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Jim Jam Jems: September 1919

Sam H. Clark

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Jim Jam Jems

BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

SEPTEMBER
1919



A VOLLEY OF TRUTH

JIM JAM JEMS

BY

Jim Jam Junior



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

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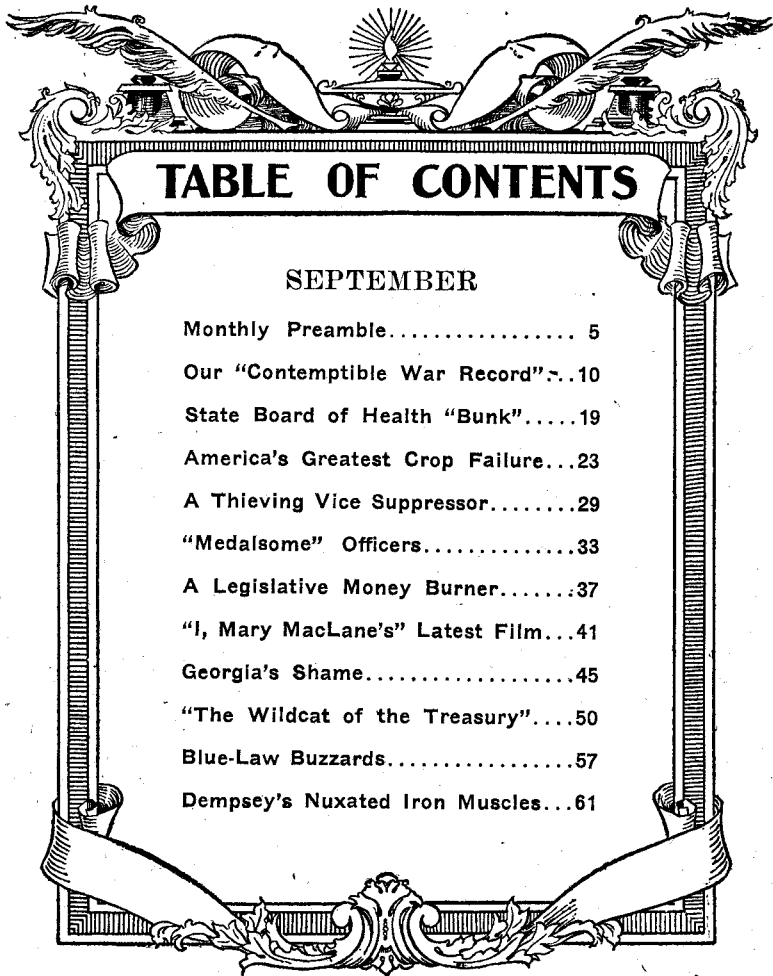
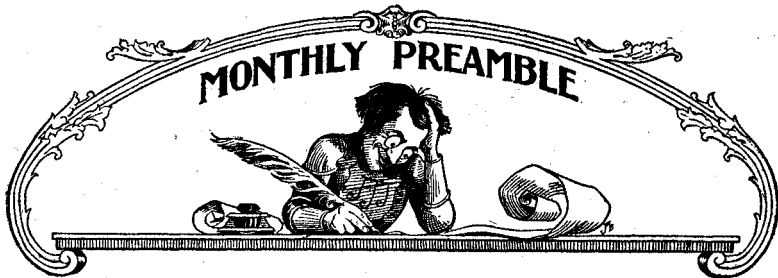


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OUR old dad was a homely philosopher. When he laid down at night, he remembered only that day's joys. "Whatever is, is best." That was his daily measure of life. He had a trite saying, thus: "As she slips, she slides along, my pint-cup holds a quart." This was his way of saying that as Time moved on, his cup of life was overflowing. But that was twenty years ago! Had Dad lived until today, his philosophy would have been shattered and he would have undoubtedly changed his saying to, "My quart-measure holds a short pint." We can think of no more apt illustration of the changes the years have wrought than the comparison of

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the watermelon of our youth to that of the watermelon of today. Remember the big, round, juicy melon of the long ago? Well, it's been stretched some, hasn't it?

We were standing in the crowd on Nicollet Avenue in Minneapolis a few weeks ago when the One Hundred Fifty-First Regiment came home. It was a great day for Minnesota and a big day for Minneapolis. This was just a short time before the O. O. Bucket succeeded the Little B. Jug. An enterprising business concern had stretched a banner 'cross the street where the returned heroes were to parade. It read thus: "151 Welcome!" A fellow who had irrigated his holiday spirit from the spacious neck of the Little B. Jug stood near us in the crowd. Everybody was cheering, but he was gurgling and murmuring and musing and talking, principally to himself. He looked up at the big banner with the scarlet "151 Welcome" and blurted out: "Thash mush be whaz everybody's hollerin' 'bout. Dollar and a half and war tax— Welcome!"

There are editorial predictions to the effect that Bryan may run again in 1920. Well it looks like that kind of a year for the Democrats. Fact is, this good old U. S. A. seems to have slipped its trolley politically, industrially and socially, and generally things be out of joint. Consistency thou art a mule! The government is talking about prosecuting food hoarders while it has millions of dollars' worth of food piled up in government warehouses. Railroad employees are striking for the balance of the gross earnings of the railroads, probably on the theory that the tax-paying public may as

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well make up the whole deficit instead of only a part of it. Breadmakers say that cheaper flour won't have anything to do with the price of bread, which confirms our suspicions that flour, of late, has had very little to do with bread. At least there isn't the same difference between No. 1 and No. 4 bread that there is between No. 1 and No. 4 wheat. Pie has gone up to ten cents a cut and "This is the most unkindest cut of all." There's no significance, of course, in the fact that the current issue of a "Milk Magazine," published in the interests of dairying in Illinois, carries the cut of a new-fangled pump on its cover page. East St. Louis embalmers are on a strike for higher wages and shorter hours. Thus, up goes the cost of dying with the cost of living, and if this embalmers' strike isn't a direct wallop at the "ultimate consumer" we never heard of one. The country has been dry two months, but in some sections bootleggers seem to be still "Coming Thro The Rye." The fellow who pays fifteen dollars a quart for rotgut whiskey is sure the liquor interests voted the country dry, while there are others who think Henry Ford and his pacifist followers did it, just so as to remove any inducement for German invasion twenty years hence. The doctrine of equality is well exemplified in the investigation of Chicago's race riots. While the blacks killed in riots outnumbered the whites several to one, plenty of blacks have been indicted and no whites. We note that a Chicago undertaker married the widow of the deceased on the way home from the funeral. While this is a stiff illustration of "the quick and the dead," it also indicates the lack of sentiment

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that is manifest while humanity hits the fastest pace in history. America is rushing headlong—nobody seems to know just where. The meat trust is tainted and the laundry trust unclean. Government statistics show that more unmarried men than married men go crazy. Shure. They had to go crazy first. John Bull says the Greeks are to be complimented for the stand they took during the war. The only ones we are familiar with are the Greek stands on the principal corners of every city, where we pay war tax on soda water. "Buy less meat," say the headlines in the daily press. We are doing that every day for the same money. A man in Georgia has just invented a new fertilizer mixer. He should name it "Woodrow" and put it on the market at once. It's just about as difficult to get in touch with a porterhouse these days as with the White House. The Supreme Court has been asked to declare Harry Thaw insane. Not yet but again. China wants to borrow five hundred million. We should lend it. We could at least take it out in washing, but how in hell is Italy ever going to pay us one and a half billions in spaghetti and garlic?

September approaches. It is the season of mist and mellow fruitfulness. Perhaps the frost on the pumpkin will cool things off a bit and people will commence to slow up and see where they are at. Right now everything is in a whirlpool of chaos. The country is as restless as a mule with a burr under its tail. Everything is going up and will be blowing up unless something comes down pretty soon. Suppose this spirit of unrest is like a plague of army worms or an

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epidemic of epizootic. It must run its course. But something has got to happen pretty soon or it will be too late. This hour-earlier plan sends a fellow to bed too early and gets him up with an extra hour to holler about something next day. Germany has got her Krupp corset off and is just standing on one foot, scratching contentedly and thinking it over. That's what we'd better do before we start anything. We'll admit that it is darned hard to sit down and think calmly when beefsteak is a dollar an inch and our coffee is served with an eyedropper. But it won't do any good to sit down and shed profit tears. Let's go out and kill 'em!

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Our "Contemptible War Record"



OUR U. S. has the most contemptible war record of any nation on this earth. You are largely that slimiest of things—four flushers. The name American has come to be a hissing and a by-word in all lands; it stinks in the nostrils of men; even in your dearly loved France they spit and say, ‘A bas, les Americannes’ in utter disgust.” The above spew of venom—and others like it from which we will quote further on—is spat at us from one Eric A. Darling, of Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, Canada. We want to say here and now that the man doesn’t live who can spit such venom at us and “get away” with it.

This title-worshipping, toad-eating, sycophantic emulsion of concentrated ignorance is a renegade American and takes

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good care to keep his precious carcass just across Uncle Sam's border—doubtless for reasons best known to himself.

It is always "the galled jade that winces," it is ever "the hit dog that yelps," and this Anglomaniac lick-spittle boob—with the venom which always earmarks a slinking renegade—takes bitter exception to our casual remarks in our issue of July last under the title "Jack Canuck Says Americans Lie." This "Darling" microcephalous error of creation, doubtless a mental miscarriage, with his midgelike mentality functioning southward of his collar in his equatorial regions, is as void of gratitude as an egg is of hair. We would have a few words with this renegade American ignoramus anent his abysmal and bottomless ignorance of the first grade primary facts of history.

"Your U. S. has the most contemptible war record of any nation on this earth!" Well! Well! Let's take a look at it and at the beginning of it first. It wasn't so very "contemptible" when in two wars Uncle Sam sent the British Lion home—moaning and groaning instead of roaring, with his bedraggled tail trailing in the dust—and his hireling Hun bandits along with him, was it? This poor, pitiful, outcast, erstwhile American segment of bottomless ignorance tells us: "You don't know, for instance, that Washington's Ragtails were drawn up and dear George was addressing a speech of hopeless surrender to them when the message came granting the American Independence!" Suffering Shades of History! We still believe that Washington's victorious "Ragtails" accepted the surrender of the British troops at Yorktown when

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Lord Cornwallis surrendered his sword and Great Britain's sovereignty over this land. Listen further to the slush of this venomous recreant American when he says: "For granting you Independence and giving you back the spots you had lost England is repaid by your raving about a famous victory!" Somebody is raving, all right, but not us!

We would rub no salt and vinegar into ancient wounds but it ill becomes a tuft-hunting, boot-licking boob of an American apostate to prate very much about Uncle Sam's "contemptible war record" in those first two wars, does it?

Have some more of "historian" Darling's mental eructations: "Can you intelligently argue that a poorly equipped handful as was Washington's army could defeat a big nation as England was then?" No one ever has "argued" it, Canuck Darling—outside of an Anglomaniac madhouse—any more than they "argue" the law of gravitation. Canuck Darling is welcome to all the satisfaction he can get by re-chewing any of his vomit about Uncle Sam's first two wars. If there was any "contemptible war record" in those two wars it wasn't Uncle Sam's!

Consider Uncle Sam's next war record. In 1847, after years of provocation, of banditry and of pillage on the part of Mexico, the American legions took Vera Cruz and stormed the heights of Chapultepec. The City of Mexico and the Empire of Mexico surrendered to General Scott and lay prone at America's feet. The Empire of Mexico with all its stored wealth of minerals and with all its vast acreage of rich lands—one of earth's finest prizes—laid in the arms of the United

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States as helpless as a babe in a giant's grasp! By all the canons of international law, by all the customs of the warfare of nations since history was first written, the Empire of Mexico, aburst with wealth, lay prone, abject and conquered at the feet of the United States! Would any European banditti—British or otherwise—organized under the high-sounding names of king, emperor or kaiser—have spurned such a prize? Wouldn't their talons of greed have closed tight about its helpless throat? Wouldn't their heels have ground into the dust the necks of the conquered Mexicans? Wouldn't they have exploited it, have looted it, have taxed it into penury, have annexed it and have made of it a mere satrapy and dependency? You know they would!

But the United States voluntarily relaxed its hand of conquest, restored Mexico to the Mexicans, relinquished what was then earth's richest prize, and paid Mexico fifteen millions of dollars for New Mexico and upper California. We gave up the richest prize, took the poorest and by a Treaty paid for what we had won! No "contemptible war record" about that, was there, Canuck Darling—you renegade worshipper of royalty? Did the paws of the British Lion ever release voluntarily so sumptuous a prize? Did any European thugocracies—so beloved by you—ever make so fair a record? Search history's pages with your newly monocled eye, Canuck Darling, and point us to the like deed by any European nation, if you can!

Consider our next war in your kindergarten course, Canuck Darling. The United States, listening to Cuba's groans

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—to which every European nation turned a deafened ear— took the “Pearl of the Antilles” from the savagery of doddering and rotting old Spain, after centuries of misrule, and handed Cuba to the Cubans as their gift of freedom—the only such gift ever graven on history’s tablets. Has any strutting, preening, peacock-screaming European monarchy—of any race—ever done the like? Didn’t they—every one of them—always keep what they took? Haven’t European governments always rifled helplessness and pouchèd loot at every chance? Did any of them ever hand a gift of freedom to an oppressed race on this planet? ·

In the same war the United States took the Philippines, and, disdaining conquest’s rights, paid its foe, Spain, millions for what Spain had fairly lost in conflict. Can you imagine, by imagination’s wildest flights, any European conqueror so doing? Has any European nation—British or otherwise—in all their centuries of lootage, done the like? Did any of their gold ever follow their swords? Hasn’t the flow of gold always been from the conquered to them, and not from them to the conquered? Didn’t all the word jugglers and verbal wizards and language embroiderers and oily land thieves in European Chancelleries of land banditry stand aghast at such magnanimity? Take a few years off and search for its like in the annals of any other nation, you expatriate American—with your newly Anglicized monocle in your other eye—and when you find it, Canuck Darling, drop us a line!

But when he comes to discuss the late European shambles, the acrid gall and the putrid atrabilliousness of this renegade,

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apostate, expatriate ex-American fairly seethes and bubbles. Notice these spurts of venom from this water-brained mental midge—just across the American line.

“For years you made bloody profit out of the war. Even when you had swallowed insults no other nation in all history has ever taken, even so you elected a President who kept you out of war.”

“You shirked, you skulked behind the British Navy and you write panegyrics, now the danger is past, about your miserable little tin pot collection of tubs. You closed your eyes and ears to sight and sound of the Allies’ woes; you refused to ease up a jot on supplying the neutral nations with supplies of every kind, though you were well aware that these nations were ordering far in excess of their demands and re-selling to Germany.”

“Given the chance to redeem their souls, to stop the bloody massacre in Europe, your magnificent, craven, dollar-chasing American public elected a President who kept you out of the war. You may write reams of lies and nauseating self-adulation, but you can’t write out that fact nor fool any nation save a few self-hypnotized American idiots.”

Indeed and indeed! We “made bloody profit out of war!” We fed the Allies when they were starving, clothed them when nakedness threatened them, spent billions upon billions in this war more than any possible profit and loaned them billions—still unpaid—when every other treasury on earth was closed to them!

We “elected a President who kept us out of war!” Yes,

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and we elected a President who led us into war—when the Allies were like a cat in Hell, without teeth or toenails, too—and waged it with sublime determination to success! Given the chance “to stop the bloody massacre,” President Wilson, the Commander-in-Chief of the American Army and Navy, did stop it, didn’t he? He and the American nation back of him certainly did, and in record time, too! From August 1, 1914, to April 7, 1917—almost three years—the Allies battled vainly, and in nineteen months Americans won the day! Did the Allies win a decisive victory before America intervened? And didn’t decisive victories commence only after American fighters intervened and continue until they forced the Armistice?

We “shirked and skulked behind the British Navy!” We notice the British Navy didn’t gather in the German fleet—although it had one wonderful opportunity at the battle of Skagerack—until our “little miserable tin pot collection of tubs” finished the job!

We “refused to let up a jot on supplying neutral nations.” Why should we? Can’t neutral nations trade with neutral nations? Isn’t that what neutrality means? And what if neutral nations were re-selling? Wasn’t England the boasted “Mistress of the Seas,” and couldn’t she convoy her own merchant ships, and if not, why not? Wasn’t it because she couldn’t? What pifflicated bunk from a waterlogged brain is such stuff as that anyhow?

Now get this sublime piece of mental topsy-turvydom from a renegade American about what he calls “your handful of

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American soldiers who saw active service." "Your men had the great fault of being impetuous, of refusing to obey their officers under fire. Of course, you wrote this up as signifying great courage. You would. But it might also be panic." On the battlefields of Europe, American soldiers—thank God, and the Allies can thank God, too—were "impetuous!" They were "impetuous" to go forward—a new maneuver for the Allies! They were "impetuous" enough never to lose a battle in which they were engaged! "Panic" stricken soldiers go rearward, but American soldiers in a "panic" went forward with a rush! Maybe they didn't hear a "retreat" bugle. Their ears aren't attuned to that sound. But they always heard the order of "advance!" American soldiers were so "impetuous" and got in such a "panic" at St. Mihiel, at Chateau Thierry and at the Argonne that they mopped up a mess at which the Allies had vainly striven for years! It's the kind of "panic" which wins battles—with no wounds in the back, either!

Whine and prate to us, you recreant American, you pitiable Canuck boob, about America's "contemptible war record!" Fasten double eyeglasses on your expatriate American eyes—ablaze with all a renegade's venom—and find if you can, since men dug roots with their fingers and munched bloody bones, so glorious a war record! Since man first chipped stone and put stylus to papyrus to record events, no such a war record blazes on earth!

Mumble to us about America's "contemptible war record," you apostate American! Take a kindergarten course in his-

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tory—and find the like of what you call America's "contemptible war record," with never a lost war, with never a wail or a squeal for help and with never a penny pouched from a fallen foe—if you can!

Mutter to us—you outcast American falsifier, safe beyond the American border—with your inverted pigmy mind and your mental strabismus, about America's "contemptible war record." You can find "contemptible war records"—full of defeats, full of outrages, full of loot—in the annals of European thugs and bandits, but not in American annals, thank God!

You say: "I am an American, but believe me, I don't boast of the fact." Never think it, you venomous reneger. We will gamble that you have renounced your American citizenship—if you ever had it. You are no more a real American citizen than black is white, than bran is brains, than chaff is wheat, or than brass is gold!

And at that, no doubt weird hallucinations about America's "contemptible war record" will ramble and rumble about the waterfilled cranial attic of Eric A. Darling—expatriate and renegade American—of Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, Canada, until the embalming fluid removes them!

A. E. F. has been used as an abbreviation for American Expeditionary Forces but it might also mean After England Failed! What! Doncherknow Eric old Top! Think it over.

State Board of Health "Bunk"



HERE lies before us as we write a mess of misbranded verbal junk called the "Fifteenth Biennial Report of the State Board of Health of North Dakota for the Years 1917 and 1918." It covers the two-year period ending June 30, 1918. It should be entitled "Pus Puncher's Propaganda."

North Dakota is and always has been practically an unvaccinated State. As this Board of Health Report puts it: "Though the compulsory vaccination law has been written on the statute books for several years it has never been enforced because of a seeming unpopularity with a certain class of people." In other words, compulsory pus-punchery and serum-squirtery were a statutory "dead duck" in North Dakota and the legis-

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lative session of 1919 removed the stinking carcass from the statute books.

We now quote from this mess of propaganda—printed at taxpayers' expense—evidently issued principally to propagate pus-punchery: "Smallpox has been the greatest menace of any of the epidemic diseases. Though of mild form it annually makes its appearance and with it brings terror to the natives."

Again: "It is amazing to note how frantic people will become on the outbreak of a case of smallpox and yet they have the remedy against it almost for the asking if they would only apply the remedy. Vaccination today is no idle experiment; it prevents smallpox; and when people set aside their prejudice and folly and submit generally to vaccination then and then only will smallpox cease to be a menace."

Well, we braced ourselves to read the death tables of this high sounding State Board of Health. We expected after this jeremiad to read of the awful ravages of smallpox epidemics in unvaccinated North Dakota! As our regular readers know, we are absolutely against pus-punching orgies and we feared that we had bumped up against some hard facts!

What were the facts? In the whole state of North Dakota during the two-year period there had been just five—five, count 'em—deaths from smallpox! In unvaccinated North Dakota in two years there had been just one death from smallpox to every one hundred and fifty thousand people! A terrible "epidemic," wasn't it? An awful object lesson to unvaccinated North Dakota, wasn't it? After reading of these

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dreadful death tolls of the "epidemic" of smallpox in North Dakota the unvaccinated natives would just nachally wave their naked arms—and the women would brandish their naked legs—in spasms of fear, and hotfoot it for a pus-punch, wouldn't they?

And in the face of these statistics—printed in its own official tables—this whiffling, piffling, Allopathically sectarianized State Board of Health pompously advocates compulsory vaccination. It wants seven hundred fifty thousand sane human beings to be compulsorily pus-punched—at so much per punch for the punchers—because in two years' time one human being out of one hundred fifty thousand died of smallpox! We ask you, can you beat it—we mean of course outside of a mad house? We ask you, if this attempt to stampede a State into a pus-punching orgy on these facts—printed in their own statistics, compiled by themselves—isn't a most pitiful exhibition of concentrated and doltish damphoolishness? Why, on their own showing you might just as well be "vaccinated" against a stroke of lightning as against smallpox in North Dakota! Why, South Sea Islanders, clad in the "altogether," with rings in their noses, with their teeth filed to a sharp point and kowtowing before a stuffed snake, show more sense than the State Board of Health of North Dakota, worshipping before the busted fetich of vaccination.

Then we took another look at the death tolls of these toad-eating Allopathic wizards. The greatest mortality came from tuberculosis, 469 deaths as against 5 deaths from smallpox,

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and not one word about its prevention, its segregation, its contagion, its treatment or its cure! Where there are practically ninety-four deaths from tuberculosis to one death from smallpox there is never a word about the real scourge, but there are oodles of language about the phantom and mythical "epidemic" of smallpox! In other words, this misbranded State Board of Health wants to sharpen its pointed force-pumps—at so much per pump—to "prevent epidemics" which don't exist, but is dumber than an oyster about life's greatest destroyer! Faugh! and it is such Allopathically sectarianized propaganda and junk and "bunk" and "bull" which is printed and circulated—at tax payers' expense—by the North Dakota State Board of Health!

But there is one very thoughtful—and suggestive—feature about this report of the North Dakota State Board of Health. Next to its carefully compiled list of licensed North Dakota would-be pus-punchers and serum-squirters it gives a list of 239 Licensed Embalmers in North Dakota! You know right where to go next! The Undertaker's Aid Society gives you explicit directions to the Undertakers! Get your call in early and avoid the rush!

America's Greatest Crop Failure



HE dollar has become diluted. It is a dollarette. The eagle emblazoned on it instead of shrilly screaming its demands as of old feebly squawks for recognition. Commodities have gaily aeroplaned upwards but the feeble eagle on the dollarette no longer overtakes them.

What's the trouble? We diagnose the dollar decline thusly: From the time the European shambles opened its slaughter house in 1914 the U. S. was busily engaged in catering to its wants. It provided food stuffs, almost to its own famine, and it provided munitions of war, all of which were remorselessly destroyed overseas. Consumption hard chased production.

After Uncle Sam entered the war there were added—from those actually engaged in service and from those supplying their wants—at least ten millions more to an army consum-

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ing commodities for war's fathomless demands. Footwear, head gear, clothing, underwear, overcoats, and all sorts of food supplies went abroad in ceaseless streams. Steel (and steal, too,) and lumber gravitated into the same bottomless pit. The world over, there were at least fifty millions of human beings under arms and engaged in supplying war's bottomless demands who were consuming commodities which perished fast. Consumption had walloped production and production had taken the count. In commercial measurements commodities had stretched up into giants and dollars had shrunken into pigmies.

Then came the Armistice and the hysterical wail arose that the labor market would be flooded with returned soldiers. Not so! They were absorbed into industry and drafted into toil faster than they had been drafted into war.

But there was going on during all these five years what is really America's greatest crop failure harvested at practically no cost to itself—its immigration crop, its man power. Take a look at it.

Since Government records have been kept this crop has amounted to over thirty-two million human beings. Economists and statistical sharps value one working human being at two thousand dollars and upwards. Taking the lowest valuation this importation has added some sixty-four billions to our national wealth.

From an importation of practically one million per annum for a long term of years this crop has dropped to practically zero during the past five years. Translated into dollars this

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means a loss of two billions per year or ten billions for the five year period, or about one-third of our world war cost.

Don't we believe in restriction of immigration? We certainly do to just this extent—no paupers, no criminals, no invalids, no illiterates and no revolutionists need apply!

Introducing bills containing numerous weird schemes restricting immigration has been the favorite indoor sport of flocks of vote-seeking congressmen. It produces a cheap kind of popularity, a sort of a cheap flypaper for attracting votes, dear to the congressional heart. But we aren't seeking for votes and you can get the truth out of us.

Who has built your railroads, built your highways, felled your forests, manned your factories, filled your mines with miners, cultivated your market gardens, raised your fruit, run your railroads, turned the great West from a wilderness into a smiling land, strung your telegraph and telephone lines, worked in your steel and iron mills, filled saving banks vaults full to bursting and, in short, provided the man power in this great U. S. A.? Immigrants have done this work. Don't let's be too high and mighty about this matter! Don't let's despise the bridge that has spanned the gulf of a wilderness and carried us to civilization's highest heights! Don't let's despise the real coinage which has bought us the highest pinnacle of success on this planet! Let's be honest with ourselves, let's look facts in the face and let's credit the right accounts in the fat ledger of success!

Look at some more facts. This tide of immigration has not only ceased to flow but has commenced to ebb. Eighteen thou-

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sand per month are leaving our shores, and they are not going empty handed, either. Each one is carrying away an average of \$2,000 or \$36,000,000 per month. This is at the rate of 216,000 people per annum, carrying away \$432,000,000 of real money and decreasing production by just that amount of man power, and of money power, too. As Secretary of Labor Wilson tersely puts it: "We are face to face with a labor shortage," and we are face to face with it at the one time in the world's history when the U. S. A. needs every man power and every dollar power it can muster. Instead of having one million men coming in (worth at the least calculation \$2,000,000,000), to this land annually, we are losing over 200,000 people each year and \$432,000,000 of money. In other words, the tide is running against us by 1,200,000 people and by \$2,432,000,000 every year! Even this rich land is beginning to feel it. In twenty years it would amount to 24,000,000 people and to \$48,640,000,000—enough people and enough wealth to establish a very substantial nation!

What has reversed the levers of this human tide and what is causing this huge exodus of men and money? We will tell you some of the causes. The first doubtless is that what is a pittance here is wealth overseas. But that is not the only reason. These people, once immigrants to our shores and now emigrants from our shores, are not entirely blind. They see some things very clearly.

They see that conscription of armies is not entirely a monarchical device; they see that freedom of speech, freedom of press and freedom of assemblage can be cut off in America

as well as in Europe; they see that "free land" has gone into the hands of speculators; they see that millions of acres of swamp lands which might be drained and that millions of acres of desert lands which might be irrigated are left unredeemed; they see that the grasping hands of old H. C. L. are greedily reaching for their savings and are overtaking the rise in wages; they see that the tax gatherer can impound earnings on this hemisphere, too; they see that an aristocracy of wealth can be as arrogant and as ruthless as an aristocracy of birth; they see that seats in legislative assemblages can be obtained here by purchase as easily as by inheritance by birth in Europe; they see that "self-determination of smaller nations" and "open covenants of peace openly arrived at" mean no more at Versailles than they meant at other diplomatic parleys; they see that wealth governs here as ruthlessly as birth governs overseas; they see that prohibition with its destruction of personal liberty and its "search and seizure" methods is more ruthless than anything which they fled from overseas; they see that the cohorts of orrrieved "reformers" are preparing to grab their tobacco; they see that there is a general hysteria in this land to "reform" everybody and everything at the expense of the "reformed;" they see that in many states the Sabbath, their only day for pleasure, is being practically made into a pleasureless penitentiary; they see that race riots occur over here as well as over there; they see that the police "frame up" convictions of innocent girls in New York just as skilfully as in European centers; they see that the much touted "free press" of

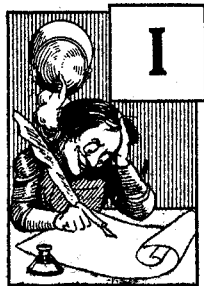
JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

this land is about as free as a kept courtesan—subservient to the provider of money; they see that Europe needs men and money as never before in its history—and seeing all these things they are leaving this land as they came to it, in the hope of bettering their condition. People do not change continents—uncompelled—except in the hope of bettering their condition.

Thus is going on the most gigantic crop failure in America's history. Spread eagle orators seeking notoriety at oratory's mouth, profiteers ruthlessly jacking up the cost of life's necessities, editors whose pens are pushed by predatory impulses, hordes of officialdom fattening at tax payers' expense, militaristic and naval enthusiasts seeking huge appropriations, "reformers and uplifters" deftly inserting their hands in the public pockets, pulpiteers worshipping the Golden Calf instead of the Golden Rule, and all such gentry, are not mentioning these matters, so we coyly call your attention to America's Greatest Crop Failure.

What Uncle Sam wants is more work and workers and less wind and fewer windjammers; less laws and more labor; fewer money-burning "commissions" and more commodity-producing workers; more farmers and fewer farmers of the farmers; more food producers and fewer food-consuming jaw-smiths; more good old-fashioned cooks in the home kitchens and fewer women clamoring for weird laws; more market gardeners tickling the soil and fewer lobbyists tickling legislators. That's the way it looks to us from this outpost of civilization. Aren't we right?

A Thieving Vice Suppressor



IF "Vice Suppressors" and "Reformers" began work at home they would never get beyond their own door-steps. The New York Society for the Suppression of Vice is a tottering old corporate beggar and the Eastern Society for Suppression of Vice is a plain thief. This last gem in the glittering coronet of "Vice Suppressors" and "Reformers" issues what purports to be a paper called "The Searchlight." Volume three, number ten, of its issue lies—in more senses than one—before us as we write this article.

"The Searchlight" consists of four pages. Of these four pages more than two-thirds of the matter is stolen from Jim Jam Jems. "Partnership Dissolved," from our December, 1918, number; "A Crime against Criminals," from our December, 1918, number; "A Muzzled Princeling," from our

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December, 1918, number; "Praying and Preying," from our December, 1918, number; "Honor their Drafts," from our March, 1919, number; "Till Death Do Us Part," from our March, 1919, number; "Hogocracy's Princelet," from our March, 1919, number; "Another Fightless Colonel," from our March, 1919, number; "A Rotten Kernel," from our December, 1918, number; "The Block System," from our April, 1919, number and "In The Full of the Moon," from our April, 1919, number, all appear in the order named in this purloining publication—just as much stolen from our copyrighted magazine as if the thieving publisher had jimmed our safe and rifled our cash box.

As to this special brand of organized thievery we feel moved to say a few words. There is never a month passes that we do not receive requests, usually by wire, from some fellow publisher or from some brother knight of the pen to republish, with due credit to Jim Jam Jems, some of our matter. We gladly comply with these requests.

But this dirty thief—a typical "Vice Suppressor," too—calmly kidnaps the children of our brain, dresses them up in its own tawdry clothing and palms them off upon a befooled public as its own offspring!

A gunman who rifles your pockets at the point of a pistol, a burglar who goes through your house, a safe-breaker who doses your safe with "soup" and blows it open, take a fraction of a man's chance. Their worthless hides may be perforated in the act and they have some few rotten "guts" such as they are! But this pusillanimous, degenerate shadow of a shade

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of a real man, this oily purloiner of the fruit of a real man's intellect, this Eastern Society for the Suppression of Vice, has neither the brains to write nor the "guts" to be a decent upstanding thief! It is just a poor midge of a mental hermaphrodite! It's a "Vice Suppressor" right, it is, and a true blue, dyed-in-the-wool "Reformer," too! These professional "Vice Suppressors"—God save the mark—function about as close to their professions as over-ripe limburger cheese does to ottar of roses, or as a loathsome cesspool does to a pure mountain rill! Why, any self-respecting Amalgamated Association of Thieves would promptly expel from membership the Eastern Society for Suppression of Vice! They couldn't get a card in the Safe Breaker's Union nor even a membership in the Kidnapper's Association!

There is something particularly degraded about literary larceny. It is a confession of mental bankruptcy, of hopeless brainlessness and of physical cowardice. It has every possible element of thieving except the courage. And it takes a professional "Vice Suppressor" to get right down on his quaking knees and nestle his apology for a face in the lowest dregs of criminality—literary larceny!

Why don't we sue the Eastern Society for the Suppression of Vice for its brazen thievery from us? We all know what we get when we sue a beggar and we can get lice without pursuing this literary hobo. Let someone else delouse this Eastern Society for the Suppression of Vice!

Just two years ago this summer we were casually throwing the spotlight on the wobbly old New York Society for the

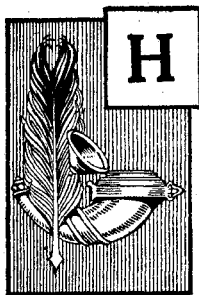
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Suppression of Vice, beating it in the courts, exposing the personal appropriation of its money by its hypocritical acting Secretary, John S. Sumner, exposing its accountancy fakes, its "forced entries" and its general hypocrisies. After that "blow-up" John S. Sumner landed in Europe in the Y. M. C. A. Camp! We deloused that "Vice Suppression" aggregation and when we got through John S. Sumner was in the other hemisphere and Jim Jam Jems was very much in little old New York! One of us left New York but it wasn't Jim Jam Jems!

Now this summer, just two years after, along comes the Eastern Society for the Suppression of Vice with its organ, "The Searchlight," with a theft of over two-thirds of its issue from Jim Jam Jems. One Vice Society is going to drive us out of New York City but we drive out its Secretary instead, and two years later another Vice Society purloins two-thirds of the matter for its organ from Jim Jam Jems. We ask you, can you beat it? If this isn't "Vice Suppression" blowing hot and then blowing cold and playing both ends against the middle what is it?

But there are some very sharp criminal teeth in the United States Copyright Act and the Eastern Society for Suppression of Vice is a very promising carcass—stuffed to the throat with gaseous hypocrisy—for just such teeth! Our tannery is over-full and aburst with the hides of "Vice Suppressors" and "Reformers." Let Uncle Sam tan in his criminal courts the hide of this one, the Eastern Society for Suppression of Vice. Our disinfectant stock is low!

“MEDALSOME” OFFICERS



HIGH Buck Private Charles P. Green, of Utica, Montana, has some well-earned decorations which he wears on his blouse—where they belong. When Uncle Sam has a scrap on anywhere on this planet Private Charles P. Green has formed the habit of volunteering for the show. There's no use in casting out the conscription net for Green; he's in the ranks before the first reels of red tape begin to unwind.

We may miss some of his decorations but we're going to catalogue a few. He earned one medal in the Philippine war and when it reached him it was accompanied by an autographed letter from President McKinley. Private Green's next chance to enlist was in the Mexican scrap, in 1916, where he earned a service medal. But this pair had just commenced to breed.

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Private Green, who is forty-seven and looks about thirty, hunted Boches with fervor overseas. He saw service on four fronts and with four Divisions, the 2nd, the 26th, the 42nd and the 77th. He was with the Rainbow Division at Verdun and with "New York's Own" in the Argonne Forest. He received the Croix de Guerre with a special citation for personal bravery and also a Distinguished Service Medal for the same reason; also the Liberty Medal granted to all men who served on active duty against Germany.

Private Green was fairly full of wounds and badly "gassed" on top of that and laid in a hospital in France and finally in the Base Hospital at Camp Lewis at American Lake, Washington.

When he commenced to convalesce and get about again he very naturally wore his medals, and whyinhel shouldn't he? He'd earned the right, God knows, and earned the right to wear the three last—bought them with his blood—in a baptism of the hottest fires of war ever kindled on this planet! Private Green—private by enlistment in three wars—hadn't earned his decorations on the ensanguined battleground of an encrimsoned typewriter ribbon, nor with the blood-red pen of a maddened press agent, nor by valorously signing huge checks—for other people's money—with scarlet ink! He had earned them behind a gun, fighting in the ranks overseas, and fighting so valiantly against the most savage foes who ever threatened earth that among millions of heroes he was especially marked and selected for valor! We want to say right here and now—and so loudly that Captain Oscar

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H. Bailey of Camp Lewis, American Lake, Washington, will hear us—that if any soldier in any war ever waged on this earth earned medals and had a right to wear them it was High Buck Private Charles P. Green.

But Captain Oscar H. Bailey—who seems a little shy on medals himself—called Private Green to his office, told him he was making himself “an object of scorn and ridicule” by wearing his medals and directed him to remove them. Private Green replied that by General Order published at Debarcation Hospital No. 5, New York City, all overseas men were permitted to wear decorations officially bestowed. But that made no difference! Private Green was not permitted to wear his medals earned by his courage in the ranks in three wars! After thirteen years of service Captain Bailey himself had but one medal—earned on the gory battlefield of a practice rifle range. It makes a difference who wants to wear—and who has earned—medals, doesn't it?

To use the common vernacular, where did Captain Oscar H. Bailey get this stuff? Why does this Government bestow medals for courage, valor and bravery? So that the man—whether private or officer—who earned them can wear them, so that he can show his fellow men a visible proof and insignia of his soldierly qualities.

Why, when Captain Oscar Bailey was probably wearing diapers and was more or less wet behind the ears and didn't know a gun from a teething ring, High Buck Private Charles P. Green was valorously fighting for Uncle Sam! And this strutting, preening, popinjay of a peacock officer—with but

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one medal won on a practice rifle range to pin on his pouter pigeon breast—would not permit Private Charles P. Green to wear his decorations—everyone of them earned in actual conflicts in three wars.

But as private Green—duly discharged and able now to wear his earned decorations without being “bawled out” by a strutting petty officer—says: “Jim Jam Jems would have to take on the proportions of the Bible to put in half of the rottenness and graft that I have personally experienced in this parade.” We guess High Private Charles P. Green, three times enlisted and wearing five decorations earned in the ranks, is more or less right at that! Anyway, he can wear them now that he is discharged even if he couldn’t wear them while in the service of the Nation which bestowed them. Faugh!



A Legislative Money Burner



WE respect facts. Tirades about general public extravagance aren't worth the ink which prints them nor the paper which bears them. When we fire a volley we aim at a real target. We ask you to survey one legislative money cremation orgy.

We refer to the last legislative herding of the Legislature of the State of Missouri—the old “show me” stronghold of democracy and Democracy. The report of State

Auditor Hackmann—who strikes us as well named, too—illuminates the doings of that assemblage of money embalmers.

These facts appear. There were 176 legislators in session for 120 days. The session cost \$511,247.28 or \$4,260.39 per day. Assuming that these brain-throbbing enthusiasts

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strained the gray matter in their cupolas eight hours a day it cost the State of Missouri \$532.54 per hour and \$8.87 per minute.

These 176 legislators required the services of 755 employees, or four and a fraction employees per legislator. The 34 members of the Senate had 426 clerks, or twelve and a fraction clerks per Senator, to take care of the outfit of their high power mental engines. Doubtless when at home each one of these mental giants requires at least twelve lackeys to take down and safeguard the hoppers full of wisdom bursting from his throbbing brain. Also it required 41 door-keepers—sweating and dripping with exhaustion—to guard seven Senatorial doors. Doubtless when at home each Missouri Senator requires 6 lackeys at his front door to keep the surging mob of his fellow citizens from disturbing his profound meditations.

The House with 142 members staggered along with only 295 employees and with only 34 doorkeepers, watching its eight entrances to guard the deliberations of these mighty solons. Evidently the mental engines of the House were not revolving with the lightning-like rapidity of the Senatorial high power brain dynamos.

And what adds to the charm of this whole proposition is that this legislative session of the State of Missouri was convened largely for the purpose of devising ways and means to rescue the State Treasury from threatened bankruptcy. Why you might just as well convene a delegation of safe blowers to guard a bank vault. This Missouri legislature was blow-

ing holes in the State Treasury—which it was largely con-
vened to aid—just as fast as it could pour in the “soup.”
Concerning the whole rotten proposition—and its like all
over this land—we desire to proffer some timid remarks.

How many of these 755 lackeys, kowtowing and salaaming
around 176 legislators, were necessary? Weren't at least
ninety per cent of them—with their lips tightly clamped to
pap pipes from the exhausted State Treasury—collecting
some petty political debt? Weren't the taxpayers of the
State of Missouri being practically looted in order to grease
the political machines of a band of politicians? Is such stuff
popular Government? Isn't it in truth and in fact taxing the
industries of the State of Missouri in order to keep in office
legislators merely devising other and further methods of
despoilment?

Do you suppose that these 34 Missouri Senators when at
home each keeps twelve personal retainers dancing atten-
dance on his personal wants? Do you suppose that these
34 Missouri Senators when at home each keeps 6 lackeys—
or one, for that matter—to open his front door? Do you
suppose that any one of these 176 legislators when at home
spends his own money with one-tenth of the prodigality with
which he squanders the trust funds of his State?

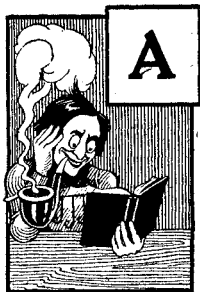
Jim Jam Jems isn't in politics. We are no rubber stamp
to be hit on the head by the hand of power. We don't know
—nor care—whether this mazuma-incinerating legislature
of the State of Missouri was Republican or Democratic or
politically mongrel.

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But what we do say of this aggregation of legalized looting and of all its like—convened to aid a busted State Treasury—is that it is a travesty on justice, on economy, on business sense and on common honesty. It is just such wanton and shameless wastage of public moneys and it is just such political leg-pulling which breeds I. W. W.'s, Bolsheviks and Anarchists. It is just such oodles of oil, pressed out from the toil of taxpayers, which greases the jaws of loud-mouthed soap box orators.



"I, Mary MacLane's" Latest Film



SHORT time since we were favored with a cut of a raw-boned old maid arrayed in what looked like a dilapidated "nightie" valorously grasping in one skinny hand a smouldering cigarette. Her anguished look indicated that the cigarette was not agreeing with the frayed spinster. The sea-sick appearing maiden lady was "I, Mary MacLane," and her nauseated looking photograph was accompanied by the announcement that some movie concern was going to project what it called "perfection pictures" of "six leading men lovers" of the skinny spinster, "I, Mary MacLane."

At this writing this erotic—but still unwed—damosel, abloom for some thirty odd summers, is under arrest in Chicago charged with "larceny as bailee" by a modiste for fail-

ing to return or pay for some chic gowns and furs used in her slushy movie of "Men Who Have Made Love to Me."

"I, Mary MacLane," first stuck her skinny neck above the sage brush in Butte, Montana, when she stridently called for a mate in a mess of a book called "I, Mary MacLane." We casually referred to it in our issue of July, 1917, under the title of "Her Call for a Mate." Either the Butte beaux overlooked a good bet or else old maid Mary's charms of pulchritude didn't measure up to her advertisement, for—still unwed—she erupted into print again with another description of her charms yecept, "Men Who Have Made Love to Me." "Hope springs eternal in the human breast"—particularly in the flat-breasted old maid variety of humans—and we are going to let this maundering spinster tell her own story from her own book in her own weird way. "I am rare—I am in some ways exquisite." "I am dynamic but devastated, laid waste in spirit." "I am slender in body and some way fragile and firmly fleshed and sweet." "I'm in most ways a devilish person; there's seven fold more evil than good in me." "And I am game, wearily and coldly game; when I start I go through to the end."

"I live an immoral life." "The night air kisses my lips and throat. I pull off my gloves to feel it on my hands. It gives me a charmed unexcited feeling of being caressed without being loved." "My feet are shod daintily like a charming girl's." "My nails are pinkly, polishedly pointed. My narrow black eyebrows look nearly patrician in their serenity." "To live up to my hair would keep me brave."

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"I am an appalling, an encompassing liar. I am a liar by the clock." And then she wails, and probably it's no lie, "I want a love—some lover—I murmured to the shadows beneath my window." But no "Peeping Tom" was there.

And then, getting sourer, she slams her own sex thusly: "It is difficult to imagine any woman really respectable on her inner side, the side that is turned to herself alone."

Erotic egotism protrudes itself like this: "My thoughts as I walked were all like this: How fascinating is me."

And then the old maid continues honestly: "Then I, Mary MacLane, so conscious of me, and so garbedly gifted, want a thousand kisses at eleven o'clock of a still evening. From what life—what do I care—so they be eager and live and tenderly false. I am on fire, dark, bright, fierce fire with loneliness."

These few brief extracts—and we have omitted many too putrid to print—show what passes for "literature," what is printed, published and sold for "literature" in New York City. It is printed, published and sold where the snow-white pinions of that purist—John S. Sumner, of the New York Vice Society—brood and hover over the literary immaculateness of the Manhattanese. It reads like nothing but the cantankerous yip and squall of a sour old maid sizzling and erupting with matrimonial longings.

But with an eye vigilant to the bizarre, to the suggestive and to the sex lure fringing upon indecency, some screen speculator displays this old maid from Butte disporting herself with "six leading men lovers" and throws the results

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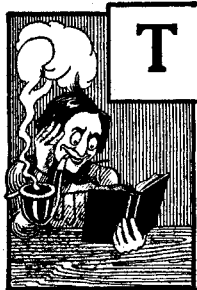
on a screen for the eyes of the youths of both sexes. We never saw Mary MacLane. We don't care to see her; it is punishment enough to wade through a few passages of her slushy outburst.

Take a look at the whole rotten proposition. Her book "I, Mary MacLane," a shrill call for a mate evidently unanswered, then her next inky eruption describing herself by metes and bounds called "Men Who Have Made Love to Me" and finally her appearance in a Chicago Court under arrest attired in a tawdry kimono and a bedraggled feathered hat.

It's a good sign. It's a sign that the mawkishly egotistical sex slush lure in "literature" no longer taps a flow of gold. It's a sign that a mess of slobbery love-making over a skinny old maid on the screen no longer pays. Exit old maid "I, Mary MacLane," in a Chicago Police Court.



GEORGIA'S SHAME



HERE lies before us as we write a sworn statement which follows. To give our informant's name would be equivalent to signing his death warrant but there is not the slightest doubt about the abhorrent facts.

"I wish to inform you of an outrageous lynching which occurred at Milan, Georgia, May 24, 1919, Telfair County, John Williams, sheriff. On May 24, at 1 o'clock at night, John Dandy and Lewis Evans, white, went down into the colored people's section of the town and went to the home of a widow by the name of Emma McCollers, who had two daughters. They knocked, but the occupants refused to open the door, and Dandy shot through the door. The ball went through the organ and the sewing machine. That frightened

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the girls and they ran out to another old lady's home. Her name was Emma Tisber, and is a widow with two little children. The white men went after these colored girls; the girls ran under the porch and hid. These white men broke down the door and tore up the floor. The old widow got frightened, ran and jumped in the well, and the children screamed for help.

"Berry Washington, colored, seventy-two years old, ran out with his shotgun in his hand. When he got near the hall he met both of the white men. John Dandy, twenty-five years old, with a wife and two children, asked the old man what he came for. He said: 'To see what was the matter with the women and children;' then John Dandy fired at him and said: 'I will kill you, old man.' The old man fired and killed him (John Dandy) first. He fell with his pistol in his right hand and a cigarette in the other, and a flask of liquor fell out of his pocket. The other white man ran (Lewis Evans).

"Another colored man came out and advised Washington to go uptown and wake the chief of police and give himself up. The policeman's name is Stuckey. He sent Washington to McCrae jail at 2 o'clock on the night of the 24th. He stayed in jail until Saturday night the 25th at 12 o'clock. A mob of seventy-five or one hundred brought him back to Milan. They carried him to the same spot where he shot Dandy and lynched him. He was hanged to a post, his body shot into pieces and left hanging there until 2 o'clock Sunday morning, May 26th.

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"He was lynched because he protected his own women, in his part of the town. White boys came down there late hours of the night and disturbed the peace and happiness of the colored and white people. They ordered every colored person to leave town Saturday night. Poor old men, women, and children left their homes before dark. Not a colored person spent the night in his home Saturday or Sunday night. Up to May 27th, this had not been published in any of the Georgia papers, it was so disgraceful. Please publish that a white Baptist minister directed the mob.

"Yours for justice and the race."

Absorb the facts. Two young hoodlums—doubtless sizzling with liquor and lust—attack in the dead of night a home occupied by a colored widow and her two daughters. The daughters—as much entitled to protection of their virtue as yours—flee to another home for protection. The lustful beasts pursue them, break down the door and tear up the very floor of the house in their bestial rage at being balked while the two colored girls cower like hunted folk of the forest under the porch. An old colored man, black of skin but white of heart, rushes to their rescue—as would any man with a drop of manhood's blood in his veins. The colored man, as he ought after being fired upon and threatened with death, killed one of the lustful brutes who died with his pistol in one hand, his cigarette in the other and his whiskey flask fallen from his pocket.

The usual Georgia sequel followed. Virtue's protector gave himself up to the sheriff, was placed in jail, was torn

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from jail and lynched and his poor body riddled with bullets.

Georgia newspapers carefully refrained from publishing the facts under the gauzy guise—as old and as threadbare as Georgia lynchings—that the facts were concealed in order to bring the perpetrators to justice. Bunk! Pure Bunk! In all the hundreds of Georgia lynchings have any of the lynchers ever been brought to justice? You know they haven't. Do you suppose that the "white Baptist minister" directing this gang of thugs will ever feel justice's scorpion lash? You know he won't.

We are no especial champions of the colored race—nor of any other race—but we do believe in law as against thuggery and we do believe in the protection of womanly virtue regardless of the color of the skin which covers it! We do believe that the blood of that poor old colored man— butchered while protecting women's virtue—calls aloud for vengeance. The leaders of that band of thugs are doubtless as well known to the legal authorities of Milan, Georgia, as are their own faces. The outrage was perpetrated in May and this is September with the perpetrators untroubled of the law while smeared all over with guilt—and notoriously well known.

As to this revolting event—and hundreds like it in recent years—we can not hold our peace. The colored race in this land did not voluntarily come and jump into America's mammoth "melting pot"—as have over thirty-two millions of immigrants seeking to better their condition. The colored race was originally kidnapped and forcibly thrust into the "melting pot" of this land. It were better—far, far better for all

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concerned—had Americans done their own work with their own hands rather than rifled Africa for unpaid toil. But the die has been cast and Americans cast it and Americans must meet the results like men, not like old world thugs!

These revolting lynchings and barbarities and bestialities, perpetrated almost entirely by Southerners—who are tediously and forever pinning medals upon themselves for their much touted “chivalry”—have grown into a fetid ulcer eating into American civilization.

What's the matter with “mopping up” some of the putridities in our own land if we are all through purifying foreign lands? What's the matter with injecting a little law and order and justice into this land if we are all through chiseling off chains of oppression in other lands? What's the matter with protecting virtue in America—even if it be beneath a dusky skin—if we are all through protecting it overseas? If we can shoot thirty billions—thirty thousand millions—of dollars worth of disinfectants into the suppurating pustules of moral putridities overseas can't we spare a little for moral cleanliness in our own U. S. A.? Think it over.

"The Wildcat of the Treasury"



GOD damn you, I will have you kept out of this building!" This isn't our language; it is an extract from an issue of the United States Government Printing Office and is one of McAdoodledoo's raucous crows shot at Milton Ailes, then a vice president of the Riggs National Bank, of Washington, D. C., when McAdoodledoo was Secretary of the Treasury.

One John Skelton Williams, then Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and later Comptroller of the Currency, known as "The Wildcat of the Treasury," was present at this interview. Then and there commenced one of the most remarkable persecutions of any bank ever carried on under the guise of law.

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Here are the facts. For some reason or another McAdoodledoo and "The Wildcat of the Treasury" were very anxious to bolster up the United States Trust Company, of Washington, D. C.—then in a very precarious financial condition. The law did not allow moneys from the United States Treasury to be deposited in Trust Companies. But what is the law between friends? So one million dollars of Uncle Sam's money was landed in the vaults of the United States Trust Company by a circuitous route. The money was ostensibly, but not in fact, deposited with eleven National Banks at Washington. It was in fact put into the coffers of the United States Trust Company. On the day that this was done Lancaster Williams—a brother of "The Wildcat of the Treasury"—appeared at the various national banks to get receipts from them for their quota of the deposit which they had not received. The banks declined to send these receipts certifying that they had received this money for "movement of the crops." The only "crop" that was being moved was a crop of Uncle Sam's money to bolster up a precarious Trust Company. All these forms of receipts were called in and were never thereafter available for inspection.

"The Wildcat of the Treasury" was severely criticized for this action, and he and McAdoodledoo assumed that this criticism originated with the officers of the Riggs National Bank. Thereupon "The Wildcat of the Treasury," John Skelton Williams, who had become Comptroller of the Currency, began to spit and claw at the Riggs National Bank.

What follows is an illustration of the persecution which

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may be perpetrated—under the guise of law—by a hostile official.

The business of the Riggs National Bank was founded in 1836 under the name of Riggs & Company, and in 1896 it became the Riggs National Bank. It had and has a nationwide and world-wide reputation for fair dealing and integrity and unassailable solvency.

- In May, 1914, "The Wildcat of the Treasury" commenced clawing at the Riggs National Bank. Taxes at Washington, D. C., are covered into the vaults of the Treasury. But for years it has been the practice of the Treasury to deposit this tax money in the national banks at Washington on the basis or quota of its individual deposits. The Riggs National Bank was for the first time omitted and over a million dollars of deposits was thereby taken from it.

Then commenced a series of examinations and questions from the Comptroller of the Currency inflicted upon the Riggs National Bank which surpasses anything in that line of which we have any knowledge. Long series of questions going back for a long term of years were spat at the Riggs National Bank from "The Wildcat of the Treasury." Finally the bank was compelled to put on a clerical force which commenced work at 6 A. M. and continued until late at night in order to compile the maze and mass of statistics demanded. All this time the solvency of the bank was never questioned. Replies were required, sworn to by the president, two vice presidents and the cashier. For eighteen years, from the summer of 1896 to the summer of 1914, the correspondence of the Riggs Na-

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tional Bank with the Comptroller of the Currency filled a little bound volume of 77 pages. From May, 1914, to April, 1915, this correspondence filled a bound volume of 516 pages!

When replies to questions didn't come fast enough to suit "The Wildcat of the Treasury" he assumed to impose a fine of \$100 per day against the Riggs National Bank until expert accountants finally estimated that the fines imposed aggregated \$160,000. All this time bank officials, bank clerks and accountants were preparing answers just as fast as was humanly possible to feed down the insatiate maw of "The Wildcat of the Treasury"—and all this time it was never charged but that the Riggs National Bank was most highly solvent.

Finally Mr. John Skelton Williams endeavored to impound \$5,000 quarterly interest on the \$1,000,000 Government Bonds held by the Riggs National Bank in partial satisfaction of these arbitrary fines for alleged delays in preparing answers to his queries, which a force of clerks were answering as rapidly as possible.

Finally the Riggs National Bank went into court in order to save its \$5,000 interest due it from the Government and in order to trim a little the claws of this "Treasury Wildcat." It actually had the "temerity," as John Skelton Williams phrased it, to legally protest! It was successful in saving its money—due it from the Government—which the American Czar sought to impound!

Finally—whether or not due to the machinations of this

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"Treasury Wildcat"—three officials of the Riggs National Bank were indicted for perjury for alleged errors in answering some of "Wildcat" Williams' hundreds of questions. Repeatedly they demanded a trial, finally obtained it, were acquitted by the jury in just six minutes and accompanied by the cheers of a large crowd were escorted back to their bank—almost directly opposite the Treasury Building where "Wildcat" Williams yawled.

While the Riggs National Bank was being examined, cross-examined, re-examined, enfiladed and cross-fired by a corps of expert examiners and bombarded by hundreds of piffling demands from "Wildcat" Williams there was another National Bank in Washington—the Federal National Bank—not so bombarded.

Here is what the law says: "The Comptroller of the Currency, with the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury, shall appoint examiners who shall examine every member bank at least twice in each calendar year and oftener if considered necessary." That is what the law says, "twice in each calendar year." During the time that "Wildcat" Williams was spitting and clawing constantly at the Riggs National Bank what was he doing at the Federal National Bank? Was he examining it "twice in each calendar year" as the law required? He was not. In 1914 he examined it but once, in 1915 he examined it but once, and in 1916 he examined it but once! Is this equality before the law, is this even obedience to the law on the part of an officer of the law sworn to perform his duties? Evidently "Wildcat" Williams had his foes

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at whom he yawled and his friends at whom he purred, didn't he?

Now what was the Riggs National Bank doing these years that "The Wildcat of the Treasury" was spitting and clawing at it? It led every National Bank in the city of Washington in over-subscribing and getting subscriptions to its Liberty Bond quotas. Its quotas for the five loans amounted to \$11,688,000 and it turned in \$22,000,000—almost twice its quota! In other words while the Comptroller of the Currency was doing everything within the law—and some things without the law—to embarrass it, the Riggs National Bank passed every competitor in the city of Washington in loyalty as evidenced by Bond subscriptions.

And what was the result otherwise? When the "Wildcat of the Treasury" commenced his drive at the Riggs National Bank its deposits were \$8,000,000, and when he got through its deposits were \$26,000,000.

Why have we gone into the matter? Because there has never been, so far as we know, so determined a "drive" made by any public official against an institution as this "Wildcat of the Treasury" made against the Riggs National Bank. By press propaganda sowed broadcast, by hint, by innuendo, by attempting to assess a fortune in fines which he abandoned, by a series of tedious examinations and piffling questions and by what amounted in effect to persecution over a long period of time, "Wildcat" Williams, Comptroller of the Currency, did everything possible to injure this bank, when its

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absolute solvency and its high success could not be questioned.

There are over eight thousand National Banks in this country—in which the prosperity of millions of our people rest—subject to “Wildcat” Williams’ oversight and control. At this writing he is up before a Senate Committee for confirmation. We say that he has proven—by his conduct with the Riggs National Bank—that he is utterly unfit for the position. Let the “Wildcat of the Treasury” claw and spit and yawl in private life! •



BLUE-LAW BUZZARDS



WE are requested by a coterie of interested Philadelphia readers to fire a volley at a flock of acrid-hearted, sour-faced, atrabilious, pleasure-entombing "Reformers"—headed, of course, by a concrete-domed sky pilot, the Reverend Thomas T. Mutchler.

These are the facts. Fairmount Park in Philadelphia contains 3,526 acres, about five and one-half square miles, and is the largest single park owned by any city in this land. The Board of Park Commissioners set aside a few acres—5 or 6 out of 3,526—for uncommercialized games of baseball and tennis and permitted the young people of Philadelphia to commit the heinous crime of playing there on Sundays! Whereupon the Reverend Mutchler and his blue-nosed associates had a series of fits and fell into them with "re-

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form and uplift" frothings from their holy facial orifices. Their halos were all tip-tilted at an acute angle of ferocity.

They spaded up a rotten and odoriferous blue law from Pennsylvania's paleozoic age, enacted in 1794, which still disfigures its statute books. This law provides in effect that the enjoyment of any recreation on the Sabbath is grossly illegal and subjects the violators to heavy fines. If the fines be not paid the violators are to be confined at hard labor in the House of Correction and fed only upon bread and water. Instead of proceeding under this antediluvian statute and seeking to inflict its barbaric penalties, this orrie-eyed "reform" band sought to proceed by an injunction, which is now before the courts. We don't care particularly what happens in the courts to this somnolent old relic of barbarity. But we "feel moved by the spirit," as Philadelphia Quakers were wont to say, to relieve ourselves anent this whole topic.

We recall somewhere in Holy Writ a statement to the effect that "the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath," and were our unsanctified feet to mount the bema of holiness we should pound the pulpit about in this wise:

What earthly harm—or heavenly, either, for that matter—can young Philadelphians commit by playing baseball and tennis on Sunday? Who can stencil a halo of holiness upon a segment of time? How are they committing any sin or any crime by a little healthful exercise after a week filled with grinding toil? Do you suppose a good, honest old "three-bagger" swatted on the Sabbath is going to cause Saint Peter to hotfoot it for a debit entry in his imperishable ledger? Do

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you suppose that a good square “smash” or a red hot “volley” on the tennis court on the Sabbath is going to interrupt the heavenly choir on the jeweled battlements of Paradise? Do you suppose that the great God of this magnificent Universe—who has begemmed His heavens with radiance and has given to man this sumptuous earth for his habitation—is going to fly into a passion because Richard Roe and Sally Smith play baseball or tennis during one especial sector of His horologe of infinity?

Who constituted sky pilot Mutchler and his sanctimonious band of pleasure assassins sole interpreters of the Holy will? How do they know—assuming that they really know anything—that good, honest, joyous sport on a Sabbath offends Jehovah? Can't a healthy, rosy, athletic young woman, with her muscles cramped and aching for use after six days of confining toil, wield a tennis racket to the glory of God more than by sitting in a close room glooming and fuming over her hard lot? Can't a youthful pillar of brawn and muscle throw a good swift curve ball to the glory of God more than by sitting chafing in a hot church listening to the dronings of a joy-murdering, maundering sky pilot whose brain cells haven't been dusted in a decade?

You will never make us believe that the matchless Architect of this Universe, the Creator of this marvelous Cosmos, spread umbrageous shade, carpeted the earth with green velvet, gemmed the air with sunshine and filled it with tonic ozone on the Sabbath just for ministerial moans! Sky pilot Mutchler and all his crew of thugs of joy can never make us

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believe that Jehovah intended the Sabbath as a species of a penitentiary where youth is to be manacled to gloom and handcuffed to the torments of idle misery!

We believe that these Sunday blue laws had as their draftsman and scrivener Satan—and not the beneficent Jehovah. And so believing, we recommend sky pilot Mutchler and his blue-nosed battalions of morticians of honest pleasure to follow a certain Chinese cult. This Chinest cult says in effect that God is good and that His intentions and deeds are beneficent; that Satan is the author of Evil and hence to Satan they direct their prayers to cease his machinations. We recommend sky pilot Mutchler and his fellow assassins of harmless, healthful sport to address their prayers to Satan and to beseech freedom from his machinations! Mutchler and his crew have been praying to the wrong throne!



Dempsey's Nuxated Iron Muscles



WE threw our hat in the air when Jack Dempsey whipped Jess Willard. We thought that Dempsey was going to prove himself a real "champ" of the old school, and we were tickled to death to see him pummel old wab-bly Jess for the world's title. But Jack apparently hadn't sent that famous wire to his mother telling her of his victory before he signed up a testimonial for a patent medicine concern, for within a day or two after the Toledo battle, Jack's picture in battle pose appeared in several prominent daily newspapers right in the centre of an advertisement for "Nuxated Iron." Which means that Jack started faking for the money almost before he got his gloves off after the battle. And closely following his patent

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medicine testimonial Jack signed up for a turn at vaudeville and then for a circus season, and he is evidently going to sidestep any ring battles until he has pulled in a smug fortune from sideshows.

"How Nuxated Iron Helped Me to Whip Jess Willard" is the headline in bold-faced type deluged through the American press after Dempsey's victory at Toledo just as "How Nuxated Iron Helped Me to Whip Frank Moran" was deluged through the American press after Willard's victory. These cheap patent medicine "testimonials" follow the championship belt of late—doubtless hooked thereto by a golden buckle.

Read the "ironical" junk of Jess Willard's, flaunted through the "Archimedean lever" of the American press—with a fulcrum of gold—after he had toppled over Frank Moran:

"New York. Upon being interviewed at his apartment in the Colonial Hotel Mr. Willard said: 'Yes, I have a chemist with me to study the value of different foods and products as to their power to produce great strength and endurance, both of which are so necessary in the prize ring. On his recommendation I have often taken Nuxated Iron and I have particularly advocated the free use of iron by all those who wish to obtain great physical and mental power. Without it I am sure that I should never have been able to whip Jack Johnson so completely and so easily as I did; and while training for my fight with Frank Moran I regularly took Nuxated Iron, and I am certain that it was the most important factor in my winning the fight so easily.' What was the matter at To-

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ledo, Jess? Weren't you sufficiently "nuxated" or are all ex-champions also "ex-nuxated?"

Now read Jack Dempsey's "ironical" slush, flaunted through the same "Archimedean lever" of the American press—with the same old gold fulcrum—after he had pushed over cushiony old Jess and grabbed his money belt:

"Jack Dempsey said: 'After commencing the use of Nuxated Iron, during my training for the big fight with Jess Willard, I soon noticed that I could stand harder strains with less fatigue than before, and I realized that I had found a tonic and blood builder which played an important part in getting me into fine condition. Formerly I had relied solely upon strength-building food and outdoor exercise to keep my blood rich in red corpuscles, but with the World's championship at stake I felt that I should leave nothing undone that might help me to win. I was advised of the great value of Nuxated Iron for building up the blood, strengthening the nerves and aiding in keeping the body fit, and I am firmly convinced that its use has helped to wonderfully increase my stamina and endurance. Nuxated Iron put added power behind my punch and helped me to accomplish what I did at Toledo. From the results in my own case where the possession of super-endurance is necessary, I feel that I am in a position to strongly recommend nuxated iron to every man and woman who wants to build greater strength, energy and power.' " Fine! You notice the same similarity of language and the same smoothly flowing patter of the "testimonial writer" in both "testimonials," don't you?

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We will gamble that "Jack" Dempsey never absorbed much—if any—Nuxated Iron or any other patent medicine bolus into his interior. We will gamble that if "Jack" Dempsey were on the witness stand on his oath he would admit that he never even heard of the stuff until he was offered a tidy sum to sign a "testimonial" already written by some smooth and unscrupulous preparer of "testimonials."

Trying to induce fellow-men and women—who may be really ailing—to pay a high price for a few cents' worth of a mess of drugs is a mighty poor use to make of the championship belt. It brands it as a money belt forthwith.

Doubtless if Willard had won—instead of lost—he would still belong with the "nuxated" herd, along with feeble old Billy Mason of Chicago and other testimonial signers.

Did you ever hear of the real old fighters of the ring, such as Sullivan, Fitzsimmons, Corbett, Jeffries, Sharkey or Nelson—or even poor old black Jack Johnson—signing any "testimonials" for any patent medicine dope? They liked the gate money, and fought for it like men, too, but they didn't prostitute their prowess and change their championship belt into a money belt touting for a patent medicine!

We were delighted to see old money-belt Jess Willard, who had been busily engaged in ducking fights, finally cornered into a fight and put to sleep. We had hoped that the money belt had left the prize ring. But it hasn't; "Jack" Dempsey has "nuxated" it just as old money-grabbing Jess did!



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