Simply "I have lived to see all my air castles topple to the dust till life holds nothing worth living for." And "weary with bearing the burdens too heavy for mortals to bear," and with her babe in her tired arms she set sail, self-impelled, upon the shoreless sea of Eternity.

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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She had staked her all and had lost her all. She had given her all—that boundless wealth of maidenly affection—into unresponsive hands. Her flame of love had fallen into a chill pool of indifference. It wasn't because of her hard life, it wasn't because of her poverty, it wasn't because of her daily round of ceaseless toil, it was because "he no longer loves me," that Myrtle Cici with her pledge of dead affection clasped to her own dead breast sought her end.

When the spark of love meets a like spark, when responsiveness meets responsiveness, when affection meets affection there blazes aloft a torch which lights life's ways amidst the darkest paths. But when the flame of love meets chill, when affection's warm hand clasps clammy indifference, when love's bright gleam meets but a stony stare, when lips moist with love's longing meet but cold disdain—whether be it in palace or in hovel—it is to a woman, athrob with yearnings, the end of her world.

You may drag a woman through poverty's deepest depths, you may drag her through slimy pools of disgrace, you may set her feet on starvation's verge and on the penitentiary's portals and if your heart thrills to hers at the magic touch of love she will stay as faithful to you as the needle to the compass.

And you may house her in a palace, feed her on the daintiest dishes or on plates of gold, clothe her in exquisite garb, bedeck her with the rarest gems, furnish her with the costliest equipages rolling on cushions of air and surround her with every token of luxury, and if your heart thrills not to hers it

## JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

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will all be but as dead sea fruit and dust and ashes in her eyes.

Love will gild pewter platters, make of a wayside hut a mansion, change homespun into cloth of gold, make of the poorest fare a feast and ease the rudest shocks of life.

The absence of it will dim the brightest gold, will make a mansion but a hated hut, will make the costliest raiment but an itching shirt of hair and will make a feast but hated fare.

“’Tis love that makes the world go round” in woman’s eyes and when love ceases her world ceases. Woman’s tender heart responds to that thrill and fails at its absence.

Myrtle Cici told the truth, faced the issue, admitted defeat, penned one of the greatest letters ever written by a woman’s hand and left, with her babe, a world which to her had clattered into chaos. And for her in our heart we find naught of blame. Her world—the world of her dreams, of her love, of her yearnings, of her aspirations—had ceased and she ceased.



## THE BLACKS IN BATTLE.



OME few years ago we had the honor of introducing Senator Ben Tillman, of South Carolina, in one of his lectures on the race question. We were Mayor of a Western North Dakota City at the time, and during the afternoon we gathered a small party of prominent citizens to join us while we took the Southern Senator for a ride about the country. That evening Tillman prefaced his lecture with a few complimentary remarks about our "splendid little city with its wondrously progressive citizens" and then he spoke of our broad, level prairies and wound up with the ejaculation: "Great God! What a country to chase niggers in!" And that warmed our southern blood and we applauded long and loud.

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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Jim Jam Jems has never been a defender of the black man. On the contrary we have pooh-poohed the doctrine of equality between blacks and whites and have unmercifully flayed the black rape-fiend of the South. But we have never overlooked the fact that there are good Negroes as well as bad niggers; we have always maintained that the greatest problem in America is the race problem; and the world war has done much to augment the situation while the public's attention has been directed elsewhere. With a spirit of fairness we have compiled this article and we commend it to our readers because we believe that common justice demands a fair hearing for the colored soldier who carried the Stars and Stripes into No Man's Land.

Absorb some dusky facts. The following appeared in a daily paper published in Montgomery, Alabama, U. S. A. "The city of Montgomery was visited last night by a Klu Klux Klan that bore all the ear marks of the ancient honorable order that placed white supremacy back in the saddle after a reign of terror for several years by Negroes and scalawags." Other demonstrations of this Klan—resurrected after a burial of forty years—have occurred at Birmingham, Mobile, Troy and other smaller towns in "ole Alabam." Also the old ghost is reported as riding abroad by night in Texas, Oklahoma, Louisiana, Mississippi, Georgia, Florida and South Carolina.

The general idea is that colored soldiers and colored officers returning from the World War must be terrorized into servility and subserviency. The Mayor of a small Georgia



## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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town thus addressed a company of Negro draftees about to entrain for Camp Gordon: "You boys are going out to fight for your country and for democracy and that is a very fine thing, but there is one idea some of you have been expressing and I want you to get it out of your minds. Don't think that after the war you are going to change things. I want to tell you here today that this isn't so and you want to remember that our white boys are going over to France and learning how to fight and that we here at home are preparing for you when you come back. Don't get any new-fangled ideas about democracy." Inspiring language to be addressed to a body of American fighters about to battle for freedom overseas, wasn't it?

We are now going to hand you some facts about the blacks in battle for this U. S. A. Consider them: A Negro, Crispus Attucks, in Boston, was the first human sacrifice on the altar of freedom in the Revolutionary War. Many of his dusky brethren fought under George Washington until America's flag enfolded a free land—in which the Negro was enslaved.

In the war of 1812, with Andrew Jackson at New Orleans, American Negroes again spilled their blood for their white brethren—whose manacled slaves they still remained.

In the Civil War at the call of their Great Liberator, Abraham Lincoln, over two hundred thousand Negroes fought for the Union—and for the first time for their own freedom.

In the Spanish-American War at San Juan Hill it was the feet of American Negroes that first pressed the heights of Victory.

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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Consider now the Negro in the World War overseas. It is a magnificent record. It should make the heart of every American—white or black—thrill with pride. We pass by the Negro stevedores who won the world's record in freight and supply handling and come to the American Negroes in battle. In general these Negro units were known as the 369th, 370th, 371st and 372nd Regiments of the Ninety-third Division. They were officered largely—almost entirely, in fact—by Negro officers when they charged the Germans. And charge they did, too! Here are some of the results:

The Negro Lieutenant Colonel of the 370th, a Negro Major, eight Negro Captains, seventeen Negro Lieutenants, eight Negro non-commissioned officers and twenty-six Negro privates were decorated with the Croix de Guerre in last November. General Vincenden, the French Commanding Officer, said of the 370th on November 11th, the day of the signing of the historic Armistice: "Fired by a noble ardor they go at times even beyond the objectives given them by the higher command; they have always wished to be in the front lines. In the name of France I thank you." In his farewell address to this Negro Regiment General Vincenden said: "You have given us of your best and you have given it out of the fullness of your hearts. The blood of your comrades who fell on the soil of France, mixed with the blood of our soldiers, renders indissoluble the bonds of affection that unite us. We have, besides, the pride of having worked together at a magnificent task and the pride of bearing on our foreheads the ray of a common grandeur. A last time—Au Revoir." This is the

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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language of a man who recognized bravery and the red blood of courage regardless of the color of the skin whence it gushed.

Have some more. It is good stuff. This tells of the 371st and the 372nd brigaded with the 157th French Division under General Goybet—known as a martinet and a fire eater—who said: “For seven months we have lived as brothers at arms, partaking of the same activities, sharing the same hardships and the same dangers. Side by side we took part in the Great Champagne battle which was to be crowned by a tremendous Victory. Never will the 157th Division forget the indomitable dash, the heroic rush of the American Negro regiments up the observatory ridge into the Plain of Monthois. The most powerful defenses, the most strongly organized machine gun nests, the heaviest artillery barrages—nothing could stop them. These crack regiments overcame every obstacle with a most complete contempt for danger. Dear friends from America, when you reach the other side of the ocean do not forget the Red Hand (the 157th) French Division. Our brotherhood has been cemented in the blood of the brave and such bonds will never be destroyed.” The Distinguished Service Cross was awarded four Negro officers, five Negro privates and one Negro Corporal from the 372nd Regiment. Two colored Corporals and two colored privates from the 371st received the Croix de Guerre and seventy other citations for valor were awarded among the Negro troops.

Space prevents further details but the fact is that American colored troops in the World War bore themselves gal-

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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lantly, courageously, and fought like demons when they were unleashed for a charge. The French know it and say it and the world should know it.

Let us be fair. Think you that in the torrents of blood springing from valiant hearts the blood of the American Negro differs from the blood of his white brother? Comes it not from a heart as courageous and flows it not upon the same sacrificial altar? In the all-seeing eye of that Great Jehovah, the omnipotent God of Battles, is not the blood bursting from a dusky skin as sacred as the blood of his white brother? In the rivers of blood, washing tyranny from the World's ways, is not the blood of the American Negro, drop for drop, as sacrosanct as any with which it mingles? And when in the crash of battle souls released from their earthly tenement rise aloft are they not equally white in His eyes?

But American colored troops had to bear other burdens besides the shocks of war and the strifes of charges. They had to endure from their white American brethren in arms—not from the French or British—the most determined anti-Negro prejudice. Not one-third of the white American soldiers would salute a Negro officer and American Negro soldiers were habitually jeered at and disparaged by their white American fellow soldiers.

But they had to bear a still more grievous burden. American colored troops had to sustain themselves and maintain their morale not only against habitual insults in their own ranks but against the most insidious German propaganda. We quote but briefly from one leaflet showered by Germans

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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upon American colored troops: "What is democracy? Personal freedom, all citizens enjoying the same rights socially and before the law. Do you enjoy the same rights as the white people do in America, the land of freedom and democracy, or are you not rather treated over there as second class citizens? Can you go into a restaurant where white people dine? Can you get a seat in the theatre where white people sit? Can you get a seat or berth in the railroad car or can you even ride in the South in the same street car with white people? And how about the law? Are lynching and the most horrible crimes connected therewith lawful proceedings in a democratic country? Now all this is entirely different in Germany where they do like colored people, where they treat them as gentlemen and as white men, etc." And there was enough truth in this insidious and venomous propaganda to make it sting, too. But not one American Negro soldier ever listed to that siren song!

Now pause right here and put yourself in their places. Only barely fifty years removed from the blight of slavery at home; freed in name, but in fact always the victims of a venomous race hatred at home; enrolled as American soldiers to fight for freedom overseas, with their white brethren in arms from the same land constantly jeering and disparaging and insulting them; forced to rebut and repel German propaganda so true that it burned like fire; compelled to maintain their courage and their morale and their bravery against foes within and against enticing propaganda without—we say that these American colored troops wrote high

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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their names on the scroll of fame! We say that from Crispus Attucks, the first victim of freedom in the Revolutionary War, to the last dusky hero who laid down his life in battle charge in France, all down the line of American history, the American Negroes have proven with their hearts' blood, their courage, their valor, their patriotism and their love for a land—which has ill requited their devotion.

Now observe further. Look right down into the black record—blacker than the duskiest skin. Truth harms none but the guilty. In the thirty years last past upwards of three thousand American Negroes—citizens of this land—have been brutally mutilated, tortured, butchered, unsexed, burned and lynched. Only recently a Negro woman was disemboweled and her unborn babe torn from her quivering flesh. Almost within sight of the White House, at Alexandria, Virginia, a Negro was most brutally lynched. At Springfield, Illinois, where rest the ashes of Abraham Lincoln, and almost within sight of his tomb, a Negro was burned. Last year at East St. Louis, Illinois, over forty Negroes were barbarously slaughtered. And, in addition, in the past year thirty-one Negro men and one Negro woman were barbarically lynched. Negroes have been burned at the stake even in John Brown's old State of Kansas. And mark this: In just two places in this world has the smoke from living human torches ascended heavenwards—at Rome under Nero and in the United States of America under the Star Spangled Banner!

Look further. The United States—with the aid of the American Negro, too—protested with all its might, with all

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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its billions, with millions of its men, on sea, on land and in the air, against the awful atrocities, mutilations, defilements, butcheries and outrages perpetrated overseas. America's strong arms—upheld by American Negroes, too—spanned the seas and throttled to its death barbaric atrocities abroad.

Aren't burnings at the stake, mutilations, tortures, unsexment, hangings, disembowelments, crucifixions and human tortures just as atrocious in America as they are overseas? Why visit barbarities with fire and sword overseas and tolerate them in our own land? America idealizes, enshrines and worships justice—justice to all abroad and at home. Is her arm long enough to span an ocean but too short to throttle her own Satyrs of bestiality?

Most American Negroes are poor; but who stole their toil for generations and still pays them but a pittance? Many American Negroes are ignorant; but who kept them so for generations and still doles out education with niggardly hands? Many American Negroes are not ideal citizens; but would any other race be any better barely half a century ungyved and unmanacled? Many American Negroes are lustful; but are they the only ones, and if so, whence come all the millions of mulattos?

There are ten million American Negroes in this land—their ancestors brought here kidnapped to minister to American idleness—and but few voices are raised in their behalf. We raise our voice.

If American Negroes are good enough, brave enough, courageous enough, patriotic enough, to fight—as they have

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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fought like dusky demons—in every American war, aren't they good enough to be protected at home? Blood gushing from dusky skins has hallowed every American battle ground and ought not that blood—ever freely shed for this land—to be protected in this land? Should we cleanse Europe's pits of infamy with the aid of the American Negro and leave in our own land as deep pits for dusky feet to press?

Ought the American Negroes, having battled—against fearful odds within and without their ranks—heroically abroad for freedom, to return home to battle against a resurrected Klu Klux Klan? We say No!





## A Shining, Stinking Mackerel



IT shines and it stinks, and it stinks and it shines, like a dead mackerel lying in the moonlight." Thus spake a great American statesman years ago when describing a proposed treaty. Let not the irisate gleam and glitter of language, let not magnificently colored verbal air castles, bedazzle your mental vision nor blind you to the inherent rottenness of the League of Nations—or League of Notions.

We supposed and the country supposed that President Wilson was going to Paris to assist in the preparation of a Treaty of Peace—not as one of the accoucheurs of an International Siamese Twins War Monster. And the second delivery, or the afterbirth, looks no better to us than the first misshapen monstrosity produced at the misbranded

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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Peace Conference. It is not a Peace Conference; it is a war birth in perpetuity.

We supposed and the country supposed that President Wilson was going to assist in framing a Treaty of Peace "of open covenants openly arrived at." But this was just an iridescent phrase. From the time of the seizure of the cables to the display of the accoucheurs' skill, every move was shrouded in Cimmerian gloom. This land was surfeited to repletion and to nausea with accounts of functions, banquets and social adulations heaped upon President Wilson, but was starved of any real discussions. It was the old diplomatic cloak of concealment. Discussions were "in camera"—that is, in the dark.

When you are asked to embark in a partnership or an association or a corporation you naturally inquire as to the standing or ability of your fellow partners or associates or stockholders, don't you? It is wiser to inquire before you embark than to be hustling for a life belt amid the wreckage, isn't it?

We ask you to look calmly as a business proposition—and not through any verbally stained iridescent lenses—into the standing of your proposed partners in the hugest deal ever attempted to be put over on this planet. And don't overlook the fact, either, that—once embarked in this deal—your blood and your money and your children's blood and your children's money are pledged to the enterprise!

These figures are correct. We include Russia because she started as our ally and if ever admitted must come in on

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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these—or worse—figures. We do not include Japan because the foxy little yellow boys do not furnish complete figures. But their best figures wouldn't help any.

The debts of ourselves and our allies in August, 1914, were these: United States, \$1,000,000,000; Italy, \$2,800,000,000; Great Britain, \$3,500,000,000; Russia, \$4,600,000,000; France, \$6,500,000,000, or a total of \$18,400,000,000.

The debts of ourselves and our allies on January 1, 1919, were these: United States, \$21,000,000,000, and if we assume our allies to be solvent and able to pay, this amount would be reduced by the \$9,000,000,000 they owe us to \$12,000,000,000; Italy, \$12,000,000,000; Russia, \$27,000,000,000; France, \$30,000,000,000; Great Britain, \$40,000,000,000; or a total of \$130,000,000,000.

The total wealth and percentage of debt to wealth is: United States, \$250,000,000,000, with debt percentage of 8.4; Great Britain, \$90,000,000,000, with debt percentage of 44.4; France, \$65,000,000,000, with debt percentage of 46.1; Russia, \$60,000,000,000, with debt percentage of 45.1; Italy, \$30,000,000,000, with debt percentage of 40.

Absorb now these comparisons, omitting fractions. France owes forty-six per cent. of all she is worth, and is worth \$185,000,000,000 less than the United States; Russia owes forty-five per cent of all she is worth and is worth \$190,000,000,000 less than the United States; Great Britain owes forty-four per cent of all she is worth and is worth \$160,000,000,000 less than the United States; Italy owes forty per cent of all she is worth and is worth \$230,000,000,-

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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000 less than the United States; the United States owes only eight per cent of all she is worth, and is worth \$5,000,000,000 more than all the other allies combined! We ask you, would any sane man—unless with a knife at his throat or a pistol at his head—enter a partnership on equal terms when his assets contributed were more than all his partners' combined and all his debts less than theirs by \$109,000,000,000?

And remember that the United States—whose resources and whose men won the World War—asks for no indemnities and disdains indemnities. We are not criticising, but it is a little bagatelle worthy of mention that we have dropped our twenty-five billions into the pot of International Justice and drawn down rimless ciphers at the close.

Use just ordinary, every-day, common-sense business judgment—quite a necessity, too, in spite of a flock of verbal rainbows. If the United States had lost the World War instead of having won it, if we were making a settlement with a victorious foe under their guns instead of being invited into a partnership of victors, would we be mulcted much worse than to lose twenty-five billion dollars and enter into a partnership where we provide \$250,000,000,000 of assets as against all our partners \$245,000,000,000 of assets and have but \$21,000,000,000 of debts as against their \$109,000,000,000 of debts? Even a jury of imbeciles in a home for the feeble-minded would brand such a deal as the absolute apex of business folly! When as conquerors—and with no return of our huge expenditures—we are invited into a

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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friendly coalition where we provide all the assets and our partners provide practically all the liabilities, the greatest victory in the world is to be transformed, by the subtle wiles and intrigues of skilled diplomats, into our most monumental disaster! The greatest winner—and without whom there could have been no winning—is to be grandiloquently ushered into the seat of the most titanic loser, and huge liabilities besides piled upon his shoulders! If this isn't altruism, idealism and philanthropy run into an orgy of madness, what is it? We believe in charity; we believe in idealism; we believe in philanthropy—but not to the verge of self-destruction!

Ah, but we are told that after a certain number of years we can retire from the partnership. Certainly! So you can retire from any partnership after you have lost what you have put in and paid all the debts—which your fellow partners can't pay or won't pay—acquired while you were in. Millions of deluded mortals can tell all about that—after a bitter experience.

Ah, but we are told this is different from any other partnership. It is—in the magnitude of its liabilities and in the size of the sucker to be hooked!

Ah, but they say we are “in for nine billions” already advanced. Agreed! Let's lose it if need be before we hook a cipher to it. “First loss is best loss.”

View it from another angle. We are told—an old, time-worn bait of diplomacy, too, it is—that unless we join the partnership we can't have trade relations with Europe.

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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What of it? Haven't our trade relations with Europe of late merely resulted in piling up mountainous debts—to make no mention of the hundreds of millions poured into charities? "Trade relations" with Europe of late are worse than "Poor Relations"!

View it from another angle. We are told—another old, time-worn bait of diplomacy, too—that if we do not enter this coalition we can have no Treaty of Peace with Germany. What of it? Ask Belgium! And what harm can a broken-winged buzzard commit, anyway? And what's the worth of a bandit's word, of a safe blowers' contract or of a thug's bond?

And what has become of that principle of the "self-determination of Nations" about which has clustered so many glittering gems with iridescent facets of phraseology? Do you hear anything about Great Britain releasing Ireland or India or Egypt, each one clamoring—and clamoring in vain, too—at the gates of the Peace Conference for their freedom? Hasn't this dazzling gem of "self-determination" been lost in the slimy pools of diplomacy? Do you think that a coterie of European and Asiatic nations—steeped to the eyes in centuries of land-lootings—an enormous majority of whom are monarchic and despotic, really intend to give up any loot? You didn't notice foxy little old Japan giving up the wealthy and populous Shantung province looted from China, did you? European Nations boast and pose and strut and preen their feathers and euphoniously call their nation-lootings "bearing the white man's burden." That is but a dip-

## JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

lomatic term for international brigandage. It befools nobody who can "tell a hawk from a handsaw."

And who really are the parents of this child, this League of Nations, to whose support you are asked to pledge your blood and your treasure? Aside from President Wilson did you elect anybody to represent you at the accouchement? Did you elect diplomat Lansing or diplomat White or lobbyist House? You did elect members of the Senate of the United States to give the President their "advice" on treaty-making and made their "consent" necessary to the validity of a treaty. But were any of these, your elected and constituted representatives, present at Paris? Were their "advice" and "consent" sought or even permitted? That is what you elected them for and wouldn't a Committee from the Senate—whose "advice" and "consent" are absolutely necessary—have represented you more fitly than the two diplomats and a lobbyist? Isn't it a fact that this League of Nations, or of Notions, was ushered into being "in camera"—that is, in darkness—by a band of autocrats not one of whom, except President Wilson, was elected by you? Wasn't the first principle of democracy—action of the people by their representatives elected for that purpose—violated at the birth of this Monstrosity? Were there any "open covenants openly arrived at" by discussion of your elected representatives?

But this production of autocratic and secret diplomacy must come before American Senators for their confirmation before it can have any effect. Finally—in spite of its dark and autocratic birth—its legitimacy must be passed upon by

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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Americans elected—not appointed—for that purpose. The destinies of you and your treasure and of your children and of their treasure can not be bargained away in perpetuity without the consent of your elected representatives in the Senate of the United States. The coils and wiles and subtleties of diplomats must finally be straightened out in the light of day in open debate. It will require a vote of two-thirds—sixty-four—of the Senators of the United States to embroil, entangle and enmesh this land in the quicksands and quagmires of European and Asiatic plottings and schemings. Such was the wisdom and forethought of our forefathers.

Be not befooled nor bedazzled by all the gushing fountains of rainbow-tinted language and phraseology thrown about this League of Nations. To ratify this pact, to finally sign these articles of international partnership would be to absolutely reverse the gears which have carried this nation to the highest height of success ever reached on this planet. Consider it.

To step from the clean heights of perfect safety, unassailed and unassailable, into the slimy and quaking depths of the supremest risks; to put our lives and our children's lives and our treasure and our children's treasure at the beck and call of a council of monarchic and despotic foreigners, where we would be forever in a hopeless minority; to contribute our wealth as against near bankruptcy's needs; to contribute and to conscript, too, if necessary, our virile young men to generations of battle-worn exhaustion; to engage with money and men to maintain the "territorial integrity"



## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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of monarchy and despotism all over this earth; to solemnly promise to rivet tighter the shackles of subject nations athirst for that freedom for which we have ever fought; to deliberately undertake to maintain despotism and monarchy upon this planet where we have fought it in four wars; to take away from the elected representatives of this people the power to practically declare and make war when necessary; to battle successfully against monarchy and autocracy on two continents and then to cravenly place our necks beneath its yoke; to barter the pure gem of earned security by battle's wage for the glittering paste and lure of specious promises gaudily bedecked—to do all these things undriven by necessity and at the close of the world's greatest victories, would be the most monumental and revolutionary misstep ever made in the dark by the greatest nation on earth!

We can tell you who will be enthusiastically favoring this League of Nations—or of Notions. Every militaristic and naval enthusiast whose profession and livelihood is war; every bureaucrat and red tape reeler who thrives on war and its expenses and complications; every munition manufacturer and powder purveyor with all their retinue and dependents; every speculator in war supplies who fattens on “tax payers’ money;” every hanger-on to the mountainous pay rolls of bureaucracy and snoocracy; every “dough boy” who rolled up his mess of “dough” at home out of war's disasters while his brethren were gnawing bully beef in France—all these will be touting for this League of Nations! Why shouldn't they? It promises to keep their game afoot

## *JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR*

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indefinitely. It promises to make wars somewhere on earth a continuous performance.

The people of this land, whose flesh and blood and bone and sinew and toil and treasure make this land and this government—and who are this government—are entitled to be heard. Their lives, their children's lives, their treasure, their children's treasure, their destinies and their children's destinies are at stake. It is these things—the most precious on this planet—which the Senate of the United States holds in trust for them. "When and if" they say that they want to place all the fruitage of a century and a half of toil and of earned victories on two continents at the nod and beck of a clique of foreign potentates we will be satisfied—but not until then.

This League of Nations, built on the baseless fabrics of idle dreams, with its columns, facades and minarets ornamented and bedecked with all the gleam and glitter and glisten and glamour of a mirage of rainbow-hued phrases, shines to dazzled eyes with irisate splendor; but to the nostrils, on close approach, it stinks with the stench of endless intrigues, of perpetual entanglements and of chronic wars.

When Esau bartered his birthright for a mess of poor pottage he made the most brilliant transaction of the ages, compared to this proposed barter of America's birthright of absolute independence for a mess of intriguing and self-seeking foreign domination!



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