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Jim Jam Jems: September 1920

Sam H. Clark

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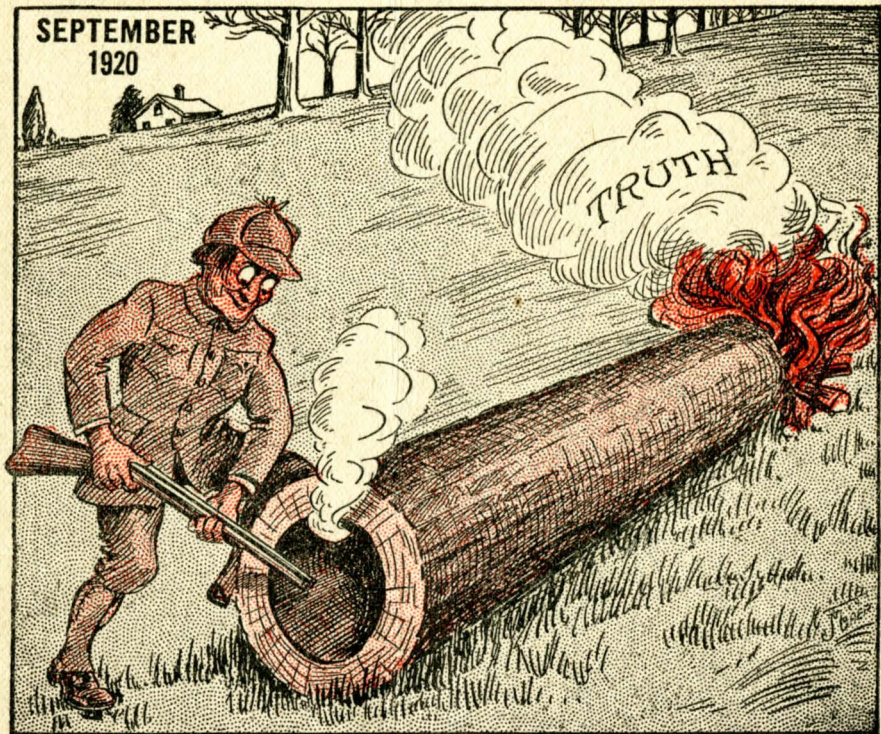
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Jim Jam Jems

BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

SEPTEMBER
1920



A VOLLEY OF TRUTH

JIM JAM JEMS

BY

Jim Jam Junior



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

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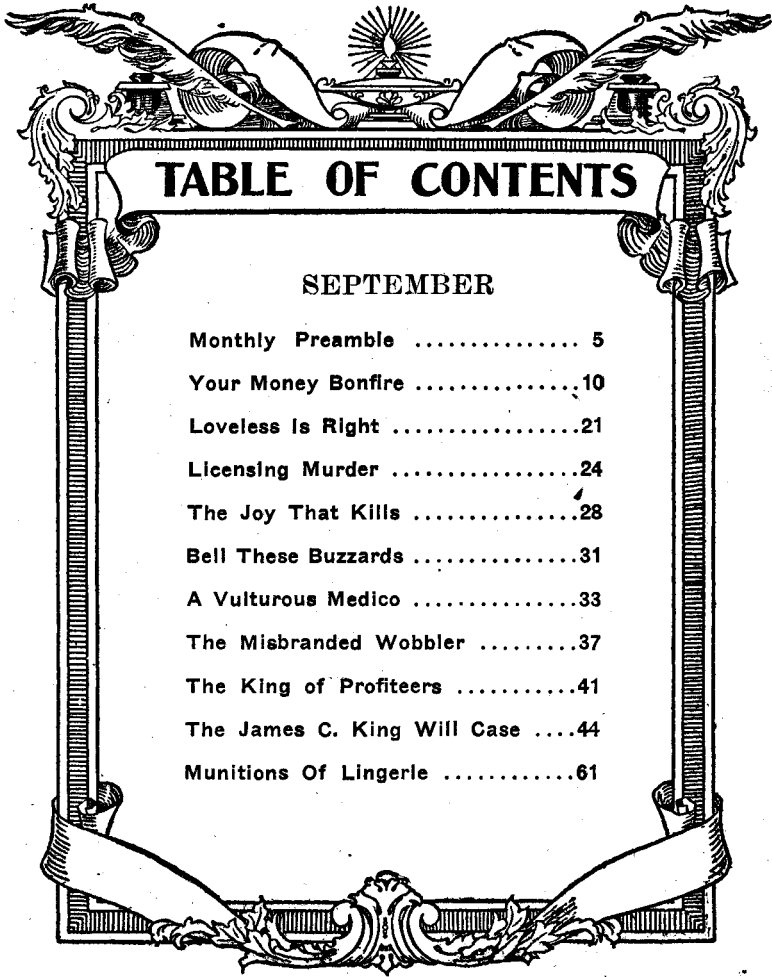
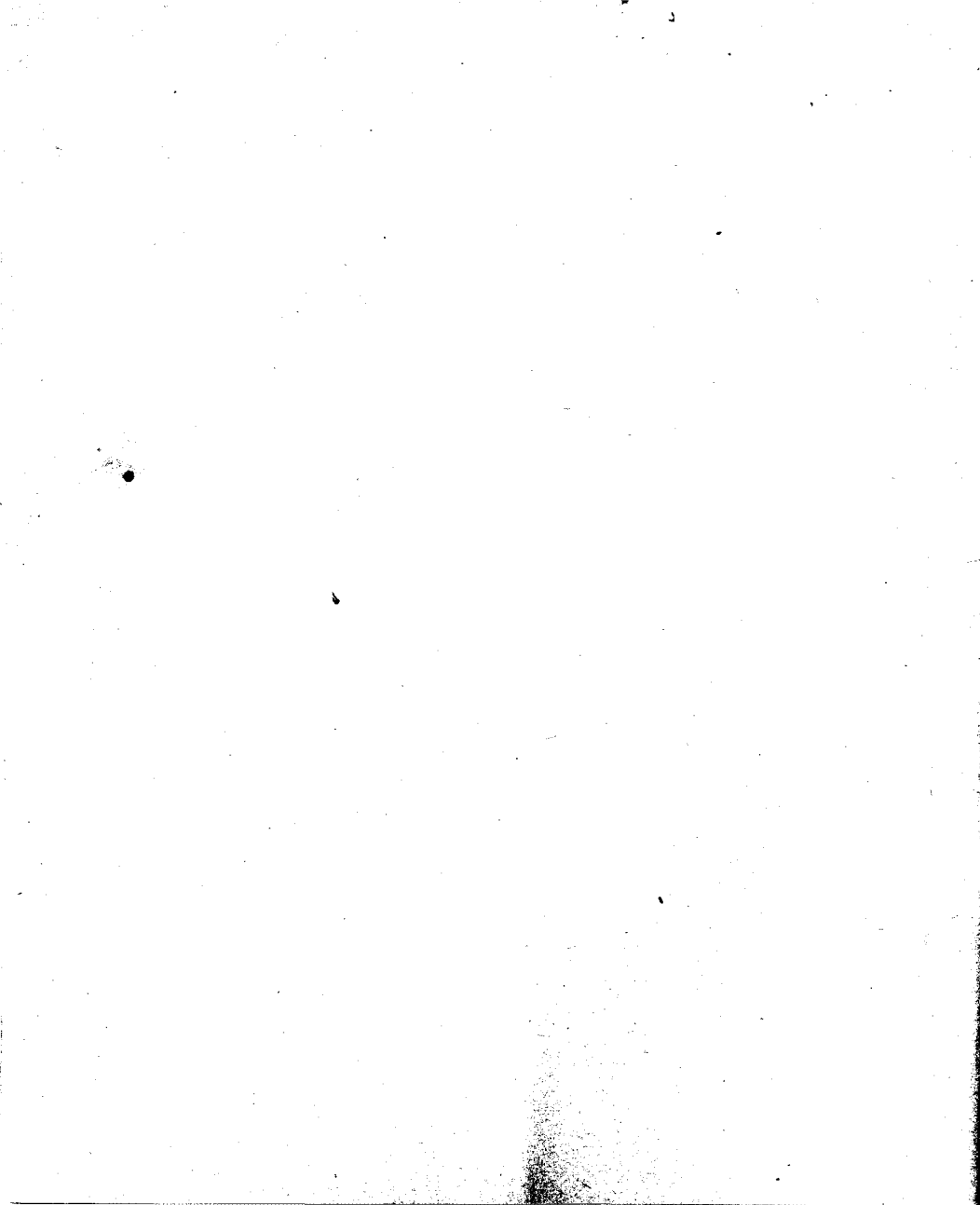
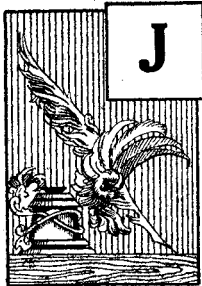
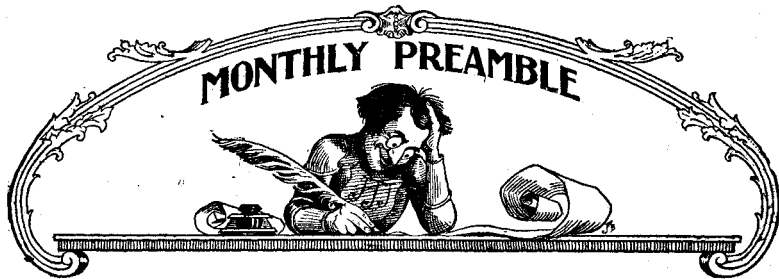


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JUST at peep o' day the other morning we were standing on a fallen tree-trunk near the bank of Beaver Creek where it flows into the North fork of the Madison River, just a few miles outside the Yellowstone Park line. This particular point on the Madison is believed by many to be the most beautiful spot in the Rockies and it is a veritable paradise for the trout fisherman. But it has other advantages, we discovered. Up on the high bank where the Beaver empties into the Madison there is a natural little park among the pines and there—on this particular morning—a party of automobile tourists were

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camped. We had just dropped a fly into the swirling waters and naturally were very quiet about it. Suddenly a maiden emerged from the little tent across the way and wended her way to the river about twenty yards distant, where she squatted on a flat stone and proceeded to make her morning toilette. She scrubbed her teeth almost viciously and then laved her face and neck in the chill waters of the Madison. Next she produced a brush and proceeded to untangle a mass of long, black hair. She had not noticed us there in the dim morning light and we just let our fly ride on the waters and prayed that we wouldn't get a strike for that would spoil it all. Somehow we seemed to scent something interesting. Soon a tall young man appeared from a little lean-to tent beside the automobile. He stretched and yawned, and proceeded to light a small fire nearby. The fact that he didn't occupy quarters in the main tent whentē the young woman had emerged set us to wondering if he was simply a guide taking thi- young bachelor maid on a motor trip through the Park and scenic Rockies. After he had lighted the fire, he started toward the river just as the maiden had completed her toilette and had started back toward the camp. They met there. We wondered if it was just the silence of the mountains that stilled their voices, for we could scarcely hear their morning greeting and we were not more than twenty yards away. Just before he reached the maiden's side, the young man threw a hasty glance rearward, then the next instant the two were tied in a true lover's knot and we wit-

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nessed a soul-kiss that would make Theda Bara blush. Honestly, folks, the way that young strapper wrapped his long arms about the maiden and drew her to him, and the way she seemed to fit into the scene took all the chill off the morning. In fact we discovered that it was growing suddenly warm. Of course we felt guilty. We should have made our presence known long before, but we just didn't and it was getting more and more difficult every second. The girl seemed to relax in the big duffer's arms for a second while she patted his cheek and looked into his eyes, then suddenly she jumped away from his embrace; they both turned and looked toward the main tent of the little camp; the girl stepped swiftly toward the fire where she grasped a frying pan and commenced scraping it as vigorously as she had scrubbed her pretty teeth; the young man made the automobile in swift strides and busied himself there just as a man appeared from the tent. The new arrival on the scene stretched himself, yawned, looked at the sky and then said, "Good morning, Frank! Did the mosquitoes bother you much?" "Nope," said Frank, "I slept pretty good." "Well, we had a few early in the night but they didn't bother after it cooled off; we'll have to get away from the river, tho', if we don't want mosquitoes. They bothered the wife more than they did me. Are you as crazy about this beautiful camping spot as you were last evening, Elizabeth?" he inquired of the maiden with the frying pan. "I think it's beautiful," was all she said, as we slipped off the log into the cold water with a splash that attracted everybody's attention.

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"Fishing good along here?" the fellow inquired. "Jes fair, jes fair," we replied as we waded along and whipped our fly into the middle of the stream. "Wonderful scenery along the Madison here," we ventured as we passed on and thought how the old man would have enjoyed the scene of the chauffeur slipping one over on him, and wondering what the girl would say if she knew that Jim Jam Junior had been standing on a log near by when she pulled that soul-kiss with the hired man.

We didn't catch very many trout that morning. We had something else on our mind. But we had a wonderful trip up there in the Rockies and we will always carry with us the picture of the buxom wife and hired man in that early morning embrace on the most beautiful spot on the Madison River where we don't know whether the trout will take a fly or not, and what's more we didn't care. It was no time for a gentleman to fish.

We wandered back to the Miller camp just as the call for breakfast came. We stepped into the little cabin to deposit our creel and there on the wall ferninst us was an old glossy, highly-colored picture of St. Joseph or St. Paul. Not St. Paul, Minnesota, nor St. Joseph, Missouri. It was a print of one of those biblical fellows. Mebbe it was Elijah. Anyway he had a far-away look and we wondered what he was carrying an extra tire for, and then gradually it dawned on us that it was a halo and not an extra tire he was carrying. How funny! They didn't have automobiles in those days, did they?

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And they didn't carry chauffeurs who made a specialty of kissing wifey. And somebody caught forty big fish at one swoop and fed the multitudes.

We're back at our desk now and almost normal again. But quite often our thoughts travel back to that scene on the Madison. In memory we stand on a log while Maid and Swain enact again their love scene. And as we slip off the log into the cold water we come to the realization that you've got to keep your mind on the job or you won't catch any fish. So we're going to get our mind right down to the job and see if we can't land a few big fish in this September number. We've had a great vacation. The only regret we can possibly have is that the chauffeur had better bait than we did. He sure hooked a beaner.

JIM JAM JUNIOR.



YOUR MONEY BONFIRE



AS one of the stockholders in this U. S. A.—paying the heaviest assessments ever levied in the world's history—you are entitled to get a bird's eye view of some of your dollars as they rolled into the mazuma incinerator. You have been continually drugged and chloroformed and anesthetized by the hot air fumes of bureaucracy and from profiteerdom fanned into your faces by subsidized and press agented bunk. You have been led to believe that the administration of your government during the war was efficient. As a matter of fact it was dominated by a combination of nincompoop bureaucrats and by the wiliest despoilers who ever looted a nation.

We are going to let you see some of these billion dollar bon-

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fires licking up the avails of your toil. Your money is gone but you are entitled to a few photographs of the despoilment and it's all you ever will get! It's a lurid picture, too.

First go aeroplaning. It took \$1,081,511,088 of your money to land not a single fighting plane on the battle front. It cost that huge sum to land 213 wobbly and decrepit observation planes there reinforced by 527 second-hand planes borrowed or bought from your allies. That's just exactly what America—the home and birthplace of the aeroplane—got in the world war for over a billion dollars!

Notice a few little side fires in the aeronautical money bonfire. For \$20,000,000 you got 4,608 Curtiss motors and 1,616 Curtiss type aeroplanes. The War Department refused to sell these to aviators for less than \$3,500 each but sold them all back to the Curtiss Aeroplane and Motor Corporation for \$2,720,000 and further provided that the same company should have the first opportunity to buy any other aeroplanes the government had to sell! Good, isn't it, when you can get \$20,000,000 worth of merchandise for \$2,720,000—a profit of \$17,280,000—and a cinch on all the rest of the like merchandise?

Just \$6,000,000 of your money went for Bristol planes and \$17,000,000 for Standard J. planes with not a single machine—not one—that could be used for any purpose whatever!

Why, thousands of hard-working thieves have rotted in jails for stealing not one millionth part of the plunder with which these aeroplane bandits gaily sailed away! Over one-

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thirtieth of your whole war expenditures—over one billion dollars in nineteen months—was burned up in the aeroplane incinerator alone!

It took \$206,632,920 of your money to build sixteen army cantonments by the cost-plus method of spoliation when \$128,101,309 would have built them and left the builders a good profit besides. There goes \$78,531,611 at one lick of the flames of despoilment and lootage!

It took over \$1,200,000,000 of your money to build camps and cantonments on the cost-plus system. By this system costs were enormously magnified, wastage ran riot, labor was demoralized, supply contractors were enriched, soldiers were herded into quarters which nurtured disease and death and over twenty-two million dollars in fees—and only God knows how much “on the side”—was handed to contractors selected absolutely and without competition by bureaucratic favoritism! Any man—whose brain functions outside the walls of a madhouse—is entitled to ask himself if this selective process of bestowing fortunes upon profiteers by bureaucracy was entirely disinterested?

It cost \$60,100,000 of your money to build a powder plant at Nitro, West Virginia. It never produced one grain of powder for the war. At the armistice this plant contained in storage over \$10,000,000 worth of personal property. The whole enterprise, plant and contents, costing over \$70,100,000 in your cash was sold for \$8,551,000 almost entirely upon deferred payments to a bureaucratic pet! It never pro-

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duced a grain of powder for explosion in the war but it blew to shreds over \$61,000,000 of your money! And incidentally you paid the Hercules Powder Company \$11,293,737.11 for operating this plant for you and for producing not one grain of powder used in war. "Hercules" was right—in wasted expense!

It cost \$90,000,000 of your money to construct and operate a powder plant called "Old Hickory," at Nashville, Tennessee. Not one grain of its product was ever used in the war. "By the Eternal"—as "Old Hickory" Jackson himself was wont to say—we would like to listen to his comments on this episode! When "Old Hickory" burned money in powder he had something to show for it in dead foes not in living profiteers!

It cost \$116,194,973.37 for nitrate plants at Sheffield, Alabama, at Muscle Shoals, Alabama, at Toledo, Ohio, and at Cincinnati, Ohio. All combined did not produce a pound of nitrate for war use!

It cost over \$35,000,000 to build three picric acid plants and several phenol plants for the French who wanted it for explosives. Not one drop nor one pound was produced for war use and your servants in office settled with France for \$14,000,000—only \$21,000,000 of your money tossed into the pit of loss!

The armored tanks have successfully protected many millions of squandered dollars but the exact number cannot be ascertained. Bureaucracy has shrouded these tanks—and

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their enormous cost—in covers of mystery. Doubtless it has good reason so to do. But this much is known and we expect to dig out the rest. The program was to provide 1,200 tanks at a cost of \$25,000 per tank or \$30,000,000. To produce these we started a huge steel and concrete factory in France which was going to turn out—on paper—100 tanks a day or the entire supply in twelve days! The British were to furnish the guns and armor, we were to furnish the engines and running gear and ship them to France where they were to be assembled. The British did their part. We did nothing except to build a huge factory in France which never provided anything—but lootage for its constructors.

It cost \$17,116,000 to build a “port terminal”—mostly a “terminal” for sunken dollars—at Charleston, South Carolina. It was built in an isolated swamp, ten miles from any commerce, where it was necessary to dredge a water way in order to reach it. There was never a pound of produce or a man or an animal shipped in or out of it during the war. It successfully “terminated” your money and enriched builders and supply men!

Now we are getting into real money \$3,991,489,570.48 disbursed by the Ordnance Department from the beginning of the war until June 1, 1919. This one petty tentacle of bureaucracy spent more money for nineteen months' warfare than was spent in the entire Civil War from Fort Sumpter to Appomattox! Artillery and ammunition were its spe-

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cialties. What did it spend and what did it get for its almost four billion dollars? We will show you.

It had 53 contracts for 37-millimeter shells on which it spent just \$9,134,852. Not one of these shells ever reached the firing line.

It had 132 contracts for 3-inch shells which cost \$44,841,844. Not one of these shells ever reached the firing line.

It had 305 contracts for 6-inch shells on which it spent \$24,189,675. Not one of these shells ever reached the firing line.

It had 617 contracts for 155-millimeter shells on which it spent \$264,955,387. Not one of these shells ever reached the firing line.

It had 301 contracts for 8-inch shells on which it spent \$51,371,207. Not one of these shells ever reached the firing line.

It had 152 contracts for 240 millimeter shells on which it spent \$24,136,867. Not one of these shells ever reached the firing line.

It had 239 contracts for 9.2 shells on which it spent \$54,389,377. Not one of these shells ever reached the firing line.

It had 6 contracts for 14-inch shells on which it spent \$1,266,477. Not one of these shells ever reached the firing line.

It had 71 contracts for 12-inch shells on which it spent \$9,507,878. Not one of these shells ever reached the firing line.

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Here you get 1,876 contracts on which were spent \$483,792,694. And from this colossal expenditure not one shell was ever fired at an enemy or even got on the firing line. These shells exploded into tatters just \$483,792,694 of your money and that's all they ever hit! Your Treasury—not your foes—got this bombardment!

It had 689 contracts for 75-millimeter shells on which it expended \$301,941,459. It got 6,000 of these shells—just \$503,235 per shell! Some shells!

It had 439 contracts for 4.7 shells on which it spent \$41,716,651. It got and actually fired 14,000 of these shells—just \$2,979 per shell!

Summing up these shell contracts you get 3,004 contracts with expenditures of \$827,450,204 and 20,000 shells produced for use or \$41,372 per shell for use! Some “shell” game! Even our opulent Uncle Sam can't afford to harvest Boche cannon fodder at this rate!

But we aren't yet through with the Ordnance Department on money incineration. It had 111 contracts for \$478,828,345 for building artillery, guns, howitzers, gun carriages, limbers and recuperators. Of this immense mass of ordnance equipment there actually reached our troops and were actually used 39 anti-aircraft trucks, 48 guns of the 1906 model, 48 gun carriages of the same model, 24 howitzers, and 24 8-inch carriages or 183 ordnance implements at contractual cost of \$478,828,345 or \$2,616,548 per implement in

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actual use! You can't afford to mount destruction at \$2,616,548 per mount!

There were ordered 41,100,152 pairs of shoes for 3,513,837 men. Bureaucracy must have figured they were shoeing centipedes—better than ten pairs of shoes per man!

Bureaucracy bought 945,000 saddles and had just exactly 86,148 cavalry horses. What became of the 858,852 surplus saddles? You can search us and you can search government records too, in vain.

Bureaucracy bought 580,182 horses. Of that number 96,000 died and just 67,498 were shipped overseas but it bought and received 500,326 sets of double harness and 110,828 sets of single harness. It had 1,111,480 harnesses for 580,182 horses in all with 96,000 dead and only 67,498 overseas, or over 16 harnesses per horse overseas. It bought 2,850,583 halters or over five for each horse purchased! It bought 2,033,204 nose bags or four for each horse purchased! It bought 195,000 branding irons—more than enough to brand all the horses on earth in a planetary “round up.” It bought just 712,510 complete sets of spur straps for its ordnance officers—or about 36 sets for each officer! Those birds were well spurred!

But we are told these things were done in haste. They were, and in waste too—the most profligate combination of wastage, graft and lootage which ever pillaged a patient people. How do we know it? That is a fair question and we are going to show you precisely how we know it and how

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you may know it—beyond all doubt. Fortunately there is a scale by which this mammoth lootage of a nation can be measured. Incompetent bureaucracy and its favored beneficiaries may lie but figures won't lie. Digest them.

In fifty-one months of battling against the Central Empires Great Britain increased her debt for war purposes \$34,199,000,000, France increased her debt in the same time and for the same purpose \$23,896,000,000, but the United States in only nineteen months increased her debt for war purposes \$25,389,000,000! In nineteen months we increased our debt—caused by the same war on the same side—\$1,493,000,000 more than did France in fifty-one months and came within \$8,810,000,000 of making our nineteen months' expenditures equal Great Britain's fifty-one months' expenditures. Or to look at it from another angle if the war expenditures of Great Britain and France had equaled the profligate expenditures of Uncle Sam they would each one have increased their debts by the stupendous sum of \$68,149,421,058! Or to look at it from another angle if Great Britain and France had been as profligate and reckless in expenditures as was Uncle Sam they would have increased their debts by \$136,298,842,116 or by \$78,203,842,116 more than they did increase them.

Look at it from any angle you may and your eyes encounter the hugest financial debauch and saturnalia ever staged on earth. This magazine—and the only one in this land with

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the courage to do it, too—has been jerking the dimmer from these deeds of pillage for over six months.

You have been sprayed with multi-colored phrases of pure idealism from the casual occupant of the White House and you have been deluged with the cleverest mess of subsidized and press agented bureaucratic propaganda—all paid for by your money—seeking to conceal, to glaze and to gloss over legalized piracies of billions of dollars of your money! There have never before been staged on earth lootages so mammoth and legalized grand larcenies upon so stupendous a scale! Not one, but hundreds of cost-plus contractors, guided thither by bureaucratic favoritism, have had their predacious claws to their armpits in your treasury! Not one, but hundreds, of clever financiers and intriguers have left Graftopolis-on-the-Potomac with loads of loot grafted from your treasury! Not one, but hundreds of clever “dollar a year men,” really predacious looters in disguise, and munificently paid by their real masters, have pipe-lined your money to their storage tanks of graft. The enormous majority of the newly made battalion of eighteen thousand newly born millionaires got their millions through these channels.

Brethren, the fact is that whether through incompetency or whether through connivance your guards—paid for by your money—have been recreant to their trust and have permitted your treasury to be despoiled and have made no effort to recover back the plunder. That's the frozen truth—frozen into hundreds of thousands of words of sworn testimony and

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proven time and again by figures which couldn't lie! Turn 'em out! Put in guards who will permit no more looting and who will try to regain some fraction of the colossal takings!

This magazine has no politics. No candidate for public office nor no political party can gain our support except by merit.

But the war was won, wasn't it? Yes it was and it was won by the dauntless bravery of American lads with their guns in their hands on Europe's battle grounds and by the patient patriotism of American toilers who had to see their money squandered by wastrel hands at home! If American soldiers and American toilers had been as recreant to their trust as were the smug bureaucrats and the oily profiteers the Germans would have been at our throats ere this! That's the truth and don't you ever forget it!



LOVELESS IS RIGHT



UTE is the lute of love which once vibrated in entrancing strains of amorous melodies in the billowing bosom of Mrs. May Loveless of Beaumont, Texas. No more broods and hovers over the Loveless roof—and loveless is right too—the poppy dream's spell of magic love. Stilled and silent are those walls which once echoed and re-echoed to love's whispered deliriums in those moments of ecstatic bliss sacred to the worshippers at Cupid's fanes. Empty now are the shapely arms of the pulchritudinous May wont to twine about the manly form of her adored. Kissless now are those seductive crimson lips once moist with love's fondest endearments. Moist now and misted o'er with tears, sprung from bereavement's fount, are those eyes once agleam with love's fervid

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glow. Disheveled now are those glossy ringlets once stroked and smoothed by the endearing hands of love. Vainly does the bulbul trill, the nightingale warble, and the mocking bird pour out his richest notes about the casement windows of the Loveless cottage where once soulful melodies arose in rapturous antiphonies.

What's happened? The lovelorn Mrs. May Loveless of Beaumont, Texas, beseeches aid in a "coon hunt." We print her naive appeal precisely in the form in which it flutters upon our desk. Here it is just as clipped from the columns of a Memphis daily paper:

PERSONAL

CAN anyone tell me the whereabouts of Eddie Roberts, who is a son of Mr. W. W. Roberts of Houston, Miss.? Have learned that Eddie Roberts ran away and married his Aunt Martha Roberts a few years ago and did live at Longview, Miss., up until the European war started. He then came to Beaumont, Tex., and got employment as a ship carpenter and boarded with my mother and made love to me and gained my confidence and love and promised to marry me as soon as the war was over, but he was laying off biggest part of his time, spending mamma's money gambling and drinking and so one day I went into his suitcase and found some letters, some of which were from his wife, begging him to send her money that her and her children were on starvation rations and that he was neglecting them in every way, and some of the letters were from Mrs. Climmyt Taylor, Longview, Miss., and she was thanking him for the money he had sent her and hoped that he would be home with her pretty soon, and some of the letters were from his father, Mr. W. W. Roberts, also of Longview, Miss., and after he ran away and left me I have written several letters to those parties, also the postmaster of Longview, Miss., to know if they could tell me anything about him or his whereabouts, but I have only one reply and it did not have any name signed to it at all, but went on to give me the information which I have just related to you in regard to his history and so I just want him to know that he has another son for whom he should remember and support. The baby was born just

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the 11th of July and if anyone can tell me where he is, please do so at once. His description is as follows: Six feet high, weight 180 pounds, sandy hair and mustache, awfully red faced and awfully wicked and generally went with a mouth full of snuff and a ring of snuff around his mouth and is a good fiddler and is a mulatto, so he told me. I am a little darker than he is, though please write me at once if you can give me his whereabouts. Very truly, Mrs. May Loveless, Beaumont, Tex., P. O. Box 167.

So has anyone seen Eddie? Eddie Roberts we mean—Eddie, who married his aunt, who “loved not wisely but too well” and too numerously, who was wont to implant kisses surrounded by an aura of snuff upon May’s yearning lips, who fiddles as he courts, who plants in his train crops of grass widows and who has left upon Cupid’s altar a chocolate colored pledge of his errant affections.

If any one sees Eddie—Eddie Roberts—the amorous swain, he of many loves and several crops of babes, will they kindly communicate with his latest and darkest grass widow as per the above?

It may not do Eddie any real good but Mrs. May Loveless wants the “less” amputated from her name and would fain again embrace her Eddie and present to him that latest pledge of affection whom he has never seen. Upon her darkened hearth May would fain again fan the dying flames of love. So if anyone sees Eddie will they tell the Loveless May?

LICENSING MURDER



HERE is the proposition and the question: Ought a man with a flask of whiskey in his pocket—and presumably with generous slugs of it in his interior—to seat himself in a high powered missile of destruction and catapult his murderous way through Chicago streets and then “get away” with a petty largess carelessly thrown to the father of his victim? That’s just what Ben W. Kittredge of Chicago, one of the “Gold Coast” bedizened denizens, has apparently “pulled off”—with complaisant legal and official aid—and Jim Jam Jems is going to coyly obstruct his “get away.” Note the facts:

On the night of June 25th last Kittredge smugly seated behind his engine of destruction was shooting along Clark street, in Chicago, just north of Erie street, at the rate of fifty

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miles an hour. Frank Kagan, seventeen years of age, and his companions were crossing the street as Kittredge was swervingly catapulting through it. All jumped to avoid annihilation and all escaped except young Kagan, who was struck by the left fender with such force that his skull was crushed like an egg shell! The miscreant murderer, as careless of human life as any money-rotten oligarch of barbarity, attempted to escape. He was pursued, captured, a pint of whiskey was taken from him and he admitted to the police lieutenant at the station where he was confined that he had taken nine drinks. If he had thus stripped himself of his reason it was his own fault wasn't it?

A coroner's jury held him in \$25,000 bonds to answer for Kagan's murder. Kittredge "got busy" as soon as the booze evaporated. Wouldn't a golden jimmy free him from a cold-blooded murder from whose scene he had fled like the dastardly poltroon he was? Of course it would and hands of legal legerdemain promptly plied that golden jimmy.

Kagan's father, Mitchell Kagan, was sought out. He was taken to the law office of Cooke, Sullivan & Ricks where he was offered \$5,000 and this offer was promptly raised to \$10,000, which he accepted. He then wrote a letter to State's Attorney Hoyne saying in effect that he did not care to prosecute, and a complaisant grand jury voted a "no bill" of indictment on as clear a case of murder as was ever committed by a high power missile of death guided by hands of wanton murder!

Mr. Kagan has since reneged and says in a letter to States'

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Attorney Hoyne: "I did sign the letter which my lawyer and Mr. Kittredge's lawyer drew up, but I did not understand its contents. I was told that it would not affect the criminal prosecution, but would merely settle the civil suit over my boy's death. I only signed it because my lawyer signed it first. I received \$7,800.88, out of this \$10,000 check and \$4,800 of that was put into a trust fund for my children. At no time did I intend to drop the prosecution of Mr. Kittredge. Myself and my witnesses all appeared before the grand jury. I am ashamed of the way your assistant, a gray haired man, represented me, a citizen, and the way my witnesses were treated. My purpose in writing you is to ask you to re-open the case before the grand jury and to ask you to make an investigation into the dropping of the case."

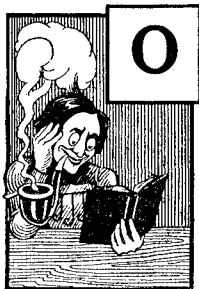
What was the use of arresting this miscreant, what was the use of a coroner's jury and its verdict, what was the use of holding him to a grand jury, if a few of Uncle Sam's steel engravings judiciously applied can free the poltroon? If some poor friendless thief had stolen a high powered motor and set out on a drunken debauch of death he would have paid the penalty fast enough, wouldn't he? Very well, then why shouldn't this drunken poltroon Kittredge pay it too? Can a man enwrap himself in a mantle of cloth of gold, slaughter whom he will, and jauntily walk off snickering in his sleeve? Do State's Attorneys and grand juries servilely kow-tow before a piffling largess thrown to a victim's father and thereby in effect license wanton murder? That's what we want to know.

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We haven't the slightest personal animosity toward Kittredge. He merely stands as a type of wanton roysterers drunk with whiskey and drunker with the power of money who think they can "get away" with anything—including murder! If murder in Chicago is to be licensed, issue the licenses, and if it isn't, indict and try Kittredge for as wanton a crime as man ever committed. The Chicagoese brand of "justice" is getting stenchful anyway. It could do with a little deodorizing. Begin on Kittredge.



THE JOY THAT KILLS



ON the banks of the St. Croix River at South Stillwater, Minnesota, stands the Minnesota State Penitentiary. Among its inmates was an old horse doctor—old in years and old too in that “hope which long deferred maketh the heart sick.”

Why he was there we know not and it is of no import to this tale. Whatever had been his offense it is now doubly expiated. During the years of his imprisonment he had seen many come and many go—some to home and friends and some to their long home where prison bars are not. He had had his hopes by day, and by night he had had his dreams. By day his wearied eyes had glimpsed the St. Croix River, in its endless flow likened to his endless days

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within prison walls, and across it the green fields of Wisconsin emblematic of the deathless hope of freedom beating in his aged breast. By night when "stone walls do not a prison make nor iron bars a cage," when the spirit of man roams untrammled, he had dreamed of old friends, of old associates, of old scenes and of old joys—growing clearer and not dimmer with the flight of time. Perchance too the old convict dreamed of that wife who had years ago confidently placed her hand in his for life's journey full of hope and trust and faith. Perchance too the old convict dreamed of blue eyed, curly haired babes placed in his fond arms by his proud wife—babes long since grown to man's and woman's stature and far beyond his ken.

But ever by day he yearned and ever by night he dreamed of freedom—life's greatest guerdon. His writing privileges he used to urge his friends—whose numbers death was fast thinning—to work for his release. And friends he had and tirelessly they worked. Refusals did not discourage, and ever the spark of hope glowed in his aging breast. And the wings of time—sluggish though they be within prison walls—fanned it to a white heat.

At last the spark of hope blazed into certainty's flame. Word came that his petition had finally been granted and that for him the prison doors would ope. Freedom—which was to him earth's greatest prize—was to be his! The scenes of which he had dreamed and the friends for whom he had longed and the dear faces which had flitted through his tortured slumbers were to gladden his eyes!

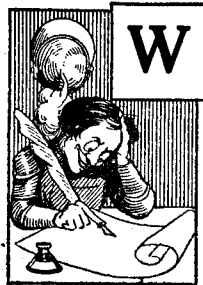
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Dreams were to be truth and hope's spark had blazed into certainty.

Tremblingly he doffed his prison stripes, tremblingly he donned the unaccustomed garb of freedom and sat him down in his old familiar cell—peopled with all his dreams—to await his formal release. The steps of the messenger who was to lead him to freedom's portals echoed down the corridor! It had come! The years of weary waiting rolled back like a scroll and vistas of liberty opened before his enraptured eyes! Once more God's sunlight—unbroken by chill bars—was to warm his being! Once more his eyes were to envisage dear faces enshrouded in years of gloom! His breast thrilled, his eyes misted o'er with tears of joy, his limbs trembled and his heart beat tumultuously! At last he was free!

And free he was. When the messenger opened the cell door there sat the old convict horse doctor free, free forever, freed by Jehovah's decree! The "joy that kills" had freed his spirit! And doubly freed—by man-made scroll and by God's whispered "come aloft"—the old convict horse doctor had forever burst his bonds!

BELL THESE BUZZARDS



WE hereby aim a volley at a flock of human buzzards who have been driving their sharpened beaks of predacious thievery into world war veterans. These human buzzards roost upon the topmost apex of the highest height of despicable meanness whence they swoop down upon needy and suffering ex-service men. Here is their scheme—which could be generated only in the debased brain cells of an organized

plunderbund of vicious piracy.

These buzzards circle about the Bureau of War Risk Insurance where disabled world war veterans—entitled to the tenderest consideration of every true American—apply for the compensation awarded them by a grateful nation. We cite one typical case. Joseph P. Delavigne of Prescott, Arizona, whose claim was really good for \$2,400, was approached by some of these birds of predacity and was told that it had

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been allowed for only \$1,500 but that it would be increased to \$2,400 if he would divide the extra \$900 with them. Delavigne had not been instructed in the art of camouflage in the army for naught. He pretended to consider their putrid offer while in truth and fact he made his way to Senator Ashurst of Arizona whereby some of these birds were netted.

Up to this writing there have been apprehended, charged with participation in such crimes: Patrick O'Brien of Des Moines, Iowa; David M. Griswold of Brooklyn, New York; W. B. O'Connell of Redfield, South Dakota; Harold A. O'Connell of Buffalo, New York; William F. Salisbury of Buffalo, New York; T. E. Graves and George W. Seitz of Washington, D. C.; and Daniel E. O'Keefe and Aloysius Young of New Britain, Connecticut.

We do not know or state that these men are guilty as charged. But if they are guilty as charged here's hoping that they—and anybody else guilty of the like crime—get the law's absolute limit. Also here's hoping that when the guilty are ascertained and sentenced the American Legion will bell these buzzards and never permit them to again roost in this land which they pollute by their mere presense.

To drink of the blood of their brethren already shed in their country's cause; to sandbag from poor purses one penny of a compensation too small at its largest; to pilfer from honest patriotism one mill of money; to coin from the miseries of the maimed and invalid one dirty drachma for purses of pilage—is a crime too debased for human language to encom-pass! Bell these buzzards and eviscerate these vultures!

A VULTUROUS MEDICO



R. Julius Hammer of 1488 Washington Avenue, Bronx, New York City, has cut his own way prisonwards by performing an abortion upon Mrs. Marie Oganessoff of 230 Riverside Drive to her death. Vulturous rapacity and murderous vulpinism for dirty dollars have finally landed this allopathically haloed murderer with a pass to Sing Sing good for a minimum of three and one-half years and for a maximum of fifteen

years.

We glory in no man's downfall but we do glory in the triumph of justice over a damnable traffic against which Jim Jam Jems has ceaselessly volleyed for over eight years. At one time in the Minnesota State Penitentiary there were three

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unhaloed A. M. Atites whose murderous practices this magazine exposed. For those individuals we had naught but sorrow at their downfall. We hate not the individuals but their damnable murderousness fostered by nothing but bottomless voracity for gain.

Like all of his ilk Dr. Hammer prostituted what should be the noblest profession on earth—the saving of human life—to the destruction of human life! He was “fashionable” among a class of women who would hug and kiss and fondle dogs but who shrank in horror from caressing their own offspring. Matrimony—or its counterfeit—they would embrace, but its product they abhorred! Childless married women—purposely made so by “birth control” propagandized slush or by battalions of complaisantly murderous medicos—are naught but invert degenerates! In the eyes of the law they may be legally wed with all the pomp and paraphernalia of book and priest and ring but in their hearts of hearts and in the eyes of Jehovah they are naught but wedded courtesans! You do not see the scarlet letter blazing on their bosoms; the law hides it; but nevertheless it is there and on that “day of days” when all are judged it will blaze forth with a flame which will make them hide their eyes in shame.

But to Dr. Hammer. Everything that the most expert and highly paid legal counsel could do was done to shield him from the effects of his crime. So far went those efforts that it was charged—we know not how truthfully—that an attempt had been made to bribe one jurymen and to thereby “hang” the jury. Two hundred of the A.M. Atite cohorts rush

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ed with a petition to save their fellow practitioner from his just deserts! The jury was referred to by these haughty Esculapians as being made up of "shoemakers and janitors." The fact was that the death report of Mrs. Oganessoff had been falsified and it had been made to appear that she had died of influenza. The most strenuous efforts—what Judge Gibbs who presided branded as "insidious and uncalled for propoganda conducted in the doctor's behalf"—were made to save this bloody medico from the results of his murderous greed! The petitions even upreared the poisonous propoganda that a doctor ought to be tried by a jury of doctors! Then grafters ought to be tried by a jury of grafters, thieves by a jury of thieves and murderers by a jury of murderers! Not in the U. S. A. until the A. M. A. annexes to itself the U. S. part of the land! Not while Jim Jam Jems can volley into embattled allopathic predacity!

"The vultures that prey upon women," as Judge Gibbs aptly phrased it, must be eviscerated. The grade of legalized and licensed murderers by the allopathic abortion route must be raised until there is a bottom to their now bottomless vulpinism based upon regard for human lives—the life of the mother and that of the unborn babe ruthlessly murdered too! Every abortionist murders one always, the unborn babe, and too often the mother besides. And for what? For nothing in the world but the filthy coin.

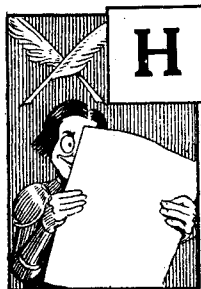
And while we are on this subject we feel like finishing it. There is just one way for the allopathic medical profession—preening and strutting and parading its way through this

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land—to cleanse itself of these doubly murderous practices and practitioners. That way is to expel from its membership every doctor who thus decimates humanity by murderers' tools. Doctors know—know infallibly and certainly—just what members of their profession bear Cain's mark upon their brows! Make of them outcasts and pariahs! Let the A. M. A. first reform itself ere it legally strives to manacle the rest of mankind to its rites of voodooism. It might thin out the A. M. A. But we could bear it!



THE MISBRANDED WOBBLER



HALF a league, half a league, half a league wobbling, into the the pit of hell topple the struggling.

The misbranded, illbegotten, hypocritical League of Nations is functioning precisely as you would expect it—from its paternity of banditry and predacity—to function. It has twenty-nine signers when you include all the colonies, dependencies, satrapies and protectorates of its real masters, Great Britain, France and Italy. It is also now staging some thirty-odd wars and warlets—the real spawn of its parentage. It is in reality naught but a league for indemnity, for loot and for colossal land grabbing. Europe still scorbatically erupts with war.

Poland, actuated and backed by the misbranded league,

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warred on Russia. Russia has conquered Poland and threatens its capital, Warsaw. The impotent league can neither succor Poland nor restrain Russia. Germany demobilized cannot act as a buffer against the Russian hordes and bolshevism threatens to submerge continental Europe. We despise the Soviet looters and lootage but so do we despise the "super-man" and "super-government" strutters of the powerless paper league! From a joke it drifts onward into a tragedy—in which, thank God, America is no participator. Lenin progresses into leonine. France cowers in terror at the thought of the Russian hordes. Germany stands helpless before this threat. Italy has her hands full with a flock of petty wars. Great Britain vainly tries to subdue Ireland with martial law while India and Egypt revolt and riot. Yewrup is a peaceful scene after "the war to end wars," isn't it, and with its exhausted governments still throbbing—like the tail of a dying snake—in hopeless struggles?

Brethren, beneath all the layers of the betinseled language of diplomats—really used to conceal abhorrent purposes—obtrude these facts: Europe is the same sizzling hell of intrigue, diplomacy, indemnities, land grabbing and organized banditry that it ever has been. The unfortunate subjects of those travesties upon real governments still vibrate between the pits of war and the pits of starvation as one bandit government or the other has temporarily the upper hand! All wait upon its chief industry,—war. War is the breath of their nostrils, and lootage—euphoniously called "indem-

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unities"—is the food of their body. Intrigue reigns and production lies prostrate. You behold in Europe and in all its feebly held satrapies the same old tragedies—quarrels, squabbings, intrigue, bickerings and wars. Details change but the same bloody thread of war makes the woof and the warp of the real garment of Europe!

Whether President Wilson was befooled or whether he vainly sought to wave his verbal wand over all the earth is now beside the question. Events have superseded even President Wilson's wizardry of words. You see Europe as it is and as it ever has been after brief periods of recuperation from organized thuggery.

Every American soldier—living or dead—who bared his breast to bullets overseas did so not only to win that war but to win victory over war itself! That war they won magnificently, but war against all war—to end all wars—they lost! They could and did kill German hordes but they couldn't and didn't kill in European breasts the maggots of greed, of banditry and of intrigue! Germany they could whip, but the bacilli of war they could not conquer!

Often we are asked by letter and by word of mouth: "Don't you believe in a league of nations?" Yes, we do—in a real league but not in this counterfeit where lurk the same old passions of organized thuggery and of bedizened banditry concealed under verbal masks of high sounding phrases!

"By their fruits shall ye know them." When European banditry and thuggery disarm—not on paper but in fact and truth—when they disband their armies, scrap their vessels of

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war, and really "beat their swords into ploughshares" we will believe it and not till then. Out here in the West when "bad men" throw up their hands and "come in" they are first disarmed! We may believe 'em but we want to be sure that if they change their minds they can't pull their weapons. Language won't entice this U. S. A. into any fake league of nations. It is past the language stage. If European thug-gery wants to lure America into its league there is just one route—disarmament! If the "gun men" overseas—banded into nations—want us to believe 'em they must shed their hardware!

Why do Europeans want American men and American money battling in Europe? Why, to save their own men and their own money of course. Do you want some European Conference or Congress of wily diplomats conscripting American young men to pull their burning chestnuts from the hell fires of European intrigues? We don't and we frankly say so. Let Europe raise—and harvest too—its own crops of "cannon fodder"!

THE KING OF PROFITEERS



STEP right up, brethren, and take a look at the King of Profiteers. Compared to this monster every other bandit who has sand-bagged and garroted mankind on life's highway was but a piffling pigmy. You invest \$100 in Government Bonds and gladsomely clip off one \$4 coupon per annum. If you had invested \$100 in the enterprise of this King of Profiteers you would have clipped off just \$212,584 absolute net profit—all expenses and taxes paid—for the year 1917!.

Here are the cold facts which we have exhumed from the burial place of your dollars at Graftopolis-on-the-Potomac. This mazuma thug was in the steel business—although we should spell it differently. It had a capital stock of \$5,000. It reports no surplus nor any other invested capital except

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that magical \$5,000—the most prolific aggregation of dollars which ever throttled man. For the year 1917 upon that \$5,000 it made a net income—after deducting every possible expense—of the colossal sum of \$14,549,952 or 290,999 per cent. It paid an income tax of \$678,461 and an excess profit tax of \$3,242,276 or a total revenue tax of \$3,920,737 and still had net lootage and avails of thuggery of \$10,629,215 or 212,584 per cent upon its capital! Let the acid of these figures bite into your mental tablets—290,999 per cent without taxes and 212,584 per cent after all taxes paid in just one year of banditry and thuggery! Why, brethren, the most industrious and hard working counterfeiter who ever operated couldn't approximate this profit! The bare expense of engraving his plates and distributing his "green goods" would prevent that ratio of profit. Why, the most industrious and economical road agent who ever pillaged couldn't approximate this profit! The bare expense of horses or motor cars to grab and haul off his loot would reduce that profit ratio. Human imagination wobbles, staggers and falls when it contemplates a return of 212,584 per cent in just one year's operation! But it is absolutely true, as true as it is that you are reading these words, as true as it is that you are living under the maladministration of a government which permits such colossal banditries!

But the most astounding thing about this prize King of Profiteers is that the maladministration of your government—under which you have been most shamefully looted—keeps its veil of concealment sacredly drawn about this industrial

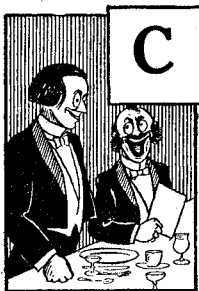
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thug. Your Attorney General could, by prosecution for this most conscienceless profiteering thuggery, rend the veil and your hired casual and temporary occupant of the White House could, by Presidential order, rend the veil and expose this monster to your view. Do they do it? They do not. All that you—who stint yourself to sustain and support the maladministration of your government—can know is that there is housed in the land a corporate monster which can and did loot a patient people out of 212,584 per cent per annum upon its piffling \$5,000 of capital.

We are moved to ask is this government “of, for and by the people” or is it a government “of, for and by” commercialized thugs who garrot, sandbag and loot with absolute safety concealed by a mask obligingly furnished them by complaisant bureaucratic attendants? Such doings make banditry an honorable profession and thuggery a fine art screened and protected by that very officialdom which ought to most ruthlessly prosecute the pillagers!

You will find the record of this prize King of Profiteers—with the government drapes of concealment carefully tied about his throne—on page 367 of Senate Document No. 259, tenth line from the top with the code letter “Is-C” on the front of his mask. We are some “go-getters” ourselves but even we couldn’t jerk the mask from this visage of thuggery. Maybe you can. When you do so drop us a line!

The James C. King Will Case



CAPTAIN GREEN told me to lead Mr. King on so he could have something on him. I loved Mr. Green and I would do most anything for him. After I was intimate with Mr. King, Captain Green accused me and I told him I had been and I admitted it. Captain Green often told me that if I worked the thing right he would be able to get big money out of King." So swears one of the past mistresses, Lizette Dupont

Green Hart at the age of seventy-five years, of the late multi-millionaire James C. King of Chicago.

We are going to write of the James C. King Will Case and of the Gaston B. Means murder trial not with pen nor typewriter but with the X-ray of truth. Exactly three years ago the press of the entire country devoted columns to this famous murder case—one of the most famous with all its

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sidelights of greed and love and blackmail which ever clogged the wires. We watched this case most carefully, knowing—from sources of information absolutely trustworthy—that the trial of Gaston B. Means for the murder of Maude C. King, widow of the multi-millionaire James C. King of Chicago, was but one scene in a drama of corporate greed! We knew that the tragedy of this false charge of murder against Gaston B. Means—contrary to the skillfully press agented propaganda—was but a curtain raiser to the real play of the Northern Trust Company of Chicago. We knew the real denouement would stage itself on the struggle over the huge James C. King estate. We have personally investigated this entire dramatic tragedy. We have read literally thousands of pages of testimony and depositions, examined literally hundreds of photographic exhibits, and have spent days—and parts of several nights—with Gaston B. Means going over every detail of this most amazing case. Once again—as many times before in our pages—fiction slinks rearward and the actually proven facts of daily life enthrall attention. As you read these facts you will see ever protruding itself the greedy hand of the Northern Trust Company of Chicago seeking to hold in its coffers the huge James C. King estate.

First comes Gaston B. Means who has been most grossly misrepresented throughout this tragedy. We want to say here and now that when strutting officialdom and corporate greed reached out for Gaston B. Means they grabbed the hottest wire which ever burned their hands of predacity to

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the bone and set their sensitive pocket nerves awrithing—as we will show you.

Means began business life in the service of the Cannon Mills at 53 and 55 Worth Street, New York City. As a sales agent Means was a whirlwind success, became manager of the Chicago office and was in receipt of an annual income of \$16,000 and upwards when in 1914 he resigned his position. He resigned his position to accept commercial service with the German interests in obtaining supplies in the World War whose bloody waves were then first rising. Right here we want to say—because this employment has been most unfairly distorted—that Means had a perfect legal and moral and business right to commercially represent German interests in this country at any time prior to America's entry into the war. He had just as perfect a legal, a moral and a business right so to do as J. P. Morgan and Co. had to represent the British commercial interests. From the time that Means entered the commercial employ of German interests—during America's neutrality—until he ceased that service he acted most patriotically toward the land of his birth as we will show you.

Means was under the direct employ of the famous Captain Boy-Ed and at the time of his employment notified Boy-Ed that if he learned of anything in any way detrimental to the United States, which German interests proposed to do, he would notify the United States authorities. And he kept his word to his own great loss. He learned that the Germans had arranged for General Huerta, ex-president of

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Mexico, to leave Barcelona, Spain, and to come to New York City. He learned that he was to be followed by General Blanchard, formerly of Huerta's army, who was to operate from Havana, Cuba. He learned that Huerta operating from New York and Blanchard operating from Havana were to foment and organize a rebellion in Mexico, force an attack on the United States and thereby create a diversion which would tie the hands of the United States. He learned precisely where, on Walker street in New York City, arms were secreted for this dastardly purpose. He carefully collected all his facts and reported them to W. J. Burns, head of Burns International Detective Agency, for report and delivery to the United States Government. Mr. W. J. Burns in the presence of Mr. Means and with Mr. Means' report in his hands called Mr. Tumulty, President Wilson's secretary, on the long distance phone, made an engagement to meet him in Philadelphia, met him in Philadelphia, and gave him Mr. Means' full and detailed report of the pending conspiracy for delivery to President Wilson. This was in the fall of 1915—a year and half before America entered the war.

In a very few days thereafter Means was called to Boy-Ed's office at 11 Broadway, New York City, where Means was informed by Boy-Ed that President Wilson had confronted Von Bernstorff with the full details of the Huerta conspiracy. Boy-Ed charged Means with disclosing this information to the United States authorities. Means cheerfully admitted the fact and reminded Boy-Ed that he had

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wanted him that he should do so, Means was at once discharged and sent to Dr. Albert the fiscal agent of the German Government and paid off.

In the late fall or early winter of 1915 Means was sent for by J. P. Morgan and had an interview with him at his house on Madison Avenue in New York. There were present at this interview J. P. Morgan, John R. Rathom of the Providence Journal, Martin Egan (Morgan's confidential man) and Means. Morgan wanted to know how the Germans were obtaining commercial products from this country, where they were bought and how they were shipped. Means told Morgan he wanted to know how the British were getting products out of this country, where they were bought and how they were shipped! Means reminded Morgan that he, Morgan, was employed by the British and that he, Means, was employed by the Germans—and both for the same purpose. Morgan “blew up” and there the interview ended.

Now enters upon the scene Maude C. King, widow of James C. King. Mrs. King, who was originally Maude C. Robinson of Morrison, Illinois, had been thrice married. First she was the wife of Edward Hull of Minnesota from whom she had obtained a divorce—most irregularly it was charged and by reason of which she was subsequently blackmailed for large sums by Capitoria Landgraft and by Fannie Waterman—for the purpose of marrying James C. King. After the death of James C. King on November 1, 1905, Mrs. King married Dr. Chance, a Parisian dentist.

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Means and his wife were living at the Manhattan Hotel in New York. Across the way at the Biltmore was living Mrs. King. Mrs. Means and Mrs. King were life-long friends. Mrs. King complained to Mr. Means that she was being defrauded by Mr. Woodruff or by the Woodruff Trust Company of Joliet, Illinois, in the administration of a trust fund there held for her benefit, and sought his aid and advice. Upon Means' advice a certified public accountant was sent to Joliet, Illinois, and furnished a report. Means advised Mrs. King that there was some \$32,000 improperly retained and due her under that trust. They went to Chicago, employed an attorney, Americus B. Melville—who had secured Mrs. King's divorce from Edward Hull—and collected \$20,000 of this sum. Subsequently Means collected from Woodruff on behalf of Mrs. King substantially the remaining \$12,000. Thereby Means "got in bad" with the closely interwoven financial interests and they never ceased his pursuit. By reason of supposed irregularities in obtaining her divorce from Edward Hull—of which they had knowledge—one Capitoria Landgraft and one Fannie Waterman had obtained \$20,000 and \$18,000 respectively from Mrs. King. Of some of these details Woodruff had knowledge.

We now come to the discovery of the second James C. King will—involving an estate of some four to five millions in the hands of the Northern Trust Company of Chicago—by Gaston C. Means. The Northern Trust Company with this fat estate in its coffers claims this will to be a forgery. Mrs. King during her lifetime—for she most tragically

died—and Means and Mrs. Melvin, Mrs. King's sister, claim most strenuously that it is a genuine document.

On returning to New York in August, 1915, Mrs. King gave to Means a tin box to obtain therefrom some papers necessary in her pending divorce proceedings against Dr. Chance. While going over these papers Means found—attached to a bundle of letters from Orville W. Green for which King had been blackmailed out of large sums in his lifetime—the second James C. King will now in dispute. It was dated October 9, 1905, witnessed by Addison C. Melvin, by Mrs. Melvin, and by Byron L. Smith, president of the Northern Trust Company and since deceased. After a few unimportant bequests it left the large estate to Mrs. Maude C. King and deprived the Northern Trust Company of the huge trusteeship held under the first will. Of the witnesses to the disputed will Addison C. Melvin is dead and Byron L. Smith is dead. The butler who brought the pen and ink upstairs to Mr. King's room is dead, but made an affidavit as to the facts before he died. Mrs. Maude C. King—who swore before she died that she saw Byron L. Smith sign his name as a witness—is dead.

Mrs. King employed Means under a contract, which died when she died, to obtain for her the huge estate under this will. Means continued his investigation and consulted hand writing experts—among them the famous Carvalho of New York—all of whom pronounced it a genuine document. Under the first will of 1901, which had been admitted to probate, Mrs. King received only \$100,000 under an antenuptial

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agreement. She claimed to have been grossly deceived into the signing of this agreement and finally obtained a settlement of \$600,000 outright and an income for life out of a trust fund of \$400,000. Mrs. King was a wastrel. Money glided through her hands like water. Out of this \$600,000—which was commonly known in Chicago as the “spendthrift fund”—she had paid her attorney A. B. Melville \$100,000, gave her sister Mrs. Addison S. Melvin \$100,000, and had created for her mother and brothers a trust fund of about \$150,000. By the fall of 1916—except for the income from the \$40,000 fund which was just “small change” for Mrs. King—she was “broke.” Means had money and he advanced Mrs. King \$85,000 of his own money upon the securities of her mother’s trust fund which her mother surrendered for that purpose. This was subsequently repaid to Means by the sale of the securities. Means had notified the Northern Trust Company of Chicago of the existence of the second will and they were on the alert—very much so.

This was the situation when in July, 1917, Mrs. Maude C. King, her sister Mrs. Melvin and their mother Mrs. Anna L. Robinson went to the Grove Park Inn at Asheville, North Carolina, to escape the espionage of newspaper reporters who had learned of the second James C. King will. The party was there joined by Means, and Mrs. King, Mrs. Melvin and Means went to Concord, North Carolina, to visit Means’ family whom they had previously met in New York. Here on the evening of August 29, 1917, at the suggestion of Mrs. King they took an automobile ride to Wisenheimer’s

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Spring about three miles from Concord, North Carolina. There were present on the drive, besides the negro chauffeur, Mrs. King, W. S. Bingham, Afton Means and Gaston B. Means. The excursion was at the request of Mrs. King and was for the purpose of shooting rabbits who were attracted by the glare of automobile head lights. Mr. Bingham carried his shot gun, Afton Means carried his rifle, Gaston B. Means carried his own revolver unloaded and carried Mrs. King's small 25 caliber automatic pistol. On arriving at their destination Mr. Bingham and Afton Means stayed near the automobile while Gaston B. Means and Mrs. King walked toward the spring to get a drink of water. As they neared the spring Gaston Means put Mrs. King's loaded revolver in the fork of a small tree near the spring. As they approached nearer the spring Mrs. King stopped because she would have to jump over a piece of marshy ground to actually reach the spring and walked backwards talking to Gaston Means. Means was down upon his knees with his head far down in the spring reaching for the water with a cup in his hand when he heard a click as Mrs. King threw a cartridge from the magazine into the barrel of the pistol. While still trying to reach the water with his cup he heard a pistol shot, looked up and saw Mrs. King fall. He rushed to her aid, called immediately for help, and in less than fifteen minutes Mrs. King was in the hospital at Concord. Death had been instantaneous. The bullet had entered her head one inch above and one inch behind her left ear.

What undoubtedly happened was this: Around the tree,

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in whose fork rested Mrs. King's automatic pistol, were high protruding roots of an old tree. It was found that in her fall one of Mrs. King's ankles was broken. As she reached up for her revolver and seized it she undoubtedly stumbled with the revolver in her clenched left hand, and in trying to save herself from a fall the clenching of her hand involuntarily discharged the pistol. But why was the pistol in her left hand? It was because Mrs. King's right eye was almost sightless and hence she used her left eye and her left hand in pistol practice of which she was very fond.

We have minutely described the circumstances of Mrs. King's death because of the bearing it has on subsequent proceedings. A coroner's jury was empaneled and a verdict of accidental death was rendered.

This was but the beginning of one of the most determined and implacable persecutions and prosecutions ever staged in this land against a man as innocent of crime as are you who read these lines. The Northern Trust Company of Chicago custodian of the huge James C. King estate, had been made aware by Gaston B. Means of the existence of the second James C. King will. If that will could be probated one of their fattest—if not their very fattest—trusts would evaporate because by this will James C. King left the bulk of his estate to his widow Maude C. King, and she by her will left the bulk of her estate to her sister Mary C. Melvin.

All newspaperdom had one of its spasmodic seizures. Gaston B. Means was a German Spy! Gaston B. Means had forged the second James C. King will! Gaston B. Means

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had murdered Mrs. King! Propagandized publicity ran riot.

Here enters John T. Dooling, assistant district attorney of New York, duly primed by A. F. Reichmann one of the numerous legal attaches of the Northern Trust Company, as witness this extract from a letter from Mr. Reichmann to Mr. Dooling:

"JUDAH, WILLARD, WOLF & REICHMANN

Attorneys and Counselors at Law

Noble B. Judah
Monroe F. Willard
Henry M. Wolf
A. F. Reichmann
Donald S. Trunbull
Noble B. Judah, Jr.
Arthur M. Cox.

Corn Exchange Building,
Chicago.

September 17, 1917.

My dear Mr. Dooling:

Upon my return yesterday morning I immediately went into conference with my people, and, confirming my conversation with you over the telephone today, desire to report as follows: They confirm and approve the tentative arrangement I made with you with reference to the procuring of the necessary experts. You may therefore proceed to do what is necessary along that line."

Dooling raided Gaston B. Means' apartment at 1155 Park Avenue, New York City. He took possession of every file, of every document, of all correspondence and of every paper of Gaston B. Means running as far back as 1890 and took them to the district attorney's office. He took every piece of furniture, bed linen, clothing, baby carriage, Gaston B. Means' clothes and Mrs. Means' clothes and ordered them stored in the Chelsea Warehouse. He tied up every dollar

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that Gaston B. Means and his wife Julie P. Means and his brother Afton Means and that Mrs. Afton Means had in New York City banks, amounting to about \$35,000, upon the purely fabricated charge that the money belonged to Mrs. Maude C. King, deceased. Upon proper court action this money was subsequently released. He then got into communication with Hayden Clement, prosecuting attorney of Cabarrus County, North Carolina, with a view to prosecuting Means at that point. Here is a copy of a telegram sent by Hayden Clement to Dooling's superior, Edward Swann, dated Salisbury, North Carolina, Sept. 12, 1917:

"Investigated at Concord Saturday and Sunday, interviewed authorities and citizens, visited scene of death, all evidence indicates accident."

That's what Solicitor Clement thought before Northern Trust Company money began flowing North Carolinawards. Through the influence of Mr. Dooling and other hirelings of the Northern Trust Company Gaston B. Means was indicted for the murder of Maude C. King and triumphantly acquitted!

Now watch Dooling's part in this scheme. In Mr. Dooling's deposition in case number 343034 in the Superior Court in Cook County, Illinois, he admits that the Northern Trust Company of Chicago furnished every dollar and every penny so far as he was concerned in connection with the prosecution of Means in North Carolina. Do New York taxpayers pay Dooling to prosecute an innocent man in North Carolina at the behest of the Northern Trust Company of Chicago? How much territory does Dooling cover anyway? Is North

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Carolina a part of New York County attached thereto by the money of the Northern Trust Company of Chicago? Mr. Dooling and his superior officer Edward Swann are now engaged in defending a suit against themselves for one million dollars for false arrest and malicious prosecution brought by Gaston B. Means. If Means is successful, will the Northern Trust Company pay the verdict?

We spoke of the Northern Trust Company's hirelings in the prosecution of Means for murder in North Carolina. We will mention one. On September 11, 1917, C. B. Ambrose appeared at Concord, North Carolina, and stated that he represented the United States Government and showed his credentials signed by Bruce Bielecki as head of the investigating bureau of the Department of Justice and said that he was there to investigate Mrs. King's death! Nothing of the sort! He was there for the Northern Trust Company of Chicago and when put on the grill in a deposition taken at Washington in June, 1919, swore that he spent over six thousand dollars furnished him by the Northern Trust Company of Chicago in connection with the futile prosecution of Means at Concord, North Carolina! What business has the United States Government furnishing detectives for the private ends of a Chicago Trust Company?

And incidentally the Northern Trust Company of Chicago would like to let go of the hot end of the Means wire it stirred up in the shape of a suit for a million dollars damages for false arrest and malicious prosecution brought against it by Means. Here's hoping Means burns a deep hole in their

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money bales. It's no joke to be tried for your life and it's no joke to be pushed up the first step toward the electric chair by a corporation with huge resources seeking to prostitute justice to its own ends!

The King will case was first tried before Judge Horner of the Probate Court of Chicago. *Before this case was tried* A. F. Reichmann of Chicago, attorney for the Northern Trust Company, wrote John T. Dooling of New York the following letter, one of the most astounding letters in legal annals, showing a private conference held with a judge before the trial of a case involving millions of dollars to be tried before him. Here is the pertinent part of the letter:

"I also had a conference with Judge Horner of the Probate Court of this county. He is entirely in accord with the plan we have arranged and says he will carry out the matter on his part."

If Judge Horner had never held this "conference" with Reichmann, attorney for the Northern Trust Company, he could have said so, couldn't he? He could have said he was not responsible for what Reichmann had written Dooling if it wasn't true, couldn't he? Isn't the Northern Trust Company reaching a long ways with its tentacles to New York, to North Carolina and then by its attorney to the judge on the bench in Chicago before trial upon an issue involving millions? The Northern Trust Company won before Judge Horner—a not entirely surprising victory.

Brethren, nothing will fit into the truth but the truth. Falsehoods and lies will never dovetail with truth. So it is in this most astounding case. Means was a "German spy"!

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Why wasn't he prosecuted as one? Means forged the second James C. King will! Why wasn't he prosecuted for it? Means murdered Maude C. King! Why should he and what was his motive? All that remained of the estate of Maude C. King was her income from the \$400,000 trust fund which died with her. Why should Means want to stop that income? The only money interest that Means had in Maude C. King was his contract to aid her in proving the second James C. King will and that contract died when she died. Why should Means want to kill what was the most promising business proposition of his life? Undoubtedly so reasoned the jury which promptly acquitted Means of the false charge of murder at Concord, North Carolina.

From the moment that Means, on behalf of Maude C. King, notified the Northern Trust Company of the discovery of the second James C. King will—which would deprive them of the perpetual custody of the multi-millionaire King estate—commenced their machinations against Means! You see it in Dooling's prostitution of his office as assistant district attorney in New York when he raided Means' apartment and annexed all his papers, files and correspondence with absolutely no legal charge against Means in New York. You see it when Dooling tied up all of Means' money and all of his wife's money and all of his brother's money and all of his brother's wife's money on deposit in New York banks—all finally released. You see it in attorney Reichmann's letters to Dooling. You see it in the subsidizing of United States sleuth Ambrose at Concord, North Carolina, spending over

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six thousand dollars of Northern Trust Company's money in the futile effort to convict Means of a crime he never committed. You see it in attorney Reichmann's "conference" with Judge Horner—before the trial of the case before Judge Horner. You see it in the attendance of Dooling—hundreds of miles beyond his jurisdiction, for an alleged crime committed hundreds of miles beyond his jurisdiction—and his personal prosecution of Means on his trial at Concord, North Carolina. From every possible angle of this most amazing case from the moment of its knowledge of the discovery of the second James C. King will you see the golden hand of the Northern Trust Company protruding in its efforts to send an innocent man to the electric chair and to tie his hands and to discredit him in every possible way. From Chicago to New York to Concord, North Carolina, and back again to Chicago has ebbed and flowed the most amazing efforts on the part of a great trust company to ruin Gaston B. Means. And why?

Merely because he discovered—and entirely by accident—what Mrs. Maude C. King believed and what he believes and what many others believe to be the last will of James C. King; which, if proven, would deprive the Northern Trust Company of one of its "fattest trusts" and force it to disgorge from its coffers the James C. King millions or their proceeds.

Gaston B. Means has no more interest in the James C. King estate than you have. But he has a passion for justice and he is a live wire. And having been falsely charged

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with murder and having been falsely persecuted and prosecuted almost to his death he proposes to vindicate himself by proving the second James C. King will to be genuine, by prosecuting to success his suits against John T. Dooling and the Northern Trust Company for his false arrest and his malicious prosecution!

The retrial of the James C. King will case is now on in Chicago—not before Judge Horner this time—and we may again refer to it. We sorta like Gaston B. Means. He's a regular fellow and a heluva scrapper!



MUNITIONS OF LINGERIE



W

ILL some embattled bureaucrat from behind his bastion of red tape kindly uprear himself upon his hind legs and inform a waiting world—including millions of bamboozled taxpayers in the U. S. A.—why lingerie was essential to the walloping of the Germans? The “surplus stocks” of the A. E. F., sold to the thrifty French, disclose some weird munitions of war, including lingerie.

When the thrifty French bought Uncle Sam's surplus apparel overseas they inventoried the junk. Thousands of layettes all belaced, beruffled and befrilled were packed in serried cases awaiting occupants! We believe in preparedness but we leave it to you if thousands of layettes are commonly known as “munitions of war!” We believe in guard-

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ing against all possible eventualities—military or otherwise—but we leave it to you if thousands of layettes were necessary to “make the world safe for democracy!” We don’t seem to recall any “Gynecological Division” in the A. E. F. but evidently it was prepared—by bureaucracy—for the most desperate eventualities! Anyway those thousands of layettes never devastated Germany but every husband-seeking Marie, Louise or Fanchette sailing hitherwards from France is now armed with her own layette awaiting, eventualities—military or otherwise! But “layetting” a foreign foe is a new military maneuver!

Also when the thrifty French opened up cases labeled “woolen socks” they found oodles of fine silk hosiery not really intended for the husky male extremities of John Y. Doughboy! But perhaps there was among the A. E. F. an Amazonian Brigade of American Beauties designed to deploy on the battle front and entice the Heinies into captivity!

Also the thrifty French disinterred from their purchases cases of beribboned feminine underwear foamy and frilly with lace. Perhaps there was among the A. E. F. a Lingerie Battalion but we never knew that feminine bifurcated unmentionables ever shot holes in anything but bank accounts! Germany may have been bombarded with layettes, silk hoisery and foamy lingerie for all we know and if it was it was cheap ammunition compared to the cost of some shells mentioned in this issue!

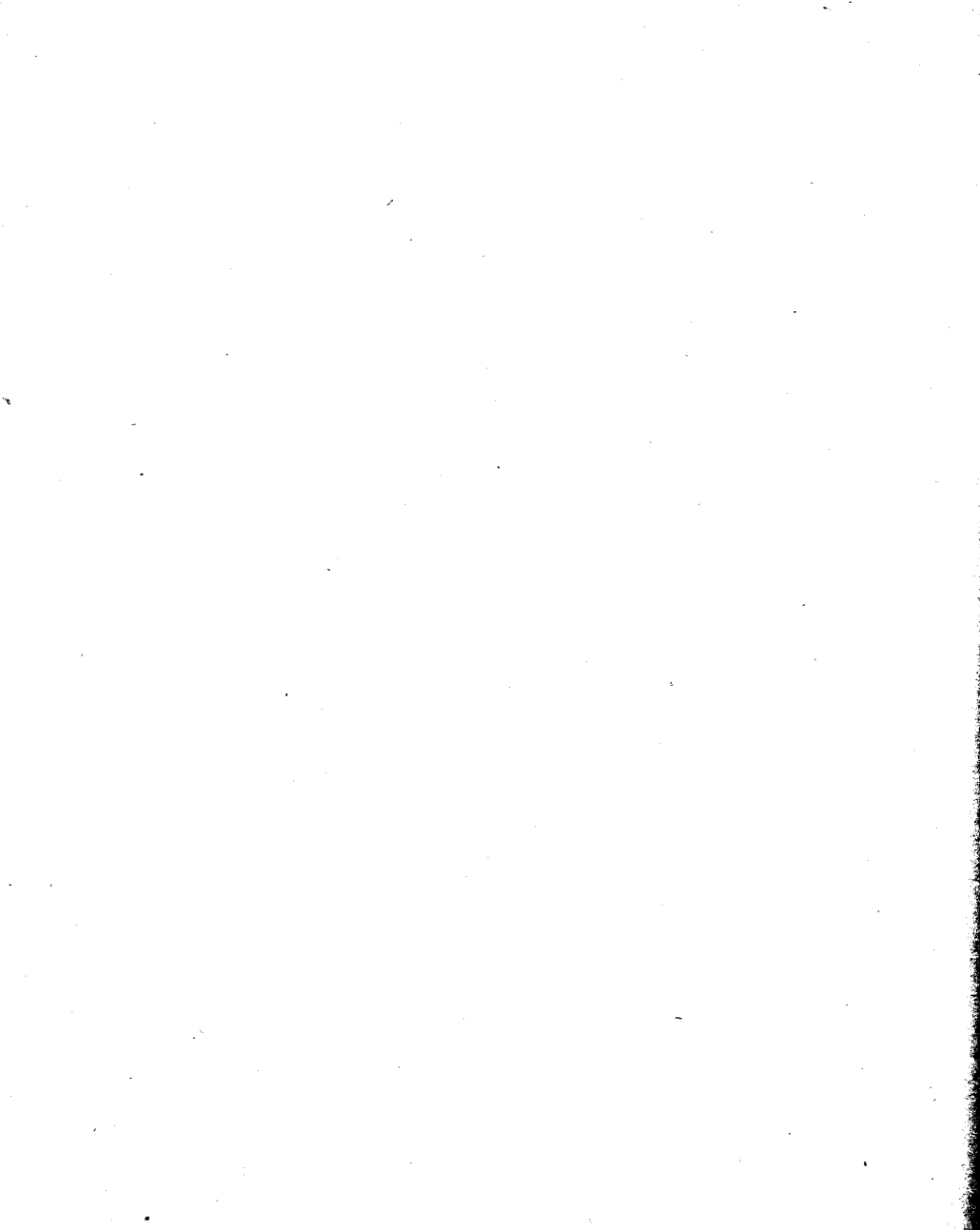
But after you get all through laughing about a husky doughboy searching for woolen socks and finding a pair of

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filmy, diaphanous hose, and searching for some good woolen underwear and finding a mess of beribboned, cobwebby, lacey, feminine unmentionables, you can get a soberer angle and here it is: Why should you and we be taxed, surtaxed, super-taxed and bond-sold on top of that to provide for such wanton waste?

Lingerie on the battle line is a good joke and a new war munition and all that but it took money—some of your money too—to buy layettes and silk hosiery and lacey lingerie to send overseas and to sell to France for a song! And doubtless we will be buying them back from the French at fancy prices with a Parisian label and thereby more American dollars will flow Francewards—where we paid trench rent to save their country for them and grave rent wherein lie our dead who died for them!







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