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Jim Jam Jems: February 1922

Sam H. Clark

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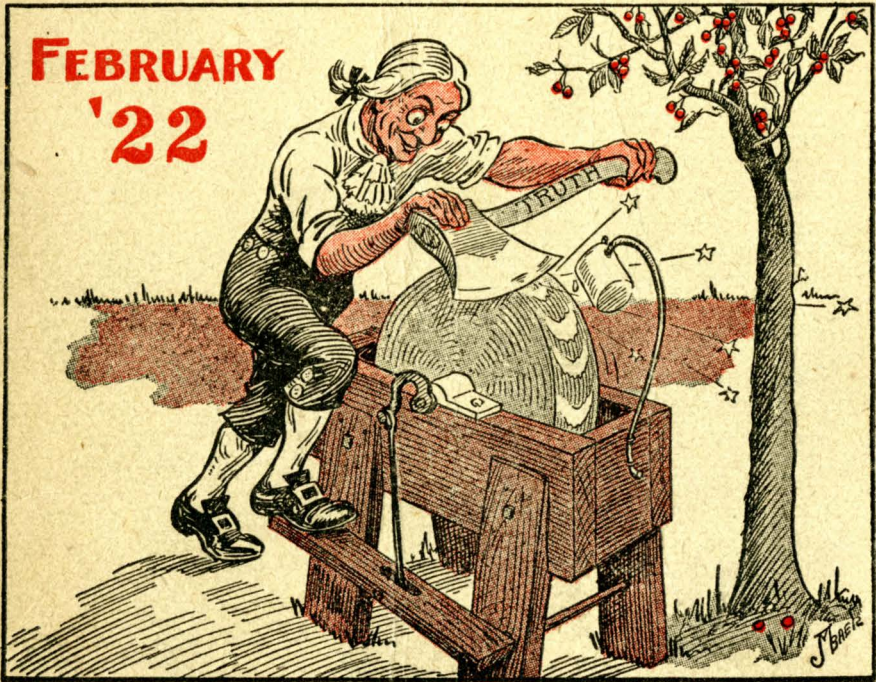
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JOS. G. HEYDUK

Jim Jam Jems

BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

FEBRUARY
'22



A VOLLEY OF TRUTH



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

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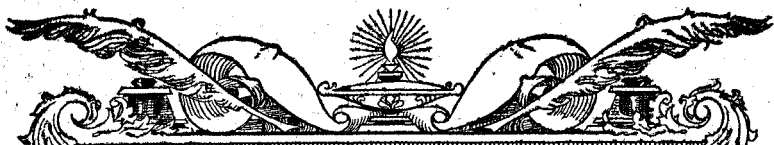
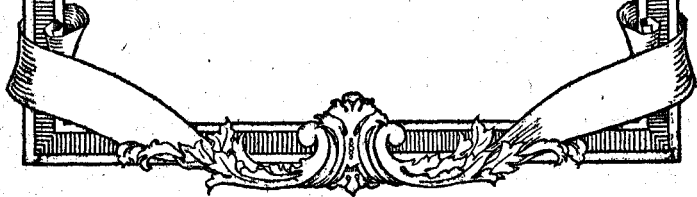
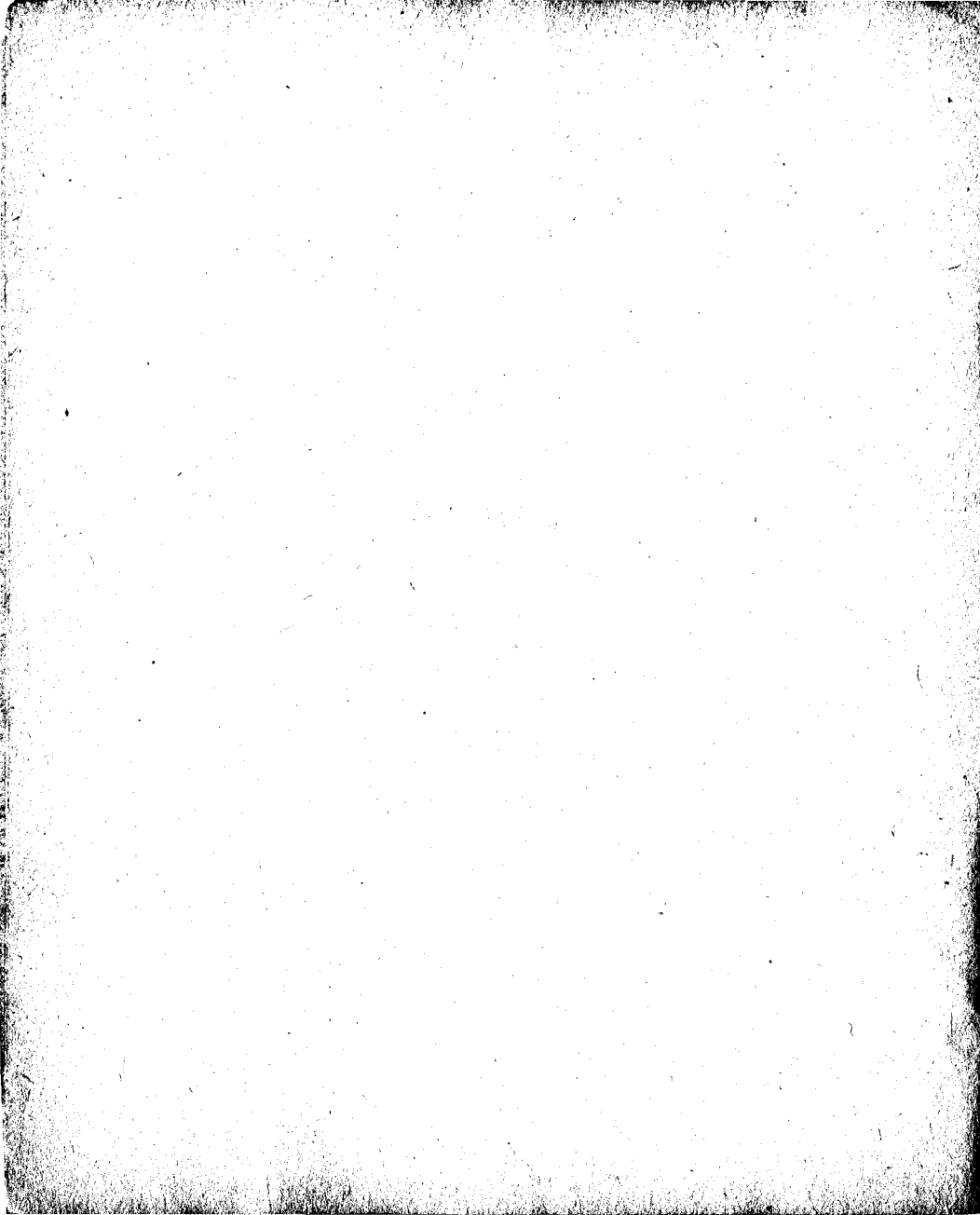


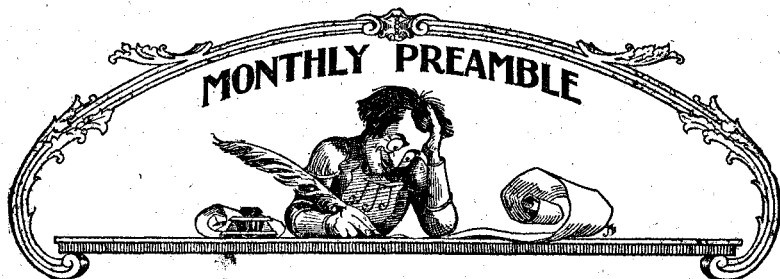
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It was just a ten-line news item in a little country newspaper published on the outskirts of civilization away up in the Northern Minnesota woods. But some one of the hundreds of people who read it casually, knowing what it might mean to us, marked the item and sent us a copy of the paper. And this is what we read:

SAM COOKE PASSES.

Sam C. Cooke, Municipal Judge of Chisholm, died suddenly at his office on Wednesday. Judge Cooke practiced law at Warren for many years, also at Badger, and was a partner at one time of Sam Clark of Jim Jam Jems at Thief River Falls. He has many friends in this section of the state who will regret to hear of his passing.

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It is not our intent here to write a eulogy or an obituary for Sam Cooke. He was not a great man and never did anything to give him any especial prominence even in the communities where he worked and lived. Aside from the immediate neighborhood where he practiced law or administered justice, he was unknown. We doubt if a dozen readers of Jim Jam Jems will recall ever having heard of or seen the man. But we would feel that we had been unfaithful to the strong friendship and ungrateful to the man, Sam Cooke, did we not say a word now when the end has come to this man with whom we were associated in our first and only attempt at the practice of law. By a strange coincidence his name was Sam Clark Cooke. The firm name was Cooke & Clark. Our friends called us Big and Little Sam. "Big Sam" was a gentleman of the old school, twenty-five years our senior. He was an Eastern graduate, coming to Minnesota from Pennsylvania when both he and Minnesota were young. He had practiced law a quarter of a century before we commenced to study. As a counsellor and a "pleader," he had no peers and few equals in the territory where he practiced. And paradoxical though it is, Sam Cooke earned and deserved the title "an honest lawyer." He was deficient in just one line and that was a big handicap to him. He could not "make an argument" or address a jury. In his office he was a keen counsellor but in the court room he was a flat failure when it came to the oral argument of a law point or the haranguing of a jury. When the partnership of Cooke & Clark was formed it was well understood that the junior member of the

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firm was a simple necessity—that is we didn't know any law—but when it came to puncturing large rectangular orifices in Heaven's imperial concave with sesquipedalian phraseology we were about the most bombastic spouter that the natives of that particular section had ever listened to. Our agreement was simple. Big Sam said to us "I'll get you into court, sit behind you and watch the record and endeavor to keep you in court, and it is up to you to do all the talking." How well do we recall one of our first experiences in court. We had undertaken the defense of a man charged with first degree manslaughter. In a free-for-all fight he had been singled out as the man who had rapped a neighbor on the head with an ice-maul. Big Sam had carefully planned the defense. Our only hope was to prove an alibi for our client. We were going to locate him several yards away from the point where the man was hit and thereby prove that it was impossible for him to have committed the act. We made a very elaborate examination of jurors. Among them was a Dutch hotel keeper named Ro-beck. We had exhausted all of our peremptory challenges and the stubborn Dutchman wouldn't disqualify himself and we were in a quandary what to do to keep the fellow from serving on the jury as our client mildly informed us that the fellow would sure hang him if he got the chance. So we decided to attack the man's nationality in an attempt to show that he did not have a sufficient knowledge of the English language to intelligently grasp what would be presented at the trial. But the fellow insisted that he could

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understand so we went at him thusly: "Now Mr. Robeck, you say you understand all that has been said and done here in this trial as far as it has proceeded. Now for instance, the defense here will base its case entirely on one point. We are going to prove an alibi for this defendant, and I would like to ask you do you know what I mean when I refer to an alibi? Would you know what we were talking about when we say this defendant has a complete alibi?" The old fellow nodded his head. We felt that we had hit him a hard one and were quite satisfied with ourselves. So we continued: "All right Mr. Robeck, you say you understand what an alibi is, now just explain to the court in your own words what you understand an alibi to be." The juror looked at the floor a minute and everyone seemed quite amused over the predicament we had placed him in. We waited patiently for the answer, wearing a very satisfied look as we glanced over the courtroom audience. Then it came like a bolt of lightning. "Well, Mr. Clark," said the juror, "it is chust this way—an alibi is chust a case vere you vasn't there ven you did it."

We might go on reminiscencing for pages. The years we spent as Big Sam's partner were filled with thrills and experiences that were invaluable. Some of the happiest, and by the same token some of the saddest experiences of our life came to us while we practiced law with Sam Cooke, and the relationship that existed between us was more that of father and son than partners. But the time came when we succumbed to an attack of Western fever. Some of our

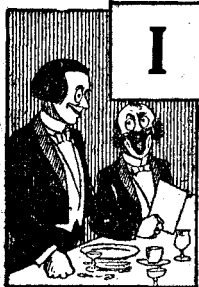
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friends told us we were a dum fool to stick around in a country town practicing law. "Get out west where young men have opportunity to do big things. You'll be a wonder." That sort o' talk got to us. Our ego—and we were never lacking in it—expanded. We decided to go west and make it surrender to our brilliance. So one day we just willed our end of the law firm and business to Big Sam and sauntered forth to crystalize the career that seemed so certain. We didn't get very far west and hadn't been here very long before our hatband contracted. Our career as a great lawyer culminated in our hiring a whole horde of lawyers to keep us out of the clutches of a federal prosecution when we started Jim Jam Jems.

Fifteen years ago this very month we shook Big Sam's hand and said goodbye. There were tears in the old man's eyes when we turned away. And ours weren't anywhere near as dry as our throat. We never met again. Big Sam, content in a small sphere, moved two or three times to more prosperous communities, but always he remained in the Northern Minnesota "new country" where he came as a pioneer. Once we motored through the little village where he was municipal judge, but he was away on a vacation. Sometimes we heard of him through a mutual friend or acquaintance and at rare intervals we exchanged letters, but of late years we had lost all track of him. It is just the way of the world. Sam Cooke is dead, but the man as we know him will live always in our heart as the partner who loved us and had faith in us.

JIM JAM JUNIOR.

TREASURY THUGGERY



If a yeggman pours "soup" into your safe, blows it open, steals a thousand dollars and you can catch him "with the goods on him" you can get your money back and entomb him in a penitentiary with striped decorations. But if, by reason of taxation mandates, you have moved a thousand dollars of your money from your safe to the Treasury Vaults at Washington and it has been smoothly looted you are helpless.

You must send along some more to fill the pits emptied by lootage.

We are going to show you where Treasury thuggery—masked under the Wilsonized maladministration of your government—looted a billion and a half, one thousand five hundred million, dollars of your money and handed it over to foreign pillagers. We say that it was done as lawlessly as if a band of yeggmen had blown the Treasury Vaults.

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There has come into our possession—not intended for our eyes—a Confidential Report showing the finger prints of this lootage and we are going to take you into our confidence. It won't get you back your money but it will sharpen your eyes.

Here's the proposition, as simple as two and two making four. Your servants at Washington, paid by your money to administer its expenditure, were authorized to advance up to ten billion dollars of your money "*to foreign governments then engaged in war with the enemies of the United States.*" If language really means anything this language meant that the borrowers must be governments and must be engaged in war with the enemies of the United States. Store that in a mental pigeonhole and proceed.

Up to Armistice date, November 11, 1918, these loans had reached practically eight billion dollars.

If war, physical war, didn't end on November 11, 1918, when did it end? After that date did "the enemies of the United States" fire a gun, wage a battle or commit a solitary act of physical warfare? You know they didn't and your maladministration knew then that they didn't. On November 11, 1918, "the enemies of the United States" took the count and the World War was as dead as Caesar. There were oodles of funeral ceremonies but there wasn't any doubt about the corpse! If anything on this earth ever died the World War died on November 11, 1918.

But after that date, after the World War was but a stinking corpse, when there was no "war with the enemies of the United States" your treasury looters—paid by you to guard,

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not to loot your treasury—dumped a billion and a half more of your money into the pits of bankruptcy. They knew that they had no authority to make these loans and we are going to prove to you that they knew it and admitted they knew it.

On December 12, 1918, McAdoodleoo, then Secretary of your Treasury, appeared before a House Committee and asked for legislation to permit further loans and didn't get it! If he had authority why did he ask for it? But loans went on just the same—as lawlessly as if a yeggman blew your safe!

On February 15th, 1919, his successor, Secretary Glass—as smooth as his name—asked for the same authority from the same House Committee and didn't get it. But loans went on just the same—with the same lawlessness!

Now look at some details of this pillage. In February 1919 Great Britain bought with our borrowed money 30,000 tons of pork, *sold it to Germany*, got among other payments 100,000,000 German marks in gold and put it in its own treasury. Germany at that time—by a Wilsonized legal fiction—was still our technical enemy and Great Britain sells our enemy food products bought with our money, smugly pouches the gold into its own treasury and has the supernal gall to keep it when it is owing us titanic sums with even the interest unpaid! Thirty thousand tons of pork lowers our food supply, aids profiteering, is bought with our own money borrowed from us, feeds our foe and drops 100,000,000 gold marks into the British Treasury! Why if such an event was staged in a madhouse by a troop of Bedlamites it couldn't be any crazier,

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could it? Talk about "dollar diplomacy"! Here's some British "gold mark" diplomacy—into the millions at the expense of this land—which fades any diplomacy ever imagined. If this transaction—permitted and winked at by the Wilsonized and Anglicized maladministration of your government—wasn't the concentrated quintessence of British gall and greed and Wilsonized asininity furthered and fathered by official nincompoopery, you name it! That's our label on it. And the pill of pillage was gilded with "Hoover's approval" too. Did the letters U. S.—when stenciled by such imbecility—stand for United States or for Universal Sucker? If you know anybody or if you know anybody who knows any other body who can cite us to any like case of official imbecility since governments were born drop us a line. We'd like to embalm it in type.

Have some more. In the Spring of 1919—in the months of April and May to be exact—forty-eight millions of your liberty loan money, long after the war had actually closed, was loaned to Great Britain, to France and to Italy for the purpose of feeding Austria—then our technical foe! Money raised to prosecute the war, and long after its close, was loaned to feed the very people you were supposed to be fighting! If that wasn't mental topsy-turveydom you paste a label on it. That's what we call it. We had and have no objection, God knows, to feeding starving Austrians but we do object to having it done by a mess of Government bankrupt debtors at our expense when they get the credit and we get the cursing—and all with our money! Austria was still

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our foe—kept so for some purpose by Wilsonized damphoolishness—and we feed her with our money and our foreign debtors for billions get with our money credit for the “charity” we actually bestow! No, this fiasco, to the tune of forty-eight million dollars of your money, wasn’t pulled off in a madhouse, it was perpetrated at Washington by your skilled “diplomats and statesmen.” And it didn’t hurt profiteers in food stuffs either. It just helped to further vacuum clean bond-buyers and taxpayers’ pockets!

Have some more. One hundred thousand dollars of your money was handed to the then alleged Russian Government for expenses at the Versailles orgy. Why? It was the heluva “government” that couldn’t pay its own expenses to a “Peace Conference” wasn’t it? If this wasn’t merely a clever device for subsidizing and Wilsonizing Russia’s “Peace Conference” vote what was it? Did you intend your money voted “to win the war” to be used to subsidize a miscalled coterie yclept a “government”—which was but a paper joke at its best? You know you didn’t.

Also observe a “chocolate” drop of \$26,000 advanced to Liberia so that a mess of Liberian diplomats could strut about the Versailles “show.” Liberia never contributed a man, a gun, a ship or anything else to the World War. Liberia merely dropped into the jackpot a paper “declaration of war,” drew out \$26,000 in cash and an unexpended credit for \$4,974,000 besides. Some “chocolate soldiers,” these Liberian birds! And the last we heard a coterie of them were roosting at Washington, three years after the war was over,

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clamoring for that \$4,974,000 of your money. But Wilsonism wastrelcy had been kicked in the pants and they got no more "chocolate" drops!

Now watch just \$61,256,206.74 whiz into the pit of Czecho-Slovakian pillage. The first money was paid on November 15, 1918, *four days after the war was really closed*. Czecho-Slovakia had no government, wasn't a nation, had no boundary lines nor anything else pertaining to a real government—except our money—until June 1919. How could it be "engaged in war with the enemies of the United States" after the war had closed and when it wasn't a nation nor a government—nor the semblance of one—until after June 1919? But not content with lending Czecho-Slovakia \$61,256,206.74 to prosecute a war after the war had actually closed your maladministered misgovernment "sold" them \$20,621,994.54 of "war material" when there wasn't any war to fight and then "sold" them foodstuffs to the amount of \$6,348,653.56! You have the "demand paper" of Czecho-Slovakia for some \$88,225,000—and you'll be "demanding" it for some blue moons too. Every dollar of these millions was advanced by your misgovernment all the way from four days to two years after the war had really closed! Not one penny was advanced until after the Armistice was signed! How can a nation which didn't exist "prosecute a war" years after its close? If that wasn't treasury lootage on a gigantic scale you label it. That's the stencil we put on it.

Take now a hug from the Russian bear and listen to your financial ribs as they crack. Millions of your money went

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to the second-hand Kerenski Russian "government," then to the third-hand Kolchak Russian "government," then to the fourth-hand Wrangel Russian "government." Any bandit who could grab a few rooms in a deserted palace, annex a handful of bandit adherents, appoint a paper cabinet with a mess of "ski"-ending names and establish a ghost of a "government" could drag millions from your treasury. New "de facto" Russian "governments" blossomed through a Russian winter, decorated themselves with American gold and were carried away in the spring freshets of Bolshevism!

When it came to paying interest due the National City Bank of New York and other private holders of Russian securities or to paying interest due your government for Russian loans it didn't take your government long to decide in favor of the bankers. Here is Mr. Lansing's diplomatic language on that subject. "I believe that political considerations justify the government in postponing collection of the interest due it and, if another arrangement cannot be reached, allowing the Russian ambassador to pay the interest on obligations held by the banks and by the public, and defer payment on obligations held by the Treasury." Translated into understandable Americanese that means to let plutocracy get its interest and let American tax-payers sweat. So it was done. At that time Mr. Ughet—a very suggestive name—the Russian charge d'affaires, was wailing that he wanted to pay "interest of \$1,625,000 plus a commission of \$125,000 to the bankers." He paid it. Plutocrats "got theirs" and your Treasury enlarged its vacuum.

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Incidentally in order to increase your Treasury vacuum the sum of \$1,400,000 was paid the second-hand Kerenski Russian "government" for Russian ship hire instead of crediting that amount on its obligations as any sane business man would do. Mr. Uhget kept good his name and got it!

B. Bakhmeteff, "Extraordinary Russian Ambassador," backs himself out of the Russian scenario by casually handing your Treasury his I. O. U. for \$4,728,997.60 for interest due it! Micawber-like here was another debt paid! Mr. Uhget was a go-getter right! On May 1, 1919 he contributes his valuable I. O. U. for \$1,314,847.23 to your Treasury for interest due it. But he did pay \$875,000 "bankers commissions" for floating in this land a mess of Russian bonds—now badly water-logged! We could fill a large sized book with details of successive fantastic financierings by successive Russian "governments" whereby your Treasury vacuum was enlarged! They fed your Treasury "bunk" and your Treasury fed them money—about \$187,000,000 of it.

Now watch Greece—and "grease" is right too—"get away" with \$15,000,000 of your money long after war closed. There can't be the pretence nor the shadow of a pretence that Greece was then "engaged in war with the enemies of the United States." The first advance was made on December 15, 1919 *over a year after the war closed*, and the last advance was made September 17, 1920 *almost two years after the war closed!* It was nothing but a tripartite political bunco game with your Treasury the only loser. Great Britain and France "got away" and you got the hot potato left

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in your hand thusly. Copies of the correspondence in our possession—many pages of it—show that these advances were not made for war purposes but were made to rehabilitate Greece long after the war closed. The Venizelos government collapsed, King Constantine who had been kicked off the throne because of his pro-German leanings was returned to the throne and your money helped to “rehabilitate” a pro-German monarch! The correspondence shows that France advanced no money, that Great Britain advanced no money as both agreed to do, that your Treasury advanced \$15,000,000 and when it refused to advance more Greece tilted up its tariff on American oleomargarine 300 per cent! And there you are! Advances of \$15,000,000 made *from one to two years after the war closed* with your two allies reneging on their shares and a Greek tariff wall set up against American products—and all to aid a pro-German monarchy! If you can beat that for an international get-rich-quick-Wallingford bunco game we’ll lock up our shop and throw the key in the river! If that isn’t international bunco-steering you christen it. That’s the label we paste on it. From one to two years after the close of the war—waged to wallop autocracy and particularly pro-German autocracy—fifteen million dollars of your money goes to rehabilitate a pro-German monarch!

We have handed you just a few high lights of the Sack of your Treasury—just a little History As It Is before propaganda gold leaf can gild it. After you—and we—get over this shock we may hand out some more. It has fiction faded, hasn’t it?

“MARSE HENRY”



ENRY WATTERSON — affectionately known as “Marse Henry” by millions of admirers—has joined the immortals. He was our ideal editor and on his tomb we would place our poor wreath of appreciation.

He wielded the most picturesque and virile editorial pen in this land—or in any other. He not only made but he *was* the Louisville Courier Journal. He was the last of that old guard of real editors who stamped their personalities upon their papers. Greeley of the Tribune, Dana of the Sun, Bennett of the Herald, Pulitzer of the World and Watterson of the Courier Journal were a quintette to whom this land listened—before editors became unknown slaves chained to the golden chariots of the counting room. Do

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you know who is the editor today of any one of these papers? You do not. Editorials of today are written on the order of newspaper owners as nonchalantly as breakfast food is ordered for breakfast. Mr. Hearst, by wire, orders his editors to "make an editorial" walloping or paeianizing a given proposition. It is "made"—but you don't know who made it nor whether or not it expresses the opinions of its "maker."

To this pen servility and to this commercializing of mentality Henry Watterson never subscribed. You might or might not like his opinions but you knew what they were. His famous editorial "To Hell with the Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns" was the greatest editorial classic of the World War. It struck the keynote of American patriotism.

His idea of Journalism was "the art of knowing where hell is going, to break loose and having a man there to cover it." And that's the truth. It's the nose that scents real news and the courage to print it and to comment upon it that makes a real journalist instead of a pack of sycophantic lick-spittle money hounds—with whom Henry Watterson never ran. The matrix of his mentality was stamped on his paper. It was "Watterson's paper"—as much his as his moustache and goatee and his gray mane of hair. When he ceased to write its editorials they became merely colorless drabs. While he wrote them they were as vivid as the spectrum.

He was a Confederate and served in the Confederate Army. He loved "Dixie," its memories, its chivalries and

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its sacrifices. But when the war ended he accepted its decision. Henry Watterson's pen poured balm—not vitriol—upon North and South.

He was fearless. Early in his journalistic career he characterized New York "sassiety" women as "a flock of unclean birds" and his stencil stuck.

He was a Democrat. But he painted President Wilson's monumental ingratitude to George Harvey with crimson pen strokes and he walloped his sycophantic League of Nations with bloody welts. Neither politics nor expediency nor gold ever guided Henry Watterson's pen. It belonged to him and with it he registered his honest thoughts and drew the Truth as he saw it with bold strokes.

He served one term in Congress and refused a second for he disdained its inanities and deceptions. He had a better forum—the scores of thousands who daily read his pen product. When almost four score "Marse Henry" took a look into America's future thusly. It looked drab to him and thus he phrased it. "We are beginning to turn cranks. Look at Woman Suffrage! Look at Prohibition by acts of Congress and by Constitutional Amendment! Tobacco is next to walk the plank and Lord how glad I feel that I am nearly a hundred years old and shan't live to see it!" He was the Prince of good guessers at that but it isn't of record that Kentucky mint and the juice of the corn and "Marse Henry" ever became utterly estranged.

With his huge acquaintance, with his enormous popularity and with his overweening ability he could have amassed mil-

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lions. But money—except for daily needs—he disdained. Henry Watterson wielded no peon pen and traced no adulations for the Golden Calf. From the time he grasped it until it dropped from his feeble hand his pen strokes traced the Truth. Against the Rule of Gold he ever rebelled and for the Golden Rule he ever strove.

Among his last penned words—penned perchance with a premonition of his coming end—were these, regretting his inability to attend a Confederate reunion at Chattanooga. "It can not be long when we shall meet on that beautiful shore and when we meet, be sure the Bonnie Blue Flag will be flying at the fore and the bands will be playing 'Dixie' on parade, while the pretty girls will be distributing 'The Chattanooga Rebel' to groups of ragged, red-nosed angels who have not forgotten the Rebel yell."

That was Henry Watterson, his honest thoughts, his love for his old comrades of the gray, his thoughts harking back to early scenes and the final touch of his own picturesque humor!

As he lived he died—fearlessly and courageously fronting the foe he never feared. No more clarion voice was ever stilled, no more truthful pen ever dropped from wearied hand than when Henry Watterson—the last and greatest of the old guard of American editors—heard taps sound Here and answered reveille in the Hereafter.

GLAZED CHINA



BRET HARTE said it first thusly: "For ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain the heathen Chinese is peculiar." That was in the halcyon days of California Argonauts when John first formed his queue line through California mining camps.

It would be interesting to know just what Bret Harte would say today could he envisage the obscure tactics and the mental somersaults of the United States Department of Labor anent the landing of thirty-three Chinese infected with a contagious disease at San Francisco. Secretary Davis of the Department of Labor and his assistant E. J. Henning suddenly veered front when the elusive Orientals annexed a personal friend of Davis' and of Henning's as

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their legal luminary. Suddenly they "saw a great light" when their personal friend Charles A. A. McGhee threw it on the scene.

All California is up in arms over this official somersault. The California State Board of Health, headed by Dr. George Ebright, has sent deep moans to Washington. Dr. William G. Hassler, Health Officer of San Francisco, has forwarded canned sobs to Washington. They bumped against deaf ears. These Health officials might as well harangue against a gale.

Charles A. A. McGhee, attorney of Oakland, California, formerly law partner of Henning's in Milwaukee and in San Diego, prominent with Davis and Henning in the national affairs of the Loyal Order of Moose, is the candy kid who put the thing across.

For nearly two years attorney after attorney has vainly tried to land these Chinese. The United States District Court, the United States District Court of Appeals and the United States Supreme Court in succession turned down habeas corpus proceedings, declined to interfere with the ruling of the Public Health Service in Washington and held these Chinks on the outside of Uncle Sam's portals. These Courts held in effect that the Immigration law made deportation of these fifty-three Johns mandatory.

But what's the Immigration law among friends, especially when they're "chumming" with the Department of Labor? Nothing to it, Clarence—absolutely nothing to it—when attorney Charles double A-McGhee tosses the Immigration

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law on his Loyal Order of Moose horns and shreds it. Thusly he "horned in."

Fifty-three Chinese merchants—merchandising varieties of "commodities" in various parts of the U. S. A.—had gone to China on a visit, gradually drifted back and sought re-admission to this country on their passports and sundry other papers all in due form. The first of the bunch hove in port at San Francisco as early as May 1920 and others drifted along a few at a time during succeeding months. But they all brought back something they didn't take with 'em—chlonorchiasis. Chlonorchiasis is darned near as bad as it sounds. It is a disease of the liver fluke whereby you cease to live. It comes from eating too much raw or partially cooked fish. Small worms dig themselves into the liver, journey through the bodily excretions and are in turn eaten by fish or fowls and thereby infest other human livers. That's what the medical sharks say and mebbe it's so. Anyway the Public Health Service megaphones that it's incurable and classifies it as a "dangerous, contagious and loathsome disease." The Immigration law—so fragile among "friends"—declares that all aliens afflicted with such disease must be deported!

So the Chinese in question couldn't open the Golden Gate and were held up by Immigration Commissioner Edward White at Angel Island awaiting deportation.

The Chinese Six Companies put up an awful howl and got ready to move Heaven and earth and the Middle Kingdom to get the Chinks ashore. In addition to their annually-retained attorney John L. McNab, attorneys George McGowan

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and Joseph P. Fallon were also annexed. A hot fight was staged. They petitioned the Department of Labor fruitlessly. Then they bombarded Surgeon General Cumming of the Public Health Service with prayers to reclassify chlonorchiasis and to list it as outside of the "dangerous, contagious and loathsome" catalogue. They claimed that so long as the person afflicted therewith remained in a salt water port and lived where all sewer connections were with the bay or the ocean there could be no contagion. Surgeon General Cumming "stood pat." Attorney McNab then offered to equip and man and maintain a separate hospital in San Francisco, under Government supervision, and to employ the most celebrated medical authorities on chlonorchiasis to attempt a cure—if only Secretary Davis would let the Chinese land.

Nothing doing.

Then Fallon and McGowan tried the habeas corpus route in the United States Courts. The Courts upheld the Surgeon General's ruling and exeunt Fallon and McGowan in McNab's footprints. In despair the Six Companies, the chlonorchiasis victims and the defeated attorneys appealed to Bouvee & Parker, a firm of Washington attorneys specializing on Immigration law. But they couldn't open the Golden Gate.

Something doing.

Enters on the scene Charles A. A. McGhee. McGhee hadn't been long in California but he had been making quite some noise since his advent. In 1918 he vainly tried to annex the Republican nomination for Governor. Later he was an

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unsuccessful candidate for United States Attorney. Later he held high his horns in the organization of the Loyal Order of Moose in California. Secretary of Labor Davis heads this herd. Henning, McGhee's former law partner, also issues a loud Moose whistle. When Davis was appointed Secretary of Labor he took Henning with him into his Department and wanted McGhee to come too—so McGhee says.

Anyway Chinatown jabbered that a Daniel had come to reverse unpleasant judgments. And it proved a true prophecy.

Also one Embert Lee, a Chinese interpreter, salaamed before the Six Companies and whispered to the Changs and to the Hsuis and to the Wongs and to other warring or peaceful tongs these magic words: "You ketchum McGhee, he allee same fixit."

But this whisper had echoes. It reached the Immigration authorities and especially Assistant Commissioner William Boyce who was cagey. Embert Lee, the whispering interpreter, had once been barred from Angel Island because of some darksome manipulations and the Immigration authorities were on the alert. McGhee's magic hand wired to Washington and secured by return wire an order that Embert Lee be permitted to visit the Immigration station at Angel Island.

More doing.

A delegation from the Six Companies prostrated themselves before Moose McGhee. Could he chlorinate the chlorochiastic Asiatics? His Mooseship would try. He entered into a contract whereby he first enfolded \$1,000 in cash

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and was to enfold the further sum of \$15,000 if he opened the Golden Gate to forty or more of the debarred Chinese. If he didn't land that number he was to receive \$300 for every Chink he did land!

The Six Companies notified their regular attorney, McNab, and asked him if he "wanted in" on the deal. He said he didn't—and said it in writing too. He notified Bouvee & Parker in Washington to make a protest to the Labor Department. McNab and his associates knew full well of the friendship existing between Davis, head of the Department of Labor and Henning his assistant, and McGhee and felt that happenings were in the offing.

More doing.

Well, it happened, alright alright. McGhee scouted east. The result was a wire order from the Department of Labor to the San Francisco Immigration Commissioner notifying the Commissioner that the chlonorchiastic Chinks were to be released provided a suitable bond were put up by the Six Companies! McGhee returned triumphant. He claimed that he had seen the Surgeon General and that while he wouldn't reclassify chlonorchiasis he had admitted that under proper supervision, with the Chinese retained in a salt water port, the danger of contagion would be minimized. With this revised medical opinion he coyly called on his pals, Davis and Henning.

All over with.

When Immigration Commissioner White read the wire order from the Department of Labor he threw up his hands

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and emitted some saint-shocking language. Deputy Commissioner Boyce wired a protest to Washington but in vain. No reply came.

McGhee and the Six Companies went right ahead with their bond factory. The Chinese Six Companies pledged themselves, at the rate of \$200 per Chink, to guarantee that those landed stayed in San Francisco and that they would immediately report to all demands of inspection made by the Immigration authorities. The State and local Health authorities in California protest that the Department of Labor is violating the very Immigration laws it is supposed to enforce. Lawyers protest that the Chinese Six Companies can not, under the law, run a bond factory.

But Davis, head of the Department of Labor, and Henning his assistant, sat tight with McGhee. Davis, when interviewed in Washington, declared that his and Henning's friendship for McGhee "had nothing to do with the case." He was surprised—in fact positively shocked—when he heard that McGhee was getting \$15,000 for the job! Surgeon General Cumming and assistant Surgeon General Creel declared that they had never reclassified chlonorchiasis, that it was still a "dangerous, contagious and loathsome disease" and denied that they had advised the Department of Labor to release the Chinks. Anyway up to this writing thirty-three of the chlonorchiasic Chinks have shuffled through the Golden Gate. The San Francisco Health Officer, Dr. Hassler, searched for them. All he found was that between sun and sun and despite bonds or anything else they had scattered

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to the four winds of Heaven, to Yuma, to Pittsburgh and to various interior California towns—where sewage to salt water has been deferred until the United States joins the League of Nations.

The Immigration law is deader than Caesar, the Surgeon General is all wrong, the Commissioner of Immigration isn't on to his job and the United States District Court, the United States Circuit Court of Appeals and the United States Supreme Court don't know any law—when McGhee's magic hand moves the gears of the Department of Labor!

McGhee seraphically smiles, fingers' his fees and says it's all right—that he can produce his clients whenever they are wanted. And throughout Chinkdom chortles this sage advice: "You ketchum McGhee—he allee samee fix it."



DYER ANTI-LYNCHING BILL



THE Dyer Bill, walloping the savagery of lynching, is dyed with the extract of the Golden Rule and it isn't going to die if JIM JAM JEMS' can help it.

There's just a little law—not enough to scare you—in the mess and the heluva lot of damphool hypocrisy.

Take the law first. It's as clear as God's sunlight in the eye of truth. Some sixty years ago there was passed the Fourteenth Amendment to your Constitution which in effect prohibited any State from depriving any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law. From 1889 to December 31, 1921 there have been pulled off in the U. S. A. 3,434 known lynchings—every one of them a violation of the Fourteenth Amendment. Sixty-four of these barbarities

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have been perpetrated upon women. In the case of one woman a babe awaiting birth was disemboweled from her quivering body. Nose-ringed savages and cannibal torturers can get pointers from U. S. A. lyncheries when it comes to the applied artistry of torture. Of all the lynch hounds in the U. S. A. composing the scores of thousands of lynchers perpetrating these atrocious orgies one—just one at Duluth, Minnesota—was convicted in court! The blood-stained hands of the rest of the scores of thousands instead of being manacled have been grasped in congratulations!

Here's the idea. When States or Counties permit and paeinize and adulate lynchers—everyone of them just red-handed murderers—instead of preventing their orgies and punishing them aren't they depriving their citizens, the lynched, of their lives without due process of law? Of course they are, and they know it and you know it. Lynchers haven't been convicted, they have been sanctified. In other words the Fourteenth Amendment has been deader than Caesar and is the most stenchful legal cadaver of which we wot.

The Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill pulmotors life into it. It makes officials who permit lynchings and every member of a mob who participates in lynchings felons and punishes them from five years up to life imprisonment. But it does more and right here is where the shoe clamps down on hypocrisy's bunions. It fines every County which permits a lynching to be staged within its borders \$10,000! This would bankrupt some Southern Counties and walls pierce the Southern Cross.

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It's all right to "roast coons" till it costs money, isn't it? It's all right to disembowel, or to burn at the stake, or to mutilate or to lawlessly hang helpless human beings until it costs money, isn't it? When so-called "chivalry" must pay for its disgusting orgies it is nauseated and moans! That's the medicine that's "good for what ails it," that's the gold cure that cures and savagery locks its lips against the dose.

Here's the second idea and it's hypocrisy's choicest gem. There's the heluva difference in Constitutional Amendments. The paeinized Prohibition monstrosity prohibits liquor in the U. S. A. No trouble about passing Bills in Congress to make that effective, was there? Any blue-nosed, weird and illegal legislation to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment could get it by the cart load.

In less than *sixty days* after the Eighteenth Amendment was passed you had barrels full of laws to make it effective and when, *sixty years* after the passage of the Fourteenth Amendment, you seek to make it effective Hypocrisy squats on its hams and yips till it splits its bigoted throat! It wants the "Amen" in the Eighteenth Amendment—but it won't have it in the Fourteenth! It enchains personal liberty to indigoed bigotry but human life is a cipher in its councils!

The very same gangs of blue-nosed snoopocrats who clank their chains of the enslavement of personal liberty about the Eighteenth Amendment won't let you forge a single link about the Fourteenth Amendment!

If you know of any more stenchful mess of applied Hypoc-

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risy in this land drop us a line. We'd like to embalm it in the amber of our comment.

And, oh yes, Hypocrisy serves notice on the Press and on the stage that it mustn't crack jokes about Prohibition's futile failures. And we're looking for notice from the same Bigoted Brigade of Pecksniffs that we mustn't advocate the enforcement of the Fourteenth Amendment. You mustn't "josh" Prohibition's weird and futile anticry and you must padlock your lips and your typewriter when you would save human life! Ain't it Hell?

Just as we go to press our Ohio correspondent informs us that Miss Georgia Hopley of Bucyrus, Ohio, has been "appointed to organize and direct the constructive publicity bureau provided by law as an adjunct to the Volstead act." We gamble Miss Hopley will "hop to it" and farmers by the light of their corn-fed fires will be glad to know that some of their tax-wrung money is being spent to press-agent and adulate the worst piece of liberty-assassinating legislation which ever disfigured a Statute book.

JOS. G. HEYDUK

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THE BRIGADE OF BIGOTRY



WE refer to the Brigade of Bigotry calling itself the Lord's Day Alliance with Rev. Harry L. Bowlby bawling in its van. We want you to read its indigo-dyed program for its crape-draping orgy. It's as bigotrous a scheme as was ever spawned in the brain cells of intolerant tyranny.

Here are the slugs of gloom the strutting Bowlby proposes to shoot into your Sunday—your hard-earned day of rest and recreation. Look 'em over.

"We shall try to close the base ball parks, the golf links, the motion picture and other theaters, the concert halls, the

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amusement parks, the bathing beaches and so on. We shall fight all amusements where an admission fee is charged. We shall oppose golf, tennis, baseball, football and other sports, even if purely amateur and void of financial cost to those watching or taking part, because they set bad examples for children who might otherwise be content to go to Sunday School.

"We shall seek to resist the sale of gasoline for pleasure automobiles and urge other measures that will stop Sunday automobiling and joy riding. This will not bring back the old-fashioned horse and buggy because we believe that the Lord's day should be a day of rest for man and beast. Excursion steamer rides on Sunday will be opposed by us on the ground that they are unnecessary to the moral welfare of Christian America.

"I see no reason why the public libraries or the art galleries should remain open on Sunday. We shall seek to eliminate the huge Sunday newspapers and establish a censorship over the stuff that gets into them on other days.

"We propose to close all stores, pharmacies excepted, and it is our hope that the pharmacies may be limited to the sale of medicines only on Sunday.

"We believe that if we take away a man's motor car, his golf sticks, his Sunday newspapers, his horses, his pleasure steamship, amusement house and parks, and prohibit him from playing outdoor games or witnessing field sports he naturally will drift back to church."

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. How do these Deformed Reformers propose to manacle and handcuff free America to pillars of gloom one seventh of their lives? Just thusly: "We are well financed. We shall work in every Congressional District in every State. We shall agitate and spread propaganda and cause voters to write unceasingly to their Representatives in Congress until no Congressman who cares to stay in Congress will dare refuse to vote for our measures. *These were the methods used by the Anti-Saloon League and they were effective.*" Having once successfully burglarized personal liberty with prohibition the same safe breakers propose to again use the same sets of jimmies in the same way!

Chief thug Bowlby megaphones that his myrmidons are practically all the religionists in the U. S. A. with these few exceptions thusly: "Only the Roman Catholics, the Unitarians, the Seventh-day Adventists and the Jews are outside this movement. And to be perfectly frank with you they will have to conform to the laws if we succeed. The Jews will have to observe our Sabbath."

We'll say this for Bowlby—and it's all we can say,—that he boldly bawls out his tyrannous program of highbindery. He clanks before the eyes of America the very manacles, gyves and other ironmongery with which he proposes to bigotrously shackle liberty and freedom of conscience. But "forewarned is forearmed" and if liberty and freedom of conscience are worth having aren't they worth fighting for? We say they are—from 1776 right down to 1922!

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Here's the central thought of Bowlby's liberty assassination program. He knows that he can't legislate humanity into churches but Hun-like he proposes to post "verboten" on every avenue of sane and harmless pleasure and recreation on Sunday and thereby force them into Morgues of Gloom manacled to beliefs against which their consciences protest! Bowlby and his fellow Deformed Reformers were littered too late, they should be yipping and yapping centuries rearward! Such dogs of bigotry as they are have been chained and kenneled in this land ever since the Constitution of the United States ended their forays!

Do you want baseball parks, golf links, tennis courts, concert halls, bathing beaches, motion picture theaters and all the like harmless amusements with "verboten" signs nailed across them on Sunday?

Do you want yourself or your children branded as criminals if you or they play golf, tennis, baseball, basketball or football on Sunday?

Do you want your public libraries and public art galleries closed on that day of all days—Sundays—when the public most throngs them?

If you want to go picnicking on a Sunday do you want to be branded as a criminal because you use an automobile or a horse or an excursion steamer for that purpose? After you have worshipped Jehovah in spirit and in truth in His House in the morning is it a crime to worship His marvelous handiwork of nature in the afternoon? Doesn't Jehovah

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Speak to His children in waving fields, in purling brooks, in rustling trees, in fragrant flowers, in azure skies and in entrancing sunsets as much as He does 'neath the vaulted ceiling of a Church? Aren't you as near God with His canopy o'er your head, with his verdure beneath your feet and with His marvels all about you as you are in a stuffy Church listening to the dronings of some brain-bound droner? We gamble you are nearer to Him.

We say that this whole scheme of the Deformed Reformers to crape-drape Sunday in drooping festoons of gloom is nothing but a Pecksniffian, Puritanical, Methodistical combination of trade malice and hokum. We say that the attempted forging of handcuffs and manacles by these Deformed Reformers for Sunday engyvement is directly opposed to Jehovah's command that "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath."

We said it was "Methodistical trade malice" and we are going to show you why hypocritical Methodism is really the core and center of the whole mess of Deformed Reformers' damphoolery. In 1872 the Methodist Episcopal Church wrote in its statute book a prohibition, under penalty of expulsion, of dancing, of theater attendance, of circus attendance, of card playing and the like. In other words some eighty per cent of the inhabitants of the U. S. A. aren't eligible for membership in Methodism! But worse than that, over eighty per cent of the membership of Methodism is liable to expulsion! Of course that Methodist law on Methodist

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statute books is deader than Caesar and is getting very stenchful. Methodism is in the heluva fix. It hasn't the "guts" to repeal its damphool prohibition of sane amusement disfiguring its Church statutes. Neither has it the "guts" to expel the vast majority of its membership who regularly violate those Church statutes. Methodism moans and rocks between the devil and the deep sea on this proposition and it decided to embrace the devilish device of getting State laws to do for it what its own Church laws couldn't do! That's the real mainspring of the Lord's Day Alliance Brigade of Bigotry. Unable to enforce their own discipline—from which almost their entire membership constantly revolts—they want the State to do it for 'em! If this isn't a joinder of Church and State, if this isn't a typical Pecksniffian device of Methodistical hypocrisy to violate the Constitution of the United States, and to legislate sectarianism into the law of the land what is it? That's what this Brigade of Bigotry is trying to do—to legally coerce the consciences and the various religious beliefs of the U. S. A. And the scheme is worthy the whining, puling, renegeing hypocrisy of sectarianism which hasn't the "guts" either to repeal or to enforce its own Church Statutes. If it repeals them it confesses it has been wrong since 1872 when it enacted them and if it enforces them it practically expels its entire membership.

That's the beginning—and it will be the end too—of this Brigade of Bigotry all cluttered up with a mess of Deformed Reformers trying to get the State to make and enforce upon

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everybody a clutteration of damphool laws which it can't enforce on its own membership! It's precisely what we call it—a Brigade of Bigotry slouching along to the tune of the Rogue's March with the Dead March in Saul next on its program.

You can't stencil "verboten" against sane amusements—necessary to the recreation of weary humanity—on one seventh of Jehovah's horologue. He never did.



MEDICAL TYRANNY



YOU ARE hereby invited to uncurtain your eyes and to view upon the screen of fact a series of medical tyrannies "pulled off" upon Mrs. Jennie Barmore of 100 West 113th Place, Chicago.

Mrs. Barmore is sixty-eight years of age and supported herself and her disabled husband, aged seventy-two, by keeping boarders until medical thugocracy pauperized them.

Here is precisely how this thuggery reel first unwound itself. One of Mrs. Barmore's boarders, whose name is of no moment to this tale, fell ill. The medico who attended him was Doctor Sonnenfeld of Michigan Avenue. He diagnosed the illness as "parenchymatous nephritis." Translating that medical jaw-fracturing gibberish into Americanese it means inflammation of the kidneys with destruction of their sub-

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stance. The man was taken to a Chicago hospital where he died of that disease according to their certified records. The body was shipped to Iowa and was buried—still dead of “parenchymatous nephritis.” Several weeks after some so-called “laboratory” examined what it claimed—and may not have been—was a specimen of the long-buried man’s excreta and decided that he had died of typhoid fever! Dr. Sonnenfeld’s diagnosis, the hospital records, the death certificate, the health board’s records and the name of the disease were revised and arbitrarily altered and the man was declared to have died of typhoid fever! Medical wizardry can and does reverse itself and its records faster than any other lightning change artist—when it has an object in it.

What was the sole object of all this altered and reversed medical wizardry? Just to “get” Mrs Barmore at whose house the dead man had boarded. Just to arrest and isolate and immure and hospitalize a poor woman as innocent of that man’s death as you are by branding her as a “typhoid carrier!” Thusly it was worked.

Weeks after this man was dead—of inflammation of the kidneys—a gang of medical highbinders under the orders of chief highbinder Robertson posing as health commissioner raided the Barmore residence. They demanded that Mr. and Mrs. Barmore be serum squirted for typhoid fever. The Barmores refused to be bullied. They were well and wanted to stay so. They absolutely refused to be inoculated with slugs of poison to cure them of a disease they had never had and were never likely to have.

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Thereupon disease director and serum squirter Robertson through his sub-highbinders posted a typhoid fever quarantine sign on the Barmore residence. But no one residing there then had, or ever had, typhoid fever so down went the sign and up went the temperature of the would-be serum squirters!

Thereupon Mrs. Barmore—perfectly hale and hearty—was forced by tyrannical medical thuggery to go to a hospital for a test! Her clothing was taken away from her. She was forcibly put to bed and her bodily discharges were subjected to “analysis.” After the solemnization of these witchcraft rites Mrs. Barmore was haled to the so-called Health Office—really the Allopathic Liberty Assassinator's Headquarters—at the City Hall. There she was told that she was a “typhoid carrier”—whatever that is—and was thereupon sentenced for life to never again prepare or serve any food except to herself and her husband!

This was worse than a sentence of death to this honest hard-working woman and to her husband disabled by rheumatism. Taking boarders and cooking and serving meals was her business. This ukase or decree—without court, judge or jury—meant pauperization to this aged pair. Talk about star chambers! Talk about secret condemnations! Talk about autocratic tyranny! Why such medical thuggery has Czarism, in its palmiest days, beaten at the starting post!

Poor Mrs. Barmore was almost frantic. Some bystanders suggested that as Czar Robertson had deprived her of her

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means of livelihood he ought to furnish her some employment. Thereupon this icy-veined, strutting assassinator of personal liberty sneeringly said: "I might give her Rough on Rats or arsenic to peddle!"

She was ordered absolutely not to give her boarders meals that night nor to ever again prepare or serve any food except to herself or her husband. Why? Because Allopathic high-binery claimed to have discovered some typhoid bacilli in Mrs. Barmore's bodily discharges. It wasn't proven that Mrs. Barmore or her husband or any of her family or any of her boarders ever had suffered from typhoid fever—much less got it from her! If this wasn't Allopathic witchcraft run mad what was it?

Mrs. Barmore—aged but gritty—rebelled and attempted to carry on her business as usual. Thereupon medical thugery—as lawless as any Jesse James gang—posted a Typhoid Fever "Carrier" sign on the front and back doors of the Barmore residence and at the point of a revolver kidnapped Mrs. Barmore, who was in perfect health, incarcerated her in the Cook County Hospital, stripped her of every stitch of her clothing and locked her up! If this wasn't—without any trial, hearing or legal judgment—high-handed thuggery, what was it? Before the French Revolution the Bastille was cluttered with victims immured without trial. Before the Russian debacle Siberian mines were cluttered with victims immured there by autocratic "order"—like Czar Robertson's "order."

Inside of a few hours a Writ of Habeas Corpus was sued

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out by Clarence Darrow, one of medical highbinder's most hated antagonists, and Mrs. Barmore was released while the whole mess is before the Illinois Supreme Court.

Right here and now we file our brief in the Court of Public Opinion.

Czar Robertson claims that Mrs. Barmore is a "typhoid fever carrier." But it has never been shown that she infected a human being with the disease—not one! Her husband, her son and none of her boarders—whose food she had prepared for years—had ever had typhoid fever! What is a "typhoid fever carrier" anyway? It's a figment of the mazzuma-heated imagination of a gang of Allopathic liberty assassins—that's all it is. Every human being, according to Allopathic wizardry and witchcraft, carries about in the system billions of various bacilli, typhoid bacilli among them. If these billions of bacilli were destructive of human life this earth would long since have been as devoid of human life as an egg is of hair. Census reports would long since have been a mere string of rimless ciphers. The whole craze of these bacilliphobists is a cross between an insane obsession and a club for the destruction of personal liberty with a money-annexing attachment. At its best it's nothing but strutting boobery!

Many very eminent bacteriologists contend that all these various bacilli—including typhoid fever bacilli—instead of being the cause of disease are really scavengers employed in warring against disease!

Here's another proposition. After these Allopathic thugs

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get enough innocent people branded as "disease carriers" and quarantined and reduced to penury and ticketed for the almshouse how many are going to be left to support the pauperized?

Here's another proposition. You may be the next one. It's just as easy for some Allopathic medical thug—who has some grudge against you—to kidnap you at the point of a revolver, incarcerate you and pauperize you as it was for Czar Robertson to pauperize the Barmores. Witchcraft orgies had quite a run at Salem you'll remember!

Here's another proposition. Did you ever hear of a person of wealth and position being branded as a "disease carrier" or kidnapped or falsely quarantined? You did not and you never will. It's always the poor, the helpless, those unable to legally battle for their rights whom medical thugocracy seeks to enslave or ruin. Do you suppose that if Mrs. Barmore had been one of the bedizened residents of Chicago's Gold Coast and refused Czar Robertson's serum squinteries that she would have been kidnapped at the point of a revolver, incarcerated in a hospital, stripped of her clothing and treated worse than a criminal? You know she wouldn't. You know it's only the poor and the supposedly helpless upon whose backs Allopathic thuggery curls its lash! Allopathic witchcraft rites never find "typhoid carriers" among the well-to-do you'll notice.

This Barmore case—as rotten an attempt to assassinate personal liberty as ever was attempted by Allopathic Czarism—is going to be fought to a finish. If an arrogant medi-

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cal sect is going to strut over the Constitution and the laws of this land and make personal liberty a thing of the past we want to know it.

Brethren, you might as well stare Allopathic thuggery squarely in its arrogant face. The battle is on and on all over this land. It's a real one too. Over thirty-five million free people don't believe in and won't submit to pus punchery, serum squirtery, bacilliphobia, disease carriers and all the like boobery as touted—for money only—by Allopathic highbindery and thuggery.

Are free Americans going to be kidnapped, incarcerated and pauperized—without a trial or a hearing or a judge or a jury—just because some preening Allopathic thug says so? Are free Americans going to be fitted to Allopathic handcuffs, imprisoned and pauperized as “typhoid carriers”—without a scintilla of proof—at the whim of Allopathic Czar-dom? Is the Barmore kidnappery, incarceration and pauperization going to be re-enacted all over this land just when and where Allopathic Czardom wills? Haven't believers in Osteopathy, Chiropractic, Christian Science and other methods of drugless healing as much rights as the sect of Allopathy? We say they have!

There isn't the difference of the width of a flea's eyelash between the old Salem witchcraft and the new Allopathic witchcraft of “typhoid carriers.” Salem witchcraft carried its innocent victims to the scaffold and “typhoid carriers” witchcraft carries them to imprisonment, to despoilment and to pauperization. But it's the same wolf of persecution of

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sectarianism beneath the same grinning mask. And we gamble that free Americans don't stand for any such strutting boobery.

Here's the proposition. You don't let burglars write nor administer the laws against burglary do you? You don't let counterfeiters write nor administer the laws against counterfeiting do you? Why then should you allow Allopathy to write and administer medical laws? That's what we want to know.



RED-TAPED TO DEATH



WE are going to hand you facts, details and circumstances showing you just exactly how one of your bravest soldier lads who bore your colors overseas was absolutely red-taped to death. We refer to Sergeant Delos V. McIntosh of Company G, 131st Regiment, 33rd Division A. E. F. On December 6th, 1921, at 2912 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois, his wasted fingers listlessly enfolded a Government check—delayed to his death—and on December 10th, 1921 his brave spirit left his tortured body! What Hunocracy's bullets, shell, shrapnel and poison gas couldn't do, viz., kill Delos V. McIntosh, his own country's delay and indifference did!

One of our Chicago readers, aflame at this outrageous in-

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justice, besought us to investigate. We dispatched one of our staff to Chicago. He spent weeks in his investigations and here's the story as true as Holy Writ.

Mrs. Marie P. McIntosh is a brave widow who bore three brave sons. They were Horace H. aged 18; Donald J. aged 17; and the "baby" Delos V. aged 16 when America entered the war. All enlisted. Her "baby" Delos V. "lied like a gentleman" by advancing his age so that he could enter the war and fight for his land. When his Regiment was detailed for overseas service he was scheduled to remain in the U. S. A. Nothing doing, positively nothing doing! Between the scheming of his brothers, between the connivance of a friendly officer and between his own adroitness "Babe" McIntosh "beat 'em to it," stowed himself on shipboard and sailed abroad for the "big show." When cravens galore were lying about their ages to *keep out* of the Army "Babe" McIntosh was lying to "*get in.*" When poltroons and skulkers were scheming and devising plans to get details *at home where safety lay* "Babe" McIntosh was plotting to get *overseas where danger beckoned.* He lied—for his country's good—to *get into the Army* when craven curs were lying with blanched lips to *keep out of the army.* He schemed for his country's good to *get overseas* when influential skulkers were scheming to *stay at home!* That's the kind of a soldier "Babe" McIntosh was—not a streak of yellow in him—one of the millions of true American hero lads in whose breast burned patriotism's purest fires!

Some of his letters to his Mother, written from overseas,

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lie beside us as we write. We would like to print them but they are too sacred. Millions of Mothers in this land received their like—but none manlier and none sweeter with a son's pure passion for his worshipped Mother. He tells of his brothers and of their wounds, for both were wounded. He tells of his own wound and of his own gassing, but long after both happened, makes light of his sufferings and hardships, pictures the delights of their reunion and breathes a spirit of cheery love and devotion which would mist o'er any eyes which scanned them. And he had a sweetheart at home, Margaret Helmert, of whom he writes to his Mother. He wants "the best Mother in the world" to bear his messages to "the most wonderful girl in the world." A soldier in the trenches and a Mother and a Sweetheart at home! Since war was those are the sweetest chords which vibrate to human touch and tenderly and sacredly, as befits bravery, did this soldier touch them. Brave in every word, cheery in every line, but aglow with boyhood's most sacred love and devotion! Just two stars shone in Jehovah's firmament for "Babe" McIntosh—Mother and Sweetheart—and you can read it in every line he penned from overseas.

And what of that Mother? Her picture surrounded by her three brave sons, ere death broke the circle, lies beside us as we write—a happy group if God's sunlight ever etched one. Her jewels—all she had in the world—were overseas and tirelessly she toiled to support herself, to send them comforts and to keep the home fires burning against their return. During their absence overseas she received no compensation

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from her government. She sacrificed beyond the barest living everything she could earn to send to those lads overseas and in spare moments knitted socks and sweaters for them besides. In Chicago she lived and toiled and hoped and prayed but her heart was overseas with her soldier lads. Mothers—God bless them everyone—know that!

And what of his sweetheart? She was hoping, longing and praying for that soldier lad and for his safe return with maidenly dreams of a rosy future. Never a day but he filled her thoughts. Never a night but he peopled her dreams.

Never a day passed but those twain—this Mother and this sweetheart—scanned with anxious eyes the day's tidings from overseas and thanked their God that their loved one was not among that roll of "dead or missing."

The history of the gallant 33rd Division overseas with "Babe" McIntosh written on its fly-leaf and with its pages well thumbed by his now dead hands lies before us. It consumes thirty-two finely printed pages. It was the only Division in the A. E. F. which fought as brothers-in-arms with the British, with the French and with the Americans. Its record is glorious and so is the record of the McIntosh boys—every one of the brave Sergeant trio.

But we are concerned with Delos. In the Argonne drive he was stunned into unconsciousness by a German shell and, unprotected by a gas mask, he inhaled gas fumes—viperous weapons of viper deviltry. He had been promoted to Corporal and then to Sergeant when this disaster overtook him. The effects were not immediate. "Babe" McIntosh sailed

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home to that Mother "the best in the world" and to that sweetheart, "the most wonderful girl in the world."

Then tuberculosis, slow, insidious and deceitful began ravaging his gas-tattered lungs. But "Babe" McIntosh's sweetheart was just as brave before that foe as he had been fronting vipers overseas and they were wed. He was her hero and to him she was "the most wonderful girl in the world" and a grateful government would award him just compensation and with it they would flee to a kindly clime and she would nurse him back to health and vigor.

Funds were meager. "Babe" couldn't work and his fond wife's entire time was devoted to his care. Poverty pinched and then it stabbed. Letter after letter was written to the Compensation Bureau begging for hospital service or for money to provide proper care and skilled attention. But "Babe" McIntosh's case had been "lost in the files"—hopelessly "lost." So far as he was concerned with his Government Sergeant Delos V. McIntosh and his company and his Regiment and his Division and the World War were myths! As brave a Sergeant as ever led his file was as dead to his Government as if he lay 'neath the poppies overseas. He and his case and his records were lost in the pathless jungles of redtapedom. He hoped against hope, his fond young wife ever at his bedside hoped against hope and his loving Mother toiling for the support of all of them hoped against hope—that aid would come.

"Babe's" grandfather had a small cottage—a sort of a cottagette—on the bank of Lake Griswold near McHenry,

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Illinois. The grandfather contributed a small weekly sum, all that he was able, the toiling Mother from meager earnings contributed all that she could and thither went "Babe" McIntosh and his devoted wife hoping that outdoor life would repair his tattered lungs! There they spent almost a year meagerly clothed, housed and provisioned, battling the monster of tuberculosis and bombarding—in vain—the Compensation Bureau. "Babe" grew worse despite his wife's devoted care. Night sweats grew more profuse, afternoon fevers mounted higher, coughs racked worse his wasted body—and still he was "lost in the files" of the red-tape jungle!

Finally after almost a year of poverty stricken combat "Babe" McIntosh's courage—which no war horrors could shock—began to wane. Even his young wife's dauntless spirit began to flicker. They went to the Mother's little home in Chicago, kept ready by her tireless toil, to await the end.

But what of "Babe" McIntosh's claim in the jungles of the red tape Compensation Bureau? This thing was getting to be a scandal. Senator Medill McCormick volleyed into it, County Clerk Robert Sweitzer of Chicago volleyed into it and other influential volleys bombarded it. "Babe" McIntosh's case—after his years of needless poverty stricken suffering—was suddenly "found" and it had been "disallowed" by ichor-veined bureaucracy. The letter of a patriotic woman, aghast at such atrocious neglect, employed in the Compensation Bureau, lies before us as we write. We

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don't publish her name for fear it would spell the warrant of her dismissal but here is what she says: "I learned about the Disallowance and *immediately protested and appealed*. It also happened that I was in Senator McCormick's office when he received the letter regarding your case and we finally did get an award!"

So after years of needless suffering in the grip of poverty's talons and just four days before his death Sergeant Delos V. McIntosh held in his wasted hand his government's check for \$1,021! Had he received his compensation years before, when he should have received it, when the monster of Tuberculosis could have been fought successfully, doubtless his life could have been saved.

Here you have it and have it just as it happened. As brave a young life as ever pulsed on this earth and as patriotic a young heart as ever beat in this land smothered to death in the jungles of redtapedom! As patriotic a Mother—whose three sons enlisted in your Army—as ever lived beneath your flag must bury her son slaughtered by outrageous neglect. As devoted a wife as ever administered to a stricken husband lad must list to the clods rattle on his coffin really borne to the cemetery by the hearse of redtapedom. Two as brave brothers as ever fought under your flag—or under any other flag for that matter—must see their young brother really strangled to death by the sinuous loops of redtapedom.

We protest against this outrage. We have investigated this dead boy's record and career and from the date of his enlistment to his death certificate. His record and his career

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and his patriotism—with no accent on the first syllable either—were flawless. If ever the blood of true patriotism beat in human heart it beat in the heart of this soldier lad—now forever stilled by outrageous neglect.

Tax-payers have rolled billions of their money to Washington and Congress has appropriated it by the hundreds of millions for the relief of stricken soldiers. But against the entrenchments of redtapedom the bravest lads who manned the bravest Army who ever trod this earth charge in vain! What Hunocracy couldn't do to them the ichor-hearted neglect of strutting Bureaucracy can do—slaughter them!

Some human hands in the Compensation Bureau "lost" Sergeant Delos V. McIntosh's claim. Find whose hands they were! Some bone-headed Bureaucrat in the Compensation Bureau disallowed Delos V. McIntosh's claim—as just a one as was ever penned. Find out on whose shoulders that bone-head rests!

The reproachful, tear-misted eyes of this brave soldier lad looking at that belated check—which meant life and all it held dear to him—just as his feet were awash in the Dark River are curtained by death. But let not death curtain and shield that red-tape bureaucracy which caused it. Somebody or somebodies in the Compensation Bureau sent that brave lad to his doom. Drag 'em forth! Aren't we right?

North Dakota's State Industrial Post Mortem



THE operation was successful but the patient failed to rally" is the final bulletin on two State-managed industries in North Dakota. We would give more for a pennyweight of facts than we would for thirteen tons of theories. In answer to a flood of inquiries and for the benefit of our nation-wide readers outside of North Dakota we are going to hand you the post-mortem facts anent two State-managed industrial cadavers. We refer to the State-managed flour mill at Drake, North Dakota, and to the State-managed Homebuilders Association.

A foreword is necessary and here it is. The "dear peepul" were oppressed by the exorbitant milling profits of the Minneapolis "Mill Barons." Why should North Dakota, raising oodles of the best milling wheat on earth, pay freight, pay commission charges on sales of its wheat in Minneapolis and

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then pay freight and milling profits on flour bought in Minneapolis? Wasn't that industrial folly? Why not eliminate sales charges, freight both ways and milling profits? Let North Dakota grind its own wheat into its own flour and distribute it to North Dakota at an enormous saving. That was the argument penned by enthusiastic "reformers" and yodeled by stump orators. And there was no answer to it. Store that in Memory's pigeonhole and grab the next theory.

Here was another bruise of oppression on the "dear peepul." It was predacious landlordism. Houses were scarce. Landlords were running vacuum cleaners through the pockets of the "dear peepul" for piratical rents. Therefore the State would build houses for its citizens at cost. Landlords and building contractors would moan and "rental serfs"—transformed into proud home owners—would chortle with glee! The home owner would pay the State one-fifth of the cost and the remaining four-fifths would be amortized on a small monthly payment over a term of years. Thereby a pile of rent receipts would burgeon and blossom into a clear Warranty Deed. And there was no answer to that argument. Landlord banditry in North Dakota was going to take its final knock-out. The rose-tinted clouds of the home-owning millenium were about to shine o'er North Dakota Altruria. 'Twas a dazzling scenario but when it ran on the reel of fact the whole mess flivvered thusly.

Here are the cold-blooded post-mortem facts laid bare by the scalpel of an audit on the State-owned flour mill. It was a small mill but its loss grist—in proportion to its out-

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put—was leviathan. For the year ending December 31, 1920 it scored a net loss on the year's operation of \$17,668.31. From January 1st to October 15, 1921 it scored a net loss of \$21,712.42 or at the rate of about \$2,500 per month. It lost from 76 cents up to \$2 a barrel on every barrel of its output. Its credit losses alone would drive a credit man insane. On items of "goods sold unpaid for" of \$18,368.10 the only collection in five and one-half months was \$188.51! From the time the wheat for grinding was purchased until the worthless ledger accounts were charged off 'twas just one orgy of business incompetency verging on inspired imbecility! No disciple of the "New Day" in North Dakota has arisen to defend it. Nobody can defend it. The minute State money in industry gets into political paws it becomes a fugitive from justice! The loss to the Great State of North Dakota is of course negligible but it absolutely bankrupts the claims of State-owned industries. Absolutely everything was in its favor—in theory. Absolutely everything has been proven against it—in practice. It's merely an odoriferous State-owned industrial cadaver—killed in the house of its friends—fit only to be dumped in a quick-lime trench of oblivion.

Here are also the cold-blooded post-mortem facts on the Homebuilders Association cadaver laid bare by an audit scalpel. The final cost on fifty-three State-built houses was \$172,938.72 in excess of the estimated cost—or about 61 per cent. The "administration expenses" expense for each house built was \$927.35 per house! It only cost \$22,000 for the

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audit post-mortem on this industrial fiasco! We want you to get this scenario just exactly as it is so we are going to hand you right here a table of the estimated cost and of the actual cost, the "before and after taking" actual results of State-managed industrialism.

Number	Estimated Cost	Actual Cost
1	\$4,020	\$6,310.00
2	4,530	7,293.80
3	4,700	7,395.80
4	5,050	8,691.76
5	4,900	7,972.06
6	5,600	8,652.43
7	5,433	8,889.98
8	5,320	9,162.05
9	5,630	8,709.09
10	4,900	8,380.00
11	5,000	8,236.00
12	5,750	12,632.70
13	4,900	7,062.94
14	6,045	11,663.03
15	4,950	8,746.76
16	5,220	10,257.27
17	5,710	9,995.32
18	5,600	13,715.43
19	5,850	12,017.92
20	6,395	11,031.57
21	4,950	8,169.56
22	5,250	11,720.45

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23	8,200	9,454.00
24	4,750	7,143.42
25	4,700	7,267.86
26	4,500	6,673.52
27	4,700	7,376.76
28	4,500	6,614.22
29	4,900	7,516.17
30	4,500	7,010.22
31	8,323	14,322.31
32	14,500	21,379.51
33	8,325	14,091.64
34	5,150	7,471.42
35	5,030	6,879.40
36	4,700	8,045.33
37	4,700	7,612.13
38	5,350	7,934.71
39	4,700	6,432.15
40	5,450	8,234.00
41	5,425	9,508.18
42	4,850	6,534.71
43	4,500	8,108.27
44	4,500	5,792.52
45	5,100	7,834.19
46	5,100	7,648.55
47	5,100	7,976.10
48	5,125	10,366.93
49	4,750	7,574.26
50	4,700	6,927.56

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There are three petty jobs of remodeling not included in this table. Take a look at it. Look at number 48. You are going to get a house built by your State for you at a cost of \$5,125 and then a bill for \$10,366.93 wallops your midriff. Could any greedy bandit of a private contractor do any worse? Look at number 18. The State is going to hand you a house for \$5,600 and then hands it to you with a bill for \$13,715.43—which pops your eyes right out on your cheeks! Also this table has its humors. House number 32 was built for Wm. Lemke then Attorney General and a member of the Industrial Commission managing this enterprise. We'll say this for Bill: He took his medicine, dug up the difference like a sport and smiled as if he liked it!

But there's a lot of heart aches in these figures. There's a mess of rose colored clouds of State altruism being overshadowed by the black figures of fact. There are messes of semi-socialistic dreamers gaily dreaming on their backs rudely "turning over" awakened by the alarm clock of "things as they are." This "industrial laboratory" in North Dakota has been "blown up" by its own self-generated gas.

Everything was in favor of these two State-managed industries. There was money to burn—and it was burned. There was ample time—and its sponsors used years of it. There was a loyal following—and now they're crape-draped mourners.

There is just one explanation which explains and here it is. When State-owned dollars get into industries they are sticky, all besmeared with political favoritism, incompetency,

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idleness and graft! What makes a dollar nimble, what makes a dollar do its duty is its private ownership and the determination of that owner to make it do business and come back and go to work again with the stamp of accomplishment on it. A private dollar in industry wears a spur and a public dollar in industry is stamped "In Graft We Trust and Hope to Bust"—and it busts! That's our Coroner's Jury's verdict on the cadaver of State-owned industries in North Dakota.





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